
A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

THE

LONDON REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1860.

ART. I.—1. *The Greek Testament.* By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Vol. IV. Part I. *Containing the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Catholic Epistles of St. James and St. Peter.* Rivingtons. 1859.

2. *The Epistle of St. James, Expounded in Thirty-two Discourses.* By R. STIER. Clark. 1859.

3. *Der Brief Judä, des Bruders des Herrn, ausgelegt von* RUDOLF STIER. Berlin. 1850.

4. *Real-Encyklopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche.* Sechster Band. 1856.

PERHAPS no portion of our canonical New Testament has furnished to criticism so many, so diversified, and so permanent subjects of contention as the Epistle which bears the name of St. James. It has been from the beginning emphatically, and in a very wide sense, one of the *Antilegomena*:—spoken against as to its canonical authority, as to its general character and individual sayings, as to its harmony with itself and the rest of Holy Scripture. First, the question of its authorship has given rise to endless theories and counter-theories; nor can that question be said to have ever been satisfactorily settled. Closely connected with this difficulty, though not altogether dependent upon it, is that of its apostolical, that is to say, its canonical, authority. Hesitation on this point kept it out of the canon till a late period; and, even after the universal Church at length conceded its claims, it failed to conciliate perfect submission.

Admitted slowly,—it would not be right to say reluctantly,—by the general suffrage, it has always been one of two or three writings which a certain class of theologians would eject if they could or dared to do so. Possibly, all this may be in some measure accounted for by the internal character and difficulties of the Epistle itself. As coming from an undoubted Apostle, and countersigned by the whole Church, there is no positive or negative offence in it which sincere faith would find insuperable; but, it cannot be denied that to a mind tainted with preliminary prejudice on the question of its authenticity, the whole strain of the Epistle might not unnaturally be interpreted as out of harmony with the tenor of the New Testament, and many parts of it even in direct contradiction to apostolical doctrine.

There may be observed in the history of opinion concerning this Epistle the reciprocal influence of doubts respecting its authorship, and doubts respecting its doctrine. A suspicion of its non-apostolical origin has in many cases tended to cast a shade over the orthodox reputation of its contents; while, in a great many more, the startling and seemingly unevangelical character of its doctrine has tended to bring its authorship under impeachment. The latter has been the process of doubt, generally speaking, since Luther and the Reformation; while the former was its process, as far as we have opportunity of judging, in the earliest ages of the Church.

There can be no question that the uncertainty of early tradition as to the apostolical origin of this Epistle was the primary cause of the careless or harsh treatment which it received during the first two centuries. The few references to it which are found in authors before the time of Eusebius do indeed seem to pay tacit deference to its scriptural authority. But they are very few; and, with the exception of those in Origen, who distinctly speaks of the 'Apostle James,' they betray a certain shade of reserve, which is to be accounted for only by a lurking suspicion as to the personality and character of the *James* who signed it. The document was kept among the *deutero-canonical* writings, in company with the Epistle of St. Jude and three others, because of the general hesitation to admit among the sacred Scriptures any production which came not, directly or indirectly, from apostolical hands, or the apostolical authority of which was in any degree dubious. The primitive Syriac Version attests, by the prominent place which it assigns to this Epistle, how sound was the tradition in the neighbourhood of Palestine, where its author laboured and wrote. But, after all, the sum of Christian tradition generally, down to the time of Eusebius, the boundary-line as it were of

early tradition, may be gathered from his words: 'And so much concerning James, who is said to be the writer of the first of the Epistles called Catholic. But it must be observed that it is spurious [that is, not universally received]; forasmuch as there are not many of the ancient writers who have quoted it, as neither that called Jude's, another of the Seven Epistles called Catholic. However, we know that these also are commonly read in most Churches, together with the rest.'* That is to say, he found himself in utter uncertainty as to the question whether the writer was or was not an Apostle of Christ, in the supreme sense of the word. Yet, the general testimony of the Churches, and its own intrinsic excellence, commended the Epistle to him as part of Scripture. How then was the difficulty to be solved? Even as many others were solved in early times, —by the establishment of an apt hypothesis. Eusebius could not bring himself to regard the writer as the Apostle James; partly because he did not so style himself, and partly because of a tradition, preserved and propagated by Origen, that the brother of the Lord was the son of Joseph by a former wife. This fascinating tradition, so useful in other respects, finally riveted itself on his credulous mind; and then he did not scruple to extricate himself out of the difficulty by elevating James, the Lord's brother, and bishop of Jerusalem, into a supernumerary apostleship, limited to him and St. Paul.

After all, the question of the apostleship of the writer of this Epistle must be decided by a careful and impartial consideration of the evidence of the New Testament. For, on this point, as on a great number of others equally important, the tradition of the post-apostolical centuries is vague, if not contradictory. St. James appears in that tradition—so far at least as Eusebius gathered up the threads of it—as James the Just, the brother of the Lord, who was for a long space the most eminent man in the Palestine Church, whose martyrdom was the crime which filled up the cup of Jewish iniquity, and who, after his death, became the hero of a thousand fond traditions. Only in that capacity was he likely to be known to Josephus. And Hegesippus, writing towards the close of the second century, adheres to the same traditions, neither asserting nor contradicting the original apostleship of St. James: 'James, the brother of the Lord, who was surnamed the Just by all from the days of our Lord until now, receives the government of the Church with the Apostles. For there were many of that name. He was consecrated from his mother's womb,' &c.† This represents the

* *Hist. Eccles.*, lib. ii., cap. 23. † *Ibid.*

general current of tradition in Palestine, where both the character of St. James, and the claims of his Epistle, were held in unvaryingly high estimation from the earliest times; the prophet in this case finding his honour in his own country sooner than in others. But the same honest and fluctuating Eusebius preserves for us also the testimony of Clemens Alexandrinus, a writer far removed from the scene and sphere of St. James' episcopate, to the following effect: 'And Clement, in the sixth book of his Institutions, writes after this manner: That after our Lord's ascension, Peter, and James, and John, though they had been favoured by the Lord above the rest, did not contend for honour, but chose James the Just to be bishop of Jerusalem. And in the seventh book of the same work he says, that after His resurrection the Lord gave to James the Just, and John, and Peter the gift of knowledge. And they gave it to the other Apostles. And the other Apostles gave it to the seventy, one of whom was Barnabas. For there were two named James: one the Just, who was thrown down from the battlement of the temple, and killed by a fuller's staff. The other is he who was beheaded. Of him that was called the Just, Paul also makes mention, saying: Other of the Apostles saw I none, save James, the Lord's brother.'

It seems, then, that the body of early tradition on this subject may be condensed into these two quotations, preserved in Eusebius, from Hegesippus and Clement: for, although many other references to St. James may be gathered up, they do not introduce any new element affecting the question. Now, as to the fragments from Hegesippus, they should be received with the deepest respect: partly, because they are the oldest scraps of Church history extant, and partly because he wrote in the very country where St. James was best known. But any man who reads the quotation with an unprejudiced mind would come to the conclusion that it does not exclude St. James from the apostolical company. It simply speaks in the current style which merged the apostleship in the peculiar Palestine fame and dignity of the Apostle. As to Clement, his testimony is as distinct as it can be, that there was but one James besides the brother of John; and that he was the Apostle chosen of Christ, and at the same time the brother of the Lord, presiding over the Jerusalem Church.

It may therefore be safely affirmed that the Fathers of the fourth century were required to form their opinion on scriptural evidence just as we ourselves are. The traditions which were current in the Church before them might give much information concerning the character and the end of St. James; but

they determined nothing as to this question,—whether he was or was not James the Less, son of Alphæus, and an Apostle chosen of Christ Himself. Of the manner in which the most eminent of the Fathers decided the question, we shall now give a few examples; though it is extremely difficult to discover in many cases their real opinions.

Eusebius himself, like Origen before him, believed that James, the Lord's brother, was the eldest son of Joseph, before his betrothment to Mary; that he was one of the Seventy, but not one of the Twelve; and that he was appointed bishop of Jerusalem by the Apostles. This opinion was followed by a great number. Jerome, on the contrary, held that James and the Lord's brethren were related to Him as the children of Mary, the sister of the Lord's mother, and wife of Clopas or Alphæus. This seems to have been the final opinion of Augustine, as it was that of Epiphanius, Chrysostom, and Theophylact. Epiphanius* believed with Origen, that James was the son of Joseph, and yet the same as the Apostle, and that he was constituted first bishop of Jerusalem. How that might be, Theophylact more fully declares: 'How was he the son of Clopas? Hear. Clopas and Joseph were brethren. Clopas having died childless, Joseph raised up seed to him,' &c. 'St. Paul calls him brother, by way of honourable distinction, when he might have called him the son of Cleophas. Nor was he the Lord's brother according to the flesh, but only thought to be so.'† And so Chrysostom: 'St. Paul calls James the Lord's brother, giving him that honourable appellation, when he might have called him the son of Cleophas, as he is called in the Gospels.' This last—viz., that James the son of Alphæus in the Gospels is identical with James the Lord's brother—has been substantially the common opinion from that time downwards, especially in the Western Church. The Reformation re-opened the question with all its complications; and it is well known that Erasmus, Luther, Wetstein, and others attacked the Epistle, as having no sanction of any kind from apostolical authority. But among those who hold fast its inspiration and canonicity, there are many who contend earnestly that it was not the production of an Apostle, but of James, the Lord's brother, as being literally the son of Joseph and Mary.

This is the view which is adopted by Dr. Stier and Dean Alford in their commentaries. The former, in his introduction to the Exposition of St. Jude's Epistle, has summed up in his own peculiarly energetic way all that can be said on that side

---

* *Hær.* xxix. † *Theoph. in Col.* i. 19.

of the question: the latter, in his introduction to the Epistle, follows in the same track with equal positiveness of assertion and intolerance of opposite conclusions.

According to this hypothesis, Joseph and Mary were the parents of a numerous offspring after the Holy Child was brought into the world; their sons being James, Joses, Simon, and Judas; their daughters several, but unnamed. While these literal brethren of our Lord were growing up in His society, two or three or four cousins, bearing the same names, were growing up simultaneously, though never mentioned by the Evangelists as a distinct family. The Lord's cousins apparently furnished two, perhaps three, members to the apostolic Twelve: James, called son of Alphæus; Simon the Zealot; and Jude, brother of James. The literal brethren of our Lord manifested a steadfast unbelief in Him, down to a period within six months of His decease; but after the resurrection they are found to be among the disciples, and even mentioned as a distinct class. Nothing more is heard of the family of the cousins. James the son of Alphæus retires into obscurity; while another James, the eldest brother of our Lord, now converted, rises to the highest eminence, and has the chief voice in the direction of affairs in the Church of Jerusalem; so much so, that St. Paul writes of him to the Galatians as the only Apostle whom he saw besides John and Peter, and places him before Cephas and John, when he mentions those who were manifestly the pillars of the Church.

Many variations in the subordinate points of the hypothesis which distinguishes James the brother from James the Apostle have been adopted by various learned men. Olshausen, for instance, is very confident that James the Just, the writer of the Epistle, could not have been an Apostle; mainly because, as one of the Lord's brethren, he is represented as not having been a believer. But he denies that Joseph and Mary had children of their own; because of the impropriety of assuming that the stock of David was continued after Jesus; because the brethren are never called the children of Mary; and, finally, because the bereaved mother is under the cross given over to the charge of St. John. Olshausen further denies that Alphæus and Clopas are the same man, because St. Luke uses both names, *Alphæus* in chap. vi., and *Cleophas* in chap. xxiv.,—an argument, however, which may be etymologically refuted.* He therefore makes the Apostles James and Jude independent persons, of whom no

* 'Clopas must not be confounded with Cleophas. Κλωπᾶς is of Hebrew origin; but Κλεόπας, Luke xxiv., is a Greek name, contracted from Κλεόπατρος, as Ἀντίπας from Ἀντίπατρος.'—*Kuin.*

more is heard in history; and then, regardless of the violent improbability of his theory, follows it without hesitation into all its consequences. But we have to do now with the hypothesis already mentioned above,—the only one on that side of the question which is worth the trouble of refuting.

And against this theory we urge the following five objections; objections not all of equal strength, but together forming irresistible evidence against it.

1. It requires us to introduce into the Gospel narrative two families of equal number, bearing the same names, and in the same order,—a hypothesis which carries on its face the stamp of violent improbability, to say the least; for the imposition of which on the sacred history there is absolutely no necessity; and from the assumption of which a reader not biassed with prejudice would at once recoil. On this point, we shall adduce the observations of two very different men, representatives of many in the older and more modern school, neither of whom, however, has put the case with all the strength of which it is capable. The first is Lardner, who, in his article on *St. James, the Lord's brother*, in the *History of the Apostles and Evangelists*, sums up the matter as follows:—

'And that James, called the son of Alphæus in the catalogues of the Apostles, was one of those who are called *the Lord's brethren*, I think may be shown from the Gospels, by comparing several texts together.

'In all the catalogues of the twelve Apostles of Christ the four last mentioned are these: James the son of Alphæus, and Lebbæus, whose surname was Thaddæus, Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him. (Matt. x. 3, 4.) James the son of Alphæus, and Thaddæus, and Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, which also betrayed him. (Matt. iii. 18, 19.) James the son of Alphæus, and Simon called Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James, and Judas Iscariot, which also was the traitor. (Luke vi. 15, 16.) James the son of Alphæus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas the brother of James. (Acts. i. 13.)

'Let us now compare the texts in the Gospels, where our Lord's brethren are named. Matt. xiii. 55: Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And Mark vi. 3: Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and of Joses, and of Judas, and Simon?

'All these, except Joses, seem to have been Apostles. For must not the three Apostles, last mentioned before Judas Iscariot, in the first catalogues, and the three last mentioned, in the Acts, be three of the four called in the Gospels our Lord's brethren?

'And I should choose to translate the texts of St. Luke, where the Apostles are named, somewhat differently from what is generally done,

in this manner. *James the son of Alphæus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas, brethren of James:* declaring, that both Simon and Judas were brethren of James the son of Alphæus, before named. A word must be supplied. And the coherence leads me to think *brethren* more proper than *brother*.

'By which we are led to conclude, that James, several times mentioned in the Acts and St. Paul's Epistles, is the same who in the catalogues of the Apostles is called *James the son of Alphæus*. For James, mentioned by St. Paul, is called *the Lord's brother*, and plainly appears to be an Apostle. Consequently, he is *James the son of Alphæus*, mentioned in all the catalogues of the Apostles of Christ.'

The second is Lange, whose ingenious article on *James* in Herzog's *Real-Encyklopädie* has been rather unjustly dealt with in Alford's Introduction. The length of the following quotation may be excused on the ground that this remarkable writer is as yet unknown to the English reader.

'James of Alphæus, Judas, Thaddæus, and Simon, vanish, all three, from the history without trace; and, on the other hand, three men of the same name and of apostolical consideration take their place: James the brother of the Lord, Judas the brother of James, according to the Epistle of Jude, and Simon the brother and successor of James, according to the account of Hegesippus. Thus we have, 4. *The untenableness of a duplicate line of three like names in the apostolical circle.* In the catalogue of the Apostles we find the names of James the son of Alphæus or Cleophas; Lebbæus, Thaddæus, or Judas; and Simon the Canaanite or the Zealot; all strictly connected together. In the list of the brethren of Jesus we find, besides Joses, the same names, James, Judas, Simon; and we already know in what sense they were His brethren, that is, as the sons of Cleophas. The first miracle would now be the coincidence, that three brothers of the Lord should have altogether the same names with those of three of the Lord's Apostles, and yet should be quite distinct from them. The second, that these brothers also must be named James of Alphæus, (Cleophas,) Judas of Alphæus, Simon of Alphæus; yet, without any reference or relation to the Apostle James of Alphæus. But now, according to Mark xv. 40, the Apostle James the Less had also a brother Joses, quite the same as the Lord's brother. Doubtless a third miracle, or now we must establish a duplicate line of even four names: James of Alphæus the Apostle, his brother Joses, and his companions Judas and Simon;—the four brothers of the Lord, James of Alphæus the non-Apostle, and his brothers Joses, Judas, and Simon. Or, rather, the identity strikes us at all points: *Mary* the mother of the Apostle James the Less (of Alphæus) is, at the same time, the mother of a Joses, as we find him by the side of James the brother of the Lord. A *Joses* is brother of the Apostle James of Alphæus; and a Joses is brother of the Lord's brother, James of Alphæus. A *Cleo-*

phæ is father of the Apostle James; and a Cleophas is father of the brother of the Lord. A *Simon* Zelotes is found among the Apostles; and a Simon is the cousin of the Lord, a man of apostolical consideration, brother and successor of James. But as it concerns this James himself, he is called simply the Less; and yet must be divided into a *major* and *minor*. He is always James of Alphæus; and always standing even in the most decided apostolical respect; and yet he is now an Apostle, and now not. But the most remarkable circumstance of all would be this: of the Apostle James of Alphæus, we should have the apostolical name without any history or work; of James the brother of the Lord, on the other hand, we should have an abundant apostolical history without any trace of the name of an Apostle. And so would Simon also and Judas the Apostles be lost without a trace, while, on the other hand, the apostolical men, Judas and Simon, would be unexpectedly substituted, the former with his Epistle, the latter with his episcopate; without a single line in the apostolical age to help us to distinguish this unexampled fourfold duplicate of *names, dignities, relationship*, and *common references* generally. But if the brethren of the Lord to whom we owe, besides the episcopate of James and of Simon, the Epistles of James and Jude, are acknowledged to be identical with the similarly-named Apostles, then we shall be at no loss to find the characteristic traits of the cautious legislatorial James of Acts xv. 21, anticipated in the premature act of anxious prudence in Mark iii. And in like manner is reflected the sanctified Judas Lebbæus, Thaddæus (the man of heart), whom the similarly-named Epistle characterizes, in the narrative of the unbelieving brethren. (John vii. Compare also John xiv. 22.) But the Simon Zelotes confirmed the apostolical purification of his fiery zeal in the episcopate and martyrdom.'

Forcible as this is, the case may be put more strongly still; for the presentation of it is elaborately artistic at the expense of clearness. The simple argument is, that Cleophas (or Alphæus) was the father, and Mary the mother, of four sons bearing the very names of those who are called the brethren of the Lord, and bearing them in the same order of succession. As to *James*, there is no question: the theory assumes that the cousin of our Lord's own brother James was the James who, in the catalogues of the Apostles, is always introduced as James the son of Alphæus. Let them, therefore, stand at the head respectively of the two related families.

Next comes *Joses*, the least significant name of the four; and the one which, on every theory, drops undistinguished out of history. He is always mentioned second in the list of the Lord's brethren. But St. Mark, in his rapid account of the last events, mentions the wife of Cleophas or Alphæus three times within the space of ten verses: in the first instance, she is 'Mary the mother of James the Less and of Joses;' in the

second, she is 'Mary of Joses;' and in the third, 'Mary of James' again. Obviously, St. Mark is anxious to identify her; but it is equally plain that he selects part of her family to represent the whole. We have, therefore, a *James and Joses* in the family of cousins, to match the supposed family of the Lord's own brethren.

Thirdly, we have *Simon* in the catalogue of the brethren of our Lord. Concerning this name, Alford speaks very confidently: 'We have not the least trace in Scripture, or even in tradition rightly understood, indicating that Simon Zelotes was a son of Alphæus' (Clopas). Certainly we cannot prove from Scripture that the third son in the family of cousins was called Simon; though we might find strong presumption in the fact, that, strictly connected with James son of Alphæus, and Judas of James, we always find the name of Simon: and this is rendered very much stronger if we adopt Lardner's translation of the passage in St. Luke. But, with the echo of the Scripture triad of names in our ears, let us turn to a fragment of Hegesippus, cited by Eusebius,* in Alford's own translation, (and adduced by him for another purpose): 'After James the Just had been martyred, as was the Lord also for the same cause, next was appointed bishop Symeon, the son of Clopas, the offspring of his uncle, whom all agreed in preferring, being, as he was, second of the cousins of our Lord.' Now here is the very man we are seeking for. Whether the uncle here referred to be the Lord's uncle or James',† in either case he is the same Alphæus or Clopas whose paternity our argument is dealing with; and Simon his son is the second (surviving or available) cousin of the Lord,—answering, therefore, to the corresponding Simon of the imaginary children of Joseph and Mary. Thus, then, we have *James, Joses, and Simon*—the last in spite of Alford's self-contradicting decision—in the two families, if two families there were.

---

* *Hist. Eccles.*, lib. iv., cap. 22.

† The evidence furnished by this passage on the question of the identity of James the Lord's brother, with James of Alphæus, the Apostle, must not be surrendered to his side of the argument, because Alford so magisterially claims it. The words are as follows: καὶ μετὰ τὸ μαρτυρῆσαι Ἰάκωβον τὸν δίκαιον, ὃν καὶ ὁ κύριος ἐπὶ τῷ αὐτῷ λόγῳ, πάλιν ὁ ἐκ θείου αὐτοῦ Συμεὼν ὁ τοῦ Κλωπᾶ καθίσταται ἐπίσκοπος· ὃν προέθεντο πάντες, ὅντα ἀνεψιὸν τοῦ κυρίου δεύτερον. The construction is loose, as often in the fragments preserved in Eusebius. But it may be observed, that, 1. Αὐτοῦ may certainly refer to the immediately preceding κύριος. 2. The πάλιν seems to intimate that the choice of Simeon was a strict repetition of what had been done in the case of James, that is, of the choice of a relative of *the same degree*. 3. There is no τὸν ἀδελφὸν in the first clause, which there would have been, had a distinction been intended between James *the brother* and Simeon *the cousin*. 4. Simeon could not have been called the 'second' cousin of the Lord, except in relation to James as the 'first' *in that office:* literally he was not the second of the cousins; but in the episcopate (so called) he was.

Judas comes last; and, touching him, Alford says, 'The improbability of there being in each family, that of Joseph and that of Alphæus (Clopas), two sets of four brothers bearing the same names, is created by assuming the supplement of *Ἰούδας Ἰακώβου* (Luke vi. 15; Acts i. 13) to be *ἀδελφός*, which, to say the least, is not necessary.' This is certainly true. But it must be borne in mind, that there is no grammatical objection to the current rendering which inserts 'brother,' provided other circumstances indicate that 'brother' is meant. Now, James seems to have been, when the books of the New Testament were written, a central name,—a circumstance to be accounted for by the high pre-eminence which he subsequently attained. He was the sole, and well-known, and most distinguished *James:* his mother Mary is distinguished as his mother; the Apostle Jude introduces himself as his brother at the commencement of his Epistle; he himself, throughout the Acts, and in the Epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians, is marked out as a man of singular eminence. No unprejudiced reader of St. Luke's catalogue, in his first chapter of the Acts,—remembering the *James* who occupies so distinguished a place throughout the book,—would hesitate to decide who the James is with whom St. Luke connects Judas, in order to distiuguish him from Judas Iscariot.

Here, then, we have—by the unforced evidence of Scripture, and a little assistance of tradition—the four names of our Lord's brethren reproduced, and in the same order, as the sons of Cleophas, or Clopas, or Alphæus.* Can any unbiassed reader of the Gospels accept these two duplicate families? Must not every candid inquirer feel himself compelled—if only on the principle of submitting to the less of two evils—to assent to the theory of a laxer use of the word *brethren* in the Gospels? How much more, when the use of the word, as signifying either cousins, or *consobrini*, or putative, adopted brothers, is capable of such abundant vindication from Scripture and other sources!

2. This leads to a second objection, viz., that the theory too

---

* Here we will translate Kuinoel: '*Clopas* is the same who is elsewhere called *Alphæus*. For Mary the wife of Clopas is called, in Matt. xxvii. 56, the mother of James and Joses, as also in Mark xv. 40; but in Matt. x. 3, Mark iii. 17, 18, James the son of Alphæus is numbered among the Apostles. The names, *Clopas* and *Alphæus*, are derived from one common source, the Hebrew, in which the proper name was חלפי, reproduced in two forms, *Chalpai* and *Chlopai*. Matthew and Mark follow the former pronunciation; the oriental aspirate being, after the manner of the Greeks, thrown away, and the termination *as* being added. Hence Ἀλφαῖος, as in Hag. i. 1, where the Septuagint translates חגי by Ἀγγαῖος. St. John follows the latter pronunciation, which gives Κλωπᾶς, ח being changed into κ; as, in 2 Chron. xxx. 1, חזקיה is translated by Ἐζεκίας.'

readily rejects the negative testimony of Scripture, and the positive testimony of early tradition and sentiment in the Church, as to the family relationships and household of the mother of our Lord.

Throughout the whole of the Gospel narrative there is no direct reference to any family of Joseph and Mary: never once are sons of Joseph, or sons of Mary, or sons of Joseph and Mary, mentioned. Meanwhile the sister of Mary, and wife of Clopas,* is again and again distinguished as the mother of James and Joses, or as the mother of James, or as the mother of Joses,—a distinction which would have been perfectly useless if her sister Mary had been the mother of sons of the same name. 'Mary, the mother of James the Less and of Joses,' would have been equally descriptive of both Marys, and, therefore, really distinctive of neither.

The mother of Jesus is once or twice seen, at the outset of His career, surrounded by relatives who are called generally His 'friends' and 'brethren;' and the people of Nazareth speak of His occupation, and of His father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, as well known to all around. But, as the history proceeds, we hear nothing more of Mary's home and household. Nothing is said of the death of Joseph, nor of any other such adjustments of family affairs as we are obliged to take for granted; but the general tone of the whole history gives us the impression that Mary stood alone with her son, though surrounded by many friends. One of the last acts of the Redeemer was to commit His mother, the object of His supreme human solicitude and love, to the Apostle John, who was, next to her, the object nearest to His own human heart. Nor was St. John to discharge the offices of mere friendship and love: he was to stand to her in the place of a *son*, she being thenceforward to him a *mother*. This final act of the great Testator's care has been so interpreted—that is, with this full deduction of consequences—by the great majority of expositors in all ages: it is the interpretation of the scene which would commend itself to the instinct of all unprejudiced readers. The spiritual relationship, of which so much is said by Stier, (as one example of many,) may rest upon some ground of truth, as far as the choice of John in particular was concerned; but the Evangelist himself gives us his own plain comment: *And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own house.* Surely this would not

* The attempt which has been made to press John. xix. 25 into the service of another hypothesis, to wit, that Salome was the sister of Mary, is utterly futile. The construction of the verse forbids it, as also the silence of all the Scripture as to such a remarkable relationship.

have been our Lord's injunction,—given without any further explanation, and obeyed on both sides without any further scruple,—if Mary had had four pious sons of her own: that they were still unbelievers, and, therefore, thus slighted and passed by, is scarcely supposable. For we find them fifty days afterwards mentioned, as matter of course, among the disciples; connected with her name still, as they surrounded her at the beginning. To think of their conversion during the Forty Days is a gratuitous and forced assumption. And the notion that our Lord took this method of testifying His displeasure at their lack of faith, is a most miserable expedient of a straitened hypothesis.

The two or three expressions in the New Testament which seem to imply that Joseph and Mary were afterwards more than betrothed, and became the parents of children, may be interpreted, and have been interpreted by the predominant exposition of the Western Churches at least, in a very different sense.

'Fear not to take unto thee Mary *thy wife:*' doubtless Mary was the wife of Joseph, and received from him protection, and stood to him in a relation which could have no parallel in human history; just as Joseph was the imputed father of Jesus, and yet, though no more, gave to his supposed son, the Son of God, all the prerogatives of his lineal descent from David. The aged Joseph had his name and place assigned him by God, with relation both to the 'young child and *his mother*,'—as the two are always termed when they are spoken of by the angel to Joseph, or by the Evangelist. 'One Joseph was appointed to be a guardian of the Saviour's human body before His first birth from the Virgin's womb. Another Joseph was appointed to be a guardian of it before His resurrection, or second birth from the virgin tomb. (Matt. xxvii. 57–60; Luke xxiii. 50; John xix. 41.) And both one and the other Joseph is called ἀνὴρ δίκαιος in Holy Writ. (Matt. i. 19; Luke xxii. 50.)'* The legal father was spared to be the guardian of the Holy Child until His twelfth year, when He became *a son of the law:* the Scripture then knows him no more.†

---

* Canon Wordsworth, on Matt. i. 25.

† Schaff writes as follows, reviewing the conclusions of his own well-known tractate on the relation of *Jacobus Frater* to *Jacobus Alphæi*: 'Subsequent examination, however, has led me to find two faults with this treatise. 1. Rather too little is made of the dogmatical argument against supposing Mary to have had other children; viz., the assumption of the perpetual virginity of the bride of the Holy Ghost, the mother of the Saviour of the world. The primitive Church view, which by no means necessarily conflicts with the πρωτότοκος, Matt. i. 25, must have had a true religious feeling at the bottom of it, or it would not have been so generally prevalent so early even as the second and third century. It was still held fast also by the Reformers: comp. *Artic.*

Touching the controverted expressions of Matt. i. 25,—*until* and *firstborn*,—we abstain in all reverence from anything more than a quotation or two which will vicariously give our views, and, at the same time, express the pith of all that has ever been said on what we consider the right side: 'From this passage some have imagined (Helvidius, Jovinian, and the Ebionites) most erroneously, that Mary had *other* children; whereas it is the practice of Scripture to designate as the firstborn that child who is born first, not that child who is followed by other children. See my treatise against Helvidius.'* 'Non sequitur, ergo *post*,' says Bengel.†

It will appear evident to every reverent mind that this is a subject upon which the Scripture keeps strict and intentional silence. To insist that the plain words of this or that passage, taken 'in their straightforward acceptation,'—words which imply a very perilous canon, and the sight of which should always put the reader on his guard,—decide the question, is simply modern German dogmatism. To say, as Alford does, that 'the setting in of asceticism suggested the hypothesis of the perpetual virginity of the mother of our Lord;.....and that all kinds of artificial explanations of the relationship of the brethren to our Lord have been given to escape the inference from the simple testimony of Holy Scripture, that they were veritably children of Joseph and Mary, younger than our Lord,'—is a bold venture for one who stands among Anglican commentators—the best in the world—almost alone in the opinion which is here so unscrupulously avowed; and, moreover, it is a use of the expression, 'simple testimony of Holy Scripture,' which has been learned in not the best exegetical school. So also Stier:‡ 'In very early times the doubt whether it was probable that Mary should have children in the ordinary manner, and the unwarranted article of her perpetual virginity, obscured the clear text of Holy Scripture; so that to the present day the greater part, even in the evangelical Church, are entangled and led astray. But the matter is nevertheless in itself perfectly plain and sure.' And also a commentator, very far removed generally from either of these: 'The obvious meaning of Matt. i. 25,—

Smalcald., pars i., art. iv.; ("Ex Maria pura, sancta, *semper virgine*;") *Form. Concord.*, p. 767; ("Unde et vere *θεοτόκος* dei genetrix est, et tamen *virgo mansit*;") and Zwingli's Commentary on Matt. i. 18–25; comp. also Olshausen on Matt. i. 25.'

* Jerome.

† 'It cannot be inferred from hence, that he knew her afterward: no more than it can be inferred from that expression, (2 Sam. vi. 23,) *Michal had no child till the day of her death*, that she had children afterward. Nor do the words that follow, *the firstborn* son, alter the case. For there are abundance of places wherein the *firstborn* is used, though there were no subsequent children.'—*Wesley*.

‡ *Preface to Jude.*

And knew her not until she had brought forth her firstborn Son,—which has been smothered by the feelings of a later age.'* It is undeniably true, that the words, as they run in the English version, would naturally suggest to the cursory reader the idea that our Lord had literal brothers and sisters after the flesh. But there are other and less tolerable relationships which the same cursory reader might be led to assume, unless one part of Scripture were corrected by another. But all such *ad captandum* references to the 'straightforward acceptation' of the evangelical narrative are generally either disingenuous or unworthy of a scholar.

Hence Dr. Stier, whose exegetical instincts are seldom wrong, lays much stress in his argument upon the proprieties of the question; though, in this case, contrary to his wont, his keen insight fails to see the truth. He refers to the necessity that Jesus should enter into all human relationships,—that the marriage of Joseph and Mary could not have been, when Old-Testament principles are considered, only a semblance, and, if a reality, not unfruitful,—that the one great necessary exception in the case of our Lord's birth required, in order to obviate all misunderstanding and perversion, that the ordinance of marriage should be hallowed again or reconsecrated,—and so forth. After all, this is the only kind of argument which is allowable in the question, considering the silence of Scripture. And if the reverent mind is left to its Christian instincts, we have no doubt that its conclusion will be that which the early Church rested in long before the first traces of error dishonoured the name of the mother of our Lord; to wit, that she was the bride of One alone, and the mother of One alone; that *the Virgin*, her one name in prophecy, was to be her name for ever, and her memorial to all generations.

To attribute this sentiment to the growth of asceticism in the early Church is to assert at least much more than can be proved. It is perfectly true that there did exist such a spirit of asceticism, and that the honour of virginity was unnaturally exaggerated. But this did not give rise to the interpretation of Scripture which we defend; it rather was one result and perversion of it. When, in the fourth century, the Collyridian extravagances began the long series of blasphemous heresies concerning the Virgin, Helvidius and others, in their reaction, went to the opposite extreme. They brought forward, as opinions which they were anxious to support by the name of this or that Father, interpretations which opposed the current sentiment of the *perpetual*

* Jowett, on Gal. i. 19.

virginity. The whole Christian world turned against them; and the name by which they were called, *Antidiko-Marianitæ*, however uncharitable in itself, nevertheless spoke the sentiments of the Church. But into this subject we must not wander. It is enough to say, that the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Virgin-mother of our Lord stands in no connexion with the immaculate conception and the unscriptural mediatorship which have been attributed to her. Some of the most vigorous enemies of these Romanist errors have been among the most earnest defenders of the former dogma.

It would carry us much too far to enter upon a disquisition concerning the right solution of the term *brethren* as applied to the personages here in question. Three methods of explaining the word demand attention.

The earliest tradition on the subject—and one which, were its substance more acceptable, would be entitled to most respectful consideration—made Joseph the father of these four sons before the Virgin was betrothed to him. The tradition, indeed, was so complete and provident as to transmit the very name of his wife, Escha or Salome, the daughter of Haggias the priest. Origen is the first who refers to it. Speaking of the contemptuous question of the men of Nazareth, he says, 'They thought that He was the son of Joseph and Mary. The brethren of Jesus, some say, upon the ground of tradition, (particularly what is said in the Gospel of Peter and the book of James,) were the sons of Joseph by a former wife. They who say this are desirous to maintain the honour of Mary's perpetual virginity; that the body chosen to fulfil what is said, *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee*, (Luke i. 35,) might not know man after that. And I think it very reasonable,' &c. Eusebius gave this opinion his sanction; as did Epiphanius, and a long array of Greek authors. In itself it seemed to have every recommendation. It saved the virginity of the Lord's mother. It gave the most natural account of the fraternity of James and others; while, at the same time, it accounted for the tone of superiority and patronage which the *brethren* are thought to have assumed towards Jesus in the earlier part of His career. But this theory we shall very briefly and bluntly dismiss. It offends against a certain sacred propriety which all ought to feel. And the *brethren* are never once called the sons of Joseph. Moreover, they rob the Redeemer of His birthright as the firstborn of Joseph and last descendant of David. And, finally, they come into collision with cousins of the same name,—as stated above.

The second theory makes the four kinsmen of Jesus His

brethren by adoption. Accordingly, Cleophas was brother of Joseph; (Hegesippus assures us he was;) and, on the death of their father, his sons passed under the care of Joseph,—a procedure about which the narrative keeps silence, as it does about the death of Joseph, and many other connected particulars. There is nothing which can be absolutely alleged against this theory, as it only makes them cousins of our Lord by the father's side instead of the mother's. However, the tradition is a suspicious one, inasmuch as it was first referred to in order to account for the relationship of Simon, second bishop of Jerusalem, to our Lord; and was afterwards authenticated, to establish the hypothesis that Joseph raised up seed to his dead brother Cleophas. As the basis of this last hypothesis—which would indeed reconcile all discord, by making the sons of Alphæus the sons also of Joseph—it must at once be rejected, as having no shadow of support in Scripture. But in itself it involves no outrage, and cannot be positively refuted: its only effect, however, on the question would be to make the widowed Mary a sister of the mother of our Lord through the relationship of her deceased husband to Joseph. The two older brothers being dead, their respective children (so reputed) would have lived together as one household.

The third theory, which Jerome first established,—it originated with him simply in the sense that he was the first who was called upon to insist upon it,—is that which has mostly ruled the faith of the Western Churches, that the children of the Virgin's sister were called the brethren of her Son, according to the laxer oriental use of the word *brethren* to express consanguinity or cousinship generally. As the children of His mother's sister they were His brethren, just as Lot and Abraham were brethren, and as the brethren of Jechonias are spoken of in Matt. i. 11; they were his kinsmen, of the same family and stock. This is not the place, however, to establish the strict propriety of this interpretation of the word. It may suffice to refer to our lexicons, which all show that ἀδελφός, like the Hebrew אח, is used in the New Testament of one '*conjunctus sanguinis et familiæ vinculo, cognatus, consanguineus, qui est ex eâdem familiâ oriundus.*'* He who has the opportunity may refer to Suicer; and see a whole host of ancient testimonies on the subject, one of which only we will quote: it is from Augustine, whose dictum is, that 'fratres Christi vocari consanguineos Virginis: nam erat consuetudinis Scripturarum appellare fratres quoslibet consanguineos, et cognationis propinquos. Cùm ergo auditis

* Schleusner.

fratres Domini, Mariæ cogitate consanguinitatem, non iterum parientis ullam propaginem: sicut enim in sepulchro, ubi positum est corpus Domini, nec antea, nec postea mortuus jacuit; sic uterus Mariæ, nec antea, nec postea quidquam mortale concepit.'

It is intimated in the Gospels that these brethren were not among the earliest believers in the Messiahship of Jesus; in fact, it is said in John vii. 5—and this was at a late period in His course—that they 'did not believe in Him.' Now, as two at least of these brethren were at that time, according to our theory, numbered among the Twelve, and as the Twelve must have been believers, and are addressed as such in the preceding chapter, it is plain that we have here a very considerable difficulty to contend with. Difficulties there are, on every hypothesis; but in sustaining the hypothesis of the identity of James *the brother* with James *of Alphæus*, this is the only difficulty worth calling by that name.

There are several methods of resisting the force of the argument drawn from these words. The first is well stated by Ellicott, whose accuracy of scholarship and whose modest conscientiousness place him at the very head of modern English commentators: 'The most weighty counter-argument [against the apostleship of James, the brother] is derived from John vii. 5: Οὐδὲ γὰρ οἱ ἀδελφοὶ αὐτοῦ ἐπίστευον εἰς αὐτόν: but it deserves careful consideration whether ἐπίστευον really means more than a proper, intelligent, and rightful belief; see even De Wette *on John l. c.*, and compare John vi. 64, where οὐ πιστεύειν is predicated of some of the μαθηταί, and where verse 67 implies some doubt even of οἱ δώδεκα.' (On Gal. i. 19.) Somewhat similarly Dr. Wordsworth, on John vii. 5: 'Observe, ἐπίστευον, the Imperfect: they were not believing in Him; they were not steadfast in faith. They had made, as it were, "an *act* of faith" at Cana; there they ἐπίστευσαν (ii. 11) when they saw His miracles; but it had not ripened into a habit.' No one can absolutely reject this explanation, who bears in mind the fact, attested by every page in the Gospels, that the Apostles themselves were on their probation, that their faith was for the most part of a rudimentary and partial and carnal character, and that down to the very last—as the same St. John records—our Saviour's earnest and warning question was—'Do ye now believe?' The kind of unbelief which the brethren manifest in John vii. is consistent with a certain degree of faith in the miracle-working power of Jesus: it distinctly assumes that it was in His power to command the homage of all men, (as doubtless it had commanded their own); and seems to be rather akin

to an ambitious desire that He should be in more haste to manifest Himself in a more important district of the land, and before a more important circle of beholders.

But, it may furthermore be argued,—and this is the explanation we should prefer,—that there was, apart from the apostolical brethren, a considerable number of the Saviour's brethren, or kinsmen, or friends, male or female, who distrusted Jesus, or had but a languid confidence in Him.* According to the contemptuous questions of the men of Nazareth, there were sisters living in Nazareth, who seem to be distinguished from the brethren, as living in the town with the objectors; and these again might be married persons, thus enlarging the circle of the Redeemer's kinsfolk. Nor perhaps have we even then the whole list of the 'friends' of Jesus of Nazareth. Suffice, that at the season when, as St. John records, Jesus walked in Galilee, there might be a sufficient number of these miscellaneous relatives manifesting their unbelief to warrant the Apostle's saying that His brethren—those, viz., then in question—did not place full confidence in His spiritual character and claims.

3. The theory we condemn is inconsistent with the New Testament doctrine of the apostolical dignity.

If this question of James's apostleship involves a great difficulty when examined in the Gospels, it finds abundant confirmation when examined in the Epistles and Acts. It has been observed by the reader that much stress has been laid in these pages upon the genuine apostleship of St. James as the ruler for nearly a generation of the Church in Jerusalem, and the writer of the first of the Catholic Epistles. On the supposition that he was not one of the Lord's Apostles, but a brother or kinsman of Jesus who was converted after the resurrection, both his supreme elevation in the Church, and his authorship of a

* 'There was one, then, even in the lifetime of Christ, known as an ἀδελφὸς or brother of Christ, who believed in Him; and there were others, known by the same relation, who did not believe in Him. It follows, therefore, either that this one of His brethren was a particular exception to the rest; or that there were a number of persons, all of whom might be called in some sense or other ἀδελφοὶ or brethren of Christ, and yet be distinct from each other: some of whom believed in Him, and others believed not. Now, according to the Hebrew idiom, the relation of son is extended to every direct remove, however distant, from the fountain head; and, on the same principle, the relation of brother or sister to every collateral equally remote. We are at liberty, then, to assume that the name of ἀδελφὸς amongst the Jews may be applied indifferently to the relation of brother, or to the relation of cousin.'—*Greswell*, Diss. xvii. Which he then establishes with profusion of learning enough for our purpose; though it is but fair to say that he supports a theory of literal-brothers, as well as cousin-brothers, the complexity of which demands an amusing exercise of subtlety to disentangle,—a predicament, however, in which Greswell takes infinite delight. This dissertation, in common with most of the rest, is a bewildering example of extravagant hypothesis supported by wonderful learning and skill.

canonical book of the New Testament, are shrouded in mystery; unless, indeed, the secret interview before the ascension is made to occupy the same relation to St. James's subsequent character and position which the interview of the ascended Lord with Saul occupied to the subsequent apostolate of Paul. Without some evidence of such a special manifestation and such a special commission, we cannot consent that the unapostolical James and Jude (for one involves the other) should be placed on a level with St. Paul. The subordinate apostolate which has been constructed for the 'apostolical men' of whom modern theology speaks with such complacency, is in reality not subordinate at all, if its functions are made to include the prerogatives assigned to St. James in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts, and the writing of such canonical Epistles as those which bear the names of these two brethren of the Lord. But we need no supernumerary apostolate for them: the writers are James and Judas, the kinsmen at once and the Apostles of Jesus.

However, we have the evidence of St. Paul himself on this subject, and his testimony is very express. In the Epistle to the Galatians, (i. 19,) he says, 'But other of the Apostles saw I none, save James the Lord's brother,'—an expression the positiveness of which may fairly be set over against John vii. 5; and, again, in ii. 9, 'And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars,' &c. Now, the expressions here used are strong enough and plain enough in themselves; but their force is much heightened by the argument in the course of which the Apostle uses them.

The Apostle in the first place terms this James an Apostle,—no subtlety can evade this grammatical necessity; and, in the second place, in what sense an Apostle, the course of his plea in the Epistle proves,—no other than an Apostle according to the highest and established meaning of the word. St. Paul's protest rests entirely upon his independence of *the Twelve*, that is to say, of those who were by the opposite party—his slanderers—acknowledged to be Apostles, and from whom he was asserted to have gained his knowledge. A laxer use of the word may occur here and there; but in every such case the context shows plainly the distinction. Here, however, St. Paul and the Twelve are confronted: confronted they had been by the Judaizers in their secret suggestions; and now in his letter St. Paul confronts himself with his brethren the Twelve, vindicating his own independent call to the apostleship and instruction for its functions. He declares that after three years of secret communion with his Master, he went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, as the well-known representative of the apostolic company; that he was acknow-

ledged by the whole through Peter and James, their representatives; and he states, as conclusive evidence, that during the fifteen days of his sojourn in Jerusalem, he saw, besides Peter, only one other Apostle, James the Lord's brother. 'Whether it follows from this passage that Jacobus *Frater* and Jacobus *Alphæi* are identical (*by no means* such a fiction as Meyer somewhat hastily terms it), and that James was thus one of the Twelve, is a question which falls without the scope of this Commentary. This consideration only may be suggested; whether in a passage so circumstantial as the present, where St. Paul's whole object is to prove that he was no emissary from the *Apostles*, (comp. ver. 17,) the use of ἀδελφός in its less proper sense (κυρίου ἀνεψιός, Theod.) is not more plausible than the similar one—of ἀπόστολος.'*

After an interval of fourteen years, St. Paul went up again to Jerusalem; and his interview with the apostles, on that second occasion, he refers to in the next chapter of his Epistle to the Galatians. The same James and Peter are referred to, with John, as adding nothing to Paul in conference: but the interval has given James the first place in the Church of Jerusalem; and he is mentioned, therefore, as the first of the three pillars. The opposite hypothesis is obliged here to adopt the strange supposition that the James of Gal. i. 19, and the James of Gal. ii. 9, are not the same person; but that St. Paul returns, in the second allusion, to the *Apostle* James of Alphæus. Apart from the hopeless improbability of such an unexplained change, we need only refer to the current of the apostolical history in the Acts. In the first chapter, a James of Alphæus is spoken of as among the Apostles; in the twelfth chapter, the other James—particularly distinguished as the brother of John—is put to death by Herod; a very short time afterwards, St. Peter sends word of his deliverance to *James;* evidently the same James appears again in the apostolical congress, chap. xv., and subsequently in chap. xxi. To any unbiassed apprehension it will appear that St. Luke begins the Acts with two Jameses: after the death of the one, the other—no longer distinguished as *the son of Alphæus*—emerges from his comparative obscurity, to take his appointed place as the representative of the Apostles in the mother-Church of Jerusalem.

Not long after the Epistle to the Galatians was written, St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, and, in the fifteenth chapter, speaks of a *James* to whom the Lord appeared after His resurrection, and in such a manner as to imply that he was an

* Ellicott, on Gal. i. 19.

Apostle. 'He was seen of Cephas, then of the Twelve:'—'after that he was seen of James; then of all the Apostles.' Are not these the same Cephas and James—both alive at the time when the Apostle wrote, and, therefore, both living witnesses of the Resurrection—whom St. Paul unites in the other Epistle to the Galatians? Is it possible to read the account without coming to the conclusion that the James was also an Apostle? However worthless in itself, the apocryphal *Gospel of the Hebrews* is here a strong corroborative testimony.* Those who fabricated, and those who used, this Gospel, evidently thought James an Apostle, as the extract below will prove.

These controversial pages may now be fitly brought to a close. Very much more might be said on this subject, both defensively and by way of corroboration; but we have adhered to the mere essentials of the point in dispute. To some it may appear that we have been arguing about a question that cannot be settled, and the settlement of which is of no importance. With them we altogether differ. For, apart from the many subordinate topics of interest which, as we have seen, the question involves, nothing connected with the authors and authority of Holy Scripture can be of slender importance; and moreover, to our mind, fair argument does settle the question. Doubtless there are many difficulties and many complications involved in it. It has been a vexed question for ages, and the current of polemical writings on the one side, and on the other, will continue to flow on. For ourselves, we are quite satisfied with our own convictions; but, at the same time, are bound to say that the force of contrary argumentation, especially as conducted by such men as Stier and Alford, is so keen as to make us very tolerant of those who differ in opinion.

We proceed, then, on the assumption that the writer of this

* Jerome, in his account of James, after having related many suprising accounts concerning him, adds, 'The Gospel also which is called *according to the Hebrews*, and which I lately translated into Greek and Latin, and which Origen often used, relates, that, "after our Saviour's resurrection, when our Lord had given the linen cloth to the friend's servant, He went to James and appeared to him; for James had sworn that he would not eat bread from that hour in which he drank the cup of the Lord, till he should see the Lord risen from the dead. And, a little after, the Lord said, *Bring the table and the bread;*" and then it is added, "He took the bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to James the Just, and said to him, *My brother, eat thy bread; for the Son of Man* is risen from them that sleep."' Were any argument necessary, this single instance would be sufficient to prove the *Gospel according to the Hebrews*, or *Nazarene Gospel*, to be spurious. But still the Jewish Christians who invented it—at a time when the spirit of romance was very fertile in the Church—must have regarded James as one of the Apostles; for none but the Apostles were present at the Supper. A luminous account of this production, as well as of sundry spurious relics of the great James of Hebrew tradition, may be found in Jones's *Canon of the New Testament*.

Epistle was James, called, in Scripture, the Less, the son of Alphæus, and brother or kinsman of our Lord; called, in ecclesiastical tradition, the Just, and bishop of Jerusalem. Although a very few paragraphs will exhaust all that Scripture tells us about his history, yet we may, by the help of trustworthy tradition, furnish a more complete, if not more circumstantial, account of this Apostle than of any other in the apostolical circle.

The early life of St. James the Just is shrouded in obscurity, like that of all the historical personages of the New Testament. He and his brothers must have been brought up in more or less intimate intercourse with Jesus, and in habits and exercises of the purest piety. If the general tradition of the Nazarite strictness of James the Lord's brother is to be credited,—and it is too consistent throughout to be lightly set aside,—then must he have been as the eldest son peculiarly dedicated to God by his parents; and this would be rendered still more probable by the assumption, that his birth occurred amid all the wonderful influences of which the Redeemer's birth was the occasion. Like John the Baptist,—also his kinsman,—James was the Lord's own from his birth; but *his* vocation and ministry was of less grandeur, and postponed to a later period. It is remarkable that two others of his brethren were afterwards distinguished by names which testified their peculiar piety. Judas was surnamed *Lebbæus*, 'the man of heart;' and Simon was the *Zealot*, (or Canaanite, the same thing in Aramæan,) an appellation which attested the earnestness of his devotion: for many circumstances forbid the supposition that he had ever been connected with the sectaries who bore the name *in malam partem*.* Very much might be said about the simultaneous religious education of the three or four families of which Jesus of Nazareth was the centre; but, on such a subject, abstinence is better than speculation.

During the earlier part of our Saviour's ministry,—and probably during the greater part of it,—His friends, or kinsfolk, were insensible to the spirituality of His claims and designs. 'I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children,' (Psalm lxix. 8,) was in some measure fulfilled, even with reference to His own more limited Jewish family.† But we must rightly understand this: they were

* Even if Simon *the Zealot* and Simeon or Simon, James's successor in the charge of Jerusalem, were different persons, the assertion of the text still holds good. The tradition which records Simon's elevation also attests the peculiar sanctity which turned the eyes of the Church towards him.

† But to apply this, as Stier does, strictly and literally to His own mother and uterine brethren, is out of harmony with the spirit of the whole Psalm. The words are

never hostile to Him; they never spoke to Him in a tone of mockery; there was no malevolent distrust mingled with their sentiments; they were simply carnal, ambitious, and Jewish in their notions of their kinsman's power. They doubted not His ability: how could they, after the signal family display of it in Cana,* followed as that was by a multitude of public demonstrations, of which all Galilee was witness? But what they wanted was, that the more important region of the land, Judæa and Jerusalem, should also witness His wonderful works. Now, in proportion as James, Judas, and Simon were zealous for the honour of Israel, would the fascination of the wonderful power of Jesus enchain them in carnal delusion. 'Will ye *also* go away?' said the Redeemer to the Twelve, after the departure of the masses whose carnality He had detected; and, to our apprehension, He thereby signified that there was that in *their* souls which would nullify His choice of them if not corrected,—something of the same evil which in *one of them* was already a danger almost beyond cure. Hence the strange question of Judas—his one solitary voice in the Gospels—touching the mysterious change which must have come over the Saviour's plans, who would no longer manifest Himself to the world,—*Lord, how is it—καὶ τί γέγονεν;—what hath taken place then?* It is the breaking up of an inveterate delusion which had haunted all of them up to that very moment,—and haunted those most who are represented by this particular spokesman, Judas brother of James.

The reason is very obvious why James, son of Cleophas and Mary, was kept in the background during the Gospel history; why he and his brethren are scarcely ever mentioned during the whole course of the narratives, by any one of the four Evangelists. Their hour was not yet come; for, even in the apostolical circle, the Lord's great maxim was not to be altogether without its illustration: *The last shall be first, and the first last.* Many other illustrations might be mentioned, including 'Peter, James, and John' themselves: for a greater than Peter seemed to take from him his honour in the post-Pentecostal history; and John's wonderful pre-eminence during the Lord's life, seemed to slumber or grow dim for two generations before it shone out again; and James, the first martyr of the apostolical company, died, in comparison of Stephen, as all other Christian martyrs

explained by 'His own received Him not;' and still better by the hint given in the next verse, 'For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.'

* The invitation of Jesus and His mother, and His disciples, seems to intimate that it was the marriage of some member of their family connexion. A fertile thought for Greswell: see his Dissert. xvii.

died. So the son of Zebedee gives place, in the Acts, to the son of Alphæus. Moreover, the honour put upon the members of His own household, was more fittingly deferred till His departure should render it less perilous. Not that He must decline to honour His own kinsfolk: the Prophet who received not His honour from His own household would, nevertheless, confer honour upon His household. So the whole race of Israel was His family; and His rejected honour yet waits to make that family illustrious. So with His own more restricted kindred. After He had gone, His *brother* became famous,—the foremost man in the Church of Judæa. True, neither James nor Judas arrogated to himself any such honour; but the Church understood and rightly interpreted the Lord's will.

The earnest of his future honour appears in the solitary visit with which his Master distinguished him after the Resurrection. Even of this we should have known nothing, had not St. Paul—who has given us sundry other very important new glimpses of the forty days—very specifically recorded it. It appears that Simon Peter and James received each of them that honour; as, among the women, Mary Magdalene and perhaps another unmentioned Mary. But Simon's visit was very soon after the Resurrection, and James's very late. The particulars of both are shrouded in silence; but who can doubt that, in the case of the former, the sore of his unhealed conscience was the subject? and who can fail to suspect that, in the case of the latter, Jesus appeared to the representative of His kinsmen, and spoke to him of his future?

A long interval elapses before St. James is heard of again. The remarkable silence of St. Luke as to the internal history of the Church in Jerusalem in its relation to the Apostles, can be but very inadequately compensated by tradition; though, in the case of St. James's appointment to the supervision of that Church, early traditions are remarkably consistent. From these it would appear that, soon after the death of St. Stephen, and when the Apostles began to arrange their departure from Jerusalem, they unanimously placed the mother of all the Churches under the care of the Lord's brother. So much was undoubtedly true; but the elaborate particulars which we read of his appointment by Christ, and his public ordination by the Apostles, to the express office of bishop, may be classed among the appendages of the tradition which must be pared away, though they are mentioned by a long series of writers, beginning with the fourth century.

There are three notices, in the Acts, of St. James's pre-eminence, only two of which, however, may be called historical.

Both of them are connected with the Apostle Paul, and rather related to the general history of the Church than to the specific history of St. James. The first of them exhibits him to us as the president of the apostolical convention, which met on occasion of the first great public collision between the Jewish ceremonial law and the freedom of the Gospel. St. James appears as the representative of the strictest Judaism which was consistent with the Gospel; and most probably as the writer of the first great Christian document extant. The second presents him (Acts xxi.) in precisely the same character: perfectly confident in his brother-Apostle Paul, but anxious to conciliate the Jewish zealots; therefore giving advice which St. Paul adopted, but which was futile, as might have been expected, save in its illustration of the Christian simplicity of the character of both Apostles.

St. James occupied this high position as president of the Jewish Church in Jerusalem, and resident Apostle in Judæa, for about thirty years; but, with the exception of the few notes preserved in the Acts and Epistles, we have no specific account of the course of his life and labours. Doubtless, he undertook, after the departure of the Apostles from Judæa, the general supervision of the Christian cause throughout the whole territory bordering on Palestine, during the remainder of the desolate years which languished under the Redeemer's solemn *Woe*. It was the sad vocation of the Lord's brother to continue his Master's warning presence and example and entreaty for another entire generation among the doomed children of Jerusalem and all Judæa. Like Jesus, James was greatly beloved by the common people, who rejoiced in his unwearied benevolence; like Jesus, he was cut off at last by the malignity of the chief priests and rulers, who turned the capricious people against him.

The character of St. James's personal Christianity, as it is attested by early Christian writers, and reflected in his own Epistle, was in harmony with the Christianity of the Jerusalem Church generally: that is to say, it retained more of the influence of Judaism than the life of the Church exhibited elsewhere, if not more than was consistent with the ultimate design of its Founder. The account given of him by Hegesippus, within a century of his martyrdom, is as follows: 'James, the brother of the Lord, who, from the days of the Lord down to our own time, has been universally called *the Just*, undertook the direction of the community. There were many who were called James; but this one was holy from his mother's womb. No razor came upon his head; he anointed himself not with oil; and took no bath. He alone [among the Christians] was

allowed to enter the sanctuary. For he also wore no woollen, but linen garments. But he went also into the temple; and he was so often found there upon his knees, praying for the forgiveness of the people, that his knees became callous like a camel's, because he always knelt down when he prayed to God and implored forgiveness for the people. On account of his extraordinary righteousness he was called *the Just* and *Oblias*, i.e., the bulwark of the people.'

Plentiful deduction must be made from this hearty sketch of the honest old Jew;* nevertheless, enough remains to show what kind of Christian James the Just was. His Christianity was perfectly sound; but it retained all of Judaism that was consistent with the liberty of the Gospel. He frankly gave the right hand of fellowship to St. Paul, the great innovator, or the great instrument of Divine innovation; but for himself he would never cast off those observances which the Lord Himself had sanctified anew by His own example, and which were not utterly inconsistent with the design of His death. He bade Simon Peter God-speed on his errand of conciliation to the *Gentiles;* but his own home and sphere was among the *People* which was fast hasting to reprobation, but still under the forbearance of God. He could, with his own hand, write a letter to the Churches emancipated from the ordinances, and seal to them their full liberty; but for himself his vocation was not to lead him beyond the sound of the reading of Moses every Sabbath. (Acts xv.) All that the Gospel required him to renounce he gave up; all that it permitted him to retain he retained. And the same Christianity which he held himself, he taught to others. This was doubtless the secret of the high and enthusiastic respect in which his name was held by the Jews, in all their sects and parties; to this was owing the commanding influence which he swayed during this the saddest half-generation in the Jewish history. His presence, and his earnest piety, was a standing token and pledge of the mercy of the Crucified. His visits to the deserted temple,—to teach among the people, and to intercede for the nation,—were a perpetual remembrancer of One who had daily taught openly in the temple in years of guilt gone by. Thus, James, the brother of our Lord, was the Lord's legacy to the people who rejected Himself.

* The traditions preserved in the Clementine Recognitions and Homilies, and the legends of the miracles of 'Jacob of Secaniah' in the Talmud, are obviously the embellishments of a favourite memory. They are utterly inconsistent with the very groundwork of the character of a *Christian Apostle*. So also are some parts of the more authentic account of Hegesippus; though many modern Christian writers seem to trust them implicitly.

In all the traditions which have been preserved, the 'Residentiary Apostle' is referred to as the bishop, not only of Jerusalem, but of the whole country of which Jerusalem was the centre. That is to say, the land which had been blessed with the presence and ministrations of the Redeemer, became the province of the labour of St. James's life. How he discharged the functions of this original episcopate we know not; for the scriptural history forsakes the Holy Land after the dispersion which ensued on the death of Stephen. If St. Luke's record afterwards visits it, it is for the sake of St. Paul. But St. James has left one monument of his pastoral care to posterity:—the Epistle which he was inspired to write, first for the Christians of the Dispersion, then through them for the body of the blinded nation, and, finally, for the benefit of the spiritual Israel for ever.

This General Epistle was probably written soon after St. James's appointment to the oversight of the Palestine Churches. Opinions, however, have been divided upon this subject; as might be expected, when we consider that there is not a single hint in the Epistle itself to give a clue. Negative evidence may be found in the very circumstance that the writer so humbly mentions himself; that he makes no allusions to St. Paul, or his peculiar cast of doctrine; that he keeps silence as to the remarkable Council of Acts xv.; that he omits all reference to the Gentiles, and the collision between them and the Jews; that he does not hint at any such miseries in Jerusalem as must, in the after part of his life, have been uppermost in his thoughts; and that, nevertheless, he writes to his brethren of the Dispersion as everywhere involved in calamity. All these negations point to an early—what may be called, comparatively, very early—date of the Epistle. And with this concurs the testimony of its own artless, transitional character, so unconscious of subsequent controversies; the first place always assigned to it among the General Epistles; and the fact that it was first in order of all the Apostolical Epistles, in the oldest arrangement of the New Testament.*

There are several characteristics pervading this document, which exhibit its special harmony with the character and position of St. James, as already depicted. To these we shall briefly refer; not so much for the sake of illustrating the Epistle itself, as for the sake of the light they throw upon the life of the writer.

1. It is addressed to the *Twelve Tribes scattered abroad.*

* Where, in many editions, it is to be found still.

St. James writes as a Christian Apostle and shepherd of souls to the people, (Acts xxvi. 17,) as if he would lay claim to them as a whole, and considered them all his own.* The entire strain of the Epistle is intensely Christian; and yet it is emphatically the evangelical, or catholic, address of the Apostle and high priest, so to speak, of Judaism. Had he possessed all the prerogatives attributed to him by Hegesippus, and enjoyed all the dignity in Jerusalem which his sanctity is said to have secured for him, he could not have written more imperatively and more universally to the tribes of Israel than he here does. Not that he is unconscious of the infinite change which the coming and rejection of the Messiah had wrought in the position of the ancient race. But if he had known Israel after the flesh, now he knows it after the flesh no more. Nay, to him there is no Israel after the flesh. He writes as if Christianity claimed, and, indeed, comprised, the whole people; and as if Israel out of Christ was a nonentity. Else how are we to account for the strange absence of any single polemical appeal to the blinded and bigoted Jews? The laborious investigation of the question, 'To what readers was the Epistle sent?' which always has its place in the Introductions, is, therefore, superfluous. It was written for Christians certainly; but, *therefore*, for Jews,—Christianity being the flower, fruit, or consummation of Judaism.

But mark, on the other hand, how tenderly the Jewish Apostle keeps in view the hereditary infirmities and bitter prejudices of his unconverted brethren. It would be wrong to say that he conciliates them, or even that he accommodates himself to their perverseness. Should they read his Epistle, they must hear of the name of Jesus, and of believers in Him being the regenerate first-fruits of God's creatures, while their favourite watchword would be found altogether wanting; but not one word occurs which might at once offend and repel the Jews. The fundamental doctrines of atonement and reconciliation were as the very breath of the nostrils to those whom the Apostle addresses; acceptance through faith in Jesus, and sanctification through the Spirit, and communion with the Blessed Trinity in word and sacraments, were the very first principles of the instruction of these Christians, who had been lately brought into the fold of Christ. St. James, therefore, who governs his pen as he requires the tongue to be governed, and who is resolved that it shall not offend in one word, does not introduce these

* See a few excellent remarks upon this Epistle, in Maurice's *Unity of the New Testament*.

subjects. Whether it be that he does not condescend to regard Jewish enmity to the Crucified, or that he would wisely begin with the Saviour's exaltation first; certain it is, that each mention of the Redeemer is such as designedly to glorify His person, and, as it were, commend Him to the respect of his readers. He is the 'Lord of glory,' and His name is 'that worthy Name.' And who can tell how many were thereby drawn to look upward first to the throne of Christ, and, conciliated by the Messiah's dignity, were then sent back to find mercy through the Cross?

2. This leads to another characteristic: the Epistle exhibits the Gospel under its specific aspect as the consummation and end of the Law. It may be said, that the Epistles of St. Paul do the same; and this is in some sense true. But the difference between the two is very plain and very marked. St. Paul lays down the great principles of the Gospel first, and not till then does he reconcile with them the immutable Law; with St. James the Gospel of our regeneration is at once the perfect law of liberty, looking into which a man sees the disfigured face of his birth, and continuing to look into which he sees what he must *do* to change his face and form, and be saved. St. Paul has several meanings of the word 'Law;' St. James is unconscious of more than one. In his view the one law was repronounced, with certain omissions and changes, upon the Mount of Beatitudes.

It must be obvious to every one, that the entire Epistle is cast in the mould of the Sermon on the Mount, or rather is the echo, and somewhat later development, of the principles of that Sermon. Direct allusions to it are frequent; but its spirit every where reigns. The Epistle, therefore, occupies the same position with regard to the Epistles of St. Paul, which the Sermon of our Lord occupies with regard to the rest of His discourses, especially those at the close of His ministry. And this is the best solution of the vexed question of the seeming contrariety between St. James and St. Paul.

'St. James has his eye, not upon Gnostic and Antinomian tendencies,—for these developed themselves more amongst Gentile Christians,—but upon the dead intellectual orthodoxy of Judaism, a self-righteous, stiffened Pharisaism; and he meets it with the same weapons used by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount. The Epistle of St. James, therefore, holds as important and necessary a place among the canonical Epistles of the Apostles, as that Sermon among the discourses of Christ. For, closely as it conforms, not only in thought but in its figurative, sententious style, to the prophetical and proverbial books of the Old Testament, yet the earnest, impres-

sive, moral admonitions of which it consists,—its exhortations to patience under suffering, to prayer, humility, to true wisdom, to meekness, to peace, to the observance of the royal law of love, to a life corresponding to the confession of the mouth; its warnings against vain self-reliance, against sins of the tongue, against fickleness, envy, hatred, and uncharitableness in general,—all are thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of Christian morality, especially as presented in the Saviour's Sermon on the Mount. The name of Christ, indeed, appears only as it were in the distance, but is always mentioned with a holy reserve, which leaves us under the impression that far more is thought than is said, and that the cause of this comparative silence is perhaps the wish to gain the more readily some of the Jewish readers to the faith.' *

The Divine Spirit, who inspired St. James and St. Paul, knew full well what perversions of the truth would spring up in the Christian Church through the straining of their respective words into opposition of meaning. Yet he did not prevent their writing as they did, and using the same words, and the same illustrations, in seemingly contradictory senses. According to our conviction, neither St. James nor St. Paul had the slightest reference to his brother Apostle's doctrine; but the One Spirit subserved, by their unconscious mutual supplement, purposes which, however open to misconstruction now, will one day make plain their wisdom to all.

3. Another characteristic which the Epistle exhibits in strict consistency with St. James's traditional character, is its sanctified but still rigid asceticism. James *the Just*—traditionally a Nazarite—is the writer: the Apostle won that title, not by his general excellence, but by his peculiar and sublime excellence in piety.

Perfect excellence is the mark to which the writer evidently has his own mind always directed, and to which he points the reader with the utmost simplicity. Thus, according to Alford, 'the main theme of the Epistle may be described as being the ἀνὴρ τέλειος, in the perfection of the Christian life, the ποιητὴς τοῦ νόμου τελείου: and his state and duties are described and enforced, not in the abstract, but in a multitude of living connexions and circumstances of actual life, as might suit the temptations and necessities of the readers.' Though we should

* Schaff, *History of the Apostolic Church*, ii., 41. He seems disposed to leave Luther's memory under the full imputation of his unhappy words about the *chaffy Epistle*. 'That Luther afterwards retracted this unfavourable judgment, which reveals itself also in his versions of the Bible in the removal of the Epistle from its original place at the beginning of the Catholic Epistles to their end, where it still stands in the German Protestant editions, is not at all demonstrable.' What can be said on the other side has been said, and powerfully said, by Archdeacon Hare, in his well-known note (W).

demur to any one topic being singled out as the main theme of this pastoral letter, yet the remark is perfectly true in itself: the perfect man, without any abatement and without much toleration for infirmity, is never out of sight.

The Christian who would understand this Epistle must be one who is bent on perfectly keeping the perfect law of liberty. He must be one whose mind is set upon the attainment of the most absolute control over himself, whose standard is supremely high in every department of duty, and who is resolved upon reaching the heights and sounding the depths of perfect sanctity. Power over self in watchfulness, and power with God in prayer, are carried to their highest point. The loftiest godliness, indeed, is inculcated by all the writers of the New Testament. But while St. Paul and St. John show constantly the process of the Divine working by the Spirit in the human heart, St. James dwells rather upon man's own aspiration, determination, and effort. Only *rather*, however: the doctrines of grace are not forgotten; every perfect gift is traced to its right source, to Him who giveth *more grace;* but still, from the beginning to the end, the spirit of sanctified asceticism reigns. Its tone and spirit is ascetic,—though this may be better felt in reading it than proved; but it is sanctified, Christian asceticism; for self-torture, or even legitimate fasting, is not mentioned.

4. Once more, our Epistle is marked by the peculiar spirit of its consolation to the sorrowful and oppressed. Consolation for the afflicted would not be in itself a peculiar feature; there is not a book of the New Testament which does not offer its own specific comfort to those who mourn. But in this Epistle the oppressed are the Twelve Tribes, scattered abroad, and, as it were, tasting the earnest of their future desolation in all lands. They are deeply afflicted and oppressed, and the most effectual arguments are used for their encouragement. The Epistle begins abruptly with this; and returns to it again and again. But it is very observable that St. James orders all his consolations in such a manner as to bow down his readers' souls in absolute submission. These sufferings were bound up with a dispensation of retributive judgment upon the whole nation, which allowed no hope of its subversal, or even of the relaxation of its terrors. *As a Jew*, he wrote from a doomed city to a doomed people: there was a calamity in the distance which was present to his thoughts, as it was to that of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews; but to which neither of these writers durst trust himself to make direct reference. Moreover, it was not so near as to render necessary or appropriate any allusion to the Lord's special injunctions as to the tribulation of those days.

. Let the reader glance over the Epistle, and he will observe this feature of its sympathy and consolation. Patience must have a *perfect work*, and there lies the test and the finish of the perfect man. Here are not the several links of St. Paul's beautiful chain (Rom. v. 3, 4); *patience* and *perfection* are all, and the murmuring nature is not allowed, under the pressure of the utmost tribulation, to think for a moment any evil of God. Trials are, it is true, God's temptations of His creatures' virtue; but He tempteth none to evil. So the examples of suffering affliction and patience which are suggested, are examples of those who underwent the last trials of which human nature is capable before the end of the Lord was seen. And the end of the Lord to the persecuted and sorrowful whom this Epistle addresses, has its issue only in the other world: St. James does not suggest any which falls short of the 'crown of life,' and the 'coming of the Lord.' The whole breathes the spirit of one who bears about the burden of the final woes of his Master upon Jerusalem. That sorrow for his brethren after the flesh which once or twice escaped St. Paul—as if a suppressed secret of his soul—does not utter itself in words at all here, but is evidently nevertheless the chastened spirit of the whole. The Epistle gives out its deepest, fullest tones when read immediately after the Gospel of St. Matthew, and especially its twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters.

5. Lastly. The personal character of the writer—and it may be said, the personal religious character of the writer—is stamped upon the general phraseology and style of the Epistle. The diction and structure of the sentences is peculiar and characteristic; unlike that of every other writer in the New Testament, but perfectly in harmony with all that we know of this writer. There is everywhere in it a peculiar tone of dignity and command: St. James speaks as one having authority. There is more of the directly imperative than in any other Epistle: let the reader take any chapter of this, and follow it by any chapter of St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, and he will feel the difference. Here is one of the old prophets, as it were, risen again. And then how marked is the nervous, earnest brevity of the writer! how consistent with the spirit of the man whose motto is *action* and not *words!* Words could not better reflect the spirit of the matter they clothe than these words do. At the same time, there is no poverty of diction in this Epistle: on the contrary, it is pre-eminent in the New Testament for some of the most important attributes of style. Indeed, the excellence of the Greek is a wonder that has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for; and the rhythm of some of the sentences is

exceedingly graceful. No part of the New Testament sounds better when read aloud.

As many passages of striking beauty occur in the course of this Epistle, as in any similar amount of chapters in the New Testament. The wavering petitioner; the fading rich; the shadowless Source of Good; the looker in the glass; the true service of God; are all passages of what may be termed classical beauty. These occur in the very first chapter, and take up nearly the whole of it. The habitual use of antitheses reminds us of St. Paul; but St. James's handling of them has its own distinctive peculiarity. In him they are absolutely essential: energy, pathos, wrath, alike adopt this method of expression. It is not resorted to occasionally for the sake of point and force, as St. Paul resorts to it; but it is the law of St. James's style. And wonderful sometimes is its effect: as, for instance,—*Submit to God, Resist the devil*; and that most sublime saying, the depths of which who can penetrate?—*Judgment without mercy to him that showed no mercy, and Mercy rejoiceth against Judgment.*

To all these characteristics may be added that of the suddenness of transition from point to point; the whole Epistle being a succession of magisterial, legislatorial dicta. This, as well as all the rest of the notes at which we have hinted, indicates a writer who is uttering the Christian *law*, who is unconscious of polemics, and does not descend to argument.

From these passing hints, as to the character of his great Epistle, we return to take our farewell of its writer. The last mention of St. James in Scripture, Acts xxi., concurs, as we have seen, with St. Paul's visit to Jerusalem at the Pentecost, A.D. 58. It is exceedingly probable, indeed almost certain, that he survived about four years longer, and died at last the death of a martyr in the neighbourhood of the temple. Eusebius has collected a series of very circumstantial and, in the main, trustworthy traditions concerning the manner of his death.

He prefaces his traditions by saying, that 'when Paul had appealed to Cæsar, and Festus had sent him to Rome, the Jews, being disappointed in their design against him, turned their rage against James the Lord's brother, to whom the Apostles had assigned the episcopal chair in Jerusalem. And in this manner they proceeded against him. Having laid hold of him, they required him, in the presence of all the people, to renounce his faith in Christ. But he, with freedom and boldness beyond expectation, before all the multitude, declared our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. They, not enduring the testimony of a man who was in high esteem for his piety,

laid hold of the opportunity when the country was without a governor to put him to death. For Festus having died about that time in Judæa, the province had in it no Procurator."

He then proceeds to give the well-known narrative of Hegesippus, part of which we have had occasion to quote before:—

'Some, then, of the seven sects among the people, of whom I spake in the former part of these Commentaries, asked him, "What is the gate of Jesus?" And he said that He was the Saviour, from which some believed that Jesus is the Christ. But the aforesaid sects did not believe either in the resurrection or in One who should come to award to every man according to his deeds;—but all who did believe, believed through James. When, therefore, many even of the rulers were believing, there was an alarm among the Jews, and Scribes, and Pharisees, saying, "The whole people is in danger of falling into the expectation of Jesus as the Christ." Coming, therefore, to St. James, they said, "We beseech thee to restrain the error of the people; we beseech thee to persuade all that come hither at this Passover not to believe in Jesus as the Christ; for we and all the people put confidence in thee as a good man, that regardeth the person of none. Stand, therefore, upon the battlement of the temple, that thou mayest be conspicuous, and that thy words may be easily heard of all the people. For, because of the Passover, all the tribes be come hither, and many Gentiles." The aforesaid Scribes and Pharisees therefore placed James on the pinnacle of the temple, and cried to him and said, "O Just One, to whom we all ought to give heed, inasmuch as the people is gone astray after Jesus who is crucified, tell us what is the gate of Jesus?" And he answered with a loud voice, "Why ask ye me concerning Jesus the Son of Man? He sits in heaven on the right hand of the mighty power, and He also is about to appear in the clouds of heaven." And many being convinced, and glorifying (Jesus) on the testimony of James, and saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" then, again, the same Scribes and Pharisees said amongst themselves, "We have done ill in furnishing so great a testimony to Jesus: let us go and cast him down, that they may be struck with fear, and so not believe on Him." And they cried, saying, "Oh! Oh! the Just One too is gone astray." And they fulfilled the prophecy written in Isaiah, "Let us take away the Just; for he is troublesome to us: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their deeds." They went up then, and threw down the Just One, and said, "Let us stone James the Just," and they began to stone him. For he had not been killed by the fall, but turning round knelt and said, "I beseech Thee, Lord God, and Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" But whilst they were thus stoning him, one of the priests of the sons of Rechab, who are mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah, cried, saying, "Stop, what do ye? the Just One prays for you;" and one of them, one of the fullers, took the club with which he used to press the clothes, and struck it on the head of the Just One. And so he bore witness, and they buried him on the place by the temple,

and the pillar still remains on the spot by the temple.* He has been a true witness both to Jews and Gentiles that Jesus is the Christ. And immediately Vespasian besieged them.'

The account of Josephus† differs remarkably in all except the stoning:—

'These things befell the Jews in vindication of James the Just, who was brother of Jesus, called the Christ. For the Jews killed him, who was a most righteous man....The Emperor, being informed of the death of Festus, sent Albinus to be prefect in Judæa. But the younger Ananus, who, as we said before, was made high priest, was haughty in his behaviour, and very enterprising. And moreover he was of the sect of the Sadducees, who, as we have also observed before, are above all other Jews severe in their judicial sentences. This then being the temper of Ananus, he, thinking he had a fit opportunity, because Festus was dead, and Albinus was yet upon the road, calls a council. And, bringing before them James, the brother of Him who is called Christ, and some others, he accused them as transgressors of the law, and had them stoned to death.'

For ourselves, we should be disposed to differ from most modern commentators upon these extracts, and give the preference to Josephus in the main, though Clement singularly corroborates the account of Hegesippus as to the final blow of the fuller. The specific account of Josephus at least assures us of the date of the martyrdom of St. James, assigning it to the year A.D. 63, not long before the death of his brethren Paul and Peter. Nor does the account of Hegesippus gainsay this: his reference to the immediate coming of Titus, and the destruction of Jerusalem, is not to be understood as referring to the strict sequence of time, so much as to the connexion of cause and effect.

In the account preserved from Hegesippus, there is very much that betrays its legendary character. The description given of St. James's Nazarite peculiarities has been already shown to be suspicious; and the same kind of stricture must be applied to the particulars of his martyrdom. It may be enough to allow that his death was, like that of Stephen, the result of a hasty tumult of the people during a brief suspension of authority; and that, like Stephen, he died by stoning. For the rest, the details have a strangely romantic air, and seem like the invention of one who kept the persecutions of the Gospels and Acts in view as a model, and was anxious to invest St. James with as much

* A cavern is still shown as the 'tomb of St. James;' but it derives its traditional name not from being supposed to be his sepulchre, but from a legend of his concealing himself there. See more in Stanley, *Apostolical Age*, p. 334.

† *Antiq.*, lib. xx.

honour as possible. The same exaggeration of his dignity, but carried to a much wilder pitch, we find in the legendary *Clementine Recognitions*. In them St. James figures as the supreme bishop of all Christendom, to whom even the Apostle Peter and the Roman bishop are subject. St. James does not descend to death, but is wonderfully preserved after the stroke of the fuller. Moreover, Epiphanius mentions certain *Ἀναβαθμοὶ Ἰακώβου*, glorifications of the Apostle which gave circumstantial accounts of his assumption. Had these been preserved to us, it would doubtless be found that his name was the centre of a whole literature of legendary traditions. As it is, we have but few: enough, however, to show how rich his memory was in interest to the Palestine community. A liturgy bearing his name is still extant: his episcopal throne is said to have been shown with respect at Jerusalem in the fourth century; and his relics to have been brought to Constantinople about the year 572. But all this is worth mentioning only as showing the sacredness of his memory in the East.

It was a beautiful thought of Theodoret and others of the Eastern Fathers in their commentaries upon Heb. xiii. 7, that St. Paul there refers to the successive martyrdoms which the Church of Jerusalem had witnessed and mourned over,—those of St. Stephen, St. James the Greater, and St. James the Just. These were the three martyrs of that last supernumerary generation of probationship which was vouchsafed to miserable Jerusalem; and when the blood of the last was shed, all things were ready for the judgments written.

St. James was taken from the evil day. He did not behold even the approach of the abomination of desolation; during his life whatever sanctity was left to the temple remained inviolate. But his death was the signal of the comparative disintegration and dispersion of his Church. His sorrowing people took no action to supply his place: all men thought the end was at hand. Unless the text of Josephus has been tampered with, the best of the very Jews themselves deemed the woes which fell upon their city a punishment for what they had done to James the Just. How much more did the simple brethren who were bereaved of their old and long-beloved head deplore his fate, and look for the vengeance of Heaven!

St. James's Church in Jerusalem—for such we may call it—did not die with him; nor was it utterly extinguished by the destruction of the city. According to a tradition preserved in Eusebius, the surviving Apostles and kinsmen of the Lord assembled in Jerusalem, after all was over, and appointed Symeon, or Simon, 'the second of the cousins,' to fill his

place. He presided over the remnant of the reconstituted Church till the time of the Emperor Trajan, and in his turn suffered martyrdom at the age of 120 years.* He was followed by a series of thirteen successors of Hebrew descent, through whom was transmitted, though not unimpaired, the same kind of Judaic Christianity which in its purest form was characteristic of the earliest Churches of Palestine under St. James. But the blight which was upon all things Jewish rested upon the Jewish-Christian Church: the orthodox Nazarenes but miserably represented the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, while the heretical Ebionites exhibited some of the worst first-fruits of the enemy's tares in the very soil which gave Christianity birth. Jerusalem changed its name; but the night still rested upon it. Its Christianity lay age after age under a cloud which the lifelong prayers of its martyred *Just One* availed not to avert or remove.

ART. II.—1. *The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*, &c. By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Oxford. 1831.

2. *The Ancient Cornish Drama.* Edited and Translated by MR. EDWIN NORRIS, Sec. R.A.S. Two Vols. Oxford. 1859.

THE divisions of race and tribe in the human family are no mere expedient of historical science on the one hand, and no mere refinement of natural philosophy on the other; they are founded on broad and obvious though not original distinctions. The traveller who has any pretensions to discernment, cannot fail to observe that the physical and mental character of populations varies almost as much as the soil and features of the countries through which he wanders. He notes the fact, though he may not be able to account for it. Indeed, it will probably be the more striking to a quick observer who comes unfurnished with ethnological theory or knowledge. If he has merely passed from the streets of London, through the Boulevards of Paris, to the shady quays of Amsterdam, he will never afterwards mistake the paces of a Cockney for those of a

* According to the account of Hegesippus (Euseb., lib. iii., cap. 19, 20,) the Emperor Domitian, moved by suspicion, summoned two remaining relatives of Jesus from Palestine into his presence. He found them poor and simple personages, who, on being questioned concerning the kingdom of our Lord, told him that that kingdom was not earthly but heavenly, and cleared themselves by showing their hard hands. These were the grandchildren of Jude, brother of James, and the last members of the Holy Family.

Parisian or a Hollander; and though he may find loungers in all three cities, he will see that the lounging is done in three perfectly distinct ways. One of those tourists, even, who for once in their lives treat themselves to a fourteen-days' ticket, and venture across the Channel, to form a little acquaintance with overhaulers of passports and carpet-bags, with *commissionnaires*, out-door life, and hotel practice, will, perhaps, on his return, find himself refreshed with a lesson on the marked distinction between female vivacity, grace, and conscious power of fascination, on the one side, and pure-heartedness, stability, and simple, fresh, modest, and transparent naturalness, on the other.

But a wider range of observation would afford more remarkable distinctions. One region is peopled by those whose light complexion, noble front and bearing, proclaim them as leaders in the culture of human character; another swarms with hatchet-faced tribes, small and sallow, with little black eyes, and long glossy hair. On this continent, there are the black woolly-headed, thick-lipped, flat-nosed children of warm passions; on that, we meet the wild and chivalrous red men; while scattered on islands and border-lands there are light copper-coloured faces with eyes aslant and coarse features, which tell of all that is treacherous, implacable, and savage. A keen eye, however, could scarcely glance over these wide fields, without soon discovering lines of subdivision marking off provincial varieties, or indicating, here and there, the locality of some peculiar family type. However these differences may be classified, or by whatever scientific names they may be known, there they are, challenging investigation, and enticing us to speculate as to their causes. Caucasian cannot be confounded with Malay. Neither American nor Negro can be ranged with the native of Mongolia. Nor can the distinction between Kelt and Sclavonian, Teuton and Finn, be overlooked more easily than the unlikeness of Rajpoot to Mahratta, or of Brahmin to Bheel. The variety is evident; from whence does it spring?

This question has given rise to theories in some cases quite as curious, if not so clear, as the facts they profess to explain. There is that notion of the old pagans, the lingering influence of which we acknowledge, even now, by our familiar use of the term *aborigines;* as if it were still the general creed, that each country of the globe had, from the first, its own creation of human as well as other forms of life. Modern philosophers have in many cases chosen to laugh at the dreams of mythology rather than to ask whether these shadows were not more truthful than the mere speculations of individual thinkers: we are not surprised, therefore,

that ancient representatives of that class should prefer their own fanciful theories to the broken hints of tradition. How the many breeds of *Autochthones* came, was the question. No one seemed to hit the simple idea of creation. Yet the races sprang up, here and there, in different climes, and under various circumstances. Perhaps somewhat like the vermin which a favourite old Story-teller says were engendered by the sun in the reeking mud of a river's bank; or on the principle that the earth originally contained the *ova* or seeds of all things, according to Harvey's decision, '*Omne vivum ab ovo.*' These, of course, were turned up in a similar way to the crops of field horsetail or coltsfoot on the side of a railway cutting; or rather like the widening circle of delicious life which appears about the same date in different parts of a large cheese. Or, it may be, they came forth, on the principle of metamorphosis or development, a sort of *hocus pocus*, done in a gradual, quiet way; as if an indefinable something that is neither a power nor a person, nor anything between the two, something called Nature, stood and issued its mysterious order, and inert matter falls into the figure of nerve-knots; these pass into spinal forms with the armour of backbone and skull; and life at length takes a shape that creeps, or swims, or flies, or walks. So, in a sense which Watts never conceived,—

'From change to change the creatures run,'

until the dolphin, for instance, takes the more perfect form of the savage islander; or the ape loses itself in the erect and jabbering Bushman; or what was the virtue of a dog becomes, when unfolded, the moral beauty and power of religious man. Such developments are not expressly acknowledged by the boldest of these theorists; but they are certainly implied in the doctrine of pure naturalism. The tendency is to deny the supernatural origin of nature. European scholars of the French and German schools, in particular, have seemed to suppose that the honours of philosophy can in no case be sustained without entire independence of inspired authority; as if they were above all things afraid of being thought unable to work out their problems for themselves. At all events they have been the means of keeping the old notion afloat. One says, that the race of Adam was only one of many originally distinct tribes. Another asserts, that the red clans of America were raised from the soil of that continent. A third takes it for granted, that Italy had its own creation of human life: others, that each section of the earth's surface brought forth its own inhabitants; and that, therefore, it is utterly vain to inquire into the origin of races.

To find such men as Malte-Brun, Humboldt, and even Niebuhr, identified with such views, is only to be confirmed in the conviction expressed by an acute and learned writer who has done much to dissipate the mists from this subject. 'The most learned men,' he remarks, 'and those of the most profound research, are equally liable with ordinary individuals to adopt erroneous notions on subjects which lie beyond a particular sphere; they are perhaps even more disposed to prejudices of certain kinds.' *

The theory of many original centres of human life involves the admission of specific distinctions. At least, the formation of such a theory cannot be necessary; and is quite uncalled for, unless the existence of different species of men be an established fact. Mere family variety may be accounted for on a more simple principle. Those who consider the case of human races in various climates and widely different circumstances, as similar to that of quadrupeds, birds, or vegetation, each severally adapted to their own region, are bound to show that the breaches of specific unity are as decided in the one instance as they are in the other. But has this ever been done? The fact is, the difficulty of attempting it is ever on the increase. Physical evidence accumulates in favour of but one human species. Nor has physiology yet ceased to gather up proofs for the doctrine, that all the scattered tribes of men are of common origin, and of one parent stock. The difficulty of adopting any other view becomes the greater, when we approach the question of language. If each race of men arose at first in its own province of the globe, each would have its peculiar and distinct speech. In that case we should reasonably expect to find something like a fair agreement as to number between the races and the tongues. Here comes the unmanageable fact, however, that while the races, supposed to be originally different, are said not to exceed six or eight, the languages may be counted by hundreds at least. Now it would require a faith more simple even than that which inspired the author of *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, to believe that the world had in it, from the first, some hundreds, if not thousands, of distinct human races. But language gives its voice to swell the force of argument on the other side. An historical view of this branch of evidence is very instructive. For a time, like some other sciences in their infancy, that of the linguist excited a little alarm, by appearing somewhat unfriendly to the sacred records. By and by, however, it discovered unlooked-for relations; and the babbling tribes were seen to show affinities,

* Prichard.

and to fall into large groups, all having the same family expression. National idioms which at first were apparently independent, were now found to retain the proofs of original brotherhood; and it soon became possible, in many instances, even to fix the degree by which any individual language was removed from its relatives. Some were found to be linked by analogy of grammatical structure; some by a wide correspondence of primitive words; while others showed their resemblance in both these features. In the speech of those communities even which must be as remote from one another in descent as they are in physical character, kindred words are detected, too numerous and remarkable to be viewed as arising from mere chance. In short, the testimony of language, as far as it has been examined, amounts to this, that affinities of speech every where indicate a common parentage. The resemblances yet traceable are found in those elements without which no branch of the stock could exist; while the differences are such as could not occur were the members mere offshoots one from another. So that we are called to acknowledge the memorials of some mother tongue from which the essential properties of the entire offspring were drawn; while we mark indications of a violent and confusing action by which, at some early period, many of the points once belonging to the family likeness were altered or destroyed.

But, admitting the unity of human species, we are called upon to account, if possible, for existing varieties. This has been attempted on the principle that mere climate, scenery, diet, and occupation, are sufficient to produce all the changes from the original type, and to fix and perpetuate all the physical and mental differences of the dispersed family. The advocates of this doctrine appear clearly to see the skins of some gathering blackness as they move under a tropical sun, and hair becoming wool, or wool hair, as heat or cold may happen to prevail. It seems plain to them, that cheekbones jut out, and that the mouth advances and widens, as the jaws work on human flesh, or as other raw material forms the daily supply; that the mountain fosters the monkey-limbed tribes, while the Dutchman inevitably settles into heaviness and breadth, until he seems doomed to move for ever on a dead level. There may be some truth in this theory; but it does not fully account for the facts of the case. There are too many exceptions left unexplained. The differences are so marked and fixed as to indicate some deeper cause working with the circumstances alluded to. To illustrate this from the conceivable history of a single pedigree will be enough. One family, for instance, may afford a

cluster of faces, forms, and characters, undoubtedly alike, and yet strangely unlike. There is the indefinable impress of parentage; and yet each has characteristics so much the individual's own, as to render it certain that when outside associations are formed, and foreign influences are brought into play, a new branch will put forth its distinctive features. Then the family story will tell perhaps of an Albino, or a son of unusually dusky skin: the one will probably cease to be represented after a few generations; but the other, retaining the characteristic with a stronger hold, transmits it unimpaired, and may be the patriarch of an ever-growing tribe, which, in the distant scenes of its emigration, will at last lose all token of its ancestral connexion. It might appear, at first, as if the peculiar features of each family branch would eventually disappear, as the lineage became more and more tangled; but the fact is, that at longer or shorter intervals there springs up what seems to be a renewed model of its parent type; as if Providence acted on the principle, that the distinguishing stamp of each race is sacred, and must be kept legible in spite of time and change. It may be admitted that in the case of any family of our personal acquaintance which comes under present observation, the shades of distinction between the offshoots are very delicate; but they are clear enough to be indications of the way in which the peculiar features of great races have been preserved for generations as memorials of those strongly marked models of humanity which came out from the central home of the world. As to species, man is one, but human nature admits great variety of race. The family distinctions are both mental and physical. Nor can the fact be safely ignored by those who wish to promote the true welfare of mankind. If systems of social science, or schemes of education, be formed on the assumption that peculiarities of race must necessarily yield to altered circumstances; or, that to equalize public advantages is certainly to mould a population in a uniform type; or, that to enforce on all one style of instruction, or one series of lessons, is to give the same shaping to every class of the public mind,—they will doubtless be found broken, at last, by contact with the very singularities which they were designed to subdue. The native qualities of race must not be confounded with the prejudices of locality; these may yield to circumstances, but the others will prove their independence. The most perfect culture will do no more than bring the powers of a distinct character into full and regulated play.

Europe, at the present day, is peopled by the offspring of those who occupied the same ground, and in nearly similar

relations, at the time when the fathers of classic history made their first notes. The very Teuton of old Germania lives among us in the modern representative of that race. What was the Sclavonic cast in the days of Pliny and Tacitus is the Sclavonic cast still; and the distinctions by which the Keltæ were known to Herodotus are just those which belong to the several branches of the Keltic family now. These last arrest our attention. We confess to a deep interest in the fact, that all those existing members of this race with which we are most familiar, whether located in these islands or in old Armorica, claim a high antiquity, have a deep sense of ancestral honour, perhaps a pride of family, founded not so much on historical evidence or certain genealogy, as on a feeling nourished by tradition, and most warmly cherished, perhaps, by those who are least capable of giving a reason for it. They dwell fondly on the past, and appear to be its representatives; while the thorough-bred Englishman undertakes to push about and make the best of present times; or while Americans cry, 'Go a-head;' and mixed borderers watch and abide their time. There seems to have been great difficulty once in ascertaining the relation of the Kelts to the other sections of the human family. Great mystery hung about them. It was thought by many not at all certain that they had any real connexion with either East or West. Pinkerton asserted that, in language, they are 'as remote from the Greek as the Hottentot from the Lapponic;' and their mythology, he adds, 'resembled that of the Hottentots, or others the rudest savages, as the Keltæ anciently were, and are little better at present, being incapable of any progress in society.' Another writer of some research* remarked, that their tongue is 'perfectly original, has no connexion or affinity with the languages of the East, nor any whatever with Greek, Latin, or the Teutonic dialects.' Even Cuvier found no family association for the Kelts; and, only thirty years ago, Prichard felt himself called 'to illustrate the relation of the Keltic people to the rest of mankind.' True, history says but a few uncertain words about them. Their mythology witnesses in deeper tones; but may be thought doubtful. Their prevailing characteristics would perhaps indicate their parentage; but the remaining dialects of the language afford the best means of tracing their descent, and fixing their true relationships.

We are indebted to Dr. J. C. Prichard for a patient, cautious, and truly scientific inquiry into the origin of the Keltic nations.

---

* Lieut.-Col. Vans Kennedy's *Researches into the Origin, &c., of the Principal Languages, &c.*, page 85. 1828.

The style in which he conducted his comprehensive and yet minute comparison of their dialects with those of other European races, in connexion with the older tongues of the East, has done much to rescue the historical contributions of language from that contempt into which the etymological freaks of mere theorists have sometimes threatened to bring them. It would appear that in the Keltic dialects consonants are changed in words under certain relation one to another, as well as in the formation of compound terms, in a manner remarkably analogous to the Sanscrit mode. On critical examination they also show a conformity to the rule which governs an interchange of letters in the derivation of words from one dialect to another, or in bringing them into several dialects from a common source; and in this particular they throw light on some points of classic orthography, as if they would manifest the sympathy of kindred. It is plain, from a fair examination of their etymology, that they hold a large share of the original materials of speech in common with the other languages that have been termed Indo-European; and, though many of the words by which they express simple and primitive ideas are in a peculiar form, their likeness to those found in the Sanscrit and Persian on the one side, and the Greek, Latin, and even German on the other, is striking enough to establish their claim to a real though somewhat distant family relation. Nor have they had a small supply of verbal roots from an oriental source. At the same time, an analysis of their grammatical structure, as compared with that of other languages, both in Europe and Asia, brings out still clearer evidence of deeply rooted affinities; and as the whole question of verbal inflections in relation to existing personal pronouns, with that of the principles which rule the distinctions of mood and tense, is thrown open to the mind, it seems to us impossible to retain the notion that their analogy to those other tongues may be the result of mere accident or intercourse. No, the family marks are too curiously interwoven. Indeed, it appears evident, that the Keltæ are of Eastern origin; and that they claim the rights of kindred with other Indo-European tribes who emigrated to the West before or after them. Surviving varieties of idiom indicate the different degrees of culture which the pilgrim families had reached when they began their outward movement; but the materials and structure of their speech still witness, that however time and place have altered them, they are brothers' children belonging originally to one home. Their emigration into Europe, by the northern shore of the Black Sea, began, it is supposed, about fourteen or sixteen centuries before Christ. Those who were at first known

as a people of Gaul have left no distinct memorial. Their speech, however, was probably akin to the six surviving dialects of the British Isles and Brethagne. These have been divided into two classes, somewhat analogous to the Greek and Latin: the one includes Irish, Highland Scotch, and Manks; the other is composed of the Welsh, the Armorican, and the Cornish. Some, it is true, have been willing to believe that the right to Keltic honours belongs to one only of these classes, and award the palm to the Irish branch. Of this philological school, one section may be represented by a former Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Percy, who, in a very characteristic way, tests the claims of the candidates by making each say its *Pater Noster*, the only bit he knew, it seems, either of Irish or Welsh. He could see no resemblance between the versions; but was nevertheless constrained, perhaps by modesty, to side with the opinion of the most knowing antiquaries, and pronounce the specimens which appeared to him so dissimilar, to be of one and the same family, though he remarks, as if in an undertone, 'To confess my own opinion, I cannot think they are equally derived from one common Keltic stock.' The name of Sir William Betham distinguishes another division. That learned and worthy antiquary could scarcely account for the fact, that the origin of the Gauls and Britons 'should have remained so long a mystery, because,' he says, 'had the question been examined by any competent person, he must soon have discovered the true state of the case.' Sir William's own oracular utterances come to solve the mystery. 'There was little affinity between the Welsh and Irish languages, one or other of them was not Keltic. This is a fact which the most superficial investigation of the two cannot fail to demonstrate. We give to the Cimbræ, therefore, a separate pedigree. They are one with the Picts, who made good their settlement in Armorica about the same time they subdued Cumberland, Wales, and Cornwall, and have ever since been there a distinct people, keeping up their language and customs.' * This is given as the logical conclusion of an inquiry based on this principle among others, 'that every people whose language differs in construction, and whose religion, manners, and institutions, have nothing common or homogeneous with the Keltæ of Gaul, cannot be Kelts.' We think, however, that the testing power of this canon, even when used by Sir William Betham, brings about a result unfavourable to his theory, and, to some extent, fixes on himself that which he attributes to those who differ from him, when he says, 'It is

* *The Gael and Cymbri*, pp. 10, 14, 142, 413.

remarkable how blinded the most intelligent men become, when they unfortunately adopt an erroneous hypothesis.' * The higher antiquity of the Irish language may be admitted; the evidence brought in favour of an early connexion with old Phœnicia has much that is taking as well as fanciful; the memorials of a Gaelic conquest, or occupation of British soil at some former period, cannot be ignored; and even the notion that the Picts were Kelts of the Kymric line, might be entertained: but no historical theory can be sustained against the decisions of a comprehensive and enlightened philology; nor will any one-sided or unintelligent appeals to comparative grammar be sufficient to put asunder those who are pronounced one by the clearly ascertained laws of kindred speech. The agreement between the Irish and the Welsh dialects may have become more full during a later intermingling of the two families; but that they were 'the same language at a remoter period,' says a high authority, O'Donovan, 'will appear to any sober-minded philologer, on comparing the great number of words which are identical, or different only in analogical dialectic peculiarities in both languages, the almost perfect agreement of their mode of forming grammatical inflexions, and even of their idioms, which are considered the soul of language.' †

Which way soever then our feeling tends, or whomsoever we most fondly prefer, the family unity is to be held sacred; for, whether they be Irish, Manks, or Highland Scotch, whether they be Welsh, Cornish, or Armorican, their voices answer to one another so as to betoken their brotherhood. All are Kelts. The first emigrants of the family who came to these shores, probably found some portions of the soil preoccupied. Otherwise we can hardly account for an apparent inconsistency in the statements of classic writers. The Britons are sometimes described as naked, painted savages, living in the woods, and in some cases preferring human flesh to that of swine; while, at others, they are represented as robed in black, or dressed in skins; as having made some advance in civilization, using chariots in war, and coined money in mercantile life; as engaged in agriculture and mining, and working even in precious metals; while they boasted of an ancient religion and sacred literature. This better class we may suppose to be the first Keltic settlers, who preserved their identity for a time, but at length drew into closer relation and fellowship with the inferior race who had been here before them. This intermingling may have influenced the language of the Kelts so far as to account,

* *The Gael and Cymbri*, p. 15. † *Irish Grammar*, Introduction, p. lxxi.

in some degree, for the difference afterwards found between the vocabularies of the Gael and Kymri. Were the Kymri the still later comers, who mastered and expelled their brethren who had changed for the worse during their intercourse with the earlier possessors of the island? Were the Gael the older section? and are the confused results of their amalgamation with strange tribes, illustrated by the jumble of Divine, human, and questionable pedigrees, and the dreamy mingling of arrivals and departures, extinctions and reappearances, which give so curious an interest to their venerable traditions? However this may be, the separation of the Gaelic and Kymric dialects, remote as was its commencement, appears to have taken place after the Keltæ began to people this country. Those who kept their place longest in the island of Britain seem, by various circumstances, to have been driven asunder and held apart, so as to form three divisions. Wales became the home of one, Cornwall was the province of another, and the third has given its name to a part of the continental coast.

Of these divisions of Kymri, the Cornish and the Armorican are most closely allied. And from the still living evidences of kindred between the spoken Armorican and the preserved relics of Cornish literature, it may be supposed that the Cornish represents that Keltic dialect which up to a late period was spoken throughout the south of Britain. As a matter of course, a true Welshman will claim the first place for his native speech. Like many other descendants of old races, he loves to cherish the notion that his must be the language whose music and power once ruled the harmonies of Paradise. But though he has the advantage of sustaining his plea by the force of living eloquence, it turns out that the only dialect of his family stock which has lost its voice, puts forth signs of antiquity such as have ceased to distinguish his own powerful tongue. Of the Cornish a few silent fragments only are left; but they retain some distinct features of former life, which have disappeared from the Welsh, changeless and unchanged as that language has appeared to remain. The Cornish shows a conformity to the older Gaelic forms in its genitive case of nouns; a peculiarity which seems to have passed away from the Welsh, leaving but a faint token of its former existence. Some initial letters and radical consonants, which appear to have melted from the language of the Triads, are retained in the more southern dialect. But what is still more significant, there are ancient Welsh comments on the Latin text, the grammatical style of which comes nearer to the Cornish than that of the oldest Welsh manuscripts, all of which are of a much later date; rendering our conclusion probable in

a high degree, that the Welsh has undergone the greater change and taken the widest departure from the older standard. We must be satisfied with this allusion to the evidences of comparative antiquity. Our readers are referred to the Grammar and Dissertations with which Mr. Norris, at great pains and care, has enriched his translation of the Cornish Dramas. His statements recommend themselves as much by their amiable modesty as by their honesty, clearness, and force.

Wales still rejoices in her own utterances; and is ready to prove, old as she is, that her 'natural force,' of tongue at least, is not 'abated.' But there is no voice to tell us how the men of old Cornwall talked or sang. Baretti, whose naturalness and humour, graphic power and kind-heartedness, still live in his unaccountably forgotten *Journey from London to Genoa*, says, in a letter dated August, 1760:—'As Falmouth is little less than three hundred miles from London, I expected to be much puzzled in many parts by variation of speech; but the very speech of Falmouth is so like that of London, as not to give me the least trouble. However, it is lucky that I happened not to come this way about a century and a half ago; for I am told that a dialect of the Welsh language was then spoken throughout this province, which had certainly been utterly unintelligible to me. How the Cornish came to be quite annihilated in so short a time, is matter of astonishment, considering that the present inhabitants are not colonists, but lineal descendants from the inhabitants of that age.'* That which astonished the good-natured Italian was brought about, probably, by the introduction of the English Liturgy under Henry VIII. Old Cornish was fast yielding at the beginning of the seventeenth century; 'For the English speech doth still encroach upon it,' says Carew, 'and hath driven the same into the uttermost skirts of the shire.' In the days of the first Charles some old people about Penryn spoke no other tongue. But in 1663 very few could write it; though, here and there, it might be heard from the pulpit at a somewhat later date. In the early part of the last century it was used now and then in the markets of the extreme west; but, in fifty years more, had ceased to be the medium of conversation. We remember a story, told in the days of our boyhood, of an old woman of Penzance or Mousehole, called Dolly Pentreath, with whom, it was said, the secret of the spoken language departed. This, perhaps, was the 'old fish-woman,' whom Mr. Daines Barrington reported to the Antiquarian Society in 1768, as the last of Cornish talkers.

* Vol. i., 4to. Edition, p. 31.

Mr. Norris comes now, however, with his testimony. 'Very many years ago,' he says, 'the writer heard an old Cornishman repeat the Lord's Prayer and a part of the Creed, which he had been taught by his father or grandfather when a child. He remembers *Dew an Tas Olgalloesak*, "God the Father Almighty," because he wrote them down at the time, as *Duen taza gallaeack*; and had often repeated them, many years before he ever saw or heard of a Cornish book. That man was, probably, the last person living who had heard Cornish words from one to whom they had been the vernacular idiom; and even he repeated the words without any definite notion of their purport.' * He, too, is in the dust from whence no lesson can be called up. No Cornish lips will ever again give native expression to a retort on the Teuton, *Mi a na vidna cousa Saosnak*, 'I can speak no Saxonage.' Nor has any information come down to us by the aid of which the extinct pronunciation might be recalled. A native who could utter or had heard the idiomatic sounds of the dialect, recorded his judgment, or his prejudice, about the beginning of the last century; but his remarks serve chiefly to illustrate the fact that family pride will sometimes build up its claims at the expense of a brother's honour, and even at the risk of being pitied or laughed at for its pains. 'The Cornish,' says he, 'is not to be gutturally pronounced as the Welsh for the most part is, nor mutteringly as the Armorick, nor whiningly as the Irish, (which two latter qualities seem to have been contracted from their servitude,) but must be lively and manly spoken, like other primitive tongues!' It was probably less guttural and more sprightly, if not more agreeable, than its neighbours. It may be that, though no longer spoken or understood by the people of Cornwall, its tones yet linger on the lips of those who are the purest representatives of the southern Keltæ. English has long been the language of the mining districts, in which there has been little or no fusion of races; and the English is, as it was in Baretti's day, grammatically as good as the common talk anywhere in the kingdom, if not above the average. At the same time, the accent with which it is spoken would strike the English ear as very peculiar; and can be accounted for, probably, but on one principle,—that the old speech did not yield till it had permanently fixed its own vocal inflexions on the tongue which displaced it. We still have the trace of an impression made on our own mind in early life by the talk and songs of Bretons, who used, sometimes, to visit the coast of Cornwall. A kind of

* Vol. ii., pp. 466–7.

brotherly feeling toward them seemed, now and then, to spring up at the touch of an indefinable something in their tones, which reminded us of the provincial intonations with which we were so familiar. Possibly, those delicate sounds by which the speech of families is distinguished, may be caught by a kindred ear after the lapse of centuries, and may call up slumbering sympathies by their mysterious appeals from what at first appear to be strange lips. Nor can we listen now to the utterances of a Cornish Kelt, especially when he is religiously excited, without feeling confirmed in the opinion which a study of his forefathers' dialect, in its written remains, would lead us to form,—that it was a language largely capable of rhythm and rhyme, and seems to have afforded means of appropriate expression to a people by whom nothing would be merely 'said,' that was arranged to be 'said or *sung*.'

The history of Cornish literature may be written in a single page. That page, too, may have little or no interest for those who are so taken up with the action or pleasure of the passing day, that they never linger a moment to look at the process by which dialects, as well as races, have been fitted for their part in the world's history, and then displaced,—a process as seldom noticed as the silent decay and renewal of an evergreen foliage, the mysterious changes of which caught the eye of a prophet, who, by teaching us that 'we all do fade as a leaf,' has furnished an immortal illustration of the noiseless mode in which generations and languages disappear behind those which succeed them. To some, however, the slighted page will be precious; if for no other reason, yet for this, that it helps to preserve the names of those who thought a life's toil not too great a price for a few well preserved memorials of human speech. Carew, whose *Survey* of his native county called forth praise from Camden, dealt with locality rather than language; but we are indebted to him for a tribute to the memory of one of the first among those Cornish scholars whose names survive. 'The principal love and knowledge of this language,' he tells us, 'lived in Dr. Kennall the Civilian, and with him lyeth buried.' Let the memory thus embalmed be ever sacred! John Keigwin, who finished his studious career in 1710, has left a more defined impression of his learning and skill. His translation of the Cornish epic called *Mount Calvary*, though containing proofs of his imperfect mastery, in some cases, of his author's meaning, was a welcome contribution, and served to keep the study of Keltic literature alive. The names of Scawen, Gwavas, and Tonkin, call up in us a feeling somewhat akin to that which touches us, when we find 'Old Mortality' 'seated on the monument' of some departed

worthy, and listen to the clink of his conservative hammer. Like his, the zeal of these antiquarian linguists would scarcely meet with popular sympathy, and theirs would be thankless labour; but they did their part in preserving materials for later students; a part which others could not or would not fulfil. Tonkin was in correspondence with Lhuyd, that remarkable Welshman, whose immense accumulation of materials for an intended discourse on the ancient people of Britain, remains a useless monument to his powers of application and research, and serves to keep alive that plaintive feeling with which we must always look on the unfinished work of a mind whose plans of labour were too vast for this limited existence. Several other Cornish gentlemen seem to have shared the honour of intercourse with this great Keltic scholar. When his labours ceased, it appears probable that one or two of his literary friends in the south enlarged, without improving, the Cornish vocabulary with which he had purposed to enrich his *Archæologia*, and that the result of their attempt came into the hands of Dr. Price, of Redruth, who published it, unfairly it is thought, in his own name. Lhuyd gave the first fruits of his labour to the public in 1707, as '*Archæologia Britannica*, giving some Account additional to what has been hitherto published of the Languages, Histories, and Customs of the original Inhabitants of Great Britain, from Collections and Observations in Travels through Wales, Cornwall, Bas Bretagne, Ireland, and Scotland. Vol. I.—Glossography.' The Glossography is in ten divisions, including 'Comparative Etymology, a Comparative Vocabulary of the Original Languages of Britain and Ireland, Armoric Grammar and Vocabulary, Welsh Words omitted in Davies's Dictionary, Cornish Grammar, *MSS. Britannicorum Catalogus*, Essay toward a British Etymologicon, Introduction to the Irish and ancient Scottish Language, and an Irish-English Dictionary, with a Catalogue of Irish MSS.' This volume alone secures for its author a high place among those who must ever be honoured as the distinguished promoters of philological learning. The learned author of the *Antiquities and Natural History of Cornwall*, Dr. Borlase, cannot be forgotten. About seven years ago, however, the *Grammatica Keltica* of Zeuss opened a light upon this branch, among others, of Keltic literature, clearer and more scientific than had as yet been shed.

And now comes the rich and interesting contribution of Mr. Norris. This learned translator of the Cornish Dramas has not only rendered it possible for the mere English reader to form some judgment of the compositions which used to confirm the faith and brighten the joys of old Cornwall, but he

has furnished the scholar with a clue to the power of testing the accuracy of the translation which he has so quietly submitted. In addition to critical notes on the text, he has given us a sketch of Cornish Grammar, wrought up from observations recorded during the work of translation; and an improved edition of the old Vocabulary of the thirteenth century, noticed by Lhuyd, in the Cornish preface to his *Archæologia*, and inserted by Zeuss in his *Grammatica*, in its original ill-arranged form. A valuable Appendix follows, including short treatises on the remains of Cornish literature, and the representation and language of the Dramas. It can hardly be expected that, in a work like this, done under such circumstances, the translator would always nicely hit the meaning of the text. All that the severest critic should look for is, to find that where he himself hesitates, the transparent candour of his author reveals tokens of uncertainty. Nor can we fairly suppose that, in a grammatical essay like Mr. Norris's, there will be completeness in every comparison of terms, or perfect accuracy in tracing every etymological relation. Some of our author's guesses would appear wide of the mark, but we abstain from touching particulars; having become rather pleasantly alive to the fact that in this department of criticism what appears fanciful to one seems quite scientific to another. Critics may be too literal for their own credit. It is possible to be so minute in review, or so doubtful about every particle, as to seem guilty of vain parade, and, moreover, to provoke the common sense of our readers to give the benefit of their doubt in every case to the author rather than to his reviewers. Mr. Norris's worst philological ventures in his Vocabulary are quite as good, we think, as the best attempts to correct his Grammar, on the part of his critic in the *Universal Review*:—at all events, they are more modest. Indeed, our author deserves the warmest thanks for that he did not allow occasional doubts as to his own success to prevent him from throwing the result of his labours open to fair criticism. Such criticism will certainly promote his object, and may be courted as most friendly to his design. The Dramas to which he affords us access, form the largest and most interesting part of all that now remains of Cornish literature. We have already noticed a poem called 'Mount Calvary,' a relic of the fifteenth century, containing 259 stanzas of eight lines each. Its theme is the 'Trial and Crucifixion of Christ.' Another is in the form of a drama, and is called, 'The Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood,' written on the 12th of August, 1611, by Mr. Jordan. This seems to be an imitation, and in some places a copy, of those which Mr. Norris has translated, and is dis-

tinguished by a corrupt composition, which shows the rapid intrusion of the Anglo-Saxon. Besides these, there are two versions of the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, and the Creed; two translations of the first chapter of Genesis; and a few other scraps, including a tale, some common proverbs, and a few songs.

Turning to the volumes now before us, we have Cornish specimens of those Mysteries, or Miracle Plays, in which, under Church sanction, devotion and fun were so curiously and popularly combined, particularly during the fourteenth century. These remarkable relics of that age contain dramas on the Beginning of the World, the Passion and the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ; the last including the Death of Pilate, which, perhaps, had a distinct performance, and should be viewed as a separate piece. They were termed *Ordinalia*, showing their relation to the order of Church Service, or indicating their character as a species of religious action. They contain much in common with the Miracle Plays, or Mysteries, which are familiar to the student of mediæval England; but they have peculiar interest as lone remnants of the Keltic Drama in these Islands. Armorica has long had her religious theatre; and still preserves many of her lengthy dramas. Indeed, Bretons have been known, within our own times, to gather from far to be excited and amused through several successive days by the performance of a Mystery. Hilarius, whose scriptural pieces known as the Miracle of St. Nicholas, the Raising of Lazarus, and the History of Daniel, are among the earliest productions of the kind extant, caught his inspiration, perhaps, in that old Keltic land, under the influence of the celebrated Breton, Peter Abelard. His plays are in rhyming verse, thrown off in a somewhat playful style; showing, here and there, we are inclined to think, how he was swayed by the character of older dramas peculiar to the Keltic family on both sides of the Channel. In the entire lack of such compositions in Irish literature, and with mere indications of their former existence among the Welsh, our Cornish relics stand as witnesses that on the south-western extremity at least of this island, the Kelts possessed dramatic powers which saved them from the necessity of copying the theatricals of Roman colonists. Their originality is sufficiently marked. They have a manner of their own. The arrangement of scenes, the adaptation of poetical measure and rhyme, the lyric expression, and the musical spirit, all tell of native power. The audience is never called to endure that very low, coarse fun, and profane liberty, which distinguished some early English Miracle Plays. There is, now and then, a

sort of vulgar roughness in the speeches of dignitaries and officials which appears to be in ill keeping with their position; but, perhaps, the style of command on the part of a primitive Cornish 'captain' would be adopted by the writer, as best helping the people to realize the manner of an unchristian ruler or despotic prince. The gravity of inspired truth is sometimes strangely associated with what to us would seem ridiculous; so that there is an occasional grotesqueness which reminds us of some remarkable specimens of Scripture history in carving, such for instance as may be seen in the cathedral at Amiens; where, amidst the most beautiful and striking pictures of saintly life, the eye suddenly lights upon some form or feature unaccountably whimsical. Neither in the dramatic sketch, nor in the carving, is it easy to learn whether the offered lesson is in earnest or in sport. The apparent inconsistency in the Dramas may be the result of admitting the legends from apocryphal writings, such as the Gospel of Nicodemus, into equal companionship with the sacred story; and, perhaps, it was the writer's habitual familiarity with tradition which sometimes led him to deviate a little from the inspired statement of facts.

The manner in which the action of the play is at times localised, is just what might be expected from those who wrote for the entertainment of a people so remarkably isolated as the Cornish then were; so incapable of appreciating allusions to foreign scenes; and, as a race, so liable to undervalue everything beyond the limits of their own province. Persons in power, for instance, are sometimes represented as making grants of lands to their dependants for some special service. Most of the places are named, and are in the immediate neighbourhood. They must all have been of some importance at the time when the Dramas were written and performed; but, though most of them can be identified, and are still known by the same names, their importance, in many instances, has passed away: another lesson on the uncertainty and changeableness of human property in its most permanent forms. Among the rest, it is curious that Pilate is made to bribe his soldiers to falsehood about the Resurrection by the gift of Hellas and Penryn, which latter especially, at a later period of its history as a borough, was classed with places which still bore some memorials of a sin very like that of Pilate's guard. It is interesting, too, to see how local manners and customs are fitted to the characters and facts which the dramatists wished to make the people acquainted with. Thus, Bathsheba excites the passion of David, not as seen from his palace in the act of bathing, but when he happens to come upon

her while 'washing her dress in the stream.' Nothing can be more familiar. The picture is sketched with beautiful simplicity; and those whose imaginations are used to wander through the scenes of Anglo-Norman history, will think at once of Arletta's pretty feet in the brook catching the eye and arresting the heart of Duke Robert. Such adventures have more than once brought mighty consequences in the world. But to return to our Dramas. The first opens with the appearance of God the Father, and a declaration of His will as to the creation of the world. Adam and Eve appear. The temptation and fall are represented. Then follow the death of Abel, the birth of Seth, the decease and burial of Adam, the building of the ark, the deluge, and the temptation of Abraham. The author appears throughout to be content with the scriptural story and the well known legends which were ready at hand; and never seems inclined to attempt an invention. Now and then, however, an expression of sentiment breaks from him, or he ventures on a philosophical touch, or, perhaps, slily flings a pointed satire. Thus, he represents Noah as doubting the faithfulness of God; as if he felt in his own heart that human nature in all ages must be prone to unbelief; or as if he intended to suggest a reason for God's oath; or as though he purposed to hit some listening tyrant by making the patriarch say,—

> 'Promises made by the mighty
> Are no law to them.'

The whole scene between Abraham and Isaac at the altar is well done. The patriarch's address to the submissive boy shows a clear insight into human nature, and a correct conception of that suppressed swell of feeling and passion which the inspired writer seems to observe without attempting to describe. Isaac's reply is natural and touching; such as might come from a youthful character chastened and hallowed by obedient piety. The rehearsal of the entire piece might indeed assist the audience to understand that remarkable specimen of pictorial action in which Abraham saw the day of Christ, and God's great plan of vicarious sacrifice. The action of the play passes from the temptation of Abraham to the history of Moses; then to the reign of David; the building of the temple by Solomon; and winds up curiously with the martyrdom of a Christian woman, Maximilla. In one narration from the sacred history, Moses is shown as learning the doctrine of the Trinity from three 'gay rods.' He goes up into a mountain, and says,—

'I see three gay rods,
Nor have I seen fairer, on my faith,
Since I was born.
In truth, the three rods
Are a declaration and token
Of the three Persons in Trinity.'

'Blessed are these rods;' they have a healing virtue; and Caleb, among others, comes to be cured by kissing them, crying, oddly enough, like an old Cornishman,—

'Alas, Moses! O, sad, sad,
Spit on I am by a black toad,
And blown by his venom
Sleeping down in the moor;
I am burned from the nape to the forehead;
In charity help me.'

David issues orders to his masons, rather too much in the style of Judge Jeffreys, when he commands them to prepare materials for the temple—

'On pain of hanging and drawing.'

And then he rewards his messenger with the gift of Carnsew, over whose granite bosses we have often scrambled, and from whose rich dairy we have frequently been treated with creamed junkets in our boyish days. David dies; and 'here,' says the theatrical rubric, 'King Solomon shall pomp it if he likes.' He shows himself equal to his privileges; and liberally apportions his Cornish lands to his private guards. Estates are dispensed as freely as coin; 'Bosvene, Lostwitheil, and Lanerchy.' The King's 'sweet comrade,' his master mason, is encouraged in his temple work by the donation of 'Budock;' in whose venerable old church we remember a woman doing penance for slander! And little did we once suppose, when we used to linger in the dim twilight on the ramparts of Pendennis, to see the flash of the evening gun over the waters of 'Carrack Roads,' that the harbour rights and riches of that beautiful haven had ever been in the gift of an inspired monarch; or that the royal builder could have met his carpenter's demand for wages by saying:—

'Blessing of the Father be on you!
You shall have, by God's faith,
Your payment, surely;
Together all the field of Bohellan,
And the wood of Penryn, wholly,
I give them now to you;
And all the water-courses.

The Island, and Arwennik,
Tregenver, and Kegellik,
Make of them a charter to you.'

There are some beautiful touches in the scene of Maximilla's trial. Her martyrdom is vigorously sketched; and deeply interests us, notwithstanding the inconsistency of her being executed at the command of the Bishop of Solomon's temple; and the thorough old Cornish ribaldry of her executioners, who resolve to beat her 'as small as malt dust,' that she may

'Stink and rot
Like train-oil or salt-marsh mud!'

Of course the bishop rewards them for their pains, and it is with no less a gift than the lands of Bohellan and Bosaneth,

'And all the Chennary of the Close;'

though his royal master had given away Bohellan before!

The second Drama is on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. It sets forth the principal actions of His life, and His final sufferings and crucifixion. It opens with the scene of His temptation. 'Here stands Jesus in Mount Quarantana, near Jericho, and looks between Jericho and Jerusalem.' The traditional sanctity of Quarantana had sent its influence to the extremity of this western isle; but the scenic arrangements of the Keltic stage would scarcely afford the faintest imitation of those wild precipitous rocks pierced even to their summit with holes, in which so many lonely devotees had at one time nestled. There is the same apparent inconsistency in this play as was noticed before. Caiaphas is represented as a bishop, attended by a crozier-bearer. We are inclined to suspect, however, that the sketch of his character, as a personification of ecclesiastical violence and malice, associated with the secular arm of the heathen Pilate, was a quiet covert attack on some episcopal contemporaries who, like Caiaphas, set themselves up against Christian purity; and who, like him, were ready in the pursuit of their selfish objects to swear either 'by St. Jovian,' 'by St. Jupiter,' or 'by the blood of Mahomet!' It is amusing to see, now and then, the native Cornish spirit peeping out from amidst the action of Eastern characters; as when we find Pilate in alarm at the movements of Jesus among the traders in the temple, and crying, as he runs down,—

——'The fellow
Will spoil the fair!'

The chorus of children at Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem is very spirited; and must have been agreeably

exciting to a people so fond of stirring music, and so apt at responsive songs and choral shouts. Nor has the author shown himself less capable of composing a strain of self-reflection, and a prayer such as might well have come from Peter's heart in the bitterness of his penitential sorrow. In the case of Judas, when the fatal noose was fixed, a remarkable speech comes from Satan:—

'The will is with me to take thee
To go with us to our land,
For strangling thyself in thy sin.
Thy soul, dirty villain,
Will not come through thy mouth,
Because thou hast kissed Christ.'

The sufferings of the Redeemer during His trial, as well as His crucifixion, are vividly pictured; though during one part of this act it is provided that 'here Lucifer shall strut about if he pleases.' Beelzebub is made to suggest her dream to Pilate's wife, lest Christ, by His death, should lessen the power of hell. A dialogue is introduced between some learned doctors, Caiaphas, and Herod, in which there is a curious and not unsuccessful attempt to imitate a Rabbinical style of argument against the mystery of Christ's person. The whole is closed with an epilogue, which could not fail to impress the audience with the hallowed character of the great leading facts which had been represented, or to show the importance of turning the exhibition to a good purpose by learning to cherish love for the Saviour, in order to enjoy at last the scene of His glory.

'You go, reflect on His passion,
Every man in his heart,
And keep it steadfast and true.

'Show love to Him,
With thy heart worship Him,
Do, day and night.

The third of these *Ordinalia* is entitled, 'The Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.' It includes the Redeemer's descent into hell, and closes with His ascension into glory. The 'Harrowing of Hell' is dramatized in very powerful style. The 'dialogues of devils' are finely sustained. But when 'the Spirit of Christ' and Lucifer have acted the choral parts marked out in Psalm xxvii., and challenge and response have followed each other, according to Handel's thought, 'the gates of hell are broken' before the triumphant Saviour; and then follow some of the most beautiful parts of the scene. Adam, who is

supposed to have remained in the scene of darkness until now, cries, as Christ enters,—

> 'I see the hand that made me,
> And His odour sweeter than honey
> Coming upon me.
> Through my sin Thou didst lose me,
> And by Thy blood Thou hast purchased me:
> I pray mercy.'

Eve's language is equally touching. Nor is there less of interest in the conversation between Adam and Enoch, with Elijah, and the glorified thief, who has come from his cross to witness the victory of his Lord. The first interview between Mary and her risen Son is natural and tender; though, were the spirit of Mariolatry less evident, it would, perhaps, have charmed us more. There is nothing, however, to mar the feeling awakened by the plaintive song of the women at the sepulchre. Mary Magdalene, Mary Salome, and Mary the mother of James, answer one another's grief, until their sorrows appear to mingle, and flow out at intervals in a kind of choral dirge:—

> 'Alas! mourning I sing, mourning I call,
> Our Lord is dead, that bought us all.'

The peculiar music of the old Cornish strain seems to us like an echo from the depths of past time; answering to that indescribable swell of the funeral hymn which has often thrilled us under the evening shadows of Carnbrae. The descendants of those whose tears, or wails, or shouts, were once brought forth by the music of the religious drama, are still remarkable for their sense and power of melody. He who would feel this, must move along slowly with the sympathizing crowd which surrounds the corpse of a friend, as it is borne to its resting-place at the foot of that hill which shelters the quiet churchyard of Redruth. The anthem for the dead rises as from one voice, as they near the venerable porch; and never will he forget that peculiar mingling of the plaintive and the triumphant which softens and yet uplifts his soul, as with rich and mellow tones the gliding multitude sing:—

> 'Our friend is restored to the joy of his Lord,
> With triumph departs,
> But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts:
>
> '"Follow after," he cries, as he mounts to the skies,
> "Follow after your friend,
> To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end!"'

We would fain linger at this point; but must pass on to notice, before we close, the fourth *Ordinal*, called 'the Death of Pilate.' As the Dramas now stand, this is abruptly intruded into the third; and begins with the notice, ''Here Tiberius Cæsar acts.' The Emperor is represented as a leper. He requests Pilate to send Christ to heal him. The messenger meets a female saint, Veronica, who makes known Christ's death, but is prepared herself to heal the leprosy. This is done by virtue of a handkerchief on which the Saviour had left the impression of His face. Tiberius embraces the Christian faith, and determines to avenge the blood of the Redeemer on Pilate. The author discloses the crude and unworthy notions of Christianity which prevailed in his day, by making Veronica manifest a cruel and malicious temper in exciting Tiberius to sentence the governor to an agonizing death. For a time, Pilate eludes his fate by wearing the cloth which covered Jesus on the cross; but, caught at last, he puts an end to his own life in the prison. Several vain attempts are made to bury him. The earth vomits his corpse. It is then flung into the river; but all who wash in the waters, or pass over them, perish. At length the body is put into a boat and sent afloat on the ocean under the blast of God's curse. The vessel dashes on a rock; and the body of the guilty wretch is sucked down, and dragged by demons into the fire of hell. The whole has a strange conclusion. There is a chorus of devils; Satan, Beelzebub, and Lucifer take their parts; until Beelzebub challenges a sort of infernal clown or fool to join them:—

> 'And thou, Tulfric, the end of a song
> Begin to sing to us.'

Tulfric is nothing loath, and responds:—

> 'I wag my tail at ye,
> For its end is out
> Very long surely behind me.
> Beelzebub and Satan,
> You sing a great bass,
> And I will sing a fine treble.'
> '*And so ends the death of Pilate.*'

The association of these ghastly freaks with some of the Divine transactions of our holy religion may be in utter discord with the judgment and taste of the present day; but we must not therefore be hasty to condemn. We may have some sympathy with those members of the reformed clergy who were shocked at the seeming profanity of such shows; but we are in a better position than they for acquitting both actors and people

of any intention of appearing profane or even inconsistent. Indeed, these Miracle Plays really marked an outburst of religious feeling: wild it may have been, and fantastic, but it was sincere. The woes and agonies of Europe in the tenth century, during its expectation of final judgment, were followed by a remarkable reaction. Its elastic spirit seemed to swell with warm gratitude and enthusiastic devotion; and when it found expression for its deep feeling, it called up those innumerable monuments of its lofty thought and solemn joy, which now excite the wonder and awaken the emulation of all who have a taste for Christian art. As Mr. Dixon has remarked, in his masterly 'Arnold Prize Essay' for 1858, 'there was, so to speak, the new creature within the new world. New churches were erected; old churches restored in the newness of splendour. Kings, nobles, communities, vied with one another to produce them: and the generation which had built them lived in a manner within them. Through their vomitories poured continually a vast multitude throbbing with the savageness, the disturbed imagination, the self-abandonment of religious excitation; striving to express by uncouth mimicry, frantic dances, and rude songs, their intense sympathy and personal identification with the faith which they professed. This is the generation whose faces stare upon us from the mouldings, the archivolts of arches, the corbels of capitals, of the eleventh century, grotesquely or monstrously carved. They placed themselves thereon, with the same boldness with which they traversed the floors of their churches masked and miming; they feared not to plant their own figures in the dress in which they daily toiled or fought, beside the long flowing robes in which their reverence wrapped the forms of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, the apostles, and the angels.' * The spirit of that age found an embodiment, too, in the Miracle Plays; and long continued to express itself in such forms as our Cornish dramas, which kept their popularity more or less down even to the time of the Stuarts.

But now the question arises, Where, when, and by whom were these Dramas composed? Familiar as we are with the scenes alluded to in them, and claiming as we do so long an acquaintance with the local names which are now and then put into the lips of the *dramatis personæ*, we arose from the enjoyment of our Cornish treat, feeling as if we had been communing with the pages of an old neighbour. Like ourselves, he seems to have lived in happy friendship with the heights of Pendennis,

* *The Close of the Tenth Century, &c. By R. W. Dixon, B.A.* Oxford. 1858.

with the bright blue waters of Carrick Roads, and with the venerable shades of dear old Arwennack. The quiet meadows of Tregenver were evidently as well known to him as to ourselves. We have sauntered by the modern walls of Kegyllick many, many a time; but he perhaps had often been a guest within. He had snuffed the breeze too on the granite hills of Mabe; and had enjoyed dreamy repose by the stealthy brooks and luxuriant sycamores of St. Gluvias. He knew Bohelland Fields before 'fatal curiosity' had marked them with blood; and long ere they had gathered a mournful interest from the pen of that other dramatist, of whom Fielding says, 'He had the spirit of an old Roman, joined to the innocence of a primitive Christian.' It is also clear that 'St. Feock, on the salt-water river,' had not been unfrequently visited, perhaps for purposes of devotion. Where could the author have lived? Not far, we are persuaded, from a spot which the tourist would still choose as a centre from which to ramble to the different points which mark the writer's favourite range. Mr. Norris fixes on Penryn. Nor will any of his readers who know the neighbourhood be inclined to differ from him. In our early days, when the first primrose of the spring, the peeping hare-bell, and the unfolding furze-blossom, were the most witching charms of the valley and the hill, before we had learned to inquire what the past could tell of our birth-place, and before we found pleasure in rummaging after what a good woman, who seemed proud of her English, once told us were 'the greatest *iniquities* (antiquities) in the place,' we used to be puzzled with the question, why one spot in Penryn should be called 'The College.' It was a quiet nook, rich with apple blossom in the season, and desecrated by no clank or screech of machinery or tangible smoke. But why was it 'The College?' We knew one sallow-faced student who worked hard in a little parlour there, overshadowed by the shrubs in the garden; but we saw nothing like a college. No, the hallowed retreat was gone. There was the stream by which, probably, the gowned pupils had often strolled, but not one stone was left upon another, to tell where mind had once unfolded, or where episcopal patronage had encouraged the risings of thought and first essays in book-craft. This college was Glasenith, 'the green nest.' Leland says that Walter Good, or Branscombe, Bishop of Exeter, 'made it yn a more, called Glasenith, in the bottom of a park of his, for a provost, twelve prebendaries, and other ministers.' It was founded in 1264, completed in 1267, and dedicated to the Virgin and St. Thomas the Martyr. According to Dugdale, 'Peter, Bishop of Exeter in 1288, made a further provision for

the vicars of this church, first founded by his predecessor, Walter, for thirteen canons and as many vicars.' It is quaintly sketched on an old chart of Henry VIII.'s time, with its spire rising above the embattled towers which defended the gates, and commanded the bridge at the entrance of the town. In Leland's day, it was 'strongly wallid and castellid, having three strong towers and gunnes at the but of the creek.' Penryn, 'the head of the creek, or water-course,' is a picturesque old town, looking down from its verdant promontory upon the tidal waters which flow up from the beautiful harbour of Falmouth. Chartered as a market-place by Henry III., it soon felt the generous influence of episcopal smiles, and gathered population and commercial importance under the care and protection of the college which nestled under its wooded hills, surrounded by the glebes and churches whose revenues sustained and enriched it,—St. Budock, St. Feock, and St. Gluvias. It was suppressed in 1535. Most of its lands fell to the Cornish Godolphins. A solitary tower stood till the opening of the last century, but it was soon gone; and no memorial of Glasenith remains but the dramatic fragment before us, and that reveals no author's name.

The form in which some of the local names are found in the text, as well as the character of the foreign words occasionally introduced, appears to point out the end of the thirteenth century as the date of the composition; and several circumstances render it highly probable that the author was one of the inmates of Glasenith. The important interests and powerful influence of the see of Exeter, in Penryn and the neighbourhood, at that time; the relation in which episcopal generosity had placed the college to the several estates and churches which the writer so distinguishes; the fact that both around Penryn itself, and in Feock, one of the dependencies of the college, the Cornish language long continued to be used in religious services; the certainty that the highest degree of that learning and skill which such writing required would be found perhaps exclusively among the educated members of this ecclesiastical school, and that they would most naturally undertake to produce what was then thought necessary for the public instruction of the people,—all incline us to view Penryn as the birth-place of our Cornish Dramas, and to give the honour of authorship to some Glasenith canon, vicar, or scholar unknown. 'Nor,' as Mr. Pedler says, in his appended notes, 'ought it to be thought beneath the dignity or incompatible with the character of this religious body to be concerned in their production, because we find in them much that we must condemn as vulgar ribaldry and profane jests. For these were such only as were

demanded by the prevailing tastes of that period, and must be set down as the faults of the age rather than the writer. That those who undertook the labour of writing these Dramas would not fail to give effect to them by causing their representation, we may well believe; and that this must have taken place in, or at no very great distance from, Penryn, is more than probable.' We have the earliest notice of such performances in Carew's *Survey;* and his amusing picture is evidently sketched by an eye-witness. 'The Guary miracle, in English a miracle play, is a kind of enterlude, compiled in *Cornish* out of some Scripture history, with that grossenes which accompanied the Romanes *vetus comedia*. For representing it they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some forty or fifty feet. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to hear and see it; for they have therein deuils and deuices, to delight as well the eye as the eare; the players conne not their parts without booke, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their backs with the book in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud. Which maner once gave occasion to a pleasant conceyted gentleman, of practising a mery prank; for he undertaking (perhaps of set purpose) an actor's roome, was accordingly lessoned (before hand) by the Ordinary, that he must say after him. His turn came; quoth the Ordinary, Goe forth man, and shew thyselfe. The gentleman steps out upon the stage, and, like a bad Clarke in Scripture matters, cleauing more to the letter then the sense, pronounced these words aloud. Oh, (says the fellowe softly in his eare,) you marre all the play. And with his passion, the actor makes the audience in like sort acquainted. Hereon the prompter falles to flat rayling and cursing in the bitterest terms he could deuise; which the gentleman, with a set gesture and countenance, still soberly related, until the Ordinary, driven at last into a madde rage, was faine to give ouer all. Which trousse, though it brake off the enterlude, yet defrauded not the beholders, but dismissed them with a great deale more sport and laughter then twenty such *Guaries* could have affoorded.' *

The old favourite entertainment did not outlive the seventeenth century. Scawen witnessed, perhaps, some of the last efforts to maintain it; and had to deplore its discontinuance as a token and cause of the decay of his cherished branch of the Keltic language. 'The *Guirremears*, "play-shows or spectacles," were

* Carew, fol. 71^{b}.

solemnised,' he says, 'not without show of devotion, in open and spacious downs, of great capacity, encompassed about with earthen banks, and in some part of stonework of largeness to contain thousands, the shapes of which remain in many places at this day, though the use of them is long since gone.' Their memory, indeed, had become so shadowy at least about seventy or eighty years afterwards, that Borlase views the remaining traces of the old playgrounds as most venerable antiquities; and was perhaps disposed to believe, that their modern adaptation to the performance of miracle plays was a desecration of the circles in which the good old sports of heathenism used to be enjoyed. At all events, the respectable antiquary seemed ill prepared to catch the spirit of times not long before his own; while he was too ready to ignore the good which, during a peculiar age, was curiously but effectively wrought up into the dramatic form of teaching scriptural truth. 'How proper,' he remarks, 'these wild expedients were to raise the admiration, affections, and piety of the beholders, the judicious reader will easily guess, and lament the age of ignorance, when, by mutual consent of laity and clergy, (for without both they could not take place,) the people were to have every truth set before their eyes by memorials, scenes, and symbols, though the most incoherent, unedifying, and absurd.' We are pleased, however, to know, that the struts, the passes, the jingling dialogue, and the grimaces of those fantastic groups which we have often gazed upon in the home of our infancy with feelings of mingled wonderment, fear, and delight, and the relation of which to much older times and things we have long suspected, used to be noticed by Borlase. Nor is our gratification increased a little by the fact, that his authority confirms our impression that the old Cornish *Christmas Plays* are floating fragments of an ancient system wrecked long ago by the force of time and change. 'Some faint remains I have often seen,' says he, 'in the west of Cornwall during the Christmas season, when at the family feasts of gentlemen the Christmas plays were admitted, and some of the most learned among the vulgar (after leave obtained) entered in disguise, and before the gentry, who were properly seated, personated characters, and carried on miserable dialogues on Scripture subjects.' At the end of each drama, in the manuscripts from which Mr. Norris translates, there is not only a list of names answered by a column of figures, indicating, perhaps, the number of speeches allotted to each person, but a diagram which appears to represent the stage or the entire theatre. Different localities mentioned in the play are marked; and the places of the chief actors seem to be jotted. In fact,

we think it answers remarkably to one of the most distinguished of those 'rounds' which still exist in Cornwall.

If any of our readers have been thoroughly discipled by the modern school of medicine, and believe that the complicated ailments of English life require an annual change of air and scene, let them for once turn their backs on asphalted promenades and bathing machines at low-water mark, and wander to that remarkable line of coast on the Bristol Channel which includes the Parish of Perranzabuloe, or St. Piran *in sabulo*, 'in the sands.' 'This parish,' says Carew, 'but too well brooketh his surname *in sabulo*; for the light sand carried up by the north wind from the sea-shore daily continueth his covering and marring the land adjoynant, so as the distress of this deluge drove the inhabitants to remove their church.' The old people, when they left their sanctuary to its fate, probably never thought that it would some day furnish a reverend author* with materials for his 'Lost Church found.' But such discoveries tempt us to turn back once more, and follow Sir Walter's 'antiquary,' as he paces his imaginary *Prætorium*; and we think we hear old Edie say, '*Prætorian* here, *Prætorian* there, I mind the bigging o't.'

Now it would be worth while to find the millstone on which St. Piran is said to have come over from Ireland. It might strike its happy discoverer as very like the diagrams at the end of our Dramas; and as being somewhat akin, in shape at least, to that 'round' which we invite our readers to visit. There it is on the open heathy down, not far from the sands, along which for two miles the sea comes rolling in; and one who can enjoy a natural combination of grandeur and beauty, might gaze for ever in dreamy gladness at that long, long line of breakers, exulting in the lingering glory of a sunset. 'Piran round' is a well formed amphitheatre. The level circle within is one hundred and thirty feet in diameter. There were seven benches of turf rising about eight feet from the area. These were surmounted by a rampart several feet wide, which sloped down to the outer ditch surrounding the whole. Not far from the centre of the inner plain, there was a pit about thirteen feet wide and a yard deep, with a turf seat about half-way down the side. A long shallow trench formed a connexion between this and a semicircular cavity which made a breach on the side benches. As to the use of these, it has been suggested, not without reason, that, as in each round there was a place called 'heaven,' and one probably termed 'hell,' from which the different actors came forth to perform, and

* Rev. Charles Collins Trelawny.

to which they retired when their parts were finished; it may be conjectured that the cavity among the benches represented the upper regions, while the pit was the *infernus*. And, perhaps, when the resurrection was exhibited, the pit might be the grave, and the trench and the upper cavity served, it may be, as the course of the ascension to heaven. The old Cornish name for the open theatre was *Plen-an-guare*, 'the plain, place, or stage for the play.' So, at times, the people saw 'every degree of devils and lost spirits on cords running into the *plain*;' and among the provisions of the theatrical rubric it is said: 'Let the serpent wait on the *plain*.' The primitive name remains in use in one place only, as far as we remember. It is applied to a suburb of Redruth; where there must have been a large and popular 'round,' though no vestige of it, we believe, can now be traced. From the nearness of the locality to Penryn, and from the fact, that a part of a town takes the name of the old theatre, we are disposed to think that our Dramas, having their birth-place in Glasenith, made their first, and perhaps most frequent, public appearance in the Redruth *Plen-an-guare*. The title of 'the Plain' is occasionally given still to all that remains of the once well appointed amphitheatre of St. Just, near the Land's End. Borlase gloried in it, and says, 'We have one whose benches are of stone, and the most remarkable monument of this kind which I have yet seen: it is somewhat disfigured by the injudicious repairs of late years; but by the remains it seems to have been a work of more than usual labour and correctness. It was an exact circle, of one hundred and twenty-six feet diameter; the perpendicular height of the bank from the area within, now seven feet; but the height from the bottom of the ditch without, ten feet at present, formerly more. The seats consist of six steps, fourteen inches wide, and one foot high, with one on the top of all, where the rampart is about seven feet wide.' 'The Plain' is very familiar to us; we have an affectionate regard for it. Not that we ever saw the stone benches, or ditch, or rampart, in which the Cornish antiquary rejoiced. No, little or no trace of them is left. There can be no complaint now of 'injudicious repairs;' all repairs have ceased. The seats are just as level as the graves of those who once sat on them. No ditch or rampart prevents a hasty foot from taking a 'short cut' to the market, especially on the evening of preparation for 'the Feast;' when we have seen so many plodding back over the dry part of the old 'round,' thoughtless of everything, it seemed, but the plenitude of 'flesh' which expanded their bags, or gave deeply interesting weight to their baskets. The winter rains now form a pool in

the sunken area of the trodden down plain; and how often have we watched the children playing in the margin of the tiny lake which marks the scene of so many fantastic and exciting shows! A lingering feeling of its somewhat sacred character, or a vague notion that it is public ground, has so far prevented street-makers or employers of capital from breaking up this memorial ground; and long may it be there to assist the lover of old things in realizing the time when the crowds gathered in full view of the broad Atlantic, and shouted or wept at what they saw of Christian verities; while the parting sun was saluting the Carn of Bosavern, or casting a glance at the Crag of Carnidjack, or covering the distant waves with mellow light!

We may suppose, that the Penryn Dramas would be acted on this western plain; as St. Just was closely allied to Glasenith, to which its great tithes belonged. It is curious, that the author who took such pains to preserve the memory of St. Just plain, as it was found in his day, should be immortalized as the persecutor of those who were the last to use that plain for religious purposes. Dr. Borlase was contemporary with Charles Wesley; and while the reverend antiquary was collecting materials for his history, and pettishly refusing justice to the 'conceited fellows' who dared to 'turn religious,' the preacher and poet was consecrating anew the old *Plen-an-guare* of St. Just. After having sung one of his 'spiritual songs' on the extreme rocks of the Land's End, 'I rode back to St. Just,' he writes, 'and (on Sunday, July 31st, 1743) went from the evening service to a *plain* by the town, *made* for field preaching. I stood on a green bank,' (the old rampart,) 'and cried, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," &c. About two thousand, mostly tinners, attended: no one offered to stir, or move hand or tongue.' The fields are white unto the harvest: Lord, send forth labourers.' On Sunday, July 21st, of the following year, we find him again at his post: 'I preached on the plain,' says he, under that date, 'and brother Meriton after me. Our Lord rides triumphantly through this place.' The happy evangelist was gladdened at the evident power of truth over a people who inherited, it may be, the fruit of earlier lessons given on the same ground in a somewhat ruder style. The results of first sincere efforts to evangelize a people are never entirely lost. Some thought is fixed, or some feeling is awakened which leaves its own impress. And though the impression may grow faint in the course of time, under the influence of unfavourable circumstances; yet there is often a lingering element of good, which renders the population more susceptible of fresh lessons, a kind of traditional readiness for a

brighter manifestation of old truth. As the mind of Northern Germany never lost its sense of Winfred's 'first love' and zeal; so the soul of Cornwall retained, probably, not merely the names of its patron saints, but the savour of that piety which brought her first Christian evangelists to her shores. It was not in vain that Budocus the 'Irischman,' as Leland says, 'cam into Cornewalle and dwellid ther;' or that St. Piran declared the facts which were afterwards represented in the 'round' which bears his name; or that St. Burienne, with other missionary women, exemplified female piety, while Sennen or St. Levan preached and baptized in the neighbourhood of La Frowda or St. Just. Their names were still 'like ointment poured forth' when the royal Athelstan visited the scene of their toil: and much of the religious spirit which was begotten by their means, was cherished and preserved by the popular use of religious Dramas. Those whose voice at a later period roused the slumbering Churches of the land, and awakened guilty multitudes, found in Cornwall, with all its barbarism, a remarkable openness to truth, and an unrivalled aptitude for the cultivation of intelligent piety. Hence the results of their labours, as at present seen in some parts of that county, have a depth and power, as well as expansion, which can scarcely be found in any other equally populated district. The Bible has taken the place of the Miracle Play; and where the dramatic action of the 'Plain' was once so intensely enjoyed, an enlightened and faithful sermon now always excites devotion, while it affords the most popular pleasure.

ART. III.—*Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M. Government in the Years* 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c. Five Volumes. 1857–8. Longman and Co.

THE best illustration of the imagination of the eighteenth century is to be found, not in its poetry, but in its maps of Africa, in which the utmost fertility of invention is displayed. No void spaces on these maps proclaimed the limitation of existing knowledge; and the compilers, as well as the reading public, either had no misgivings as to the accuracy of these fancy sketches, or felt no great interest in regions which were considered to be devoted to irreclaimable barbarism. This con-

tented ignorance was disturbed by the publication of the travels of Bruce in Abyssinia (1790), and of Brown in Darfur (1800). The first journey of Mungo Park (published in 1799) revealed to the world the true course of the Niger, and created an interest in African discovery which is not likely to subside until all the mysteries of that wonderful continent have been revealed to our curiosity.

Among the illustrious explorers of Western and Central Africa during the present century, we find the names of Horneman, Ritchie, Lyons, Allen, Oldfield, Baikie, Richardson, Overweg; and, last of all, Dr. Barth, whose travels in five goodly volumes, richly illustrated with coloured engravings and maps, have been published in the course of the last two years. This gentleman—a German by birth, and well qualified by lingual and scientific attainments, as well as by some previous experience in African travelling—was at first associated with Richardson and Overweg in the expedition sent out by the British Government to recommence friendly relations with the African potentates on the Niger and Lake Tchad. Richardson died in March, 1851, within one hundred miles of Kuka; and Overweg, after exploring a portion of Lake Tchad, and visiting the Bidduмas, who dwell in its islands, also expired, on the 20th of September, 1852, near Kuka. Thus the main burden of the expedition fell on Dr. Barth, who, though alone, unsupported, and frequently left without resources, pursued his most hazardous and laborious researches with the plodding pertinacity and minute exactitude so honourably characteristic of his countrymen. Following a route considerably to the west of the ordinary and direct path to Bournou, he passed through Ghat and Air (or Asben), two important oases and centres of trade in the hands of the Tawarek tribes (Berbers), of whose habits, history, ethnology, and political relationships he gives us ample information; and the cursory reader for mere amusement may at the very outset from this specimen of our author's elaborations understand that a large portion of these travels will be found tedious and uninteresting to him. Dr. Barth found the Fellani (Fellatah) States on the Niger nominally subject to the Sultan of Sockatoo (now removed to Wurno) suffering from the weakness of the reigning sovereign, mere amiability and worth being all but injurious qualifications in a despotic ruler, unless combined with sterner material. Bournou, which under the rule of an Arab sheikh had some years ago almost retrieved its former position, was also in a declining state from a similar want of energy in its ruler, and its northern provinces were continually ravaged by the Tawarek tribes. But we need not redescribe Bournou,

Haussa, and Sockatoo, with which the accounts of our former travellers,—Clapperton and others,—have made us familiar. Much additional information is given by Dr. Barth, but of a sort that is chiefly interesting to geographical and ethnological students, who alone are capable of fully appreciating it.

The great towns and marts of inland commerce, Katsena, Sockatoo, Kano, and Kuka (Kukawa), have all suffered from the political decadence of their respective states, which has lessened that security of person, property, and transit, which is even more essential to commerce than to agriculture. This unsettled condition of those interior states increased the difficulties of Dr. Barth's enterprise; but he succeeded in exploring Lake Tchad and its southern border land. The lake is a mere lagoon of no great depth, about four hundred miles in circumference, and contains numerous islands inhabited by a wild race, the Biddumas, who, secure in their position, maintained their independence. The shores are low and swampy for a considerable distance, and abound in crocodiles and hippopotami: elephants also are found in great numbers. The Shary enters the lake from the south, and the Yeou or Waube from the west. Our author's great discovery, that of the Benuwe river, which is identical with the eastern branch of the Kworra, was made on the 18th of June, 1854. This river is 800 yards broad, 11 feet deep, and liable to rise 30 or even 50 feet higher. About 1½ miles from the present bank of the river, which is 25 to 50 feet from its bed, there is another bank of about 80 feet in height, which is not only reached, but occasionally overflowed by the annual inundation in August and September. This is but a specimen of the rivers in 'these level equatorial regions of Africa,' and corresponds with the experience of Dr. Livingstone further south. Here are found extensive 'fertile plains less than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and intersected by innumerable broad water courses with scarcely any inclination,' instead of the Mountains of the Moon, or the dry, desolate, elevated plateau, which were supposed to exist here. Thus, although Dr. Barth has set aside the notion of any connexion between the Lake Tchad and any branch of the Kworra, (*i. e.*, through the Tchadda or Benuwe,) yet this conformation of the country is favourable to the extension of inland navigation when the interests of commerce require this accommodation. Our author is sanguine 'that in less than fifty years European boats will keep up a regular annual intercourse between the great basin of the Tsad and the Bay of Biyafra.' (Vol. iii., p. 221.)

Between Bournou and Adamawa is a pagan tribe, the Marghi, who were found in an almost inaccessible forest; then follows a

mountainous region, the frontier of Adamawa, called also Fumbina, one of the recent conquests of the Fellani, (first explored by our traveller,) in which the population has not been completely subdued, but for the most part maintains a sturdy independence, especially in the southern and mountainous portion of the territory. Yola, the chief town, stands in a large open plain, consists of conical huts enclosed by courtyards, and has a population of about 12,000, but possesses no trade or manufactures; yet in this remote corner Manchester calico was found on sale. This kingdom is about two hundred miles long from west to south-east, and about eighty broad; it extends along the northern and southern banks of the Benuwe, and is described as one of the finest in Africa, irrigated by numerous rivers, diversified by hill and dale, and rising gradually towards the south from an elevation of 800 feet to 1,500 feet or more, and 'broken by separate hills, or more extensive groups of mountains, but not a single example of large mountain masses.' Baghirmi, a kingdom south-east of Bournou, is also comparatively new ground: it is about 240 miles long, and 150 broad, and, from its unfortunate position between the rival states of Bournou and Wadi, is alternately ravaged by both. Its present ruler is a prudent and active man, and is gradually raising it from its political degradation. The advantage of a navigable river, on its western border, (the Shari,) which can be used all the year, and of a branch of the same, which is navigable half the year, is not to be despised in estimating the capabilities of even a Negro state. As there is no caravan route direct to or through Baghirmi, there is very little commerce. The chief town, Masena, is surrounded by walls seven miles round, but is much decayed from its former importance. The general level of the country gradually rises in its southern borders, and there are mountainous ranges; one of them in the outlying provinces to the south-east, called 'Gere,' being so high, that the cold is felt very severely, and hail or snow 'falls occasionally during the cold months.' In that direction are also volcanic mountains; but Dr. Barth 'scouts the idea of perpetual snow, or of snow remaining for any length of time in this part of the continent.' This may turn out to be the fact; but the evidence of Dr. Krapf and his fellow missionary as to the existence of snow on the Kilimandjaro range in tropical Eastern Africa cannot be set aside by mere inference or assertion, however confident, without direct and tangible proof.

Our traveller's original design was to pass through Wadai eastwards, and so return to Europe by the Nile, through Egypt; but the unsettled state of Wadai rendered this plan

impracticable, and the fate of Dr. Vogel is a proof of the wisdom of Dr. Barth in not making the attempt. This barbarous kingdom is composed of a great number of Negro states, among which are found many Arab tribes. We have here presented to us a picture of a state of society and of administrative polity similar to what we may suppose to have existed under Attila, Gengkis Khan, Tamerlane, and all nomade conquerors. The country is described as a level arid plain, interspersed with isolated mountains, very much resembling the scenery of South Africa from the Orange River northwards. The southern portions are said to be better watered and more elevated. Every glance we obtain of the interior of Central Africa, whether north or south of the Equator, seems to confirm the opinions of Sir Roderick Murchison, Dr. Livingstone, and others, as to the leading characteristics of this portion of the continent.*

We pass over the slave-hunting expeditions with which our traveller's zeal in the progress of discovery led him to identify himself. This is the favourite 'financial scheme' of the Sovereigns of Central Africa; when pressed by debts which they cannot otherwise meet, they endeavour to capture 'the black bullion' of the country. This mistake, to call it by no harsher name, must have impaired the moral influence of Dr. Barth's diplomatic labours. It is a satisfaction to find that no information of any great value resulted from these expeditions; and that the results of the forays were not very profitable to the infamous marauders.

The journey from Bournou to Sockatoo afforded our traveller abundant evidence of the decline of the Fellani states, almost broken up by Tawarek inroads, and by the rebellions of the native tribes anxious to throw off their yoke. It was painful to observe so rich and fertile a country exposed to the miseries incident to the weak and divided rule of so many independent princes, more anxious to injure their rivals than to defend their common interests. Passing through Gondo, the capital of one of these Fellatah principalities, Dr. Barth reached Say, where he first came in contact with the Niger, which was here from seven hundred to eight hundred yards broad. In his opinion, this, for Europeans, is 'the most important place in all this tract of the river, if ever they succeed in crossing the rapids which obstruct the river above Rabba, and especially between Busa and Yauri, and reaching this fine open sheet of water, the great high road of Western Central Africa.' Instead of following the river along its bend towards the north, the route pur-

* See No. XVIII. of this Review, pp. 446, 455.

sued was more easterly, with a slight northerly direction, through a very fertile country by Gurma, Masina, and other petty Fellani states, among which the independent Tawarek are to be found in great strength, and appear to be in possession of the banks of the great river to a considerable extent. The castellated Hombosi Mountains were passed, and at length, after a journey of sixty-four days, Dr. Barth again reached the Niger at Saragamo, very near Timbuctu, where he found a labyrinth of creeks, backwaters, and channels, and there embarking was permitted, after six days of slow and tedious navigation, very disproportionate to the distance travelled, to enter the city of Timbuctu, September 7th, 1854; which, more fortunate than his predecessors, he was permitted to leave alive, March, 1855. This visit to Timbuctu of an intelligent European, and the fact of his having returned to Europe in safety, is satisfactory, as one proof among many how difficulties, apparently insuperable, yield to the perseverance of our zealous explorers. Like Captain Burton's visit to Mecca and Medina, it is one of the facts of our age worthy of being remembered, although the sum of useful knowledge has not been much increased by the exploit; and all that we really know is, that there was nothing very particular to be known.

The famous city of Timbuctu was founded by the Tawarek tribes, about A.D. 1008. It was taken from them by the great conqueror Sonni Ali, King of Songhay, A.D. 1488, who for some time resided here, and received embassies from the King of Portugal; and hence Timbuctu became well known by name to the European nations. On the fall of the Songhay Empire, it suffered from the exactions and oppressions of pagan Negro tribes, the Tawarek, Arab tribes, and, latterly, from the Fellani, who, in 1826, took possession of the city a few months before Major Laing arrived there. These fanatical Moslems oppressed Moslems and Pagans alike, and nearly ruined the trade with Morocco and the interior. The people of Ghadama, whose interests are connected with the trade of Timbuctu, prevailed upon the Sheikh el Mukhtur, of Arawad, (a fertile oasis to the north of Timbuctu,) to remove his residence to the city itself, in 1831: by means of this movement, the united power of the Arabs and Tawarek succeeded in expelling the Fellani, with great slaughter, in 1844; but as the city is dependent upon the lower regions along the Niger for food, a treaty was entered into through the mediation of El Bakay, the brother of El Mukhtur, by which tribute was to be paid to the Fellani. This tribute is collected by two Kadis. The municipal government is in the hands of one or two Songhay Emirs, who manage to

avoid giving offence to either the Fellani or Tawarek, and place great dependence upon the friendly efforts of El Bakay.

Dr. Barth's anxiously hazardous residence of seven months was embittered by the fanatical intolerance and suspiciousness of these Fellani and Tawarek masters of this famous emporium of West African commerce. Here, as on other occasions, we cannot sufficiently admire the self-reliant courage, extraordinary prudence, and wonderful patience of our traveller, who, in this position as well as elsewhere, with persevering industry exhausted all the sources of information within his reach. We must give his first impressions in his own words:—

'On the north was the massive mosque of Saúkoré, which had just been restored to all its former grandeur through the influence of the Sheik el Bakay, and gave the whole place an imposing character. Neither the mosque, Sidi-Yahia, nor "the great mosque," nor Jingereber, was seen from this point; but, towards the east, the view extended over the wide expanse of the desert, and, towards the south, the elevated mansions of the Ghadamsiye merchants were visible. The style of the buildings was various. I could see clay houses of different characters, some low and unseemly, others rising with a second story in front to greater elevation, and making even an attempt at architectural ornament, the whole being interrupted by a few round huts of matting. The sight of this spectacle afforded me sufficient matter of interest, although, the streets being very narrow, only little was to be seen of the intercourse carried on in them, with the exception of the small market in the northern quarter, which was exposed to view on account of its situation on the slope of the sand hills, which in course of time had accumulated round the mosque.'—Vol. iv., p. 441.

Timbuctu is in 17° 37′ N.E., and 3° 5′ W. of Greenwich, and stands only a few feet above the level of the river (Niger), at a distance of about six miles from the principal branch. The circumference of its triangular form is nearly three miles, which is about the extent of its former walls, destroyed, in 1826, by the Fellani. Its narrow streets are mainly rectangular, though some are winding; the dwellings—980 clay houses, in good repair, the larger with two courtyards enclosed—form continuous rows; many of them are of two stories. The streets are not paved, but consist of hard sand and gravel; and some of them have a gutter in the middle. There are no open spaces, except the large and small markets, and a square before the mosque of Yahia. Besides these larger clay houses, are two hundred conical huts of matting, which are on the outskirts of the town, towards the north and east, among a great deal of rubbish, which, by the accumulations of centuries, has formed a number of conspicuous

mounds. The settled population is about 13,000, while the floating addition in November, December, and January, the months of the greatest traffic, varies from 5,000 to 10,000. Timbuctu has no manufactures of any consequence, in this respect differing from the large towns in Haussa and Bournou. It owes its importance entirely to its position on the great northerly bend of the Niger, and its proximity to Western Barbary, with which it communicates by two great caravan routes, the one from Morocco, and the other from Ghadames. The river commerce is chiefly from the south-west; for lower down there is scarcely any trade, owing to the disturbed condition of the country. The food of the population is imported mainly by the river navigation. Gold is the chief staple, brought from Bambuk and Bure; but in value not exceeding £20,000 annually. Salt, an article of great value along the Niger, the Guro or Kola nut, one of the main luxuries of Negroland, rice, corn, vegetable butter, and a little cotton, are next in importance. European articles come to Timbuctu from Morocco and Tripoli, and consist mainly of red-cloth coarse coverings, sashes, mirrors, cutlery, tea, sugar, tobacco, and calico. The inhabitants of Ghadama are the chief agents in spreading the calico of Manchester over this part of Africa. Few of the merchants have capitals equal to ten thousand dollars. Gold, gum, wax, ivory and slaves, are the main exports. Dr. Barth thinks that—

'an immense field is here opened to European energy, to revive the trade which, under a stable government, formerly animated this quarter of the globe, and which might again flourish to a great extent. For the situation of Timbuctu is of the highest commercial importance, lying, as it does, at the point where the great river of Western Africa, in a serpent-like winding, approaches most closely to that outlying oasis of the "far West," Maghreb el Aksa, of the Mohammedan world,—I mean Tawat, which forms the natural medium between the commercial life of this fertile and popular region and the north; and whether it be Timbuctu, Walata, or Ghavata, there will always be in this neighbourhood a great commercial *entrepôt*, as long as mankind retain their tendency to international intercourse and exchange of produce.'—Vol. v., p. 37.

The difficulty in the way of the revival of Timbuctu is the want of a *stable* government, which does not seem likely to be supplied in this generation; and, besides this, commerce is seeking and has found new channels by the Senegal, the Gambia, from Sierra Leone, and the Coast of Guinea, and especially by the Kworra and its branches: these are giving another direction to the trade of Negroland, and must lessen the importance of the caravan trade from the North.

The friendship of the noble Arab Shiekh Sidi Ahmed el Bakay was the means of preserving the life and securing the departure of our traveller. This Shiekh and his tribe are the political opponents of the Fellani and of the Tawarek, and possess an equal influence in Timbuctu, arising out of the circumstance to which we have adverted. Dr. Barth thinks this influence might be worked to political and commercial advantage. Although this great mart is by its position removed so far from the mouth of the Niger as to preclude the hope of access by continuous navigation, yet, in Dr. Barth's opinion, if the family of his friend El Bakay were supported by the moral influence of England and France, and a liberal government were, by this means, secured to Timbuctu, independent of the Fellani, 'an immense field might be opened to European commerce; and thus the whole of this part of the world might again be subjected to a wholesome organization.' * This speculation reminds us of the advice which used to be given to little boys, to catch birds by putting salt upon their tails. The return journey, mainly along the north-eastern bank of the Niger, is not wanting in interest, especially in its reference to the Arab and Berber tribes which occupy the country in the immediate vicinity of the river, and the light thrown upon the question of its navigation by Europeans. We fear that continuous navigation is not to be hoped for. Besides the obstructions beyond Rabba, in the approach to the sea, there are rapids and rocks at Kerdaji, Akarambray, and Tosaye, and probably others which could not be discovered by a land traveller. Whether a series of factories established at the different stoppages, which would not only trade but take charge of the portage of goods, may not at some future period obviate this difficulty, remains to be seen. If the experimental traffic in the lower part of the Kworra prove successful, no doubt the experiment will be made, by degrees, higher and higher, until even the city of Timbuctu become a mart for European traders. At Burrum, which is the nearest point to Egypt, and where the Niger 'makes a bend from a west-easterly into a southerly direction,' there is a remarkable traditiou, that a Pharaoh of Egypt once came to this spot, and returned. Dr. Barth thinks that this is not to be despised, as the 'whole history of Songhay points to Egypt; the itinerary of the route of the Nasmones, (see Herodotus, book ii., chap. 32,) if rightly constructed, inclines to this quarter; and it is easily to be understood how Herodotus, on receiving the news that so large a river was running eastward in such a northerly latitude as nearly 18°, could easily conceive

* Vol. v., p. 93.

the opinion that this was the Upper Nile.' * Dr. Barth arrived at Say on his return, July 29th, passed through Wurno, Kano, and Kukawa, where he met with Dr. Vogel, who had been sent to reinforce the Expedition, and reached Tripoli in August, 1856, having performed the most important journey ever made in North Central Africa.

The researches of Dr. Barth and of Mr. W. D. Cooley have thrown some light on the history and ethnology of the races occupying this part of Africa. The Berbers (the ancient Mauritanians, Libyans, &c.) were driven from their original seats north of the great desert by the influx of Arab tribes between A.D. 700 and 1000. They are now found occupying the centre of the Sahara, and are known by the name of Tawarek to strangers, though they call themselves Amozigh (Mazices of Ptolemy?). These races may be from Egypt originally, but the period of their migration is pre-historic, unless it be implied in Genesis x. 6, Phut being regarded by Hebrew archæologists as the ancestor of the tribes which first settled west of Egypt. By this movement of the Berbers, the Negro races which at one time occupied the fertile Oases of the Sahara were confined to the countries bordering on the Niger and beyond towards the south and east. Where the Negro races originated is at present the great question undecided by ethnologists; but we think that so far as our present light extends, the evidence of language and tradition points to the Cushites of Arabia and Nubia as the progenitors of the most powerful and influential of the African tribes. We think that just as the Keltic, Pelasgic, Teutonic, Sclavonic, and other races have been proved, by a logical induction which cannot for a moment be doubted, to be identical with the other branches of the great Aryan or Indo-Germanic races in India, Persia, &c., so by the application of similar philosophic analysis the leading tribes of West and Central Africa, the Foulahs, Mandingoes, Fellani, &c., will be found to be of one stock with the Kaffir races, which under various names are the principal inhabitants of all South Africa from the Bight of Biafra on the west to the southern borders of Abyssinia on the east. A few tribes here and there exist, as the Namacquas and Hottentots in the South, and others in West and Central Africa, whose languages appear to have no analogy, either as regards grammatical construction or vocabulary, with the leading tongues of the continent, and, like the Basque and Etruscan tongues in European, may for a season baffle the researches of the most learned. But we must be patient; for in this the infancy of our knowledge of

* Vol. v., p. 193.

African languages, we are in danger of prematurely classifying families of tongues on arbitrary grounds, and of indulging in philosophical generalizations which are the special temptations of the Teutonic intellect, but from which Dr. Barth is more free than most of his countrymen. In these investigations we must not be startled by marked differences in the vocabularies of tribes ethnologically related, as the African tribes are accustomed to change the leading words of their language by royal command, each chief on his accession, or on any great occasion, making alterations in the names of the most common objects, and these rejected words, being forbidden to be used, become obsolete. There are also whole classes of words common to females, and used only by them. Where caprice has had so much to do with the words of a language, our main dependence for comparison of languages, and for tracing the various dialects to one common stock, must be upon grammatical analogies which are not so easily interfered with.

The Arab tribes once in possession of Barbary and of the western border of the Desert, by degrees, either by conquest or intrigue or moral suasion, succeeded in planting the faith of Islam in the Negro kingdoms along the Niger and Tchad, i. e., in Ghanata, Songhay, Melli, Haussa, Bournou, Kanem, and Baghirmi, while Wadai was proselyted from Nubia. By similar means many of the smaller states in Senegambia and Yorruba embraced Mahommedanism, at least partially. In Central Africa, one or other of the Negro states seems to have occupied for the time a sort of predominant position, and to have exercised a species of suzerainship over its neighbours: first Ghanata, then Melli in about A.D. 1260, then Songhay about A.D. 1492, until its conquest by Morocco in A.D. 1572. Timbuctu, founded by the Tawarek A.D. 1008, has never been a considerable state, but has always obeyed the power which for the time being has predominated in its vicinity. Bournou is said to have been founded by a Tawarek dynasty, and once held in subjection Haussa, Kanem, Baghirmi, and even Wadai, being considered the equal and rival of Songhay. Wadai, which was established as a kingdom by a Moslem adventurer from Nubia, is now a considerable state, claiming to exercise sovereignty over Kanem and Baghirmi, while Bournou has fallen into the position of a second-rate power. The Fellata, Fulbe, Pulo, or Fellani, Moslem pastoral tribes, (akin to the Foulahs of West Africa,) have since the beginning of this century subdued all the Negro states in the valley of the Niger from Timbuctu to the confluence, and have even advanced as far as Adamawa, their latest acquisition, and most advanced outpost in the direction of Southern Central

Africa. Their ruler in chief is the Sultan, who resides at Wurno near Sockatoo. A large proportion of the population of these Moslem states are yet Pagans, and the contemptuous tolerance of the conquerors is supported by their self-interest, as being Pagan they can be hunted and sold for slaves, while as true believers they would not be liable to this abuse of power, which is a prime source of revenue to their rulers. The country on both sides of the Kong Mountains, and the Mountains themselves, are quite unknown to us.

We shall not attempt any further abstract of these volumes, which abound in details not interesting to those who read for amusement, but which render the work a storehouse of material for future geographers and ethnologists, and a standard authority for this generation at least in all that relates to Central Africa. It is impossible to abridge the multifarious results of Dr. Barth's researches, and we must refer our readers to the original volumes, as a monument of the extent of learning and patient research so rarely found in men otherwise qualified to engage in the hazardous enterprise of exploration and discovery in Central Africa.

The news of the discovery of the Benuwe, forwarded to England long before Dr. Barth's return, led to the examination of that river from the Kworra by Dr. Baikie in the 'Pleiad' steamer in 1854. A point was reached within fifty-five miles of the place where the river had been crossed by Dr. Barth on his way to Adamawa, thus establishing the fact of a direct water communication with the fertile regions bordering upon Lake Tchad. The progress of the last voyage on the Kworra under Dr. Baikie, in 1857, was delayed by the loss of the steamer near Rabba, in October of that year. Dr. Vogel, the latest of our explorers of Central Africa, and a worthy successor to Dr. Barth, has, we fear, fallen a victim to his zeal. This gentleman left Kuka (Bournou) for Wadai on January 1st, 1856; and is reported to have reached Warari, the capital of Wadai, and to have been put to death by order of the barbarous king of Wadai, in some village near Dar-Fur; which intelligence, coming to us through two independent channels, Egypt and Tripoli, will most likely prove too true.

By the labour of these enterprising travellers, the map of Africa has been within our day completely remodelled, and much of it so recently that we need not apologise for assuming that our readers are not quite so familiar with it as with the map of Europe. It may not be a work of supererogation to refresh the memory by a brief enumeration of the principal peoples and nations which fill up the space between the Barbary States and the Gulf of Guinea, which we may call Western and North Central Africa.

The vast desert of Sahara, which extends from Barbary to the fertile regions along the Niger and Lake Tchad, which the Arabian geographers call Soudan, is inhabited to the extreme west by wandering Arab and Moorish tribes, the dread of shipwrecked mariners, and of whom the only favourable fact known is, that some of them trade with the French in Senegal in their staple article gum, which is the product of their few fertile oases, not denied even to this desert. The TAWAREK tribes occupy the centre of Sahara, a manly and warlike race, the terror of their neighbours the TIBBUS, who much resemble the ancient Libyans, and who occupy the desert between the Tawarek and Egypt. These tribes benefit by the gains derived from either the protection or the plunder of the caravans trading across their territories. On the Niger we come in contact with the FELLATAH (Fellani, or Fulbe) races, now the paramount power along that river, and gradually encroaching upon the tribes to the south and east of Lake Tchad. This new empire in Central Africa originated with a band of the pastoral Foulahs near the Kong Mountains, which gradually formed at first peaceable settlements in the rich pastures of Soudan; and, taking advantage of favourable opportunities, began about fifty years ago to enact the part of the Shepherd invaders of Egypt, and, like them, succeeded in establishing dynasties where once they barely dwelt on sufferance. Their rule includes the territories of the ancient Songhay, Gando, Haussa, and Adamawa. Bournou, once the dominant state, is now in a declining condition. KANEM, to the north-east of Lake Tchad, and BAGHIRMI to the south-east, were once part of Bournou, but are now debateable lands, and more under the influence of WADAI, a barbarous state not yet explored, which extends eastward to Dar-Fur, and which includes within its boundaries may Negro states. ADAMAWA (Fumbina) has already been mentioned as the last conquest of the Fellani; it is called by Dr. Barth 'the key to Central Africa.' And here our geographical knowledge ends, so far as this part of Africa is concerned; for from Bagharmi to Wadai, eastward to Dar-Fur and Abyssinia, and southward to the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, the blank has yet to be filled up; and we venture to prophesy that it will be, and that most satisfactorily, before long. Is it a series of moderately elevated plains, well watered, and occasionally flooded? or is it a splendid table land, flanked by sublime snow-covered mountains? Some geographers advocate one theory, and others, with equal zeal, the contrary. May not both prove to be partly right? Time will show.

In Western Africa, beginning with Senegambia, which borders on Sahara, and following the coast along the Gulf of Guinea to

the Bight of Biafra, we meet with populations which have had intercourse with Europeans since the fourteenth century. The Jaloofs, Foulahs, Mandingoes, Timanees, Krumen, with the kingdoms of Ashanti, Dahomey, Ardrah, Yorruba, and Benin, are the leading tribes and nations, some of which have made considerable advances in civilization, while others have been more degraded than improved by their intercourse with Europeans. All of them are tolerably well known to us through the settlements in Senegal, the Gambia, Sierra-Leone, Liberia, and the Cape Coast, as well as by the slave trade of bygone years, and the legitimate commerce which has arisen in its place. A regular connexion with Europe and America has commenced, the beneficial results of which in Western Africa are just beginning to be apparent; and from these we may gather great encouragement in reference to the future. This enumeration of the leading tribes and races must be understood in connexion with the caution given by Sir R. I. Murchison, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society, (May 24th, 1858,) where, referring to the twelve different races brought under review in Dr. Barth's volumes, he remarks: 'We have to consider them as distributed into about as many nations, but in such a manner that the boundaries of their territories by no means coincide with the boundaries of the races; and in addition to this entanglement, we find large settlements or colonies of Fellatahs and of Tuaricks dispersed about the country, (to which we may add Arabs,) bearing relations, of a most diverse and anomalous character, both to the government of the land they inhabit, and to that whence they migrated.' These observations apply with equal force to the tribes and nations of Senegambia and Guinea.

We have so far dealt with the names, natural distinctions, external relationships, and a few of the marked peculiarities of the races inhabiting Western and Central North Africa. But what of the man himself? What the type and degree of his civilization, if such a phrase applies to the African man? What his social, moral, and intellectual condition? What prospect of his progressive advancement in the amenities, the charities, the arts and sciences of our higher civilization? What as to his capacity for receiving the great truths and experiences of that only real effective civilizing power, the Christian religion? These are questions of great interest in connexion with any part of the world's population; but a special significancy attaches to them in their bearing upon the oft mooted point, the capacity of the African races for the reception

of our civilization and our Christianity. Much ignorance and prejudice stand in the way of the formation of right opinions and just conclusions; for, besides the calumnies of slave-owners, which influence to some extent the literature not only of America, but that of all Europe also, there are unfavourable impressions and prepossessions to be encountered even among the genuine friends of Africa and its injured races.

The first impression to which we refer is that so universally expressed of the physical inferiority of what are called the Negro races. We admit this to be a matter of importance, as the physical condition of a people is second only to its intellectual and moral culture. If the African races were distinguished from the rest of the human family by a marked inferiority of stature and form, and were characterised by disagreeable peculiarities, we should despair of their rapid progress to an equality of culture and position with the more favoured branches of the common stock. There can be no doubt but that physical and moral causes of an unfavourable nature, operating during a series of generations, have in some cases produced a marked inferiority observed in certain tribes and nations both in Africa and elsewhere; but the vulgar notion which attributes the squat form, thick lips, flat noses, and splay feet to the African races generally, is quite unwarranted; for these features belong only to a few isolated tribes, the most degraded and depressed of all the inhabitants of that continent. These tribes are no more fair samples of the populations of Africa, than the Laplanders and Samoieds are of those of Europe. Yet no one thing has operated more injuriously to Africa than this unfortunate opinion, drawn from so partial a consideration of a limited number of facts; for hence has arisen a contempt for the intellect, and a comparative indifference towards the rights, of the African. Philosophers have been encouraged to doubt his capability of indefinite improvement, and philanthropic effort has been to some extent paralysed by the temptation of similar doubts, especially when partial failures prompt us to throw the blame upon the subjects of our well-meant but injudicious experiments, rather than upon our own deficiency in the wisdom and prudence which are essential to success. Now, we think that there is abundant proof, that with the exception of colour, which is purely a matter of taste, and which has the advantage of fitting the black man for the climate which he alone can endure with impunity, the African races are generally equal in figure, fulness of form, stature, shape of the head, expression of the countenance, features, vigour, and in all that constitutes personal beauty, to the Caucasian races; and certainly are far

superior in these points to the Tartar, Mongolian, and Chinese races. Our proof is the unanimous evidence of all travellers, and of almost all physiologists and ethnologists. We might fill a volume with testimonies from the writings of African explorers and others. The Tawarek of Sahara, the Tibbus, their neighbours, the Jaloffs, Mandingoes, and Foulahs of Western Africa, and the Kafirs of South Africa, are among the finest specimens of the animal man. Individuals of these races have attained a high degree of mental and moral culture. In America, in the West Indies, and in Western and Southern Africa, they are found engaged in professions, merchandise, and in civil employments, with credit to themselves, and with advantage to society. Within the last two years, a young Kafir, educated in the University of Glasgow, has been preaching with great acceptance to English and colonial congregations. The usual mode of evading these facts is the statement that these are *not* Negroes, *i.e.*, that being clever and improveable, they do not, as a matter of course, belong to an incurably stupid and unimprovable race, as the Negroes are conceived to be! If such be our reader's notions of Negro capability, we can assure him that nine-tenths of the population of Africa are not in that sense Negroes, and are free from all the unpleasant peculiarities of the Negro race, except the colour; and, further, that even the most degraded and disagreeable specimens of the Negro family, when placed in positions favourable to a happy physical development, and to mental and moral culture, lose in the second and third generations their characteristic ugliness, and approximate in feature and shape to the Caucasian standard; while mentally and morally they evidence no inferiority to men of other races placed in similar circumstances.

Another notion generally prevalent is, that the African nations are universally found in the lowest degree of civilisation, scarcely removed from savage life. It has been remarked to their disparagement, that so far as the history of the world refers to them, they have from the remotest periods been in the inferior condition in which we now find them, and that the inference is legitimate as to their lower place in the scale of humanity. To this we reply, that the civilisation of the more advanced African tribes is far from being of the low character attributed to it; that it is equal to the point attained by any Celtic or Teutonic races under similar circumstances, and needs only the requisite stimulative influences and favourable opportunities for its more complete development. In Western and Central North Africa we find a respectable acquaintance with the more useful arts which minister to comfort and convenience, such as the

manufacture of iron, the weaving and dyeing of cloth, the manufacture and preparation of leather in all its varieties of application, and no small ingenuity in the construction of square or round houses admirably adapted to the country and climate. It is true, that the fact of the plough not having advanced southwards beyond Barbary appears at first to indicate a low condition of agriculture; but when slavery and the cheapness of labour are taken into consideration, we need not wonder that African cultivators, like our West Indian proprietors in olden time, prefer the use of the hoe: the small farmer cannot afford to keep bullocks for the plough, and the large cultivator employs his slaves. The pastoral tribes display much skill in the rearing and management of cattle, and the whole population of Africa, whether agricultural or pastoral, are essentially commercial: the love of trading is universal, and the shrewdness, judgment, and general honesty of the native traders are remarkable. The internal trade of the African nations is as extensive as that of any equal number of people in the world. Every one must have observed, in reading the journals of our African explorers, that the descriptions of the markets which are found in all the villages and towns occupy a large space; and the general impression produced upon the mind of a candid reader of these records and pictures of African life and society is most favourable as to the capabilities of the race. A variety of circumstances have impeded the further progress of the African nations. Wherever any people, white or black, Keltic, Teutonic, Sclavonic, or African, are located in the midst of fertile land, producing food with little labour, and extensive enough for the wants of themselves and their posterity, and cut off from intercourse with more advanced nations, and therefore without the stimulants of artificial wants and tastes, such a people will not rise above the general level of the present African civilization. Such, in fact, was at one time the standing condition of society among our ancestors and those of all our refined European populations. The foreign influences brought to bear upon the African races have been of an injurious rather than of an improving character; for instance, the inroads of the Berber and Arab tribes from the north, and the European slave trade in the west and south. Our barbarous ancestors, more happily circumstanced, were brought into contact with Greek and Roman civilization, and with Christianity; thus at once entering upon the rich heritage of ancient thought, illuminated by the glorious light of Divine revelation. The Africans have had fierce and fanatical Berbers and Arabs for their first schoolmasters; and then the worst class of Europeans, who for three centuries stimulated every political

and social evil by the introduction of the foreign slave trade, that 'execrable sum of all villanies,' than which nothing could more tend to the disintegration of society. It augurs well for the future of the Negro race, that under this concatenation of unfavourable circumstances and depreciating influences their faculties have not been entirely crushed. Of their mental capacity no reasonable doubt can be entertained. In the interior of Africa, they have learned all their Arab conquerors could teach them, and some tribes have adapted the Arabic alphabet to the purposes of their own tongues. An African Cadmus in the Vee country, near Cape Palmas, has invented an alphabet, which, although syllabic, is at least as convenient as the Ethiopic. The taste for music, singing, and the poetry of the native bards, is another instance of intellectual life, and an additional proof, if any were wanting, of their participating in the tastes and enjoyments of our common nature.

The barbarous character of Paganism in Africa, with its human sacrifices, and the degrading despotism of most African governments, have also contributed to lower the public estimate of the African people. But we may refer to Phœnicia, to Carthage, and to India, as instances in which superstitions equally revolting to humanity have not lessened our estimate of the intellectual status of the worshippers. And as to despotism, this is the only mode of government possible where polygamy and slavery prevail; the moral and social evils which accompany these institutions are destructive of the manly qualities requisite to the maintenance of any measure, however small, of political freedom in the larger states. But where the Negro races are found existing in small detached self-governed communities, we find relics of the patriarchal system, custom in the place of law, justice simply and fairly administered, and personal rights respected. They have shown a disposition to embrace the higher and more spiritual teachings, first of Moslem and more recently of Christian instructors, and to adopt the manners and usages of European life. So far as experience goes, no races present so hopeful a field for the teachings of Christianity and its attendant civilization.

Surely the attempt to bring a whole continent within the pale of the fellowship of civilized Christian nations, is worthy of the enlightened philanthropy of our age, and justifies the expenditure of money and of life which our explorations, colonies, and missions require. In a financial and commercial point of view, the speculation is one of the most sure and profitable kind. The natural productions of Africa are those most in demand among the civilized communities of the world. To

say nothing of gold, the supply of which greatly varies, though no doubt susceptible of large increase, we need only refer to the grand staples, palm oil and the various vegetable tallows and oils, and that most desirable article, cotton, which affects our national interests so vitally. It is true, that with the absolute certainty of great results to commerce from our future intercourse with Africa, we must not deceive ourselves by expecting their immediate realization. What has already been accomplished is encouraging. It is little more than a third of a century since Denham and Clapperton opened out the interior of North Central Africa (A.D. 1822). Eight years after (1830) the Landers traced the course of the Kworra (Niger) to the Gulf of Guinea. Up to the present time we have scarcely begun to avail ourselves of this great highway into Africa by the channel of the Kworra; yet even now the value of our imports from Western Africa and Guinea is two millions sterling, and this the result of a trade confined to the petty tribes on the sea coast, where the native dealers labour under every possible disadvantage and impediment in the way of access to the interior, arising from war, the rivalry of tribes jealous of the advantages derived by their neighbours from European intercourse, and from the cost of bringing produce from any considerable distance where there are no roads and few means of transit. We see no reason why the trade with Africa should not in the course of another generation become relatively of far greater importance than it would be wise in us to prognosticate. Under the liberal arrangements of modern traffic, the desire and the power to make exchanges increase in a geometrical ratio. Where European goods are brought within the reach of the natives of Africa, industry is stimulated to produce that which will purchase them. Trading depôts along the Kworra, upon which the natives could depend for a continuous supply of their wants, and a market for their staples, would of course divert the trade of Central Africa from its present northern route, and increase it a hundred-fold, as it is impossible for the tedious and dangerous land caravans across the desert to compete with the swift and safe water carriage by the Gulf of Guinea and the great river. But not confining ourselves to this one river, we ought to attempt to open in every feasible direction from the coast new roads of communication with the interior. Friendly missions from our government at the Gambia, Sierra Leone, and Cape Coast, to the more powerful tribes in their vicinity and beyond, might be useful in preparing the way of our traders, and the whole country along the Kong Mountains ought to be visited and explored by competent persons. It seems strange that while our travellers have crossed

from Tripoli to the Gulf of Guinea, we yet know very little of the belt of country between these mountains and the sea coast.

But, while thus intent on forming friendly relationships with the various native powers, it is our duty and truest policy to keep free from all political entanglements, and to act as the friends of all and the enemies of none, except of the slave-trader. Fortunately, we have no temptation to the acquisition of territory in Western or Central Africa; but there is a temptation almost equally injurious, arising out of the notion entertained by some merchants and philanthropists of the desirableness of forming extensive plantations for the growth of tropical products, carried on by European capital, and under European management. Such establishments, even if adequate security existed, would divert the labour of the country from its natural employment, and so far impede its healthy progression; and the rise in the marketable value of labour which would follow the sudden demand for it produced by these large concerns, and the irregularity of its supply, would render these speculations very ruinous to the capitalists concerned in them. And here we may remark, that the notion of the great cheapness of labour in Africa is a great fallacy. It is cheap while there is no extra demand for it, but rises enormously when it must be had, and requires for its efficiency so much and so constant a skilled superintendence, when employed in operations which rise above the simplest process of agriculture, as to be dear at any price. For Europeans and civilized men of colour, the wisest course is that which experience has proved to be the most natural and profitable, namely, to open out channels of trade, and thus stimulate the industry of the native cultivator. In Sierra Leone, the Gambia, Liberia, and the Cape Coast, the coloured people are all more or less engaged in trade, though the Liberian and Sierra Leone settlements were formed originally on an agricultural basis. Some good men lament this exclusive attention to trade to the neglect of cultivation, forgetting that one trader does more to increase agricultural production, than if he had done the work of a dozen farmers. A time will come when the descendants of the trader will become the gentlemen farmers and planters of their respective settlements; but the time is evidently not yet.

The colonizing the coast of Africa by parties of free educated Christian blacks from the United States, Canada, and the West Indies, is of great importance to the future of Africa and its races. The main value of such settlers over others is, that from their colour and physical constitution they soon become acclimatized, and their progeny are as healthy and vigorous as the

aboriginal inhabitants: otherwise the tastes, habits, and even the sympathies and aspirations of the cultivated classes among the black and coloured races in America and the West Indies, are rather with their white fellow-countrymen, than with their black brethren in Africa:—a proof this how much more powerful are the sympathies produced by oneness of mental cultivation and of religious feeling, than any of those mysterious influences of race and blood upon which our materialistic philosophers lay so much stress. The growth of Liberia, and the formation of similar communities occupying commanding positions on the navigable rivers and leading routes into the interior, will, in time, be felt by the whole continent. As nurseries of future missionaries and teachers, these colonies would be invaluable. The example of civilized and Christian coloured men, self-governed, with free institutions and equal laws, is a great fact, calculated to incite thought, and spread a new class of notions like seed sown broadcast over Africa, to germinate and grow mightily. We hope that emigrants of this class, instead of seeking settlements in the Cape Colony, (South Africa,) where they would have to compete with skilled European labour at a disadvantage, will fix themselves in the inter-tropical region of Africa, where they need fear no competition of the white man, who cannot exist there beyond one generation, and where they may increase and multiply, and largely profit eventually by the increasing demand for tropical productions; and, above all, where, under free government administered by themselves, they may fulfil the duties and enjoy the rights and privileges of free citizens.

But while we rejoice in the extension of legitimate commerce, and the progress of Christian colonization, our main dependence for Africa is upon the diffusion of Christianity. The history of the Missions of the Church of England and of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Western Africa, is a chronicle of martyrdom, worthy of the best ages of the Church. Educated men and women have gone out to that land of death with the certainty of an early tomb, satisfied if meanwhile for a brief space they might be permitted to minister the word of life. The newly arrived missionary is conveyed in triumph from his landing place, by his expectant flock, to the church or chapel, along a path thickly studded with the graves of his predecessors; and as his eye glances upon these humble memorials of accepted sacrifice, he understands then the beauty and fitness of that all but inspired acclamation, 'The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.' Truly 'the seed of the Church' is here. The labours of these men of God have been pursued for more than half a cen-

tury, in spite of the scorn and contempt of the world which could not understand them. Now, Missions to Africa are popular. Universities patronize them, the learned and honourable engage in them, statesmen as well as prelates catch warmer tints of eloquence in setting forth the merits of this enterprise. This change in public opinion is one in reference to which we heartily rejoice; but let it be remembered that the glory of first vindicating the missionary character of the Church of Christ in an age of blasphemy and rebuke, is due to those Moravian Brethren who were willing to become slaves, in order to obtain access to the oppressed Negro,—to the simple-hearted Methodist preachers who began eighty years ago to lay the axe at the root of slavery in the West Indies,—and to the handful of poor Baptist ministers praying and subscribing in a parlour at Kettering. No men in our day can take their crown; but men of like spirit are the men to evangelize Africa.

ART. IV.—1. *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: a Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* Edited by JOHN BALL, M.R.I.A., F.L.S. London: Longman and Co. 1859.
2. LYELL'S *Manual of Elementary Geology.* Fifth Edition. London: Murray. 1855.
3. *Athenæum.* Nos. 1650–52, 1654, 1655, and 1665. 1859.
4. *Science in Theology. Sermons preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University.* By ADAM S. FARRAR, M.A. London: Murray. 1859.

IT has been repeatedly charged upon geologists that whilst they are credulous when dealing with scientific questions, they are sceptical in things relating to religious faith. In some instances the charge is merited; but the cases are numerous where it is wholly inapplicable. On the contrary, geologists have often clung to an adopted religious creed, to the injury of their science. Like mountaineers bewildered amid the crevasses of an Alpine glacier, yet unwilling to abandon the ice and take to the rocks, such men have endeavoured to force a way through scientific difficulties, rather than forsake the dogma which occasioned all their perplexity. Geologists of this conservative school only abandoned the path which they tenaciously pursued, when the force of evidence in favour of their doing so became irresistible.

A conspicuous illustration of the above remarks is found in the influence which their scriptural belief in the Mosaic deluge

has exercised upon geological writers. This subject has been brought prominently before us by some remarkable discoveries recently made in the north-west of France, raising for the hundredth time grave questions respecting the antiquity of the human race. The deposits in which those discoveries have been made belong to the group known to modern geologists by the name of 'Drift,' or Newer Pleiocene strata. These deposits already possessed an independent interest of the highest kind, since in them have been made some of the most remarkable discoveries that have rewarded the exertions of geologists. Apart from the recent discoveries of what are supposed to be human relics entombed amongst those of extinct animals, the history of the Drift, could it be faithfully written, would possess abounding interest. A slight sketch of it may supply suggestive thoughts to some of our readers unacquainted with the subject, as well as prepare them for understanding the meaning of the newly revealed facts which bear so important a relation to the subject of biblical chronology.

The idea of an universal deluge has not been confined to those nations which possess and believe in the Bible. Two centuries ago the learned Sir Thomas Browne called attention* to the familiarity of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman writers with the same conception, which had doubtless reached them through traditional channels. The story of Deucalion was a very faint echo of a history which the Jew and the Christian possessed in its authentic form: hence the erotic Augustan poet unconsciously aided the Jewish historian in diffusing that belief in a deluge, which, as Vernon Harcourt has shown, is now so widely prevalent even amongst savage nations.

It was not probable that a belief so obviously present in the mythic histories of Greece and Rome would lose its force under a Christian dispensation; still less was it to be expected that the earliest geologists would exclude so well known an agent as the Mosaic deluge from the category of those to which they referred the formation of the world. And we find that, when the absurd cosmogonies of the dark ages were thrown aside, most of the men who thought about the subject referred the few geological phenomena with which they were acquainted to the Noachian flood.

For three centuries this narrow notion rested like a nightmare upon the pioneers of geology. A few thoughtful men struggled to escape the restraints imposed upon them by the credulous schools of Whiston and Burnett. For a time they

* In his *Enquiries into Vulgar Errors.*

struggled in vain. At length they succeeded in bursting the bonds; and in some measure the wise inductions already arrived at by Hooke and Ray began to prevail.

But though the time had arrived when the Diluvian hypothesis could no longer be applied to the entire series of stratified rocks, as it had hitherto been, especially by theologians, it was still retained, even by the leading geologists, in connexion with the superficial but wide-spread deposits now known as the 'Drift.' Geologists had long been familiar with but two great groups of stratified rocks, the Primary and the Secondary; the former including the more ancient, and the latter the more recent, of such as they were then acquainted with. In time an intermediate or Transition group had to be admitted; and, still later, the study of the strata upon which Paris stands led to the recognition of a superficial series, of more modern origin than the other three, to which the name of 'Tertiary' was given. But prolonged observation soon demonstrated the existence of an accumulation of still more recent origin than the Parisian Tertiaries. This was composed of sands, gravels, clays, and loams, spread over the earth, apparently in confused disorder, and including fragments of half the rocks under the sun. These masses have so close a resemblance to what are left by modern inundations, as at once to suggest some wide-spread cataclysm in explanation of its origin; and what more probable than that the Noachian Deluge should furnish the required agent? In fact, this was the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Buckland and his earlier fellow-labourers: a conclusion which they embodied in the name 'Diluvium,' which was long applied to the deposits under our notice.

Let us here, for a moment, break the chain of our narrative, to glance at some facts that are unquestionable, but from which these early veterans drew some questionable conclusions. During the greater part of the Tertiary age already referred to, much of the present known world was under the sea. Many of the mountain chains which poetry celebrates as 'the everlasting hills,' are, comparatively, but things of yesterday. At the time in question neither the Alps, the Andes, nor the Himalayas, had raised their aspiring heads. Heaving billows rolled over those peaks which are now the home of the Chamois and the Condor, and colossal sharks sported among their ocean caves. But at length the time arrived when they lifted their granite crests above the waves, and saluted the more ancient peaks of Cumberland, Scotland, and Wales, which for countless ages had stood like perennial islands amidst a changing sea. But long after the Alps thus sprang into being, the plains and valleys of Europe, Asia, and America remained

submerged beneath a wide ocean. The crests of the Jura, the hills of Germany, and the Pennine chain, forming the backbone of our own island, were but so many shoals in these pre-Adamite waters; and it was whilst much of the present land was a vast archipelago that the Drift deposits were accumulating on the floor of the ocean. We must not be tempted to dwell on the providence of God revealed by this dispensation; but, in passing, we may remind our readers that but for the Drift, much of what is now fertile land would have been dry rock and desert waste. It invested the barren framework of our globe with an extended covering of fertile compost everywhere favourable to vegetable life. From this deposit we derive our brick clay and our gravels. In the districts remote from the sea it furnishes the principal supplies of sand and boulder stones; and from its clays is obtained aluminum, the metal apparently destined to play an important part in the future domestic economy of our race. It was soon discovered that this deposit contained amongst its inorganic elements the fossil remains of various animals. In the dawn of the science the attention paid to such objects was limited and superficial. Even in 1726 the learned Scheuchzer published in the *Philosophical Transactions* a description of a huge fossil newt, regarding it as the skeleton of a man, 'a relic of that accursed race which was overwhelmed by the Deluge.' The occasional discovery of elephantine bones in clays and gravel-pits did little more than foster the popular belief in primæval giants.

'*Genus antiquum, pubes Titania terræ.*'

But when the genius of Cuvier had enabled him to reconstruct the extinct animals of the Parisian quarries, and prove the former existence of marvellous quadrupeds that had long ceased to live upon the earth, the fossil bones of the Diluvium obtained a new meaning. From the period when their scientific value was first felt, to the present day, the study of these objects has led to an unbroken series of anatomical triumphs, and revealed marvels which impress us the more from the comparative nearness of the age in which the creatures lived to that which saw the birth of the human race. In our own country a great impulse was given to these studies by an important discovery made in the year 1821. In the summer of that year, a veteran geologist, still living in the east of Yorkshire, received a hint that the workmen engaged in a quarry at Kirkdale, in the same county, had penetrated a cavern full of curious bones. At the present day such a hint would send any enthusiastic collector flying through the country as fast as steam could convey him; but, though an earnest geologist, our veteran friend took no

notice of the message, deeming it one of those marvels that are so frequently discovered by imaginative quarry-men. We record the fact, since it shows how little this class of observers was prepared for the discoveries which soon gave the obscure Yorkshire village a world-wide fame. More fortunate collectors, soon on the spot, quickly rifled the cavern; and the objects they brought to light applied the first stimulus to the genius of the late William Buckland. From the publication of his first essay on the cavern in question in the *Philosophical Transactions*, followed soon after by that of his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, still one of the classics of geological literature, may be dated a new age in the study of Drift deposits and of Palæontology. It became obvious that England had once been the home of hyænas, tigers, rhinoceri, and elephants,—a giant brood which had long since left these frigid climes for the more genial regions of the East and South.

As is well known, the bones were embedded in mud on the floor of the cavern, which was covered over by the calcareous *stalagmite* deposited by dripping water, impregnated with lime, that trickled through the roof. The cave had been a den of hyænas; and most of the other creatures whose bones were found there, had been dragged in piecemeal to be eaten in quietness. Still believing that the Noachian Deluge had left abundant traces of its action upon the earth, Dr. Buckland concluded that the animals in Kirkdale cave had been destroyed by that cataclysm, and that the muddy deposit in which the bones were enclosed had been left by its retiring floods. He judged rightly that the animals, whose historian he had become, were closely related to those whose bones were found in the *Drift*; and he thought that the Mosaic narrative equally accounted for the occurrence of both. But the worthy Doctor lived to abandon this opinion. The extensive study of the *Drift*, both at home and abroad, brought to light many new facts of vast importance, and soon made it clear that the deposit was the result of various forces acting through long periods of time. Some of them had been produced under the sea, and others in fresh water; some of the animals had lived under climes like those of the sunny South; others had ranged through forests of pines, surrounded by frozen shores and arctic seas; whilst others, again, survived all those varied influences and lived under temperate skies, like those which, in spite of rain and fog, still render our island the sweetest spot on earth. In fact, it became clear that what had hitherto been referred to the sudden and brief action of the Noachian Deluge, could not possibly have been the result of any single cataclysm, however vast its extent or mighty its power.

The study of the Drift deposits now became twofold; dividing

itself into that of the physical appearances of the mixed material composing them, and that of their organic life, as revealed by fossil remains. We will first glance briefly at the former of these subjects, since it was here that the first gleams of light were obtained, giving the true clue to the solution of the problem.

It was found that, though in many places the Drift had accumulated in irregular masses, in others it was disposed in regular strata or layers, such as could only have been formed at the bottom of tranquil waters, and after a lapse of ages. In some places, as, for example, in many of the suburbs of Manchester, vast deposits of fine sand were found, unmixed with any coarse ingredients. These could never have reached their present resting-place through the violence of stormy seas and rushing waters. They speak of sunny calms and unfathomed depths. Yet, in the midst of these tranquil deposits, the workmen would suddenly come upon some huge angular rock of foreign origin; and which nothing short of a full-blown hurricane could have moved an inch. Remembering the well known fact, that the transporting power of water is exactly proportioned to the velocity of the current, it was obvious that, under ordinary conditions, the same stream could not have brought into their present resting-places both the huge rock and the fine sand in which it was imbedded. On the Diluvian hypothesis, the rock was as much out of its place, as our Foreign Secretary would have been in command of the Channel fleet, or as his racy satirist was in the pulpit of St. Paul's. That a turmoil of waters could only heap up rubbish in disordered masses, is shown by the results of modern inundations. It would only be when the rushing torrents had settled down into a quiet state, that a formation of sand or mud in horizontal layers could take place; and when, from their diminished force, they had lost the power of transporting heavier substances. How, then, did the huge and isolated rocks reach the positions just indicated?

The virtual absence of the Drift from tropical regions is the next physical fact to be noted. Its northern limit in the southern hemisphere appears to be about the 41st parallel of latitude. In North America it reaches as far as the 38th parallel. In Europe it scarcely extends so near to the line; but the difference, in all these cases, is small in amount. These limitations combine to indicate that, whatever were the causes producing the Drift, some counter-agent unfavourable to their action operated in warm climates. This fact affords a strong argument against attributing its origin to water in violent motion, since inundations and cataclysms would act as forcibly on the equator as at the pole; the Deluge would not be

affected by the state of the thermometer. Allied to this question of extent and distribution, is that of the direction taken by the drifted material. At first, our readers may be disposed to ridicule the idea that we can trace the lines along which rocks were transported at so remote a period; nevertheless, such a process is sufficiently easy. We have already observed that the materials composing the Drift are of the most varied kind, consisting of innumerable kinds of rock and soil. Many of these have been derived from the older strata on which the Drift reposes, just as the stones and pebbles in the bed of a river mainly consist of materials derived from its wasting banks; but, in the case of the Drift, these are largely mixed with others, brought from remote localities; and on ascertaining, as may often be done with approximate accuracy, and sometimes with unerring certainty, whence these were derived, we learn in what direction the transporting force moved.

The Drifts of Yorkshire, and especially of the eastern coast, afford admirable subjects for study, because of the distinctness of the boundaries separating the various rocks. A traveller, starting from Burlington Bay, or the low coast of Holderness, and proceeding to the north-west, would first cross the undulating chalk wolds, and drop down upon the clay vales of Pickering. He would then mount the tabular limestone hills of Malton; and, having traversed these, would again descend to reach the red-sandstone plains constituting the vale of York. On this line the tourist would have seen no granites, no slates, no basalts, or ancient lavas. Such rocks abound amongst the lake districts which he would now approach; but as his course would hitherto have led him across Secondary and Tertiary strata, all the older rocks known as 'Primary' would be entirely wanting along the line of fifty or sixty miles over which he had gone. But if, as he travelled along, he had observed the Drift beneath his feet, he would not only have found these primary rocks abundant in it, but would have seen that they increased in relative abundance as he moved towards the north-west, and approached the foot of the Cumberland mountains. It follows that many of the stones, which he left strewing the beach at Burlington Bay, must have travelled over a space at least equal to that which he had crossed, since no similar rocks could be found *in their natural situations* at a nearer point. If his scrutiny of the rocks and gravels were a minute one, he would detect amongst them an abundance of brown granite boulders, each of them containing large flesh-coloured crystals, like plums in a Christmas pudding. These would become so much more numerous than before as he crossed the low outliers of the Cumberland hills, especially at the

western foot of each range, as to raise a suspicion that he was approaching the fountain whence these streams had flowed; and, on arriving at Shap Fell, his surmise would be confirmed, since he would there find the axis of the mountain, consisting of precisely the same brown granite, with its large flesh-coloured crystals. The rock has so remarkable an aspect, is so different from anything found elsewhere, that no doubt can exist about Shap Fell having been the source whence all the granite fragments in question were derived. We thus obtain proof that the transporting force had moved from north-west to south-east, with some deflexions southward, as proved by the occasional occurrence of the same granites in the gravel pits of Lancashire and Cheshire.

If our traveller now extended his ramble down Teesdale, to the shores of the German Ocean, he would find that an equally instructive walk, from north to south, might be taken along the sea-coast, starting from Hartlepool and the mouth of the Tees. Here he would notice the Drift composed of fragments of the magnesian limestones and coal strata of Durham, mingled with the granites of Shap, the slates of Westmoreland, the gneiss and agates of Scotland, and some minerals that are not known to occur nearer than the shores of Norway. On reaching the sublime precipices of Rock-cliff, composed of ranges of blue liassic shales and iron-shot sandstones, he would find these new ingredients largely diluting the Drift material of more northern origin. Successively passing the sandstone-covered cliffs of Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay, and the limestone ranges of Scarborough and Filey, each new rock would in turn be seen to contribute something to the motley mass. On entering Filey Bay, the white chalk cliffs of Speeton and Flamborough would close his horizon a few miles to the south: but he would find in the thick mass of Drift capping the oolitic rocks of Filey no traces of the flints or chalks seen in such magnificent proportions within an hour's walk from the spot. But on rounding Flamborough Head, and examining the Drift, which runs in low grassy ranges from Bridlington to the Humber, he would observe that chalks and flints had become the chief substances which the cliffs could furnish; and, from this point, they would continue to abound throughout the entire coast line to the shores of the Channel.

The evidence which his two walks had brought before our pedestrian, would leave no doubt on his mind respecting the direction in which the Drift had travelled. He must have concluded that there had been a steady movement from north to south, and that the transporting force had not acted impulsively, but through vast periods and along defined lines. Whatever the

transports might be, they conveyed cargo after cargo from north to south, spreading them, as they travelled, over the floor of the ocean in successive, though often irregular, layers. Yorkshire is in this point of view but a type of the rest of Europe. Similar conditions exist throughout the Continent, demonstrating the northern origin of the Drift.

The only marked example in the northern hemisphere, where the rocks have been carried in the opposite direction, or from south to north, is in the plain extending from the Jura mountains to the foot of the Alps. Vast masses of rock torn from the higher Alps have been scattered in profusion, not only over the valley of the Rhone, but over the highest summits of the Jura range. This distribution is so exceptional to that seen in the rest of Europe, as to leave no doubt that it was the result of local circumstances, which are easy of explanation.

The appearances presented by the stones of the Drift afford some important indications of their past history. Many of these are rounded; such, for instance, as had been long exposed to the action of agitated waters, and especially those which had been washed by breakers on the sea coast. But a large number are sharply angular, rendering it improbable that they had ever been made the sport of the waves. How much rude tossing can be borne with comparative impunity, may, it is true, be witnessed every day at the nearest railway station. The rapid *glissades* which angular boxes make from the tops of railway trains, and the bump with which considerate officials suffer them to reach the *arête* of the station floor, makes us marvel at the resisting power with which some objects are endowed. But even the mildest treatment leaves its marks behind, and after noting the battered angles of our newest portmanteau, though it have been but once in the soft hands of a railway porter, we have no faith in the transportation of rocks by violent currents without the latter leaving traces of their action. But the rocks in question bear no such traces. Though often of brittle material, and found hundreds of miles away from their native home, the sharpness of their angles suggests that they might have travelled in a bale of Sea-Islands cotton. The transporting agent evidently combined force and gentleness, resistless power and a zephyr's breath. Blocks many tons in weight have been carried as easily as the 'Great Eastern' carries her Union Jack, and yet have suffered no more from their journey than they would have done if they had been packed in gossamer, and floated on a cloud.

Many of the stones of the Drift are streaked and grooved with parallel scratches; and when the mass reposes upon rock that is sufficiently hard to retain sculptured impressions, the

latter is frequently scored in a similar manner. That these markings on the substratum are not the result of accidental wear and tear is proved by the fact that they almost always follow a regular direction, ***which direction corresponds with that along which the blocks have travelled,*** viz., within a few degrees east or west of a north and south line. Streaks thus regularly arranged whatever may be the structure and cleavage of the rock on which they occur, and following the same direction at remote localities, require some common cause which could exercise its forces in the same direction.

About the time when the discovery of the facts just described was rendering it evident that diluvial action could not have accumulated the Drift, Dr. Buckland and Professor Agassiz made the startling announcement that the great valleys diverging from the Peak of Snowdon, had, at a comparatively recent period, been filled with glaciers, such as stream from most mountains rearing their heads above the line of perpetual snow. Similar evidence was also obtained proving that the mountains of the Lake district, and of Scotland, had been similarly furnished with icy streams. Three circumstances occurring in these upland valleys testified to the fact just affirmed: viz., the projection from the ground of huge rounded rocks, deprived of all the angles that characterize similar strata at the higher parts of the mountain, the frequent existence of grooved markings on the surfaces of such rocks as were hard enough to retain them, and the peculiar arrangements which the heaps of Drift very often exhibited. Whoever is familiar with those wild regions where—

> 'The glacier's cold and restless mass
> Moves onward day by day,'

is aware that the sides and bottoms of each valley, along which the ice descends, are grooved and scratched in a direction corresponding with that in which the ice moves. These scratches are formed by the ice of the glacier which flows steadily downwards towards the lower valleys. We must not pause to weigh the opposing arguments of Professors Forbes and Tyndal, who advance different explanations of the nature of this motion. About the main fact there is no question. As the ice travels onward, stones and earth, falling through the deep cracks or *crevasses* with which it is fissured, find their way between the ice and the rocks over which it glides. Some of these become attached to the under surface of the ice, converting it into a gigantic file, rasping in parallel grooves every surface over which it slides; whilst others, remaining loose, contribute to the pro-

duction of similar effects, though in a less regular manner. All these interlopers combine to plough deep furrows on the mountain side, and a long continuance of the same action necessarily rounds off all angular projections from the surface of the valley. However hard the rocks may be, in time they become worn into the shapes recognised by Alpine travellers under the name of *roches moutonnées*. Familiar with the results of glacial action amid Alpine valleys, Buckland and Agassiz soon recognised in the phenomena of the valleys of Snowdon the evidence of a similar agency.

Another and more obvious consequence of glacier action is the formation of the *Moraine*. The rocks and stones detached from the mountains rising above the glacier, fall upon the latter, and are carried along with it in its downward course. But a point is soon reached where the warmth of the lower valleys melts the ice and arrests its progress. The depth to which the glaciers descend, mainly depends upon local climate, and consequently varies in different parallels of latitude. On the frozen shores of Spitzbergen and Smith's Sound they reach the sea. In Switzerland they rarely encroach upon the lower valleys; such climates as those of Chamouni and the Allée Blanche being fatal to their further advance. At the same time some limited variations are constantly taking place in their extension. Thus the great Gorner Glacier, descending from the snowy peaks of Monte Rosa, and sweeping past the crags of the Riffelhorn, is steadily encroaching upon the valley of Zermatt, whilst the Findelen Glacier, a twin ice-stream passing down the northern side of the Hochthaligrat, and entering one of the eastern tributaries of the Zermatt valley, is now receding towards its mountain source. In all those cases the rubbish brought down by the ice accumulates at its melting extremity, forming a *terminal moraine*. When the glacier is receding, this moraine is not usually so conspicuous as when it is advancing; because, in the latter instance, in addition to the ordinary moraine, the ice ploughs up and pushes forward the loose soil, which is thus converted into a huge mound extending across the valley, penetrated only by the stream which always issues from under the melting ice. Precisely similar mounds were found in Wales, in positions where nothing but ice could have placed them; thus all the leading characteristics of glacial action were shown to exist within the Principality. The observations of Professor Ramsay and others have confirmed the conclusions arrived at by their predecessors. There is no reason to doubt that glaciers of vast thickness once streamed down the Pass of Llanberis, extending beyond the western end of Llyn Padarn, and along Nant

Francon, as far as the slate quarries of Penrhyn, as well as through the other valleys that radiate from the great central peak of Snowdon. Similar, though less extensive, evidence has been supplied by various valleys in Scotland: consequently, the fact that the climate of our islands was once sufficiently cold to cover the mountains with perpetual snow, and fill the valleys with ice, is no longer to be questioned. The first discovery of the facts just recorded led many to suspect that the Drift was merely an extension of the Moraine. The scratched stones which it contained, and the grooved rocks on which it rested, made such a suggestion natural. But the Drift was far too widely diffused to be capable of being referred to so limited an agency. It was not credible that the greater part of both hemispheres should have been, at one and the same time, covered with glaciers. Besides, the hypothesis afforded no explanation of the huge rocks already referred to as embedded in stratified sand, nor of the existence of sea-shells in the gravels. But once on the right track, geologists were not long in obtaining the true solution of the problem. That ice had been largely instrumental in transporting the Drift, was sufficiently obvious; and that water had played some part in the operation, was equally so. Bearing in mind what has just been affirmed respecting the frequency of glaciers in these latitudes, and their descent to the sea-level, it was legitimate to transfer a part of the work from the terrestrial glacier to the floating iceberg. Such a transfer met all the requirements of the case. It provided a resistless transporting force, acting over areas where tranquil seas were simultaneously accumulating the finest sediments; and all who were familiar with the facts to be explained, felt that the problem was solved.

That a large proportion of the icebergs which abound in Arctic seas were once fragments, either of glaciers, or of the belt of shore-ice common in northern regions, was well demonstrated by Dr. Kane, during his melancholy residence in Smith's Sound. The shore ice becomes broken up during the summer, and, as its fragments float away, they carry off many of the boulders forming the strand to which the ice had been united. Some of the class of glacier icebergs were derived from such glaciers as reached the edges of lofty cliffs, over which they were impelled, until their own weight caused them to break off and fall into the sea. Others were derived from glaciers which, like the enormous one in Smith's Sound named after the illustrious Humboldt, descended to the ordinary sea level, and plunged beneath the water. In such cases the upward pressure occasioned by the buoyancy of the ice, breaks off huge masses, which

rise to the surface, and float away. In both cases the ice left the land ladened with the stones that formed their moraines, many of which would be grooved and streaked, and often include rocky fragments of incredible dimensions. Though several Arctic voyagers have observed large rocks attached to floating icebergs, Dr. Kane has furnished the most remarkable evidence of the extent to which ice-rafts are the chartered carriers in these northern regions. Many of the stones carried away by the shore-ice, would be rounded by the action of the surf, previous to the strand becoming ice-bound; whilst such as were brought down by glaciers would more frequently be angular. The course which icebergs now pursue in the Arctic Ocean, affords ample illustration of the origin of Drift. They are driven to and fro by winds and oceanic currents, until myriads of them escape through Davis's Straits. They then travel southward, in vast shoals, towards the warmer parts of the Atlantic, where they have caused the destruction of many a gallant bark. Entering a warmer climate, they rapidly melt, and, as they do so, they strew the bed of the sea with materials brought from the distant north. We now find no difficulty in understanding how the huge rock became embedded in the finer sand. The tranquil depths of the ocean, but gently moved by slow currents, may be depositing sand or mud of the utmost fineness; whilst, overhead, a succession of these icy transports may be dropping into the sandy deposits, blocks, like the Bowder stone or the Teufelstein, which so perplex the travellers to Borrowdale or the St. Gothard Pass. Shielded by the ice in which they had hitherto been embedded, such masses would retain every ridge which characterized them when first torn from their rocky beds; and after their descent through the water, soon becoming enclosed in the soft deposits forming the floor of the ocean, they would be protected from all further wear and tear. Should some future age witness the upheaval of the submarine strata, and reveal these beds to some uncreated race of post-millennial geologists, the stones they contained would be found as sharply angular, as at the moment when the melting of the ice abruptly brought their travels to an end.

Of course the above arguments require us to admit that the climate of the globe was once colder than it now is. That it has undergone great changes, no one doubts; and if it were once warmer than at present, there is no reason why it may not at another time have been colder; and we have abundant evidence that it was so. Venetz, Charpentier, and Agassiz, have shown beyond question that, in the valleys of Switzerland, the glaciers formerly reached much lower levels than is now the case. They

even think it probable that the valley of the Rhone was once filled with a vast sea of ice derived conjointly from the Bernese Oberland and the Pennine Alps; and which even reached the summits of the Jura, strewing the latter with granites brought from the highest Alpine peaks. We think there are strong reasons against accepting so startling a conclusion. It is more probable that all the country in question, westward of the eastern extremity of the Lake of Geneva, was covered by the same ocean that rolled over so much of Europe during that period; and that the Alpine glaciers so far extended beyond their present limits, that they all reached this ocean. That such changes have occurred at a time geologically recent, though historically remote, is an unquestionable fact. To inquire into the causes of those changes would be foreign to our present object; we will, therefore, turn to the records of the animal life of the glacial age, which have been handed down to us abundantly,—a history more fertile in real marvels than that of *Baron Munchausen*, or the *Arabian Nights*.

Were we seriously to tell the rustic, whose travels never extended beyond his market town, that the fields he is engaged in tilling were once covered with forests, the recesses of which were the home of the elephant and the rhinoceros; that in them lions, leopards, bears, and hyænas had lived, feeding upon huge bisons and thick-skinned hippopotami;—the man would give his informant but one pitying look before thinking of the nearest lunatic asylum. Yet that such was the case is but a small part of the marvellous history which belongs to the Drift. But before dwelling on some of the special discoveries relating to this branch of our subject, we must make a few remarks on the present distribution of living animals. Our readers will thus learn how dominant *law* is over all the circumstances connected with the distribution of animal creation, and also how constant have been the great phenomena of nature, during past ages, in these leading features.

Zoologists have mapped out the world into zoological regions or provinces. These are regions of variable size, each of which is characterised by the presence of special forms of animal life, and the absence of others. Thus Australia is known by its kangaroos, opossums, and a host of allied animals, called *Marsupial*, because furnished with a *marsupium*, or abdominal pouch, in which they nurse their callow young. Africa is characterized by its huge plant-eating mammals, such as the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the giraffe, with clouds of wild antelopes, representing the deer of other climes. Along with these are the large flesh-eating creatures,—the lions and hyænas which, notwithstanding the comfortable assurances to the contrary of

Livingstone and Gordon Cumming, render travelling in that country slightly unpleasant. On crossing to South America, we find that these creatures have disappeared, and are only represented by llamas and alpachas, suggesting no more alarming associations than Titus Salt and Bradford manufactures. A few small *Carnivora* are dignified by the natives as American lions, whilst some marsupial opossums remind us of Australia. But in the place of the African giants, we have numerous *Edentata*, as they are termed; creatures which have no front teeth, and some of them no teeth at all; the latter living in happy ignorance of that

> 'venom'd stang
> That shoots our tortured gums alang.'

The majority of these are animals that feed upon the leaves of trees; and, by means of large curved claws, hang amongst their branches. Sydney Smith's description of the sloth, the best-known representative of its class, will be remembered by many of our readers. 'He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense,—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.' But, besides these clumsy sloths, there is a subterranean race of armadilloes, which are cased in a panoply of bony mail, and burrow like rabbits into the sandy soil. A third group of toothless ant-eaters, with snouts like prize cucumbers, and tongues like postboys' whips, demolish ants until weary of feasting, and then, rolling themselves up in their own shaggy tails, sleep in cheery defiance of both wind and weather.

The islands of New Zealand constitute a province of a very different character. We have often realized the intense disgust of a Meltonian, or a Highland deer-stalker, on closing their first field-day in these islands. The largest land animal that could fall before their rifles would be a bat, and a rat; and the last not a native, but, like themselves, an importation. In the bird line, there is the Apterix, a Welsh cousin of the ostrich, whose shortness of leg is compensated for by length of beak: its wingless body, covered with feathers that look like hairs, would leave the hunter in doubt whether he was pursuing a bird or a beast; and, after satisfying himself that he was in chase of veritable game, a sportsman with whom shooting a woodcock otherwise than flying was a worse offence than bribing a voter, would scarcely point his gun at a bird that no setter could flush. These wingless birds constitute the great feature of New Zealand zoology.

In the Gallapagos Islands, a small group on the western coast

of South America, we reach an *El Dorado* of reptiles, where the traveller finds his narrow woodland path disputed by a gigantic tortoise, and his sea-bathing disturbed by the ugly proximity of a long-tailed swimming lizard.

The northern and central parts of Europe, Asia, and North America, appear to constitute one vast province within which the animals have a common character, though the species vary in the different countries. The bear, the fox, the badger, the beaver, the deer, and various wild oxen, appear to constitute the leading mammalian types found through these wide areas. As we proceed southwards from any part of this vast province, we find southern types largely intermingling with the northern ones. Thus, as we advance through the Southern States of America, the opossums of Virginia and Mexico become mingled with the deer and bears of the North. In like manner Southern Asia approaches the African provinces in the elephants, rhinoceri, and gigantic flesh-eating animals of the Indian jungles.

Even from these hurried sketches we see that animals are not accidentally scattered over the globe, but that their distribution is regulated by law; and it affords interesting proof of the long continued operation of such laws, that as various parts of the globe are now characterized by the nature of their living animals, so it was when the Drift was deposited. With some special modifications, such dry land as formerly existed, in the provinces we have described, was tenanted by animals *belonging to the same tribes as are now living there;* but the fossil remains that are so abundantly met with, are chiefly those species that have long been extinct. At the present day the elephants of Africa are distinct from those of India, and the deer of Northern Asia alike differ from those of Northern Europe and of America: so are most of the fossil creatures distinct from the living ones. The former have passed away; the latter, which have supplied their places, have not been lineal descendants of their predecessors, modified by time, but new creations, though cast in moulds similar to the species which they have supplanted. Just as at present, the ancient Northern Province of Europe, Asia, and America, has been the widest in its range. In addition it has contained elements which, in the present day, are limited to India and Africa. Elephants, now confined to tropical and subtropical regions, then ranged over a great part of the world. They have abounded from Cape Comorin to the shores of the Icy Ocean, and from Eastern Siberia to the Rocky Mountains. Even in our own island there have been found in the Drift remains of at least two species of oxen, the extinct *Bos primigenius*, and the living musk ox of the Polar Circle; two stags,

the red deer and the Irish elk; one elephant, but that existing in vast numbers; an extinct native horse, a leopard, a hippopotamus, a hyæna, two species of rhinoceros, and four species of bear:—an appalling catalogue, making us thankful for the geological changes that have freed us from such ferocious neighbours. In the corresponding district of North America, there also abounded the gigantic Mastodon, belonging to another type of elephants now extinct.

In South America, the fossil animals chiefly belong to the class of Sloths and Armadilloes; but the extinct kinds bear about the same relation to the living ones that the 'Great Eastern' does to a Thames tug. The Megatherium and the Mylodon were huge sloths; but, so far from 'living suspended,' like their present representatives, they were strong and heavy enough to tear the trees up by the roots, occasionally, if we are to believe Professor Owen, getting their own crowns cracked by the falling trunks. The Glyptodon was a gigantic armadillo, enclosed in a bony case as big as a covered cart, and strong enough to have resisted the blows of a battering ram; when he drew his head within this redoubtable fortress, he was able to hold his own against all comers, and 'win, like Fabius, by delay.' The fossil Macrauchenia was a creature more allied to the American llama than to any other living animal; whilst the remains of monkeys found in the bone-caves of Brazil belong to a recent long-tailed group still found exclusively in that quarter of the globe. We thus learn that the fossil animals of the South American Drift belong, with few exceptions, to the same *classes* as those now living there. One of the exceptions is interesting. The plains of South America abound in wild horses; but these are not genuine natives. They are the descendants of animals originally imported by the Spaniards. As is well known, the Peruvian and Mexican natives had never seen the creature, and when they first encountered the Spanish cavalry, they were more afraid of the horse than of his rider. But South America had once a wild horse of its own, the bones of which occur along with those of the Glyptodons and Megatheria of the same age, and with them became extinct.

Crossing from America to Australia, we meet with new illustrations of the law of ancient distribution, to which we have already referred. The fossil mammalia of this fifth quarter of the globe have chiefly been found in caverns, corresponding with that of Kirkdale, imbedded in a recent calcareous substance, termed 'Breccia.' The exact age of these deposits is open to some discussion; but, in all probability, they belong to the latest periods of the European Drift. The fossils found in

them are chiefly remains of marsupials, and especially of kangaroos, but belonging to much larger species of animals than any now living. Some bones were discovered, which were at first thought to belong to the hippopotamus; but Professor Owen has shown them to be those of a huge wombat, a creature still characteristic of Australian soil.

Until within the last twenty years we knew little respecting the Drift deposits of New Zealand; but when a missionary sent to England some huge bones of what appeared to be an extinct race of ostriches, it became evident that in those islands a field of new and deep interest awaited investigation. Fortunately the country was visited by Mr. Walter Mantell, the son of the distinguished writer whose loss so many provincial geologists have reason to deplore.* That gentleman not only collected finer specimens of these bones than had hitherto been obtained, but ascertained the nature of the deposits in which they were found. The birds belong to the latest part of the Drift period, and in all probability lived to be the contemporaries of man in these islands. Many of the bones belonged to the Moa, a Titanic race of wingless birds, of which the living Apterix is the degenerate representative. Associated with them were the bones of a curious genus of ground parrots still living in the country; and also of a huge rail or water hen supposed to be extinct. The history of the latter bird affords a useful proof how correct and trustworthy are the conclusions of our more cautious palæontologists. The fossil bones in question were determined to be those of a rail, but of a different species from any still known to be living. Mr. Mantell was so fortunate as to obtain a recent specimen of the bird, the first that had been seen by any European. Some seal hunters recognised a new track on the snow, and, guided by it, succeeded in capturing the bird itself. As had been determined from the study of the fossil bones, it proved to be a new rail of large size and gorgeous beauty. Its forefathers had been the companions of the huge Moas, whose existence in life had long since become a tradition of the past;† but the Notornis had survived their destruction, a lone monument of a bygone age, and doomed, we fear, to be one of the last of its race.

---

* Few men have done so much to make geology popular with the multitude as Gideon Mantell. Though some of his later works occasionally elicited a sneer from the pedants of his time, they found their way into circles which more profound dissertations would never have entered. The *Wonders of Geology* and the *Medals of Creation* did more to spread the taste for geology amongst the unlearned, than any work that has appeared since the publication of Dr. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*.

† Traditions of the former existence of these birds are preserved amongst the natives.

We have already mentioned the discovery of Kirkdale cave, and the bones of animals found embedded beneath its floor of stalagmite. Similar caverns containing bones have been found in various parts of the world. The exact age of these caverns is not always easily ascertained, but the majority of them appear to belong to the later section of the glacial age, when the climate had become warmer, and the land had assumed much of its present form. Some of these caverns in Europe were the dens of hyænas, others of bears, whilst those of the remoter parts of the world contain the animals characterizing the provinces in which they are found. Belonging to the same age as the caverns, is another group of deposits formed in fresh-water lakes and estuaries, or under similar conditions to those producing the huge peat bogs still so common in mountain and moorland districts. These fresh-water deposits usually rest upon and fill depressions in the glacial drift, though occasionally they are overlaid by layers of gravel which was apparently marine. It is obvious that they were of more modern origin than the drift on which they rest; but that both belong to the same geological age is shown by the fossils they contain. The animals are identical with those of which we have already spoken. They are the elephants and rhinoceri of the glacial period; but they are usually mingled with fresh-water shells of the same species as those still living in the ponds and ditches of the neighbouring fields. It being a well known fact that, of all creatures, land and fresh-water shells are the most sensitive to changes of climate, these ancient lakes must have deposited their sediments under similar skies to those of the present time.

We must not fail to note the fact that shells are also found in the Drifts of the earlier age amongst the scored stones which we have identified with glacial action; but instead of being all identical with those now living in these latitudes, they thoroughly sustain the conclusions drawn from the physical phenomena. Sir Charles Lyell correctly says, that most of them 'are now living either in the British or more northern seas, the shells of the more Arctic latitudes being the most abundant, and the most wide-spread throughout the entire area from North to South.'* This prevalence of fossil shells which still flourish amidst the icebergs of the North clearly demonstrates how greatly the climate under which they lived differed from that of the preceding age. We are aware that many of our readers will probably doubt the compatibility of tigers and elephants with snowy skies and frozen seas; but happily we can put such

* *Manual*, p. 132.

doubts to rest by the most positive evidence. In some parts of Siberia, the carcasses of several of these extinct animals have actually been discovered encased in the frozen soil of the cliffs overhanging the Lena and other rivers. These retained their skin and hair, and in some instances even the flesh was preserved through the wondrous antiseptic powers of cold and ice; so that when, after falling bodily from the cliff, the ice was melted by the sun, wolves and bears consumed the putrid flesh of the entombed animals. Both the elephant and the rhinoceros were clothed with thick long hair, fitted to protect them from the cold, which is not the case with their living representatives. The investing hair of the mammoth or extinct elephant was of three kinds: first, long coarse hair, from twelve to sixteen inches long; then reddish brown hair, about four inches in length; and then a short inner covering of wool, about an inch in thickness. The above facts lead us to two conclusions: First, that these creatures, and, by inference, all such as were associated with them, lived in a country so cold, that their dead bodies could become permanently embedded in preserving ice, before decomposition had destroyed their flesh and dismembered their limbs. This could not have been the case had their home been remote from glacial regions. But, secondly, we have the still more conclusive fact, that they were prepared for living in such regions by a clothing denied to their modern relatives. Thus the conditions under which these animals occur, and the appearances they present, sustain the conclusions drawn from the physical signs furnished by the Drift, and from its fossil shells; viz., that the whole mass had been deposited under wintry skies and an icy sea.

Having thus brought before our readers some examples of the dry facts from which the history of the Drift is derived, we may attempt to trace some of the changes that must have succeeded each other in our own latitudes. During the earliest Tertiary ages, when the shelly deposits of the London and Paris basins were forming, the climate seems to have been a tropical one. Bright suns shone on waters teeming with the huge sharks and crocodiles of the South. The shells and corals were those of warmer oceans; and the quadrupeds then existing were peculiar to their age. Respecting the geography of that period we are ignorant; but we know that, wherever such shelly deposits as those of London and Paris occur, there rolled a sea of moderate depth; whilst the clays of Sheppey, rich in their fossil fruits, tell of neighbouring ranges of palm-clad lands. As the middle Tertiary period dawned, though some regions were uplifted and others sank, the climate underwent little change; but in the

forests there now appeared a race of creatures destined soon to overspread the earth. Though doomed to flourish in a chilly age, the Mammoths and the Mastodons sprang into life amid more genial influences. Descendants of the fossil shells, associated with the bones of these progenitors of a mighty race, yet survive in southern waters; and, even at a later period, when the 'Crag' of Suffolk was accumulating beneath a chalybeate sea, the creatures enjoyed the luxury of a Mediterranean climate. But a time was at hand, fertile in mighty changes. Whether for a season the sun hid his face, or, through some disturbance in the vast laboratories of the heavens, he lost his heat-giving power, we know not; but the seas became cooler, and the shells, shrinking from frigid streams, retreated towards the south. But the huge quadrupeds, shielded by woolly vestments, clung to their ancient homes, and battled successfully with encroaching snows. Half-frozen waves rolled over what are now the Drift-covered plains and valleys of our Island. Here and there, huge mountains reared their white summits above the waters. Snowdon stood in imperial grandeur towards the south; whilst Ben Nevis contended with Ben Mac Dui for the supremacy of the north. But all their slaty crags were now hidden beneath mantles of virgin snow, and cataracts of ice poured down their sides into the ocean,* carrying on their bosoms the shattered rocks hurled down by many a wintry storm. As suns rose and set, a thousand icebergs, floating from north to south, reflected glowing beams; now bending their course across an eastern sea, whose wide horizon was broken only by their crystal peaks; now winding through narrow channels between rugged isles, and often stranding on their sloping shores. Some of these came from distant lands. The Fiords of the Dovrefeld sent their contingents to this frozen fleet; the glaciers of Ben Nevis, and the shore-ice of Shap, were represented there; each frost-bound valley and ice-girt shore added some fragment, and sent to more southern climes their spoils of rock. But, as they travelled on, warmer rays from heaven dissolved their flanks, and trickling streams revealed the wasting of their bulk. Huge rocks and stones, loosed from their melting sides, sank in the tranquil deep, and strewed its

* Mr. Trimmer found the remains of *marine* shells in the Drift at Moel Tryfan, at an elevation of 1,300 feet above the sea, and on some of the Welsh mountains the Drift was found at an elevation of 2,300 feet; proving that the present land was submerged to that extent. Huge blocks of Shap-Fell granite rest on the two sides of Stainmoor, at elevations of 1,360 and 1,440 feet. Of course, if the sea reached these elevations, about which there is no doubt, it follows that all the plains and most of the valleys of the British Islands must have been under water.

floor. From time to time, strange gigantic beasts roamed round the icy rafts, and vainly strove to escape their fate. Meanwhile, in the North and West, some unknown continents, clothed with arctic pines, afforded homes to a vast mammoth race. There they cropped juicy shoots of the pine-tree; amidst the rocky crags, bears and hyænas prowled in nightly chase of food; wide-antlered elks browsed on the sedgy plains, and all the land teemed with ferocious life. But years rolled on, and kindlier suns shone through the unwarmed skies. The hidden fires of earth upheaved her frame, and, slowly rising from the ocean's lap, new continents appeared, overspread with slimy mud: from this virgin soil, oaks, elms, and all the trees that now give beauty to our woods, sprang into life. Birches and alders fringed the shallow pools, where water-snails crawled over flags and reeds; and, amidst these leafy shades, the mammoths and their comrades found new homes. The solid earth still rose and fell, changing both land and sea. As Europe rose, the ancient lands in the far West and North slowly sank. The giant beasts, receding before the encroaching waves, spread over the newer lands, and cropped the vegetation of a soil manured by the bones of their ancestors. But resistless fate was hastening their destruction. Some fell in stagnant pools, and fœtid mud enclosed their bones. Some sank in flowing streams, which bore them ocean-ward, and there, in silent depths, they found a lasting home. The earth slowly assumed its present form of 'flood and fell;' but, for a time, a wide-spread plain stretched far into the South, uniting England with the Iberian coast. The climate grew in warmth; the vast glaciers of Europe receded to their present bounds, amidst the valleys of the Dovrefeld and of the Alps. The ravined sides of Snowdon ceased to be the ice-clad fiords of an arctic sea. Yet a little longer, the huge beasts continued a protracted life; ravenous hyænas took refuge within the caverns of Mendip and of Kirkdale; whilst the mammoth and the hippopotamus still furnished them with daily food. Bears gambolled on the slopes of Devon, and found nightly shelter in the recesses of Kent's Hole. But this ancient dispensation finally passed away. The mammoths, and their huge companions, were seen no more. The hyæna ceased to howl amongst the rocks, and the hippopotamus to wallow in the pools. The broad-antlered elk of Ireland, the latest lingerer of this ancient band, seemed loth to quit the leafy glades in which it now reclined, but in its eve of life a new-created race invaded its domain. Wolves, deer, and foxes sought its shady haunts, and witnessed its decline; and probably hunted down the last members of that gallant herd.

Once more broad lands were sunk beneath the wave. The stormy seas of Biscay detached our country from the Iberian shore, and one narrow strait prolonged into the north completed the severance. Our island was thus prepared for the freedom which we now enjoy. The surrounding water preserved us from the innumerable political complications of a frontier line, and a geographical foundation was laid for our national greatness.

We trust that we have succeeded in conveying to the minds of our readers some idea of the relations subsisting between the various portions of the Drift and the present period. Though the epoch of the extinct animals possessed many features in common with that which succeeded it, nevertheless the two ages were widely separated from each other in point of time. We have seen that the mammalian animals of the earlier, were rarely identical with those living during the later of these periods. Between the two creations of which those animals are respectively the fruit, intervened some of those mighty revolutions in the physical world that so often separated one geological epoch from another. It is true that there never was a time when these physical changes were not progressing. They have largely altered the face of the earth during the historic period, and are yet doing so. Our globe is far from being the stable thing it is ordinarily thought to be. Even whilst we write, some lands are rising, others sinking. The sea is encroaching upon the land in one place, and surrendering its spoils to the husbandman in another. A succession of volcanic forces is adding to the height of the southern Andes, by lifting Chili and Peru still higher above the level of the Pacific Ocean. Though proceeding with slower steps, Bothnia and Finland are following the same course, and promise, in some future age, to convert their navigable gulfs into one huge lagoon. But whilst these lands were rising, wide areas in Southern Cutch have been covered by the sea. The towers and walls of Sindree barely project above the water. The coral islands of the sunny South are sinking deeper and deeper in a fathomless ocean. Even in our own island, the coasts of Holderness are sharing the same fate. The town of Ravenspurn exists only in the records of the Plantagenet Kings. Kilnsea, Owthorne, Auburn, Hartburn, and Hyde are all gone. The encroaching sea has swallowed them up. Hence, when we speak of changing levels, we refer to things still progressing before our eyes, and do not appeal to the imaginations of our readers. Changes are also taking place amongst the lower animals, many of which have become extinct within historic periods. The Dodo flourished in the Mauritian

forests when the prows of Mascarenhas first penetrated the Indian waters; and, even at a later date, the bird provided the Batavian colonists with the choicest fare; but it exists no longer. In like manner, the Solitaire has ceased to dwell amongst the rocks of Roderigues. The wingless Apterix and the brilliant Notornis of New Zealand are hastening to a common destruction with the native races amongst which they linger. Man and bird have dwelt on the same islands through countless ages, but the nineteenth century bids fair to see the end of both. But though we have abounding proofs that such changes are now progressing, they are too small in amount to attract the attention of other than scientific men. The cumulative results can only be seen through the telescope of time. Ages must roll away before they can become sufficiently obvious to attract the notice of casual observers. Though identical in kind with some of the revolutions affecting the earth in earlier ages, the aggregate of all the changes, physical or vital, which history has recorded, sinks into nothingness when compared with those marking the post-glacial period. These affected the whole earth, both in its great geographical features, and in the most conspicuous of the animals by which it was tenanted. Such changes could not have taken place within the historic age without being observed, and the record of them handed down either by history or tradition. Besides, we know that the present configuration of the globe is essentially the same as it was at the time to which we refer our earliest monuments. But during the Glacial period sea and land exchanged places on a gigantic scale. The greater part of the land now in the northern hemisphere was then covered with water, whilst much of what then existed has disappeared under the sea. Since that time, continents have become archipelagos, and the floors of oceans been uplifted into extended plains. Subsequently to the occurrence of these revolutions, nearly all the larger animals which dwelt on the globe whilst they were in progress, have been swept away, and replaced by new creations; a change that could not have occurred during the last six thousand years, without leaving behind it some traditional records. The Bible and the ancient sculptures equally enable us to affirm that, during at least four thousand years, no such vast revolutions have taken place. The mummy-pits of Egypt demonstrate that the bulls, crocodiles, cats, and ibisses, before which the priests of Isis and Osiris bent the knee more than three thousand years ago, were the same as yet frequent the banks of the Nile. Many of the animal forms sculptured on the Assyrian marbles can be readily identified with those still living in the East. The geographical features of

Egypt and Palestine have undergone little alteration since the days of Abraham; as we ascend the stream of time, we obtain accumulating evidence how slowly progressive have been the changes affecting both the physical and the animal worlds.

By applying the knowledge which we thus derive from the present operations of nature to the explanation of the past, we learn how remote must have been the period at which the Mastodons and the Mammoths of the Glacial age disappeared, and consequently how much more remote the age which witnessed their creation: and when we remember that during the interval the earth has been re-modelled; that the land has found new boundaries, and the sea new shores; that islands have become continents, and continents have disappeared; we must admit that these are not changes of centuries, but of cycles,—cycles unmeasured by human standards, and which even the vast periods recognised by astronomers fail to embrace. It is in vain to resist the conclusions to which such facts inevitably lead; upheld by unbroken chains of evidence, they can as little be shaken by the assaults of incredulity as Mont Blanc can be moved by the avalanches that thunder into his ravines. A few rocks and stones may be detached from the mountain side, as geology requires to be freed from minor errors; but, viewed in reference to the mighty whole, these are trivial things. The Monarch of Mountains will retain his eternal throne, and the broad foundations of geological science will never be shaken.

Such readers as were not already familiar with this subject, will now, we trust, understand the meaning of some facts which we have not hitherto dwelt upon, but to which the recent discoveries in Picardy have given some importance. Aware of the wide diversities of opinion to which these facts have led, and the startling nature of the conclusions which they apparently suggest, we wish to deal with the question in a cautious spirit. We have no sympathy with those who would reject, without fair examination, all such discoveries in science as appear contradictory to generally accepted theological dogmas; but we are equally unprepared to abandon our faith in these dogmas, until the evidence, on the strength of which we are invited to do so, is such as no candid searcher after truth can resist. Neither of these courses is consistent with the apostolic injunction to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. The one characterizes the school of bigotry, the other that of credulity; to neither of which do we belong. The Sacred College may strive to crush free inquiry, and the

Agassiz', Notts', and Gliddons may revel in what they think is fatal to biblical chronology; we can do neither, since each of these courses is as mischievous as the other: but we fear that the former of these methods of dealing with new discoveries is not always confined to the Romanist theologians. An unwillingness on the part of many Protestant divines to weigh the conclusions arrived at by cautious philosophers has proved a serious hinderance to the reception of the Gospel by scientific men. Theology itself has suffered injury and discredit, by the identification of ancient and popular dogmas with divinely inspired truth; and when the discoveries of science were found to be in apparent contradiction to the word of God as commonly interpreted, it seemed to be forgotten by all—teachers as well as taught, ministers as well as people—that the old gloss put upon Scripture was not necessarily the true one, and that the traditions of the Church were not competent to stand against the light and testimony afforded by the works of God Himself.*

At the same time, we do not forget that it is part of the Christian minister's mission to guard the sacred text against erroneous interpretations, and that a conservative spirit is essential to the accomplishment of this object. Theologians have a right to demand that every alleged discovery of science which tends to unsettle or reverse some great truth of Scripture as commonly received, should be established by indubitable evidence; and we admit that the present instance is one that calls for the extremest caution on their part.

Numerous instances have been recorded during the last half-century, in which the remains of man were mixed with those of

---

* Some remarks by the Rev. A. S. Farrar are so pertinent to our argument that we make no apology for quoting them.

'The history and growth of systematic theology on the one hand, and of religious scepticism on the other, exhibit marked traces of the constant presence of what may be called Science in Theology. From the time that Theology first arose out of Religion, the speculative theory out of the practical art, it has never failed to receive a tinge from the condition of general knowledge existing, and the methods for the investigation of truth prevalent in each particular age. Itself a kind of science,—so far as a systematic arrangement of principles can constitute science,—it has shared the fate of the other sciences; it has been compelled to take its place among them, and has met with opposition or has received illustrations from them. Its history is marked by epochs of criticism or of scepticism, and which it has had to submit to the investigations of co-ordinate bodies of Physical or Mental Philosophy, sometimes refuting them, sometimes borrowing from them, sometimes surrendering to them. In each of these epochs the difficulties presented have been grounded in some form of Science or Philosophy which has been brought to bear upon Christian Theology; in each of these the restoration or the perpetuation of Christian belief has depended upon the re-adjustment of the new form of thought with the claims of pre-existent religious dogmas. The battle has been metaphysical or scientific, not strictly theological. It has been fought in

the extinct animals of the Drift, and hence some writers have concluded that they had a contemporaneous existence. Hitherto these cases have chiefly occurred in caverns, where such remains were embedded together, either in the mud underlying the stalagmitic floor of the cave, or in the calcareous *breschia* often formed in these places by the slow deposition of lime from the water trickling through the rocks. Unwilling needlessly to disturb the generally received views respecting the age of the human race, geologists have had recourse to every argument calculated to explain these unexpected conjunctions, without disturbing the popular creed. In some of the instances referred to, the need of caution was self-evident, since they proved too much. The contemporaneous life of man and the extinct animals was inferred, by certain writers, from the fact that their bones were often commingled in the same ancient deposits; but at Mallet, in the French department of Gard, the bones of these extinct beasts were associated with *Roman* works of art, and not even the boldest of speculators believed that the elephants and cave bears had lived during the time of the Roman Empire. Hence it followed that the mingling of the bones did not necessarily prove a contemporary life. Such was the decision arrived at by Lyell, Buckland, Mantell, and all the best geologists:—a fair example of the caution with which such men proceed before sanctioning startling conclusions.

But the discoveries recently made at Amiens and Abbeville, in Picardy, are of a class wholly different from those previously noticed in the cavern deposits. The hills in the neighbourhood of these places are of chalk, and are often capped with gravel. That near Amiens, on which the gravel pits of St. Acheul are situated, rises about a hundred feet above the level of the river Somme, and is not commanded by any higher ground. At the top of this hill is a bed of Drift, the lower part of which, resting

---

reference to the premises from which the sceptics or critics have started, not to the conclusions at which they have arrived.'

After illustrating these positions by examples drawn from the times of Origen, of Neo-Platonism, of the Nominalists and Schoolmen of the Middle Ages, of the Reformation, and of the Physicists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mr. Farrar adds:—

'Lastly, the convergence of different lines of thought in the present day; of the Intellectualism of Germany and the Positivism of France; of religious dogmatism and scientific scepticism; and the existence of apparent discrepancies between Theology and the Sciences, are producing a fresh era of criticism, a fresh crisis of doubt. Theology must again listen to secular discoveries, must refute them, or re-adjust its doctrines and its methods to them; and the humblest attempts made without sophistry, in an honest and loving temper, to aid in such a desirable result, must surely be useful.'—Preface to *Science in Theology. By Adam S. Farrar, M.A., &c.*

on the chalk, consists of from six to twelve feet of flint gravel, above which are from two to eight feet of whitish marl and sand, the whole being covered with from ten to fifteen feet of brown brick-earth. The sands and brick-clay contain numerous remains of fresh-water shells, proving that they are fresh-water deposits; and Sir Charles Lyell has concluded that the underlying gravel is also fluviatile, a conclusion in which other geologists agree. The strata occupy their original positions, so far as relates to the chalk in which they rest. They have not been disturbed by any excavations or other human interferences; and that their age is unquestionably that of the later Drift deposits, is proved, not only by their composition, but by the abundance of the fossil bones of the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, bear, cave lion, stag, ox, and horse, which they contain. The arrangements of the deposits at the other localities near Abbeville are substantially the same as in those at Amiens.

In 1849, M. Boucher de Perthes, of Abbeville, published the first part of his *Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluviennes*, in which he announced the discovery, *in the gravel bed forming the base of the series just described*, of flints that had been fashioned by human hands for purposes of war or the chase. Few of our readers require to be reminded that antiquarians recognise three periods into which they divide the age of the European aborigines, characterizing each according to the material employed by these ancient peoples in constructing their weapons and other implements. The earliest of these is termed the age of *stone*, during which all these objects were made of stone, wood, or bone, but especially of the first; the second age is that of *bronze*, when these instruments were constructed first of copper and afterwards of bronze; and, lastly, the age of *iron*, in which this useful material supplanted all those just enumerated. Of course the age of stone was that of the lowest barbarism. In its earliest periods especially, the implements were rude, and of coarse workmanship. At a later period the artificers improved in their efforts, imitating in flint and other stones the more elegant metal weapons which slowly found their way amongst these uncivilized tribes. Wherever the geological structure of the country furnished the savages with flint, it was the material preferred, obviously from the readiness with which it could be chipped into cutting or pointed implements. The objects found by M. Perthes were of flint, believed by him to belong to the earliest part of the age of stone. When first promulgated, these conclusions failed to receive general acceptance. Dr. Mantell spoke of the flints as 'nothing more than accidental forms of pebbles and stones, similar to those

that occur in strata of immense antiquity, and which can never have been fashioned by the hand of man.'* And other geologists equally failed to attach importance to the discoveries of the French antiquarian.

In the year 1858 Dr. Falconer announced the discovery of worked flints mixed with the bones of the rhinoceros and of the extinct cave bear in the Brixham cave in Devonshire; a statement which not only drew attention to the neglected observations of M. Perthes, but also to an early record in the thirteenth volume of *The Archæologia*, detailing the discovery of some flint implements at Hoxne in Suffolk. In the latter instance, as at Amiens and Abbeville, they were said to have been found in gravel, overlaid by sand and brick-clay, and associated with bones of the extinct elephant. Fortunately specimens of these flints are still preserved in the British Museum, and in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries: they correspond as closely with those figured by M. Perthes, as do the circumstances under which they were respectively discovered.†

Early in the present year Mr. Prestwich, whose reputation as a practical and cautious geologist stands so deservedly high, visited Amiens and Abbeville for the purpose of examining the localities where M. Perthes had made his discoveries. He satisfied himself that the observations of that antiquarian had been accurately made, and, as the result of his personal investigation, he concluded, first, that the flint implements were the work of man; second, that they were found in undisturbed ground; third, that they are associated with the remains of extinct mammalia; fourth, that the period when the deposit was formed was a late geological one, though anterior to the time when the surface assumed its present outline, so far as some of its minor features are concerned. Mr. Prestwich was accompanied by Mr. John Evans of the Antiquarian Society, who agreed with the British geologist as to the position and nature of the flints, and who further pointed out that they consist of three classes:—

1. Flint flakes—arrow-heads or knives.

---

* Lecture 'On the Remains of Man and Works of Art embedded in Rocks and Strata,' read at the Oxford Meeting of the Archæological Institute, June 21st, 1850.

† Since the above was written, Professor Henslow has cast a doubt on the circumstances under which the Hoxne celts were discovered. It appears that numerous specimens have been more recently met with in the neighbourhood, but the workmen who picked them up, declare that they were all found *at the surface* of the Drift and embedded in it. If this should be confirmed, it reduces the value of the specimens in question, but in no way affects the French discoveries, since no kind of doubt exists about the position of the flints at Amiens and Abbeville. At the same time it must be observed that Professor Henslow's objections have met with counter-criticism.

2. Pointed weapons, truncated at one end, and probably lance or spear heads.

3. Oval or almond-shaped implements, with a cutting edge all round, possibly used as sling-stones or axes.

Stimulated by these investigations, other geologists have more recently visited the now celebrated locality; amongst whom were Sir Charles Lyell and Professor Ramsay, both of whom fully concur in the conclusions of their predecessors; and, still later, M. Albert Gaudry has caused more extensive excavations to be made in the Amiens gravel-pits, where he discovered additional flint instruments in such positions as left no room for doubting the accuracy of all the alleged facts recorded by the previous observers. Several of the points raised on the first discovery of these objects must now be regarded as indisputably settled, especially the two important ones,—first, that the flint objects were really found in the deposits in question, and, second, that the latter consist of true fluviable drift belonging to the later portion of the glacial age. These deposits have been accumulated prior to the disappearance of the now extinct animals of the Drift, and before the hills on the tops of which they occur had risen above the level of the neighbouring river. But there remains for discussion the important question, whether or not these flints are really the results of human workmanship; on which point different opinions have been expressed.

The geologists to a man believe them to be human productions. Professor Ramsay says, 'For more than twenty years, like others of my craft, I have daily handled stones, whether fashioned by nature or art; and the flint hatchets of Amiens and Abbeville seem to me to be as clearly works of art as any Sheffield whittle.'* The opinion of Dr. Mantell, already referred to, is of no value, since he only saw the figures published by M. Perthes, and had none of the abundant materials for forming an opinion which recent investigations have furnished. On the other hand, some of the leading antiquarians entertain doubts respecting the human origin of the flints. Mr. Thomas Wright unhesitatingly affirms his belief 'that these so-called flint implements are *not* the work of men's hands.'† And, in a second letter, ‡ he asks a significant question, to which we will shortly recur. He says, 'I presume the Drift in which these flint "implements" are found contains other flints. Are any or many of these flints not chipped at all? And are there chipped flints of other forms presenting less appearance of design than

* *Athenæum*, No. 1655, July 16th, 1859. † *Ibid.*, No. 1651, June 18th, 1859.
‡ *Ibid.*, No. 1654, July 9th, 1859.

those now under consideration?' Mr. Cull, of the Ethnological Society, speaks more reservedly, but thinks it 'easier to believe that these flints are not fashioned by art than to believe that they are, with the antiquarian and geological difficulties connected with it.'*

Most observers admit that the objects differ from all such weapons belonging to the Celtic age of stone as have been obtained from tumuli and similar sources. They vary from four to ten inches in length, and have all a lenticular shape, being thick in the middle and thin at the edges, which latter are chipped as a modern workman would cause them to be, if desirous of giving to a common flint a sharp and regular cutting edge. However little these flints may resemble the Celtic ones familiar to antiquarians, they are equally unlike any natural flints which geologists have seen. We are inclined to agree with Professor Ramsay,—and our experience in flint-cracking has not been small,—that the wearing influences either of water or of the atmosphere never produce 'those repeated small fractures at the edge, the result of so many taps, and that peculiar artificial symmetry so evident in the presumed flint hatchets of Abbeville.' Had any one of the specimens displayed the peculiar arrow-headed form so common amongst the Celtic flints, the question would have been settled beyond dispute; but they are chiefly oval, or, at most, spear-shaped. On the other hand, the argument based upon the difference between them and the Celtic weapons is met by the fact that no one says these are Celtic! If the geologists are right, they belong to a pre-Celtic age, which would readily explain their ruder forms. On this point we must confess we place more reliance on the geologists than the antiquarians. The latter can only bring to bear upon the question the experimental knowledge they have derived from the study of similar objects. Having done this, they conclude that, because the flints are unlike the most ancient ones hitherto discovered in tumuli and elsewhere, they are not artificial objects; an argument at once met by the counter argument that, as we have just remarked, the weapons are supposed to belong to a more remote age than the oldest of the Celtic periods with which the antiquarians are familiar; consequently we must not marvel that they differ from all Celtic objects hitherto brought to light in structure and form. No one would reject the unbaked clay urns from the category of Celtic wares, merely because the Minterns and Wedgewoods produce nothing like

* *Athenæum*, No. 1652, June 25th, 1859.

them at the present day. There are fashions amongst savages as well as amongst civilized tribes; and doubtless such fashions affected warlike weapons as well as articles of dress. Just as the rifle is now supplanting Brown Bess, so the lighter Celtic spears and arrows may have displaced the ponderous flints of Abbeville. But whilst the arguments of the antiquarians are negative, those of the geologists, though not exactly positive, assume a more positive aspect. They assert that the inherent qualities of flints would prevent these assuming the forms of the French objects independent of human instrumentality; that no accidental combinations of forces would produce such results. Expose them as you will to either the separate or united action of earth, air, fire, or water, and you will fail to obtain such definite and symmetrical shapes. At the same time our greatest difficulty springs from the reply to be given to Mr. Wright's question. Amongst the specimens collected are some about which even the collectors speak with doubt. Flints occur in these deposits of ruder and less symmetrical forms than what characterize the more perfect examples. Some of these have been regarded as roughly hewn, unfinished specimens; but it appears to us that there is a transition from these latter to others still less perfect, and which bear every appearance of being natural objects.

It is this apparent transition from the highly-finished specimens to the natural flints that constitutes our chief ground for hesitation respecting them: at the same time the difficulty is not sufficient to counterbalance the positive evidence afforded by the more symmetric examples. The arguments that have been raised against their human origin, based on the numbers of the specimens, have no value. The abundance of flint in the chalk of the neighbourhood would probably make the district the seat of a primæval manufactory, whence the more remote countries would obtain their weapons. Catlin informed us how far the American Indians were wont to travel to obtain similar materials for economic purposes. And the discovery, by Mr. Tindall and others, of numerous flint weapons of the true Celtic type in the chalky soil near Flamborough Head, furnishes a somewhat parallel case of aggregation in a district where suitable flints abounded. How the numerous implements at Amiens and Abbeville found their way into the bed of a stream, which they must have done, can never be ascertained; nor is it more clear why, supposing them to be works of art, no other traces of human remains accompany them. These are problems awaiting solution. Meanwhile, it would be presumptuous and unwarrantable, on the part of any man, to assert the high antiquity of our race upon

such slight and insufficient evidence. All the negative testimony, even of geological science, omitting these alleged exceptions, is in favour of that comparatively modern epoch known as the *annus mundi*. We have no wish to contend for any very strict interpretation of the Scripture chronology; but the addition of a few thousand years would go only a little way to meet the hypothesis of those who contend that these are human relics of vast antiquity, while all profane as well as sacred history utters a silent but consistent protest against an extension so indefinitely great. We have every reason then to suspend our final judgment. If divines have their prejudices, so philosophers have their moments of enthusiasm; and it is only just that Time should be allowed to arbitrate between them.

ART. V.—*The Great Tribulation: or, The Things coming on the Earth.* By the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

INNUMERABLE are the schemes of prophetic chronology which have appeared, and disappeared, in the course of the Christian Church. Ever since our Lord's departure from the earth, and His promise to return, there have been men anxious to calculate the unrevealed interval. Some of these, pervaded with seemly awe, have held the mystic measuring-reed with a trembling hand; others have advanced with ignorant assurance, conceiving that with the foot-rule of their own understanding they could measure the approaches to the heavenly city. Viewing these speculations as a whole, they have worthily helped to fulfil the Lord's purpose, that our thoughts should be much occupied with the hope of His return; a theme from which, not the intrusive cares of this world only, but many even of the disputations of theology tend but too successfully to distract our attention. The very failures and errors of these speculations have been instructive. The inherent wildness of some of them, —their mutual contrarieties,—the remorseless blows with which the hand of time has shattered one after another of these ingenious and cherished structures,—illustrate the Divine purpose that absolute certainty respecting the time of Christ's coming shall be refused to man. In a path so obscure and difficult, it is no disgrace to err, provided the inquiry has been conducted with reverent care and with becoming self-diffidence; but there is often in reality least of these qualities where they are the most ostentatiously professed; and our estimate of the

inquirer, in this as in other respects, must be formed from his works.

Among the men of our own time who have come before the public as expositors of unfulfilled prophecy, the most popularly known, and the most extensively read, beyond all comparison, is Dr. Cumming. He does not claim originality; but he presents in a popular form the results of the researches of various students, especially of Mr. Elliott, in the *Horæ Apocalypticæ*. It was in the winter of 1847, that the Lectures on the Apocalypse were commenced, which first drew the public attention towards him in this capacity. The place and the time were propitious to his fame. Exeter Hall had never before been opened on Sunday evenings; and his great reputation as a fascinating preacher, and as a good Protestant, was of itself sufficient to insure the success of the experiment. The time, also, was one of unusual interest. The fall of Louis Philippe, the flight of the Pope, the abdication of the Emperor of Austria, and other political catastrophes occurring in rapid succession, led men to imagine that something awful was at hand; and disposed them to listen with peculiar eagerness, while they were told that the closing act of the great drama had already commenced, and that the first drops of the last vial were being already sprinkled in the air. The period which has elapsed since then has been one of exciting events; the more exciting, as this generation had no previous experience of warlike movements. The rapidity with which one scene after another has flashed upon us, yet without the occurrence of anything permanently alarming or decisive, has constituted a state of things exactly adapted to keep the public mind in that state of expectation and of uncertainty, which is most favourable to secure a hearing for expositors of the future.

It can excite no surprise, therefore, that the *Apocalyptic Sketches* have passed rapidly through many editions; and none that their author, having found the vein so productive, should continue to work it. Accordingly, we have been favoured with a series of goodly volumes, containing in all more than four thousand pages, upon various subjects connected with unfulfilled prophecy. The most recent of these is the volume before us; in which the author (or rather lecturer, for they are popular lectures in conception and spirit no less than in form) undertakes to explain our Lord's predictions in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and to show that these 'and other predictions referable to the same category and era, are being daily translated into history.' He abides in his belief that the world's destruction is at hand; and announces his intention shortly to publish 'a

photographic sketch of the millennial state;' which photograph, it may be presumed, will be one of the last things before the arrival of the grand reality. Nor must we indulge in any doubts; for though he often informs us that he is no prophet, on the other hand he emphatically assures us that not one of his predictions has yet failed: 'Everything indicating just that very portrait which I sketched to you in lectures in Exeter Hall; *every one of the statements of which* you will find, if you will look over them, are being fulfilled in what is passing before you.' (P. 260.) And again: 'What atrocities, what sufferings, what desolating judgments are on the earth! Those that derided the solemn warnings I have so long given, now recognise the solemnity and awfulness of the year 1857.' (P. 43.) Duly impressed with these warnings, we proceed to give a brief view of the present state of the world, according to our author; of the position which he thinks we occupy upon the roll of prophecy; and of the arguments by which he sustains his theory.

It appears, then, that the year 1859 has been the most awful year of the world's history. Dr. Cumming, at least, is quite of that opinion. He has so long accustomed himself to look out for signs and wonders, that now he is able to discover nothing else. To him, verdant meadows, and plenteous harvests, and thriving commerce, and a contented population, appear to have little or no significance; but rising thunder clouds, and hovering vultures, his keen and practised organ descries from afar. In the physical world, it seems, all at this moment is disorganization and confusion. 'Disease, during the last ten years, has steadily struck with destructive blight the potato and the vine, men and cattle.' The springs of life are weakened: and 'there is at present an area accumulation and intensity of morbific agencies in the air which no previous year has witnessed;' (p. iv.;) for 'the morbific agencies which originated the pestilence of 1849 and 1854 are still in the air.' (P. 45.) Famine also, it appears, has prevailed to a frightful extent. 'Is it not a fact, that during the last ten years, not in one country, but in every country, not even excepting America, famines have prevailed to a very great extent? Ireland was almost desolated by one; the fairest lands of Europe have recently felt the effects of famine.' There is also, it seems, famine in India. (P. 44.) As to earthquakes, they are of every-day occurrence. 'During the last three years there have been more earthquakes than during any twenty-five years during the last eighteen centuries; and some of them attended with such desolating effects, that

capitals have been swallowed up, whole cities reduced to ruins, thousands of the population destroyed.' (P. 45.) And in another place we are informed, that 'there have been more earthquakes in the last ten years than during a century previous.' (P. 475.) Viewing these phenomena as a whole, and contemplating the hunger, pestilence, and consternation which affright us wherever we turn our eyes, 'it looks,' he exclaims, 'like all the plagues of Egypt crowding into the last half of the nineteenth century!' (P. 45.)

The aspect of the religious world, at the present moment, is equally alarming. Our author's chosen motto is, 'A time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation.' It is our misfortune to live during these long-predicted evil days. Language can furnish no expressions adequate to set forth the terrors of the hour. 'A universal derangement of social and national life,—and, if one might enumerate the incessant murders, suicides, poisonings with which the papers teem,—of moral life also, is the condition of our world at this moment.' (P. 6.) The 'whole atmosphere is loaded with social evil;' Christian people are infected and tainted by it. (P. 58.) We behold, as a 'characteristic of the end,' 'an intenser exhibition of degeneracy, and wickedness, and crime.' (P. 52.) In the visible Church iniquity abounds: 'In one section, presentations to benefices are sold to the highest bidder, and advertised in the newspaper;' (a new evil of the last days, apparently;) 'in another section, internecine disputes about the appointment of ministers, ending in separation, alienated feeling, envies, jealousies, and all uncharitableness.' (P. 53.) In short, the Church of Christ is, if one might so speak, in a state of civil war. 'We find churches turned into camps, sickles beaten into swords.' (P. 53.) 'Seeing Christianity clad in a sackcloth, many a Judas betraying with a kiss, many a Demas forsaking, true Christians come to be discouraged, and begin like David, in the 73rd Psalm, to doubt if there be a God, if there be a Providence, if the ways of righteousness, after all, be ways of pleasantness and of peace.' (P. 58.) This forlorn and distracted state of religion, contrasted with the vigorous energy of modern science, is the theme of everybody's conversation. 'Most people feel,—you cannot fail reading it in every journal, hearing it in every conversation, noticing it in books,—that we live in an age unprecedented for its intensity, its triumphs, its energy, and, in some respects, for its disintegration and dislocation in all its moral, political, and social aspects.' (P. 259.) Such is the melancholy picture of the social and religious state of things, with which this preacher moves his audience to terror; while, throughout an entire lecture, the

spread of Pantheism, Puseyism, Mormonism, and Spiritualism is commented upon in such a way as to show that in these things are discernible the fulfilment of our Lord's prediction, that 'there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.'

We come next to the political world. It is here that Dr. Cumming displays his greatest vividness of imagination and vigour of description. It is far from our wish to underrate the importance of the political events of the last ten or twelve years; or to affect an attitude of unconcern with regard to the uncertain aspect of the horizon at the present moment. The Crimean war and the Sepoy rebellion are great and momentous facts in British history. They entailed upon this nation an amount of distress and suffering unequalled since 1815; nor will we quarrel with our author for retaining in his pages those highly wrought descriptions, and warm expressions of sympathy, which the events called forth. The opium war with China, and the more recent struggle there, are events not to be overlooked in a political review of the period. To these and many more, both foreign and domestic, Dr. Cumming adds a curious fact, of which we were not previously aware. Within this period, it seems, the Pope has made a 'spasmodic grasp or clutch at the sceptre of England.' For our comfort, however, we are assured that it is 'his last;' (p. 5;) inasmuch as the Popedom will be annihilated, and the city of Rome reduced to ashes, in eight or ten years. So well is this understood, that there is not an insurance office in London which would insure his pontifical life for five years; nay, more, the unfortunate man himself 'has a presentiment of the nearness of his doom.' (P. 160.) Setting this, however, aside, we have no wish to deny, or to conceal, either the remarkably interesting character of the political events of the last few years, or the somewhat unpleasant appearances of the present moment; and we should listen with pleasure to any calm and reasonable student of unfulfilled prophecy, while he explained to us our position, according to his own views, upon the prophetic calendar. But such an investigation is not according to our author's purpose. He has an audience waiting to be astonished: and putting the period in question into his powerful lens, he throws the events and figures thereof, monstrously magnified, upon a white sheet before them; exclaiming, apparently with some slight misgiving, 'Now I do not exaggerate, I am sure, when I say that there has been compressed into the last ten years more than has been compressed

into the last two hundred years; and that things that used to take centuries to ripen in are now developed, and ripened, and finished in a week, a month, or a single year.' (P. 260.)

The following is a fair specimen of his method of dealing with the question of European and general politics:—

'What nation is perfectly quiescent at this moment? Is not France rocking from Boulogne to Bourdeaux? Italy heaves with fires worse than volcanic. Naples is on the eve of insurrection. The partisans of the Pope are already contemplating the removal of the Popedom to Jerusalem. Belgium is agitated with intestine differences. Germany is ill at ease. Russia, recovering from one war, is simply sharpening its sword for another. Turkey dies quietly,—incidental spasms disturbing its death-bed. Great changes are passing over the aspect of our own country. China is again stirred to its depth, and its disintegration is begun. Persia enjoys a lull.....What throne in Europe has not felt these successive shocks? What nation on the Continent can be named which is not now undergoing organic change? Everywhere we see the loosening of social bands, the rocking and tilting of thrones, the thirst of change, the restlessness of mind, apparently the throes and agonies of nature groaning and travailing with the birth of a new and nobler genesis.

'Our own beloved land may soon be girdled with a belt of fire. Her freedom, her faith, her prosperity, her accessible asylum for the refugee and oppressed, her gigantic power, her outspoken independence, her treasures, and her triumphs, are the hate of despots, the envy of courts, and the provocatives of hostility on the part of nations that remember her past superiority, and long to measure swords with her once more. No ordinary events are looming up from every point of the European horizon, like strange birds of evil omen. All the ten years that have passed away, and the seven that still remain of the era of the "Great Tribulation," will cover a time of trouble unprecedented since there was a nation.'—Pp. vi.–viii.

The last sentence indicates the point where (as the author thinks) we stand in the mysterious roll of prophecy. The seventh vial is now being poured out upon the earth. St. John says, in connexion with this vial,—(and let us bow the head in reverent silence before the oracle of God, so immeasurably exalted above all the fallible expositions of man!)—'There came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great. And the great city was divided into three parts.' (Rev. xvi. 17–19.) Now, says Dr. Cumming, 'the great earthquake that accompanies the pouring out of this vial occurred in

1848, when Europe reeled like a drunken man, and Kings were thrown from their thrones, and even the Pope projected by its force from the Vatican. The disturbances in France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and Austria, constantly recurring, are its vibrations, or lesser earthquakes in divers places.' (Page vi.) These convulsions, attendant on vial seventh, are the very same, he thinks, which are 'enumerated in detail in the prophecy of our Lord on the Mount of Olives. In fact, Matt. xxiv. is the evangelic exposition of the apocalyptic prophecy' of the seventh vial; and, therefore, points to the period commencing with 1848.

Again, we read in Dan. xii. 1, 'At that time' (namely, the destruction of the wilful King, described in chap. xi.) 'shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation.' This also is identified with our Lord's prophecy in Matt. xxiv., 'where,' says our author, 'after some portraits of the judgments upon Jerusalem, he gives a reference, clear and unmistakeable, to the close of the present economy. *The great time of trouble began in* 1848; *in other words, it synchronizes with the pouring out of the seventh vial.*' In proof of this, we have the following very definite statement:—'Review at your leisure the events that have transpired since that time. Why, we are no sooner out of one trouble—I mean the world—than we are plunged into another.' (Page 5.)

The well-known prophecy of Haggai, usually understood of the Incarnation, 'Yet once it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth,' (ii. 6–8,) is also identified with the earthquake of the seventh vial, and consequently with the year 1848. (Page 28.) He does not deny that there have always been commotions and distresses upon the earth; but in the alarming and unparalleled miseries with which he, in common with the whole world, has been distracted during the past ten years, he finds an indubitable corroboration of his prophetic calculations, that now is the time of the last vial, and that 'the Saturday evening of the world's long week' is approaching. (Page 41.) 'As these signs come to be concentrated, and exhibited in clusters, and in rapid succession, we are to conclude, not that the end is now come, but that the beginning of sorrows, the birthpangs of nature are begun.' (Page 51.) The spread of Missions appears to him to confirm this view. The Gospel being preached to all nations is a token that the time of the end is come. 'Heathenism,' he says, 'is gradually dying out all over the world.' 'Our ships have touched the Pole, and made

the North-West passage.' 'Mahometanism is almost gone,—the crescent wanes all over the earth. There is actually a bank established at Constantinople!' And, 'O, terrible blow to the bigoted Moslem, the Sultan actually gave his arm to the lady of the representative of our Sovereign in Constantinople; conducted her either to or from the ball, I forget which.' (Page 81.) These delightful instances of the spread of the Gospel, taken together with the decay of Popery, the energy of the Bible Society, and the extension of railways and of telegraphs, confirm him in the opinion that 'we stand upon the very margin' of the present system of things. How near we stand, let the Doctor himself tell us. 'I am satisfied it is correct, we are at this very moment within eight years of the close of the six thousandth year; and, therefore, if our dates be right, within eight years of what all these writers hope is the commencement of the everlasting rest, the dawn of heaven, the millennial blessedness of the people of God.' (Page 249.)

'Within eight years;'—we cannot, therefore, complain of a want of precision and definiteness with regard to the closing period of these great events. The seventh vial will be exhausted in 1867. The Great Tribulation, or, at least, 'its intensest effects,' will culminate in 1867. All the prophetic lines terminate in 1867. If that be not the precise year of the general conflagration, and of the Lord's personal coming, from that time it may be daily expected. All the most enlightened students of prophecy, it seems, agree in representing that 1867 is to be a great and unprecedented crisis in the world's history. In 1867, or shortly after,—(the *day* and the *hour* are not known; but, as to the *year* we need not be far wrong,)—this dispensation will close.

In proof of this, he adduces three great arguments. They are not peculiar to the work before us; they are substantially the same as are alleged in the author's previous publications. The first is, that the world is now rapidly approaching the six thousandth year of its age; that this period arrives in 1867; and that the commencement of the seven thousandth year is the commencement of the Millennium, and consequently the time of Christ's personal advent and of the burning of the earth. The second is, the present aspect of mundane affairs,—physical, political, social, and moral; which, it is alleged, exactly corresponds with the intimations of prophecy respecting the last times. The third is, the alleged fact that several different schemes of interpretation concur, nay, that 'all the most enlightened students of Scripture agree' in fixing the year 1867 as

either the year of the end, or at least as a mighty crisis in the history of mankind. We shall examine these arguments in the order here indicated. These are the three legs on which (if we may borrow a similitude from paganism) the sacred tripod is sustained, from which the seated priestess announces the oracle of the god.

First, as to the world's age. This seems to have made so great an impression upon some of the daily and weekly journals, that we shall examine it more closely than we might otherwise have done. 'The Times,' for instance, considers that this argument is 'really brought out with immense force.' Our limits will not allow of many extracts; but the substance of it may be presented in few words. 'It is an ancient and a widely spread notion, that six thousand years is the allotted term of the present state of things in the world, and that the seven thousandth year will commence (according to the analogy of the Creation) an era of blessedness. Now if the calculations of Mr. Clinton, "the ablest chronologist of our age," are correct, and Dr. Cumming is "satisfied that they are," we are now "within eight years" (p. 249) of the expiration of this term.' Here, then, are two assumptions: first, that the close of the 6,000 years is really the close of this dispensation; and, secondly, that the 6,000 years expire in 1867: neither of which is proved.

Of the antiquity of the idea that the world is to last but 6,000 years, there can be no doubt; if any existed, the extract from Bishop Russell, given at p. 247, would suffice to remove it. But it is an idea utterly without support in Scripture. It is merely a cabbalistic interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, and is altogether fanciful; and while it is true that it was received by many teachers of the earlier Church, (as were a multitude of other fanciful notions,) it was rejected by others; as, for instance, by Augustine, who renounced and opposed it. Besides, those who did hold the notion, deduced from it conclusions which are totally subversive of the theory before us.

But even if it be admitted that the world in its present state is to last only 6,000 years, it is not proved that that period will expire in 1867. Every one knows that several great chronological systems are in existence; and to build a theory of the world's end upon any one of them, is to build upon an uncertain foundation. It requires considerable study of the subject to enable any one to appreciate the difficulties of ancient chronology. According to the Jewish era, we are now in the world's 5,621st

year; which gives 379 years yet to elapse before the expiration of the six thousand. According to the chronology of our authorized version, there are 137 years yet to expire. According to the chronology of the Septuagint, the world is now 7,361 years old, and consequently the six thousand years expired thirteen centuries ago. We cannot now examine the merits of these great systems; but we greatly question if the preponderance of evidence is not in favour of the last. The *Septuagint chronology* is contained in that version of the Scriptures from which our Lord and His Apostles constantly quote. It was universally received by the Jews in the age preceding the Incarnation; and from it arose their general expectation of a Messiah. It was generally received by the Church of the first three centuries:—Origen, Hesychius, Ambrose, and others, believe, with it, that the world had already existed between five and six thousand years when our Saviour appeared. It continued in general use till the Reformation;—it was afterwards opposed by Protestants, who mistakenly identified it with Popery, and adopted in its stead the dates of the Hebrew text; which dates, there are good reasons for supposing, were tampered with by Jews of the second century, in order to sustain the sinking cause of Judaism against Christianity. Moreover, it obviates difficulties irreconcileable in the Hebrew text in its present state; and it has commanded the assent of some of our ablest modern scholars. It may at least challenge comparison with the system of Mr. Fynes Clinton, on which Dr. Cumming's theory is built; and our remarks upon it may serve to show that there are many things to be considered before any new theory of the world's age can be pronounced certain.

Mr. Clinton's theory,—or rather the Doctor's representation of it,—is remarkably elastic. It is not at all particular to a few years. Again and again we have been informed, in his previous volumes, that this great authority has irresistibly proved that the six thousand years would expire not in 1867, but in 1862. Lest the reader should deem us mistaken, we give three quotations:—

'He (Clinton) makes the date of Creation to the birth of Christ 4,138 years: if this be so, then about 1862, according to his date, 6,000 years will have passed away since the Creation.'—*The End*, p. 98.

'Fynes Clinton, in his *Fasti*, shows, by the detection of an error in the accredited chronology, that 6,000 years expire in 1862; and that the seven thousandth year of the world, according to his chronology, begins then.'—*Ibid.*, p. 300.

'Fynes Clinton has shown, that about 1862, 6,000 years from the

Creation of the world will have elapsed.'—*Letter of Dr. C., inserted in Lyon's 'Millennial Studies,'* p. 218.

According to this showing, we are now within two or three years of the period in question. As it draws near, however,—whether our author has been in such haste as to be unable to verify his calculations, or whether the date, 1862, is so startlingly near as to require some postponement,—he quietly alters, without apprising his readers, the results of this great calculator, who, he repeatedly informs us, is the first chronologist of the age; and parades him, apparently without the least consciousness of inconsistency, as an authority in support of his own date, 1867. Our author deals with his prophetic time-piece much as Captain Cuttle treated his famous watch: he puts it backward or forward at discretion, and hopes 'it will do him credit.'

We turn to the next great argument, drawn from the present aspect of mundane affairs; which, it is alleged, are now in a condition exactly corresponding to the prophetic intimations of the end. Some of his assertions are very difficult to disprove; such, for example, as the assertion that the pestilential influences of 1849 and 1854 are still in the air. Who can show that they are not? Our author deals largely in assertions which cannot readily be tested. But this is a reason for examining the more carefully those which admit of confirmation or disproof. It is a safe rule to proceed from the known to the unknown; and if we now submit some particular statements to a somewhat rigid examination, it is chiefly with a view of ascertaining how far our author is careful in making his assertions. If we find him to be so in those cases which admit of being tested, our confidence in his assertions on subjects more remote and difficult will be increased. If otherwise, we cannot accept as a guide into unknown regions one who, in more travelled and frequented paths, is prone to mistake his way.

Some of his views concerning the present aspect of the world's affairs, it is difficult to treat of with becoming gravity. Men are slow to believe their own misery. At this moment, it seems, we are being boiled in such a seething cauldron as was never before prepared for the wretched nations. The present time is the counter-part of that horrible era, the destruction of Jerusalem. This era of the Great Tribulation, this close of 'the times of the Gentiles,' is being marked by such frightful portents and such agonizing pangs as have never scared and tortured any preceding generation. The time of the Lord's

coming with fire, and with His chariots like a whirlwind, to plead with all flesh; when He shall roar out of Zion, and shake the heavens and the earth; when a great tumult from the Lord shall be among the nations, and every one shall rise up against his neighbour;—the time of the great prince Michael's standing up, and of trouble such as never was since there was a nation; of wars and murders and slaughter of brethren, of famines, earthquakes, pestilences, and great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world;—the time when the last angel pours out his mystic vial, and a voice from the throne cries, 'It is done;' to which portentous voice a convulsed earth, affrighted mountains, and thunders and lightnings of unimagined terror reply:—that awful time of the last tribulation is no longer to be looked for in the future; we have already entered upon it; we are now in the very midst of it; eleven years of the tribulation have already passed, and but seven years more remain!

Dr. Cumming believes all this. At least, he affirms it, with all the energy and variety of expression which his ready tongue and practised rhetoric can command. And many of his readers will believe it also;—persons who, from want of occupation, or from constitutional peculiarity, or from whatever other cause, take a strange delight in foreboding evil. To such readers, any 'Knight of a rueful countenance,' with tragic tone and solemn encounters with windmills, will be an oracle; how much more a man who possesses such unquestioned claims upon the public regard! There is also a numerous class of persons, of eager temperament and of small capacity, whose tendency is constantly to magnify the events of the passing moment. They cannot rise to a wide comparative estimate of things; like the Alcalde who thought that the whole world was comprised in Finisterra; or like the ant, which knows not that its ant-hill is lower than the Andes.

To many of these extravagant statements it is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to frame a definite reply. Unprecedented events, unparalleled phenomena, stupendous prodigies, dislocations, disintegrations, disorganizations, and intensities of every kind are so thickly sown throughout the work, as to produce a strong general impression without many specific particulars. Here and there, however, we meet with a definite statement which is capable of being tested. Such, for example, is the statement already referred to, respecting the prevalence of famine. 'During the last ten years, not in one country, but in every country, not even excepting America, famines have prevailed to a very great extent. Ireland was almost desolated

by one. The fairest lands of Europe have recently felt the effects of famine. India moves from war to famine.' (Page 44.) These assertions have nothing but the reference to Ireland to save them from being dealt with as total misrepresentation. So far from America having been visited by famine, we have extracts from Parliamentary Papers now before us, which show that in 1848, and in each succeeding year, America has exported vast quantities of grain and flour to this country. Even in the least plentiful season of the period in question, the year 1850, the quantity so exported was no less than 1,082,755 quarters, or an average of 100lbs. weight for every family in the United States. Can there be famine in a country, when it can send away grain at the rate of 100lbs. weight per annum, for every family within its boundaries? Yet this was the case in America in the scarcest year. And where has famine, since 1848, been felt in our own country? It is true that, for a short time, wheat rose to a high price; but the highest quotation, which lasted only for a few weeks, scarcely rose to the average price of ten whole years, from 1809 to 1818, which was 93*s.* 8*d.* per quarter. So far from its having been a time of famine, official documents show that the ten years from 1848 to 1858 have been precisely the cheapest ten years since the commencement of this century; the average price of wheat being only 53*s.* 5*d.*, or a little more than half that of the period above named,* when the people's ability to purchase was far less than it is now. In proof of the improved ability of the people to purchase, it may be mentioned that the consumption of sugar—an article consumed by the poor as well as by the rich, and which affords a fair test of the general ability of the people to rise above the barest necessaries—has gradually increased from 15lbs. per annum in 1815, for every individual of the United Kingdom, to 29¼lbs. in 1857. Indeed, in other parts of his book we find Dr. Cumming speaking in glowing terms of the steady increase of British commerce and wealth; and in the self-same paragraph in which he asserts America to have been famine-struck, and still speaking of the same period, he says, 'The money-market of America was convulsed; there is bread, but no money.' Such is a fair specimen of his random way of stating matters of fact.

We give another specimen. It is the highly characteristic assertion, that 'there has been compressed into the last ten years more than has been compressed into the last two hundred years.' (Page 260.) We will not enter upon a task so superfluous as the

* *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, vol. xvii., p. 3.

elaborate refutation of this statement. The most cursory glance at the two periods,—from 1648 to 1848, and from 1848 to 1858,—will show, that where we look for sober argument, we meet with nothing but rash and inconsiderate talking. Can it be necessary, for one instant, to mention, that within the former period England was raised from the position of being a third-rate power, and a tool of France, to her present eminence? That the colonization of Canada, the discovery and settlement of Australia, the possession of India,—the exploits of Cromwell, the Revolution of 1688, the great war of Independence, and the establishment of the whole system of British commerce, mark that period in British history? That within the same period, looking to continental nations, we see Russia slowly emerging from the northern waste, and developing a strength which has now become gigantic; while Poland, which at the commencement of the period was a queen among the kingdoms, in her proudest glory, has at length disappeared from the roll of nations? That France, within that period, saw the heir of forty Kings dethroned and decapitated, her streets flowing with blood in the Reign of Terror, her government seized by an obscure Corsican, who became the terror of all monarchs, the distributor of crowns, and the scourge of Europe; while England waged with her a long and deadly and expensive war, compared to which Sebastopol and Solferino are but struggles of a day? Can it be necessary to mention that within that time the prestige and grandeur of Spain have faded away; while, on the other side of the Atlantic, a new and mighty Republic has risen up? Or, looking to religious movements, that the period from 1648 to 1848 embraced the Puritan revival, the Methodist revival, the establishment of those Bible and Missionary Societies which have translated the word of God into at least one hundred and fifty languages, and sent the living messengers of the Gospel into many lands? Or, looking to social progress, that the latter quarter, more especially, of that period saw a degree of development and progress,—the railway system, the ocean steamer, and the electric telegraph,—of which Dr. Cumming is so enamoured, that in his eye it possesses 'an almost mediatorial beauty,' (p. 295,)—of which the last ten years have been nothing more than the continuation? Yet we are told (*credat Judæus Apella!*) that more than all this has been compressed into the last ten years.

The prevalency of earthquakes is among the alleged proofs that these are the last days. On this subject the Doctor is very explicit; and his statements are sufficiently tangible to admit of

examination. 'During the last three years there have been more earthquakes than during any twenty-five years during the last eighteen centuries.' (Page 45.) And in another place, 'There have been more earthquakes during the last ten years, than in one hundred years previous.' (Page 475.) It is true that the records of earthquakes become much more frequent as we approach our own day; but it cannot be inferred from this, that they have actually occurred more frequently of late than in former periods. 'Their apparent frequency in more recent times,' observes Sir Roderick Murchison, 'is doubtless due to more accurate and extensive observations.' And Lyell shows, that 'it is only within the last century and a half that the permanent changes effected by these convulsions have excited attention. Before that time the narrative of the historian was almost exclusively confined to the number of human beings who perished, the number of cities laid in ruins, the value of property destroyed, or certain atmospheric appearances which dazzled or terrified the observers.' * But the question now before us is not one of speculation, but of fact. We are unable to discover any authority for the startling assertions just quoted. We can discover no trustworthy account or statement which appears to substantiate these assertions. In Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, there are recorded, between 1750 and 1840, thirty-three considerable earthquakes: can an equal number, of a similar magnitude, be shown during the last ten years? If lighter shocks are included, the difficulty is increased. For example, Captain Bagnold states that during his residence at Coquimbo, on the coast of Chili, there were, during one year, no less than sixty-one earthquakes in that country; and Humboldt states that Lima is visited with an average of forty-five shocks in a year. Is there any proof that during the last three years the frequency of these has been increased eightfold? Let any one consult Lyell's account of earthquakes during the former part of this, and the latter part of the last, century,—or the accounts in Humboldt's *Cosmos*,—or, better still, Mallet's *Earthquake Catalogue*, which reaches to the year 1842; and let him compare their frequency in that period with what is known of their occurrence during the last three or ten years; and he will perceive how utterly extravagant are the statements now under examination.

The latest tabulated statement of earthquakes is that contained in the Report of the British Association for 1858. We quote from that portion of it (p. 56) which refers to the 'distribution of earthquakes in time.'

* Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, p. 433, Eighth Edition.

	Total number of recorded Earthquakes.	Number of great Earthquakes.
Before the Birth of Christ	58	4
From A.D. to the end of the ninth century	187	15
From the beginning of the tenth to the end of the fifteenth century.....	532	44
From the beginning of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century ...	2804	100
From the beginning of the nineteenth to the end of the year 1850.....	3240	53

From this it appears that the number of *recorded* earthquakes has steadily increased with the increased facilities of observation and science; and the nine years since elapsed *ought* to show a proportionate advance. If we divide the period commencing with 1800 into two periods of twenty-five years, we have in each about twenty-six great earthquakes, and 1620 shocks. Dr. Cumming asserts, that 'there have been more earthquakes during the last three years, than during any twenty-five years previously.' Where have twenty-six, or more, great convulsions been felt during the last three years? He gives an account of one, that at Naples, quoting five pages of newspaper accounts respecting it, but makes no mention of any others. Again, from the above table we infer, that in the hundred years previous to 1850, there may have been about 100 great earthquakes, and a total of 6000 convulsions of the earth's surface. Compare this with our author's assertion, that more earthquakes have occurred during the last ten years than for a century previously; we ought to be able to find 100 great earthquakes during the last ten years. Of their occurrence no proof, or attempt at proof, is offered. The leading men of science, by whom such accounts are gathered with the utmost care, know nothing of such a prodigious increase in the frequency of these phenomena within the last few years, as compared with, at least, the previous part of this century. Considering also that no tabulated statement has been printed (at least none which is known to the Geological Society) later than that of the British Association just quoted, we are compelled to consider that these assertions of Dr. Cumming are hastily made, incapable of proof, and contrary to fact. We have examined them with the greater care, because their definiteness admits of specific examination; which, owing in part to the nature of the subject, is not the case

with many of his other statements. The result is before the reader, who can form his own opinion whether our author has exercised sufficient care in making his assertions on this subject, the importance of which infinitely exceeds that of a mere scientific inquiry. And if it appears that his statements in this case, which happens to admit of a more exact investigation, are hasty and extravagant, we are justified in regarding with a cautious (not to say suspicious) eye his alleged proofs in those other departments of his subject which are more remote from ordinary inquiry.

The third great argument in proof of the near approach of the end, is in substance this: 'The most enlightened students of Scripture are agreed that the year 1867 is, at least, a great crisis in the world's affairs; several different schemes of prophetic investigation land us, through different processes, by a remarkable agreement, in the same result, namely, 1867.' One of the most important lectures in this volume, accordingly, has for its title the momentous figures, '1867.' If this be correct,—if the whole body of enlightened students are thus agreed,—it is a grave and powerful argument on Dr. Cumming's side. From his easy and confident manner of assertion, the ordinary reader will suppose that this remarkable agreement is a fact admitting of no question. He will have no idea that there is any diversity of opinion among the best biblical scholars of this and the last century with regard to this primary point, that 1867 is a great crisis. A little examination will show how utterly groundless are these statements. We subjoin a principal paragraph in which this concurrence is alleged: and, following its writer's example, bespeak the patience of the readers in wading through the dates and figures with which, by necessity of the subject, it abounds:—

'Elliott and Mede have shown that the 2300 years, which Daniel gives as one of the great chronological epochs, terminate about the year 1821 or 1822; that is, dating them from the march of Xerxes, and the meridian splendour of the Persian Empire. But a very learned and able clergyman of the Church of England, who has written a work called *The Terminal Synchronism of Daniel's two Periods*, differs from Mr. Elliott. He thinks that the 2300 years began at the autumnal equinox of 434 B.C.; and if so, then that great period would terminate in the autumnal equinox of 1867;.....when, according to him, Mahometanism will be utterly expunged, and the cross will shine where the crescent now waves in triumph. But more than this; this writer thinks also that the expression "time, times, and half a time," which all commentators admit to be 360 years, twice 360

years, and 180 years, making in all 1260 years, called in the Apocalypse forty-two prophetic months, which is the same thing,—called also 1260 prophetic days,—start from A.D. 607. Mr. Elliott, and Newton, and Mede, think that the 1260 years, descriptive of the Great Western Apostasy, begin at the year 532. But this writer differs from them; he says that the 1260 years do not begin at 532 after Christ, but that they begin at the year 607. If you take this latter opinion, then you add the 1260 years to the year 607, and it brings you down to the same period at which his 2300 years terminate, namely, 1867; and according, therefore, to this theory, not only will Mahometanism totally cease at that period, but the Papacy also. I must say I prefer Elliott's: but what I wish to impress is the remarkable fact, that both interpretations land us in 1867, as a great dominant era, characterized by stupendous events, and involving mighty changes in the present constitution of things.'—Pp. 241, 242.

In Daniel, three periods are mentioned, of 1260, 1290, and 1335 days respectively. According to Elliott, whom Dr. Cumming follows, these periods commenced in the year 532; and, adding this to the above numbers, we have first, 1792, the time of the French Revolution; then 1822, which he thinks was the commencement of the destruction of Turkey and Mahomet; then, lastly, 1867, which is the Millennium and advent of the Lord. But the other theory, which gives A.D. 607 as the *terminus a quo*, makes 1867 to be the accomplishment of the things which Elliott and Cumming imagine were accomplished at the French Revolution in 1792; namely, the overthrow of the Papal influence. The second period, of 1290 years, which mark the overthrow of the Turkish power, according to this theory, therefore, will not expire till 1897; and the 1335 years, or closing period, identified with the Millennium, will not expire till 1942. Dr. Cumming here sees a remarkable coincidence; 'both interpretations land us in 1867.' They do; only, the one interpretation says that the Great Western Apostasy virtually terminated in 1792, the other says that it will not terminate till 1867; the one says that Mahometanism began to expire in 1822, the other fixes that period in 1897; the one closes the prophetic period in 1867, the other extends it to 1942. Instead of viewing this with Dr. Cumming as a remarkable convergence of rays upon the point 1867, it appears to us as a dispersion of rays over a wide space, leaving no particular point illuminated.

'According to this [Elliott's] theory, Daniel's period, when he shall be blessed or happy that waiteth, and cometh to the close of the 1335 years, that period, assumed by Elliott to be the millennial rest, would begin in the year 1867, and last for 1000 years of uninterrupted felicity, and blessedness, and peace. But what I wish to impress is,

that according to both theories 1867 again evolves as the year of stupendous changes.'—Page 245.

That is, if Elliott's theory be correct, 1867 is the millennium. The swelling waves of 'the Great Tribulation,' on which we have been already tossed for years, will soon subside, and 'there shall be no more sea;' the famines, and earthquakes, and pestilences, and accumulated agonies of the last days, which are now desolating the earth, and rending all governments and systems asunder, are nearly over; since the year 1792, the chief signs have been accomplished, and we look shortly for the close of these awful troubles, and for the end. Whereas, if the other theory be correct, it is quite a mistake to suppose that the waves of 'the Great Tribulation' have yet begun to rise: for it is not till 1867 that the commencing throes of the great shaking and overthrow will be felt. Nothing that we have yet witnessed can be a sign of the end; the famines, and plagues, and earthquakes have not yet even commenced; none of the chief signs can yet have appeared; for the end is yet fourscore years distant, and not till 1867 may we expect the initiatory tokens of it to appear. In these conflicting expositions Dr. Cumming sees a marvellous coincidence: in our estimation they cancel each other.

This agreement, it is alleged, is rendered still more remarkable by the calculation of Mr. Fynes Clinton, already referred to, which, by another extraordinary coincidence, places the end of the world's 6000 years 'in a few years more.' (P. 245.) We have already shown, that if Dr. Cumming has stated the matter correctly in his previous works, here is no coincidence at all; since that chronologist fixes the period in question, not in 1867, but in 1862; a date which agrees with neither the one nor the other of the theories above stated. This ray, therefore, does not converge to the right focus.

Several other concurring authorities are then quoted:—

'First, Lady Hester Stanhope, in a letter from Syria to her physician, in the year 1827, says, "All those who come may go back in the Turkish year 1245." And the physician adds, in a note, "It would appear from this, that Lady Hester Stanhope expected the accomplishment of some great event in the year of the Hegira 1245." The Hegira dates our year 622, add 1245 to 622, and we have the year when she expected some stupendous event, 1867.'—Page 245.

What kind of event this eminently sane and sage lady expected, we are not informed. We may infer, as the physician seems to intimate, almost anything we please; but it is enough for Dr. Cumming that she expected 'some great event' in 1867. The next authority quoted is Edward Irving: part of the

passage quoted from him is of characteristic obscurity, and is worth transcribing, with Dr. Cumming's note upon it.

'"What is very remarkable," (says Mr. Irving,) "a friend of mine, who travelled lately into Central Africa, and stood on the Himalaya mountains in India, by the holy pool, where never Christian had dwelt before, found there also an expectation of a religion from the West which in the space of forty was to possess the earth, remarks which they made to me with their own lips." Now [adds Dr. Cumming] the African traveller or friend to whom he refers was Major Denham or Captain Clapperton; they were in Africa in the year 1823; and forty years added to this would bring it down to 1863.'—Page 246.

This is clear and explicit and mighty evidence indeed; we are, however, informed in the next sentence that Irving predicted the resurrection in 1867.

The next authority is Mr. Cunningham, of Lainshaw, who, with Elliott, places the end of the 1335 years, or final period, in 1867. Another is 'the author of a very valuable and elaborate treatise called The Seventh Vial,' who thinks that the Millennium will be ushered in in 1865. Then follows the much-respected name of the late Mr. Bickersteth, who, with a modesty which some of his admirers would do well to imitate, inclines to fix 'the restoration of the Jewish nation, and the preparations for the millennial dawn and sunshine, either in 1843 or 1867. And finally, Mr. Scott, in his 'Outlines of Prophecy,' states, that 'almost all writers on prophecy agree that the prophetical dates given us terminate between this present time and the year 1867.' What follows from these premises, Dr. Cumming shall state in his own words:—

'I have shown that the best and ablest Christian students are all agreed that 1867 is an era fraught with gigantic issues.'—(P. 249.)
'I showed, by collecting the opinions—not opinions, but inferences and conclusions come to by the best and the wisest commentators, not only of this century, but also of the last—that 1867, which is a great closing epoch, whatever be the events that are to transpire, is an era fraught with gigantic issues the one way or the other.'—Page 317.

If this be the truth, we entirely agree with Dr. Cumming that it is a circumstance of the most momentous import. If the best and wisest commentators, the best and ablest Christian students, however they may differ as to the precise events which are then to transpire, are 'all agreed,' that in some way or other the year 1867 is a great epoch in prophecy, a time of gigantic issues,—it is perfectly fair for him to call attention to the fact. It is perfectly fair to urge it as at least a presumption in favour of his own theory, that 1867 is the millennial year. It is not

only a fair, but a weighty argument;—entitled to all the consideration claimed for it;—*if* the fact is as alleged. The only question is, This extraordinary concurrence of theologians with respect to the year 1867—is it proved? Does it really exist?

It is well known that many biblical students have considered it impossible to fix future prophetic dates with any approach to certainty. Without inquiring whether they are better or worse for this, as a fact it is undeniable, that in the works of a large proportion of our most widely esteemed interpreters of Scripture belonging to this and the last century, neither 1867 nor any other date is specified. Among the most widely known commentators, neither Calvin, nor Hammond, nor Gill, nor Henry, nor Benson, nor Scott, nor Clarke, mention the year 1867. Among those who have paid special attention to prophecy, or to the Apocalypse in particular, neither Pyle, nor Hengstenberg, nor Stuart, nor Faber, nor Wordsworth, nor Davison, nor Fairbairn, (not to mention many others,) seem aware that 1867 is 'an era fraught with gigantic issues.' Even amongst those writers who have taken especial pains to assign future dates, there is no such general agreement as is asserted. With all these, the 1260 days is of necessity a governing period; but there is nothing like a general agreement respecting the exact commencement of the period, and consequently none respecting its close. Bengel placed the destruction of the beast, and the close of the mystery, about 1836. Lowman calculates the period of the sixth vial to be 'somewhere between 1700 and 1900,' and expects the seventh vial to be exhausted about the year 2016; an interpretation, we may remark in passing, which is supported by references to history fully as apt as those of Elliott. Robert Fleming, who wrote in 1701, fixed the termination of the fourth vial in 1794,—near to the period where Dr. Cumming has placed the pouring out of the first. His whole theory of the vials is radically different from the one now before us. Yet, arguing upon his own basis, he wrote as follows: 'I do humbly suppose, that this [fourth] vial will run out about the year 1794. We may suppose that the French monarchy, after it has scorched others, will itself consume by doing so; its fire, and the fuel that maintains it, wasting insensibly, till it be exhausted at last towards the end of the century.' And again, speaking of the fifth vial, he says, 'The Pope cannot be supposed to have any vial poured on his throne, so as to ruin his authority as signally as this judgment must do, until the year 1848.' It is not a little singular, remembering that Fleming wrote near a century previously, that he should have predicted the overthrow of the French monarchy, within one

year of the time when the King was beheaded in Paris; and that he should have predicted the overthrow of the Pope in the very year of Dr. Cumming's great earthquake, by the force of which, as he says, the Pope was projected from the Vatican. Yet these correct anticipations of the future were deduced from a system totally unlike that of Elliott,—a system which knows nothing of the year 1867, placing the great consummation much farther onward in time. Bishop Newton appears to commence the 1290 days of Daniel at the time of the rise of the Mahometan power; now, if we date this from the Hegira, that period runs out in 1912. Adam Clarke gives, as a probable close of Daniel's 2300 years, not 1867, but 1966; and suggests, as a probable time of the downfall of the Papal power, the year 2015. Mr. Eyton, in his 'dates in Daniel and the Revelation,' gives as the termination of Daniel's 2300 years, the year 1690.

Besides these views, there is another opinion, which was entertained by all the early Fathers, and which has been revived of late by men whom we are accustomed to regard with profound respect. We need only mention Olshausen in Germany, and Dean Alford in England. Among modern Millenarians, also, we may mention Bonar and Bickersteth. According to this view, the Antichrist of the New Testament is not the Pope. The Pope may be a type or prefiguration of him, but the Antichrist himself has not yet appeared. When he appears, it will be as an individual person; a living embodiment of all evil, and of all opposition to the kingdom of the Lord, in whom will be concentrated power, pride, and wickedness, in a degree not yet witnessed among mankind. As the Christ appeared in the person of Jesus, so the Antichrist will appear in the person of some one of the sons of men. His appearance and career will be the signal of the coming of the Lord, who will consume him with the breath of His mouth, and destroy him with the brightness of His coming. According to this opinion, the date of the great consummation must be uncertain.

We are not inquiring how far these several modes of interpreting the mystic periods of Scripture are correct. Nor are we engaged in examining the work of an original investigator of prophecy. If it were the works of Faber, or of Elliott, which were now under review, our course would be altogether different. Dr. Cumming expressly and frequently disclaims this title. He gives, however, his opinions, and his reasons for them; one of which is, the alleged general consent of the best and ablest Christian students, of this and the last century, in the view that 1867 is a year of stupendous events. The question just now, then, (as was remarked in a previous instance,) is not so much

one of theory as of fact. This assertion is only correct by courtesy. We allow a man to call his own little coterie 'the whole world.' This imposing array of students, who, from different points, look on 1867 as a year of stupendous events, is found, upon closer inspection, to consist of a somewhat grotesque little group of half a dozen. This does not prove that they are wrong; but it does prove that they are not the whole world; and it divests their theory of the importance which 'general consent' would give to it.

Even the few authorities whom Dr. Cumming has cited do not appear to be precisely agreed in their views, nor is he quite self-consistent in stating their views. In a subject of such extreme obscurity, we would not hastily stigmatize a discrepancy of a year or two as an error; but, in quoting an author, we look for exactness. And the immense importance with which he has invested the year 1867, and the alleged convergence of different systems to that precise point, certainly led us to expect a greater number, and a closer correspondence, of authorities than what he has produced. Of those writers whom he has quoted in illustration of this coincidence, Clinton's period is 1862, that of the Himalayan tradition is apparently 1863, the author of *The Seventh Vial* says 1865, Bickersteth 1843 or 1867; so that the company of those who are thoroughly agreed upon 1867 is reduced to Mr. Elliot, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Irving, and Lady Hester Stanhope. But, although they are agreed as to the date, are they agreed as to what will happen at that date? Mr. Elliott says, the Millennium; Mr. Cunningham, the expiration of the prophetical dates; Mr. Bickersteth, the preparation for the Millennium; Mr. Irving, the Resurrection; Lady Hester, 'some great event.' We do not, therefore, wonder that our excellent friend, beholding this hopeless confusion of opinions, should exclaim, (p. 249,) with a mixture of bewilderment and of modesty, 'I do not venture to dogmatize, I do not attempt to dictate, I do not presume to decide.'

It would appear that 'the best, and wisest, and most enlightened commentators' have recently seen the necessity of postponing 'the end,' at least for a short period. Two or three years ago, we were informed that, in Dr. Cumming's view, all the prophetic epochs are exhausted, and find their consummation, not in the year 1867, but in 1865. In his work on *The End*, this is the closing date assumed throughout. (Pp. 300, 95, 97.) In this calculation, as we are in that volume informed, 'almost every enlightened commentator has agreed.' (Page 143.) That is, two or three years ago, if you took down from your shelves the volumes of any number of the most enlightened comments-

tors, you would have found the date 1865, with a wonderful consentaneousness, written, as a mighty epoch, in their pages. But, at the present moment, if you take down the selfsame books, you will find the date 1867, with an agreement equally wonderful, written therein. And perhaps it is not impossible that they may shortly present another remarkable agreement. In the latter part of *The Great Tribulation*, we might imagine that Dr. Cumming is making preparation for a little further retreat into the future. In some of his earlier productions the date of consummation was 1864; then it was 1865; now it is 1867; but, at page 316, we thus read: '1260 days, ending, as I said, in 1793; when the Papacy began to be subverted, undermined, and destroyed.' Now, in *The End*, he said 1790, which brings out the close in 1865. In *The Great Tribulation*, he says 1792, which brings out the close in 1867. Towards the conclusion, however, of this work, he says 1793, intimating very coolly, that this is nothing new. This prepares the way for a postponement of the end one year more, namely, till 1868; at which date, as we shall probably learn in his next work, all enlightened commentators agree that the prophetic lines terminate.

As our author issues a volume or two every year, there is no necessity that he should postpone the end of all things more than one year at a time. This is, indeed, exactly what he has heretofore done. The following quotation is from *Signs of the Times*, a work which was published a little before the volume entitled *The End*. Here, it will be seen, he fixed it for 1864:—

'We are led from all signs to infer, that the meeting-place of all the lines of God's providential work on earth is very near. It is very remarkable that all the great times and dates of prophecy meet and mingle about the year 1864. I do not say that that year will be the close of the world. I do not prophesy; I do not foretell the future; *I only forth-tell what God has said*: but I do feel, that if 1864 be not the close of the age that now is, and the commencement of a better one, it will be a time unprecedented since the beginning.'

The Established Churches of England and of Scotland, in or before 1864,—

'as civil and endowed institutions, will be wickedly and hopelessly broken up; Methodism is fast breaking up; Independency will be shattered; and Baptists will not be spared.'

So spake the oracle of Crown Court five years ago. More than half the brief period he then fixed has already expired. He judged from what he then saw. The event, thus far, has not verified his predictions. The breaking up of Methodism,

for example, has not yet been completed. Never mind; with admirable sagacity, he manages to see the great crisis continually eight or ten years ahead of him.

A hungry and powerful stomach will assimilate almost any kind of food; and a vigorous mind, intent upon a theory, will find or force evidence from every quarter. Nothing can be further from our purpose than to fasten upon Dr. Cumming a charge of wilful misrepresentation. But he has accustomed himself to the habit of looking out for signs and wonders, of viewing this as the last age, of identifying every physical or political convulsion with that final earthquake which is to rend the globe, and every passing meteor with the sign of the Son of Man. In one respect, we freely admit, his discourses are calculated to do good service. There is too great a tendency in the Church to shrink back appalled at the idea of her Lord's coming. This is not right: it is not in accordance with the example of inspired Apostles; it is not in harmony with the feelings of the primitive Christians, nor with the ever-breathing wish of the bride, who, while her Lord testifies, 'Surely I come quickly,' responds, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' He calls attention to this; he shows that the Lord's coming unto salvation ought to be to us an object of desire. It may be, therefore, that a habit less ignoble than that of looking out for signs and prodigies has contributed its share to the result which we have criticized. It may be that a habitual contemplation of the splendours of the Advent, of the loveliness of the millennial paradise, (of which, however, his conceptions appear to us to be much too sensuous,) may have led him to misinterpret and to exaggerate the signs of its approach. Indeed, at times he appears conscious of this; more so than in his earlier writings. 'The mariner may take a piece of drift wood that he finds upon the sea for a fragment too recently torn from the shore; or he may take some wing-weary bird for a recent emigrant from the land. In the difficult path of the unfulfilled, to err is common.' (Page 155.) We could wish that these sentiments more thoroughly pervaded his speculations.

There is a series in the Apocalypse of twenty-one great symbols,—seven seals, seven trumpets, and seven vials. It is needless to say that these have been variously understood. Some writers consider the three series to be concurrent; others believe them to be consecutive. The notion of Dr. Cumming is, that the last seal includes all the seven trumpets, and that the last trumpet includes all the seven vials.

If it be asked, how he obtains the result, that the last vial

expires in 1867, the answer is, that its exhaustion is coincident with the expiration of 1335 years, or, 'end of the days,' in Daniel; that this period commenced in 532, and that consequently it ends in 1867. It is by no means certain, that these 1335 days, mentioned by Daniel, have yet commenced. Faber, for example, thinks that they begin simultaneously with the thousand years of blessedness, and that the overplus of 335 years marks the duration of that irruption of Gog and Magog which precedes the final judgment. To this view, also, there are objections. But it will be seen, that the whole scheme now before us hinges upon one point;—the assigning of the commencement of Daniel's periods to a particular point in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. This being assumed as correct, and the synchronism of the end spoken of by Daniel with the seventh vial of the Apocalypse being also assumed, it follows that the end of the world, the general conflagration, the resurrection of the saints, the personal advent of Christ, may be daily expected about 1867. Dr. Cumming, and some of his vindicators, protest against his being supposed to say positively that the world will end in 1867. He does not say this; he only says that all the prophetic dates terminate then, that prophecy unfolds nothing further, that the last tribulation is now raging, and that the Advent must be very near. 'I am satisfied, if Clinton's dates are correct, that we are within eight years.' (Page 249.) And again, in the revised edition of *Apocalyptic Sketches*,* we read, 'The last portion will expire in 1865, at which, or soon after, we may daily expect the advent of Christ, and the first resurrection, and beginning of the Millennium.' If it be further demanded, What proof exists that the year 530, or 532, is really the true basis of calculation, the true epoch at which these prophetic days commence? it is answered, that the whole scheme of interpretation which is formed on this basis, coincides in a wonderful manner with the actual history of the past; also, that the present appearances of things agree precisely with those signs of the end, which are given, not only in the Apocalypse, but by Old-Testament Prophets and by the Lord Himself. This latter part of the demonstration is what is more particularly undertaken in *The Great Tribulation;* in which it is his 'object to show that the prophecies of the Redeemer, enunciated on the Mount of Olives, and other predictions referable to the same category and era, are being daily translated into history.' (Page i.) In this object, as we conceive, he has totally failed. He assumes, but

* Vol. ii., page 387.

has failed to prove, that the predictions uttered on the Mount must be referred to the same period as the effusion of the seventh vial. Even if this be allowed, (to which we cannot for an instant agree,) his endeavours to show, that in those mighty words the phenomena of our own age were specifically foretold, are such as can succeed only with minds already persuaded.

It was intimated, that with some of these expositions we can, to a certain limited extent, concur. There is a partial agreement, no doubt, between several different systems of interpretation, with regard to the spot which our own age occupies upon the prophetic calendar. They place us under one or other of the latter vials, particularly the sixth; and, thus far, they corroborate Elliott's results. If the drying up of the Euphrates does indeed signify the decline of the Turkish power, that decline is a fact so indubitable, that we cannot be surprised when such students as Lord Carlisle avow their conviction that we have arrived nearly at the close of this dispensation. This school identifies the exhaustion of the vials with the close of the present dispensation and the advent of the Lord; in which, as we conceive, they are totally mistaken; but of this more presently. Dr. Cumming, in the work now under review, lays great stress upon this drying up of the Euphrates, as being a determining point in prophetic chronology.

'I ventured to show the complete fulfilment of the drying up of the Euphrates. If we can identify one fact in history with a specific symbol in the Apocalypse, and if the identification be so exact, complete, and so truly overlopping it that there can scarcely be a mistake, we not only ascertain the fulfilment of a given prophecy, but we ascertain the point of time we occupy in the great calendar of prophecy.'—Page 157.

Unquestionably the decay of the Turkish power is a sign of the times which demands thoughtful attention; and, to say the least, it gives plausibility to the supposition that we are now under the sixth vial. This plausibility is increased, when we view it in connexion with the concurrent decline (so far as we may judge from present appearances) of the Papal power. Without absolutely committing ourselves to this view, we are content, for the present, for argument's sake, to assume it; and we will proceed to mention some of the impossibilities and incongruities of Dr. Cumming's scheme, even when these great points of his are allowed,—that the present decadence of Turkey is really what was intended by the drying up of the Euphrates, and that the sixth vial commenced its action about the year 1822.

Of the three great series of apocalyptic symbols, the seals,

trumpets, and vials, the vials are certainly not the least important. Mr. Elliott, however, without any other necessity than the exigency of his theory, allots to their action a time disproportionately short. The seals are ended with the close of the fourth century; after these follow the trumpets, whose blast is heard through the ages for nearly 1,400 years; while to the vials no more than seventy-eight years are allotted. Comparing this brief period with the long duration of the seals and of the trumpets, there seems a want of proportion. One's first impression is, that the theory must be at fault. If the year 1822 is assumed as a known quantity,—as a fixed and ascertained point in the calendar,—it would appear, *à priori*, as if too little time had been allotted to the five vials which had preceded, and to the two which remain to follow; more especially for the last, to which, according to the analogy of the entire system, a much longer space ought to be accorded. There is also another objection, which occurs at the outset. The years to which such a disproportionate importance is assigned, are the years of our own era, with whose events we are necessarily most familiar. The idea that these years are prefigured in the Apocalypse with such exceeding minuteness, while past ages are much more slightly passed over, carries with it so manifestly the mark of human infirmity, as almost to suggest its own refutation.

The period of the last two vials, as it is sketched in the dim and shadowy outlines of inspired vision, appears to be crowded with momentous events. Under the sixth, we have, first, the drying up of the Euphrates; then the subsequent appearance and career of the kings of the East; then the going forth of three spirits of devils, like frogs, whose dire influence prevails with the princes of the whole world, to gather them to a tremendous conflict; then the actual gathering of these hosts at the mystic Armageddon. After these events have transpired, the seventh angel pours out his vial into the air; and another series of mighty events is ushered in by a great voice out of the temple of heaven, saying, 'It is done.' To this voice succeed lightnings, and voices, and thunders, and an earthquake such as has never yet shaken the world; the falling of the cities of the nations; the tripartite division and judgment of great Babylon, a spectacle so terrific that 'every island fled away, and the mountains were not found;' and, lastly, a terrible plague of hail.

According to Dr. Cumming, the whole of these events occupy only about forty-five years, of which thirty-seven have already passed away. The action of the sixth vial began about 1822: the

seventh vial commenced in 1848, and with it the era of the Great Tribulation, and it closes in 1867. Accordingly, the events assigned to the sixth vial ought to have transpired between 1822 and 1848. In this the theory is sadly at fault. The Euphrates, that is, the Turkish power, is already so dried up, that 'its last streamlet is barely discernible;' * the kings of the East are the Jews, whose way to Palestine is thus preparing; the frogs are Infidelity, Popery, and Puseyism. How these three frogs gathered the kings of the whole earth together to a battle is not explained; but it is more than hinted that Armageddon is Sebastopol. Our author is not prepared to stake his credit upon this, but says that, in this interpretation, he has not yet been proved to be wrong.†

It is most unfortunate that these events did not occur a little earlier. They ought all to have occurred previous to 1848; in which year, as we are repeatedly informed, the great earthquake of the seventh vial took place. Consequently, Turkey ought to have expired previous to that date; the way of the Jews to Palestine ought to have been made ready; the hosts ought to have been collected at the figurative Armageddon. But here we are in the first days of 1860, and Turkey is still alive, nor is the way yet clear for the Hebrew nation, and the Sebastopol gathering was at least seven years too late. So this whole chronology fails.

According to St. John, the drying up of the Euphrates is to prepare the way for the kings of the East. This appears to intimate that the drying up is to be completed as a preparation for those kings, who cannot therefore be expected to appear on the stage of actual events while the river is yet flowing. But is the Euphrates yet dried up? Is the desiccation of its bed complete? Is it true, that 'the last pools in its almost deserted channel are now nearly evaporated?' Before these questions can be answered, another must be asked. What is the precise prophetic signification of the Euphrates? Does it symbolise the Ottoman government as such, or does it not rather symbolize the Mahometan power and influence generally? To this latter view Dr. Cumming himself occasionally appears to incline. 'The great river Euphrates,' he says, 'denotes the Turkish or Mahometan power. Like a stream that had overflowed its banks, the Turko-Mahometan nations had overspread vast portions of the earth, and impressed their principles far and wide over a great part of Christendom.'‡ According to this view,

---

* *Apocalyptic Sketches*, vol. ii., p. 393. † *The End*, p. 139.
‡ *Apocalyptic Sketches*, vol. ii., p. 386.

the drying up of the river must denote the extinction not of the Turkish government merely, but of the whole power of Islam. To assert that the river, in this sense, is dried up,—that the influence of Mahomet is extinct, or is on the utmost verge of extinction,—is to assert what none but an enthusiast can believe. Over the whole of Northern Africa, from Suez to Tangier,—along the whole course of the Nile, from Alexandria to the White Mountains,—the banner of the crescent still waves. The boundless plains of Arabia are yet free from invading influences, and the pilgrim urges his thirsty way to the shrine at Mecca with as much devotion as of old. There are, it is true, contrary signs. The political influence of the Sultan seems almost expiring. Turkey is being wasted by intestine troubles. The profession of Christianity is no longer a capital offence. The Turk begins to waver in his hereditary attachments. In Smyrna and Aleppo, in Broussa and in Constantinople, men are beginning to inquire after the Scriptures. The Euphrates rushes on with a volume perceptibly less than in days of yore; but it is still a mighty stream.

If we take the other view,—that the river symbolizes the Ottoman government merely, or, as Dr. Cumming sometimes expresses it, 'the Moslem in Europe,'—we still find that the river flows. We do not wonder at his impatience to get rid of Turkey. If the 'sick man' survives much longer, the Doctor's credit will be gone. Again and again has he represented him as being at his last gasp; until, two years ago, he pronounced these words:—'If the data we have assumed be true, the utter wasting of the waning crescent must take place two or three years hence.' * Alas for the physician who predicts so confidently the hour of his patient's departure! No medicines, he says, can possibly avail to keep him alive; France and England may strive in vain; if our data be correct, he will be dead in a few months at latest. But, to be consistent, he ought to have been dead, and his royal successors, the kings of the East, ought to have been upon their march, years ago—before 1848.

Who are these kings of the East? It is assumed, without any attempt at proof, that they are the Jews. Turkey is to die, that the Jews may repair to the Holy Land. This, however, is by no means absolutely certain. The expression, 'kings of the East,' does not seem particularly applicable to a nation who have no king, and who are scattered throughout all quarters of the world; nor is there any other Scripture passage in which they are so called. If we render it, as Dr. Cumming wishes,

* *Apocalyptic Sketches*, vol. ii., p. 404, new edition.

'kings *from* the East,' (to which we see no critical objection,) it does not relieve the case, inasmuch as the Jews are everywhere. We read of wise men from the East; and some interpreters are of opinion that these mysterious kings will come from the same region,—the region east of Palestine. It is the opinion of others, that these kings of the East will prove to be the English, as lords of Hindostan. And lastly, they are supposed by Mede, Faber, and others, to be the lost Ten Tribes, who are supposed to be still hidden somewhere in the recesses of Assyria, or of Central Asia. From the diversity of opinion it is pretty obvious that these royal personages cannot yet be satisfactorily identified. But, according to the theory before us, they ought to have been on their march ten or fifteen years ago, as the sixth vial was exhausted by 1848. If, as Dr. Cumming asserts, these kings really are the Jews, the facts of the day confute his calculations; for, not to urge that the Jews are still out of Palestine, there are, as yet, no immediate signs of a political way being prepared for them to take possession of it. We are far from indifferent to their actual condition, which is full of interest; our present object is to show, that granting the sixth vial to have commenced at the period Dr. Cumming assigns to it, he is inconsistent with both prophecy and fact in closing the era at 1867. If 'the kings of the East' are really the Jews, the seventh vial cannot yet have commenced, and all his calculations of 1867 are nugatory.

Before the pouring out of the last vial, is the outgoing of the three frogs, and the gathering at Armageddon. Some of the Doctor's friendly critics have represented him as including under these frogs 'one or other of Infidelity, Popery, Lawlessness, Tractarianism, Mormonism, Spirit-rapping.' This is a mistake. He includes most of these under the false Christs, and false prophets, whose appearance is characteristic of the era of the Great Tribulation; (p. 60;) but on the symbol of the frogs, following Mr. Elliott, he is exceedingly explicit. They can be identified, and traced to their source; and they are Infidelity, Popery, and Puseyism. The two latter, it is somewhat novel to learn, are particularly 'rampant in America, where there is no Established Church:' this, we suppose, is intended as an illustration of their all-pervading influence. Let us see how the inspired account of them agrees with this. They 'go forth, working miracles.' But when did Infidelity, the very essence of which is a negation of the supernatural, profess to work miracles? Would she not, by that very profession, cease to be infidelity? This seems fatal to the first frog. And where has Puseyism ever pretended to work miracles? As to Popery, Dr.

Cumming expects that it will yet work miracles, in the short period which is to elapse before its final overthrow:—

'I am one of those who think, not unreasonably or without authority from Scripture, that before the Great Western Apostasy, now trembling upon the very edge of its irretrievable ruin, shall pass away from the earth as a thing of wickedness that was, she and her emissaries will do what I may call justly supernatural works. I cannot believe that all the miracles of Rome in mediæval days were unmixed mockeries and anile fables.'—*The End*, pp. 41, 42.

Thus, of the three frogs, two have wrought no miracles at all, and the third is expected to work some shortly. But it is too late. They ought to have occurred under the sixth vial, which closed in 1848. Then, in what sense did Infidelity, Popery, and Puseyism go forth to gather the whole world to Sebastopol, if Armageddon be Sebastopol? What connexion, for example, had Puseyism with the Crimean war; and if Armageddon was not Sebastopol, what was it? On the theory before us, it must be a scene of the past. On this knotty matter our author is discreetly silent.

Let all these considerations be taken together:—that the Euphrates, though it is wasting, is not yet dried up;—that the kings of the East cannot yet be satisfactorily identified;—that, even if they can, their way is not yet prepared;—that the solution of the three frogs does not meet the requirements of the text;—that they have not yet gathered together the kings of the whole world to battle;—that nothing in our day fulfils the requirements of Armageddon;—and what follows? It follows, that even if we concede to this theory its chief chronological point,—the commencement of Turkey's decline about 1822,—the remaining explanations are so entirely inconsonant with the actual course of events, that they must be set aside as worthless; and that IF the sixth vial commenced in 1822, the chief events under it are yet to transpire. Granting the main postulate, the demonstration fails.

This being the case, we need not discuss the opinion that the great earthquake of the seventh vial was the European convulsion of 1848. This is repeated so often, and with so much assurance, that many readers will forget that it is without the slightest foundation;—that it is totally inconsistent, indeed, with previous assumptions. According to the sacred text, however, the earthquake is not the first event of the seventh vial. It is preceded by a great voice, crying, 'It is done.' This voice, on Dr. Cumming's theory, must have preceded the revolution in 1848. He offers no explanation respecting it.

We beg to suggest one, which we think is in exact harmony with the theory as a whole. He lays it down as a canon of interpretation, that 'where there is a voice emitted in the apocalyptic firmament, it has an allusive reference to a corresponding but contrasting scene just at that moment actualized on earth.'* We have also an instance in which a man of modern times is particularly prefigured; the 'angel flying through the midst of heaven,' it seems, was the late Mr. Wilberforce.† On these grounds we submit that the great voice preceding the earthquake was Dr. Cumming, blowing his apocalyptical trumpet in Exeter Hall.

In the few short years which are destined yet to run their swift and unprecedented course before the final consummation, events mighty and manifold may be expected to transpire. Of these it will be our closing task to give a brief account. In the volume before us, we have the most broadly-coloured oratorical pictures of the splendour of the Advent, the terrors of the general conflagration, and the joy of the saints, who, caught up with their Lord in the luminous cloud, will be 'out of reach, but not out of sight,' of the all-consuming flames. The particular events which are to prepare the way, and to fulfil the vision to the uttermost, are but slightly hinted at in *The Great Tribulation*. For the author's views of these, we must refer to other volumes, issued within the last three or four years. Conspicuous among these events is the total destruction, by fire and earthquake, of the city of Rome; an event which will bring with it the annihilation of the Papacy, and which will be followed by the echoing shout, 'Babylon is fallen!' Nearly at the same time will take place the re-establishment of the Jews in Palestine. This will be introduced by a series of great political events, in which the greater part of Europe will be shaken, and will pour out her tears, her treasures, and her blood, like water on the ground. The terrible man across the Channel is not destined, it would appear, to play any conspicuous part in these great transactions. Russia is to be the great moving power; and it is on the head of the Autocrat that the most terrific judgments will fall. Russia will concentrate all her forces upon Palestine, and Germany will be a confederate.

'Russia and Germany will form a gigantic confederacy and conspiracy, headed by the prince of Rosh; or, translated into modern phrase, by the Autocrat of all the Russias; and when this great conspiracy shall begin to move,—not in the first instance designedly

* *Apocalyptic Sketches*, vol. ii., p. 92. † *Ibid.*, p. 449.

to occupy Palestine, but to detach the country of the Sultan from his crown, of which country Palestine is now a part;—a nation, represented under the symbol, the type, or the figure of Tarshish, will meet foot to foot the leader of this great conspiracy, this aggressive confederacy, and will say to it, in the language of defiance, "Art thou come to take a spoil?"'—*The End*, p. 273.

'This combination of Germany and Russia will be the chief part of the great confederacy or conspiracy of the last days, that will go forth to cleave its way, as this chapter indicates, to the land of Palestine, there and then to perish for its crimes under the judgments of God.'—*Ibid.*, p. 267.

To this gigantic confederacy, Tarshish, which is England, will offer a mighty and most costly resistance; but, nevertheless, the northern power will cleave its way to the holy land of Palestine; and there God will plead against him with pestilence and blood. The Crimean war was the commencement of all this. At present there is a lull; but 'after the lull, Russia will burst forth, overcome all resistance, and march to Palestine,' (p. 277,) that prophecy may be fulfilled.

The Russo-German combination will be defeated. British valour (so, we are informed, Ezekiel foretells) will prove victorious. Then there will be a simultaneous migration of Jews from every region of the globe towards Palestine, now open for their reception. Arrived in the Holy Land, they will forthwith build the temple predicted by Ezekiel, and will take their allotted portions throughout the country:—

'I believe that splendid prophecy in the last eight chapters of Ezekiel, with its temple, the allocation of the tribes, their distribution throughout the land, will be strictly realized. This great temple will be raised in Jerusalem; and into it the glory will come in another way than it came into Solomon's temple, when God will pour out His Spirit upon all the tribes settled in various districts of the land; and they shall look on Him whom they have pierced. Palestine shall have the precedence of all lands, and Jerusalem be in a far higher sense the beautiful metropolis of all the earth.'—*Great Tribulation*, p. 95.

All this is to happen before 1867. It is for our readers to judge whether this Russo-German confederacy is yet making rapid progress; and how far the present aspect of European politics appears to confirm these anticipations. We are admonished, however, that we may all be mistaken; for the events of a century, in the accelerating velocity of these latter times, are now crowded into a week. It is observable, however, that Napoleon is a cipher. By the world, generally, this victory of England over Russia, and this settlement of the Jews, will be applauded as 'an enlightened liberal policy, which balances con-

flicting nationalities, and erects in Jerusalem a dynasty that will resist Russia, keep Turkey in order, and prevent other consequences that might have injured the safety and peace of Europe.' (P. 141.) But lo! to their dire astonishment, just at this instant, when they are saying, 'Peace and safety,' the sign of the Son of Man appears, the earth bursts out in flames, the trumpet sounds, the Bridegroom comes!

It might appear astonishing, and almost mournful, that so magnificent a scene should be so transient; that the elect people should but just be permitted to arrive, and to build their temple, in the land which had been their promised possession through so many generations of banishment and of misery, before all is burned up in the general conflagration. So, however, (as far as we can make out our author's theory,) it is to be. When the Jew possesses Palestine, the Lord will come to reign upon the earth; and at this His pre-millennial coming, as we are explicitly assured, the earth and all the works therein shall be burned up. From an entire Lecture descriptive of this conflagration, we give one extract, illustrative of the lecturer's manner. He supposes himself caught up in the cloud, surveying the flaming earth.

'I look at another part of the world, and I see from that cloud the impartial flame devour St. Peter's in the metropolis of Italy, while cardinals, and bishops, and priests are saying high mass, and the vast cathedral dissolves and disappears like the fabric of a vision, and leaves not a wreck behind. The same flame, fulfilling its mission, seizes on St. Paul's, in our own metropolis, and upon the lowliest chapel that stands or sinks under its broad shadow; and vestments, croziers, altars, shrines, images, pictures, monuments, encaustic tiles, and all that men loved, that some almost worshipped, and good taste appreciated, are reduced to ashes in the devouring and the overwhelming fire. I look to another part of the world; I see, what must pain some, the library of our great Museum, the yet more precious library of the Vatican at Rome, reached by the all-devouring and unsparing fire. I see the works of Gibbon, and Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Shelley, and Byron cast into the flame; and as they are consumed, they send forth volumes of sulphurous and intolerable smoke. I see the works of Milton, and Shakespeare, and Scott, and the master spirits of every age of our country, blazing in the flames, while they shoot up only in brilliant sparks that have all the splendour of the lightning, and all its evanescence too. I see newspapers, monthlies, quarterlies, all cast into the flame, and reduced to tinder. But, strange exception! wondrous spectacle! I see one book cast into that devouring, red heap; the flames seem to retreat from it, the red fire seems afraid to touch it. What exceptional book is this? It is the book of God.'—Page 146.

This may serve as a specimen of the lecturer's vigour of imagination. We adduce an instance of the facility with which he can treat the revelations of inspired writ upon these awful subjects.

'At that day when Christ shall come, when the red lightning shall scathe the earth, and set fire to all that is on it, and in it, and round about it, we read in His own word that His own people will be caught up in a cloud far above the reach of a burning world; for He says in 1 Thess. iv.: "We which are alive and remain at the coming of the Lord, shall be caught up together in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." We read in the Book of Revelation that God's people thus caught up again descend to a new earth and a new heaven, and on this earth they reign with Christ a thousand years.'—Page 144.

The reference is to Rev. xx. 4. But so far from the whole multitude of Christ's saints being there spoken of, it is only one particular section of them, namely, the martyrs who have been beheaded. Even these were not seen clothed in their resurrection bodies; for it is expressly said, 'I saw *the souls* of them that were beheaded.' Their descending to a new earth is wholly imagination; nothing whatever is said of this, but only that their souls were seen living and reigning with Christ, during a thousand years, till Satan should be loosed from his prison.

In regard to the judgment, he contradicts himself. 'There is,' he says, 'a first resurrection, consisting exclusively of the just; and there is a second resurrection, consisting exclusively of the unjust.' (P. 373.) Yet, in another place, speaking of the Advent, he says that the whole world, saints and sinners, shall be congregated before the throne of judgment, and that one word of the Judge shall divide the vast assembly into an eternally separated twain, those that are sinners by nature, and those that are saints by grace. (Pp. 209, 210.) But if the first resurrection be exclusively of the just, and the second, separated from it by an interval of a thousand or more years, be exclusively of the unjust, how can this be?

In his descriptions of the millennial earth, Dr. Cumming descends to the minutest particulars. The hills and valleys of the present earth are to be re-produced, without alteration, in the future.

'We read of the everlasting hills; that is, the hills that last as long as the earth itself lasts: they are not to be moved. But I take even that application in its strict and literal sense, holding, as I do, that the earth is never to be annihilated, but to be one of the most beautiful orbs amid all the stars and constellations of the universe; and that its hills and valleys shall never be destroyed, or cease to be.'

(P. 224.) 'And I have no doubt, when this earth is restored, and resurrection bodies shall be its tenantry, that the rest of the orbs of the sky that never fell, as they gaze down upon their recovered, once fallen but now restored sister, will not only say, but shout and sing, "It is meet that we should rejoice; for this our lost sister orb is found, this our dead sister world is at length made alive."' —Page 263.

Considering that our earth is invisible from the nearest fixed star, we find some difficulty in imagining how this can be. But such difficulties are as nothing in our author's estimation. For instance: he asserts that in the new earth there will be ephemeral insects, exactly as there are now; (p. 10;) but that the millennial fish will be endowed with immortality. Now, considering the marvellous fecundity of many species of fish, (in the roe of a cod nine millions of eggs have been counted,) if they are never to prey upon each other, but all are to live always, a question not unnaturally suggests itself respecting the eventual overpeopling of the ocean, to which question he has the following ready answer: 'It is all nonsense: it will be time enough to consider such inconveniences when the event comes.' (Page 298.) The expression, 'There was no more sea,' it seems, is not to be taken literally. An entire Lecture is devoted to its elucidation. It signifies, that there shall be no more carnivorous fish, no more dead or dying fish,—that the fish shall all be subject to man, (of course, not to eat them. For what purpose, then?)—that there will be no more tempests, or shipwrecks, or sea-fights, or corpses entombed in the gulfy deep,—that 'the winds shall be in sweet harmony with the waves, the ocean and the atmosphere shall embrace each other like loving sisters,'—and, most amazing of all, 'the removal of those obstructions that have hindered the entrance of the missionaries into the dark and benighted parts of the world.' (Page 302.) What the new earth, when resurrection bodies shall be its tenantry, can want with missionaries, is too deep a problem for our short line to fathom.

In his general scheme of exposition, Dr. Cumming disclaims the merit of originality. There is, however, one point which he claims the merit of clearing up;—a point which all previous millenarian interpreters have left (as well they might) in a mist. We read in the Apocalypse, that when the thousand years are expired, Gog and Magog, or the nations in the four quarters of the earth, deceived by Satan, shall gather together innumerable forces to battle, and shall encompass the camp and the beloved city of the saints. How this can be reconciled with a new earth, free from all sin and sorrow, and tenanted only by

the risen just, is what all theologians of this class have felt to be the most difficult of questions.

'It strikes me,' says he, 'that I have found the explanation of this universally perplexing and confessed difficulty. The moment that the 1000 years have expired, the rest of the dead, that is, the unconverted dead, start up from their graves, and make war with the saints in their resurrection bodies. With all their vices unextirpated, their natures unregenerated, their hearts in the gall of bitterness, they shall be headed by the archangel's energy, and inspired with the archfiend's hate, and shall make one last, dying, and desperate attack upon the saints of God that dwell in the new Jerusalem.'—*Sketches*, vol. ii., p. 503.

With this choice extract we may fittingly conclude. It presents a climax of absurdity and incongruity for which the reader is sufficiently prepared; but perhaps we may venture to suggest one little difficulty for the solution of the ingenious author. If this ghastly conflict of spiritual and material elements—this literal meeting of heaven and hell upon earth—is to take place after all, how can it be said that we are 'within eight years of the commencement of the *everlasting rest*, the dawn of heaven, the millennial blessedness of the people of God?'

Art. VI.—1. *The Russian Empire.* By Baron Von Haxthausen. Two Vols. 8vo. 1856.
2. *The productive Forces of Russia.* By Tegoborski. Two Vols. 8vo. 1856.
3. *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Vol. XIX. 4to. 1859.
4. *La Russie, son Peuple et son Armée.* Par L. Deluey. 8vo. 1860.

The future career of the Russian people is a subject that will always possess a grave interest for thoughtful minds, inasmuch as the welfare of all the other nations of Europe, Asia, and, we may add, America, is involved in the important question, 'How will Russia develope her resources? in what direction, with what force, with what chance of ultimate success?' We purpose in the following paper to invite attention to some of the various phases of the mighty revolution which has begun in that country, none the less mighty because unobserved by neighbouring states. And, first, of the slavery that lies like an incubus on the political system of Russia, impeding all progress in national development.

'It is despotism that is the new thing, and liberty that is

old,' exclaimed Madame de Stael; a dictum that applies with more force to Russia, than to any other nation of our time. No where else on our side of the Atlantic has it been possible for years past to buy or sell a human soul. In Russia, however, the wealth of the owners of the land is, to the present day, calculated by the number of *souls* they possess; and a dying proprietor bequeaths to each of his expectant children a separate share in that most precious chattel, man. Yet it was not always so. Russian serfdom did not exist in the Middle Ages. A momentary glance over past history will show this.

The Russian monarchy was founded by a small band of that great race of Normans, which imparted vigour of character to so many of the weaker tribes of Europe, and which has been aptly designated the male principle of modern European society. Under the Norman rule, the Russians enjoyed a large measure of political and civil liberty. Even when political liberty was destroyed by the Tartar conquest, many of their civil rights were still preserved to them. The only slaves that were known were prisoners taken in war. A modified form of servitude, indeed, existed, but it appears to have differed little in practice from the ordinary engagements of servants and labourers in our day. Laws exist from a very early period in Russian history, which regulate the agreements between men who give themselves up, for a term of years, to employers or masters, in return either for a debt, for personal protection, or for some other equivalent equally intelligible.

It was not until the last of Rurick's descendants was on the throne, a moribund prince governed by a hardheaded, ambitious minister, that the decree went forth whereby all the Russian peasantry became bondsmen (*krepostnoi*, or bound to the glebe). Boris Godunof was the name of this unscrupulous but, as all writers admit, able minister and subsequent usurper of the Russian crown. Whether the recent conquest of the terrible Ivan had, by opening tempting tracts of country, aroused the old but inextinguishable nomadic instinct of the Czar's subjects, and led to an emigration that threatened to become an Exodus, or whether the vagabond habits of the people, who wandered at will from village to village, giving their labour where it was best remunerated, called for police regulations incompatible with liberty, or that the aspiring Boris sought to win the favour of the numerous class of small proprietors, who found it hard to compete with their wealthier neighbours in a free labour market, or whether his motives were made up of these and other reasons mixed; certain it is that in the year 1593 the fatal law was made which chained the Russian peasants for ever to the soil on

which they might happen to be staying on St. George's day, the usual period for terminating annual engagements. 'As unlucky as St. George's day' is a Russian proverb that arose from this event, and reveals more suffering than could be told in volumes. Some one has said of the Russian, in allusion to the combination of suppleness and subtilty with sterner qualities by which he is characterized, that he is *un oriental glacé*. By this act of Godunof's, the whole nation was frozen at a breath, and for three centuries remained, as it were, in an iceberg, the thawing of which our own age is indubitably destined to witness.

Serfdom being thus established as the law of the land in Russia, personal slavery followed in the course of years. No laws can be traced which authorize, none which forbid the right of possession in, and the right to dispose of a serf apart from the land. This negro-like abasement came into existence gradually, and as an abuse of the law. The Czars were surprised and pained to discover the fact of its existence. A century after the time of Boris, Peter the Great addresses his senate in these words: 'It is the custom in Russia to sell men like cattle, separating parents and children, husbands and wives,—a thing that occurs in no other part of the world, and which makes many tears flow. Wherefore we order the senate to make a regulation forbidding the sale of men without the land they dwell on; or if that is impossible, let it be at least forbidden that the members of the same family be separated.' The Emperor Paul, another century later, wrote on a report of the senate which demanded authority to sell serfs in Little Russia, as they were sold in other parts of the Empire: 'The peasants ought not to be sold independently of the land which they occupy.' And at a date more recent still, Alexander I. was astonished to learn through a complaint addressed to him against a Scotch ironmaster, who bought serfs for his foundry near Petersburg, that it was possible to buy men away from their villages. It is a mark of the impotency of the autocrat to govern righteously, that at the very time the Czar was expressing himself thus, a sale was being completed at the Law Courts within sight of the palace windows, in which an old woman, the property of a bankrupt, was valued at two roubles and a half, not more than seven shillings and sixpence!

It is so far clear that personal slavery was never a Russian 'institution.' The ancient laws which permitted prisoners of war to be made slaves, expressly provided that such as were not Christians could alone be sold or otherwise disposed of personally. By law the peasants were attached to the soil, with

which, and with which alone, they could be lawfully bought and sold. That the law was corrupted arose from the force of things, which so often proves stronger than principles. Slaves were sold because they were weak, and their masters strong; and because those to whom they might have appealed were themselves slave-owners. It is to the credit of the late Emperor Nicholas, that in his reign a law was published correcting this enormous vice, and positively forbidding the sale of any serf apart from the land to which he belonged. This instalment of justice to the peasant disposes us to believe that the opinions of the late Czar were influential on the mind of his son, Alexander II., in rendering him so liberal and so resolute a friend to the measures proposed for the emancipation of the serfs.

The present Czar formally announced his projected scheme of liberation in the autumn of 1857, when he also invited the co-operation of the nobility in carrying out a change which amounts to a revolution in the mutual relations of all classes in the Empire. It was, in effect, saying to the serf-owners, in the most affable manner, 'Give up your vested rights in these men with a good grace. I mean to make you give them up; and, if you are wise, you will put on the face of wishing to help me.' Committees were at once formed in the various governments, proposals were invited, projects of emancipation were discussed. The people were very patient, and the imperial government was not impatient. No small amount of labour was undergone in the provincial committees, though for the most part it was laborious trifling, impracticable strivings to avoid the inevitable fate of deprivation of their bondsmen. At length deputies from each committee carried up the several projects to St. Petersburg, expecting, not unnaturally, to be constituted into a sort of Russian Parliament, whose mission would be great, and their name glorious. No such thing, however, was contemplated by the supreme authorities. As if animated by the spirit of Mr. Carlyle, the imperial mind seems to be strong in its aversion to a great talk. The deputies and the great committee of St. Petersburg Government, with Prince Orloff at its head, are kept together in the capital, to give a colour of extensive co-operation in the coming scheme; but so little have they really to do, and so keenly do they feel their helpless inactivity, that they requested the Emperor either to constitute them into a deliberative body of some kind, or to send them home again. The reply written on the petition, by His Majesty, was terse but embarrassing, 'Neither constitute, nor send home.' They are to be kept in the metropolis as the blossom, the ornamental part of his great abolition scheme; until the seed is fully ripe, he cannot dis-

pense with their presence. Meanwhile the kernel and substance of the whole question is slowly elaborating itself, according to nature's laws, in the hands of seven or eight competent persons forming a special committee, with Count Rostovtsoff for president, whose business it is to examine the numerous projects 'brought to town' by the deputies, and, selecting the best portions of each, to embody their extracts into what may be fairly supposed to be the quintessence of all the schemes. This is somewhat cruel treatment for the poor deputies to undergo. Their pet projects unmercifully mutilated, the points they most fondly dwelt on set at nought, the few faint admissions of popular rights seized upon and magnified, and what they intended for conservatism and the perpetuity of aristocratic privilege, ruthlessly converted into radicalism and communism. Such, however, is the turn which things have taken, if we are to believe the rumours which reach us from the Russian capital. The one grand point on which the nobles had resolved to make a stand, and on which, indeed, the continuance of their order as one of power and dignity depends, is that of conceding land as a possession to the emancipated serfs. 'We consent to their being made free,' say the landlords, 'and we can even see our own advantage in their liberation. We shall not be able to compel their service, but we shall be free from the responsibility of providing for them in sickness and old age. But we hold the land to be our inalienable property, which we may refuse to part with for even the amplest remuneration; and we insist upon that right the more strongly, being convinced that a peasantry, possessed of its own land, will care little for working on our property, whatever wages we may offer.'

The reply of their adversaries, the most powerful of whom is the Emperor himself, blind or indifferent to the security of his order, is simple enough. 'Liberty to the peasant, without land, would be a mockery in a country like ours. Dependent on the master's wages, the labourers would be just as much at his mercy as the serfs are now; and the latter would not even have the feeble sense of responsibility, which he now feels, to keep the former from starvation. No; the welfare of the nation and high public policy demand the liberation of the serfs, but not the creation of a class of pauper subjects unknown as yet in Russia. The peasants have a right to the land, and the land they shall have.'

We must here pause to examine with some detail into this singular and, to Englishmen, confounding claim of the Russian peasant to a right in the land he occupies and tills. Our readers must not suppose, that the claim set up on behalf of the serf

aims at the possession of all the landed property in the country by depriving the present land-owners of their estates altogether. It is but the portion the usufruct of which he now enjoys, and for which he is, according to our Western notions, supposed to pay by the labour of his hands. That portion is, however, in some cases so considerable, that the despised Russian peasant is, and has been for centuries, the proprietor of an estate or a farm, or, more strictly speaking, he is a part owner with his relations, friends, and neighbours, of a pretty large farm, on which he does some work himself. To explain this, we must direct the attention of our readers to the nature of the communes in Russia. We may state briefly that every Russian, who is not of the privileged classes, must belong to a guild or society in the towns, or to a commune in the rural districts. Of the town societies we will speak presently. The rural communes possess in their organization many precious elements of freedom. They not only are regulated on the principle of self-government by officers chosen by the villagers, from among themselves, in public assembly, but are possessed of property,—land over which they exercise entire control, and which they contend is theirs in every sense of the word. On every estate, under the existing system of serfdom, there is a certain portion of land, arable and pasture, wood and water, set apart for the subsistence of the inhabitants of the commune. The masters attempt to account for this communal property, by saying that it is a general allotment made by the proprietor of the estate to the peasants for their support in return for the *corvée*, or three days' labour, which he exacts from them every week on his own land. The contrary explanation is to the effect, that all the land of the Empire belonged originally to communes, and that the possession of private estates arises from encroachments made in the name of the Czar, against which the people were too supine to protest. There are some who see in the bloody insurrections of Stenko-Razin and Pugatschef angry protests against the invasion of the rights of the commune. However this may be, the conviction is very strong in the peasant's mind, that the communal land belongs to him and his fellow members of the commune; and as the Emperor and his ablest advisers share this opinion, there is little doubt that the emancipated serf will remain a member of an endowed commune.

In the Emperor's first manifesto on the subject of emancipation, he states his wish to give liberty and land to the serfs. The nobles, struggling hard to maintain their ground, have tried, in the discussion of the question, to confine the meaning of the Emperor's words to a sense by which the peasant may hope to

acquire freedom with the hut which he inhabits, and the surrounding out-houses and garden-ground; but the fields on which he grows his rye, and where he pastures his horse and cow, must, they contend, revert to the master. For this point they have fought as manfully as the subjects of an autocrat can fight against his will,—with what success, remains to be seen. The words of Baron Haxthausen express clearly enough the popular notion, among Russian peasants, of their relation to the land, and to the Czar as the father of the country:—

'The Russians say that the earth belongs to the Creator, and has been granted by Him to Adam and his descendants. Successive generations inherited the possession; and as their numbers increased, they occupied a greater extent of the earth's surface, which they shared under the Divine guidance in the world's history. The country now called Russia fell to the progenitor of the Russians; and his descendants, remaining united under the head of their race, and thus constituting a people, spread over the territory which has thus, by the providence of God, become their property. The disposal of it, as in a family, belongs to the father, the head of the race, the Czar: an individual has a right to share in it only so long as he lives in unity with the Czar and his people. The soil is the joint property of the national family, and the Czar or father has the sole disposal of it, and distributes it among the families into which the nation has in the course of time been divided. A joint occupancy of the whole could only exist while the people led a nomadic life: when they became settled, a portion was assigned to each family, which occupied its share under a separate head. The right of the family thus arose in a manner quite analogous to that of the nation. The property is a family property, belonging equally, but undivided, to all the members of the family,—the father having the disposal and distribution of the produce. If a member insists on a division, he receives his portion, but loses all claim upon the joint possession; he is paid off and excluded, and thenceforth constitutes a new family. The families thus remained for many generations under their respective heads, and became family communes: hence arose the communal rights.'

It is really a matter of wonder, that a communistic theory, of so important and wide-embracing a character, should have been embodied and in exercise, for so long a period and on so large a theatre as Russia, without exciting the interested attention of thinkers and writers in the neighbouring European states. What a paradise for Robert Owen, for example! What a lesson for Monsieur Cabet and his Icarians! The peculiarity of this system, a peculiarity wherein lies its importance as a subject of study to political economists, is this, that unlike other schemes of social organization, Utopia, Atalantis, Oceana, Fourrierism, St. Simonianism, and Owenism, it is *not* an artificial system of

modern invention, a mere paper theory, but a system that has been in operation from time immemorial; working in an easy, natural manner, by laws that have never been written, but which, nevertheless, are understood of all men. We see that these so-called barbarians, these Russian boors, are so far masters of the art of self-government, that they convene assemblies, elect village elders and judges, submit their disputes to the grey-beards, and abide contentedly by the decision pronounced in the *mir*, (the assembled commune,) or by the award of the delegated authorities of the commune. The authority of the *mir* is indeed almost superstitiously acknowledged, and the awe it inspires smacks of the feeling that used to be excited by the obligations of Freemasonry, or of that which still appears to exist among members of the Trades' Unions. *Mir polojil*, 'The commune has decided,' is a phrase of as much potency with the peasant, as that of *Czar prikasal*, 'The Czar has commanded.'

There can be little doubt—we have none—that the extraordinary facility with which seventy millions of human beings, occupying so vast a territory as Russia, have been governed despotically by successive governments, whose greatest merit has been, in some instances, that their absolutism has been absolutely worthless, is owing mainly to the existence of an organisation like that of the commune, extending over the whole country, and belonging to the inhabitants as an old possession, an ancestral privilege with which they will not part. They have clung to it through all the vicissitudes of their painful history. It has survived the loss of political liberty, the loss of civil liberty. It is the germ of the new life upon which Russia is entering, and which promises to show mankind that communism is compatible with Christianity, and that a civilized European state may exist in our day without that frightful sore that afflicts our western societies,—pauperism. In writing thus, we do not express our own opinions, but the notions current among the Russian doctrinaires and liberal writers; whose *shibboleth* is 'the commune,' and who may well be enthusiastic in their views of the career of an embodied principle, hitherto so little known and so ill understood. At all events, here is no new experiment. The vast crown lands of the Empire, or appanages, and the territory occupied by what are called 'crown peasants,' or, in other words, peasants who do not belong to private individuals, and who, consequently, are not serfs, are organized and governed on the communal system. The commune is answerable to the crown for the taxes due from each of its members, and for its quota of recruits, just as among the serf population the lord or proprietor is made answerable to the government for the same

dues of money and men. Indeed, it will be tolerably plain to a careful observer of the facts of Russian history, that the original and natural condition of the Russian population was wholly communal, and that the existence of private estates, as well as of serfdom, arose from the caprices of the sovereign Czar, who, in his capacity of father of the Russian inheritance from Adam, conferred special grants of land upon his personal favourites. The mass of the people firmly believe at this day that the Czar can in like manner, and with perfect justice, withdraw their possessions from the nobles of the land, and send them back to the commune, to share equally with the other children of the father of the country.

One body of peasants, for example, is known to have sympathized with their master, at the approach of the day of emancipation, saying, 'Well, he has been a good fellow; we 'll let him keep his house,' or words to that effect, signifying that the change about to take place is to be a complete reversal of the recent order of things; the proprietors are to be deposed altogether, and the peasant is to come by his own again. An abundant supply of illustrations to the Jack Cade scenes in Shakespeare, might be gathered at the present time, from the notions and language of the Russian serfs, as they stand waiting for their liberty. Such an aspect of things makes the position of the nobility a very serious one; for though these are but the notions of illiterate peasants, they are the ideas of men who are very earnest and resolute in carrying out the few conceptions they thoroughly master. Fortunately for the nobles, the Czar is still regarded by the people as the 'father' with more than lip homage, as the real dispenser and withholder of benefits. If he, in pity to the landlords, bids the peasantry pay a rent or purchase-money for the houses and land, that will accrue to them in fee simple on the abolition of serfdom, they will no doubt pay it, and regard the transaction as just and right. There is, on the other hand, a possibility that faith in the Czar may be shaken by the dilatoriness or indecision of the government, or by malevolent rumours as to his intentions; and in that case the task of reconciling opposing interests will become an enormously difficult, if not an impossible, one. His Majesty's recent conduct in public has been of a reactionary character, and may turn back the tide of popularity on which he has floated hitherto.

The state of feeling just described as belonging to the Russian peasant, when considering the rights of his superiors, the landed proprietors, seems at once to justify the horror with which many excellent people regard the name of 'communism,' a word asso-

cinted with the ferocious theories of Prudhom and with some of the worst excesses of the last French Revolution. Our readers will require no assurance from us that we desire to preserve the indefeasible rights of all men to individual property, by every fence that law and reason will afford; that we wish to see it as safely protected in every other country as it is in our own, where the sense of *mine* and *thine* is, perhaps, more strongly developed than in any other part of the world. We believe that without the stimulus of acquiring personal property, man would not strive and endeavour as he does; and that, consequently, the progress of our race in the arts of civilization would be impeded, were the principles of even the very soberest communistic theory to prevail.

This our conviction must not, however, prevent us from saying that the promoters of the emancipation of Russian serfs are justified in demanding that the ancient communism of the country shall not be destroyed. In casting many millions of men upon their own resources, the government of Russia may well be excused for remembering the state of pauperism which exists in the richest countries of the West. Hitherto, paupers have been unknown as a class in Russia. Either the proprietor, or the commune, or the guild, has been compelled to provide for the infirm and destitute of the several localities. The abolitionists of serfdom need well guard against the frightful danger of an impoverished and despairing peasantry being let loose upon the country. We know enough of the disastrous effects of the manumission of the villeins of our own country in the sixteenth century, to make us sympathize with the horror with which such a termination of a just and wise political act must be regarded in any European country in the nineteenth century. If by the existing communal organization improved—but not improved away—Russia can save herself from the plague-spot of pauperism, she will achieve a glorious work. In such a social order, so contrary to the prevalent opinions in England, it is very possible that agriculture as an art will not improve, and that efforts will be feeble in every direction, except that which supplies the necessities of a community enjoying one low level of feeling and interest. But if the heights of human nature are not reached under such conditions, the depths of its misery are also avoided. A society constituted on the monotonous principle of equal possessions, does not give birth to great inventive geniuses or original thinkers; an inference the truth of which the history of Russia in some measure exemplifies.

Her annals are singularly bare of names of world-wide renown. Of men who have left the impress of their minds

upon the rest of their race, we remember no native Russian but Peter the Great; and he was as far removed from the commune and its influences as any man in his Empire could be. Still we are often painfully reminded, that intellectual greatness fails to confer happiness on men, and the dearth of genius in a community may not be ill compensated by the existence of general prosperity and contentment among the mass of the people. We need not, however, push this argument too far, since the wealth of many Russian nobles bears witness to the fact, that the apportionment of all property in the Empire of the Czar is by no means now, nor has it been for ages past, arranged on communistic principles. We do not know the proportion of communal property to private property in Russia, but of the latter there exists a store ample enough to stimulate the human passion of acquisition. The whole country, as we presume and hope, will never be lotted out in communes. Space will always be left outside to offer a field for the aspiring, who may gather together riches, as they in fact now do, even while they discharge their duty within the pale, and submit to the general division of land which takes place periodically. It is by no means uncommon, in the present state of things, for the wealthy tradesmen of the towns to retain their share of the village communal property, and let or lend it to a relative. The process of division is regulated principally by the births, deaths, and marriages of the commune.

It is worthy of remark, that the divisions are made in a spirit of scrupulous fairness, and that the rustic land-surveyors have an extraordinary tact in valuing the land submitted to their inspection. Instances have occurred in which the valuation of these illiterate men has been checked by the scientifically trained government surveyors, when their estimate was found to be strikingly just. The land is first divided according to its quality into rich and poor arable, pasture, forest, watercourses; then the portions are allotted by balancing the good and bad, remoteness from the homestead being counted as one of the bad elements of value.

The meetings of the *mir*, where questions of this vital importance to the community are discussed and settled by vote, are conducted with the greatest decorum. Every tax-paying male has a vote, but seldom any one but a greybeard, or 'whitehead,' as they are generally called, speaks. The reader will find many interesting details on this subject in Baron Haxthausen's book. As he points out, very justly, were it not for the commune, which takes upon itself the payment of the taxes to the crown, the burden of the poll-tax, pressing upon rich and poor

alike, would be odious and intolerable. The commune mitigates the weight of the tax by giving a large share of communal land to a rich member and apportioning his taxes accordingly, not caring whether or no he cultivates all that falls to him. Their business is with the safety and comfort of the men who form the commune, not with the improvement of the soil and the progress of agriculture. The operation of their principles seems to be more humane than scientific.

The commune further regulates the action of the law of recruitment, by taking upon itself to furnish the total number of recruits required. As the *mir* exercises a certain criminal jurisdiction, and takes cognizance of offences deserving no higher punishment than twenty-four blows of the *rozge* (rod), it avails itself of its authority in the matter of recruits to pack off the idle and worthless members to the army. The private proprietors do precisely the same thing, where they take any share in the management of their estates. Many, however, among them, especially ladies, leave all their land and their right in the persons of their serfs to the management of the serfs themselves, who covenant through the elected officers of their communes to pay annually a certain round sum by way of tribute to their owner, and to liquidate the government taxes.

It must be admitted, that the communal organization as existing throughout the whole of European Russia, exhibits a very remarkable manifestation of the power of self-government in a people whom we are too apt in our ignorance to set down as barbarians. Like every other human institution, the commune has had its trials, the memorial of which is stamped indelibly upon the language in the word *miroyedi*, 'devourers of the commune.' The principal reformer of the institution,—we might almost say renewer,—was Count Paul Kisselef, whose great merit it was to perceive and act upon the wise policy of making the people govern themselves as much as possible. On New Year's day, 1838, M. Kisselef was appointed minister of the imperial domains, which is the name given to that large portion of the Empire that does not belong to private individuals, and is therefore assumed to belong to the Czar. The whole of this large portion of Russia, containing a population of more than twenty-two millions, pays no tribute, and wears no badge of serfdom. It contributes taxes to the national coffers, and its inhabitants are subject to the officials of the ministry of public domains only as tax-payers and subjects of the Czar. Among them, as we might expect, the communal system flourishes in its greatest perfection. Serfs and crown peasants are both equally under a communal *régime*. But the former enjoy

infinitely less power and freedom in the management of their village affairs than the latter, who live without fear of a master's caprice or tyranny. Count Kisselef's administration gave a death-blow to the *miroyedi's* corrupt influence. By revivifying the ancient communal organization of the domains, he formed an administrative system that brought better supplies to the government exchequer, and left the peasants liberty to develop their resources in a natural manner. The communes were formed by the union of several villages, so that no commune could be constituted of less than 1500 males. By this constitution, which still exists, each group of five houses, or five 'hearths,' when dwelling together in one or two houses, elects a deputy to the *mir*. The *mir* elects a *starshina*, or head of the commune, and appoints a *starosta* as the head of each village. The communes are again combined into districts, (*volosti*,) containing 6000 males, with a chief officer, who is called *golova* or 'the head.' The domainal court in each government, consisting of officers appointed by the crown, has authority over the circles, and is responsible to the ministry for the general administration.

Such facts as these suffice to show how important is the part played by Russian peasants in the internal government of their country. The inference as to the moral and intellectual qualities of a people who can discharge functions of this kind, though they may not perhaps be able to read or write, will be strengthened by an examination into the working of the system we have endeavoured to describe. The intricacy of the questions that come before the *mir* must, at times, be very great, if we may judge from one fact alone,—the infinite variety of the allotments in the different governments. Some communes have only one or two acres to each male, others have forty, while in the government of Novgorod there are villages where 660 acres have been allotted to each soul.* These allotments must be considered as examples of the difficulty of making a general law applicable to all the communes of the Empire. At the same time, we see how capriciously the principle of sharing all things in common is violated. The rigours of the climate furnish one reason why the Russian peasant should be more largely endowed with land than the peasants of countries favoured with a more genial temperature. The fact that he is so endowed, coupled with another important circumstance, namely, the vast proportion which the peasant class bears to that of townspeople, suggests one consideration

* The female is not counted as a *soul*.

not to be passed over. According to the statistical statement published in the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the latter are to the former as 1 to 10·23; the urban population being 5,683,999, while that of the rural districts is 58,177,988. This immense preponderance of the country people is an argument for the Russian government to maintain and encourage the communal system. If, however, these millions of communists, with their liberal allowance of land and indifference to agricultural improvements, find even their enormous territory insufficient for their somewhat wasteful economy, will they press westward in the pursuit of more? Does this motive enter into the composition of that desire for conquest which was till of late attributed to the whole Russian people? M. Deluzy, whose work we have named at the head of this article, endeavours to dissuade the Russians from any attempt to conquer Europe. They will be only dashing against a rock, he says, and have to retire discomfited after their utmost efforts. We heartily concur in the advice thus given, and prefer the task of battling even with our own difficulty, proletarianism, to taking lessons in Russian communism from hordes of Cossacks.

It may, however, be written in the sibylline leaves of our time, could we but find and read them, that Russia is to change the face of Europe. Napoleon said that Europe would one day be either Democratic or Cossack. It is within the bounds of possibility that she should be both, that is, at once Russian and Communistic. Individualism, say the supporters of this doctrine, has had its day, and has done its work with more or less ability and effect. The time draws near when Communism must bring its healing balm to suffering humanity, and Russia will be her apostle. We sincerely trust that if a mission of this terrible kind ever visit us, it will not find us unprepared. We need hardly say that there is very little of Christianity in the schemes of the Russian doctrinaires, any more than in other schemes of Communism. Although not grossly sensual, like the system of St. Simon, it is not pretended that more than a material and temporal benefit is sought. There is no reference to the spiritual part of a man's nature, to his hopes of another and a happier world. His welfare here on earth is the aim kept in view. We should have no objection to this, in a political point of view, were it not for the fear suggested by history and experience, that wherever material prosperity is the sole object of desire with a nation or an individual, the character rapidly deteriorates, and men tend to that condition in which they are no better than the beasts that perish. Under this aspect of the subject, the present idolatrous character of Christianity among the Russians

is not encouraging. The diffusion of knowledge that has begun in the new reign does not necessarily tend to Christianize the people. We observe, however, with pleasure, that two translations of the Holy Scriptures into modern Russian are being prepared for the press in London.

It is generally believed, that the characteristic of Russia as a nation is want of originality. All the civilization that she has is imitation,—the reflection of Western manners and modes of thought, taken from the life; not, as our own civilization was, from fragments left by dead Greece and Rome. If Russia should ever undertake as her mission the propagation of Communism, she would establish her claim to originality with a vengeance. Her method of preaching would, we fear, be of the Saracenic order, and Caliphs such as Omar would not be wanting to level the pride of the great ones. We therefore echo very cordially M. Deluzy's counsel, that Russia should turn her desires for influence exclusively to the East. There lies a great field for her exertions. She may carry civilization and equal rights into the valleys of the Altai, over the table land of Thibet, and through the low levels of China. Her position in Siberia is one that invites to peaceful commercial enterprises in the continent of Asia. America waits to stretch a hand across the Pacific to prosperous trading Russians; and to all peaceful legitimate means of extending their power and influence in the East, we on our side of the world give a hearty God speed!

That we may part friends with the communal system, as now carried out in Russia, with limitations, and not swamping all individual action, we venture to affirm that it is one of the most powerful political engines possible in the hands of an absolute sovereign, and yet is ready without violent change for the use of a free government, when such may arise. In the existing order of things it preserves a large amount of freedom to the peasant. Let us again intrude a few figures with respect to the peasants of the imperial domain. The number of domainal courts under the ministry, and having authority over the circles, is 48. The circles are 296, and include 1449 districts, which subdivide into 7397 communes containing 88,000 villages. The entire extent of land appropriated to the use of the crown peasants, amounted in 1850 to 340,300 square miles. The communal and district assemblies consisting of peasant deputies have been alluded to already: a narrative of the affairs, public and private, which come under their notice, would possess considerable interest, as manifesting the aptitude of the unlearned Russian for work of this kind. The village tribunals, also composed of elected

peasants, and exercising a jurisdiction in affairs that are not grave enough for the higher assemblies, exhibit no small degree of activity. 'More than 53,000 causes,' says Haxthausen, 'are annually decided by these courts, not including the number of cases which were formerly settled by agreement: five or six hundred appeals at the utmost were brought before the usual courts.' We fear that this is also a proof that the commune is not always 'a happy family.' It is worthy of remark, however, that the peasants sentenced by these courts always submit without a murmur to the punishments awarded to them. As machinery for solving a difficult administrative problem, the commune answered its purpose admirably, when in the late reign it was resolved to convert the oppressive and undiscriminating poll-tax into a land-tax or ground-rent, the necessary accompaniment of which was the establishment of a land register. The establishment of a proper register could not be accomplished in a century; but, after a strict examination, the government was persuaded that the traditional mode of dividing the land in the communes offered sufficient means to establish the extent and value of at least that part under cultivation. The old practice divides the land into different portions, which are subdivided into as many equal parts as there are male inhabitants in the commune. It was thus only necessary to measure the share of a single member of the commune, and to multiply this by the total number in the commune, to find the value of the entire property,—at least a sufficient approximation to the value for purposes of taxation. With this simple process, the work of the Russian Domesday Book Commissioners has been going on for some years satisfactorily, and with hope of termination, every year diminishing by two or three governments the seven thousand communes that had to be valued.

Our readers may be disposed to ask, What need can there be of any change in a country where the popular element of society has such free play? We answer that the change involved in the proposed emancipation of the serfs does not apply to the twenty-three millions of peasants on the crown domains, who constitute about one half of the entire population of the Empire, but concerns itself with the other moiety of the population, who are bondsmen on the estates of the nobles and land proprietors. The communal system exists among the latter as well as with their more fortunate brethren, but it dares not, in the presence of a master possessing despotic power, raise its head above the humblest posture. If the twenty-five millions of serfs can be raised to the position of the crown peasants, emancipation will be achieved. With nothing less will they or ought they to be

satisfied. They must be left in possession not only of their cottages and gardens, but of the land they have used for tillage while serving their lords; the 'three fields,' as they are technically styled. The commune even now has certain control over that part of the lord's estate of which the serfs have the usufruct. Under the new system, the commune will be restored to its ancient vigour, and undertake the payment of a ground-rent, or, better still, a sum for the purchase of the lord's right in the land. The grand difficulty, as it seems to us, will be the arrangement of this compensation, which, as in all similar cases, presents different aspects to the observer, according to the side from which it is viewed. The actual loss of income which the lord will incur will arise from the loss of his serfs' labour, for which, as he asserts, the usufruct of a certain quantity of land was granted to the commune. He will therefore estimate the value of his rights in the communal land which the proposed law bids him part with, by the losses incurred on his personal estate from deficiency of labour. The peasantry, on the other hand, will rate much lower the rent or purchase-money of the land, which has always been in the hands of the commune, and more or less under the direction of the communal authorities. The recovery of their liberty and the abolition of statute-labour they will regard in the light of a gift for which they have waited long, or even as a debt due for centuries.

We have thus endeavoured to show that the claim of the serf to receive with his promised liberty a portion of land as member of a commune, is no attempt at agrarian outrage, but is founded on tradition, on sound policy, and on the fact that at the present moment twenty-three millions of his fellow-subjects, residing on the crown domains, already possess such rights. We have also striven to show that the Russian peasant is prepared for the introduction of a liberal form of government into his country by the long exercise of certain functions (the elective, for instance) essential to give practical effect to self-government. We have not, however, exhausted the subject, and, having said so much for the rural communes, we turn to another manifestation of the communistic spirit as displayed in the industrial or manufacturing section of the community. The aboriginal Russian is a being naturally of great quickness and aptitude in applying his faculties to any work that he is forced to do. We have already said that the nation has not hitherto distinguished itself by the production of much original genius. It would seem that a certain principle of communism pervades the entire being of a Russian. Let him once overcome his strong objection to work altogether, and he will undertake any sort of labour

with equal readiness; be it carpentry, masonry, rowing a boat, or driving a carriage. He never admits that he *cannot* do a thing. None of the handicrafts attain to great perfection in his hands; but there is no village in Russia where you may not procure assistance, rough it may be, but ingenious, in any ordinary piece of workmanship. As if under the influence of some physical law, the minds of the people inhabiting those vast level plains of Eastern Europe spread laterally, however little tendency they may have to shoot up. Individual minds among them seldom rise above the ordinary line of intelligence common to all the people. For this reason, perhaps, this common stock of intelligence is of so good a quality. The occupation of a peasant is rarely a matter of choice with him. He has no bias in favour of one trade over another, and adapts himself very easily to the position he may be placed in by his lord, or by his parents, or by the commune. The commune in which he is born may pursue some particular trade; into this he enters or does not enter, as suits the convenience of his family. He may be born in a village of boot and shoe-makers, where there is no room for him when he reaches man's estate. He quits it for a commune of basket-makers or pedlars, where there is room. Every traveller in Russia must have noticed in the public bazaars of the towns, (*gostinnoi dvor*,) that the rows of shops consist severally of stalls offering the same wares. Cap and hat-dealers shoulder one another on one side of the quadrangle, ironmongers on another, furniture-dealers on a third, image-dealers on the fourth, while in the gallery above shop after shop contains nothing but skins and furs. This is the most visible sign that a hasty traveller can see of Russian communism. Many, if not all, of these shops are depôts for the sale of workmanship produced in village communes applying themselves severally to one especial branch of trade, and to none other. There are entire villages, for instance, devoted to the fabrication and painting of images used in devotional exercises, of which there is a very large sale; for not only are the churches well stocked with these representations of the saints, but every room in every house is supplied with one, while every orthodox subject of the Czar carries an image of some kind suspended round his or her neck. Again, there are communes that confine their attention to letting horses and doing post-office work. There are others devoted to tugging barks and rafts up the rivers. There are many whose members ply the profitable trade of pedlar, which suits both the wandering and the chaffering tastes of the Russian admirably. There are even some villages where the art of training dancing-bears is the sole occupation of the

inhabitants, some of whom travel immense distances in company with their ugly pupils to earn money for the commune.

This organization of the productive and manufacturing power of the country on the commercial system, is seriously threatened by the large factories which have been established by individuals employing sometimes serf, sometimes salaried labour, and which have been fostered by the imperial government, hitherto generally adverse to the commune. The struggle between the factory system and the commune in Russia, where combination is more equally matched with capital than it can be elsewhere, will afford subject for a very curious chapter in the future history of industrial progress. The victory will, we think, be with the commune. The spirit of association is so strong in Russia, that individual enterprise will have to retire before it, as soon as the accomplishment of the emancipation scheme allows free scope to the natural bent of the popular mind. We do not know whether examples exist already of such a thing, but we feel morally certain that, in the course of a few years, some of the largest factories in Russia will be found to belong to the communes, purchased with communal funds, regulated by communal officers, and carried on by the members of the commune themselves,—at once the workers and the partners in the concern.

The *Artel* is another form in which the associative principle of the commune appears. The word signifies the same thing as our English word 'scot' (surviving in the expression, 'scot and lot') originally signified, according to Minshew's *Guide to Tongues*, where we find this definition and the authorities for it: '*Scott*, saith M. Camden, out of Matthew of Westminster, *Scott* illud dictum, quod ex diversis rebus in unum acervum aggregatum.' So the *artel* is a voluntary aggregation into one heap of the labour of divers Russian workmen, who appoint their own leaders to make contracts with employers of labour, and divide the profits resulting from the performance of the contract according to a recognised scale. Their affairs are arranged in a meeting, and disputed points are settled by the vote.* There must be a very strong feeling among these men

* Each member of the *artel* is paid periodically from the common fund a sum adequate to his current expenses. The balance is divided at the close of the year, so as to give every member an equal share. Individuals are admitted by a majority of the votes of the members, and on entering pay a deposit. The aggregate of deposits form a guarantee fund for the security of the employers of *artelschiks*. The society elects its own officers, the *starost* or elder, and the *pozar* or clerk. The duties of the former are to direct the operations of the body, assigning to each man his sphere and kind of work. He also presides at the meetings of the society. The clerk keeps the books and accounts of the association, and shares with the elder the responsibility of keeping the

of the importance of the commune; for, as far as the outer world knows, strife is rare in their ranks; unanimous submission to the decisions of the *artel* is as much the rule with town workmen as a corresponding respect for the *mir* is with the rural population.

The *artel* adapts itself to all the phases of Russian working life. In the army it provides a common fund composed of all sums due to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of a company, being deductions made from their pay, allowances by the government, and the sums received for extra services in public or private works. Out of this fund are defrayed the purchase of vegetables and salt for the company, materials of dress, needles and thread, and things of a similar kind, together with the cost of conveying the provisions of the company from one place to another. The soldier receives his share of the fund only when he leaves his company; this is said to amount sometimes to 150 roubles. Some non-commissioned officers and soldiers, elected by a majority of votes, have charge of this fund. Like the soldiers, the factory workmen receiving regular pay employ the machinery of the *artel* for defraying the expenses of their board and lodging. Indeed, the advantage of providing for such wants wholesale presents itself so naturally to the Russian peasant's mind, that wherever two or three of these men are engaged in a common pursuit, they make a common purse. Bargemen, carriers, hackney-carriage drivers, ferrymen, all kinds of workmen do it. A visitor to St. Petersburg may ascertain this curious and characteristic fact from a Neva boatman, or a Nevsky *ishvoshtik*, or, better still, in the counting-house of a merchant, native or foreign. Some of our readers are probably familiar with the term *artelschik* as applied to what we should call in England the porter or messenger of a counting-house or warehouse. His designation is derived simply from his membership in the *artel*, which actually insures the probity of its members, and repays any loss that an employer may sustain through one of them. The consequence is, that these uncultivated men,—though they are, as a class, extremely intelligent,—are intrusted with large sums of money by the wealthiest firms, and are seldom known to be defaulters. The present writer has heard from a Petersburg merchant of one *artelschik* who, in a fit of drunkenness, disappeared with some thousands of roubles,

money. In cases of delinquency on the part of any of the members, they are examined in an assembly of the whole body, which has power to punish by fine or expulsion, with or without forfeiture of the whole or part of the deposit money, according as the case may involve pecuniary loss or otherwise. In flagrant cases, the offenders are handed over to the police authorities.

which he should have delivered at another counting-house. It is to be presumed that the *artel* was in great commotion; for this man was found and brought back to his employers, with nearly all the money in his pocket, by another *artelschik*.

Again, this institution comes largely into play among masons, bricklayers, and artisans of a like description, who undertake contracts through a person appointed by vote. When the contract is made, they not unfrequently have to return to their village to request help in the shape of money from the commune. At the end of their labours, a division is made of the profits according to the tasks performed by each. In all the cases we have mentioned there is a reserve fund, which is appropriated to the relief of the sick, and, to some extent, of the aged and the helpless. The *artels*, therefore, may be justly said to perform the same offices for the Russian working classes as are performed for corresponding classes in England by Guarantee and Friendly Societies. No doubt there is room for improvement in the administration of these rude Sclavonic associations, where natural instincts for combination seem to take the place of regular authoritative laws. We have no fear that serious irregularities will be allowed to continue much longer. There is a spirit abroad in Russia that searches the very springs of national life, and is strong in the hope of bringing them to bear on the every-day existence of the Russian people.

We have dwelt long upon the subject of communism in Russia, both for the sake of the insight gained through it into the actual condition of the great mass of the population, and for the promise which it holds out, that the social changes now operating in the Empire will be consummated without any violent convulsion. It is evident from the facts we have adduced, that the Russian people are not so very much behind their Western neighbours in aptitude for self-government, and that the emancipation of the serfs, and the reforms which must follow that cardinal change, will not find the peasantry unprepared for the enjoyment of rational liberty. A still more striking instance of the power of self-control in the Russian peasant remains to be told: we allude to a recent movement that appears to have arisen almost spontaneously in the central governments of the Empire in favour of teetotalism.

It has always been said that drunkenness is the curse of Russia. Though there has been much exaggeration on this subject, the statistics of the Empire show that the consumption of spirits in Russia has been enormous. We English cannot, as a nation, boast of excessive sobriety; since more than eight millions sterling are paid to the revenue annually by the excise

on spirits; and nearly twenty-two millions and a half gallons of spirits pay that amount of duty in the year, making, in a population of twenty-seven millions, five-sixths of a gallon per head of the entire population. But the Russian finance minister places the revenue derived from spirits at the top of his account. Of a revenue of thirty-nine millions sterling, eighteen millions (almost one half) are derived from charges on spirits; the estimated quantity consumed is one *vedro*, or three gallons and a quarter, per head of the total population; or three and a half *vedros*, (twelve gallons,) taking the drinking part of the inhabitants only. 'The severity of our climate,' says Tegoborski, 'renders the use of spirituous liquors a necessary of life. Except in the vinicultural countries of the South, brandy' (he means corn-brandy, a bad kind of whiskey) 'is an article of almost prime necessity for the common people, being nearly indispensable for health.' We shall show presently that all the common people do not agree with the eminent statistician. In the governments of Great Russia and Siberia, the collection of the duty on spirits has, from a remote period, been by the farming or monopolist system; and in all these provinces, embracing a population of about thirty-eight and a half millions, brandy being sold at a much higher price than in the rest of the Empire, its consumption is restricted. In the provinces called 'privileged,' which embrace the western and southern governments and the Baltic provinces, and contain a population of more than twenty millions, the proprietors had preserved, down to 1850, the right of free sale, upon paying to the crown an impost calculated upon the number of their peasants. In these provinces *vodka* was much cheaper, and much more of it was sold. Since 1850 an excise duty has been laid upon its manufacture, and an impost (which is farmed) upon its sale in the towns.

Which of the two systems is the best financially, it is not difficult to divine. Under the farming system, the government has only to put up the monopoly, for each district separately, to auction in the metropolis, when capitalists come forward and buy it, (generally for a term of four years,) with the certainty of extorting a large profit from the consumers. In the privileged provinces the collection of the duty is more difficult and uncertain.

The moral consequences of relying, for so large a part of the revenue, on this excise duty, are bad in every way. 'It was chiefly,' says Haxthausen, 'the crown villages which the brandy farmers invaded with their shops. Where there was one shop for 2691 souls in the villages of private owners of land, there was one for 701 souls in the crown villages. In the private

villages, the land-owners superintended the sale of the brandy; but in the crown villages, the officials conspired with the brandy farmers, who bribed them for their connivance. Every communal and cantonal meeting was held before the brandy shop, and all business transacted glass in hand.'

Monopoly or no monopoly, however, the evil was enormous. In the privileged governments, the state of things was much worse. There the farmers, having a monopoly only in the towns and crown villages, had to fear the competition of private distilleries. 'In these governments, the farmers obliged the commune to take a certain quantity of brandy per family, or imposed a tax upon the peasants for the privilege of buying brandy wherever they chose. If the communes resisted, they were accused of unlawful traffic in brandy, and condemned and punished as a matter of course. In the Great Russian governments, the peasants were tempted to drink; in the privileged ones, they were forced to do so.'

The demoralizing influence of intemperance, urged on in this violent manner, must either have succeeded in degrading the whole population, or have produced a reaction fatal to the prosperity of the farmers. We may congratulate the Russian nation on their adoption of the latter alternative. We cannot enter into particulars respecting the temperance movement, which is manifesting itself in so remarkable a manner among the peasantry of the central governments and of the semi-Polish governments of the Empire. The initiative is attributed to some Polish priests; but we can hardly believe that the counsels of a Roman Catholic priesthood would have much influence with bigoted members of the Greek Church, like the Russian peasantry.

There was sufficient provocation to abstinence, without recurring to religious motives. The monopolists, rolling in wealth, exhausted their ingenuity in devising means for extracting the largest possible profit out of their contracts. The sealed bottles, in which the spirit is sold, were, in some delusive way, made to hold less and less every year. The spirit became worse in quality, and the price was raised. Government interference was threatened, but the ingenuity, wealth, and influence of the farmers enabled them to escape with impunity. At length the peasant himself, outraged beyond endurance by the ill-treatment of this his sole indulgence, has determined to settle the question by abstaining altogether. Meetings have been held in the villages; the decision of the *mir* throughout several governments has been adverse to the *kabaks* or vodka shops, hundreds of which have been closed, to the ruin of brandy farmers, and to

the no small alarm of government as to the fate of their eighteen millions sterling, which the monopolists will hardly be able to pay with the sacrifice of all their fortunes.

We regret not having more particulars at hand of this remarkable movement among the Russian peasantry. It promises much for their future career, and displays the strength of their character on the point where they were thought to be most weak. The motives that have led to it may be merely prudential, or they may proceed from indignation against the trickery of the monopolists; whatever be the motives, certain it is, the results must be of the utmost moment to Russia. One of the ministers of the crown, feeling the force of the protest against a vice so prolific of revenue, and regarding it as an anti-fiscal revolution, has issued his mandate to put down the temperance meetings. The inference is forced upon us that he would recall the orthodox and loyal 'children of the Czar' to a dutiful amount of intoxication. It is fortunate for the morality of the people, that missives of this character have already lost much of the authority attributed to them in the reign of Nicholas. The most despotic minister could not now enforce an immoral law in Russia throughout a single province.

Unfortunately, however, this very matter of finance is the rock that most seriously menaces all projects for the social improvement of Russia. The state of the currency is deplorable, gold and silver as a circulating medium having well-nigh disappeared. The contemplated changes in the system of land tenure introduce uncertainty into all enterprises tending to develope the internal resources of the country. Trade is unadventurous, because many speculations have failed. The court is not more economical than its predeccesors. In a critical time some awkward misunderstanding has induced the largest capitalist of St. Petersburg to retire from business and quit Russia, withdrawing we know not how many millions of roubles from the wealth of the Empire. Under such circumstances, we can hardly believe that the government will encourage a virtue that may cost them eighteen millions sterling a year. The financial difficulty is even more threatening (because the prize is greater) to the cause of emancipation. A peaceful solution of this question must rest on the basis of an indemnity to the squires and nobles who are called upon to enfranchise their serfs. But money cannot be raised. It has been proposed to pay the indemnity by an issue of notes bearing interest, the principal being made payable in a certain number of years. The government could raise a special tax or a ground-rent from the liberated serfs, to meet the payments of interest and prin-

cipal, thus making the land of the peasants security for the debt to the lords. Promissory notes, however, endorsed by 'the million' in serfdom, to be paid by them or their posterity when free men, would be felt as a poor indemnity to the nobles. The *paper* would not certainly be very negotiable.

The position of the Czar's government is undoubtedly very critical. Ability, honesty, and energy will bear the state-vessel and its freight safely through the breakers which are ahead. A failure in any one of these qualities in the leader or crew may prove fatal to all the elaborate machinery of an autocratic government. Alexander's recent address to the Poles who demanded certain privileges connected with their nationality, exhibit him in the light of a genuine autocrat. 'You are Russian, not Polish,' said he; 'I do not like your artifices; and remember, that if I can reward, I can also punish.'

The savageness of this speech exhibits the Czar in a character different from that of the mild and vacillating Louis XVI., to whom he may possibly be compared, on account of the similarity of situation in which the two monarchs seem to stand on the eve of a revolution. Whether that revolution shall, in Russia, be peaceful or bloody, depends greatly on the character of the men at the head of affairs. Alexander II. is not, as far as we can see, a Louis XVI., nor has he the peculiar temptations of that prince. No States-General confront him at first with eager joy, and then with frowning menace. The deputies from the provincial committees are bridled and saddled by the authorities, and kept well in hand by the Emperor. There are capable men too in the Czar's service, men with force of character as well as capacity for affairs. The Czar's authority is unlimited and undisputed. Let him be but true to his name, 'Father of the people,' and he will confer upon his country, in the entire enfranchisement of the serfs, a boon that will be fruitful of blessings for ages to come. Who can calculate the development of industry, commerce, and civilization that will follow the emancipation of a vast population, inhabiting an immense and fertile territory, which is brought into closer contact every day, by railway and telegraph, with the most civilized parts of the world? We are informed that the prospect of emancipation has already enhanced the value of land in various provinces of Russia. It is seen that, with a free peasantry, new and eager buyers of land will come into the market at once. For, strange as it may appear to those who have not carefully examined the condition of the Russian serf, many of these bondsmen are rich, although, by the law, they and all that they possess belong to their master. Opinion in this case has been

stronger than law, and has modified the tyranny of a slave-owner. It will probably be seen, when the enfranchising *oukaz* is put forth, that many communes, by the aid of their rich members, will be able to pay immediately to their quondam lords the required indemnity. For the rest, we trust that some method may be devised by which the government may undertake the responsibility of paying the indemnity, either by instalments or at once, either with paper or in cash, repaying itself by an annual charge on the communes. Should the government be able to enforce the payment of the notes of credit already alluded to, there could hardly be better security for a large loan than the corn-bearing land of Central Russia, or the forests of Archangel, or the rich mines of the Oural Mountains. It is not the want of means in the communes to pay a large amount of debt that we apprehend, but the want of will. Yet it is greatly to the interest of the communes, that the connexion between master and slave should cease at once and entirely, and that the government should arbitrate between them. Until that nightmare of centuries, actual serfdom, has been obliterated from the peasant's mind, he will be unfit for the better things that we venture to see in store for him.

ART. VII.—1. *The Fall of Crœsus.* By the REV. W. ADAMS, M.A., Author of 'The Shadow of the Cross.' Rivington.

2. *Tales and Fairy Stories.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by MADAME DE CHATELAIN. Routledge.

3. *German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories,* as told by GAMMER GRETHEL. Translated from the Collection of MM. GRIMM. Joseph Cundall.

4. *Round the Fire.* Six Stories by the Author of 'The Day of a Baby Boy.' Smith and Elder.

5. SCHNORR'S *Bible Pictures.* Williams and Norgate.

6. *The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction.* Smith and Elder.

7. *The Children's Year.* By MARY HOWITT. With Four Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Longman and Co.

8. *The King of the Golden River: or, The Black Brothers. A Legend of Styria.* By JOHN RUSKIN. Smith and Elder.

9. *A Poetry Book for Children.* Bell and Daldy.

10. *The Heroes: or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley. Macmillan.

11. *Days of Old. Three Stories from old English History*

for the Young. By the Author of 'Ruth and her Friends.' Macmillan.

12. *The Rose and the Ring.* By MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. Smith and Elder.

13. *A Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People.* Sampson Low.

ONE of the most interesting features of our modern literature is the ample provision it contains for the real or supposed wants of childhood. As we cast our eyes over the formidable and ever-lengthening catalogues of new books issued by our London publishers, we cannot fail to notice the large proportion which specially claim the patronage of 'parents and guardians,' and which profess to be adapted to the requirements of children. It seems that the numerical increase of such books goes on in a higher ratio than that of any other class, and that in the literary market children's books always command the surest sale. The production and the decoration of such books must employ an increasing number of persons every year; and the amount of ingenuity and labour involved in the preparation of such constant novelty must be very large.

It would be pleasant to infer from this obvious fact, that children were better understood than formerly, and that their mental and moral needs had been more accurately gauged. We cannot conceive a higher proof of the wisdom and thoughtfulness of an age than any token which showed it to be specially capable of sympathizing with childhood. A generation of men distinguished from its predecessors by keener insight into a child's nature, and greater power of adapting itself to his wants, must necessarily be in a very hopeful state. It must have perception, and taste, and judgment. It cannot fail to be characterized by gentleness and unselfishness. The 'spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind,' must assuredly have aided its development; and a grand future must lie before it.

But there are several reasons which forbid us to accept too hastily the flattering conclusion that all this is true of ourselves. An age much occupied in self-analysis and in criticism, the best products of whose literature are of an abstract and speculative cast, is not one in which *à priori* we expect to find nursery books of the highest excellence. Nor is a review of our possessions in this department altogether calculated to alter this impression. The fact is, that while books written for children, and sold for them, are abundant enough, a real child's book is still a comparatively scarce product. Scores of persons who could not succeed in any other branch of letters, are attracted to

this by the prospect of certain remuneration, and by the supposed easiness of the task. Any body can write common-place anecdotes, and diluted history, and sham science, in jargon which, because it is not the language of men and women, is conventionally supposed to be that of children; and when the outward furtherance and embellishment of crimson and gold binding and coloured engravings are added, it is easy to mistake the result for a child's book. Many a volume freely bought by parents for the juvenile library is of this kind; delighting the eye of its little possessor for a while; giving a pleasant feeling of pride and ownership as he looks at the pictures, or sets it up on his shelves; yet never read,—not, in fact, a *book*, in any true sense of the word,—only a feeble, showy, and worthless substitute for one.

The truth is, that the task of producing the literature of childhood is not one which can be safely left to the mere manufacturers of books. It is a great mistake to suppose that it is an easy thing to write a good juvenile book. On the contrary, the highest gifts scarcely suffice for the discharge of this duty, humble as it may seem to be. A rare faculty of moral insight, and much observation, are needed, in order rightly to discern what is going on in the mind of a child, to realize all its little experiences, to see with its eyes, to understand its manifold bewilderments, joys, troubles, and fears; and so to sympathize with it, as to know precisely what it is that books can do, and what it is that they cannot do, for childhood; and what is the kind of intellectual food for which the infant appetite is adapted.

There are few questions of more universal interest and significance than this; and few which demand more of serious and enlightened consideration. In every household which by the Divine favour is beautified and blessed with the presence of a little child, the duty of providing the right *pabulum* for its newly-awakened curiosity, and of furnishing it with healthy books, is, if not a paramount, at least an urgent and weighty one. Other problems in life seem to call for solution with greater importunity; but the growth of a young soul, and the maintenance of its innocence and happiness, are at stake here; and a parent who acts as if the selection of a book for his child demanded no judgment, and involved no responsibility, is guilty of neglecting one of his most important functions.

Children's books will be well written and wisely purchased in just the proportion in which the nature of childhood is studied and understood. This seems a truism; but it nevertheless needs to be stated. For, of all branches of recondite science, *pædology*, or the science which systematically observes the phe-

nomena of child-life, and investigates the laws which govern its early development, seems to have fewest professors, and least encouragement. It is a department of human knowledge in which we have all had some teaching, but in which we have for the most part been eager to forget all we ever knew. In youth we have hastened on, anxious to become men and women, glad to throw off the traditions of childhood, and unaware that the child's experience, if we could retain it in our memory, would be priceless in after life. Many a parent remembers with bitterness the time when he sought to cover with oblivion feelings and notions which in later days he has vainly striven to recall, and for even a faint glimpse of which he could now find abundant use. He looks back, and knows that he has lost, not only the freshness of a child's heart, but even the knowledge of what that freshness is. The world has closed round him, the claims of active life have become more urgent; and in the glare of the 'light of common day' it is hard, and indeed almost impossible, to recall the sensations which were once imparted by the fresh breath of dawn, and the sweet bright rays of the morning sun.

Yet it may be safely said, that they who in after life retain most of this experience, are generally the best and the noblest. The power to understand and sympathize with children is one which belongs to the higher, not to the lower, order of minds. It is, *ceteris paribus*, most likely to be possessed by those of the deepest natural sensibility, united with the highest culture. And since the day when the Divine Teacher tenderly 'took a little child and set him in the midst,' a new and touching sacredness seems to attach to infancy. To the Christian man it has become the type of that purity of heart which he longs to attain; and when he meditates most on the meaning of the words, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children,' he sees a new reason for desiring that his own sympathies for children may be enlarged, and that his own mind may be opened to understand them better. Indeed, it is seldom that any man has failed to experience a thrill of delight on finding that he was a favourite of a young child. Something has told him that the love and trust which he had been so fortunate as to awaken, constituted a truer compliment than could ever have been put into words by older lips. He has been conscious that that side of his own nature, on which it opened itself to communion with the heart of the little one, was the purest and the best. He has felt that it would be well for him if the emotions thus called forth could last longer, and influence him more. He has known that in simple affectionate intercourse with a child, he has himself been receiving, when perhaps he thought he was only

teaching; and he has guessed that there might, after all, be some wisdom in the much-derided lines which Wordsworth addressed to a boy:—

> 'My heart
> For better lore would seldom yearn,
> Could I but teach the hundredth part
> Of what from thee I learn.'

We regard this reverent and thoughtful study of childhood as indispensable for the production of a sound juvenile literature. Consciously or unconsciously, the writers of children's books should be possessed with a respect for children, over and above the desire to instruct and entertain them. One of the first conditions of a good book of this class is, that it should not be written contemptuously, with the notion that any nonsense will do for the purpose; or with the patronizing air of one who writes *down*, rather than *up*, to the level of a child's comprehension. But this condition is seldom fulfilled. Our book-wrights do not realize the fact that the point of view from which a child looks into literature and the world, is not necessarily a lower one than their own. It is different, no doubt. But the difference is one in kind, rather than in degree. Children are not merely undeveloped men and women, with all the mental and moral faculties in a like condition of inferiority. If they were, it might not be unreasonable to give them in a diluted and simplified form exactly the intellectual sustenance which would suit adults. But, on the contrary, they are beings in whom certain intellectual powers are far more active, and certain moral attributes are in a condition of greater purity and more healthy action, than in later life. They therefore require provision of a special kind, adapted to stimulate the growth of what is good, as well as to check the growth of that which is too luxuriant. Few things disgust children more than to be treated as mere diminutives of men and women, and to be addressed in that tone of artificial childishness which is adopted by grown up persons, who think to suit themselves to their little hearers by eliminating all the sense and meaning from the words they use. In this respect the child's instincts are right. He knows that injustice is done to his own nature, and that he is meant for something better. We do not doubt that in the long run more errors are committed in this respect, through under-estimating the endowments of children, than through shooting above their heads. For one book which errs by being beyond the comprehension of children, ten are written which exhibit a mean and mistaken anxiety on the part of the writers to keep within it.

We have no right to complain of the provision which exists

for supplying the wants of very little children who are just beginning to use books as toys. Up to the age of five or six, it is very easy for a parent to find in abundance the sort of literature he requires. Felix Summerly, Mr. Absolon, Mr. Dean, and the Messrs. Darton, have contrived to produce coloured picture-books which are as remarkable for their splendour and attractiveness as for their cheapness. Before the age of six, the only use a child can make of a book, is to look at its pictures; and the only aims which the manufacturer of a book of this kind need keep in view are, first, to give the little one pleasant associations with the thought of a book, by making it as agreeable to the eye as possible; and, secondly, to offer something which shall make the child open its eyes and look intently, and so learn to distinguish and observe. For at this stage of a child's progress there is much to be done in educating the senses, and especially the organ of sight. Now it matters little *what* the child sees, so long as it sees clearly, and sees much. Few things are more painful than to see children grow up with a habit of gazing slightly and cursorily at the things which surround them. Such a habit is sure either to betoken mere vacuity and listlessness of mind, or else to produce it. A trained eye is a great acquisition, and is almost sure to be connected with an orderly and observant mind. All pictures therefore are good which merely rivet the attention, and delight the sense of vision, by their gay colours. Something is gained even if nothing more is excited than a feeling of admiration, and the disposition to look and look again. But if, besides this, the picture can make the child distinguish and compare objects and their parts, much more is gained. Any practice in finding out the different objects which compose a picture, in identifying the representations with the things represented, is sure to be of great value in the education of a child. For this reason those pictures are best which represent familiar objects. At first it is a mistake to try to instruct children by giving them the knowledge of rare plants, or foreign animals, or strange scenes, by means of pictures. It is not knowledge of distant things which they want, so much as the habit of looking closely at near things. And this habit is strengthened every time the eye is beguiled into dwelling on a picture of some common animal or domestic scene, and into making comparisons and contrasts with the real objects themselves.

Throughout the whole of a child's career pictures will be useful, rather in proportion to what they suggest than what they teach. It is as a help to the child's fancy, not as a substitute for it,—as a contrivance for making him look at real things, not as a thing in itself worth looking at,—that the picture possesses value.

Hence colour may be dispensed with as soon as possible. If too much used, it weakens the imagination, by its greater appearance of reality. Moreover, when false or exaggerated, it always vitiates the taste. As boys and girls grow up, they should be left to discover that the glaring colours are only meant for babies, and that they must learn to do without such aid. The more the picture leaves for the fancy to fill up, the better. Hence it is more important in books for older children that the drawing of the outlines should be correct, and that the subjects should be well chosen, than that any attempt should be made to give large or finished pictures. All illustrations, of course, become relatively less and less necessary as the stories become more interesting and attractive in themselves. When a verbal description is very vivid, or a tale unusually exciting, a picture is apt to lower and vulgarize the conception which the mind of a child would otherwise form. The visions which the words suggest are more beautiful and vast than the artist can represent. Every adult who after reading Milton has turned to Martin's, or Westall's, or even Turner's illustrations of the *Paradise Lost*, must have been conscious of disappointment and loss.

> 'We have a vision of our own;
> Ah! why should we undo it?'

This is equally true of children, and therefore it should be remembered that pictures are less needed in books whose subject-matter is in itself attractive, and in books which address themselves most to the fancy of a child. They will be useful as subsidiary attractions to graver books, but it is a great triumph of good training to economize such expedients, and to rely as little as possible upon them. Especial care needs to be taken with Bible pictures. If well used, they may do much to increase a reverent interest in the Sacred Word, and a healthy curiosity about its contents. Too many of them, however, are utterly unworthy of their subject, and are gaudy in general effect, but coarse in feeling and careless in execution. We are glad to find that the Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tract Societies are meeting this difficulty by the production of a better class of coloured prints on Scripture subjects, which are dignified and pleasing, and many of which are copied with considerable fidelity from the works of the great masters of Christian art. Schnorr's series of outlines, which have been introduced into this country from Germany, are remarkable for their bold and accurate drawing, and for their grace and purity of conception. We think that this series deserves to be better known. It will be a useful auxiliary to the Christian parent,

who desires to familiarize a little one with scriptural stories; and will be found far more accurate and suggestive *in details* than the mass of cheap Scripture prints.

But it is not to the æsthetic view of children's literature that we are mainly desirous to direct the attention of our readers. The discipline of the eye, and the culture of a taste for the beautiful, are important points in early education; but they are to be gained chiefly from trees, and flowers, and fields, or from noble pictures,—in short, by other instruments than books. It is rather our business to inquire what features there are in a child's moral and mental conformation, to which special regard needs to be paid by the writers and the purchasers of juvenile books, and what conditions such books should fulfil.

There are few things more affecting than the credulity, the entire faith and trustfulness of children. 'Nature has,' says Jean Paul, 'as if figuratively, richly prepared them for reception: the bones of the ear are the only ones which are as large in the child as in the grown-up man. Never forget that the little dark child looks up to you, as to a lofty genius, an apostle full of revelations, whom he trusts altogether more absolutely than his equals.' It is this undoubting confidence in the wisdom of elders which most of all needs to be cherished and cultivated. There can be no real education without it. That faith which in later life must find higher objects, centres itself in infancy on the parent as on a being almost divine. It should then be sacredly preserved, as the basis of religion, and of all true reverence and love. But this is a necessity which is only imperfectly recognised in children's books. In many of them attention to authority, obedience to parents, and general submissiveness, are not only inculcated, but enforced by argument and explanation. We have seen stories in abundance in which parental claims and rights are urged on the conscience of the little ones by the example of good little boys who have held edifying conversation with pious mammas on the fifth commandment. Tommy and Fanny are described as receiving in an *explicit* form, in short, that notion of the reverence due to parents, which, if learnt to any purpose, should come to them *implicitly*. Now the principle of authority is not a thing to be talked about to a child, but to be felt. It should be taken for granted, in all the intercourse of parents and elders, that *that* is a settled point. A conversation, or a book, in which the grounds of obedience are discussed, is simply injurious to a child. It makes an appeal to his reason on a point which his reason is not competent to decide. It causes him to regard as an open question that on which his own nature, if it were not for an over-

careful and meddlesome education, would never lead him to doubt. It sets up his understanding as the measure of his duty; and tends to destroy that attitude of affectionate and unquestioning trust, which the Divine Father for wise purposes has made natural to a child.

The influence of Pestalozzi and De Fellenberg, in many respects so healthy, has, we think, been in one department of education somewhat harmful. A great point was gained when the kindly and sympathetic discipline of these eminent educators became fashionable among teachers and writers in England and America. Yet Jacob Abbott and Mrs. Sherwood, and many others of the same school, have pushed the theory to an injudicious extent. Their works, like the system of Pestalozzi, do not sufficiently cultivate confidence in the teacher. They assume that children need explanations which shall be satisfactory to their understanding on the elementary truths of morals and religion. Now such explanations are too apt to weaken faith, and to suggest more doubts and questions than they remove. In early life the only possible basis of moral obligation lies in authority and love. In attempting to construct another basis, we are losing sight of the peculiar conditions of infancy, and measuring them by our own standard. In manhood credulousness is weakness, in childhood it is beauty and power.

This entire readiness on the part of children, when in their normal condition, to believe all that is told them,—this absence of all suspicion on their part, that their elders are untrustworthy, or even fallible,—suggests to us several inferences as to the spirit in which children's books should be written. In the first place, their trustfulness should be always recognised and assumed; not claimed, or entreated, or made the subject of discussion; the tone adopted by the writer or speaker being never apologetic, but that of one who has an unquestionable right to be heard. Again, it is ungenerous to take advantage of this feeling, and to press more upon the acceptance of the child's faith than it is intended to receive. There are certain truths and opinions which cannot be received to any purpose by a human being, unless they satisfy his judgment, and convince his understanding. Controverted doctrines, and the questions which divide the sections of the Christian Church from each other, are of this class. Now, if any attempt is made to inculcate opinions on these points, by the pressure of mere authority, a mischievous reaction is sure to follow. For a time the child acquiesces, but when the day comes in which the opinion, if at all, is to be of real use to him, when he discovers that he has been taking on trust that which ought to have been the result of independent investigation, his

mind will, in all probability, vibrate strongly in the contrary direction, and he will have a sense that his weakness has been tampered with. The teacher or book-writer should remember this, and should take care not to dogmatize to the little ones on any but the great fundamental truths of religion and morality; and not to urge upon an immature judgment, and a half developed conscience, conclusions which require riper powers and experience, before they can be truly appropriated at all. Finally, all trustfulness increases the responsibility of those on whom it is bestowed. If children listen with less criticism or suspicion than adults, then all the more scrupulous fairness in statement is due to them. We should remember that special confidence requires to be met with special candour; and that when once a child detects in its instructor a design to deceive or mislead him, its own sense of truth is weakened, and its character is permanently injured. If truthfulness be, as indeed it is, one of the cardinal virtues of youth, if of all hateful things a lie is the most hateful and degrading, then how tenderly we should reverence the trustfulness of the little ones, and how earnestly all *falsetto* in tone or sentiment should be avoided! The child-like faith disappears far too early, let us strive to retain it as long as we can.

How far are fairy and mythological stories open to objection on this score? If we may not deceive children, what right have we to amuse them with narratives which have not one word of actual truth in them? These are questions which occur to all conscientious parents, and which deserve some attention. There can be no doubt that the imagination is a very prominent faculty in a child, and that purely fictitious stories are very welcome to him. How can we reconcile the act of indulging this instinct with the higher claims of truth and justice? We know that children invariably have an appetite for the marvellous, and it is hard to doubt that it was given them to be gratified. The sense of wonder with which they look forth upon the world which surrounds them, is evidently intended to make them look more keenly, and to set all the perceptive powers in vigorous action. 'In wonder,' says Archbishop Leighton, 'all knowledge begins;' the feeling of delighted bewilderment and curiosity which characterises childhood, plays an important part in education. Without it, no future study of the works and ways of God is possible. Where there is no mystery, there is no need of revelation. But grant that this is true, surely there are wonderful and yet *real* things, which will serve the purpose. There are machines of intricate structure and of gigantic power; there are volcanoes and cataracts; there are fixed stars and comets,

the sizes, and distances, and motions of which, are such as to surpass the wildest conjectures. Can we not feed the sense of wonder with accounts of these, instead of stories concerning giants, and fairies, and ogres, *et hoc genus omne?*

The child's own answer to this question would be very easily given. He loves the fairy story; and, up to a certain age, he does *not* care for the marvels of science. And this answer is as philosophical as it is natural. For no child was ever permanently deceived by a marvellous story about a giant. He likes it, or a tale from the *Arabian Nights*, because it fills his mind with new images and strange pictures. The question of the probability or improbability of the story itself, does not trouble him. He is in a new world, in which

> 'Truth that is, and truth that seems,
> Blend in fantastic strife.'

Hence a very young child is neither surprised nor shocked at improbable things; he is simply delighted. Such receptive power as he has is fully at work. His eye and his heart are open. He is peering a little further into the hitherto invisible mystery of life; and while reading, he is in a happy dream. How much of what he sees is substance, and how much shadow; how much matter of fact, and how much mere spectral illusion, he neither knows nor desires to know. And why should he? The knowledge of life's realities, and of the prosaic conditions of human existence, will come soon enough. A very little experience will enable him to find them out. Meanwhile, it is enough if his perceptions and the whole *apprehensive* power of his nature be awake and lively. Imagination comes, in order of time, *before* judgment; just as, in logic, terms come before propositions, in order that the mind may be stored with images and notions, before it is called upon to compare or weigh them. And this beautiful arrangement in the providence of God is as evident in the youth of nations, as in the youth of every human being; so that at first they do not reason, they only seem to dream.

'During the first five years,' says the author of Levana, 'children say neither what is true nor what is false,—they merely talk. Their talking is thinking aloud; and since the one half of thought is frequently a yes, and the other a no, and both escape them, (though not us,) they seem to lie when they are merely talking to themselves. Further, at first they find great pleasure in exercising their new art of speech, and so they often talk nonsense, only for the sake of hearing their acquisitions in language. They frequently do not understand some word that you have said; little children, for instance, often

confuse to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, as well as numbers and degrees of comparison, and so give rather a mistaken than a false reply. Again, they use their tongues more in sport than earnest, as may be seen in the long discourses they hold with their puppets, as a minister or an author does with his; and they easily apply this sportive talking to living people. Children always fly to the warm sunny side of hope; if the bird or the dog has gone away, they will say, without any further reason, it will come back again. And since they cannot altogether separate their hopes, that is, their fancies, from copies or truths, their own self-deception assumes the appearance of a lie. It is worthy of consideration whether children, when they practise a lie, do not often relate remembered dreams which must necessarily be confounded by them with real occurrences.'

A careful observer of children will soon learn to distinguish between this sort of innocent prattle, and the wilful falsification of a fact. He will soon find that while he must punish the one with the greatest seriousness and severity, he may fearlessly encourage the other. He will find that he can safely minister to the child's love for the marvellous and the supernatural, and at the same time educate him to feel the most scrupulous regard for truth in all which concerns himself. For there are duties of *being* as well as of doing. There are truths of imagination, as well as truths of fact; and it is the inner and deeper part of the nature of man, which calls for a supply of these. Pictures and gay colours and romances do not give us literal truth, nor indeed truth in an objective sense at all; but they are true subjectively. They interpret our dreams and fancies to ourselves, and keep the imaginative power in healthy exercise, by employing it upon some object of external interest, when otherwise it would brood painfully and unhealthily upon itself. No books which can fulfil this function wisely and innocently should be despised.

Stories of the impossible and the marvellous are, in short, the *poetry* of childhood. The cultivated man enjoys the highest poetry, simply because it does not deal with the mere truth of fact. He feels the want of other mental sustenance than this. Books of science or of history tell him what *is*; but poetry tells him what *might be*, or leads him to think of what *ought to be*. He delights in it. He feels that in thus lifting his thoughts out of the region of common-place, poetry does him an immense service. It ennobles him: it widens his range of vision, it deepens his sensibility, it stirs him with a vague thirst and longing after the unattainable, the grand, and the vast. And he knows that he has been refreshed and strengthened by the process, even when he is least able to put into words a single

proposition which his judgment has accepted. A child does not know this; but it is not the less true in his case. A fairy tale, or *Belisarius*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, has done for him what the story of Hamlet, or Comus, or Guinevere, has done for his father; it has opened his eyes to behold a hitherto unseen world; it has filled him with images of nobleness or beauty; it has made him put forth all the seeing faculty which resided in him, and in this way has imparted to him at once strength, and insight, and gladness.

It is interesting to find a confirmation of this view in the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge,—a man who was singularly gifted with the power of watching and recording the history of his own mind, and able, in a remarkable degree, to estimate at its true value the training through which he had passed. He says,—

'My early reading of fairy tales, and about genii and the like, had habituated me to the vast; and I never regarded my senses in any way as the criterion of my experience. I regulated all my words by my conceptions, not by my sight, even at that age. Ought children to be permitted to read romances and stories of giants, magicians, and genii? I know all that has been said against it; but I have formed my faith in the affirmative. I know no other way of giving the mind a love of the great and the *whole*. Those who have been led to the same truths, step by step, by the constant testimony of their senses, seem to want a sense which I possess. They contemplate nothing but parts, and all parts are necessarily little, and the universe to them is but a mass of little things. It is true the mind may become credulous and prone to superstitious fancies, by the former method. But are not the experimentalists (the practical men) credulous, even to madness, in believing any absurdity rather than believe the grandest truths, if they have not the testimony of their own senses in their favour? I have known some who have been rationally educated, as it is styled. They were marked by an almost microscopic acuteness; but when they looked at great things, all became a blank, and they saw nothing, and denied that anything could be seen, and uniformly put the negation of a power for the possession of a power, and called the want of imagination, judgment, and the never being moved to rapture, philosophy.'

Another advantage of stories of pure imagination is, that by them the thoughts of a child are carried *out* from himself. The world which attracts him is not that of which he forms a part. In it no unhealthy introspection, no personal vanity can possibly be stimulated. His whole observant and reflective faculties are absorbed in the contemplation of something separate and distant. He is profoundly impressed with the cruelty of *Blue Beard*, or awed and disgusted by the prodigious greed

of the ogre, as 'he sits on a hill picking his teeth with the kitchen poker.' He admires with all his might the skill and courage of *Jack the Giant Killer*, or the *Seven Champions*: he is touched with the undeserved misfortunes of *Cinderella*, or convulsed with laughter at the grotesque vanity of the Emperor in his new clothes. But all these emotions are not only perfectly sincere and healthful; they are unalloyed by any reflex action on the child himself, or his play-fellows. It may be said, that a hatred of cruelty will be excited as much by the genuine story of a bad boy as by the story of an impossible ogre. But there is this difference. In the former case, the child is tempted to compare himself with the delinquent, and to draw from the story the conclusion of the famous *Jack Horner*, who, on very slender grounds, as it has always appeared to us, exclaimed, 'What a good boy am I!' But, in the latter case, the disgust or admiration, not being excited by a contemporary or a companion, begets no ill will, no rash or unkind judgment, no sense of superiority or self-conceit. It is the very remoteness of the scene from the every-day world of probability and of fact, which tends to make the emotions thus excited more pure and innocent, and, therefore, more practically effective on the conduct.

After all, it is a great point in education to awaken the curiosity, and feed the fancy, because we thus give a child a sense of the greatness of the universe in which he has come to live. The awe and astonishment with which a child contemplates the mysteries of life, and gazes on things too deep for him to fathom, and too high for him to understand, is one of the best possible means of preparation for future knowledge. The pattern child of Mr. Gradgrind, in one of Mr. Dickens's books, who had been brought up on strictly scientific principles, expressed a contempt for another little one who had been heard to repeat,—

> 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
> How I wonder what you are!'

He had never been permitted to wonder at anything of the sort. On the contrary, he had been taught all about the star, how big it was, and how far off, and why it twinkled. It was part of the system of his education, that every question he asked should be met with a prompt answer, that no room should be left for doubt, nor for curiosity, nor for brooding over mysteries. We all know how great a nuisance such infant prodigies are. We are all interested in discouraging the pernicious system of training which produces them. Even the grown man who has ceased to marvel at the phenomena of life, who is no longer

overpowered with a sense of the infinite greatness of the fair, broad world, in which he finds himself, nor oppressed when he thinks of the impossibility of ever understanding a thousandth part of the things he sees, is neither wise nor on the road to wisdom. It is far worse for a *child* to be unconscious of anything awful, or puzzling, or mysterious in life. He may indeed be a paragon of learning, and, as a machine for retaining the maximum amount of school-book erudition, he will probably be noteworthy enough; but he will not be child-like. He will infallibly become cold, selfish, and conceited, and will gain but a poor compensation for a full memory, in the shape of weakened perceptions and a barren heart.

We are quite aware of the dangers of an over-stimulated imagination; and a wise parent will take care, that as the child grows older, the due corrective for any tendency in this direction should always be administered in the shape of a knowledge of facts. But we desire to vindicate for the little ones their *right* to the mental entertainment of which they are so fond. We believe that much of the recent literature of children, especially that of the beginning of the present century, when Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Edgeworth, and Dr. Aikin, were popular authors, has been characterized by a coldness, and an absence of sympathy with the true wants of children in this respect. These writers and their successors, of whom *Peter Parley*, and his many imitators, are good examples, have thought the understanding of children a nobler power than their imagination, and have accordingly overlooked the claims of the one, and addressed themselves to the other. But this cannot be done with impunity; and we shall never deal fairly by children until we recognise the necessity of a harmonious development of *all* their powers, nor until we have learnt from a careful study of their natures which of those powers were intended, by the Divine Father of our race, to be cultivated first in order.

But even if the reading of fictions and tales of wonder served no purpose in the education of the intellect, they would still be necessary. For childhood is a time of enjoyment, and the great object of books, toys, and such devices, is, after all, to make the little ones *happy*. We have no right to think of happiness in their case only as a means to some end, such as instruction or obedience. It is itself an end, and one worth striving after for its own sake. It is a necessity of the moral nature, just as warmth is of the physical nature. It is the condition of its growth. Work and effort are indeed the appointed lot of man upon earth, but it is no true economy which binds the little ones into premature harness. The first needs of a little child's life

are light and heat and love and joyousness. To *us* life is a stream whose banks we can see, and whose current we feel bearing us along to the infinite ocean; but to a child life is a calm and boundless lake, with no motion but the dancing of its sportive waves, and no light but the rosy hue of perpetual sunrise. Who would not prolong for the young traveller the blessed season of unconsciousness and delight? Who knows how much strength for the future contest the little one is drinking in at every pore, while yet the arena of the contest itself is far out of sight? Every picture which delights the eye, every bright image which dances before the fancy, every toy which keeps the fingers or the limbs in joyous motion, every stimulant to a grateful curiosity, every pulsation of pleasure from sight or sound, is a source of power, and an instrument in the development of life. It is a main requisite then of a child's book, that it should give pleasure. If it does no more than this, something valuable is gained. So long as the pleasure is innocent, it is enough. Let us respect the happiness of children; let us acquiesce without grumbling in the decision of a child who prefers *Jack and the Bean Stalk* or the *Ugly Duck*, to a book on the properties of matter or the classification of animals. It is in the mental as in the physical digestion, the appetite is a pretty sure index of what is good for it. In rejecting what we call the valuable information, and in readily assimilating what seems to us useless, the nature of the child is asserting for itself the real requirements of an age which perchance we have forgotten. It is wise to submit to this arrangement, however we may wish that it were altered. If we can find out what brings most enjoyment to the healthy young spirit, we find at the same time what it is which it is our business to provide. Better still, if we can find what pursuits tend to impart a tone of cheerfulness to the child's whole life, we may thankfully avail ourselves of the hint. For cheerfulness is the sunshine of the young soul; and in it all good and beautiful qualities are likely to thrive.

Of course, it is impossible to overlook the necessity of teaching as well as delighting children: and accordingly, a vast number of books professedly written for amusement are in their essence didactic. Just as for older persons novels are now written 'with a purpose,' so even fairy tales and picture-books are apt to be considered incomplete unless they are duly furnished with a moral. It is wonderful to observe the manifold disguises under which the 'instructor of youth' manages with more or less success to conceal himself. George Cruikshank has contrived to tell the story of 'Beauty and the Beast' so as to make a teetotal allegory of it; and we suppose that nine-

tenths of even the gayest and most attractive volumes in an ordinary juvenile library are designed to teach some lesson, or to inculcate some moral truth. In the present generation this is done more systematically and somewhat more skilfully than in the last. In the old editions of *Æsop's Fables*, the word 'moral' at the head of the long paragraph which followed each fable gave a warning to the young reader, of which we believe he habitually availed himself; and that portion of the book was never read. At present so many ingenious devices have been discovered for insinuating moral or scientific truths into story-books, that children are never safe. The pleasantest picture of a fireside, and the most promising anecdote or conversation of some children with their papa, are too often only the prelude to a conversation on chemistry, or a discussion of the question, 'Why does the water rise in a pump?' Children are so often entrapped in this way, that they learn to suspect that the inevitable schoolmaster is lying *perdu* under every variety of innocent disguise. It is true they acquire, after short practice, a surprising talent for skipping all the moral reflections and the scientific conversation, and selecting so much only as really is a story. But the fact remains the same, and it is on the whole more creditable to the conscientiousness and right principle of the writers of children's books than to their knowledge of human nature, that there is generally an educational aim even in those tales which seem to have been written most exclusively to entertain and amuse.

When will grown-up people understand that though truth comes to *them* often in an abstract form, *as truth*; that is not the form in which it is natural or even possible for a child to receive it? He does not analyse or infer. If he grasps principles at all, it must be in the concrete; he must hold them as sentiments, as impressions, not as propositions. In the order of logic, abstract truths are antecedent to all events, and explain them; but in the order of discovery, they come last. A child has as yet no sense of the value of a truth, *per se*. Though he infers, he knows nothing of inference. His range of experience has not been wide enough to give him even a notion of the meaning of induction, or the use of general principles. To a man, the truth which lies hid in phænomena, or which is illustrated by historical events, is the great object of search. He studies, that he may discover it. He only values the knowledge of facts and appearances, in so far as they can contribute to give him this. Hence he is apt to think it the highest triumph of art, if, in writing a child's book, he can succeed in leading up to some moral, or drawing some general inference. But the fact

is, that the child seldom or never receives the moral at all in the form in which it is given. If the truth is latent, or held in solution, so to speak, in the story, it will indeed be duly received by the child, will sink in a concrete form, *with the story*, into the memory; will unconsciously influence his conduct, and will, at some future time, be reflected on, and found to be capable of shaping itself into words, as an abstract proposition. Then, perhaps, the proposition may prove valuable in this shape; but at present, the child, even if he seems to receive it, does no more than recollect it as a formula of words. It is by no means necessary that all a child's knowledge should come to him in the shape of knowledge; or that he should set consciously before him every inference which he draws. So long as the duty or the principle, which an author desires to inculcate, is either vividly illustrated in the story, or grows naturally and spontaneously out of it, it may safely be left to take its own course, and find its own way into the child's conscience. It need not be separately stated, or put into a didactic and abstract form. The great art of a story-writer, who wishes to make his book serve any moral, religious, or scientific purpose, is to secure that the principle to be taught is a genuine element in the story, and organically connected with it; not artificially attached to the end, or ostentatiously proclaimed by one of the *dramatis personæ*. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* does not profess to be a moral teacher. He says nothing about self-reliance, or industry, or forethought, or the duty of adapting oneself to circumstances. But he teaches these things nevertheless. And he does it the more effectually, because he never seems to be teaching them as abstractions. He is content to let the story carry its own moral, and to leave the interpretation to work itself out in due time in his little reader's mind; and this is the wisest course. It is in harmony with the true requirements of a child's imperfectly developed nature. For in early life some of the best lessons which we learn, are learnt unconsciously, and when we are least aware that they are lessons. The lessons which are conveyed in books of amusement, since they are intended to be acquired voluntarily, should all be of this class. Otherwise it may be safely predicted that they will not be acquired at all.

On the whole, we may conclude that the great purpose of children's books is not so much to impart instruction, as to promote growth. We must not think of a child's mind as of a vessel, which it is for us to fill, but as a wonderfully organized instrument, which it is for us to develop and to set in motion. He will be well or ill educated, not according to the accuracy with which he retains the notions which have been impressed

upon him from without, but according to the power which he puts forth from within, and to the activity and regularity with which the several feelers or *tentacula* of his nature lay hold on all that is to be seen and thought and known around him. We must be more anxious to promote individuality, than to see our own character and tastes reproduced in his. The teaching in our books should be less dogmative than suggestive. It should seek rather to awaken appetite than to satiate it. So long as a book makes a child wakeful and interested, it is by no means necessary that he should comprehend it all. The thought, 'I cannot understand this now, but when I am older I shall be able to do so,' is not only a natural one to a child, but one which at once betokens modesty, and provides a stimulus for future exertion. The excessive care to explain everything clearly, which characterizes many modern books for young people, renders this thought unfamiliar to a child. We may, in fact, always measure the merit of a child's book by two or three very simple tests. Are the images it presents innocent and healthful? Will it raise them above their present level, or render them satisfied with what they have attained? Will it excite them to greater activity, and make them see or hear or feel more acutely? Will it illuminate the conceptions already in the child's mind, as well as give him new ones? Above all, does it make the eye glisten and the cheek glow, and the limbs of the little one move with delight? For if it fulfils this one requirement, all the rest are likely to be included in it.

With these views as to the general conditions which the literature of childhood ought to fulfil, it will be interesting to name some of the more conspicuous examples of excellence in books which have been recently published, in each of the classes into which such books may for convenience be divided. Those classes are: 1. Domestic stories about possible events, but designed simply for amusement; 2. Books of pure imagination, as Fairy and Mythological Stories; 3. Stories or conversations, embodying some educational purpose; and, 4. Books of poetry.

I. Perhaps the largest species of the genus 'Juvenile Book' consists of those stories of home or school life, which are the *genre* paintings of the child's picture gallery; and which are designed primarily for amusement, but incidentally to familiarize the little reader with the world in which he lives, and to make him understand his own position in it. We presume it is the largest class because it is that which is considered easiest to produce; certainly not because it is the most attractive or acceptable to children themselves. The descriptions of the ordinary scenes

which surround children, and recitals of the sort of talk which they hear every day, soon become wearisome to them. Stories of real life and adventure are welcome to a boy, if they carry his thoughts into some new scene in which he can fancy himself the actor. It is by no means necessary that all such stories should be true; but it is essential that they should be truthful, and should describe events which are not only possible but natural. Hence a writer of a book of this kind needs little of creative power; it is chiefly necessary that he be an accurate and steadfast observer, and that he should never seek to excite interest by exaggeration. He should be an artist of the school of Wilkie, or Webster, or Frith, content honestly to paint some one corner, however small, of the actual world; and filled with a wholesome horror of lay-figures, and of mere conventional beauty or deformity. *Sandford and Merton*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Swiss Family Robinson*, continue to be among the best types of this class. The language is transparent and simple, yet not childish. The incidents are perfectly natural, and the story captivating. The last-mentioned book has also a higher merit than either of its predecessors. There runs through it a quiet, unobtrusive, but still genuine recognition of religion and its claims, which cannot fail to impress a young reader very strongly. The same, indeed, may be said of the simple but powerful narrative of Defoe. In this one respect story-books of the naturalistic school are not unfrequently deficient. Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, *Harry and Lucy*, and *Popular Tales*, were all deservedly admired in their day, and are still favourites with many children. They are characterized by great pictorial power, and there is a verisimilitude as well as a general tone of health and soundness pervading them, which fully justify their high reputation. But it seems to us an objection to them that there is a coldness on the subject of religion, and a careful avoidance of the topic, even when the natural course of the story seems to demand at least a proof that the author acknowledges its supreme importance. This is rather a negative than a positive fault. But it is, in our judgment, a serious one. A true picture of life, whether of the family or of general society, cannot fairly ignore the most important element in domestic and social life. We do not ask for dogmas or doctrinal teaching in books of this class; but we have a right to ask for a fair recognition of the fact, that true religion is generally the motive power in a really beautiful and well-ordered home; and to be dissatisfied with the hard and frigid Deism, which constitutes the only faith ever alluded to in Miss Edgeworth's books. *The Evenings at Home* of Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld are not wholly free from the

same fault; although in directness of purpose, good sense, and adaptation to the intellectual condition of children, this book has seldom been excelled. *The Parent's Cabinet of Instruction and Amusement*, some portions of which are generally attributed to Miss Edgeworth, and the whole of which is characterized by all the excellencies of her style and purpose, is now being republished by Messrs. Smith and Elder in a very attractive serial form. Some of its stories, such as that of 'Brave Bobby' and others, have taken a permanent hold on the tastes of children, and have been reprinted a hundred times. But the book as a whole is not free from the fault of treating children in a somewhat pedantic and artificial way, and attaching a very exaggerated importance to their little acquirements in science or in self-knowledge. Miss Lamb's little series of stories for girls, *Mrs. Leicester's School*, although somewhat old-fashioned, is one of the simplest and most straightforward books of its class. It treats the readers as children, and yet without condescension or silliness.

Of the writers of the present generation, we think Mrs. Howitt has been most successful in investing familiar incidents with the sort of novelty and freshness which are so delightful to children. In the *Children's Year* she has recounted the story of the lives of her own two children for twelve months, detailing their amusements and occupations, their little joys and troubles. The book is an especial favourite with children, owing, we believe, to the perfect honesty and fidelity with which the narrative is told. The little hero and heroine of the book are by no means pattern children, nor do they meet with any remarkable adventures. They are not designed as the exemplars of any childish virtue or vice. They are fair representatives of hundreds of good children, surrounded by the comforts and sheltered by the influences of an ordinary middle-class English home, and lovingly watched by intelligent parents. Their talk is never stilted or unnatural. They are not made to reflect upon or discuss their own acts much, and no fine things are put into their mouths. But children who read it feel at once that the incidents are such as might have happened to themselves, and so identify themselves gleefully with the adventures it relates. The description of the house in the garden, and of the children's contrivances for embellishing it, and for making it comfortable, is quite a model of story-telling, and is well adapted not only to develop fertility of resource, and a desire to be the contriver of some similar fairy palace, but also to leave happy and suggestive impressions behind. Mrs. Howitt says in her preface, that she has 'often wished that in books for children the writer would endeavour to

enter more fully into the feelings and reasonings of the child; that he would look at things as it were from the child's point of view, rather than from his own.' We feel bound to say that this aim has been most successfully accomplished by the authoress, and that in simplicity, truthfulness, and power of sympathizing with children, her book is a model well worthy of imitation.

In the six stories comprised in *Round the Fire*, the authoress has fallen far short of Mrs. Howitt's standard. The supposed chroniclers are young children who relate adventures which on the whole are happily conceived, and not ungracefully told. But no children could talk in the way described, unless indeed they had very early learnt the art of moralizing, or of talking with a view to being praised by good people. We wish the little interlocutors were less self-conscious, and that their acts of benevolence were less demonstrative; and to say the truth, we should be sorry to see our nurseries peopled with inmates whose talk was so very proper, and who had contrived so early to adopt that mode of looking at actions which we had thought characteristic of anxious mammas. Jacob Abbott's *Caleb in the Country*, and *Caleb in Town*, cannot be too highly praised for their extreme simplicity and fidelity, but they do not wholly avoid the same fault. Their main defect is the desire to make everything intelligible to the little readers, a desire which often leads the author to explain matters on which, in our judgment, it would be far better to leave the children to ruminate, and to feel their own way to a solution. He is free from the absurd affectation of some book-wrights, who introduce difficult topics on purpose that they may have an opportunity of teaching something; but he is nevertheless haunted by the notion that no difficulty, however slight, must be left unexplained, and hence is constantly making needless appeals to the child's judgment. Yet there is a variety and beauty about the author's conception of child-life, and a deep sympathy manifested on the author's part with all that is noblest and fairest in child-nature, which will more than justify the remarkable popularity which his works have enjoyed in this country and in America. Among stories of real life and adventure adapted for boys, Captain Basil Hall's *Voyages and Travels*, Bruce's *Abyssinian Researches*, Miss Martineau's *Feats on the Fiord*, and Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, appear to us the least likely to be displaced by any modern rivals, while at present we have seen no books for girls which are calculated permanently to eclipse the well deserved fame of Mrs. Sherwood, Mary Howitt, Miss Bunbury, and Madame Guizot.

II. Of the purely fictitious and extravagant class of children's story-books, we have already spoken at length. We have shown that they occupy a place and serve a purpose in which no stories of actual life can be a sufficient substitute; and we cannot share the hopes of those who think that as our race improves, and as our methods of education become more intelligent, all that seems silly and fantastic to the grave man will be banished from the nursery. We do not desire that childhood should die or grow old, or become in future generations other than the beautiful thing it is. We are glad, therefore, to find that some of our ablest and most accomplished modern writers have not disdained to make a contribution to the stock of fairy tales and romances, and that there is at present no sign that the demand for books of pure imagination is on the decrease. But we doubt whether anything can supersede our old favourites, the *Arabian Nights*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Cinderella*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and their congeners. There is a wildness, a remoteness, a dimness of outline about these stories, which will always serve to set the fancy of the dullest child at work, and we scarcely believe it possible that their popularity in our juvenile libraries will ever be seriously endangered. Perhaps the most charming modern edition of the old favourites is the *Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People*, published by Mr. Sampson Low. It contains the best of the familiar nursery rhymes, and two or three only of the simpler stories, such as *The Three Bears*, and *Goody Two Shoes*. But the illustrations by Messrs. Absolon and Harrison Weir are very telling and effective, and the book itself is quite an *editio princeps* in its way. Few of our popular fairy tales are of English origin. The collection of German stories, by the Brothers Grimm, which has been translated into English, contains many with which we had been long familiar, and which we supposed of home-growth. Even apart from the illustrations of Mr. George Cruikshank, which are among the happiest efforts of the artist's grotesque pencil, this book is a treasure. A child will hardly stop to look at the pictures, so complete is the illusion produced by the stories themselves, and so daring the demand they make upon whatever fancy or pictorial power he possesses. Some of the tales recently translated by Dr. Dasent from the Norse, are admirably suited for children, and a selection from his larger volume is now in course of publication for this special purpose. But we doubt if they will ever become so popular as the *Fairy Stories* of Hans Christian Andersen, whose name has become deservedly familiar not only to the little auditors for whom he composed them, but also to many older readers who have been delighted with his book.

Few writers appear to us to have been more successful in placing themselves in a child's attitude, and looking at things from a child's point of view, than the author of the *Steadfast Lead Soldier* and the *Dream of Little Tuk*. It is difficult to understand how fancies so artless and so grotesque could have been conceived in the brain of a grown man. And, indeed, until we look further, and see how much of pure, right thought there is at the bottom of all his stories, though never obtruded or brought to the surface, we might be tempted to think that they were the production of a child who had been strangely gifted with the power of writing out some of his pleasantest dreams.

It is not uninteresting to observe that in our own country three or four of the writers who stand respectively at the head of the several departments of literature which they adorn, have taken the pains to publish books, the sole object of which is to give delight to little children. Mr. Thackeray, in the *Rose and the Ring*, has, it is true, given us a mere extravaganza, as full as possible of startling absurdities. He has adorned it with some drawings of his own, happier in design, and more finished in execution, than the average illustrations of his books; and the whole performance has the look of one which was thrown off by the author *con amore*, and in a fit of exuberant merriment. The more thoughtful and matter-of-fact children will, we think, be somewhat mystified by this performance; but those who have any sense of humour will not fail to be delighted with its droll descriptions and preposterous incidents. Older readers also will discern traces of the half-mournful, half-kindly, cynicism of the writer, and will find themselves entrapped perhaps into that sentiment of disgust at the gewgaws and pretences of life which it is Mr. Thackeray's mission to promote; but to a boy of ten or twelve years, the book is one of pure fun, wholly unsophisticated by any moral or other secondary aim. Mr. Ruskin's *Black Brothers* is a master-piece of its kind. A story of three brothers, two of whom show themselves selfish and unkind, and are turned into black stones; while the third, who behaves with ordinary kindness, and shows a desire to do right, obtains the promised protection and blessing of the good fairy,—would seem at first sight to be common-place and conventional, and open to the objection which we have already urged against too obvious an exhibition of the moral purpose. But there is something exquisitely fresh and charming in the way in which the story is told; and it is impossible for a child to read it without feeling a genuine sympathy and admiration for little Gluck, the hero, and a desire to imitate his kindness and self-denial. There is enough improbability in the story to

gratify the most extravagant appetite for the supernatural; but the *vraisemblance* is so perfect, that even older readers cannot avoid being carried away with it for a while, half believing that it is true. Mr. Charles Kingsley has published, under the title of *The Heroes*, three of the most famous of the old Greek legends,—*Perseus*, The *Argonauts*, and *Theseus*. We do not think these heroic stories have ever been more attractively told. The language, though extremely simple, is good and pure, the descriptions of characters and of places are vivid, and the narratives and conversations themselves are invested with all that glamour and brightness which the author knows how to throw over any subject on which he writes. The book, however, possesses higher attractions than even the beauty of the stories, and the grace with which they are told. There is a deep undercurrent of religious feeling traceable throughout its pages, which is sure to influence a young reader powerfully. The author's strong desire to make his stories instrumental in enlightening the conscience, and bracing the moral vigour of his youthful readers, never betrays him into sermonizing, but nevertheless makes itself felt in every part of the book. We have always felt that there were materials in Hesiod, in the Tragedians, and in Homer, especially in the *Odyssey*, which might be made available in the composition of noble stories, even for those who were not likely ever to read the originals; and that there were wise lessons deeply embedded in the old legends, 'would men observingly distil them out.' We are thankful, therefore, to Mr. Kingsley, for having sought so earnestly to turn his classical reading to good account, and for having imparted even to the fable of Theseus and the Minotaur a moral significance and a new beauty.

The three last-mentioned books illustrate, in a striking manner, our former remark, that the composition of a child's book is a worthy task for the greatest writers. Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Kingsley differ so widely in aim, as well as in the nature of the gifts which they possess, that it is almost an impertinence to put them into the same class, or to characterize them in a single sentence. But we may nevertheless say, that each in his own way is a master of the English language, and that all are conspicuous for an honesty and directness of purpose which have given a marked individuality and force to their respective styles. And we believe that one great reason which unconsciously causes the childish reader to enjoy their story-books, is the beauty of the English in which they are written. The importance of style in a child's book can hardly be over-estimated, and, *ceteris paribus*, we believe that children

always like best that book the diction of which is the purest. But whether this be true or not, it is certain that for the cultivation of good taste and of due care in the future choice of language, pains should always be taken to familiarize children, as early as possible, with books which, apart from their intrinsic merits, possess the recommendation of being above the average standard of English composition.

Other writers have modernized some of the most striking incidents of classic story with considerable success. Dr. Moberly, in his *Stories from Herodotus*, and the late Mr. W. Adams, in his *Fall of Crœsus*, have availed themselves of legends from ancient history, and have rendered them very attractive to young people. But these books can hardly be placed in the class of pure fictions, and there is an air of real history about them, which will always make them liable to be considered as disguised school-books. The translations from the *Gesta Romanorum*, which are contained in *Evenings with the old Story Tellers*, or those from La Motte Fouqué's exquisite romances of *Sintram*, *Undine*, and *Aslauga's Knight*, are far more likely to arrest the attention of elder children, although they were not written as juvenile books, and although their meaning, not lying on the surface, requires thought and attention to discover it.

III. A very important class of juvenile books comprises those which, though outwardly assuming the form of a story or allegory, are really designed to convey instruction. Most religious books for the young come under this category. The difficulty of presenting sacred truth to a child's mind in a purely abstract form, seems to be generally admitted; and hence attempts have been made to find an entrance for it by a great variety of ingenious expedients. We have anecdotes, histories, conversations, parables, fables, and even fairy tales, expressly designed to aid in the elucidation of scriptural doctrines or moral precepts. It would be an endless task to attempt even a hasty enumeration of the noteworthy books of this class; but the deep importance of the subject to every Christian parent will justify us in pointing out some of the faults which occur most frequently in such books, and which ought to be most sedulously guarded against.

A common fault in religious books for the young is the presumption with which the authors undertake to explain the difficulties and mysteries of Christianity. Attempts are not unfrequently made, as in Gallaudet's *Child's Book of the Soul*, to bring down the grandest and most awful truths of religion to the level of the child's understanding. It is in the nature of

things that such attempts must always be unsuccessful. Eternity, the nature of the soul, the Divine omnipresence, the mystery of the atonement, or the efficacy of sacraments, are all topics on which a Christian parent feels he cannot be wholly silent. But in speaking or writing about them, his desire to render himself intelligible is apt to betray him into a style of explanation and illustration, which is not only beneath the dignity of the subject, but wholly inadequate even for the purposes contemplated; and this is an error into which the writers of juvenile religious books have often fallen. These high themes cannot be made cognizable to a child's understanding; but it is very easy, by flippant and superficial treatment of them, to make a child think that he understands them; and the result is to engender a self-conceit, and a mistaken estimate of his own acquisitions, which, though always mischievous, is especially so in regard to religious subjects. For whatever diminishes the reverence with which a child regards the Bible and its Author, saps the very foundations of a religious life. The best juvenile books on religious subjects are those which, being first of all pervaded with a profound fear and love of God, teach clearly the plainest and most elementary truths of revelation; but at the same time convey the impression that there are many things which, for the present, are mysterious and difficult. 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain unto it.'

It not unfrequently happens that in books designed to inculcate some moral or religious truths, those truths are exemplified by descriptions of little children whose goodness or badness is quite exceptional, and who meet with rewards or punishments of a remarkable or unusual kind. We confess that, to our minds, there is nothing more unnatural than the typical bad boy, so often pourtrayed in such books, except, indeed, it be the good boy, who is not content with behaving, in all respects, as a model of primness and virtue, but is able also to make edifying remarks upon his own conduct besides. Some of Mrs. Sherwood's books are especially open to objection on this score. In *Robert and Frederick*, the pattern boy is so very good, and so conscious of his goodness, that we doubt whether any child who reads the book thinks it possible to attain the standard of that young gentleman's perfections. Indeed, we should very much regret to see any extensive imitation of this class of hero. No healthy child, who preserves his natural frankness and openness, can or ought to use the language of such books; and every right-minded parent knows that the stilted and artificial phrases which are to be met with

in many evangelical stories, cannot possibly correspond to the real experience of a child. We have met with a little book, called *The Life of a Baby*, in which a girl of two years old reproves its parents for Sabbath-breaking, and refuses to take its food if the family morning prayer is omitted, and gives edifying tokens of religious feeling on its death-bed. Preposterous as this is, it is not worse than *Little Annie: or, Is Church-Time a Happy Time?* scarcely worse than *Ministering Children*, and many similar attempts made in story-books to represent children of tender age as examples of Christian experience, as well as the most exalted piety. We do not for a moment doubt the religious influences which rest on many children; but they are exactly of a kind which no fictitious representations can adequately or safely set forth. No youthful reader profits by extraordinary models. If he believes them, he gets what seems to him an impossible standard of youthful piety before him; he knows that such language and behaviour are very unlike his own; so he either gives up the thought of religion, and looks upon goodness as unattainable, or, what is still worse, he learns to use the phrases and imitate the outward deportment of the hero of the book, and so becomes prematurely a dissembler before God and himself. But if, on the other hand, he does not believe the story, if he detects the man's voice under the child's mask, and knows all the while the thing is a fable and an imposition, who can tell how deep a disgust will lurk in his mind for life, and how surely the seeds of irreverence and irreligion are being sown in his heart! And this is, in fact, what happens most frequently. Children know very well the difference between the real and the fictitious characters in a story-book. They very early learn to mistrust the representations of unnatural or impossible goodness; they know even better than we do, what is the form of utterance that a child's feelings spontaneously take, and how they and their fellows are in the habit of talking. If deluded for a time, and led by their own natural trustfulness to wonder at little evangelical prodigies, and to believe in their existence, as in fairies and genii, the time will assuredly come when their eyes will be open, and when a fatal reaction will take place. It will then be found that the childlike faith has received an incurable wound, and that the teaching which has aimed at so much, has accomplished less than nothing. Let us beware of attempting to cheat children into religion. Let us, above all things, determine to deal with them truthfully in this matter. Let us put before them images of the sort of excellence which they can attain, and warn them against the faults into which they are really liable to fall. Do not let us set before them

imaginary goodness and vice, or talk which they cannot imitate without hypocrisy. There is not in the world a sight more beautiful than a Christian child filled with love and reverence, and just beginning, however faintly and fitfully, to desire a knowledge of God and of His will. But such a child will not and cannot be the talkative and self-conscious little personage, who figures so often in juvenile memoirs and obituaries. Nay, in just the proportion in which he is impressed with the sacredness of Divine things, will he be absolutely disqualified from ever becoming such.

We are glad to know that there are many thoroughly healthy and truthful religious books, and that the number of them is increasing. Mrs. Mortimer's *Line upon Line* and *Peep of Day* are not free from the defects we have indicated; but are thoroughly right in their general tone. Bishop Wilberforce's two little books of allegories, *Agathos* and the *Rocky Island*, although in one or two slight details characterized by what appears to us an unwise attempt to inculcate High Church doctrines, are singularly pure and beautiful in conception; and, though told thoughtfully and reverently, are very attractive and intelligible to children. Mr. W. Adams's *Shadow of the Cross* and *Old Man's Home* have the same kind of merit in an inferior degree; but are by no means free from the same faults. Among books more didactic in their tone, we have found that Abbott's *Young Christian*, and Todd's *Lectures to Children*, and Dr. Hamilton's *Life in Earnest* challenge and keep the attention of more thoughtful juvenile readers. But we must content ourselves with this brief indication of the conditions which good religious books should fulfil; and must not attempt an enumeration of the many admirable illustrations which might be named of the great improvement which our juvenile literature has undergone in this respect.

IV. Few writers since Dr. Watts have known how to write verses for young children, such as would at once commend themselves to the understanding and linger pleasantly on the ear. Children's minds are so much enriched, and their taste so much improved, by the act of committing to memory good and graceful verses, that we regret there are not more examples of them in our language. The Misses Taylor, in their *Original Poems*, succeeded very happily in adapting themselves to the tastes of younger children; while the author of *Lays and Ballads from English History*, Mrs. Howitt in her *Tales in Verse*, the compilers of *A Poetry Book for Children*, Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Stodart, have all made important contributions to the higher shelves of the juvenile library. One of the best collections of

hymns and sacred songs for this purpose is that of the Rev. John Curwen, so well known in connexion with sacred music. We had almost hoped that Mr. Keble's *Lyra Innocentium; or, Child's Christian Year*, would prove an important acquisition in this department of our literature; but the book is obscure in sentiment, harsh in veraification, and totally unsuited to children. The author's language is too scholastic, and his thoughts, though sweet, too subtle and refined.

It is no part of our present design to speak of books of instruction merely; but it seems right to protest here against the absurd attempts which have of late been so often made to mix up play with work, and to administer doses of science or of philosophy under the guise of an amusing story. *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest* is a title which is only formally applied to one book of this kind; but in substance appertains to a large group of children's books. The desire to simplify knowledge and to make learning attractive to the little ones, is in itself a right one, and many books written in the most commendable and affectionate spirit are pervaded with it; but it is not unfrequently a misleading one. The results of such attempts are always mischievous. Children know better than we suppose where the boundary line is which separates learning from amusement; and it is well that they should know it. They are not easily beguiled into supposing that they are at play while they are learning English history in verse, or geography by conundrums, or natural philosophy by scientific toys. They know, and they ought to know still better, that learning is a serious thing; to be set about thoughtfully, and with all our hearts, and not to be trifled with. Nothing is gained by giving children *in limine* a low estimate of the effort and self-denial which learning requires. Much is lost on the contrary. It is a great part of education to know how to do one thing at a time, and to concentrate the whole power upon it, whether it be work or play. But this cannot be gained so long as the teacher attempts to bridge over by any delusive artifices the gulf which separates them. Moreover, a robust and manly character can never be formed unless some exercise is provided for it in overcoming difficulties. There is too little of the bracing and disciplinal element in our modern education. We want more of the ἀρετὴ γυμναστική, and a stronger sense of the necessity for effort for its own sake. We do not want prematurely to bind down the young and joyous spirit by the fetters of routine; but it must never be forgotten, that to children the occupation of learning is the only thing from

which they are to gain any impressions as to what the serious business of life means, or as to the way of setting about it. Hence it is very desirable that we should not attempt to teach too much or too often; but that when we do teach, we should teach gravely, and without pretending to conceal from the learner that the work is one requiring self-denial, a withdrawal of the mind from mere amusement, and a considerable exertion of whatever powers he possesses. Our books of instruction cannot be too simple, or too interesting, so long as they are honestly so, and are not simplified by the expedient of evading or concealing the genuine difficulties of the subject, nor made interesting by means of silly and unworthy illustration. It is good for a child to know, once for all, that all the knowledge which is best worth attaining must come to him as the reward of diligent exertion. But he never will learn this so long as knowledge is presented to him as a gilded pill, with a sort of apology for presenting it to him at all, or with a pretence that learning and pastime are pretty much the same thing. He will live to detect this fraud, and perhaps bitterly to regret artifices which, while designed to give him a temporary gratification, have permanently vulgarized and lowered his conceptions of knowledge, and robbed him of the power of steadfast application for life. At the same time, books which stimulate the honourable ambition of boyhood in the pursuit of knowledge, honour, and profitable industry, are of great service in the opening time of life; and for this purpose we have pleasure in recommending a little volume of exemplary biography. It is entitled, *Small Beginnings: or, The Way to get on.** It is not pervaded by mere utilitarian motives; but aims to promote moral goodness as well as material success.

We have been dealing but too cursorily and briefly with a great and solemn theme. We wish we could convey to our readers our own strong conviction of its deep importance; or show them how much is to be gained by grown men and women from a reverent and thoughtful study of children, and their works and ways. Indeed, they have much to teach which the wisest of their elders will always be the most glad to hear. It would be well for us if we more frequently contemplated in the spirit of learners their artless joys, their bursts of genuine delight, their simple truth, and their graceful and unselfish love! It is by the study of their yet unformed and unhardened characters, and their pure instincts, that we may not only be reminded of what we were once, but also, with God's blessing, be led

* London: James Hogg and Sons.

to understand what we might have been, and what He intended that we should become. Who is there among us who does not need such teaching? What man is there who looks back on his own life, and traces the history of his own unused gifts, and his wasted opportunities; of his lofty aims, and his ignoble achievements;—

'Of talents made
Haply for high and pure designs;
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;'—

and who does not turn with humility as well as fond affection to the fresh young souls, so new from the hands of the Great Father of spirits; so bright in their promise, and so full of undeveloped power and greatness? Actually weak and ignorant, they are yet potentially strong, and wise, and noble: and have in them the elements of all which we ourselves have desired to be, but are not.

'Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters, rolling evermore.'

But to gain this advantage for ourselves, or to do justice to the little ones, it is, in fact, before all things necessary that we should regard them as worthy objects of study; and accept the fact that it is better not to try to mould them to our pattern, but rather to enter with a deeper sympathy into their feelings and their hearts; and to find out what is passing in their minds, and not only what is desirable, but what is actually attainable, to them in the present stage of their history. In short, we shall know in what way to write, or with what purpose to buy books for children, in just the degree in which we enter into the spirit of Him who said, 'Take heed that ye *despise* not one of these little ones.'

ART. VIII.—*Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Portrait Gallery, 29, Great George Street, Westminster. July 1st,* 1859. By Authority. London. 1859.

THE historical and fine-art collections of England are rapidly becoming worthy of this great country. The departments of literature, antiquities, and natural history, have long found a home under the spacious roof of the British Museum; but the additions to that repertory have been so numerous in the last few years, that every contrivance in the economy of arrangement is well-nigh spent, and the branch of natural history will probably have to find another plant before many further accessions can be made to the literary and historic treasures. Very similar is the case of the fine-arts collection of our National Gallery, which has long out-grown the very limited accommodation provided in Trafalgar Square. The overflow was first received in the rooms of Marlborough House, where the pictures of the British school have inspired pleasure and admiration in many thousand visitors; and only within the last few weeks they have been transferred to the South Kensington Museum, which is now, beyond comparison, the most attractive of the free public exhibitions of the great metropolis. There may be seen—besides the former treasures of ancient and industrial art—the British school of painting in all its glory, from Hogarth and Reynolds down to Webster and Maclise. Most of the pictures have been acquired by presentation or bequest; and the names of Vernon, Sheepshanks, and Turner, are foremost among those who have thus contributed to the recreation and culture of a grateful public. We say 'a grateful public,' because it is evident, both from the number and attention of the visitors, that these costly gifts are appreciated by all classes of the community—of course not to an equal extent, or with the same advantage; but an appropriate pleasure and relief is felt by the toil-worn artisan and tradesman; and the artist and connoisseur can enjoy no more. The sensations of mere relaxation and change are not to be despised; but in how many of the humble visitors to these galleries may the dawn of a new world, the first consciousness of higher beauty, be rising even while they look! Perhaps a sun-beam from the heaven of Turner may dissipate the sadness of a gloomy day, or kindle once and for ever the glow of depressed but kindred genius.

It would be interesting, at this time, to take a review of the Gallery of British Art, so lately brought together; but the occa-

sion is too recent, and the theme too large for our present limits. It will form, however, a suitable introduction to such a study, if we occupy the brief space at our disposal by a few remarks on the most recent collection of a public kind—namely, the pictures forming the nucleus of a National Portrait Gallery, now to be seen at the temporary rooms provided for them in Great George Street, Westminster. This is not strictly a fine-art collection: its ultimate destination might be, with almost equal propriety, a room in the British Museum, or a vestibule of the National Gallery. It is designed to illustrate the domestic annals of this country, and at the same time to honour the memory of her leading sons, by the medium of authentic portraits, to be selected with impartiality, preserved with care, and publicly exhibited under one roof. The formation of this gallery is confided to a body of trustees, of which Earl Stanhope is the Chairman and Mr. George Scharf the Secretary. These gentlemen have laid it down as a rule for their own guidance, 'to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist.' We are further assured, that 'they will attempt to estimate that celebrity without any political or religious bias;' and that they will not consider 'great faults and errors, though admitted on all sides, as any sufficient grounds for excluding any portrait which may be valuable as illustrating the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the country.' No one can doubt the propriety of those resolutions. A national portrait gallery should have no paltry limitations or exclusions; we cannot spare a single lesson which the features either of genius or of virtue may serve to revive and to impress; and though it is pleasing to regard the place as one of special honour, in which homage of a personal and lasting kind is paid to eminent ability and public service, yet it is still more highly to be valued as a gallery of historic illustration. We cannot estimate, but we may partly conceive, the profit to be derived from a study of the lineaments of great men, as preserved in their authentic portraits. We may learn something of their characters which history and tradition have not told us. We may draw from a study of the whole some of those laws of physiognomy, which, for all their seeming fluctuation and caprice, are really in themselves both constant and infallible. And, besides all this, we may stimulate the ambition, extend the knowledge, and incidentally improve the taste of rising youth, by leading them into the presence, as it were, of those true heirs of fame, whose lineaments have been thought worthy of perpetual remembrance.

The catalogue of the gallery in its present state comprises a

list of eighty-one portraits. As we glance hastily over the names, before lifting our eyes to the pictures, we find that nearly all are worthy of this public and conspicuous honour. Of course, most of the great and popular worthies of our country are as yet unrepresented here; for the choice of the first portraits received into such a collection is mainly influenced by what may be called accidental circumstances. Such a picture is presented, and the trustees have the casual opportunity of purchasing such another. Much judgment, however, has evidently been engaged in the business of purchase and acceptance. There is something either in the character or the fortunes of all who have found a place in the present gallery, which is likely to impart an interest to their features in the minds of every cultivated Englishman. Statesmen, soldiers, poets, artists, and scholars, make up a large proportion of the number; and the few persons of rank, and of miscellaneous merit, are agreeably disposed between the stronger sons of genius. It is true, nevertheless, that elimination may be practised with advantage when the accession of many and superior treasures shall make that process necessary. Few, for instance, would miss the effigies of Mr. Nathaniel Hooke. This gentleman, as some of our readers may need to be informed, was the author of a Roman History, which was long the standard, because it was the only work upon the subject. His portrait by Bartholomew Dandridge is not without merit, and serves better to illustrate the progress of art in England than to furnish commemoration of literary genius. In this connexion, and in similar terms, we may refer to the likeness of Miss Elizabeth Carter. That learned, dear, and excellent old maid will be esteemed as long as she is remembered; the only danger is that, with many others, she will speedily be forgotten. Yet her picture in this gallery is a chance extra in her favour. It is a crayon drawing by Lawrence, belonging to the youth-time of that popular and graceful artist; a comely but homely subject for a pencil that had not yet learned to flatter.

Not the least interesting of the portraits of this gallery are those of artists by themselves. One strikes you by its merit, as well as by its position, on entering the first room. It is the half-length figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his youth. The young artist is represented with palette and brush in his right hand, and shading his eyes with his left; he is looking intently out of the picture. It was painted before Reynolds' visit to Italy, and serves to show how early he attained some of his most characteristic merits. It is very boldly designed, and painted with much breadth of manner. There is great likeness to the artist's mature style and countenance—in both respects it is

obviously an early Reynolds. It is familiar to the readers of Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua, through the engraving prefixed as frontispiece.

The portraits of Opie and Wilkie hang near that of the first President. The former is a life-like and attractive picture; full of hope and full of promise, it reveals the youth and genius of an artist who was destined never to be old. At a not much later period, before the age of thirty, Wilkie painted, as a present for his brother in India, the miniature of himself which hangs below. It is a specimen of homely but very genuine portraiture, in which the quiet humour of the subject is more evident than the genius of the artist.

A neighbouring picture brings us back to the general character of this collection, which is not the paradise of painters, but a gallery of British worthies. When the poet Keats lay dying at Rome, his constant friend and nurse was an artist of the name of Severn. The scene afforded an affecting contrast—the frail flower of English genius perishing amid the emblems and memorials of eternal greatness; the ardour of immortal longings coldly invaded and quenched by the dews of premature death. When all was over, and the last rites paid, Severn employed his art in preserving a memento of his gifted friend. With true taste, he avoided the last scene, and drew him 'in his habit as he lived,' recalling the time when the author of *Endymion* lived in his English home at Hampstead, just before the insidious enemy of his life levelled the shafts of consumption from behind the masked battery of youth. The result was a small picture, in which one morning of the poet's brief existence is faithfully preserved. Of this we are assured by the artist himself, whom in this case we prefer to call his friend. 'The room, the open window, the carpet, chairs, are all portraits, even to the mezzotinto portrait of Shakspeare, given him by his old landlady in the Isle of Wight. On the morning of my visit to Hampstead (1819), I found him sitting with the two chairs as I have painted him. After this time he lost his cheerfulness, and I never saw him like himself again.' A picture answering to this description will be more valuable than twenty fancy pieces, at least in the estimation of those who read with delight the beautiful poem of *St. Agnes' Eve*, and the fine fragment of *Hyperion*. The poet's face expresses sensibility, but there is nothing grand about the head,—nothing indicative of great constructive genius; and so far the portrait corresponds to our conceptions of the character of Keats.

It is an agreeable change to turn to some of those elder worthies of our history whose lineaments have been happily

spared by the destructive agencies of time. This gallery is not yet rich in such memorials; but two portraits of the Elizabethan period attract particular attention,—both eminent for the dignity of their subjects, and both distinguished by the intellectual type of countenance so common in that age of personal greatness. The first gives us the bodily presentment of Sir Walter Raleigh, delineated by some unknown hand. The pure high forehead, the clear cut features, and the oval face, are admirably expressive of bright accomplishments and manly virtues. That noble adventurer came near to realize all the traditions of chivalry, and this picture serves aptly to perpetuate his goodly presence. He was indeed 'the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword.' Crichton was a myth, and Bayard but a simple gentleman; but in Raleigh wisdom and gallantry contended for pre-eminence; valour was the meanest of his gifts, and beauty the lightest of his many graces. As, in the case of the poet's heroine,

> 'Men wondered how such loveliness and wisdom
> Did not destroy each other,'

so must we think of Raleigh, marvelling how so much philosophy could consist with a life of enterprise, or survive in an atmosphere of court flattery and intrigue. He was not perfect; alas! he was not always truthful in word and deed; but the noble effigies of such a man will ever be profoundly interesting to readers of the English annals.

There is no likeness of Sir Philip Sidney here; but his race, his virtues, and his accomplishments, are represented in the person of his sister. The character of the Countess of Pembroke rests on better ground than the testimony of an epitaph; but how much of her fame is due to the well-known lines of Jonson!—

> 'Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
> Death! ere thou hast slain another
> Fair and wise and good as she,
> Time shall throw his dart at thee.'

The portrait is painted on oak panel; the artist is unknown. The features are rather intellectual than beautiful; the complexion is pale, and the countenance of a somewhat anxious cast. The dress is elaborated with great care. In the upper right-hand corner of the picture is the following inscription: *Martis* 12, *Anno Domini*, 1614. *No spring till now.* Many explanations of these words have been suggested; but probably Dr. Rimbault

came nearest to the mark when his researches led him to the fact, that a long and severe frost broke up about that date. 'Might not the painter,' he asks, 'take advantage of the melting of the ice and snow to pay a well-timed compliment to "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother?"' We think he might.

It is interesting to observe how far the portraiture of well-known characters answers to the conception which our minds have formed. Most frequently the result is disappointment or surprise. Bishop Warburton, the overbearing critic and polemic, is here the mild-faced churchman, framed only to lay a gentle hand of blessing on his young parishioners; and the countenance of Judge Jeffreys, so far from serving to frighten all good and quiet souls, is intelligent and placable in the highest degree. Some others answer better to the traditional or historic characters assigned them. Sir Robert Walpole is perhaps a rather coarser personage than we should look for in the prime minister of George the First; but, on the whole, his attitude and features correspond with his insolent and prosperous career. He stands the embodiment of worldly and material success, without faith in God or man.

In the third room hangs a small portrait of Lord Nelson, which realizes all our conceptions of his earnest genius. It was painted at Vienna, in the year 1800, by Herr Füger. There is a wonderful quality of colour in the seaman's face, swart from exposure, yet transparent in expression; and great simplicity in the outline of the bust. It looks like a noble figure-head, carved in sound English oak. Here, too, may be seen the likeness of William Congreve. If that personage should be taken at his word, he would have no claim to a position in this gallery; for he expressly told Voltaire, who paid his personal respects to the witty dramatist, that he desired to be considered only in the character of an English gentleman. The portrait is feeble even for Kneller; his face has no more expression than his wig. It may be retained in better company, in illustration of a period when literature and its professors stood higher in the social scale than even in this age of boasted liberality and culture.

> 'Then oft with ministers would genius walk,
> Oxford and St. John loved with Swift to talk;
> Dorset with Prior, and with Queensberry, Gay,
> And Halifax with Congreve, charmed the day;
> The Muse her Addison to Somers joined,
> The noblest statesman to the finest mind.' *

The portraits of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, though by

* *The Shade of Alexander Pope; a Satire.* By the Author of the *Pursuits of Literature.* 1799.

different painters, form an interesting pair. They are justly honoured as well as nobly matched. If ever personal dignity enabled the professors of the mimic art to rise out of the humiliations of their sphere, it did so in the case of Kemble and his sister. They are rare instances—not suited to justify the adoption of a seductive and degrading art, but tending to awaken charity, and discountenance all sweeping condemnations.

The trustees of this gallery have decided to exclude modern copies of original portraits. This is a just and wise limitation, quite in the spirit of the plan and object first proposed, by which authentic and contemporary portraiture is made the primary object of attainment. One exception, however, to this rule has been already made—with hardly less propriety than the rule itself—in favour of Jackson's copy of the famous portrait of John Hunter. The original, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, hangs in the council-room of the Royal College of Surgeons; and is in the most unfortunate state of dilapidation and decay. The copy does not seem to have been made a day too soon, as some traces of faded colour are seen in the faithful work of Jackson. The latter artist was known as a ready and admirable copyist; but in original portraiture he was also very eminent, excelling in the depth and harmony of colour, and by many good judges is reckoned to have been the best painter of male heads since the time of Reynolds. We hope an opportunity will arise of securing one of his noble works.

This leads us to remark upon the principle of selection adopted by the trustees. They have wisely made the subject of a portrait to take precedence of its claims, and to supersede its deficiencies, as a work of art. In all cases the merit of authenticity will be a *sine quâ non*, except, perhaps, in one or two instances, where preponderating evidence may be allowed to overrule some possible doubt. To this latter class belongs the picture of the Seven Bishops, which is not otherwise desirable than as presenting us with the authentic effigies of seven good men and true, and as illustrating an important crisis in our history. But what we wish to point out is, that the prime object of this historic gallery may consist with a very considerable attention to the claims of art. The most skilful hands only can do justice to the greatest heads. We want something more than a mere coat-and-waistcoat likeness—something more than the right number of features and the particular colour of the hair. It may happen that two portraits of the same subjects shall come within the reach of the trustees; and then it will be their duty to secure the best. It will be a matter of time, however, before many of the noblest portraits in our country can be available for public

exhibition, since they are mostly to be found in private collections.

It is another question, and one of some difficulty, as to whether the portrait-works in the British School, South Kensington, and in the British Museum, should be transferred to the New Portrait Gallery in Westminster. It is certain that some of these can raise no question of removal, as they belong strictly to the great art-collection of the National Gallery. Jackson's portrait of Holwell Carr is there from its artistic merits, and in commemoration of the donor's liberality. But how of Hoppner's portrait of William Pitt, and Sir Joshua's Lord Heathfield? It would seem that the National Portrait Gallery is the right place for exhibiting the lineaments of the great English Commoner, and those of the heroic defender of Gibraltar. One solution of this difficulty would be by a combination of the two establishments in one great building. When the new National Gallery is erected, let its vestibule consist of the collection of portraits now forming in the temporary rooms at Westminster; and then such of the portrait-works of our great masters as have public men for their subjects would be duly placed here, and by a double claim. If this plan be not adopted, the purpose of historic illustration must be literally adhered to in the new Portrait Gallery; the trustees being always ready to accept a second-rate picture, and insisting only that it shall be an authentic portrait. On the whole, the plan of independence is perhaps to be preferred. It would leave the great masterpieces of English portraiture in their proper place, suspended between works of historic and poetic art, and giving variety of interest and character to the whole collection. It would also prevent a certain feeling of incongruity and disappointment. We should not then be disposed to condemn a picture which made no pretensions to artistic merit, merely because its neighbour boasted attractions of the kind; and we should promptly challenge any third-rate celebrity, who might make his appearance under false colours, even those of a first-rate painter.

We have thus briefly indicated rather than described the contents of this new gallery; and now commend it to the personal study of our readers as opportunity may serve them. They will find many interesting features omitted in this sketch, —among the rest the famous Chandos Shakspeare, on which we did not venture to remark within so bare a limit; and some recent additions, the most noticeable of which are a portrait by Phillips of the sculptor Chantrey, (an animated and well-painted picture,) and an anonymous likeness of that pinchbeck philosopher, Dr. Darwin.

ART. IX.—1. *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, with Remarks on their Economy.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. New York and London. 1856.

2. *A Journey through Texas: or, A Saddle-Trip on the South-Western Frontier. With a Statistical Appendix.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. New York and London. 1857.

3. *The North and the South: a Statistical View of the Condition of the Free and Slave States.* By the REV. HENRY CHASE, A.M., and CHARLES W. SANBORN, M.D. Compiled from Official Documents. Boston and London. 1856.

4. *Pictures of Slavery in Church and State: including Personal Reminiscences, Biographical Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.* By the REV. JOHN DIXON LONG. Philadelphia. 1857.

IN the year 1584, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh, having obtained letters patent from Queen Elizabeth, founded the first Anglo-Saxon colony in North America. The glowing description given of the country induced the Queen to bestow on it the name of Virginia; and the settlements made within it were to be of a religious character, 'for honour of God, compassion on poor infidels captivated by the devil, and the relief of sundry people within that realm distressed.' In the year 1606, her sapient successor granted a charter of settlement to a new company, who were to 'secure the true service and preaching of the word of God, and that it should be planted and used according to the rites and doctrines of the Church of England, not only in the said colonies, but among the savages bordering upon them, and that all persons should kindly treat the savage and heathen people in those parts, and use all proper means to draw them to the true service and knowledge of God.' The first colonists under this charter were chiefly 'gentlemen.' Fifty of these emigrated in the first ship, and were of so pure a gentility, that 'the untitled physician and surgeon' were reckoned among the common people. 'One hairdresser, one tailor, one drummer, one mason, one blacksmith, four carpenters, and but eight professed labourers,' completed the number of the emigrants who then landed upon the soil of 'the Old Dominion.'

It need scarcely be said that a body so composed had but a small chance of success as settlers in a new country. Of the immigrants by the first three ships, not two dozen had ever done a real day's work in their lives. Captain John Smith, the first governor, had to drive them to work almost at the sword's point; besides, in addition to the cares of government and superintendence, performing more manual labour than any man in

the colony. 'The miserable rabble of snobs and flunkies' of course combined against his authority, and of course obtained his dismissal; but no sooner had he left them, than they became utterly helpless, and were soon reduced to such extremities of famine, that they began to eat one another. One of the miserable crew, a certain 'William Symons, Doctor of Divinitie,' tells a horrible story of a man who 'did kill his wife, powdered her, and had eaten part of her, before it was knowne, for which he was executed as he well deserued;' and the quaint doctor adds, with a grim humour that is absolutely frightful, 'Now whether she was better roasted, boyled, or carbonado'd, I know not, but of such a dish as powdered wife I never heard of.' At last, the wretched survivors of this 'staruing time' embarked for the banks of Newfoundland, these 'gentlemen' hoping to obtain alms from the fishermen there. They were met in the river by Sir Thomas Dale, the new governor, just arriving from England. His excellency ordered them back, proclaimed martial law, commanded them all, gentle and simple, to work in gangs under overseers, and threatened to shoot the first man who refused to labour, or was disobedient. One day's work would have provided a man with food for a week; but most of the 'gentlemen' would rather starve than do this much.

At length, as, in spite of the governor's martial law, the colony continued to languish, the company, in 1618, petitioned the crown to make them a present of 'vagabonds and condemned men,' to be sent out and employed as slaves. This modest request was complied with; and the first slaves in the United States of America consisted of 'a hundred head' of cockney knaves and thieves, driven out of Bridewell and other gaols on board ship, and exported to Virginia. The *degradation of labour* was therefore a fundamental principle in the earliest social economy of this colony. 'Poverty and pride' distinguished its aristocracy; and labour and serfdom were from the first equivalent terms.

The cargo of hopefuls from England not meeting the labour-wants of the colony, the next year twenty Negroes were imported direct from Africa, and were immediately bought up by the 'gentlemen.' These were the first Negro slaves in British America. From this small beginning the gigantic evil of slavery in the United States arose; and so rapid has been the growth of this accursed system that, at the census of 1850, there were fifteen Slave States in the Union, with 3,200,304 Negro slaves; and the number now is not less than 4,000,000.

We shall not trace the progress of this favourite 'institution' of our Transatlantic cousins, nor minutely follow the history of

opinion among them relating to it. Much less shall we enter upon the general argument, long since conclusively and for ever settled on this side of the Atlantic. But the volumes named at the head of this paper afford us an insight into the social condition of the Slave States, and the economical working of slavery, which may at least interest our readers, and may perhaps serve to keep alive that wholesome hatred of oppression, and that confidence in the superiority of free institutions, which are part and parcel of the creed of Englishmen.

The *Pictures of Slavery* are not very artistically drawn, nor is the book very methodical or systematic; but it is, nevertheless, valuable as embodying facts in the personal experience of an apparently pious and earnest minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born and reared in a Slave State; but grew up with a horror of slavery. Finding, in after years, that this system was teaching his own sons '*hatred of work* and of slaves,' he removed to Philadelphia. In the struggle respecting slavery which agitated his Church, he was of course on the right side, and remained with the Northern or 'Methodist Episcopal' Church after the division. His volume, however, by its fearful denunciation of the slaveholding element in the border Conferences, has given umbrage to persons of influence and authority in that Church. Mr. Long adduces many facts in proof, not only that slaves are held, but that the breeding, buying, and selling of slaves are practised by members of this Church, in those parts of her territory that abut upon the slaveholding Conferences of her Southern rival. He argues, however, and, as it seems to us, conclusively, that, unless she shall declare slaveholding to be incompatible with Church-membership, except under the circumstances provided for in the old 'Discipline,' she will not be free from complicity in the atrocious practices which he describes. The social state which he depicts is fearful; the licentiousness both of whites and Negroes is proverbial; and it seems all but impossible to bring Church-discipline to bear upon it, especially among the Negroes. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the inviolability of the marriage bond as between slaves is nowhere recognised? when the power of the master—his legal power, we mean—overrides all church authority? when he may drive from her house the husband of his slave-woman, and may compel her to take any coloured man he pleases? Well may the author say, 'My opinion is, that the clergyman who believes chattel-slavery well-pleasing in the sight of God, and who justifies the master in separating husband and wife, ought not to marry slaves. If he does, he must do it under the impression that the master is

equal in authority with the Deity, or that the Lord of heaven and earth contradicts Himself.' We understand that this question of slaveholding and membership is likely to be the prominent topic of discussion at the forthcoming General Conference; and we shall await the issue with much solicitude, though not without a sanguine hope that this great Atlantic Church will prove worthy of its English founder, who pronounced slavery to be 'the execrable sum of all human villany.'

The North and the South is a purely statistical work, comprising many most valuable tables, with just enough of explanatory comment to enable the reader to judge of the comparative results, on a large scale, of freedom and slavery. As the tables are compiled or copied from Government documents, their authority is unimpeachable; and, the more diligently they are studied, the more will they prove,—what every believer in eternal justice must be persuaded of,—that all the interests, moral, intellectual, and industrial, of any community, are promoted and advanced by freedom, and awfully retarded and endangered by a condition of serfdom and enforced labour.

But our principal concern is with the deeply interesting and instructive volumes of Mr. Olmsted. They embody the results of many months' travel among the slave communities, and of the most minute and careful observation of the state of society, the modes of husbandry, the manners and habits of the people, and the general working of those institutions which peculiarly distinguish 'the South.' He avows himself to be free from party bias, and to have been constantly influenced by a desire to see things in the most favourable light; and we are bound to say that the spirit of his volumes is eminently fair, candid, and moderate. He possesses, moreover, great powers of observation, a cool judgment, and a thoroughly practical acquaintance both with agriculture and commerce. We shall try in some degree to follow his course, partly for the entertainment of our readers, and partly for the illustration of the influence and effect of slavery under a great variety of circumstances and conditions.

The slaves themselves may be conveniently divided into three classes. There are, first, the slaves owned by large planters and farmers, and governed by overseers or 'nigger-drivers.' The second class consists of those who are owned by less extensive proprietors, have no overseer, live in the kitchen, mingle with the master's family, &c. The third class comprises the domestic slaves, 'the aristocracy and chivalry of the slave population of the South.' *Very few of these are jet black.* We shall pre-

sently consider the character and condition of each of these divisions, beginning with the last; but let us remember that, whatever differences may exist between them, however enviable the lot of the domestic servant may appear in comparison with that of the prædial slave, the inexorable law of the 'free and enlightened' republic of North America declares in set terms concerning them all indiscriminately,—'Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law, to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.' And again, by solemn and supreme judgment, 'a slave is one doomed, in his own person and his posterity, to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own; and toil that another may reap the fruits.' It is to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that the cheek of the judge who delivered this sentence tingled with a burning blush.

The domestic servants are distinguished physically, intellectually, and morally, above their fellow-serfs of the other two classes. They are often nearly white; the men are fine-looking, the women are often opulent in charms. The reason is a truly melancholy one: 'The best blood of the Saxon courses through their veins; the intellect of that race gleams in their eyes..... Many of them can read; and many of the female servants are brought up virtuously, sleeping in the same room with their young mistresses.' Mr. Olmsted gives the following account of some of them, as seen in the streets of Washington on Sunday:—

'Some were dressed with laughably foppish extravagance, and a great many in clothing of the most expensive materials, and in the latest style of fashion. In what I suppose to be the fashionable streets, there were many more well-dressed and highly-dressed coloured people than white; and among this dark gentry the finest French cloths, embroidered waistcoats, patent leather shoes, resplendent brooches, silk hats, kid gloves, and *eau de millefleurs* were quite as common as among the New York "dry-goods clerks" in their Sunday promenades in Broadway. Nor was the fairer, or rather the softer, sex at all left in the shade of this splendour. Many of the coloured ladies were dressed not only expensively, but with good taste and effect, after the latest Parisian mode. Many of them were quite attractive in appearance, and some would have produced a decided sensation in any European drawing-room. Their walk and carriage was more often stylish and graceful than that of the white ladies who were out. About one quarter seemed to me to have lost all distinguishingly African peculiarity of feature, and to have acquired, in place of it, a good deal of that voluptuousness of expression which characterizes many of the women of the south of Europe. I was

especially surprised to notice the frequency of their aquiline noses.'—*Seaboard States*, p. 28.

This class of slaves seems generally to be treated with considerable indulgence by the masters; and its comparatively happy physical condition is often quoted by them in proof of the humanity and advantage to the slaves themselves of the 'institution.' In early childhood, black and white babies are carried together in the arms of Negresses, and are constantly accustomed to play together. Hence, instances of the most romantic affection between the races are by no means uncommon; indeed, the attachment of the Negroes to the young master or mistress with whom they may have been brought up is proverbial. We wish we could say that it always met with a corresponding return. Persons travelling in the South are, moreover, continually struck with the almost total absence of that colour-prejudice which is the bane and disgrace of Northern society.

Notwithstanding this familiarity and indulgence, however, the general feeling of the domesticated class of slaves is, as might be expected, very far from that of contented and cheerful submission. Mr. Olmsted was struck with the number of nearly white coloured persons in Virginia, and fancied that he saw a peculiar expression among these; a contraction of the eyebrows, and tightening of the lips, a spying, secretive, and counsel-keeping expression.

But it is only when contrasted with the more degraded and hard-worked members of their own race, that these domestic servants, as to their comfort and general character, appear to any advantage. Travellers in the South meet with them continually in the hotels, in those princely mansions where hospitality is so open-handed, and in the smaller abodes where they associate on apparently equal terms with the families of their owners. In all cases, even when their condition is most enviable, their stupidity, carelessness, shiftlessness, and idleness, are matters of universal complaint. Mr. Olmsted's volumes are full of illustrations on this head. His own murmurings are often sufficiently amusing, but his accounts of the grumbling, miserable, and helpless dependence of the owners or hirers of domestic slaves are perfectly ludicrous. He takes good care, moreover, to show how the vices of the Negro character are the inevitable results of the system under which they are brought up.

Complaints of inattention, dirt, and discomfort, in Southern hotels, are scattered all over the volumes; and it is hard to say whether is the more provoking, the slovenliness and laziness of the slave servants, or the nonchalance of the lounging and aristocratic landlords. In private life, the vices and short-

comings of the domestic Negroes appear to be staple topics of conversation with their owners, especially if suspected Abolitionists are present. On such occasions, the air of martyrdom and self-commiseration put on by the ladies is most ridiculous, as is the naïve confession of helplessness which their murmurings imply. Here is a family-scene in North-Eastern Texas :—

'Folks up North' (mistress *loquitur*) 'talked how badly the Negroes were treated; she wished they could see how much work her girls did. She had four of them, and she knew they didn't do half so much work as one good Dutch girl, such as she used to have at the North. O! the Negroes were the laziest things in creation; there was no knowing how much trouble they gave to look after them. Up to the North, if a girl went out into the garden for anything, when she came back, she would clean her feet; but these Nigger girls will stump right in, and track mud all over the house. What do they care? They'd just as lief clean the mud after themselves as anything else; *their time isn't any value to themselves.* What do they care for the trouble it gives you? Not a bit. And you may scold 'em and whip 'em; you never can break 'em into better habits.

'I asked her what were servants' wages when they were hired out to do house work? They were paid seven or eight dollars a month; sometimes ten. She didn't use to pay her girl at the North but four dollars, and she knew she would do more work than any six of the Niggers, and not give half so much trouble as one. But you couldn't get any other help here but Niggers. Northern folks talk about abolishing slavery, but there wouldn't be any use in that; that would be ridiculous, unless you could some way get rid of the Niggers. Why, they 'd murder us all in our beds; that 's what they 'd do. Why, over to Fannin, there was a Negro woman that killed her mistress with an axe, and her two little ones. The people just flocked together, and hung her right up on the spot; they ought to have piled some wood round her, and burned her to death; that would have been a good lesson to the rest. We afterwards heard her scolding one of her girls; the girl made some exculpatory reply, and getting the best of the argument, the mistress angrily told her if she said another word she would have two hundred lashes given her. She came in and remarked that if she hadn't felt so nervous, she would have given that girl a good whipping herself, these Niggers are so saucy, it 's very trying to one who has to take care of them.

'Servants are, it is true, a "trial," in all lands, ages, and nations. But note the fatal reason this woman frankly gives for the inevitable delinquencies of slave servants, "Their time isn't any value to themselves." '—*Texas*, pp. 119–121.

This woman was unusually thrifty, capable, and energetic, in the management of her household; held strong opinions on the discipline necessary for Negroes; and despised and censured her

neighbours for their idleness, and carelessness of comfort; but she seems to have had a hard time of it, and (with all her severity, and her efforts to instruct her servants, and get them to take trouble) to have made very little out. The great body of such women are helpless as infants, from having been brought up to despise all sorts of labour, and are therefore completely at the mercy of their servants, knowing neither comfort, nor cleanliness, nor wholesome living. The pictures of domestic interiors with which these books abound are truly revolting. It is fair, however, to say that both the lot and character of this class of slaves on the estates of some of the large and wealthy planters are very superior to what has now been described. Our author gives a very interesting account of some days spent on the plantation of a Mr. X——, in South Carolina. True, the case is an exceptional one, where 'the patriarchal institution is seen under its most favourable aspects; not only from the ties of long family association, common traditions, common memories, and, if ever, common interests, between the slaves and their rulers, but also from the practical talent for organization and administration, gained among the rugged fields, the complicated looms, and the exact and comprehensive counting-houses of New England, which directs the labour.' On this estate, the house servants are wonderfully intelligent and faithful, and their treatment gentle and humane. One mulatto, who acted as a sort of watchman or steward, was remarkable for his gentlemanly bearing, and, as it proved, for his skill and trustworthiness. On going to church, this man and the head house-servant mounted each his own horse, bought with his own money. Both these men were great favourites with their master, and their good conduct was frequently rewarded with handsome presents, which seem to have had a stimulating effect like that of wages. Indeed, the watchman owned three horses, received higher wages than the white overseer, had a private house, and lived in considerable luxury. The planters' inference from such facts, of course, is, that slavery is not necessarily degrading or inhuman; nay, that the coloured watchman is fairly to be envied by the white overseer. But is there nothing degrading in the complete dependence of this fine fellow upon his master? Would he not be a happier, better, more respectable man, if he were self-dependent, and able to provide for his own? Is there nothing degrading or inhuman in an institution which places all his gains, whatever they may be, at the absolute disposal of his master, so that he could be stripped of his fine house, handsome horses, and luxurious appurtenances, in a moment, and without appeal, separated from his family, and sold as a chattel, as con-

venience, caprice, or necessity might ordain? Would the white overseer change places with him, for all the tokens of magisterial regard showered upon him? We trow not. And, remember, that on such estates as this, the 'patriarchal institution' is seen under the most rosy aspect that it ever wears.

The second class of slaves embraces those who belong to small proprietors, and are managed directly by their masters, without the aid of overseers. They

'are not generally overworked, use good language for slaves, and are attended to when sick. Their children are raised with their masters' children, play with them, and nurse them. In mind and body, they are greatly superior to the plantation slaves. A strong attachment frequently exists between them and their masters and mistresses. From this class we derive most of our Church members. After they arrive at the age of forty-five [!] many of them become truly chaste and pious, according to the light they have, and receive the honourable appellations of "aunt" and "uncle;" until that age, they are usually called "boys" and "girls." Notwithstanding the superior physical condition of this class of slaves, they are generally more unhappy and restless than the more degraded classes.'—*Pictures of Slavery*, pp. 20, 21.

Mr. Olmsted does not formally introduce us to this class of slaves; but he describes some of the households of which they form a part. In his journeys along the less frequented routes, he was often dependent on such entertainment as these smaller proprietors could give: and the scenes of shiftlessness on the part of the Negroes and helplessness on that of their owners, of squalidity, poverty, and discomfort,—of coarse food and lodging, —of scolding and cursing,—of broken fences, primitive vehicles, ungainly tools,—and all the other characteristics of a state of feudal semi-barbarism, which are scattered through his pages, are both ludicrous and humiliating in the last degree. We had intended to quote largely from this portion of his very interesting work, but inexorable limits restrain us. In all the Slave States, both old and new, these small planters generally live in log cabins, whose interstices are not *chinked*, or made up in any way, and the furniture and all other appointments are of the rudest and meanest kind. If such be the condition of the masters, what must that of the slaves be? But, as already suggested, the condition of these slaves has its comparatively bright side; and we don't know that it can be presented better than in the language of a free Negro pedlar from North Carolina whom our traveller encountered in the Southern State of that name:—

'"So you don't like this country as well as North Carolina?"

'"No, master. Fac is, master, 'pears like wite folks doan' gene

rally like Niggars in dis country; dey doan generally talk so to Niggars like as do in my country; de Niggars ain't so happy heah; 'pears like de wite folk was kind o'different, somehow. I doan' like dis country so well; my country suits me very well."

'"Well, I've been thinking myself the Niggers did not look so well here as they did in North Carolina and Virginia; they are not well clothed, and they don't appear so bright as they do there."

'"Well, massa, Sundays dey is mighty well clothed dis country; 'pears like dere ain't nobody looks better Sundays dan dey do. But, Lord! workin' days, seems like dey had'n no clothes dey could keep on 'em at all, master. Dey is a'mos' naked, when dey's at work, some on 'em. Why, master, up in our country, de wite folks, why, some on 'em has ten or twelve Niggars; dey doan hev' no real big plantation, like dey has heah; but some on 'em has ten or twelve Niggars, and they juss lives and talks along wid 'em; and dey treats 'em most as if dem was dar own chile. Dey doan' keep no Niggars dey can't treat so; dey won't keep 'em, won't be bodered wid' em. If dey gets a Nigger, and he doan' behave himself, dey won't keep him; they juss tell him, 'Sar, you must look up anudder master,' and if he doan' find himself one, I tell 'ou, when de trader come along, dey sell him, and he totes 'em away. Dey allers sell off all de bad Niggars out of our country; dat's de way all de bad Niggar and all dem no account Niggar keep a cummin down heah; dat's de way on't, master."'—*Seaboard States*, pp. 391, 392.

This would be all very well, if only the 'no account Niggers' were thus disposed of. But a leaf from Mr. Long's experience gives another and not uncommon reason:—

'Beaufort owns a young Negro man brought up in his own house. Beaufort becomes security for neighbour Miflin. Miflin fails; the creditors resort to Beaufort. The boy must be sold. His master and Negro buyer fix on the price. The boy is to be delivered at a certain place where I happen to be. The poor fellow comes on an errand, as he supposes, little dreaming of the trap that is set for him. The master is there. The "Georgia trader" presently arrives. This worthy orders the boy to cross his hands; the concealed rope is produced, and the boy is tied. The poor slave is stunned, and turns ashy pale. The dealer in human souls hurries him off to the county town to await transportation. Beaufort weeps and trembles, and mutters, "He was a good boy; *I* never ate him or drank him; I shall never be happy again." Unhappy master! if he had set him free before going into debt, he would have escaped thorns that will be planted in his dying pillow; and, if he should ever read these lines, he will attest the faithfulness of this narration.'—*Pictures of Slavery*, pp. 21, 22.

In this class must be included, for the most part, the slave-mechanics of the South. They 'hold a medium above the field hands, and below the house slaves.' They are generally let out

to hire by their owners, enjoy a certain amount of freedom, and are nearly always 'gratified' with some sort of wages, or perquisites, or stimulants to skill and industry, in some form; 'and are more intelligent, more privileged, and more insubordinate than the general mass.' In the fisheries of the coast of Carolina, where it is often necessary to remove sunken stumps from the subsided shore, a class of divers is employed, whose success depends chiefly on skill and discretion. They are all slaves; but the stimulus of receiving from a quarter to half a dollar a day for themselves, is sufficient to make them work hard and well. So with other classes of skilled labourers. Wherever all motive of self-interest is withheld, and the slave toils practically as well as theoretically only that another may reap, you find him an idle, careless, shiftless fellow, doing as little as he can, and that little in the worst possible way. But, in proportion as you stimulate him by the hope of reward, he will assert his manhood, and prove, by his industry and skill, that he can appreciate the boon.

The strictly prædial slaves,—the field-hands employed on large plantations,—constitute the third, and by far the largest, section of the serfs of the United States. Three millions, or three-fourths of the entire number, belong to this division. They have no association with the families of their wealthy owners; are governed by overseers, or Nigger-drivers, are excessively ignorant and superstitious, and speak a most barbarous *patois*. The following description of them by Mr. Long is abundantly borne out both by the facts which he relates, and by the statements of Mr. Olmsted's more dispassionate volumes:—

'Their food and clothing are of the coarsest kind; one suit of coarse cloth for winter, and of cotton cloth for summer. Their allowance of food is one peck of Indian corn meal and three pounds of fat pork per week. This they cook as best they can. Among this class there is no respect paid to sex: the females work in the field, cut wood, drive the ox-cart, make fences. Indeed, I have often seen them in situations where, if the pecuniary value of their offspring had been consulted, they should have been removed to the "quarters" till after a certain time. Chastity is out of the question. There is a certain attachment between male and female, but the horrible slave-laws allow it to be little more than the promiscuous commerce of beasts. There is, however, a genuine love between mother and child. The slave can truly say, "I have no father, but I love my mother." The males, like the dogs of their masters, are frequently called after the celebrated philosophers and generals of Greece and Rome. Almost every plantation has a Plato, Cato, Pompey, and Cæsar. This seems like a retribution. The great men of Rome were slaveholders on a magnificent scale, and their names are now borne by slaves more abject than theirs.

'The cowhide is their only coat of arms. They seldom hear a kind word spoken to them on the part of their overseers. With them there is neither digression nor progression. The common plantation slave is but little better informed than those of the same class fifty years ago; and one hundred years hence will find them the same, if slavery continues as it is.....

'The plantation slaves often suffer with hunger. Despite the common boasts of the slaveholder, the Allwise only knows how much penury and starvation wear out the life of the slaves.....

'The "quarters" of the large slaveholders are generally mere shells; very few are plastered; and no arrangement is made for the separation of male and female. The men generally have no beds, but sleep in their clothes on benches made of wide plank, with their feet to the fire.....The death of a slave is considered a mere money loss. Neighbour A. says that neighbour B. has lost a fine slave worth one thousand dollars.....The humble body is buried in the Negro graveyard, in some obscure part of the plantation. For the slave there is no tombstone. The flowers of memory and affection never bloom over the lonely hillock that marks his resting-place. The wild rose and dewberry mat his grave; and the lark builds there her lowly nest, and sings at morn his only requiem. Many an undeveloped poet, orator, and artist lies entombed in such obscure cemeteries throughout the South. A slave-burying is one of the saddest sights I ever saw. They do not cry and weep like freemen; they are sad and stupid. They have no religious services at the grave, and could not have them if they wished. The Negro preacher on the adjoining plantation must not leave his hoe. The white minister is either too grand to bury the slave, or is not called on. *I have never known of more than one white minister of the Gospel who has performed religious service at the burial of the slave.*'—*Pictures of Slavery*, pp. 14–20.

Almost every feature in this revolting and distressing picture is confirmed by facts which came repeatedly under the notice of Mr. Olmsted. It is scarcely necessary to say that the prædial slaves are chiefly employed in the cultivation of tobacco, rice, cotton, and sugar; though all the hard labour of every kind is performed by them.

Of course there are cases where humane and gentle treatment is dealt out to them; but they are exceptions. If one planter can boast that he had only sold three slaves in twenty years, and that these either went willingly, or were banished for exceedingly and persistingly bad conduct, another can sell his best hands, without notice, without reason given, and without any apparent regard to the agony occasioned by the rupture of the strong ties of kindred. If one man forbids the punishment of Negroes by his dependents, except under the most humane and rigid restrictions, another, at the very same time, may stab, shoot, and try to murder them in a drunken frolic, and can only be prevented

from actual murder by insubordination on their part such as the law pronounces to be justifiably punished with death.

The overseers and Nigger-drivers are, with very few exceptions, 'coarse, brutal, and licentious;' 'the curse of the country, and the worst men in the community.' In a large plantation, from the fact of their continually superintending small gangs of labourers, they must have opportunities of indulging their bad passions without the knowledge of their masters; and it is clear that wickedness and cruelty are perpetrated by them almost with impunity.

Generally speaking, the field hands appear to be pretty well fed; that is, they have about enough food, such as it is,—a peck or a peck and a half of meal, and three pounds of fat bacon, per week. They frequently keep fowls, and so can cook their bacon with eggs; but meal, bacon, and eggs,—eggs, bacon, and meal, from January to December,—which of our readers would like to ring the changes the year round on these articles of diet? It is also abundantly evident that, with a few exceptions, the lodging and clothing of the Negroes are of the poorest kind, and hardly such as to comply with the claims of decency.

It is among this degraded class that the legitimate effects of slavery on the character of its victims are most fully seen. Their education is *nil*,—it being a crime punishable by law 'to teach or aid any slave to read or write, or cause or procure any slave to be taught to read or write.' So jealous are their masters of the effect of contact with labouring whites, that it is not unusual to warn any such white who is considered to be too free with 'the Niggers' out of the country, by the very polite threat that if he be not gone in brief space, they will 'give him hell.' Negro property is justly considered to decrease in security as it increases in intelligence; and the more valuable it becomes, the more earnest and systematic is the effort to suppress its ambition, and dwarf its intellect.

The morals of this class are awfully depraved. Licentiousness, falsehood, theft, Sabbath-breaking, and even murder, are the natural, and most of them the inevitable, concomitants of slavery. It is scarcely fit that we should pollute our pages with the evidence under the first of these heads. The looks, gestures, and conversation of Negro women, even when mixing among whites, as in railway cars, for instance, are often equal to anything displayed 'by the most beastly women of the streets;' and Southern authorities acknowledge that, in association with Negroes, white children become familiar with vulgar, indelicate, and lascivious manners and conversations; and that many young men and women, of respectable parentage and bright prospects,

have made shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, in consequence of the seeds of corruption which, in the days of childhood and youth, were sown in their hearts by the manners and conversation of their father's Negroes.

Some very curious details are given respecting the loss sustained by the illness, real or pretended, of the Negroes. In any plantation having twenty Negroes on it, one or more of the field hands is sure to be absent from work on account of some alleged illness, strain, or bruise; and, in nearly every such case, the planter or overseer instinctively suspects falsehood or exaggeration. When really ill, moreover, they will neglect or refuse to employ the prescribed remedies, concealing pills under the tongue, for instance. The motive is very evident, as appears from the following quaint way of remarking on a real calamity :—

'The slave rather enjoys getting a severe wound that lays him up. He has his hand crushed by the fall of a piece of timber, and, after the pain is alleviated, is heard to exclaim, "Bress der Lord, der han b'long to massa,—don't reckon dis chile got no more corn to hoe dis year, no how." '—*Seaboard States*, pp. 187, 188.

The following is not a little remarkable :—

'I was on one plantation where a woman had been excused from any sort of labour for more than two years, on the supposition that she was dying of phthisis. At last the overseer discovered that she was employed as a milliner and dressmaker by all the other coloured ladies of the vicinity; and, upon taking her to the house, it was found that she had acquired a remarkable skill in these vocations. She was hired out the next year to a fashionable dressmaker in town, at handsome wages; and as after that she did not again "raise blood," it was supposed that, when she had done so before, it had been by artificial means.'—*Seaboard States*, p. 190.

But Negro slaves are subject to a variety of curious diseases. There, is, for instance, what Dr. Cartwright, of Louisiana, calls *Drapetomania*, manifested by an irresistible desire to run away. The preceding symptoms are either fright or sulkiness. The cause must be inquired into and removed, or they will either run away, or fall into the Negro consumption. If they are sulky or dissatisfied without cause, the approved prescription is, 'Whip it out of them!' Another disease, comical enough when viewed in that light, is *Dysæthesia Æthiopica*, (how scientific these learned men are!) which impels its victims to 'break, waste, and destroy everything they handle; abuse horses and cattle; tear, burn, and rend their own clothing, and steal others to replace it.' They wander about at night, and are half asleep by day. They slight and damage their work, get into quarrels

with their fellow-slaves and overseers: and the reason is that, through sheer laziness, 'the blood becomes so highly carbonized and deprived of oxygen, that it not only becomes unfit to stimulate the brain to energy, but unfit to stimulate the nerves of sensation distributed to the body.' The unscientific overseers call this 'rascality,' and resort to incorrect empirical treatment, (we presume, whipping it out of them,) which seldom or never cures it. We should think not. But Mr. Olmsted does not enlighten us as to what Dr. Cartwright and Co. consider the scientific treatment of this curious disease. It would be well to know; for, if we may believe the ladies, it occasionally, in some of its forms, attacks our English domestics. There is also a disease generated by *longing for home*,—alas! how many must suffer from that!—which the doctors denominate *nostalgia*. Let us do them justice. They recommend, both for this and for Negro consumption, the removal of the *original cause* of the dissatisfaction or trouble of mind, and the use of every means to make the patient comfortable, satisfied, and happy. 'The original cause!' Yes: it all lies there; but these gentlemen are evidently unaware of the bitter satire on the 'institution' implied in this very sensible advice.

As to theft, this may be said to be universal; but really the whole moral code seems to us so strangely reversed, by the mutual position of master and slave, that we feel it very hard to deal with this question. If the slave be wrong in stealing from his master, who stole the slave? If the inanimate chattel be wrongly appropriated and held, what about the living chattel? We read somewhere in an old book about certain rich men, by whom the hire of the labourers who have reaped down their fields, is kept back by fraud, and how that hire crieth against them, and how that cry has entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. We suppose, were we preaching to Negroes, we should remind them of another passage from the same book, which says, 'Vengeance is mine! I will repay, saith the Lord!' and should warn them against taking the law into their own hands. But, upon what principle the tyrant who usurps God's dominion over them, can wipe his mouth, and assume an air of injured innocence, we know not; nor how he will get over such Nigger logic as this:—

'It is told me, as a singular fact, that everywhere on the plantations the agrarian notion has become a fixed point of the Negro system of ethics, that the result of labour belongs of right to the labourer; and on this ground even the religious feel justified in using "Massa's" property for their own temporal benefit. This they term "taking," and it is never admitted to be a reproach to a man among them, that

be is charged with it, though "stealing," or taking from another than their master, and particularly from one another, is so. They almost universally pilfer from the household stores when they have a safe opportunity.'—*Seaboard States*, p. 117.'

We call attention to the above distinction between their masters' property, and that of other people. The planter may surely be left to square the account with the wronged Negro, without any Quixotic indignation from us at the offence of the latter. But, how if Quashee should commit the most serious and heinous depredation of all, because related to the most valuable part of his master's property? *How if he should steal himself?*

Jefferson,—the immortal Jefferson,—whose all but single arm was lifted up in the cause of Negro emancipation and education in Virginia,—says on this subject of Negro theft,—

'That disposition to theft, with which they have been branded, must be ascribed to their situation, and not to any depravity of the moral sense. The man in whose favour no laws of property exist probably feels himself less bound to respect those made in favour of others. When arguing for ourselves, we lay it down as fundamental, that laws to be just must give a reciprocation of right; that without this they are mere arbitrary rules, founded in force, and not in conscience: and it is a problem which I give to the master to solve, whether the religious precepts against the violation of property were not framed for him as well as his slave? and whether the slave may not as justifiably take a little from one who has taken all from him, as he may slay one who would slay him?'—*Seaboard States*, pp. 117, 118.

Hear that, ye velvet-handed, delicate gentry of the south! Place poor Sambo's petty theft against your great crime of man-stealing; (for man-stealing it is, even if in the second degree: possessing or inheriting stolen men, and stealing from the outraged African every faculty and moment that you compel him to give to you;) and say whether the law that visits him with pains and penalties for stealing your butter or bacon, and abets and protects you in your outrageous robbery of his body and soul, does not 'strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel?'

As to their religious condition, it is difficult correctly to estimate it. There are no doubt great numbers of very pious Negroes, of the true 'Uncle Tom' stamp; but the overwhelming majority must be sunk in the deepest spiritual ignorance. A planter boasted to Mr. Olmsted of their educational privileges, which he explained to be 'preaching and religious instruction. They have the Bible read to them a great deal, and there is preaching for them all over the country.' Moreover, they have preachers of their own; 'right smart ones they are, too, some

of them;' and then this worthy had a tale to tell of a *minister whom he owned*, and who was a very intelligent man. By the way, ministerial gifts greatly enhance the trade value of a Negro; and are not unfrequently paraded in advertisements of slave auctions. Some years ago, the late venerable William Jay, preaching in Bristol, drew from his waistcoat pocket one such advertisement, cut from an American newspaper. It announced as the climax of valuable qualifications in the human article offered for sale, that he was 'a capital local preacher, and had an excellent gift in prayer!' After reading it to the congregation, the old gentleman drily exclaimed, 'Now, devil, match that if you can!' It would surely be a difficult job. We have before us another well-authenticated story of a slave put up to auction, for whom, after he had been inspected by the audience, and duly eulogized by the auctioneer, the bidding went up from 1000 to 1200 dollars. 'He was converted four years ago, he's as good as a preacher among yer cattle,' roared the auctioneer, —1250, 1300, 1400 dollars. 'He's got the Holy Spirit; he can pray, and sing, and preach; he keeps all the commandments; he can preach like the bishop himself!' And after a spirited competition, the Christian slave, the elder of a Southern Church, was knocked down for 1850 dollars;—1200 dollars for his ordinary capabilities, and 650 more for his Christianity! *O tempora! O mores!*

The 'Englishwoman in America,' from whose interesting and instructive little work, *The Aspects of Religion in the United States of America*, the above story is taken, seems to be a much more reliable guide on religious questions than Mr. Olmsted. We should be sorry to do him injustice; but we suspect he does not understand religion, and stigmatizes as fanaticism much that deserves a better name. The Baptists and Methodists are the chief denominations; and he represents their clergy as preaching chiefly against each other's doctrines, when addressing Negro congregations. We dare say the controversial element is pretty strong, as the readers of Peter Cartwright's Life have no doubt perceived; but we do not believe that it preponderates. We have no question that the great majority of the slave-members are true Christians, and that the ministry which they attend is well fitted both to convert and to edify. We have seen some specimens of Negro preaching, too, that display a felicity of illustration and a pathos of sentiment truly wonderful.

On the general question, however, of the religious condition of the South, it may be said that it must be bad. The low standard of morals which slavery creates and compels, must be

unfavourable to the influence of religion among its victims. Lying, stealing, Sabbath-breaking, and organized and almost compulsory adultery, cannot co-exist with a wide-spread and profound religious element. There appears to be more of it in the Northern and older States than in the Southern and more recently settled ones, partly owing to the modifying influence which the public opinion of the free North exercises on the 'institution,' when in close contact with it. Hence in those States the Sabbath is well observed, and there is an external decorum of manner. There are Christian slaveholders, 'who exercise a rigid moral supervision over their slaves, who deeply, yes, painfully, feel their own responsibilities, and who provide religious instruction and religious privileges for all who are connected with them;' and, indeed, devote a good deal of their own time to teaching them orally. Yet, even where this is the case, the state of religion is low as compared with the Free States of the Union; and it is a most noteworthy and admonitory fact that the recent revival of religion, notwithstanding the earnest and persevering prayers of Southern Churches, has scarcely penetrated into the most favoured regions of the slaveholding South.

In the newer States, and in the Old French section, there is little religion; and in the wild border regions, such as Arkansas and Texas, there is hardly any. In these cases the masters themselves, judging from Mr. Olmsted's specimens, are in a semi-heathen and semi-savage state; and their slaves must be all but entirely destitute of the means of grace, or any knowledge of Christianity. In many neighbourhoods, the Gospel is only preached three or four times a year; and it is hardly possible to obtain the sacraments. It is obvious that, among people situated as the plantation slaves generally are,—herding together very much like cattle, driven by the cowhide whip, deprived of the key of knowledge, and most imperfectly supplied with the means of grace,—there must be a great deal of fanatical alloy mixed even with true piety. The groans, gestures, outcries, and innumerable antics of slaves at the southern camp-meetings are faithfully depicted in *Dred*. The Negroes intensely enjoy these gatherings, which are held at a season of the year when they most need rest, and when they can have a holiday without the usual attendants of drunkenness and profanity. Here they often meet the relatives from whom the 'institution' has separated them; and here they can sing,—and an African is almost always a capital singer,—and jump, and shout to their hearts' content. Yet even here the ban is upon them; for their place is behind the pulpit, separated from

the rest of the sylvan temple by a wooden fence, and where they cannot catch the inspiration which darts from the eye, or beams from the face, of the eloquent preacher. In their own places of worship, and under the ministry of men of their own colour, many extravagant, ludicrous, and humiliating scenes no doubt occur; but if Mr. Olmsted may be trusted, they are not, in these respects, much inferior, at any rate, to the average congregations of 'poor whites' who may be collected together in the South.

It would be wonderful, indeed, if their religion were of a very enlightened or elevated stamp. Consider how largely the Southern Churches and pulpits are implicated in the sin of slavery, and to how great an extent the consciences both of ministers and white members must be sophisticated on this question; and you cannot but see that the whole tone of religion among them must be seriously deteriorated. Years ago, no Christian man spoke of slavery but as an evil,—at least, 'a weakness and a disgrace;' but it is not so now. The Southern Churches have generally pronounced it to be 'an ordinance of God, fostered by the New Testament, and a noble missionary institution.' The tide of popular feeling is therefore turned. Bishops, clergy, deacons, leaders, and communicants, are rich in human goods and chattels, 'and buy and sell their fellow-men, whom they profess to recognise as "temples of the Holy Ghost."' The authoress just mentioned heard this impious thanksgiving from the lips of a Presbyterian minister (white, of course) in a public service: 'We thank thee, O Lord, that from a barbarous land, where idols are worshipped in blood and flame, Thou hast brought a great multitude to our shores, to sit at our feet, and learn Thy Gospel.' How strangely this sounds in contrast with the beautiful prayer of a black man in a church, many of the worshippers of which were sold in the course of the week, families mercilessly broken up, and Christian fathers and matrons sent far apart, to labour unrewarded in rice swamps, sugar plantations, &c., and perhaps to be degraded to uses too vile for mention!—'Guide us in all our changes; take us not far from Thine house; or, if we are removed from Zion's assemblies, may Thy presence be better to us than an earthly temple! O take us not where we shall be tempted above that we are able! Make us lowly, meek, and consistent; so like Christ, that we may win others to love Him! We have met through one year as brethren. May we all meet where time is neither measured by years, nor marked by changes, in the holier Jerusalem above, where sin is done with, where partings are unknown, and where God Himself shall wipe all tears from our eyes!' White

persons heard this prayer, and were melted by its exceeding pathos; 'one wealthy slaveholder was crying outright.' We wonder what they thought of it when they saw, a day or two after, some of their fellow-worshippers upon the auction-block, and heard their 'points' discussed by the brutal auctioneer, such as, in all probability, their piety, and their 'excellent gift in prayer!' Through what a process must the consciences of Christian ministers have been put, before they can pervert—as Southern ministers do—the marriage service into something little better than the Divine sanction of adultery, by substituting for the sacred words, 'Till death us do part,' the infamous formula, 'Till we are unavoidably separated!' The 'English-woman in America' particularizes Bishop Meade of Virginia as an active and eminent dignitary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Olmsted gives us an extract from one of the published sermons of this worthy divine. We wish our space would allow of its introduction; but he unblushingly tells the poor slaves, to whom it is addressed, that God has set their masters and mistresses over them in His stead, and expects that they should do for them what they would do for Him; that they are God's overseers; and, in short, that, if they do not obey them as implicitly and serve them as honestly and faithfully as God Himself, they will go where all bad people go. Here is the Divine right of slaveholders with a vengeance! How would the bishop, who is no doubt a staunch republican, like his doctrine to be applied to Kings? And, as Mr. Olmsted very pertinently asks, Where,—unless he acknowledge this Divine right, and repent of his republican rebellion against it,—where does he expect to go to?

Slave-auctions have been so often described, that we need not be detained by them; but there are one or two facts connected with the internal slave-trade that are not so generally known. This trade is now, and has been for years, an essential feature of the system. The new States of the South and South-West create the demand, and Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, provide the supply. Southern gentlemen of any character are generally unwilling to converse about it, and often deny, with much feeling, that slaves are reared, in many cases, with the intention of selling them to the trader. But the cash value of a 'Nigger' is considered among the surest elements of a planter's wealth, nevertheless; and a slave-woman is most valued for those qualities which give value to a brood-mare. A slaveholder candidly informed Mr. Olmsted in a letter, that—

'As much attention is paid to the breeding and growth of Negroes

as to that of horses and mules. Further south, we raise them both for use and for market. Planters command (*sic*) their girls and women, married or unmarried, to have children; and I have known a great many Negro girls to be sold off, because they did not have children. A breeding woman is worth from one-sixth to one-fourth more than one that does not breed.'—*Seaboard States*, p. 55, *note*.

There are means, by comparison of authentic public returns, of computing the extent of this trade; and, from such comparison, it is clear that the number of slaves annually exported from the slave-breeding to the slave-importing States, is considerably more than 25,000. In a chapter of especial interest and value, entitled, 'The Experience of Virginia,' Mr. Olmsted traces the history of the rise and progress of this iniquitous and remorseless traffic. After showing the remarkable social revolutions which Virginia has undergone, and the influences that were beginning to renew the agricultural energy, which slavery had all but paralysed, he proves that the creation of a demand for slaves in Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, withdrew the interest of the planter from the maintenance or improvement of the value of his lands, and concentrated it in his slaves, as, in the old 'genteel' colonial time, it had been concentrated in tobacco. The result has been a marked amelioration in their condition, and improvement of their *physique*. It was at one time thought that the Southern demand would drain Virginia of its slave population, and leave it practically free; but, so far from that, though the value of slaves has increased, and the exportation steadily augmented, the stock is greater now than ever. And the reason is, that *breeding slaves are re-imported from the consuming States*, just as Connecticut exports bullocks and barren cows by the thousand annually, and re-imports heifers for breeding purposes! Verily the much-prized 'institution' of the South is a brutal and disgusting affair.

We have left ourselves small space to speak of the influence of this foul system upon others than its victims, except as the above statements incidentally illustrate that influence. Any view of Southern life, however, would be imperfect which did not at least sketch an outline of the state of things among the free people of colour, the 'poor whites,' and the social aristocracy, of these regions. A few words on each head must now suffice. To begin with the free people of colour. There are about 500,000 of these in the United States. Many of them reside in the Free States, where, as is well known, they are subject to shameful indignities on account of their colour. This is of course the effect of slavery, though the absolute power of the whites, and the licentious intercourse of the races in the South,

materially abate the colour prejudice there. Whatever, therefore, is gained to the South in point of liberality of sentiment, is lost in point of morality. In New Orleans nine grades of colour are recognised, besides negro, mulatto, and 'griffe;' in six of these nine white is the preponderating ingredient, and it is almost impossible to distinguish the higher grades from pure white, unless indeed slavery have made you a very discriminating connoisseur. It appears that, in the Free States, in spite of the unjust social and political debasement of the race, the coloured people generally do well, and many of them amass large fortunes. They have, moreover, schools, colleges, and academies of their own; several weekly papers, ably conducted by coloured editors; and are proverbial for their diligent perusal of books and papers of all descriptions. In the Slave States, their position is deplorable, and their character generally bad; the blighting influence of contact with their enslaved brethren being painfully evident, and the law generally pressing upon them with cruel severity. They are described as the most vicious and corrupt members of the community, addicted to drinking, gambling, and other degrading vices. What else could be expected, when they are universally regarded and treated by the dominant race with contempt and cruelty? They have no self-respect; and even the slaves of the more wealthy planters call them 'dirty free blacks! got nobody to take care of them!' Indeed, law or custom systematically endeavours to repress every attempt at self-elevation. In Washington a society of twenty-four coloured men assembled for benevolent purposes; they had among them a Bible, a volume of Seneca's Morals, the Constitution of a Mutual Benefit Society, and a subscription paper to purchase the freedom of a female slave. For privately meeting together, for purely benevolent objects, they were punished. One slave among them was whipped; four freemen were sent to the workhouse, and the rest heavily fined.

A list of the laws enacted against this unfortunate class in Slave States would fill several pages. They are to be fined, or sold into slavery, for harbouring runaways; if they cannot prove their freedom, they may in some States be sold as slaves; may not meet in others for mental improvement; elsewhere may not be taught to read or write,—in some cases, under the penalty of death! In one State, no free coloured man may preach the Gospel; in another, the coloured population may not trade out of the towns where they reside; in another, no free coloured man may remain in the State, under a penalty of a fine of fifty dollars a week, or, in default of payment, being sold into slavery! And so on. In the southern cities the contact of the races is

the source of the most appalling licentiousness. In New Orleans there is a large class of *lorettes*, the illegitimate daughters of white men and mulattoes or quadroon women. They are generally handsome; are often highly educated and accomplished; but are forbidden by law or prejudice to marry white people. The consequences may be imagined. All who wish for details may see them in Mr. Olmsted's book; but it is hardly necessary to say that, at least among the coloured race, in such a state of society chastity is almost unknown.

Another class of people in the Slave States consists of 'poor' or 'mean whites.' These form a considerable portion of the white population. They are generally very poor indeed, miserably squalid in their persons and houses, and deplorably ignorant. From their ranks are recruited that peculiar class of American citizens known as 'loafers.' They are accused of 'corrupting' the Negroes, which seems to mean tainting them with certain ideas of liberty,—of encouraging them to steal, or to work for them at night and on Sundays, and paying them with liquor, besides keeping up a revolting licentious intercourse of the grossest kind with them. In some States these poor whites live, so to speak, in colonies, as, for instance, the 'Crackers' and 'Sandhillers' of South Carolina and Georgia, who live in the pine-barrens near the coast; scarcely ever eat meat, unless they can steal a hog; are small, gaunt, cadaverous; have hardly any more self-respect than the slaves; will not adhere steadily to any labour; and the females of the class are all but universally unchaste. They have no spirit to labour, eat clay and drink whiskey, and, oddly enough, are much given to religious controversy. Education among the poor whites is at the lowest ebb. The following comparisons between the state of education in the Free and Slave States (relating only to the whites in the case of the latter) are sadly suggestive. The proportion of uneducated adults is as follows:—

Free States.—Massachusetts, 1 in 800; Connecticut, 1 in 431; Maine, 1 in 241; New York, 1 in 104; Rhode Island, 1 in 100; Ohio, (which borders closely on slave territory, and is comparatively a new State,) 1 in 34.

Slave States.—North Carolina, 1 in 7½; Georgia and Tennessee, 1 in 9½; Virginia, 1 in 11½; Maryland, 1 in 13. Comment is unnecessary, further than to say that in the newer Slave States the comparison is still more humiliating.

It remains to say a little (and not much is needed) respecting the social aristocracy of the South,—the wealthy planters. Their portrait has often been drawn:—refinement of manner and of taste; the power of being agreeable to social equals;

elegance of dress and equipage; attachment to literature and art; (that is, to *belles lettres* and dilettantism;) profuse and graceful hospitality; chivalrous gentlemen, and ladies of the highest grace and accomplishment. These are the lights of the picture, and have had full and repeated justice done to them. Nay, they have often misled susceptible Englishmen and Americans from the North, who refuse to believe any ill of that courtly and generous race whose home is among the orange-groves and magnolias, and beneath the balmy skies of the sunny South. But there are dark and terrible shadows. Intemperance, gambling, unrestrained licentiousness, duelling, assassination,—who has not heard of these things as equally characteristic of Southern society? The men who have made the sacred halls of the National Congress a proverb of vulgarity, ribaldry, and ruffianism, come chiefly from the South. And how can it be otherwise? It is not in human nature to withstand the enervating and demoralizing effect produced by the possession of such stupendous powers as belong to the slaveholder. Selfish, lordly, implacable, revengeful, must any community so circumstanced become; and it is both weak and sinful to be deceived by the roseate hue of the mere surface of its life. It is hard to say whether the system works more mischief to the poor slave or to his master. Its pestilential breath invades the Negro hut, and poisons its inmates with squalidity, indolence, slovenliness, profanity, indecency, despair,—or with that childlike thoughtlessness and mirth, which, in an enslaved MAN, is worse than even despair. But the same breath floats through the scented atmosphere into *boudoir* and drawing-room; enervates the Southern beauty with voluptuousness and indolence, and kills her with *ennui*; sometimes, alas! makes the bosom that heaves and the heart that beats beneath the silken bodice as cold as marble and as cruel as death; while it steals away from the lord of the soil his Saxon manliness, self-reliance, candour, forbearance, self-control, and love of freedom, and makes him helpless, idle, prodigal, reckless, irascible, sensual, and cruel.

Imperfect as is this sketch, we are compelled wholly to omit those comparisons between the relative economy of free and slave labour which are suggested by many remarkable facts mentioned in Mr. Olmsted's volumes, and confirmed by the official tables in *The North and the South*. The subject is one of great interest and importance, and branches out into many striking and significant details.

ART. X.—1. *The Revival in Ulster: its Moral and Social Results.* By BENJAMIN SCOTT, Chamberlain of the City of London.

2. *Times of Refreshing. Being Notices of some of the Religious Awakenings which have taken place in the United Kingdom.*

3. *The History and Prominent Characteristics of the Present Revival in Ballymena.* By the REV. SAMUEL J. MOORE.

4. *Revivals in Ireland: Facts, Documents, and Correspondence.* By JAMES WILLIAM MASSIE, D.D., LL.D.

5. *The Ulster Revival, and its Physical Accidents.* By the REV. JAMES M'COSH, LL.D.

6. *Thoughts on the Revival of* 1859. By JAMES MORGAN, D.D.

7. *Personal Visit to the Chief Scenes of the Religious Revivals in the North of Ireland.* By JAMES GRANT, Editor of the 'Morning Advertiser.'

8. *Revivals of Religion: with especial Reference to the present Movement in the North of Ireland.* By ROBERT BAXTER, ESQ.

9. *The Revival: or, What I saw in Ireland.* By the REV. JOHN BAILLIE.

10. *The Work and the Counter-work; or, The Religious Revivals in Belfast, with an Explanation of the Physical Phenomena.* By EDWARD A. STOPFORD, Archdeacon of Meath.

11. *Tracts for Revivals, Nos.* 1 *to* 7. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M.

12. *Three Letters on the Revival in Ireland.* By JAMES C. L. CARSON, M.D.

13. *Revivals in Wales.* By EVAN DAVIES.

14. *Response to the Question: May we hope for a great Revival?*

IT was some time last spring that intimations began to reach the public of a remarkable religious feeling awakened in certain districts of the North of Ireland. The American revival of the previous year had broken the silence generally maintained by the press upon such topics. Instead of the disinclination habitually shown to record or comment upon things so directly religious as prayer-meetings and conversions, the journals soon displayed a readiness (we had almost said an eagerness) to trumpet facts, and settle all questions of theory by decided, if not cautious, judgments. In the case of the Indian mutiny, at the first blush, it was argued that 'the saints' had done it all; so, in this case, frightful results were coming upon society from the outburst of a modern fanaticism; and the religious people were again in fault.

But, to the credit of British journalism, the false ground taken at first as to India was soon abandoned; and in the more recent

matter of the revivals, it is astonishing to what an extent the press has ceased to upbraid. Not a few journals, and some of them distinguished ones, have learned to treat the subject in a candid and reverent spirit.

The rapidity with which public attention became fixed on the revival was sufficiently accounted for by its extraordinary features and extensive spread. This thing was not done in a corner. It began in seclusion, and held on its way for a year and a half without public report; but then it burst like flames from within a building, and where all had been slumber, all became excitement. First villages, then market-towns, then the provincial capital of Belfast, then whole districts, then counties added to counties, became, in succession, the theatre of this remarkable visitation. As *The Times* newspaper early and truly pointed out, it was nothing new. It was, in fact, a repetition of what had been witnessed in the days of Wesley and Whitefield. But this applied to the work taken in detail. Nothing of equally rapid spread had occurred in their day. They struggled all but alone. Where their personal labour bore upon the wide-spread ice, a breaking-up was heard; but everywhere else, until their example had raised up coadjutors, every man of education opposed them on grounds of taste, and every clergyman on grounds of religion, while politicians suspected, and the common people mobbed, them. Now there was scarcely a parish where the clergy of every Protestant denomination, however they might differ as to the accidents of the revival, did not cordially hail tokens of increased life.

Until lately, the revival has been discussed chiefly in reference to those bodily prostrations which have borne so conspicuous a part in it. As to the essence of the matter,—the moral results, in which lies the only test either of its origin or issue,—those were, as yet, so much matter of individual observation, that, while persons favourably disposed calculated with joyful confidence on a greatly improved standard of morals, others not only denied that such results would follow, but boldly prophesied that the worst social consequences would arise in new affinities between vice and fanaticism. It was well that such a stage of suspense in the public mind occurred. And it may hereafter be a curiosity to some one to find it recorded, that the *Northern Whig*, the great organ of the Irish Unitarians, declared that drunkenness, licentiousness, and vice generally were rapidly increasing, not only contemporaneously with the revival, but by reason of it; and that the leading London journal copied its important testimony, and set it forth as worthy of great attention. We commit this fact to our pages, expecting that if any one consult them a century hence, he will read it much as we have done the

story of the man who dragged one of John Wesley's preachers before a magistrate to be punished, and, when inconveniently required to state a charge, alleged that the Methodists had converted his wife; but added the fact, that formerly she had been an unbearable shrew, and now was as meek as a lamb.

After curiosity had been raised by suspense on this vital question, it was also well that the scale of the revival was so extensive as to permit results to be traced in public events and criminal statistics, without waiting for those slow and fainter indications, which alone can be obtained when the religious impression does not affect some extent of country, and a large proportion of the population.

It is already early to expect results traceable in this manner; but they are forthcoming. In the town of Belfast, the great distillery of Mackenzie, capable of producing twelve hundred thousand gallons of whiskey a year, is advertised to be let or sold. In the town of Hillsborough, another distillery is in the same position. At the late sessions in Belfast, the cases for trial have been just half as many as at the same period last year. In the town of Ballymena, where one hundred and twenty public-houses flourished, among a population of only six thousand, and consequently broils, immoralities, and misdemeanours were of great frequency; at the late Quarter Sessions, only four cases were on the calendar. The presiding barrister said that, while it was no part of his duty to enter into the causes leading to this wonderful change, he was called upon to congratulate the jury on the elevation in the morals of the people which it indicated. The clerk of the Petty Sessions for the same town says, 'The consumption of spirits is not one half what it was this time last year; and the petty feuds and private quarrels have diminished fifty per cent.' At Crumlin no less than nine publicans declined, at the sessions, to renew their licences, and six others stated that they must obtain renewal, simply because they had stock on hand, of which they could not dispose without a licence; but that there was no prospect of their continuing in business.

In Coleraine the head of the constabulary states that offences connected with drunkenness have fallen from twelve to twenty in the fortnight, down to three or four; and that indecent language and profane swearing are now unheard in the streets.

In the parish of Connor, where the revival began more than two years ago, and where its course for eighteen months was silent and tranquil, the following facts are now attested. Out of nine public-houses two are closed by the conversion of the publicans, and a third for want of trade. The six now open sell

less whiskey than one did before the revival began. In the year 1857 they had, in that parish, thirty-seven committals for offences connected with drunkenness in 1858, eleven; and throughout the present year, only four, and of these two were strangers to the parish. This fact seals the former statement as to the amount of business done by the public-houses still open, and prepares the way for another about pauperism. In 1857 they had twenty-seven paupers in the union, now only four; then the poor-rates were one shilling in the pound, now they are sixpence.

What do these figures represent? How many disorderly lives reclaimed? How many miserable homes made comfortable? How many demoralizing gatherings supplanted by edifying meetings? How many scenes of wickedness changed for those of penitence, worship, and domestic peace? How many sick beds untended, uncomforted, and unblessed, for those which are solaced by prayer, and praise, and hope in God?

One day above all in the year is dear to the heart of the Irish Protestant:—the twelfth of July, the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. The boys of Derry still commemorate the deliverance of their own city with local enthusiasm, and it ought never to pass from their mind. But the banks of the Boyne witnessed the final struggle, on the issue of which turned the fate of Ireland. No wonder that every Protestant in the country should hail its anniversary with patriotic pride! It is a day never to be forgotten in any land,—that on which the iron rod of a Popish despot is struck from his hand by the golden sceptre of a Protestant and constitutional King. But so bad had been the mode of observing this day, that instead of being a pride to the true patriot, it became an anxiety and a shame. Not forgetful, but resentful, of the existence among them of a large number of Roman Catholics, the Ulster Protestants signalized the day by tumultuous processions. Drums beating, fifes screeching, flags flying, with sashes, cockades, 'orange lilies, and purple rockets,' for all, robes for officers, and arms for not a few, in an array regular enough to be imposing, loose enough to permit of pranks, with oaths, and shots, and 'whiskey galore,' and frantic hurrahs and boisterous speeches, the Orangemen paraded the country, met in thousands, inflamed one another, and defied the Pope, and some mythic lady for whom they had an inveterate hatred, and whom they always described as 'Nanny, the Pope's granny,' consigning her to bad places.

In districts where the 'Papishes' were so few that they dared not show their heads, they contented themselves with returning

secret curses for public ones, and the day passed without collision. But this was not the delight of the hot Orangeman. He smelled a coming fight with relish. His 'bullet-mould' was plied, his gun put in order, and the whiskey fire within heated more than it was wont to be heated. And when 'the twelfth' came, if the shamrock or the white cockade crossed the path of the 'orange lily,' bullets whistled, and blood ran. Many a quiet nook in Ulster has its own red story, bearing date the twelfth of July. The power of law, the vigilance of the constabulary, the persuasion of landlords and magistrates, were ineffectual to check these irritating demonstrations. The bullet of the Orangeman had a kind of sacredness: if it did break law, it was only because the law itself was a traitorous compromise, to restrain the loyal and the true from discomposing those who dwelt in the land only to hatch treason, and wait favourable opportunities for giving it wing. All may still remember the affair at Dolly's Brae, in connexion with which Lord Clarendon showed the displeasure of the government by such an extreme measure as taking away the commission of the peace from the venerable Earl of Roden, because he had opened his park to the Orangemen in the early part of that fatal day. And it is only one year ago last July, since the town of Belfast itself was the scene of battle. Sandy Row, with its nest of Orangemen, and some neighbouring Ribbon hive, teemed with fighting men. Bullets flew, people fell, business was paralysed, military law was established, and arms were taken from all parties alike.

The revival had not long prevailed before it was generally remarked that a great change had taken place in the spirit of the converts toward their Roman Catholic neighbours. Political rancour was replaced by Christian charity. 'Instead of swearing at them,' said a gentleman living in the midst of the people, 'if they met with a Roman Catholic, they would carry him to heaven in their arms.' But all doubted how this would stand the memory of the 'Boyne-water.' Late in the month of June, a gentleman from England said to the good Bishop of Down and Connor, 'Nothing in all this strikes me more than the change in the spirit of the people toward the Roman Catholics.' 'Ah!' said the Bishop, 'wait till the twelfth of July; that will test it all.' And so said every one, 'Wait till the twelfth of July.'

It came. For the most part the Orangemen were unseen: and those who had brawled and swaggered stayed at home, or went peaceably to meetings for prayer. Here and there they assembled without drum, or flag, or arms, and quietly went to

the house of God, or held solemn services in the open air. In only one or two neighbourhoods was an Orange procession formed, and that with great decorum and regard for peace. The whole community was amazed. The disappearance of Guy Fawkes in England, the failure of Bombast upon Independence Day in America, sailors voluntarily omitting a frolic on crossing the line, or freemen foregoing ale at an election, would not be so unlikely as this new bearing of the 'Protestant boys.' It sent a deep feeling through the heart of Ulster. Men were now persuaded, that a moral force of immeasurable power had been operating not upon individuals only, but on masses; and not on the surface of their mind, but on the very foundations of their nature. 'All the police force in the province of Ulster,' said one gentleman, 'had it been concentrated in this parish on the twelfth of July, could not before have maintained the same peace and quiet that I observed on the last one.' *

Shortly after, Chief Baron Pigott, a Roman Catholic, sitting on the bench, in the Protestant, not to say Orange, county of Down, gave the following memorable testimony: 'He took occasion to refer to the religious movement in the North as having extinguished all party animosities, and produced the most wholesome moral results upon the community at large. His lordship spoke in the most favourable terms of the movement, and expressed a hope that it would extend over the whole country, and influence society to its lowest depths.' †

What Doncaster races are to the North of England, those of the Maze are to the North of Ireland. These were to be another test of the social influence of the revival. Usually ten or fifteen thousand spectators assembled, and it is needless to add, that gambling and whiskey took a conspicuous place. This year the day was fine, and the 'field' good; but not more than five hundred people ever came upon the course. The *Northern Whig*, which had industriously preached that the revival would deteriorate public morals, confessed that even those who attended were under new restraints, and that, in fact, the reporter did not see one intoxicated person on the ground.

In the North of Ireland, as well as in the North of England, the Marchioness of Londonderry is a person of considerable note. She is in the habit of yearly meeting her tenantry, and favouring them with an after-dinner speech, on such topics as interest mutually 'landlord and tenant.' This year, at the accustomed gathering, her ladyship could not avoid the topic

* Letter of Mr. Robert Brown, of Kells, to the *Northern Whig*.

† Quoted from the Report of the *Banner of Ulster*.

of topics in the country. Guarding herself against any supposed interference with the religious views of her tenantry, she said, 'It is impossible not to observe that one result of the much-talked-of revivals has been the closing of the public-houses, and the establishment of greater sobriety and temperance. Let us hope that this change will be lasting.'* Mr. George Macartney, late member for the county of Antrim, placed in the hands of the Chamberlain of the City of London the following statement as to three parishes falling under his own observation: 'A great social, moral, and religious improvement amongst the small farmers and labouring classes has been the result.'

'What is the effect of this movement upon your workpeople?' said Mr. Robert Baxter to a gentleman in Belfast, who employs three thousand hands. 'I consider my workpeople better than the average,' he replied; 'because, having been in business one-third of a century, I have had an opportunity of selecting them; but the revival movement has had the very best effects in improving the manners and conduct of my people.' It was dinner-hour, and the master pointed to a school-room, which Mr. Baxter found filled with workpeople, whom a clergyman had met at their own request. The first half of their dinner-hour was spent in singing, prayer, and reading the Scriptures. At a second factory, as 2,500 people came out from work, they surrounded Mr. Baxter and his friends, and wanted to be preached to. In a third, which employed six hundred hands, the superintendent reported that two hundred were converted, of whom seventy had been 'struck;' and that the conduct of the whole was most exemplary.

The Bishop of Down and Connor, in whose diocese the revival began and first obtained notoriety, has in varied forms asserted not merely his conviction, but his knowledge, that a real improvement in the morals and habits of the people had taken place on all hands. The Archdeacon of Derry, in another diocese, speaks, among other things, of 'open vice and wickedness in general so much lessened.'

An honest farmer near the Giant's Causeway, speaking to Mr. Chichester of Portrush, said, 'I never heard an oath pronounced, nor a song of foolery, since that night of the meeting, (in June, four months and a half before,) but twice, and those were by strangers passing by.' Bad language was one of the blotches upon Ulster; and the strong statement of the farmer is surprisingly confirmed by Mr. Ranyard, a gentleman from London,

* Spoken in the Town Hall, Carnlough, reported in *The Times*.

whose wife, as L. N. R., has cheered many a soul by her *Border Land*, and stirred up many to good works by *The Book and its Story*, *The Book and its Mission*, and the *Missing Link*. He says, 'I was in Ireland six weeks, and travelled by steamer, by rail, on foot, and by the public cars and vans, several hundred miles, and I did not see a single man in a state of intoxication! and did not hear a single oath!!'

The man who would have prophesied in the streets of Belfast twelve months ago, that such a statement could be truly made in the year 1859, would have been voted mad by the whole community;—just as in that town, some years ago, a lady was all but consigned to safe-keeping by her family, and the main ground of their persuasion that she was deranged lay here, that she believed the 'time would come when the common newspapers would be preaching Christ.' And surely those newspapers did preach with a witness this summer. Four, five, eight columns were often taken up with matter so intensely religious, so full of the pith and marrow of 'soul-saving' work, that in thousands of well composed sermons it would be rejected as too much after the model of John Wesley's most 'fanatical' passages in his Journal, or the most heated narratives of the *Methodist Magazine*. This circumstance about the suspected insanity of a lady is one of millions which illustrate the great fact, that a leading part of the faith of many Christians,—persons who will and must be so called,—lies in a fixed belief in the impotence of Christianity to conquer obstacles, and mould human society to its own pattern. And these people are especially 'sound,' and greatly suspect those of being flighty who have practical confidence that a religion in very deed sent from God, and designed for man, has the capability of subduing all things to itself, and will triumphantly display it in believing hands.

The Author and Giver of repentance, when Himself turning men away from their sins, did not shrink from noticing the contaminated and, to human society, the lost. In the train that followed Him, were some who had once strayed to the uttermost limits of degrading offence. In this Ulster revival, few things are more touching than the frequency with which cases arise of the recovery of lost females. Mr. Darkin, Sub-Inspector of Factories for Ireland, mentions an officer of the constabulary, who told him, that he knew of twelve or fourteen who had left their haunts and, he believed, had reformed their lives. At Coleraine, the Chamberlain of London learned that the streets were entirely purged; one half of those who formerly infested them being in the Asylum; and of the other half, some were restored to their families, and others had disappeared. Mr.

Prebendary Venn was told by a policeman in Belfast, 'that one morning he saw fourteen women of bad character going in a body to a penitentiary. There were twenty other women, he said, of bad character, who were being supported in private lodgings by the congregation to which he belonged, until they could be received into the penitentiary.' Mr. W. Greene, speaking of another place, says: 'In a street in Banbridge, noted for immorality and debauchery, where are several houses of ill fame, as many as twenty women have been converted.' The language of the committee of the Ulster penitentiary in appealing for increased aid is, 'The fewness of the inmates has long been a matter of deep regret to the friends of the Ulster penitentiary. *This is the case no longer.* Within the last three months the number has more than doubled. Four poor daughters of shame, and suffering, and sorrow, are now waiting for admission.'

The fact has been alluded to already, that a leading newspaper of Belfast, the organ of the only Protestant body to which the operation of a revival was unfavourable,—the Unitarians,—alleged that immorality and crime were increasing. This statement received for a moment a colouring, in the eyes of those at a distance, by one fact, that the number of committals in the town of Belfast had increased. Even it, however, durst not say, though it did insinuate, that the persons affected by the revival influence, and those committed, were the same. The head constable of police promptly declared, that not a single person had been brought before him, who had been in any way connected with the revival meetings. About one-third only of the inhabitants of the county of Antrim, including Belfast, are Roman Catholics. Mr. Ranyard, visiting the jail, found to his surprise, that the Presbyterian chaplain had only fifteen or sixteen, out of one hundred and eighty prisoners. He then asked the turnkey as to the proportion between the Roman Catholic and Protestant prisoners. 'We have usually about as many of one sort as of the other; but have lately had a great number of committals for short periods, especially about three months ago, when this revival began.' ('I had not,' says Mr. Ranyard, 'told him that I took any interest in the revival.') 'The Catholics did not know what to make of it, and a great many of them took to drinking, and got up rows, and got committed.' '"Have you," I asked, "as many Protestants sent here now, as you had formerly?" "O no, we have scarcely any now: here is the list for this morning; six committals, and only one is a Protestant."' Whereas, in proportion to population, all would have been Protestants but two.

Surely the few facts we have selected suffice. But if any one desires more, let him read the pamphlet of Mr. Benjamin Scott; or, better still, let him spend a month in the scenes of the revival. A great, a manifest, a wonderful change has passed upon a large section of British population in a single year; a change fraught with blessings to individuals, happiness to families, advantage to the State, and honour to the Christian Church. That change is well summed up by Mr. James Grant, in his *Personal Visit*:—

'Nothing but Almighty power ever could accomplish such complete changes in human character as those which are hourly witnessed. The drunkard gives up his habits of inebriety; the swearer ceases to take the name of his Maker in vain; he who was addicted to the utterance of falsehood speaks the truth, and nothing but the truth; the man who stole, steals no more; and he who delighted in everything that resembled the savage nature of the tiger, becomes gentle and harmless as the lamb. Husbands who ill-treated their wives, and acted unnaturally towards their children, are suddenly, as if by a miraculous agency, transformed into the best of husbands and kindest of fathers. Crime, in a word, has become comparatively unknown. The police constables have little or nothing to do, and the sessions and assizes, where offenders against the law are tried, and, if convicted, punished, have hardly any cases before them. The aspect of society in the districts where the progress of the Revivals has been most decided, has, in a word, undergone so thorough a change, that no one could believe it who has not been a witness of it, seen it with his own eyes, and heard the wonderful things with his own ears.'

This abstract summary is illustrated in the concrete, by the following facts, given by the Rev. John Baillie:—

'In one town, for instance, we were conducted into a house where father and mother and four little children had all been brought to Christ in a single week. We sauntered along, and at nearly every door were saluted by that peculiar smile of welcome which those only who have witnessed it can appreciate or understand. In one of them we found a blacksmith, who told us most graphically what the Lord had done for him, whilst his brother stood by at the anvil, looking very wistfully, and his eye glistening with the big tear, as he listened to the tale of a work which he himself had not yet tasted. Then, a door or two further on, we came upon a young woman, whose grandmother kept a public-house, and had her as one of its chief attractions, but who told us so modestly, yet so firmly, that never again could she "wet a measure." And, still proceeding, we found another woman who had been the shrew of the house and of the whole street, but now was so tamed by God's grace that she knew not how to utter a bitter word or look one ill-favoured look. In the same street, we were conducted into the house where three or four women who, a short time before, had been abandoned prostitutes—one of them told us she had been twenty times in prison—were living under the care of an elderly

women whom some Christian friends had engaged to superintend them,—the women themselves being engaged in regular occupations, and returning invariably to the "home" for their meals and for the night.'

It is not only probable, but almost unavoidable, that persons whose information is derived only from reading, will either disbelieve the statements made, or, on the other hand, take impressions beyond the truth:—not as to the character of the transformations actually effected, but as to the proportion of the people who have experienced them. At the time when the American revival was attracting attention, persons spoke and wrote as if the whole dross of society in the Union must be purged away, if all this was true: and because theatres still flourished, it was alleged that the revival news was exaggerated. Yet did it ever represent more than a small proportion of the people as converted? and a further proportion as favourably disposed? We do not say a small number; for, accustomed as we are to look upon conversions as events which are to happen at rare intervals, a report of two hundred thousand converts is astonishing news; yet that number is a small proportion of thirty millions. So in the case of Ireland. Take the widest statement made, and it represents but a small proportion, even of the Protestants of Ulster, as actually converted.

Still it is undeniable that, in very extensive tracts of country, a power of conscience has been awakened among the masses, which puts sin to the blush, and elevates the common standard of social morals. But those who only yield to restraint, and do not seek or experience true religious change, will sooner or later harden their hearts again, and tend backward to old ways. Therefore, it is for the Ulster Churches steadily to press on, seeking the thorough conversion of all who are yet unrenewed; or they must prepare for days of great trial, when the mass cools down again.

'I would rather live three such weeks as the last, than three hundred years as before!' was the exclamation uttered in June last, by Mr. Hanna of Belfast, in his pulpit. In these words one almost hears an echo of the aged but exulting voice of Wesley, as, looking around on the renewed and happy crowd of spiritual children, who were marching with him to eternal life, he sang,—

'All honour and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return!
The business pursue, He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

'In a rapture of joy, my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'T is worth living for this, to administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name!'

Ay, it is worth living for; the coldest sceptic on earth being judge! For a Christian minister to see rising up around him faces beaming with more than earthly peace; to see mothers weeping for joy, that their lost sons are found; to see happy, holy, useful men thanking God that ever they heard the Gospel from his lips; to see a whole neighbourhood moved with a Christian impulse, and numbers hasten and strive to do good, who once were strangers to such efforts! Of all human beings he who beholds this,—the wicked repenting, the penitent finding mercy, the world yielding converts to the Church, the Church shedding lights and blessings on the world,—may rejoice that he lives. What a work to exist for! On the other hand, to stand for years and years administering Christian ordinances, and see no lives regenerated, hear of no hearts blessed with unearthly happiness, must, we should think, be like standing among the gilded bottles of a surgery, while death is desolating the town, and your skill is inapt, your remedies impotent to save a single victim. It is something to thank God for, that our age has witnessed within these isles at least one district of country sensibly changed by a sudden illapse of religious influence. But it is not only one. Wales has been the scene of a work second only to that in Ireland, if indeed second. The public information is less full, and we have had no opportunity of testing it by personal observation; therefore, we make little reference to it in this paper; but our persuasion of its genuine character and blessed effects is strong.

What is the Christian religion for? According to the books, it is to save people from their sins; but, according to the mind of most men who profess it, nothing is so hard to believe, nothing so proper to suspect of being fanatical, as a statement that some few tens of thousands, out of all the uncounted millions whom sin is bringing down to hopeless graves, have been converted. Is conversion a myth? or an esoteric rite for choice confraternities, never to be opened to the common crowd? If not, why all this wonder at large numbers being converted? and why this criminal ease in the face of tens of millions capable of being saved, but slumbering in sin?

Conversion, as has before been stated in these pages, must soon be formally recognised as one of the constituent powers of history, and eventually as the mightiest of them all. The man who, crossing to the shores of Macedonia, sounded a warning

for the ancient ideas of Greece and Rome to depart, and for the Christian history of Europe to begin,—his own history began in conversion. The man who, lifting up his hand in the face of the Papal world, gave the signal for its disruption, and for the entrance of human progress on a new stage,—his history began in conversion. The man who, standing amidst a degenerating Church and a corrupt nation, in the opening of the last century, cried, 'The world is my parish!' and went out to awaken it,—his history began in conversion. Conversion is nothing more than the turning of a man from his sins to his Saviour. Its inward process is various as the human mind, its means numberless as the instruments of Providence: its outward result uniform as the law of righteousness. It is easy to say that men baptized in infancy, and trained in the lap of the Church, should not need any violent change, but ought to grow in grace from their youth up. Things are not so in Christendom. The majority of baptised men are walking a course that looks like anything but a progress to heaven. And if they are not stopped, and turned, what will be the end?

Human nature has a downward tendency. All movements which do not address its self-interest alone, with whatever vigour they may begin, gradually subside: and those which are not connected with an invisible source, whence to draw fresh impulses, will at last sink to nothing. How resistless was Islam in its youth! How steady its decay, how certain its disappearance! What a series of fresh starts, followed by slackenings, halts, and backslidings, is the course of ancient Israel! And in the Christian Church, every age has shown the tendency of man to let the heavenly fire die out, and again and again it has seemed really gone. But invisible powers tended it; and, when least expected, it has burst forth anew, as if oil had been poured on from behind the veil which shuts out our view of things unseen. It was a saying of Luther's, that no great revival of religion lasted more than forty years. In his old age, Wesley used joyfully to contrast this with what his eyes beheld; after more than that time, a rising fire, promising to inflame the country, and to illuminate the world. The revival of the last century was perpetuated into this, and never lost its vitality, as that of the Reformation did, before the Puritan age began, and that of the seventeenth century, before the opening of the Methodist era. Still the effect of the subsiding tendency common to all things complicated with human agency was very marked, and, as the middle of this century advanced, was becoming more so. Vast agency and few conversions; imposing organisations,

and easy disciples, who did not trouble their neighbours with zeal about individual salvation, were becoming common. There was life, and much to wonder at and love. But the conquering temper was departing. Many were zealous for great and general schemes, but slack in personal effort; and not a few were tolerably content, if religion kept fairly abreast with public movements, without saving the people by thousands, without doing anything which must strike upon all as a Divine operation for the regeneration of mankind. Even among the Methodists,—had their course gone on as for the last thirty years, how far would they, one short century hence, have understood the tales in Wesley's Journals of men and women cut to the heart, and 'struck down?' Would they have apologized for such things? or welcomed their reappearance? The habitual tendency to make religion a matter of natural effect and cause, without supernatural action, had taken, in our days, the shape of a religion of organizations among Evangelical Christians, of ceremonial among Puseyites. For the former as well as for the latter, though on different grounds, it was needful that a fresh manifestation of the supernatural, a fresh display and triumph of the Divine, should be witnessed. One of the clearest proofs that the vital force of the last great revival still survived was, that just in proportion as the subsiding tendency developed itself, and multitudes contentedly yielded to it, others, and they not a few, not of any one school, longed, and sighed, and toiled, and cried to God for a fresh baptism of the Church with Pentecostal fire, that all her modern resources, blessed with primitive efficiency, might gloriously change the aspect of the battle engaged, all over the world, between good and evil.

Do the recent revivals in any degree meet this desire? They are at least great public events. In America, in Wales, in Ireland, by virtue of a pervading popular interest, they have forced the most urgent questions of religion upon the attention of the whole community. Are they a fresh proof of the immortal vitality and infinite resources of the religion we all profess? a further display of its invisible reserves of conquering energy? a new impetus given from the Spirit of its Author to the host commissioned by Him, not to settle in convenient quarters, but to subdue, at any cost, the whole world to righteousness, thereby raising it to peace and brotherhood?

Whenever such questions have been raised at the time of any great revival, they have been answered in the negative, except by a few. The impulse under which the early Christians moved the world, was looked upon as fanaticism. The same has been

the case with all manifestations of religious life which have borne any kind of resemblance to it. The revival of the last century was treated as a low and rude example of the same thing. This being the instance nearest to our times, best within historical view, it affords a clearer light whereby to judge of the present events than any other. On all hands it is now admitted that it was a true revival, a renewal of the youth of Christianity, accredited at the time by great reformations of character, attested ever since by permanent fruit, in Churches, nations, and gospelling enterprises. Even at a meeting of Unitarians the other day, where the present events were discussed, one of the speakers admitted that there had been two real revivals in past times, —that of the apostolic age, and that of the last. Its tokens are on every spot trodden by the British race, and far beyond their empires, in scenes lately the wildest and darkest upon earth.

In what, then, does the recent revival differ from that which flourished a century ago? So far as we can see, only in having, for instruments, those who were its fruits, and for a field, ground which it had prepared. This gives it a breadth and public force greater than its forerunner. But, in all the points which can be raised by those who object to revivals in general, or to this one in particular, the identity appears perfect. As to doctrines, all in which the Methodist leaders were themselves agreed, is now proclaimed by the whole Christian community, except a section of the Church of England; and as to those wherein they differed, now, as then, success is shared by men on both sides. As to the lay agency which sprang up, from its long burial, at the voice of the Great Awakening of the last century, it re-appears everywhere. As to the Christian fellowship, which every true revival forces into existence, but which the Methodists alone have formally recognised as a vital part of Christian organization, and provided for, in their class-meetings and love-feasts, it has suddenly sprung up on the most unfriendly soils; so that in parishes where two years ago such meetings as we have just named would have been a terrible innovation, now, to hear the common talk of the people, one might suppose they had been schooled in some Cornish or Yorkshire hot-bed of Methodism. As to the sudden conversions, the deep sorrow for sin, the clear and shining sense of God's forgiveness, the unearthly comforts, the joyful hope of heaven; all, in fact, that in the language of the Church constitutes 'experience,' and in that of the world 'fanaticism,' the converts of Antrim and Glamorganshire, and those of Moorfields and Kingswood, answer to one another as face to face in a glass. As to the gifts displayed by 'unlearned and ignorant

men,' we are apt to think that the present must excel the past; but that, probably, is owing to the difference between what we witness, and what we read of: certain it is, however, that nothing has more tended to deepen the persuasion in the neighbourhoods which the revival has reached, that it was a work of God, than the 'wonderful praying;' the unaccountable force of thought and language, given to many of the new converts, in whom neither natural gifts nor education had prepared their neighbours to find such resources. And then, as to the dreams, visions, and bodily affections, which are the food of the scoffer, the problem of the candid inquirer, and the choice tokens of the simple wonder-lover; are they not as like in the pamphlets of to-day, and the magazines of last century, as green grass in England is to green grass in Ireland? If any one doubts the close resemblance of the bodily affections lately prevalent, and those which involved John Wesley in a world of reproach, let him take the trouble of reading a few pages of his *Journal* which narrate the first cases. And, finally, as to that which constitutes the essential propagating power of Christianity,—the joyful zeal of new converts, the burning love for souls, the irrepressible ardour to tell others 'what God has done for my soul,' the firm persuasion that the grace which has been efficacious in their own cases will be so in that of friends and neighbours, the indisposition to wait for a convenient season; is not the identity so perfect, that the history of any village revival this year, and that of one in New England, or Birstal, or Newcastle, a hundred years ago, might be written in the same words?

On the general question of eccentricities and extravagances connected with revivals, all we feel disposed to say is this:—they ought to be discouraged in every way; except such as would show that life with exuberance is more dreaded than death with composure. But while they are to be discouraged, we are not to imagine that they will be avoided. If so, either multitudes, with the proportion of weak, hot-headed, odd, and blundering people, found in every promiscuous crowd, are never to be 'awakened' at all; that is, made to lift up the eyes of their soul, and see life, death, heaven, and hell, their Saviour, and their tempter, in a light shot direct from the eye of the Judge; or, if so awakened, a miracle, the most wonderful ever wrought, is to make them keep from any strange and affecting expression of their feelings. The first supposition may God avert! the second is not likely: and, therefore, let us be concerned only that the multitudes be awakened; then, they may be left, every man according to his own temperament, to cry aloud, or beat upon his breast, or weep in silence, or 'fall down upon his face, and worship

God.' We believe that many think that such awakenings as we have described, even if purely mental, had better not take place. If they do not, the old Christianity that gave the world apostles, martyrs, and missionaries, will be replaced by another, which will only give it formal Church-goers. None will hold that such awakenings are always to be withheld from the ignorant and the ill-balanced, to be given only to those whose culture has reached the point at which a man may almost be killed with feeling, and yet keep perfect silence. We are under no need either to encourage extravagance, or discourage revivals. Let the spring come, though it brings weeds. And let us neither nurse the weeds, nor frost-bite the wheat, in our impatience to keep them down. It may be that, sometimes, He who is wiser than all, does not see it amiss to lower our self-congratulation, and let us know that the work He loves, the bringing of sinners to repentance, may prosper more where outbursting life disturbs conventional decorum, than where all is ordered so as to preserve our respectability.

We say, then, that in principles, in process, and in results, (so far as time permits of their development,) the identity of the recent revivals with that of the last century is manifest. Hence we are disposed gratefully to regard them as being to the cause of truth and righteousness in our day, what that was in the day of our forefathers,—the opening of a new era of life and beneficent victory. The revival of last century was the answer to the infidel cry of the day, that Christianity was to be swept away, to make place for the new empire of reason. In our time a quieter but more subtle infidelity was telling of the advanced age, the decrepitude, and ultimate demise of our blessed religion. Her commission was almost expiring; her sword had no edge to pierce the well-tempered armour of modern foes. Soon her old Book, instead of being her charter of universal empire, would be the curiosity of her successors, and her pulpit remembered as the oracle of Delphi, as the liturgies of Thebes, or else occupied by brighter substitutes, who even already, under the names of 'philosophy,' 'literature,' 'spirit of the age,' had to some considerable extent replaced her. Has an answer to all this been begun? such as, if its accents do not falter, will drown the voice of all her enemies, and make her call to repentance, her Hallelujah of triumph, sound alternately like trumpet and diapason, till the world arises to sing with her in chorus?

The deadliest argument of modern infidelity was the practical one drawn from the social condition of Christendom. We were reminded of our godless and miserable crowds, festering forgotten in the large cities which Christianity had long called her

own,—of the vile sensuality which in fair rural districts revelled to the music of church bells,—of the crimes of the low, the frauds of the middle, and the excesses of the higher class. Would a religion sent from heaven to save men from their sins have left them, after all these years, in such a condition? This is an argument to which there was but one answer: Let Christianity save the people from their sins! Paper answers went no way here. When Napoleon wrote a dispatch from Waterloo, announcing that he had defeated Wellington, of what use would have been a dispatch in reply? The only answer possible was to defeat him. Do we already hear the first accents of the answer to the question, Why Christendom was not regenerated? How many have exclaimed within the last year, when looking around on their own neighbourhoods, 'I never saw before how the world could be converted!'

Those who object to revivals of religion fasten on the violent impressions which are made on people's minds; and look on the burning sense of sinfulness whereof they complain, as not only unnecessary, but highly objectionable. We write only for those who believe in sin,—in the actual crossing of two wills, the one in the right, the other in the wrong; the one in authority saying, 'Thou shalt not;' the other, in dependence, yet saying, 'I will!'—the one saying, 'Thou shalt;' the other answering, 'I will not!'—the one backed with almighty power; the other by no resources but those drawn from the patient bounty of Him whom it disobeys. The crossing of wills, up to the point of breaking express commands, is never a slight matter. He is heartless who, even in ordinary human relations, acts as if it were. Whose sleep would not be broken, whose breast not filled with pangs, if a long course of offences against a powerful benefactor or a worthy parent were suddenly brought to mind? And where the relation is so close, that 'in Him we live, and move, and have our being,'—our debt so unmeasured that it includes all we are, have, or can hope for; and yet the distance so great that we are unable 'to make one hair white or black,' and He is God,—is it possible that a life-long course of neglects and offences can be brought to our view in such a light as the Spirit of God would show them in, without filling the soul of man with anguish? The wonder is not that persons cry out. If a light truly Divine shows them their sins, as seen from above, is it not wonderful that they can do anything else? David was no weakling; yet there are no tales of revival penitence which cannot be told in his words. The spirit of Luther was strong; yet what horror fell upon it in his days of conviction! Bunyan was not feeble-minded; yet what sloughs and

burning mountains, what loads and woes, was his soul made acquainted with! Sin is exceeding sinful; and happy they who see it most clearly, while yet there is room for repentance.

In a village visited by the revival, we heard this statement given by a rough young man. His fellow workers, his overseers, the manager, and the proprietor of the establishment where he worked, were all present. He said, in substance, 'Friends, I need not tell you what I was. You all know me. You know I was a "curser," a drunkard, a cock-fighter, a dog-fighter, a card-player, and everything that was bad. I often played cards on a Sunday; and sometimes slept with them under my head, for fear my father would take them away. When this work began, I mocked it. I did not care whether it was from God or the devil; but I mocked it. One day I was passing such a one's door,' (naming the person,) 'and I thought I would go in and see if there was any praying going on. I found Nancy —— and another girl praying; and I mocked them. But I had not been long there before I felt something, and thought I had been too long. Then I went away up to some of my comrades here; and I swore a great "curse" against their souls, and asked if they would not come and hear that praying, the most wonderful praying ever they heard in their lives. But they wouldn't come. Then I swore another oath against my own soul, and said I would go down and hear that praying. I hadn't been there long before I felt again I had been too long, and I was wanting to go away. But I could not go away. Something kept me. And then the Lord struck me! O, friends, it was dreadful! I was in a horrible pit! All my sins came "forenenst" me' (*i. e.*, 'right before my eyes'). I couldn't get rid of them. They were all there; and the cards, and especially them I had played on Sunday! O, it was terrible! And I was that way for' (we forget whether one or two days); 'and then the Lord had mercy upon me, and took away my sins, and made my soul happy; and O, I have been so happy ever since! And so, friends, take warning by me.'

Now is there anything in this to be deplored? If all the 'roughs' in the three kingdoms were thus 'struck,' and laid prostrate for a time; if their voices, instead of bawling oaths or lewdness, did for a day or two bawl supplications for mercy, and then for ever after talk gently and purely; would it be a cause of sorrow? And if all the polished sinners of Mayfair had their deeds brought before their eyes, and felt, 'O, it is terrible!' and repented, and sought absolution at the throne of mercy, and brought forth in holy, happy lives fruit meet for repentance, who need grudge if they had to pass through 'strong crying and

tears?' Who need desire a smoother path for them than that by which this youth was led? For our own part, all we should do as to choosing between silent and quiet penitence, and this overwhelming conviction which makes men cry aloud, would be to say, Whichever God will please to send; only may sinners repent!

A worthy dean * holds up the case of the Prodigal Son, as 'a model instance of conversion,' in contrast with these attended by such pungent convictions. He affirms 'there was nothing to offend the most fastidious taste.' But the very reverend preacher forgets that even in that case there was an elder brother, whose sense of propriety was seriously offended; and who was rather hard upon his father's family for being so excited about a conversion which was not sufficiently reputable to satisfy his *taste*. And whenever prodigals have been gathered home, there have been elder brothers who thought the whole proceedings of doubtful propriety. Any excitement that is the pure effect of deep conviction of sin on the part of penitents, is not to be put down. Even if it break out into strong cries, as at Pentecost, so be it. We have seen prayer-meetings where men by force of vociferation and confusion seemed resolved to excite consciences; and this kind of noise is bad and mischievous. It is quite another thing when men with reverent, sober, but intense and believing zeal, are conducting services; and the sharp instrument that 'pricked to the heart' the hearers of Peter again is applied, and those who feel it cry, 'What must we do?' We do not say that, in the recent revivals, cases of the former kind have not occurred; but of this we are sure, they have been exceptional, and where there was little felt of extraordinary power from on high.

Another ground of objection is the confident persuasion of being forgiven, which the revival converts commonly, not to say universally, cherish. This is a fact not to be got over. They do preach the Gospel to their friends on the one principle, that they have experienced it to be 'the power of God unto salvation.' What tales of sons hasting to their parents, to tell how the pardoning love of God made them so happy, that they must urge them to seek it too! of neighbour passing whole nights in prayer for neighbour! of poor creatures, lately at the door of utter destruction, mildly, and with beaming faces, seeking to bring their fellow-sinners to taste the comfort of knowing that God had accepted them! Yes, happiness, bright, singing happiness, in their new-found Saviour, in His love, His forgiveness,

* In a Sermon reported in the *Belfast Newsletter*, July 13th, 1859.

His promises, and the hope of eternal glory, is a part of the very life of the new converts. It shines in their eyes, and covers their faces with tranquillity,—often with beams of warm light; as if behind that transparency a rare lamp had been kindled. It sets them upon preaching to all, on working for all, on doing anything they can do to bring all to enjoy what they enjoy. If this happy sense of the favour of God is not a part of Christian life, the revivals are totally condemned.

Another strong objection is against the large numbers affected at a time. Has it been revealed that salvation is a private grant, in which no participation is allowed to nations, to the great bulk of Adam's sinning sons? What is there in the repentance of three thousand to make it less hopeful than that of three? or in that of three millions to make it less hopeful than that of three thousand? Each man is but a man, with the same world of passions encircled in his bosom, whether a multitude or a few unite with him. The Great Voice who made all the nation of Israel, man, woman, and child, at the same moment hear the law and tremble, was no less Divine than that which spoke to Moses alone. A shower is none the less from heaven because it falls upon a whole range of country at once. Each volunteer now enrolling himself is no less a true man because every town is yielding its band. If righteousness is never to flourish on the earth; if iniquity is always to abound; if the kingdom of God is not to cover and renew the face of the world; then this aversion to the change of multitudes is reasonable. But if all this is to take place, how else can it be effected? Some day or other wonderful things must occur in the way of regenerating society; and why not in our day? It may be that the unaccountable disbelief shown by so many in the practical intention of Christianity as a redemption from sin for the common run of mankind, is now receiving its Divine rebuke. If tokens of the supernatural are not to be entirely withdrawn, some works must be wrought which the common perceptions will trace to a power above that of men. How the change in their neighbours, in tens and hundreds of them near their own doors, has battered down the walls which shut men in from any sense of Divine operation, and opened their hearts to a resistless impression that this is the mighty power of God! And no exhibition of that power is so worthy, as that wherein practical effect is given to the mission of Christ, when men who have been 'carnal, sold under sin,' are released from their life slavery, and, being made free from sin, become servants of God. This is the great standing evidence of Christianity. All other evidences are steps in the argument, this crowns the demonstration. All human

consciences will feel, cannot help feeling, that a religion which restores multitudes of men to the image of God, is from heaven.

Dr. Morgan, one of the most sober and revered clergymen of any Church in Ulster, has related, that one morning he was called to visit a family belonging to his own congregation. He found two persons who had been 'struck' prostrate, and in deep distress of mind; with their relatives praying about them. When he left that house, he was called to another, where he found just the same state of things. When he left that, a third call, a fourth, and so on, till he had in succession visited twenty houses, in each of which penitents were crying, 'God be merciful to me!' And could he have gone to them, he might have found one hundred houses that day, with persons thus repenting. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what joy over such scenes! And surely, surely, this work is not less likely to be from a higher hand than man's, because, instead of such a number being brought to repentance in thirty years, it was in one day!

But are those apparent conversions likely to prove stable? Will not the majority fall away when the excitement subsides? If the majority did, still the gain, as compared with the ordinary progress of religion, would be immense. But is there ground for the idea, so generally prevalent, that persons converted in revivals are less stable than others? Where men 'get up' revivals, force an excitement, and tease and harry persons into professing faith and peace, we should expect instability enough. Where, on the contrary, men are overwhelmed under a Divine influence, and efforts are directed not to raise excitement, but to secure devout order,—not to urge a speedy, but to seek a thorough healing of the penitents; then we believe the converts of revivals are not inferior in stability to others; and, as a rule, they have more fervour, and far more faith in the power of grace to renew all hearts. The early Methodists were not an unstable race; and how were they converted? There is not in the mission-field a steadier, more learned, or better body of men than the American missionaries; and yet a very large proportion of them are the fruits of revivals among college boys. The Methodists of West Cornwall know more of revivals than any other section of British Christians. The social statistics of that district, compared with other mineral districts, speak trumpet-tongued as to the result. Dr. Smith, of Camborne, is a sober and careful witness, and he gives no credit to the alleged instability of revival converts, as compared with others.* On this point we have now been observing and gathering testimonies for many

* *History of Methodism.* Vol. ii. By George Smith, LL.D.

years; and our persuasion is, that little ground exists for the prevalent impression on this head. In fact, all the reasons whereby we half content ourselves with a state of things which leaves the world, the great, broad world, full of unconverted men, are to be seriously suspected.

So far as the recent revivals are concerned, the results, hitherto, appear to be wonderfully permanent. But should numerous defections come, let no man's heart fail him! One thing, however, may be laid down with absolute certainty, that young converts will be steady in proportion as they are carefully trained in the study of the Scriptures. 'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;' but is only his breath. We can no more live on breath than without it. We must have daily bread. Prayer for vitality; the word for substance; singing for joy and spirit; fellowship for practical experience! These are the elements of Christian training. The Ulster converts are well taught to study and lay up in their hearts the living words of the holy and blessed Book. All their prayer-meetings, all their social exercises, abound with scriptural teaching. It is in this respect that arrangements for the nurture of new converts, in the various revivals among Methodists, have been most defective. Prayer, the nurse of faith,—singing, that of feeling,—fellowship, that of social Christian life,—have all been called fully to do their office; but the nurse of thought, learning the word of God in quietness and patience, has not been equally regarded.

We now approach what has been the vexed question of the revival,—the physical affections. These have been prominent in only one out of the three countries which have all shared in religious excitement, and recorded moral results precisely similar. In America and Wales bodily prostrations have not occurred; in Ireland they have. This fact sweeps off the ground a litter of popular reasons for them; such as the excitability of the Irish temperament, and so on. In America and Wales religious fervour has been common. There, for congregations under the stimulus of powerful feeling to heave, and give voice, is no uncommon thing. Among the people of Ulster it was unknown. Their assemblies were sober as death. Even in Methodist congregations an 'Amen' was a rarity. Had any one beforehand been told that the American Methodist Church, and the Ulster Presbyterian one, would both be visited with a wonderful religious excitement, and that probably bodily affections would occur in one of them, which would he have guessed? The mercurial temperament of the Western States to be untouched, and the 'cold Presbyterians' to fall smitten like birds

by a fowler, would have seemed the most impossible of impossibilities, to any man who had witnessed the religious meetings of both. Ulster congregations are far less excitable than American, than Welsh, than English. We do not know Scotch ones well enough to compare them with certainty. And it was not the excitability of Irish temperament which accounted for the bodily affections in Bristol and Kingswood last century, in Scotland in earlier times, or in America and Cornwall at different epochs. Ireland and Ulster are different words, and the people of the latter are not an Irish race. But in all parts of Ireland stillness is characteristic of Protestant religious assemblies. We know a preacher whose voice has been drowned by the outbursts of his audience, both in England and America; but who, in Ireland, never saw more than quiet tears. Yet had the 'striking down' occurred in the South, some colour would have been given to the idea that national temperament accounted for it; but, occurring in Ulster, that is swept away.

It is, perhaps, not unworthy of remark that, in America and Wales, revivals accompanied with bodily affections had previously occurred; and that, in spite of any feeling against the bodily affection, most religious men were what would elsewhere be called 'revivalists.' In Ulster, on the other hand, the prevalent feeling was of the opposite kind, and that very strongly. It is here that the physical affections appear.

No means of accounting for such affections is so natural as by sympathy. One person, under deep religious feeling, from constitutional weakness sinks into a state of prostration; others see it and follow by sympathy, exhibiting much the same symptoms. It is impossible to define limits where the power of sympathy ends. We can allow much, even wonders, and things at first sight unaccountable, to be set down to this cause. But when we face the facts, all the facts of the revival, our faith in the power of sympathy is shaken.

In such affections as have been known in America by the name of 'jerks,' and elsewhere by similar terms, the distinguishing feature has been *action*; something in which the *voluntary muscles* (even though, so far as the patient knew, without or against his will) were called into play. The propagation by sympathy of any such movements,—of anything, in fact, that implies action, and may be related to will,—is very intelligible. But the characteristic cases of this revival are marked by the opposite physical symptoms. According to all testimony, the effect was prostration, often amounting to insensibility. According to the professional diagnosis of Dr. Carson, 'the person affected sinks down with a partial loss of power in all the voluntary

muscles.'* Of the scientific accuracy of this statement there can be no doubt. It is harder to account for this by sympathy. Sympathy, like strychnine, tends to the voluntary muscles, and those of motion, and anything they can do may be done through it. But the failure of their power by sympathy is something more difficult to be accounted for. Gesticulation by sympathy is intelligible. Persons throwing themselves off the Monument of London by sympathy, is also believable. Fainting by sympathy, *in the presence* of persons who faint, is likely among women; but paralysis, total or partial, by sympathy, when miles from any one so affected, is, we submit, a much more difficult phenomenon.

After these two reasons comes the physical one, that they are cases of hysteria. The great champion of this view is Archdeacon Stopford. One cannot read his pamphlet without loving him. He writes well, and is plainly a warm-hearted, devout man. He is full of good faith, and too outspoken to cover his defect. It is not so much a man's fault as his misfortune, if he has only one eye. But, after all, Belfast is not a city of girls. We do assure Archdeacon Stopford's readers we have seen men in it. Of those men, numbers have been 'struck;' and you might as truly, in a medical point of view, call their affection epidemic colic, as epidemic hysteria. An old woman in that town gave it another name. Dr. H—— had been sent for in haste to her daughter, who 'was taken very bad.' Before seeing his patient, he asked what was the matter: 'Och, sure, Sir,' said the mother, 'she has got this happy faver!' 'Then,' replied the physician, 'it is not a doctor she wants.'

Dr. Carson thus handles the physical question as to hysteria:

'In hysteria we have *the ball in the throat* as a prominent symptom; but nothing whatever of the kind in the revival. In hysteria we have laughing and crying at the same instant, or in succession; nothing whatever of the kind in the revival; but an overwhelming, intense, and earnest anxiety in supplicating mercy for the soul. In hysteria there are convulsive movements of the extremities, which I have never seen in the revival, as the person affected sinks down with a partial loss of power in all the voluntary muscles. There is one other fact, however, to be mentioned, which, of itself alone, is sufficient to convince any rational man that the cases are not identical. Hysteria is *almost entirely confined to the female sex*. This is a point beyond dispute. It is very common in the female, but so *extremely* rare in the male, that the late Dr. Hooper, and the present Dr. Watson, of London, in their immense practice, have seen only *three cases*

* The voluntary muscles (in sympathy with the voluntary nerves) carry out the impulse of the mind; the nerves of sensation, on the contrary, convey information or impulses to the mind.

each, which they could at all compare to hysteria, and these cases occurred in debilitated subjects. I have been twenty-one years in practice, and have never yet seen a case of hysteria in the male subject, either old or young. Unlike hysteria, it occurs chiefly amongst the lower and middle classes of society, who are obliged to earn their subsistence by their daily labour. It is to be found as readily amongst the hardy inhabitants of country parishes and mountain districts, as in towns and cities. If all ages are included, there are very nearly as many males affected by it as females. I have seen and known of an immense number of instances in which the strongest, stoutest, and most vigorous, healthy, and lion-hearted men in the country have been struck down like children, and have called, with the most agonizing entreaties, for mercy for their souls. How could all this be hysteria? Would any medical practitioner disgrace himself by saying it was? Even if he were so very thoughtless as to do so, how could he account for the fact that more cases of the revival have occurred in the MALE subject *in one town*, within *three months*, than are to be found, under the head of masculine hysteria, in the whole records of medicine, over the whole world, since the days of Hippocrates?'—Pp. 8, 9.

On the question whether hysteria, in breaking into an epidemic, might not be so modified as to take the new form, the same writer says:—

'Some parties seem to imagine that if a disease takes on an epidemic form, it may change from its usual character. To a certain extent, this is possible; but the extent of the change is within very decided and well-marked bounds. The disease may become more or less violent and fatal in its character; but it *never* loses its *distinctive* symptoms. This is, in the very nature of things, an utter impossibility. The moment the *distinctive* marks cease, the *identity* ceases. Every disease has a given number of features, by which it is usually known. Some of these may occasionally be absent, but they are never all absent—some of the *leading* features are *invariably* present. For example, it is possible that scarlatina might exist, although the eruption failed to come out on the skin; but no man on earth ever saw a case of scarlatina where there was neither eruption on the skin nor redness in the throat. Such a thing never happened. Further, the presence or absence of one or more symptoms does not depend, in the slightest degree, upon the isolated or epidemic form of the disease. Typhus fever will be typhus fever, whether there be one case or a thousand. It will have its distinctive marks in the one case as certainly as in the other, and *vice versâ*. The same holds good with regard to cholera, small-pox, measles, scarlatina, and all other diseases. There is not even the shadow of an apology for supposing that hysteria, which has now stood the test of ages, could change its character in the way some people seem to imagine. It could no more make a change of this description, and continue to be hysteria, than I could lose my essential personal qualities, and still continue to be the same individual.'—Pp. 15, 16.

After giving a full description of catalepsy, Dr. Carson passes from it at once, as out of the question. He states that the physical affection is more closely allied to that seen in electro-biology than anything else; but differs from it in leading particulars.

'The person under electro-biology seems to disregard every one around him except the operator; he believes all the operator tells him, and does everything he bids him; and the operator, if he wishes, can draw out any and every trait of his character. On the other hand, in the revival, the person is generally cognizant of what is going on around him, hears what is said, and sees what is to be seen before his eyes. But, above all, it is quite impossible to turn his attention completely off the one point regarding the condition of his soul, and the circumstances relating thereto. This is a fixed point, from which none of the parties affected can be finally moved, although they may be distracted for a time. They all pass, in a longer or shorter period, through a similar course. The general traits of their character, irrespective of religion, cannot be brought out, nor can they possibly be made to imitate the actions of others.'—Page 12.

As to the three great popular explanations, temperament, sympathy, and hysteria, we think the first accounts for nothing, the second but for cases of a secondary class, and the third only for some occurring in connexion with the revival, as with any other excitement, leaving untouched the characteristic cases.

Of these, the variety is very great. First come those in which, after a considerable period of religious anxiety, occasionally amounting to anguish, the bodily strength suddenly fails. This seems a purely natural effect of mental pressure on the physical system. But, then, the bodily prostration is of a peculiar kind; and does not resemble anything that ever happened to the same persons, or their relatives, under the weight of other troubles. When famine, and fever, and death, were staring the population in the face for months together, and hearts were rending, and homes breaking up, we did not hear of mental sorrows begetting these prostrations. People who had something to eat, and did not catch fever, kept on their feet.

There are cases in which prostration never reaches the point of powerlessness, and yet, after the heart is rejoicing, and the countenance bright, the frame continues feeble, as from the effect of some malady. Dr. Morgan relates, that the first case he saw was a decent, well conducted, working woman of his own Church. One Monday morning, before breakfast, being told she wanted him, he found her in his dining-room in great excitement. 'Won't you pray for me, Sir?' she cried, with deep distress, and, before he could well reply, was upon her

knees, pouring out prayers for herself, which astonished her minister by their propriety, as much as they affected him by their intense earnestness. Having prayed, talked with, and somewhat calmed her, he sent her to another apartment, while he went to breakfast. Afterward she came up to him, her face beaming, and saying, 'O, Sir, I know what the new birth means now! The Lord has given me peace.' From that time she was happy; but it was ten days before she could go to her usual employment. Now, what was there to account for that feebleness, in the ordinary effects of sorrow upon health? What in sympathy, when the nearest cases had been miles away? What in hysteria, when the woman never became hysterical at all, and during all the ten days was perfectly tranquil?

Another class consists of those who, feeling conscious of 'something coming over them,' resolve to resist it, and leave the place or company where they may be, but yet are overcome. This is a very common occurrence. We remember hearing a sedate man, between thirty and forty, of lymphatic temperament and good muscle, with a quiet voice and strong bust, who had been a Unitarian, say that, when something passed through his frame, that he had never felt the like of before, he set his will against it, got up and left the chapel; but in the open air he fell down, and had to cry for mercy. Another, a Roman Catholic, about twenty-five, a bony, tall, dark-haired artisan, said, 'that something went through his body, while he was at work;' but he was able to hold up for some time. He resolved to drink it off. After taking three glasses, (and he said, 'Those that know me, can tell that eight would hardly make me unsteady,') he tried to get home, but could not drag his limbs. Then came the crisis. 'I was struck; and won't say what state I was in, for twenty-four hours: them that visited me can tell.'

In these cases the mind had been occupied with the subject of religion and the question of the revival beforehand; and if the effect comes by natural connexion from mental causes, it must be on the principle either of surprise, or of continued pressure. Dr. M'Cosh's cases, put in as illustrations, are those of surprise, women learning suddenly that their husbands are dead, and such like. But these persons were not conscious either of such a previous weight upon their minds as would break down their nerves, or of such a sudden impression of unseen things upon the conscience, in the moment previous to the physical shock, as would account for it. Their struggle makes against the idea of surprise; and also against that of their passing through wasting sorrows beforehand, *without remembering it*. One of these men lived in an upland village,

the other in an open country town. What kind of trouble is accustomed to make such men fall helpless, and cry out like a child, which, in the dark, feels a hand laid on it, and takes it either for a ghost or a burker?

Another class consists of those who are struck like a shot. In one place, a Scotch steward on a farm to-day is threatening men who allow themselves to be disabled for work, and to-morrow falls in the field, by the plough, as if a rifleman had hit him. In another, a farmer going home from the market counting his money, is laid on the road, and his coins scattered far and wide. Here is a case related by the Rev. John Baillie, which, from its resemblance to what we heard in the neighbourhood, we believe occured in Ahoghill:—

'There was a boy whom the whole community used to know as "one of the most wicked and abandoned characters that ever troubled a place." Cursing and blasphemy seemed a kind of second nature to him,—he was a mocker of all prayer,—and used to mimic the cries of poor awakened sinners. One Sunday, in particular, he stationed himself near the church as the people were assembling for worship, and, in language of the grossest obscenity, reviled each as he passed in. "Ha! ha!" he cried to one, "the devil will get hold of you to-day!" To others he said, "Run fast, or you 'll not get the touch." Within an hour he was struck to the earth as by a thunderbolt,—falling prostrate and senseless upon the very scene of his iniquity. It was at first supposed that he had been summoned to final retribution at the bar of the Omnipotent; but the visitation was in mercy, not in judgment. Animation was restored, and with it came the soul-piercing stings of an awakened conscience. His despair was exhibited in words and gestures too horrible for description. But Jesus drew the prodigal to His feet; the dead one was alive again,—the lost one found.'

In this case the mind was evidently turned to the revival; but take another, for the facts of which we are responsible. A man of forty years of age, dark-haired, five feet eight inches high, twelve stones in weight, of firm visage and good head, is visited on the Tuesday afternoon. He has been up that day; but is now lying on his bed, still weak; he was struck on Friday morning. How did it happen? 'I was working in the loft,' a large open apartment in a linen-bleaching establishment, 'and I was struck.' He is reserved, disposed to say little. 'Of course, you had been thinking a good deal about your soul before?' 'No, indeed, Sir.' 'But you had felt concern about your salvation?' 'So far from that, Sir, I was thinking bad thonghts at the moment.' On surprise being expressed, and a desire shown to find a clue to previous mental exercises, 'Well, Sir, to tell you the truth, that morning I had had one glass of whiskey already, and was then just scheming how I could get the

children to get me another, unknown to Mary; that is the wife.' 'And what then?' 'Why, then I was struck.' 'And after you were struck, what did you feel?' 'I knew nothing till I found myself in the hands of the other men; and I was calling upon the Lord to save me from that pit. They say it was five minutes.'

Here we pause only to remark on the single feature common to all cases of 'striking;' and that is, the 'calling upon the Lord.' As unfailing as an instinct this appears in every case of persons wounded by this mysterious sword. In one hot and thronged room we watched for cases, saying, 'If it be hysteria, this is the place.' Presently we saw one falling; there was a slight, very slight movement; and a quiet whisper, 'It 's only weak she is!' Afterwards, a gentleman said, 'How instantly these converts distinguish between a case of "striking down," and fainting, or hysterics! You saw that young woman. I thought she was struck. They said, "No," she only fainted with the heat. "How did you know?" "Sure, as she was sinking, she asked for her sister."' This meant to say, that whoever was struck, never thought of human help; but of the soul, and of its Saviour alone.

Another case was as follows:—A young woman, of good character, was in the 'lapping room,' with a number of workfellows. She declares that she had not attended revival meetings, nor had her mind turned to religious subjects. They were discussing a point likely to fix and fill the thoughts of a set of young women,—their spring dresses. She said it seemed as if something passed down her spine. She fell, was carried home, and remained in a state of complete prostration, yet sensible of what went on around her. When persons prayed with her, she seemed resolved not to be converted. One day, two ministers were together by her bedside. The same feeling of opposition to religion still struggled in her mind. But at length they sang the hymn,—

'All hail the power of Jesu's name!'

As they went on, a change passed over her, and when they came to the line,—

'Crown Him Lord of all!'—

she broke from her deep prostration, clapped her hands with joy, and sang,—

'Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!'

A gentleman who heard this stated by the clergyman to whom she related it, said, 'Watch that young lady.' For six months she has been watched, and she walks in the new path into which she was thus strangely called.

As to modes of accounting for all this, the idea that it was got up on the part of preachers, and affected on that of patients, soon went to the winds. The natural explanations of temperament and hysteria fail. That of sympathy is shifty and insufficient, an easy escape from a real problem. Two explanations remain: First, the one generally adopted on the spot; that the affection is a direct messenger of God, as much as a pestilence or famine. If so, is it by a physical agent, as an epidemic, or by a simple impulse of the supreme will on the frame? Persons generally do not care to inquire. They argue, it is not fictitious, it is not diabolical, it is not natural; then it must be Divine. Where its physical cause begins is little matter to them; God's hand sends and directs it. This we take to be a fair statement of the popular view in the 'revival districts.'

The moral design of the affections, judged in this point of view, is taken to be twofold:—as to the individual, as to the community. To the former it is a call, such as a special affliction; to the latter, a sign of supernatural powers, a remembrancer of invisible things. Nothing is more common than to hear good men say, that just as the Lord may send a fever, or an accident, to lay a man low, and call him to think of his soul, so He sends this affection. And again, that so great is the indisposition of men to believe in anything spiritual, and so strong the impression of physical appearances which force into the mind a belief in an invisible cause, that in mercy to human dulness and weakness the Lord may thus sound a peculiar alarum. On this point, Dr. Carson, one of the most intelligent physicians in the North of Ireland, thus writes:—

'Why, simply to excite such a degree of attention to spiritual matters as, *humanly* speaking, could not be done by any other means. No person but the man who has witnessed them could have any idea of the awful effects produced on the public mind by a number of revival cases. A scene like the one which took place on the night in which the new hall in Coleraine was first filled with these cases, has perhaps never been equalled in the world. It was so like the day of judgment, when sinners will be calling on the mountains and the rocks to hide them from the storm of God's wrath, that it struck terror to the heart of the most hardened and obdurate sinner. The whole town was in a state of alarm, business was forgotten, and the revival was the only subject of conversation. A French invasion could not have produced so great a panic. I have been present at executions; I have seen much of the accumulated misery of bodily disease and mental distress; but I never in my life saw any thing to be compared, for one moment, to the harassing scenes in the Coleraine Town Hall. It would be quite impossible to imagine any agency more powerful for drawing the attention of men to the state of their souls. I heard

many people mocking and scoffing, before that night, about the revival; but when I saw the same parties examining the cases in the Town Hall, their mocking was at an end, and they looked like criminals, whose hour was at hand. No other sort of a revival could have had the same effects. If one half of the inhabitants of Coleraine had been converted in a minute, in the ordinary way, the other half would not have believed it,—they would have laughed at it as a vision. It would have had no effect upon them. In truth, the people of England do not yet believe that the people of Ireland are being converted, because they have not witnessed the scenes which have occurred. But if they had one hour of the revival, they would soon change their tune. Their scepticism would speedily vanish. When I heard of the revival being at Ballymena, I did not believe it. I even went the length of saying it would soon be stopped in its progress by the coldness, formality, and narrow-minded bigotry and sectarianism of Coleraine. My scepticism on the subject, which was very great, all vanished in a night. Wherever the physical manifestations broke out, in town or country, they put terror into the heart of all who saw them, and at once convinced the onlooker that there was a great reality in them, let them be explained as they might. Deception was considered to be out of the question. No person who witnessed it could doubt the reality. One case in each end of a parish would set the whole parish in a state of excitement.'—Pp. 12, 13.

The other view is that presented best by Dr. M'Cosh, in his masterly and judicious paper: namely, that the bodily affection is simply the result of a sudden shock of mind, as when he saw a woman fall into convulsions by witnessing the shipwreck of her son; or others, by learning from the Doctor's own lips, that the husbands whose return from sea they were awaiting, were lying in the sailor's grave.

'Now, suppose that these same persons had been assembled to hear the preaching of the word, and that by a gracious movement of the Spirit of God they had been led to see their sin in its true colours, I apprehend that precisely similar bodily, or, as they should be called, physiological, effects would have followed, and that these would have varied according to the nature, and depth, and intensity of the sorrow for sin cherished, and according to the peculiar temperament of the individual.'—Page 4.

As respects the amount of Divine agency concerned in the affection, this explanation does not, as it seems to us, differ from the other; though it does as to the kind of that agency. Here it is purely spiritual. But, on this explanation, the spiritual operation is assumed to be of greater force than on the other. By a purely spiritual agent, the mind must have set before it a purely spiritual danger, as plainly as the physical horror of the struggling ship was presented to the mother's mind by the physical agency of light and the eye. Moreover, this danger

has been heard of, and in a certain sense believed in, for a long time. No announcement of anything new has been made. It is old ideas turned into perceptions, old names and notions suddenly turned into beings and things; all within the soul, all by a light directly Divine, and with such a power upon the emotions, that the frame feels it in all its members.

If so, He who knows our frame, and with His own hand strung every chord which is ready to vibrate under the sound of His still, small voice, knows as well the effect upon that frame of the impression He is about to make, as any bearer of the tidings to families of shipwrecked men would know that he must witness here tears, there stupefaction, and elsewhere fainting or convulsions. Therefore, both as to the amount of Divine operation, and as to the fact that its natural result must enter into the design of Him who directs it, the theory of Dr. M'Cosh is not a whit less spiritual than the other. In one sense it is more so. It has many advantages; it is simpler, and more easily accords with our highest ideas of the workings of the Divine Spirit upon the human mind, and the connexion between the latter and its body.

But we confess that,—though Dr. M'Cosh's explanation is the same as we had adopted before we saw and investigated facts,—we read it, after that process, with one qualification to our profound admiration and general concurrence. It did not clear up the question, Does *every case* of physical affection admit of this explanation? Is it always preceded by the mental awakening? We do not mean those sudden cases which occur in a meeting where other cases have preceded them; these might be by sympathy. But in every case of a person struck down at home, on the road, in the field, at work, or (strange as it may sound) in bed; was there an antecedent mental view of the soul's danger? This point is not cleared up by Dr. M'Cosh. So far as the testimony of some of the persons concerned goes, it is that the bodily affection as surely preceded and produced the inward alarm, as Dr. M'Cosh's voice in the case of the sailors' widows. They felt God's hand laid on their body, and cried out for salvation. Such is the account of their case, rendered to many by their own consciousness. We know how insufficient that test is, in such a matter; for not one man in a million could be trusted correctly to recall the sequence of emotions through which he passed at such a crisis. Here comes in the question, Are the symptoms such as mental distress would account for? In numberless cases they are. But in all? in the sudden and the characteristic cases? Here the denial of Dr. Carson is strong. He says, 'Whatever I may have been disposed to

think at first, I am now fully satisfied that the symptoms of a revival case do not correspond to the effects which are manifested as the result of mere mental impressions. The unearthly tone, of the intense, melancholy, and subdued entreaties for the soul, and the partial prostration of muscular power, are very different indeed from the wild and indefinite screams and convulsive paroxysms, which arise from sudden mental anguish, in connexion with great temporal distress.....Besides, if the prostrations were owing to mere mental excitement, they would invariably be found, in the same sort of constitutions, wherever the same sort and amount of excitement was in operation.'

Another difficulty in the way of believing the extraordinary influence to be wholly on the mind, is that all the inward effects, accompanied with the same moral results, have taken place in thousands of cases where the outward show has only been a downcast countenance, a flood of tears, or ordinary signs of sorrow, without that failing of the body's functions, which in Ulster is called being 'struck down,' and in Cornwall has often been called being 'taken down.' The facts will not admit the explanation, that all the persons prostrated were those most likely to be so by natural constitution.

Another material point is this, that while thousands have been converted in the places most visited with cases of prostration without that affection, many of those who have undergone it have proved unconverted after all; have come out of it without the clear sense of God's favour, and been like many who in sickness call upon the Lord, and on recovery forget Him. Dr. Carson makes an odd mixture of science and theology with regard to these cases. 'If the physical manifestations are in any sense the result of the operation of the Holy Spirit on the mind of man, we must of necessity hold that every person physically affected is a converted soul, and will finally be saved.' But as some are manifestly not converted, therefore he comes to the point, where poor Jonathan Edwards, bending his great soul under the difficulties of final perseverance, had to make such miserable work of the blessed and happy things God had wrought under his own eyes. Therefore, Dr. Carson, to avoid a shock to his faith in final perseverance, holds that the physical affection is not at all due to spiritual causes, but so truly physical, that some special physical agent must be employed to effect it, just as, in cholera or the potato disease, a gas, or other infectant. We do not deny this. It may be so. We are in no mood to dogmatise: the facts will keep: the explanations may come in time: we will ourselves look for further light with 'reverent watchfulness.' But, in the mean time, we wonder that a man of sense and

science, to uphold the doctrine, that if God ever begins to work in a man he will of necessity be saved, should have recourse to the idea that He works in some cases by an agent specially formed, and sent to the body, to awaken the soul, which does awaken it, but, being only a physical agent, does not commit its Maker, its Director, its Employer, to any serious design. This is one of the finest absurdities to which the doctrine of final perseverance has pushed able and good men. We know of no double-dealing in the ways of God. We know of no second source of light, conviction, prayer, and the desire to seek Christ. For us there are not two fountains of good,—God and nature. All good that enters man's heart, and draws it toward the cross of our Redeemer, towards the throne of mercy, we take to come only, ever, and without question, from one source and only one. Above all times the worst to put forth final perseverance, as an axiom, is during a great revival. The work of Jonathan Edwards, on the results of the awakening at Northampton, and the same work, as abridged by John Wesley, shows in a forcible light the difference between a good man fighting facts with theory, and one whose theory accords equally with the written word, and the facts which arise. We would raise a voice of earnest and fraternal warning. Let not the Ulster revival be handled as was the New England one, or crops of rationalism and infidelity will result here as there. If men who fall away are taught to believe, and if those who saw them changed and see them fall are taught, that all the one class felt, and the other witnessed, was operated by 'natural conscience,' or other similar theological fiction, they will conclude that religion is all natural something, and Divine operation a myth. Let them be dealt with as the Epistle to the Hebrews does; which from beginning to end is a dehortation from falling away, bringing all Christian truths, all past Bible history, and all the invisible world to view, in order to enforce the perpetually recurring and wonderfully modified exhortation to 'hold fast.' It never calls in question their conversion. It never assumes their final salvation. It finds them carried out of Egypt on their way to the Land of Promise; and, all through, its care, and stress, and urgency is, lest they should fall in the wilderness by the way, and come short of the rest that remains for the people of God. If that Epistle be well preached, instead of dogmas of stiff schools, it will lead many to 'be steadfast unto the end,' to 'run with patience,' to 'hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end;' who might else by false security turn again to folly.

MISCELLANEA.

Studies on Pascal. By the late Alexander Vinet, D.D. Translated from the French by the Rev. Thomas Smith, A.M. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1859. Why is it that the loose unfinished work of Pascal should be such a favourite study? It is not difficult to divine the cause. There is a charm in his thoughts like that which pertains to the free sketches of a great artist—say of Raphael or Michel Angelo. They lose much by their disconnexion, but, perhaps, they gain more. They are great bare thoughts; with sharp lines fresh from the artist's tool; without a shade or dot superfluous—and we feel that to finish would be probably to spoil them. Yet many have a certain though occult relation,—and this it is which M. Vinet undertakes to bring clearly into view. He does so with great skill; and not only expounds this great master, but reviews the strictures of his modern critic, the celebrated Victor Cousin.—*Quiet Hours: New Series. By John Pulsford. Edinburgh and London.* 1859. We repeat our commendation of the former series, as a volume of original and profound reflections. Mr. Pulsford's thoughts all turn upon one great truth,—the necessity of penetrating and potential Christianity. 'The world's blunder is ever to make nature, and not Christ her standard of judgment. The consequence of which is, that nature continues to be a mist of darkness to the human intellect, and Christ a mere cypher.' Does not this explain both the sadness and the confusion of our philosophies? whether they assume a negative expression, like that of Mr. Carlyle, or a positive one, like that of M. Comte.—*Primary Charge of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta. September*, 1859. *Macmillan and Co.* A very able address, touching upon many points of interest regarding the Indian Church and Missions. Dr. Cotton has evidently entered upon his duties with thorough profoundness and in an earnest spirit.—*The Peculium; an Endeavour to throw Light on some of the Causes of the Decline of the Society of Friends, especially in regard to its original Claim of being the peculiar People of God.* This is one of two Prize Essays upon a curious and important subject. How is it that the body of Quakers has so steadily declined in numbers? and why, having begun in the spirit, have they so lamentably ended in the letter? Mr. Hancock replies, in his masterly and very spirited Essay, that Fox and his followers made the mistake of starting as the exclusive Church of Christ, having one great element of truth, but wanting all the elements of catholicity. The book suggests many interesting questions. When shall we find the true medium between ritualism on the one hand, and quietism on the other? between the deadness of Erastian authority, and the narrowness and bigotry of ultra-sectarian zeal? If there be such a Church, it will overrun the earth with righteousness; and live and not die.

INDEX.

LONDON:—PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLS, 25, LONDON WALL.