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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1864.

ART. I.—*The Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A., Q.C. London. 1864.

EVERY scholar has been for some time hailing as an event the publication of a new work by Mr. Forsyth. The author of *Hortensius* cannot write more than the learned world will be glad to thank him for; and the life of Cicero, of all the subjects open to his pen, is the one, if we may speak as their organ, on which they will most readily welcome his assistance. Unlike many other erudite authors, the weight of his lore is never in disproportion to the power of his wing; and there is about all he offers us such grace of style, and accuracy of thought, that the worth of the industry he owes chiefly to himself is only enhanced by those higher gifts of good taste and comprehensive judgment which come rather from nature.

Among the well known historical divisions into which the Life of Cicero naturally falls, incomparably the most interesting is that supplied by his exile. The penalty of banishment, more common in ancient times than even in the epochs which have made these islands a landing-stage for the entrances and exits of distinguished proscripts, was a more interesting element in the lives of their great men than any cursory attention would lead us to suppose. The Greeks, whose acumen no truth in the large volume of political philosophy was to escape, proverbialised their experience in a solemn warning against the returned exile; and that the school opened by Marius, and continued by Tiberius, taught the Romans the same tragic lesson, may be inferred from the sentiment which Suetonius gives as an aphorism of the time:—

'Regnabit sanguine multo
Ad regnum quisquis venit ab exilio.'

Made the severest of punishments, less, perhaps, by that exaggerated patriotism and love of the city to which Mr. Forsyth attributes it, than by the acrimonious feeling existing among the few states where alone a civilised asylum could be found, it brought into play few of those sweetening influences which our great poet, schooled under milder influences of religious thought, connects with the teachings of adversity; and not unfrequently the hoarded wrong, fermenting to a poison in the calm of years, reacted in calamities which have given history some of her darkest pages.

The special interest lent to most of these banishments by the union of singular influences that brought them about, is heightened, in the case of Cicero, by the circumstance that *his greatness* as a statesman and a scholar was set off by an almost unexampled elevation as a philosopher. The test of so great an adversity seemed all that was wanting to complete the glory of a man who, having eminently served his fellow citizens as a magistrate, and been hailed by them as the father of his country, claimed the further distinction of being the first to illustrate to them the lofty teachings to which Plato had consecrated his honeyed pages, and Socrates given his life. As in the severer trial of the Greek sage, it might well have been asked that 'no suppliant voice should have been heard from such lips,' that no such honour of our common human nature should 'have struck sail in the mid course of its glory.'* We know unfortunately how much it was otherwise. His failure attracted the reproaches of even the obsequious Atticus, and has been immortalised by the disdainful sneers of Bolingbroke. Made the subject of very varying commentary by Morabin, Middleton, Drumann, and Mommsen, it is one of the advantages we owe their learned differences, that, with the aid which they receive from the judicious arbitration of Mr. Forsyth, it is possible to reach a view of the episode in which the incidents and actors secure more of their full worth and characteristic vitality, than attaches to the estimates of partisan writers.

Cicero was born, like his friend Julius Cæsar, with the happiest qualities of mind and body. He had early mastered the written knowledge of his time, and had then the rare advantage of accomplishing himself, as a politician and a man of letters, in the society of every person of note in the Greek and Roman

* Montaigne.

commonwealths. He had written and discoursed on every subject of human thought with a grace and power scarcely if ever rivalled; had added to the triumphs of literature and oratory every important trust, from quæstor to dictator, which the republic placed at the disposal of its public men; and, as the natural consequence of these multiplied distinctions, was enjoying so pre-eminent an authority with every order in the state as to have been caressed and feared by the three powerful aspirants to a joint despotism, of which he was the most formidable opponent. Such was the extraordinary man,—his every opinion an oracle of taste, his lightest word a monument of history, his every act an element in the government of almost a universe,—whom we propose to study in the downfall which surprised him in the full career of his greatness, and engulphed him in calamities so overwhelming that they almost forced on him question of his own identity, and in fact so changed his person as to have placed it beyond a brother's recognition.

The Duke de Choiseul used to explain his fall from power by the statement that on three exceptional occasions he had been rude to a courtesan, to a military inspector, and to an obscure civil employé; and that while the lady became virtually queen of France, the others had risen to be ministers of state. By some such fatality Cicero, who was painstaking in avoiding personal acerbity, and in conciliating friendships, —'Promtissimus erat ad unumquemvis, etiam vilissimum hominem, demerendum, adulandumque,' says an authority,— had provoked against himself a single enmity which sufficed to bring him down from the most brilliant position which the honest efforts of genius and sterling industry had ever succeeded in attaining.

Publius Clodius was one of those men, so often turning up in the critical epochs of large societies, who, without the qualities to occupy a transcendent position, yet, by the exercise of a rude ability and ruder recklessness, often succeed in displacing the higher prudence of genius, and in giving new and unexpected turns to the course of events. The tragical death which overtook him in early manhood, in the mid course of his mischievous activity, has bequeathed his character to us under circumstances which leave nearly every thing in it undeveloped save its infamy; but it seems probable, even from the testimony of his enemies, from whom alone we know anything of him, that he possessed qualities, which, if allowed to mature themselves, would have marred the greatness of Cæsar far more effectively than the impracticable virtue of Cato, or the mock grandeur of Pompey, or even the wary probity of

Cicero. The representative of an illustrious family, tracing back its pedigree to the foundation of Rome, and claiming among its ancestral honours five dictatorships, seven triumphs, and four times as many consulates, he early proved that, however much a patrician by descent, he had by character a democratic intensity of animal energy; and established in his earliest manhood that conflict between his position and conduct which made him detested by his own order in more than the proportion that it attached to him the class which profited by his degradation.

Even in those the worst days of Roman debauchery and irreligion, it was impossible for any citizen to have reached his thirty-fifth year with a worse repute in all that appertains to private or public morality. He had been so deeply initiated in the mysterious conspiracy by which Catiline sought to crush his enemy Cicero, and subvert the power of the senate, that the successes of his later life against the same foe won him, as the most characteristic of compliments, the title of 'Catiline the Lucky.' The seduction of his three sisters, the forgery of wills, confederacy in every plot against the state, with a uniform addiction to the wildest and most depraving forms of libertinism, are imputations which history has accepted against him with more than her customary easy faith; but, in Roman opinion, crimes of this character, though well attested and long past the counting, were trifling, compared with the ambitious sacrilege he committed in presenting himself in female attire to Pompeia, the wife of Cæsar, as she and the most respectable matrons of Rome were engaged in solemnising the inscrutable mysteries of the *Bona Dea*. Curiously enough, and, as illuminated by subsequent events, wonderfully distinctive of the characters of the two statesmen, though Cæsar, the injured husband, while repudiating his wife for the suspicion of the intrigue, testified to the judges by whom the sacrilege was investigated that he—the Pontifex Maximus, and, as such, the official defender of the public faith—knew of no circumstance that established the guilt of Clodius, Cicero, who had received the rake's friendly visit on the very day of the profanation, volunteered his evidence in disproof of the *alibi* set up in his favour. In the elaborate description of the trial which he himself writes,—meant, too, for a particular friend of Clodius,—it is amusing to see, by the side of claims to a friendly moderation, the clearest proof of the partisan spirit which must have animated his testimony. Dissatisfied, like most of his patrician friends, at the acquittal which followed, Cicero took every opportunity of exclaiming against the venal, and it may be

added worse than *venal*,* influences under which it had been obtained. The superiority of the orator's wit seems to have given him a special pleasure in those exercitations of sarcastic repartee which in our days of stricter punctilio have ceased to be an amusement, save to the lowest of the people. The two politicians rarely met, even on senatorial cares intent, without an exchange of railleries which to modern ears are recommended little by their wit, and less by their decency. On some of these occasions Cicero was guilty of the indiscretion of repelling some scoff at the meanness of his birth by retorts which implied that the aristocratic tribune's sister had placed at his disposal, humble as he was, favours already deigned to her brother, as to most others of her male acquaintance; and thus, perhaps, were thrown the last and most enduring elements of a lethal bitterness into a chalice of animosities already sufficiently full. While Cicero on his side was upheld by an angry spouse, menaced in her conjugal rights, the slighted and outraged Clodia made of course common cause with her brother; and we would fain hope that the vows of vengeance which the incestuous pair formed were of an earnestness uncommon in human quarrel; for in the campaign now opened to us we find a sequence and a systematic astuteness of attack which could have been evidenced only under the demoniacal influence of a master passion.

While looking forward to the means of satisfying this cherished vengeance, Clodius found that he was excluded by hierarchic rules, no less than by his repute, from any early prospect of that consulate which formed the principal depository of Roman power. He saw, however, that the tribuneship, which in critical moments had often coped with the higher magistracy in importance, and which, in the hands of bold politicians, had not unfrequently held in suspense the fortunes of the republic, might serve his purposes as well, at the same time that he felt that it was an office to which his ill repute and the democratic tendencies forced on him by his social position naturally invited him. Though open by law only to the plebeian order, by which alone it was conferred, Clodius knew that, though disqualified as a patrician, the desertion of his own caste, under the formalities of plebeian adoption, was not absolutely prohibited. But the policy was novel and unseemly, and the first step not without its difficulties. There was no precedent of a patrician passing so singular a slur on

* 'Stupra insuper matronarum et adolescentulorum nobilium exacta sunt.'—Seneca, *Ep.* 97.

his order. The rite of adoption, one of the most solemn in Roman jurisprudence, required as a preliminary a favourable attestation from the College of Pontiffs, and could only take place when no circumstances existed to imply its bad faith. The plebeian father, according to the law, ought to be childless; he was required to be old enough for the honour of the paternity which he was, in some sense, claiming; and finally he was to occupy a position in the world that promised both pecuniary advantage and civic distinction to the person over whom he was to receive, in their fullest extent, the important rights of Roman paternity. All these conditions, however, were, curiously enough, wanting when Clodius came forward to abandon his order. His social condition (if we may believe his enemies) gave him but a scanty measure of even plebeian aid to choose from; and the consul, the unhappy husband of his sister, Clodia, publicly proclaimed that he would sooner strangle him with his own hand than allow such a dishonour to be cast on the family tree. The only means that remained of reaching his object, if such means there were, lay in the extraordinary power of the great statesman, who was virtually monopolising * the consulate of the year, while anxiously engaged in maturing his projected mastery over the republic. With all Cæsar's love of letters, and natural admiration for the genius of Cicero, he could not but see that the antecedents, no less than the character, of that gifted statesman invested him with a high and dangerous importance in the complicated knot of Roman politics which then invited the sword of another Alexander. As an ex-consul solemnly honoured with the legal titles of 'Father of his Country,' and 'Second Founder of Rome,' for the ability with which he had saved the senate from the most dangerous crisis to which it had perhaps ever been exposed, Cicero was the natural leader and oracle of that body; † and this all the more that, unlike Pompey, he was known to have no interest save in the maintenance of its freedom and dignity. Cæsar felt, too, that inferior to himself only in strength of character, to Pompey only in military influence and wealth, and to Cato only in the firmness that resists alike influence and intimidation,—if wanting, in short, the high characteristics that fit men to cope on easy terms with the tragic emergencies which

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* *Julio et Cæsare consulibus*,—'Julius and Cæsar being consuls,'—a jest considered so excellent that it has reached us in nearly every narrative bearing reference to the Triumvirate.

† Lucan lets us know that Pompey was never recognised as the full leader of the senatorial party:—'Non Magni partes, sed Magnus in partibus esse.'—Lib. v.

mark great eras of state transformation, he was yet unquestionably superior to them all in those qualities of learning, eloquence, virtue, and social amenity, which, in the intervals of civic broils, would enable him to secure a preponderant influence for whatever leader he might choose to enrol under. Nor could the natural chief of the Marian faction,—the democratic faction of Rome,—while poising the question how such a man was to be dealt with, forget, or perhaps even forgive, that the new intruder on the Roman aristocracy had recently spared him the exposure his share in the plot of Catiline merited, or that, in the angry discussions which that tragedy provoked, the orator's influence had saved his life, when menaced by the indignant zeal of the knights and senators assembled to vindicate constitutional order at the cost, if necessary, of its own violation. We are not surprised, however, that the noble nature, which by all admission placed Cæsar above the smaller instincts of humanity, urged him to try at first to secure at any price, short of the great but as yet undeveloped project of his life, the friendship and aid of so powerful and accomplished an auxiliary. The time, indeed, had now arrived when it was all-important for him to ascertain clearly what was to be the nature of their future relations. He had just freed himself from the crippling embarrassment of a debt said to be equivalent to several millions of our money; he was in the enjoyment of the high but temporary dignity of the consulate; his alliance and compact with Crassus and Pompey was soon to be sealed by the marriage of his daughter with the latter; and he was on the eve of betaking himself to those ten years of Gallic campaigns which were to give him the invincible army by whose aid he already calculated on placing the commonwealth at his discretion.

But the honest patriotism of Cicero, which had as yet learnt nothing from an influence, *fear*, that was subsequently to chill so much of its ardour, seemed anxious to show the world that it repelled with dignity every such alliance; and, in one of his forensic speeches, he took the trouble to digress into a severe rebuke of the magisterial illegalities with which Cæsar was haughtily distinguishing his consulate.

Cæsar brooked no more. He espoused the forlorn suit of Clodius, and, three hours later, every informality was glossed over, every violation of law disregarded, and the arch-enemy of the orator forced into a position which opened to him the highest honours of the state. Marvellous as was this new proof of Cæsar's great characteristic, celerity, in this instance it was less a quality of the man than a calculation of the politician. If the provoca-

tion explained, the haste palliated, the unkindness; and the blow once struck which placed the proud senator at his mercy, he at once reverted to the friendly relations that had been customary between them. As consul presiding over the sittings of the senate, he took pains in collecting the votes to fix Cicero's precedency immediately after that of Pompey and Crassus: he conveyed to him by common friends requests for his advice and aid, with the flattering assurance that for the future he wished to be guided by his wisdom and experience; and we have the testimony of the orator, that it was his own virtue alone that enabled him to withstand the efforts that were at this time made to include him as a fourth member of the great confederacy which menaced the liberty of his country.

The first payment Cicero was formally expected to make for a sure protection against the further designs of Clodius, was the exercise of his influence with the senate to sanction the popular distribution of some extensive domains belonging to the state. The projected law was humiliating to the patrician order, and interfered with the public finances; it was held to be full of danger to the existing constitution; for it conflicted with the well-known policy of the senate, and might give the triumvirs, and especially Cæsar, a popularity that in bad times could be turned to the worst of uses. The duty, then, of Cicero, as a leader of the senate, was either to share the popularity of the act by handsomely supporting it, or to resist it to the death. He did neither. A single lesson had sufficed to inculcate on this elegant expositor of public morality the contemptible wisdom of a personal interest. Entering into a compromise, through which his neutrality was secured by a temporary retirement from public affairs, he betook himself to his beautiful villa near Antium; and we may gather the feelings with which the chagrined statesman entered on his retreat from the avowal he makes to Atticus, that he was much more disposed to spend his time in watching the ceaseless play of the sea,—that glorious contrast to the littleness and impurity he had left behind him,—than in sitting down to any literary undertaking worthy his genius. Amid the luxuries of the rustic repose which should have been so dear to him as a scholar and philosopher, nay, at the very moment that he is eloquently praising the happiness of the literary leisure it affords him, he takes little pains to conceal the difficulty with which he bears the loss of that political excitement to which he had so long been accustomed. Yearning, with childish impatience, for the old aliment of his ever active vanity, he confesses that his chief hope and consolation is that the ungrateful Romans will be taught by his absence to value a citizen to whose worth

satiety had made them indifferent. Pledging himself with more than dramatic caricature to think no more of the republic, he shows, the next moment, that he is ignorant of little, and uninterested in nothing that passes. In one of his letters he vents his bitterness on the assumed appointment of Clodius, as ambassador to the king of Armenia, admitting the position to be one that fell within his own views. In another he makes known his eager willingness to visit Egypt, with the mission of restoring its deposed king, Ptolemy Auletes; and in a third, with an imprudent zeal which forgets even the semblance of honour, he solicits his election to the augural chair, in which a vacancy had just been created by Clodia, or at least by the death of her husband, whom she was charged with killing. The position of augur was one of the highest dignity, gave still greater influence in the state, and had the additional recommendation of operating as a bill of indemnity for him who might attain to it. But though this was no trifling advantage to a sinking statesman, who felt that he might any day be brought to account for the illegal severities that formed the glory and danger of his consulate, it might palliate, but could not justify, the willingness he showed to purchase it at a price which to all men, but most of all to him, ought to have been more costly than life or the highest dignities that can attend it. 'I am theirs,' he says, 'at the price of the augurship—wonder at my levity!' We may indeed wonder, and bewail as we wonder, at a levity so unpardonable in the master genius of his time! It is just to own that the intrinsic honesty of so fine a nature felt all the degradation of the politician's cowardice; for he adds, with touching sadness, 'But why occupy myself about things I wish to renounce? Would to heaven that I had always the same thought! But now, that experience has taught me that all I looked on as most enviable in life is mere vanity, I am determined to think of nothing but literature.'

The very independence that made this important dignity so desirable to Cicero, set against him the interest of Cæsar, who had determined on protecting him as a creature, or ruining him as a political influence, and was not likely to exchange the assurance he held from his fears for the uncertain expectation he might found on his gratitude. Sparing the pride, while neglecting the safety, of his eloquent friend, he palliated a refusal he would not forego, by the offer at intervals of posts which, if more dependent, were scarcely less noteworthy. One of these was a religious embassy to some remote temple, furnishing a senator, of consular authority, with an honourable motive for his absence from Rome. Another, more important,

was a place in the 'Commission of Twenty,' who, by the arbitrary arrangements of Cæsar, were charged with the distribution of the Campanian lands among twenty thousand Roman families, three or four thousand of whom were emancipated slaves; an office which would have won him, with some personal security which he professed to disdain, an amount of ridicule and political odium he had no heart to incur. A third offer, less equivocal but more singular, and which curiously illustrates the watchful solicitude of Cæsar's policy in the important crisis we are investigating, was a lieutenancy in the Gallic campaign which Cæsar was about to undertake, and which, unsuited as it was to Cicero's character and pursuits, seems to have caused his virtue some effort to refuse. 'It gives more security,' he writes, 'than the Commission, and leaves me more free in my movements. I do not refuse it, but can hardly feel that I should accept it.' But though he adds that he has no notion of running away, and is even eager for the affray with which Clodius threatens him, the next letter of his we have in the series proves that his boastful confidence was but one of the rhetorical indulgences with which his weakness was accustomed to favour itself. Avowing a sad uncertainty as to what he desires or intends, yet feeling himself under the necessity of ultimately declining the safe dependence offered him by Cæsar, he confesses that he has no stomach for the contentions opened to him through his refusal, and in the utter misery of his position throws himself for sympathy and support on the obliging friend, Atticus, whom he is addressing.

But among the many obstacles that opposed Cæsar's artful scheme for over-mastering Cicero, the strongest probably was the friendship and party affinities which made the orator's safety the highest of interests to a man who, though now subsiding into a colleague, had long been the first, and was still a prevailing influence in Roman politics, 'Pompey the Great.' The exuberant genius of Cicero, won perhaps by the very defects of a character which promised less a master than an instrument or friend, had long delighted itself in doing honour to the pleasing mediocrity of the conqueror of the East; and his oratory, in several interesting conjunctures, had surrendered to him its splendid services with a prodigality almost worthy of oriental serfage. But after the overthrow of Mithridates, followed by a long career of Asiatic glory and Roman influence, there came a time when Pompey was so heedless about what his plebeian friend had done for him, that Cicero exclaimed, in the vexation of soul which arises from the reaction of friendships which are no longer remembered but to repay service with wrongs, 'The

man secretly but visibly hates me; and there is nothing handsome, or natural, or noble, or frank, or generous, in any of his relations with me, personal or political.' Circumstances, however, which even then suggested caution to the man, who was not 'better but more secret than Cæsar,' had since so changed, that every day there was some sinister presage or other, to awaken suspicion that the great conqueror might yet want in weakness the magnificent resources he had been spurning in strength. Through the skill of Cæsar—bent, in every hypothesis of alliance or hostility, on rising by the ruin or degradation of his contemporaries*—people were already recognising the brilliant contrast between the magnanimity of the new aspirant, and the petty arts that marked his felicitous rival; and the arrogant conqueror of the East—so long exercising an influence in the counsels of Rome, unparalleled in that republic and unsafe in any—was descending into insignificance, under the very shadow of a surname which, implying the contrary, was becoming the most stinging of sarcasms. While the people took a malignant pleasure in seizing every occasion of checking the influence and mocking the waning glory of the old favourite, his own personal friends, and the more respectable members of the senate, saw with disgust that he sanctioned Cæsar's violent invasions of the constitution, lent himself, as one of his instruments, in distributing the state domains, authorised as one of the augurs the adoption of Clodius, and at last, formally joining in the audacious plan of his colleagues to concentrate every power of the state in their own hands, had ratified the treasonable league by accepting Cæsar as his father-in-law.

'Our celebrated friend,' says Cicero, 'so insolent under censure, so eager for public admiration, and so long living but in an atmosphere of glory, now bent in body and broken in spirit, knows not whither to betake himself. He sees the onward course precipitous, with return dubious; the good his enemies, the worthless not his friends. And then what softness of character! I could not withhold my tears when I saw him the other day defending himself against the edicts of Bibulus. He who hitherto, in that place, used to carry off everything with so high a hand, amid the enthusiasm of the people,

* 'Nescia virtus
Stare loco, solusque pudor non vincere bello:
Acer et indomitus quo spes quoque ira vocasset
Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parcere ferro:
Successus urgere suos, instare favori
Numinis; impellens quicquid sibi summa potenti
Obstarat; gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ.'
LUCAN, lib. i.

everybody in his favour, how spiritless was he, even to servility, so that, not only all who saw him, but he himself, must have felt the ignominy! What a sight! It could only have given pleasure to Crassus, even among his enemies: for it seemed as though he had fallen headlong, rather than descended, from his elevation; and just as I can fancy the grief of an Apelles or Protogenes, if witnessing their Venus or Ialysus contumeliously treated at some great festival, so I cannot survey without emotion the sudden dishonour which has befallen a picture on which I expended the utmost power of my art and richest colours of my imagination.'

The formal aid which Pompey had given to the plans of Clodius was but one of several circumstances to suggest to the orator the worthlessness of a connexion to which, with a dishonour rarely seen but in politics, both sides were still irresolutely clinging. The truth is, with every desire to be personally agreeable to Cicero, Pompey found himself in a position in which he was no longer the master of his own actions.

Alienated from the senate by his addiction to the populace, and from the populace by the superior arts of Cæsar,* the triumvirate became the necessity of his position, as it was the policy of Cæsar's, and the vanity of that of Crassus; and he was reluctantly compelled to sacrifice the position of his friend—as Augustus, later, his life—to the fiendish exigencies of a compact which alone could perpetuate the power he childishly idolised. It is possible, however, that this item in their bargain was not as definitively predetermined as the parallel matter in the second triumvirate. The importance of Cicero was for the moment and relatively less prominent, the urgency of the crisis less pressing; and it suited the character as well as the policy of Cæsar to disarm a powerful enemy less by vulgar violence than by those seductive artifices of which he was so accomplished a master.

We may hence explain why it is we find Pompey repeating to Cicero, from time to time, the most positive assurances of security, which, given it may fairly be assumed in good faith, were just as surely falsified in fact.

At one time Cicero learns that Clodius had passed his word to Pompey to desist from his 'persecutions;' at another, Pompey solemnly affirms to him, 'There is no possible danger,' and adds that 'he would rather be killed himself, than suffer the violence meditated to be done to him.' In a later letter, Cicero writes:—'Pompey has had some talk with Clodius, and,

* 'Ex his quæ Pompeio conferebantur ornamenta, et majori invidiæ expositum, et magis eam molestam populo efficere studebat Cæsar, ut illius tanto maturius satietas caperet populum.'—SUETONIUS.

as he himself informs me, some very warm talk. Pompey told him that it would be a perfidy and baseness that would cover him with every possible infamy, should he permit any injury to happen to me through one in whose hands he had, in some sort, placed arms, by permitting his adoption; that he had received his word of honour, and that of his brother Appius, to the contrary; and that if anything happened to violate it, he would take steps to show the world the price he placed upon my friendship. Clodius held out for a time, but at length, offering his hand, promised to do nothing against his wishes.'

Having thus to deal with the rude and impatient vindictiveness of Clodius, the well-defined interests, if not sympathies, of Pompey, and the instinct of self-preservation of Cicero,—so much at stake for each, and each a personage of the first order in influence,—the difficulty for Cæsar was not small in carrying through a policy which, though conflicting so essentially with theirs, yet asked all their aid, several if not joint, for its success. Denied a full insight into his views by the fragmentary character of the history that has reached us, we are yet enabled to see enough to prove at once the consciousness of his difficulties, and the firm, because clear-sighted, ability with which he vanquished them. For a time Clodius was to be sent to Armenia, as ambassador. When that honourable exile was declined with affected indignation, a succession of other impostures were set a-foot with semblances equally specious and illusive. Now Cæsar was understood to have quarrelled with him past hopes of reconciliation; now he was disposed to dispute even the legality of the adoption; now he was decided on obstructing his election as tribune; now he was pressing on Cicero offices that guaranteed him against the results of such an election; and now, through his influence aiding Pompey's, Clodius is made in words to forswear a vengeance for which he was unceasingly preparing the mind of the populace.

Nor do the arts of Cæsar appear to have confined themselves to evasive explanations or gracious overtures. The messenger of Atticus, reaching the presence of Cicero, finds that his letters have been lost on the way. A letter of Cicero, in response to a confidential communication from Atticus, appears to have been equally unfortunate; and there can be little doubt that, through the services of mutual friends, and the other forms of *espionage* which modern times would appear rather to have improved than invented, this great man was thoroughly advised as to all he had to hope or fear from the character, counsels, or action of his eloquent adversary.

The thoughts, the feelings, the behaviour of Cicero during the twelve months that preluded the triumphant election of his vengeful foe, partook of the vagueness and uncertainty of the position which all these complications naturally made for him. All ear for every whisper of intelligence, and every whisper of intelligence mastering his faculties without deciding his understanding; stopping every wayfarer from Rome with eager question to possess himself of the vaguest incident or the most random surmise that favoured the most doubtful of his hopes or the least reasonable of his expectations; receiving with extended arms every patrician spy who, like Curio, chose to purchase the honest confidence of his complaisant vanity by the pleasing falsehoods of a subtle imagination; unsettled on every subject, unfixed about every counsel, uncertain about every aid, hesitating about every friendship; vibrating between hopes and fears, interests and duties; occupied with projects of political action never realised, and schemes of works on geography and satirical history never even commenced; with a thousand plans, but not one defined course of action; discontented with every party in the proportion that he had given every party reason to be discontented with him; he forces us to feel the justice of a conviction which circumstances at length seem to have forced upon himself, and which a similar fate forced later on the Cicero of English history,—our own Lord Bacon,—that he ought never to have left that divine philosophy, for whose study nature had so admirably fitted him, as his own misapplication of genius had now in turn so admirably fitted him for her consolations. The free admission Cicero gives us, through his letters, into the most secret recesses of his conscience and being, like all the autographic confidences with which we are acquainted, adds little to our respect for the writer, or admiration for his genius. Scarcely one of the thousand things took place which Cicero expected, while nearly all that he regarded as absurd or impossible surely arrived. Seventeen years of turbulent agitation yet awaited this determined devotee of sweet philosophy. The senate he painted on the eve of a great and enduring triumph had seen its last glory, as Cato, its unbending champion, had seen his last prosperity. Though Pompey was temporarily discredited for his obsequiousness to Cæsar, eleven years of political ascendancy still stood between him and the dubious fortunes of Pharsalia. Cicero's fear for his own safety, scarcely visible in his apprehension for that of everybody else, was the only prevision which was stamped with the tragic impress of a dread fatality.

There was a power in action, as the ground of all their fears, but greater than all their fears painted, which set at defiance all the combinations of petty policy and all the provisions that were founded on them: we mean the mighty genius of Cæsar, which, as the kindred Sylla long before divined, decupled at once the talents and the popular influence of the bygone Marius. Reuniting the scattered members of the defeated but immortal faction which that great old man had bequeathed him, enkindling afresh the magic watch-fires of principles, projects, and hopes, which had been rather quickened than quenched in the misfortunes of past leaders, stimulating anew that vengeance which persists, in sleepless vigils, through successive generations in the bosom of an injured and discomfited populace, he stood at once the hope, the stay, and the glory of a democracy yet more aspiring than aggrieved, and already almost occupied the whole scene he was later to fill. Chosen, in the secret roll of Providence, slowly but inevitably to draw all things to himself, in him lay the destiny of Rome, and the fate of its statesmen; for *all*, the great secret of the future.

Ere the consulate of the year expired, another incident occurred, partially to withdraw the curtain which hides from us the crooked paths through which Cæsar was striding to his greatness. Vectius, a pretended member of the Catiline conspiracy, had so systematically betrayed its plans to Cicero, as consul, that he was evidently the character so well known in modern days, a secret agent of the police. Among his revelations, was Cæsar's complicity in the plot; and it is affirmed that he possessed an autograph letter demonstrative of the charge. Though Cæsar had succeeded in stifling the accusation, an unfavourable judgment had survived, which has settled into history; and it is possible that, affected at the time by the infamy of so humiliating a failure, his active mind was on the alert for some means of discrediting the chief authority for a fact so injurious to his political influence. The agency, too, was probably not the less welcome that, while tending to scare Pompey from the party he was naturally tending to by the fabrication of dangers not wholly impossible, it identified that self-important personage still more with the 'much ado about nothing' policy which was already his reproach and his ridicule. The spy and professional conspirator of the consul, Cicero had remained, of course, to fill the same office under Cæsar; and the first news we have about his concert in the second plot, is the step which appears at once to have begun and brought it to its termination. Securing by slow degrees the acquaintance of the young Curio, he cautiously opened to

him a project for assassinating Pompey and Cæsar, which, through the revelation of the young nobleman to his father, was in turn divulged to the intended victims. Vectius, taken into custody, was brought before the senate, denied every thing, till promised impunity, and then accused several senatorial leaders, including, first, the consular colleague of Cæsar, Bibulus, whom he called the chief of the plot; secondly, the young informer himself, Curio; and, lastly, and more especially, a certain senator of consular rank, remarkable for his eloquence, his old employer, Cicero, who had affirmed to him that 'the Republic needed a Servilius Ahala or a Brutus.' All this was mysterious, and the affair could not have rested here, if the preparations made to complete the inquiry had not been cut short by the news that Vectius, ordered back to prison by Cæsar, had been found there the next morning strangled.

How can we accurately estimate a transaction on which nineteen centuries have closed, and which in its own day was so diversely estimated? While Cicero says it was a plot hatched by Cæsar to discredit the senatorial party, Dion Cassius and Arrian assume it to have been a genuine scheme of the heads of the senatorial party to get rid of the triumvirs. But as its professed object was chiefly the murder of Pompey, and its avowed instrument nothing more than a tool of the ruling power of the day, it seems not impossible that the bitter repentance Pompey had just been expressing to Cicero for his humiliating share in the triumvirate, had reached the ears of Cæsar, who, conjoining with so marked a disaffection in his son-in-law the new-born zeal of Cato to raise him to the dictatorship, was hurried to a criminal resource which, whether its aim was to reconquer or remove Pompey, at the same time that he discredited or made away with a troublesome witness against himself, was equally recommended by the care of his repute and the necessity of his position. Whatever the explanation, we may say, in dismissing the subject, with Shakspeare,—

> 'Never did base and rotten policy
> Colour her working with more deadly wounds!'

The series of overtures from Cæsar, of promises by Pompey, and of duplicities in Clodius, ended, as the reader has foreseen, in the tribunitian triumph of the foe, and in leaving Cicero no occasion for the fine oratorical sarcasms which he confesses to have prepared for a different result. Tired, therefore, of 'uselessly counting the waves,' and 'forcing himself to literary works for which he had no heart,' he sought and received permission to

return to Rome, with the understanding of confining himself to those legal pleadings which had been the foundation of his remarkable fortunes. Once again on his favourite arena, the confidence, so severely shaken by recent events, rapidly revived. Re-established in his noble mansion, and exercising daily the magnificent powers which, by the confession of even rivals, made him the prince of advocates, the triumphs of his eloquence, helped by the adulations of grateful crowds, alive to his merit all the more that they had been long deprived of its display, soon renewed in him that old faith in his influence and fortunes, which had so often tempted him into exhibitions of self-complacency carried to the boundaries of a boastful temerity.

'In no shape,' he writes to Atticus, 'do I touch public affairs; all my industry is given to forensic labours, and I feel that my efforts tell not only upon those engaged in such matters, but upon the public generally. My house is literally besieged: the time of my consulate seems revived: the greatest devotion is expressed to me; and I am tempted to believe that the affray threatened me is not a thing to be any longer deprecated. Now is the time, then, for your faithful counsels and affection. Fly, then, to me: everything will be right, if I have you by my side.'.....'The republic is utterly gone: so much so, that Cato, who, however impracticable, is still a Roman, and still Cato, has just now only escaped with his life. He mounted the rostrum, and, as a private citizen, proposed Pompey as dictator. He escaped by a miracle from being killed.....This is the state of affairs: if Clodius summon me to trial, all Italy will be present to secure me the most glorious of triumphs: and should he resort to violence, I trust to be backed not only by all our friends, but by the people generally, so as to overcome force by force. All the world is with me, pledging themselves, their families, their friends, their clients, their servants, their slaves, even their money. Our old band, our tried friends, (the Knights,) are as devoted and zealous as ever; and, if there were any hitherto backward or lukewarm, they are joining us now through detestation of the tyrants. Pompey promises all sorts of things: Cæsar, likewise: but, with the utmost confidence in them, I omit no preparation.'

Clodius, however, having entered on his dreaded tribunate, the confidence of Cicero merges at once into an anxiety too painful to bear longer any rhetorical arts of concealment.

'Clodius throws out, and even denounces, I know not what terrors, while protesting the contrary to Pompey. In other matters he shows infinite stir and self-importance.....In the letters I gave the messenger, I urged you to come to me in terms so warm and importunate, that nothing can equal them.....In fact, I am tired of life, everything is so charged with all kinds of unhappiness.'

The first acts of the new tribune were marked by a decision and comprehensive ability, which dispose us the more to believe that the directing hand of Cæsar was behind them. The indigence of an enormous population, pent up in an inland city like Rome, that had no elements of commercial exchange, and scarcely any materials of even domestic industry, must have been far greater than the patriotism of their writers has allowed them to notice; and the mighty destinies that, at every hour, lay at the disposal of these famishing masters of the universe, suggest one of those startling anomalies which in all states indicate, as they surely produce, the disorder that affects their very existence. The wealthy, represented by the senate, had, naturally enough, often hazarded the greatest political dangers in the effort to spare their personal fortunes from the consequences of any large alimentary provision for the indigent; but the peril of the situation, and the practices of party leaders, and, most of all, perhaps, the absolute necessity of the circumstances themselves, had by degrees forced them to adopt, as a system, the plan of supplying food at reduced prices in periods of scarcity, and at intervals even to distribute the public lands among such of their poorer dependants as might be passed off as the most meritorious of the needy citizens.

The first of four projects which Clodius brought before the people, as early as the third day of his magistracy, was based on this, the most pressing, and, unfortunately, the least transitory, of public grievances; and aimed at giving about a fourth of the state revenues towards the subsistence of the populace. A similar proposition had been made forty years before by the tribune Saturninus, who, though succeeding with several measures of an equally popular tendency, had paid with his life the attempt to coerce the senate into a concession, all the more costly to them that it touched rather that tenderest point in their social nature, their pecuniary fortune, than those political privileges whose corporate loss admits of an appreciation much more dubious and impersonal.

The second law of Clodius sought to forbid the scandalous desecration of religion by which such of the senators as happened to be augurs were accustomed to stop the most important deliberations of the senate or people, by the simple declaration that, in observing the heavens for a sign, they had discovered some divine phenomena inauspicious to the proceedings of the day. As the tribunes had a veto on the decrees of the senate, the senate had thus what amounted to a corresponding check on the deliberations of the people; but with this difference, that the augurs, being elected by a

limited body for life, were more under individual or theocratic influence, and acted under less public responsibility, and with a steadier policy, than the representatives of the people; and, in that very proportion, did the prostitution of the most sacred ordinances of religion to the factious necessities of the hour exasperate the asperities of political warfare, while offering an example of hypocrisy and irreligion in high places most mischievous to the faith and morals of the country.

Still better to organize the populace for the political conflicts to which the imperfections of its laws devoted the republic, Clodius, by a third bill, proposed to re-establish and extend certain trade-guilds recently abolished under the dictatorial sway of Sylla. The mystic confederations which have spread through the world from the sacerdotal recesses of the East, and which are so extensively represented in our own order of Freemasons, seem, at this period, to have secured a firm and, it may be, a useful footing among the higher classes of Roman artisans. Essentially democratic in their leanings, their natural tendency to seek and attain influence in the war of factions had made these bodies a formidable aid to Marius in his contentions with the senate; and it was generally felt that Clodius, in now reinvesting them with a legal character, and extending their privileges, was erecting a power which would, one day, tell with considerable effect on the supremacy of the order he had just deserted.

His fourth law, though touching but the senators, who were no longer to be removable by the arbitrary decision of two of their fellow members, called censors, tended, similarly, to add power to the democracy by assuring the more popular senators against a contingency sufficiently probable in the fanatical excesses, into which either party were likely to be tempted in a period of excited ascendancy.

The proposal of these laws opened a position to Cicero he had not contemplated in any of the famous contingencies he had been so lucidly predicting in his correspondence with Atticus, and threw him and the senate under no trifling difficulties in the choice of a useful, or even becoming, line of policy. To pass them was not only to submit to a large sacrifice of public treasure that lay at their disposal, but to trust the state, in a great measure, to the good sense and moderation of its most democratic elements, the populace and their leaders. To resist, on the other hand, was to essay a constitutional conflict, when they were disunited, deserted by their leaders, without authority, and without that earnest devotion among themselves to the cause of their party which could

alone sustain them through the sacrifices it might demand. Add to this, that the army and people were in the hands of the chief who was the real author of the laws; and that he had repeatedly shown, during the tyranny he was now wielding, that he respected no form of legality, in carrying out the measures he had once decided upon.

If we are to believe Dion Cassius, Cicero had at one time determined to resist the passing of these laws, and had even secured a tribune with the hardihood necessary to proclaim the important 'veto;' but, as usual, some fine promises on one side, aided, of course, by some friendly counsels on another, were gladly permitted to out-balance a little uncertain and fitful vigour; and thus his enemy had the triumph of striking the first great blow, and of making the most fundamental changes in the Roman constitution without the semblance of an opposition. He had now not long to wait to learn the value of the assurances on which he had been relying. The energetic tribune immediately brought forward a decree, which renewed the solemn declaration often made before, that 'it was a high crime to put to death a Roman citizen unless after public trial before his peers.' It is scarcely necessary to recall the important fact that Cicero, in vindicating the law against Catiline and his accomplices, had had the vigour to follow the precedents of Nasica and Opimius in the case of the Gracchi, and of Marius in the case of Saturninus and Glaucias; —precedents which seemed to countenance the consuls in putting to death in a time of crisis treasonable citizens without the formality of a public trial, or the assent of the people. But it was the wise and noble spirit of the Republic to consider sacred the persons of its citizens, to attribute to each the mystic prerogatives that elsewhere were given to kings, and to invest them in the eyes of foreign nations with a majesty that might not be violated under any conceivable contingency; and there appears indeed to have existed in its old fundamental jurisprudence the well-ascertained theory, that it was only when a citizen had been deprived by the vote of the people of his august rights of Roman nationality—in fact, solemnly subjected to a sort of civil excommunication from the body politic, of which he had been an integral member—that he could become accessible to the infamies of a felon's death. By a beautiful illusion, whose influence on individual character, as on external development, it would be difficult to over-estimate, the honour of the whole social body was supposed to reside in each member, on whom a mysterious pact conferred the qualities of all; and to be a Roman, no matter where he found himself, was to

be as inviolate as the state itself. In addition to the law *de provocatione ad populum*, passed by Valerius Publicola, and twice renewed by members of his family, four laws, enacted, three by Porcius Læca, the fourth by the celebrated Sempronius Gracchus, absolutely forbade the scourging or execution of a Roman citizen; and we have a remarkable instance of the respect paid even much later to the spirit of this legislation, when the provincial ruler in the New Testament trembles to hear that St. Paul is a Roman citizen, and, notwithstanding the infamy under which the prisoner labours as a Jewish Christian, at once decides on transmitting him to the capital.

There can be no doubt that the energetic severity of Cicero had violated Roman law, not less than it must be admitted to have violated the principles of general justice, and was without excuse, except in the substantial equity of the punishment, and the administrative convenience of its immediate application. But such a defence is obviously pregnant with dangers, especially for political parties subject to the mutabilities of fortune, and to the excesses of factional triumph or revenge. It was thus fair—nay, it was certainly wise—to lay down clearly, or rather to re-establish laws whose validity stood impeached by so remarkable a violation; and the necessity for the step was only the greater that the illegality was illustrious, and had won a general acceptance. However humiliating, therefore, for Cicero, his only prudent course was to assent in quiet to a statutory declaration which, taken alone, had only an inferential application, and which, in reference to the public, harmonized with the just and enlightened view of his country's jurisprudence he was himself so well fitted to take.

Unfortunately he thought otherwise. Imparting to the measure the sting its authors, despite their secret wishes, had hesitated to confer on it, he decided that the moment had arrived which asked from him all the perilous energy on which he had so long brooded, and which on the proper occasions was always fated to fail him. It must be owned, however, that there was much to tempt him to a premature trial of his strength. He had the support of the knights, a numerous and powerful order; he enjoyed a large popularity through the Italian states; the son of Crassus, the triumvir, was his devoted partisan; Pompey was profuse in his assurances and pledges; and the fact was probably another element in his calculation, that Cæsar, at the head of his legions, on the eve of departing for Gaul, was still keeping open for him the lieutenancy he had so often promised. If he were fated to succumb, it must be con-

fessed that he was much in the position of the poet* who, comparing his sensations with the professional assurances that surrounded him, discovered that he was perishing under the most favourable symptoms.

But, among his encouragements, the offer of Cæsar had its qualifications, and was to be dealt with by itself, and now without delay. The moment was past when the ingenious orator might amuse himself with the childish idea that three months before gave him hopes of 'converting his *facile* friend into a good citizen.' The master-spirit, who was so easily to be played with, had now flung contemptuously before him the less flattering alternative of accepting his opposition with that of the rest, or of vowing to him a devoted service. In the one case he risked a perilous struggle; in the other he had but the dubious compensation of an uncongenial military command, and a protection owed to his enemy. Cicero preferred the former, relying mainly, we may suppose, on the handsome promises of Pompey, who insisted that his enemies alone could advise his leaving Rome. On the other side we are enabled to appreciate the feelings of Cæsar under the refusal, from the confession he made to Cicero some ten years later:—'I set myself against you only when it was made clear that you preferred shipwreck at another's hands to safety, and even honour, at mine.'

Aware of what his choice meant, and committed at length to a decided course of policy, Cicero dared the first hostile step in publicly attempting to induce Pompey to exchange his triumvirate for that senatorial lead which events were to force on him some ten years later. But without making much of the fact that 'Cæsar's arts outmanœuvred his,' as he affirms to explain his failure, it was clearly as desirable to Pompey to be serf to Cæsar, as to dissuade Cicero from any similar relation. Son-in-law to Cæsar, passionately attached to his young and interesting wife, and enjoying, in indolent repose, an influence in Rome which, by the absence of the other triumvirs, was soon to be all but supreme, he might feel the advantage of keeping such a man as Cicero in reserve for the contingencies of a dark and menacing future, without experiencing any temptation, even under the eloquence of his friend, to a conflict in which, from the sure union of the two other triumvirs, he was promised at best but dubious fortunes.

The result of Pompey's pledges, therefore, to which the deepest debt of gratitude lent the most solemn of sanctions, amounted,

* Pope.

now that the moment of action had come, but to one of those chilling negations which flow in from so many unexpected quarters on every well ascertained adversity. It remained for Cicero to try a less sordid court of appeal,—the people; and, after the unmanly usage of the time, this distinguished statesman, the loftiest exponent of a noble philosophy the world had seen since the days of Plato, submitted to present himself in ragged apparel, and with begrimed aspect, as the abject and suffering petitioner of the Roman rabble.

Despite the fact that the degradation, so meanly volunteered, was a hackneyed resource to which crime, no less than misfortune, had long habituated the Roman people, the popular manners, the charming eloquence, the pure character of Cicero, still made it a scene not ill-calculated to rouse the popular indignation against a system of rule, which was generally felt to be but tyranny in disguise.

Clodius therefore, as might be expected, was soon on the alert, delighted, in a position of public power, to be at length sure of an encounter in which his vanity was to find a satisfaction enhanced to keenness by the sense that it was the first draught of a long withheld vengeance. Surrounded by a devoted band of reckless followers, he encountered the old statesman as he was proceeding on his miserable errand, laughed to scorn his changed mien and abject prayers, and presided, in vulgar triumph, over the mud and stones which served as the accompaniment of his mockeries, and which forced the wretched petitioner to a precipitate flight.

This disgraceful incident had of course its reactive influence; and the watchword having hastily passed, a large body of Cicero's partisans,—*la jeunesse dorée* of Rome,—who are estimated by himself as twenty thousand, assembled on the Capitoline Hill, under the leadership of young Crassus, and proceeded to the senate, placing at their head the celebrated orator Hortensius and the elder Curio.

This was the important blow no doubt which Cicero had long been meditating, and as its worth, apart from the influence of the triumvirs, depended mainly on the two new consuls who wielded for the year, at all events nominally, the executive authority of the state, it may repay us to learn something about the character and policy of this singular pair of republican functionaries. It is a misfortune for them, which, in the year of their official greatness, they did not perhaps foresee, that we are indebted for nearly all we know of them to the slighted scholar who had the most to complain of them. 'The ill report' we gather from his 'abstract and brief chronicle of the

time,' has left them, two thousand years after their death, with what may emphatically be called 'a bad epitaph;' and if, in that age of avowed atheism and deep spread demoralisation, they were not worse men than the general body of their brother senators, the characters of them we owe to the angry justice of the orator are extremely valuable as a picture of the social degradation which awaits the most accomplished members of a civilised state, when the human intellect succeeds in withdrawing itself, not only from all the teachings, but from all the fears of a preternatural sanction.

The triumvirate had divided the new consulate very fairly between Calphurnius Piso, the father-in-law of Cæsar, and Gabinius, the creature of Pompey,—both men of about the same mediocrity of talent, but set off with a thorough contrast of character.

Both were addicted to sensual pleasures in their most crapulous forms; but while Gabinius sought to relieve his by the arts of a foppish refinement, Piso carried into them all the filth of an open and systematic animalism. One, curled, perfumed, painted, looked the very character of nameless infamy his earlier life was supposed to have represented, and, living but for wine, debauchery, and gambling, his one aim was to extract from his consulate that pecuniary ease and free career of vicious pleasures his other offices had as yet failed to secure him. The other, if we may believe Cicero, was foul in person, shabbily, nay, filthily attired, his skin like 'the smoke-dried images of the ancestors stowed away in his back kitchen;' his teeth were foul, his hair uncombed and in disorder; he was morose in manner, coarse in appetites, and addicted to low tippling in the society of his servants; but, on the strength of being austere in aspect, caustic in speech, and neglectful of outward appearances, aimed to secure among the groundlings the ancestral reputation of being a philosopher of almost stoic severity, and a patriot of Cato-like disinterestedness.

Such were the two men whose decisions were of so much importance in the popular movement that now divided the city. As Cicero had hailed their election, as men marking to him friendly dispositions, and as particularly one of them, the father-in-law of Cæsar, was, first, related to him through a marriage of near kinship, had, secondly, profited by the advantage of his confidential service in the matter of his election, and, in the third place, had fixed for the year his senatorial precedence immediately after that of Pompey and Crassus, he might not unreasonably have supposed that the demonstration just made at the Capitol was all that his two consular friends

required to make them declare themselves, with the senate, energetically in his favour.

But, as if the unhappy man's illusion were to be in the proportion of his confidence, both consuls had already made their bargain with Clodius, and were prepared—the creature of Pompey not more than the relative of Cicero—to give full effect to the subtle but politic malignity of the great mind that was moving them all. The 'two province-brokers, rather than first magistrates,' as Cicero later bitterly called them, knew that the agitating tribune, through the exigencies of a policy of which he was himself but a blind and vengeful instrument, had become the all-important authority of the moment; and the sacrifice of Cicero must have appeared to them a small consideration against the two best and most profitable pro-consulates of the empire, which were set against it as the prizes that awaited the expiration of their office. When the friends of Cicero, therefore, presented themselves in the senate, the elegant Gabinius, presiding in the absence of Piso, undertook the task of giving them the reception the preconcerted plan required; and although the multitude was undoubtedly vast, and, being headed by the majority of the senate, pressed in upon him under circumstances not without their danger, it is certain that this consular popinjay, this poor painted butterfly of a man, as he is described to us, steadfastly repelled, with haughty discourtesy, the threatening offensiveness of their mediation, and maintained throughout the trying scene a sustained dignity that recalls rather his country's reputation, than the one its history has given himself.

Contemporary with the rising of the senate, occurred a formal convocation of the people, under the all-active authority of Clodius, at which Gabinius, who had just made his escape from the multitude of patrician petitioners, presented himself with his colleague. Formally bringing under the notice of that tribunal the grave attempt that had been made to overawe the deliberations of the senate, he summarily exercised his authority in banishing the leader, Curio, two hundred miles from the city, and was only prevented from similar measures of severity to Hortensius, the orator, and others, by the personal violence they had received from the people the moment that, by the tribune's order, they appeared before the assembly.

Interrogated now by Clodius,—who seems to have had the art of fully using his advantages,—as to his formal judgment on the informalities of Cicero's consulate, Gabinius replied, 'that he had ever been opposed to all cruelty; that it was a great mistake to suppose that the senate possessed at present the extraordinary

powers it had been accustomed to wield; and that the time was come when those who had been unrighteously menaced during the consulate of Cicero should receive justice.' Piso having pronounced a similar judgment on a like appeal, Clodius adjourned the assembly to some suitable place outside Rome, in order to obtain the concurrence of Cæsar, who, as a general in actual command of an army, was forbidden by republican discipline to reside in the city.

Cæsar's declaration partook of the clearness of the position he had all along established for himself. In the highest degree just, as regarded the jurisprudence of the country, it was even conciliatory as regarded its application, and accurately contrasted with the suicidal policy of Cicero, who, by some curious fatality, was strenuously maintaining the worst of principles in the best of causes, and to the danger of the worthiest of individuals.

No sooner was the great constitutional principle formally recognised in the public assembly of the people, with the assent of their principal magistrates, than Clodius, whose triumph had been doubled by the ill-concerted measures of his opponents, gave notice of a law he proposed to found on it,—the banishment of Cicero.

The prospect which was now to present itself to this graceful scholar and illustrious orator was certainly as dark and threatening as ever tried the courage or tested the virtue of the unhappy nobility of genius. He might well doubt if he could command a second attendance of his twenty thousand knights and young nobles, after the humiliating defeat their premature movement had exposed them to. He could no longer be sure that at his invitation, as he had so often vaunted, partisans from every corner of Italy would crowd to his assistance; and if he could command both advantages, of what avail would they be against the lawless though lawfully organized forces they would have to meet? The consuls, the executive chiefs of the state, were now his declared enemies; Cæsar was identified with the other side; Crassus neutral; Pompey rather worse than inert; the senate and the respectable part of the people overawed; while the arch-foe Clodius, wielding alone the great tribunitian power of the republic, had only to act as the desperate instrument of the Marian party, to be assured of having Rome at his feet so long as the disgraceful subjugation harmonized with the projects of the unseen autocrat who directed all.

Nor, as might be expected from his character, were the public declarations and threats of the tribune less haughty than

his position. He proudly proclaimed that he acted in concurrence with the triumvirate and the consuls; that the wealth of Crassus, the personal service of Pompey, and, if necessary, even the army of Cæsar, were at his command, in the event of an emergency; and that if Cicero had the temerity to measure his strength with him, he would have to win twice to succeed once; for that, the tribune dead, the consuls still remained. He took due care, too, to put his acts on a level with the energy of his phrases. He enrolled bands of slaves; formed volunteer corps of his own followers in every district of the city; turned the temple of Castor into a depôt of arms, while making it a defensible post; and, finally, he ordered the closing of the senate, in readiness for the insurrection he seems to have thought impending. But he had already achieved his victory. When Cicero found himself deserted by his chief hope, Pompey, who had refused him even an interview; with no safe adviser by his side, no sure assistance anywhere, his whole recent experience a series of treacheries, defections, and defeats, as unexpected as they were unexampled; and finally found himself counselled, even by Cato, to that policy of submission which harmonised so happily with his own weakness,—he bowed to his destiny, literally quailed under the terror of his ill fortunes, and, like some eastern slave, stood prepared to exhaust the humblest resources of intrigue, and to go through the whole series of personal degradation, rather than accept that last resort to force, so long foreseen, so often proudly challenged, and now so basely fled from.

Painfully vibrating between the alternatives of suicide or flight, which remained the only remedies offered to him by his disturbed imagination, he of course decided on the less energetic; and thus furnishes us with another proof that in those greater and more critical perplexities of life which call for the highest exercise of our reason, men are governed almost wholly by their *characters*,—a discrepancy the more unfortunate that it is exactly then that character is often our worst adviser. As Socrates, under the censure of his fellow citizens, offered a cock to Esculapius, this philosophical worshipper of the only true God paid a similar tribute to the weakness men ever experience under the pressure of a grave misfortune. His last act at Rome was the solemn donation to the Capitoline Temple of a statue of Minerva, whose attributes he trusted would recall his own services to the city, and whose special protection he now reproachfully invoked upon his exile. Availing himself of the sad hour of midnight, he left the city, accompanied by his household and the more faithful of his advisers, one of whom, the amiable Atticus, before parting with him, placed in his

hands, as a gift rather than loan, a munificent sum amounting to about two thousand pounds of our money; while the rest expressed, with noisy demonstrations, the grief inspired by so illustrious a proof of the instability of fortune, and of the political ruin of the republic.

Clodius, encouraged to additional energy, rather than soothed to inaction, by the quailing of his enemy, convoked the same morning a meeting of the people, and, having warmed the zeal of his supporters by the pecuniary means usual in every popular struggle, triumphantly passed the decree of banishment.

Amid the fluctuations of an ever restless and ever changing republic, in which the balance of power was vibrating over the whole range of the constitutional scale, and force had been too often brought in to decide rival pretensions of right to make any other tribunal of much consequence, we must not be surprised that jurisprudence, even in its fundamentals, was worse than obscure, wholly unsettled, or that the chiefs of parties, sometimes the people themselves, were content, under the actual dissolution of Roman society, with a very distant semblance of law whenever there was an interest or passion of the moment to be indulged. It would hence seem that the decree of Clodius, though operative as law, was deficient in every attribute of legality but its form. It was passed by a tumultuous assembly, convoked suddenly, without notice to the accused, deliberating, or rather voting under intimidation, not on a general affair of the state, but on the private fortunes of a single individual; and meeting, not in their juridical partition as classes and families, but under the ruder organization caused by their assemblage as tribes. But, once passed, the law fell under the care of the executive authorities, who, as might have been guessed, were not persons likely to be obstructed in a main object of policy by any nice scruples suggested by a legal technicality.

Clodius lost no time in adding confiscation to banishment. Ordering the princely mansion which Cicero possessed on Mount Palatine, near the Forum, to be levelled with the ground, he appropriated a portion of the soil to the enlargement of his own grounds,—transferred the more precious portion of the furniture to Piso, while making over to his other partner in crime, Gabinius, the contents of the beautiful villa at Tusculum,—acts of magisterial indelicacy expressive of the character of the epoch, and which arose, in part, from the unwillingness of the public to participate in the sales required by the law, and under the colour of which these iniquitous transfers

appear to have been made. The ground on which stood the town habitation of Cicero had a rare value for the public from the beauty and convenience of its site; and when Clodius had detached the portions he required for his own use, he adroitly conjoined to the rest a piece of ground, which had long before been confiscated, the property of a man convicted of sedition, and, erecting upon the whole a magnificent colonnade, solemnly dedicated it as a temple to the goddess of liberty, and presented it to the Roman people under what he intended to be the irrevocable sanction of a religious consecration. Nor for ears unfamiliar with the private history of the Roman deities, and with the base uses to which the noblest part of man—his religious nature—can be degraded, would it be just to forget that when Cicero subsequently took the trouble of tracing the fortunes of the goddess whom Clodius had installed as the new owner of his comfortable property, he discovered, as he tells us, that she had been recently extracted from a tomb in Bœotia, in which she had long lain by the side of a famous harlot, whose features she reproduced, and whose remembrance it was her sole business to perpetuate. If, as the old adage says, 'every wood will not do for the making of a MERCURY,' it would seem that the materials which, in the hands of a Clodius or a Robespierre, suffice to represent two other deities, generally thought as respectable, LIBERTY and REASON, may be chosen more promiscuously.

Following the fallen fortunes of Cicero, we find that, in the anxious hope of receiving the visits of his friend and adviser, Atticus, he lingered some time upon the coast of Naples, proposing to pass over later to the beautiful island of Sicily, whose interests he had officially protected at Rome, and from whose shores he was separated only by the narrow sea which forms the northern extremity of the Straits of Messina. Denied the consolation of an interview which he had so often and earnestly sought, and afflicted by news from Rome that the successful faction had increased the severities of his banishment, and were interfering with the comforts and security of his family, the yet severer mortification awaited him of being excluded from the favourable asylum he had so fondly counted on, by a formal prohibition coming from one of the oldest and most obliged of his political friends, who was then its governor.

Asia Minor and the northern parts of Greece remained; but while Asia had just escaped from the extortionate government of his own brother Quinctus, and promised an indifferent welcome, Macedonia and Epirus were about to pass under the rule of his

consular enemy Piso. Preferring the latter destination, at all events for the interval, he found, when determining to make his way to Brundisium, the great eastern port of Italian embarcation, that in addition to the other dangers incident to his position, a former schoolfellow, one Antronius, who had shared in the Catilinian conspiracy and defeat, and who now therefore was his deadly enemy, was infesting, with the aid of banditti, the two southern shores of the Adriatic. After much fear and many hesitating marches and counter-marches, the unfortunate exile at length reached Brundisium and took sail. Landing in safety on the Grecian coast, he proceeded across the country about two hundred miles to Thessalonica, where he had been assured of a safe asylum by the quæstor, Cn. Plancus, who generously placed at his disposal his own house and personal services.

The series of letters which Cicero now addressed to Rome, during the eighteen months his exile lasted, have been preserved for us; but it would be as wearisome as useless to follow him through all their sad and humiliating inconsistencies. That their general character is lachrymose and dejected, impatient and peevish, suspicious and repining, absurdly exacting on one side, while abjectly subservient on the other; in one word, that the great man who was accustomed to pray his friends to esteem him rather as a philosopher than as an orator, demonstrated in the hour of trial Goldsmith's pithy truth, that 'Philosophy, a fine steed of the stable, is but a poor nag on the highway;'—all this is what the course of our narrative must have prepared us to expect; but that the dishonour should have taken the disgusting forms which his own hand has immortalised for us, is what no knowledge of literature or experience of men would *à priori* have made credible.

'His fall is from the summit of happiness into the deepest abyss of human wretchedness,' and is, of course, 'without a parallel in history.' 'He is so stupefied by his extraordinary reverse, so subject to relieve his grief in torrents of tears and endless sobbings, that he can write but with difficulty even to a brother.' 'Changed in every feature by his distress of mind, to the point of defying the recognition of his dearest friends, he looks more dead than alive, and can hardly plead that he has not lost his reason.' 'The insupportable element in his misery is not so much his misfortunes as the ever present remembrance that his own palpable folly and cowardice caused them.' 'It was, however, all the fault of Atticus that he assented to that mischievous measure of Clodius for extending the rights of

Roman citizenship to the working guilds, just as it was the base treachery of Pompey, Hortensius, Curio, and Cato, which led him into the folly of a resistance, and of a flight equally premature and equally fatal.' 'His mistake, or rather his crime, was not to have struggled manfully to the last, and then to have died by his own hand, rather than yield.' 'Even at present, to support his misery longer than there should exist a reasonable prospect of his recall, would be the sheerest cowardice; and if he now live on a while, it is merely out of condescension for the feelings of his family, especially of that good and tender wife' whom he was to repudiate as soon as he got back. But 'with all his desire to be useful to them, he will not promise to live longer than the end of the year, if matters do not mend.' Nay, on further reflection, he thinks Atticus 'will do well to assign him at once in one of his fields enough of earth to supply him with a tomb, become now his only desire and hope.'

Such is the general character of this long correspondence,—the most eloquent Jeremiad, save, perhaps, the *De Tristibus* of another Roman, which man has ever dedicated to the story of his personal misery and weaknesses in the state of exile, and whose want of manhood and dignity disgusted even the Epicurean facility of his warmest adherent Atticus; a correspondence which, coming from a patriot and philosopher, contains not a single intimation of concern for the perishing fortunes of that republic which it was his chief glory to have saved, nor one expression which permits us to infer that there existed in his ideas a sacrifice, from the highest to the lowest, which he was prepared to forego in his own cause, or undergo in that of any one else.

In the mean time, it must be owned that the cardinal affair of his recall went on, with sufficiently slow and varying phases of fortune, to justify much of that heart sickness which proverbially follows a hope deferred. Cato, his steadiest friend, the man best fitted to keep the senate true to his cause, had yielded to the pressure of a despotism he still refused to recognise, and had allowed himself to be removed by the vigorous policy of Clodius on a foreign mission. The senate, however favourable, could do nothing efficiently, during the first year of his exile, without the assent of the consuls, Piso and Gabinius, and were besides stopped by a decree of the people, forbidding the question to be even mooted. Pompey, if every day more disgusted with the insolence, was every day more intimidated by the violence of Clodius, and would do nothing without the formal assent of Cæsar, who, being in Gaul, could only be consulted after long delays. Then propositions which suited the

triumvirs did not suit Cicero, who pretended to dictate terms the moment it appeared that terms were not to be dictated to him; and thus the year wore through, until on one side new consuls and tribunes came into office, and, on the other, Cicero, getting warning that the troops of Piso were beginning to approach his residence, hastily returned to Dyrrachium, a port on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, which brought him into easier communication with the capital. But, as events had slowly converged to decree the exile, they were now, upon the whole, just as surely converging to secure its repeal. The great moral and political aim of the chastisement had been answered; the inordinate and insupportable pretensions of the upstart statesman had received the lesson which the justice of God and man seems ever to keep in wait for such offensive exhibitions of human vanity. The whole moral system of the man had disappeared. Far from profiting by so glorious an occasion of establishing his consistency as a philosopher, and completing his glory as a man, he had deservedly become the pity of the good, the contempt of the great, the sneer of the insignificant, and had descended into that political nullity, without principles and without character, to which the arch-politician had aimed at reducing him.

From the very efficacy of the punishment followed, of course, the uselessness of the rod. Clodius had done his duty so well, that he had lost all that gave him political importance; and Cæsar, who had consented, for a time, to use the handsome rake that had been caught burrowing in disguise through the apartments of his wife, was not the man to prolong the defilement beyond the needs of his policy. Pompey, too, who owed to him the greatest disgrace of his life,—his cowardly abandonment of the man who had achieved so much of his greatness,—was beginning to find that the demagogue was at once a trouble for his ambition, and a danger for his life. Not only was the son of the king of Armenia daringly stolen from under his protection for the profits Clodius expected from the ransom, but on another occasion a slave met the triumvir, as he entered the senate, and, dropping, in his fear, a dagger he had concealed about his person, avowed the murderous subornation of his master, Clodius. Nay, even his own house, to which he retired on this proof of danger, is said to have been attacked and held in siege by a gang of the tribune's friends; and we may infer Pompey's helplessness from his not only allowing the attempts to go unpunished, but tamely resolving to remain at home until the installation of the new magistrates. The violence of Clodius, however, only made more certain his isolation. With

the senate, the triumvirs, the consuls, and the majority of the tribunes against him, he was supported only by the lower portion of the populace; and, finding himself excluded from the magistracies of the following year, to which precedent gave him some title, he was unwise enough to demonstrate his anger and its impotence, by absurd attempts to confiscate the property of Gabinius, and to cancel as illegal the whole consulate of Cæsar.

The senators, who were gradually recovering a portion of their old importance amid the growing coolness between their oppressors, felt, with increasing force, that policy no less than a sense of their own dignity required the immediate recall of their injured colleague, and, strengthened by the accession of the new magistrates and the countenance of the triumvirate, bestirred themselves actively to bring the business to a conclusion. Unable, however, to overcome the obstructions interposed by two tribunes who were ably supported by the factious violence of Clodius, they vigorously resolved to entertain no other business till this was disposed of, passed votes of thanks to the municipalities by whom Cicero had been courteously received, and forwarded orders to all governors in whose territories he might be staying to pay him the honours due to his consular rank. Having finally succeeded in voting his return, they convoked a general assembly of all the citizens of the empire to confirm their decision, and, immediately after this act of legislative decision, proceeding in a body, with Pompey at their head, to witness the public games which the consul Lentulus was then giving the people, were gratified to find, by the applause with which they were greeted, and the opprobrium which fell upon the courageous Clodius, when he also showed himself, that public opinion was in favour of their proceedings. The players, of course, whose practised sympathies are ever ready to 'mirror the age and body of the time,' warmly fell in with the prevailing humour; and all were astonished at the felicitous ability with which the actors shot home, and at the apt acumen with which the audience applied every passage which bore on the mischief of a brutal demagogy, the sorrows of an unjust exile, and the glories of an enlightened patriotism. The popular sentiment thus expressed was re-echoed by the general convocation which took place on the 4th of August in the most solemn manner permitted by the Roman constitution; and, with the exception of a manly speech on the part of Clodius, and the opposition of two or three of his friends, every voice voted the recall of a citizen who, a few months before, had skulked out of the city as one of its greatest malefactors.

Cicero was received, both on his way back and at his return, with that popular enthusiasm which, under its most startling recantations, happily knows neither remembrance of wrong nor consciousness of shame, and which recalls to us the naïve wonder of the restored Charles, who, borne along by the fervid acclamations of his 'good people,' could not get over the 'absurdity' of his long absence. In successive speeches to the senate and people, the great orator lost no time in favouring his benefactors with that wonderful eloquence which no doubt counted for much in the joys of his return; and, as we read the two harangues, happily preserved to our own time, it would seem as though the magnificent power of amplification which characterized his style, hardly sufficed to do justice to the extraordinary feelings of self-complacency with which he surveys the circumstances of his return. His inordinate vanity, so often gratified, won now its highest triumph,—a triumph that reached the transport of a heaven in the perfection of the contrast which accompanied it; and his greatest fear, as he tells the Romans, 'is that a day so wonderful in its glory may raise a suspicion that he had planned the whole affair of his exile as a step to its attainment, a price which, however costly, would yet be far below the value of the purchase.'

But, whatever the hopes of the senate, or feeling of the public, which thus concurred to renew the splendour of his old popularity, it was soon certain that, never a stern, Cicero was returned not even a trimming, defender of their rights. The political excitement with which his own fortunes had recently occupied the republic, having concurred, with other causes, in producing a scarcity of provisions, was followed by mutinous demonstrations favourable to the Clodian party; and Cicero lost no time in availing himself of the occasion for proposing a law which invested Pompey with almost regal prerogatives. He was to provision Italy during five years; to have at his disposition the treasures of the state; and to be at the head of a large fleet and standing army, with jurisdiction over all the governors of provinces. Cæsar, as the second arbiter of his destinies, soon required of course similar testimonies of his servitude; and thus was the important influence of this great statesman lent in the support of those extraordinary powers which were gradually infusing monarchical institutions into the system of the republic.

It was in vain Cato, and the sincerer friends of Roman freedom, who knew that they could not have the conveniences of despotism without ultimately yielding to the institution itself, protested against the dangers of the new policy. Cicero,

who excused himself on the customary grounds of temporary expediency, and the importance of staving off the evil day, had in truth no other policy than to be again master of his property, and secure against new proscriptions. It may be doubtful whether the state was then worthy the sacrifices of patriotism, or had not arrived at a period too late for their usefulness; but there can be no doubt that Cicero was inwardly resolved to weather through the present crisis by making no more of them. He was so far successful in his strategy, that, while commanding the influence of the triumvirate, he did not wholly estrange the amity of the senators. The college of augurs, without committing themselves clearly in his favour, decided on offering no impediment to his recovery of the soil which had been consecrated away from his possession; and the senate voted him, for his other losses, a sum amounting to about sixteen thousand pounds of our money,—an indemnity estimated on so parsimonious a scale that it evidenced, he complains, rather the reluctance of a compulsory justice than the generous enthusiasm which had saluted his return. On all sides, indeed, he was felt to have receded from his old position, and to have bent a neck, always too flexible before military greatness, to the oligarchic yoke under which the proud spirits of the nobler Romans were writhing in indignant bitterness, half conscious that the present degradation was but the porchway to the lower depths of an autocracy. But he had come back, under contract, the puppet of the triumvirs, and he had nothing for it but to remain so. 'They had clipped his wings,' as he tells us, and 'they had no notion,' as he takes care to add, 'of letting them grow again.'

The now isolated Clodius, who had opposed all the recent measures of the senate with his customary steadiness and daring, met with open force the attempt to rebuild a private house on the ground which, as he indignantly protested, had been solemnly consecrated to one of the deities. Treating the undertaking as an illegal outrage on the public faith, he suddenly appeared on the spot with several of his servants, dispersed the workmen, overturned or set fire to their constructions, and extended the destruction even to the neighbouring house of the orator's brother.

This is the last circumstance which connects Clodius with the exile of Cicero; and, with the inconsistency which history has inwoven into the whole of his public life, he is represented to have been favoured in it with the same impunity which has surprised us in the record of his antecedent audacity. But without attempting to rescue him from even the excesses of an

infamy which he owes, in part at least, to the mischance which delivered his life to the record of none but unfriendly pens, let us now dismiss him with the concluding statement, that, after signalising eighteen more months by a continuance of his old broils, in which he appears to have risked his own life at least as freely as he risked the lives of his opponents, he was surprised by Milo, the stern and attached friend of Cicero, and, being overpowered with his few attendants by a superior band of trained gladiators, was murdered within view, says the triumphant Cicero, of a temple of that *Bona Dea* whose rites he had three years before sacrilegiously violated.

The colleagues or opponents, whose character and policy had made the year of his tribunate so eventful, were scarcely more felicitous in their mode of quitting that stage of life they had so long occupied but to trouble.

Milo passed his life in banishment, to perish at last by a violent death in the civil war he had done much to provoke. Gabinius died, defeated and disgraced, in an obscure town of Dalmatia, during the civil war. Crassus was murdered in a conference, perfidious as those in which he had destroyed the liberty of Rome. Pompey, defeated in battle, was obscurely slain by a slave. Cæsar himself had but just waded his terrible way to the assured greatness he had so resolutely willed, when he was slaughtered at the base of Pompey's statue by his own nearest friends; amongst them, as chief, his putative son, the distinguished Marcus Brutus.* Cicero, the illustrious subject of this memoir, after passing fourteen more years in a statesmanship become every day more solicitous, fell at last under the malignant pursuit of Clodius's widow, now become the wife of Mark Antony; the last thing told of the wonderful frame in which so much of the most glorious of God's gifts had been lodged, being that the infamous woman satiated her childish vengeance in mangling with a bodkin the tongue which had given mankind the noblest oratory which ever enriched its literature, or did honour to its humanity.

* Καὶ σὺ τέκνον, were the last words of Cæsar, says Plutarch. Brutus was the child of Cato's sister, born when she was said to be the favoured mistress of Cæsar. It is a moot question how far Cæsar's age at the birth of Brutus invalidates the assumption.

ART. II.—*The History of Gibraltar, and of its political Relation to Events in Europe; from the Commencement of the Moorish Dynasty in Spain to the last Morocco War. With original and unpublished Letters from the Prince of Hesse, Sir George Eliott, the Duc de Crillon, Collingwood, and Lord Nelson, and an Account of the Fourteen Sieges the Rock has sustained since it became a Fortress.* By CAPTAIN SAYER, Civil Magistrate at Gibraltar. Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1862.

THE only standard history of Gibraltar previously published, was that of Don Ignacio Lopes de Ayala, of the Royal Academy of History in Madrid. Don Ignacio was learned for a Spaniard, and entered fully into the spirit of his work; to which he was probably incited by the strong desire then prevalent in Spain to recover possession of the Rock. While he penned the first pages, Europe was at peace; as he proceeded, the rumours of war arose; and before the manuscript came into the printer's hands, the last memorable siege was at its height, and he added just half a dozen lines to record the hope that the Spanish arms would be victorious. His history will scarcely be superseded; but, although excellent in its kind, it is not to be compared with that of Captain Sayer. Yet even Captain Sayer has hurried over some portions of the subject.

Neither of these authors exhausted the subject, because neither of them presumed to treat it under all its aspects; and perhaps no one man could feel himself equal to so great a task.

The spot itself is crowded with historic associations of an interest scarcely to be exceeded in the whole compass of the Mediterranean; not so much by reason of great names occurring in the story, as from a succession of great events—events which have imprinted character on Spain, in its literature, its customs, and its policy, and have influenced the fortunes of surrounding nations down to this very day.

When you drop anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, you find yourself in waters frequented by the merchantmen of Tyre and of Carthage two thousand years ago. Freighted with rich cargoes for the Phenician colony of Cadiz, they would wait there for an east wind to carry them into the Atlantic, beyond the once mysterious *ne plus ultra* of these two lofty mountain-pillars of Hercules, Calpe and Abyla,—Gibraltar and Ape's Hill. Whole fleets of shipping used to lie here, moored in comparative safety for weeks together; while the strong west wind and the perpetual current made it impossible for any sail to beat down the Strait. Or, to avoid that uncertain and

dilatory navigation, the merchants would land their wares at the bottom of the Bay, and cultivate commercial relations with the rude inhabitants of a Spain as yet scarce known to history. Then houses rose; walls of defence, whose foundations are not yet lost; and a mole, to facilitate their trade. Here lived a wealthy population, whose hands deposited the coins which are now and then dug up from the site of old Carteya, or Tartessus; certainly the place described by Strabo, by Pliny, and by Pomponius Mela, who was born in Tangier, just across the Strait, and knew it well. Perhaps it was the very Tarshish whither the fugitive prophet would have gone to hide himself, had not a tempest overtaken him.

On your right hand rises 'the Rock.' In those remote ages, as at this day, that was the name they gave it. It was considered too precipitous even on this western side for human habitations, and too obstinately barren. On the eastern face, towards the Mediterranean, it always was a cliff of bare stone, probably upheaved by some subterranean force, in times older than human memory. Then, as now, the wild eagle had her nest on its height. The same curtain of cloud used to cast a shadow on the stony steeps and terraces above you, whenever the dismal Sirocco wind came over from the African Sahara.

How Carthage was blotted out we know. How Carteya declined we may imagine: and then how the Romans established themselves on the Spanish peninsula, and how the Goths, is matter of history; the history of more than a thousand years. But all this time none of them coveted possession of Gibraltar. Nay, *Gibraltar* there was none. How the name was given, and how the place rose into importance, has been often related so fully, that we need do no more than briefly remind our readers of the leading facts.

Spain was always famed for the excellence of its climate, the grandeur of its scenery, and the richness of its soil. Casiri, a librarian of the Escorial, assures us that the Arabs called the whole country *A'ndalus*, which the Spaniards have softened into *Andalusía*, the name being now limited to the Southern Province. The Caliph Othmán, third after Mohammed, is said to have set his eye upon A'ndalus, and sent pirates to invest or to invade the coasts; but we do not find that his wishes were carried into effect until half a century after the division of the Caliphate; for, as yet, there were but a few Moslem corsairs, not sufficient to conquer the territory of so powerful a people as the Goths.

In the beginning of the eighth century the Goths in Spain were ruled over by Roderic, who usurped the throne of Witiza,

whom his subjects had deposed, but who neither subdued his own passions, nor conciliated the confidence of the people. The Saracens of Northern Africa then rendered willing allegiance to a brave chief, the Wali Musa Ibn Nosseyr, and in Tangier a garrison of ten thousand Arabs and Egyptians obeyed the commands of one Tárek Ibn Zeyad. Ceuta, an islet near the foot of Ape's Hill, being very strongly fortified, was garrisoned by Goths under the command of Count Julian, or Ilyan, a person of uncertain race, once a courtier at Toledo, but who, being in disfavour with the licentious monarch, was sent over to command the little garrison of Ceuta; or, if not sent, permitted to pass over into Africa at his own request. Smarting under some injury, perhaps the dishonour of his daughter by Roderic, and certainly in conspiracy against the king with other discontented persons, he was ready for any occasion of revolt, and, instead of defending the fortress of Ceuta against Musa, he opened the gates to him, placed himself under his command, 'represented in rapturous strains the glories and the riches of the fruitful land,' which the Moslems had so long coveted, 'and pointed out how few miles it was across the intervening water, and how easily the country might be invaded. He described A'ndalus as an extensive kingdom filled with treasures of all kinds, whose inhabitants would make handsome slaves; a country abounding in springs, gardens, rivers; a land yielding every description of fruits and plants.' The treacherous overture, however grateful to the ear of an enemy, did not win the confidence of Musa, who sagaciously desired Ilyan to cross the strait first, make an incursion, and bring something to confirm the description he had given, using his own troops on the occasion. The count accepted the proposal, embarked a few of his men in two vessels, landed on 'the Green Island,' *Jezirah-al-Khadra*, now called Algeziras, in the Bay of Gibraltar, scoured the neighbourhood, took some spoil, induced some Spaniards to join him; and the next day returned with them, and with the booty, to the African coast, where he laid this produce of the land at Musa's feet, and engaged the renegades to assist him in enticing the Moslem to attempt the invasion and conquest of his country. This evidence induced Musa to submit the matter to the consideration of the Caliph, whom he strongly urged to come and conquer A'ndalus. The Caliph was too prudent to rush unprepared into so great an enterprise, and therefore directed him to cause the country to be first explored by a few light troops, who might bring back what they could, and report what they had seen.

This was done. One Tarif-abú-Zarah, a Berber, was

intrusted with an expedition of four hundred foot and one hundred horse, whom he embarked near Tangier in four large boats, crossed the Strait in September, A.D. 710, landed on the nearest point of the Spanish coast opposite, named the spot Tarifa, which name it still bears, pillaged the country, returned with considerable booty, and made an encouraging report. He brought some women to show the truth of Ilyan's information that handsome slaves might be obtained from Spain.

The Caliph now consented to sanction an invasion of the country, and a fleet was forthwith collected at Ceuta; the traitor himself providing some of the ships, or galleys. The command of this expedition was given to Târek Ibn Zeyâd, chief of the garrison in Tangier. The army consisted of seven thousand men, principally Berbers, natives of that part of Barbary, slaves, and a few Arabs. They landed, it is said, on Al-jezirah, which means *the Island*, opposite Ceuta. As an island, or peninsula, is called *jezirah* in Arabic, and, as Captain Sayer judiciously observes, Algeziras being always distinguished as the *green* island, this must have been the bold peninsular mountain now called Gibraltar; and it is likely that they crossed at night to avoid observation, and put on shore on that uninhabited rock, where there were none to oppose their landing or advance. To this mountain the name of Târek was transferred, by calling it Gibel-al-Târek, the mountain of Târek, or, as corrupted by Europeans, Gibr-al-târ.

Leaving the Arab invasion of Spain to the historians, we turn our attention to Gibraltar, a huge rock or promontory, which projects, as it were, from the Spanish mainland southward into the Mediterranean, is loosely attached to the continent by a flat isthmus of land scarcely above the sea level, and sharply springs up to the height of fourteen hundred feet. 'The north front,' as it is called, is a precipice of solid stone, nearly perpendicular, and so perfectly scarped as to be utterly inaccessible, even if there were no battery to forbid approach. The eastern side, looking over the Mediterranean, is an equally impracticable face of stone from sea to sky. The western side, overlooking the Bay, is a rapid acclivity, steeper and steeper as it rises; and in some parts presenting overhanging masses of rock, like sea-cliffs hoisted on a mountain side. Towards the northern extremity, the town occupies somewhat less than a fourth of the entire length, and creeps up the height until building becomes difficult, or until, for military reasons, further extension is forbidden. There the town sits cheerfully, like the segment of an amphitheatre, where streets after streets, like the tiers of seats in a *plaza de toros*, are just so

raised that the inhabitants of one street may look over the heads of their neighbours of another, and be overlooked in turn by their neighbours of the street behind: while, if there were nothing else, the ships of war and ships of commerce, generally at anchor in considerable numbers, bearing the flags of many nations, are themselves a spectacle.

Turning from the frontispiece of Captain Sayer's book, which recalls, rather tamely, the unique grandeur of the object itself, we dwell with satisfaction on the 'Plan of the Rock, Town, and Territory of Gibraltar.' This Plan is very accurate. It shows to great advantage the change of configuration towards the southern extremity, appropriately called Europa Point, it being the southernmost point of Europe, so catching the sun's heat from its peculiar aspect, and at the same time so gently swept by the healthful Atlantic breezes, that African, and even tropical, plants can flourish there. Here are levels, whereon the inhabitant walks pleasantly across the tip of the tongue of land, from side to side. In this Plan we find exhibited the chief outlines of fortifications which were entirely renewed a few years ago. Unseen, however, are the excavated galleries, cut through the solid rock, with embrasures only to be traced by the keen eye or powerful glass of an observer from the north or north-west, in the rugged crevices which overshadow them. Then we mark the continuous line of renovated and extended fortifications low towards the water's edge, which runs unbroken from the Landport on the north down to the sea, then southward, then again rounding over to Europa Point, and returning to cover the eastern edge of the levels just mentioned. Here we observe what is entirely new,—inner sets of batteries planted on the mountain-side, covering town, barracks, stores, shipping, and rendering it possible to multiply the strength of the cannonade that would be brought to play upon a hostile armament. But the Plan does not show, nor is it meant to show, the wonderful apparatus of casemates, bomb-proof stores, magazines, pieces of ordnance set in obscure nooks of the mountain, high and low; nor the mines that ramify invisibly outside the gates, always ready under foot, so that if an enemy should approach so near, a spark might instantaneously hurl him to the winds.

But let us measure this oft-contested territory. We take the base of the mountain, as it touches with a line, clearly defined, the ditch across the neutral ground which creeps northward to the 'Spanish lines,' or is laved by the tideless wave all round the east, west, and south. Of course, it is understood that the area shown on the Plan is in considerable part occupied by steeps

and crags inaccessible to human foot; but, supposing for a moment that the mountain could be levelled, and that the space within these boundary lines were all made available for streets or gardens, how much would it measure? Measured from north to south, the utmost length would be 14,150 feet, or thereabouts. From the extremity of the new mole which runs out into the bay, to the base of the cliff which stands furthest out at its footing in the Mediterranean,—the greatest possible width,—it measures 5,500 feet at the base. A line passed through the rock from where the water washes the Lines below the Club-House, to where again it washes the beach at Catalan Bay, extends 4,100 feet. But this is fancifully liberal. A perpendicular, dropped from the signal-house at the top of the Rock, to find a line passing from the water's edge at the foot, would leave a base of about 3,000 feet, for the average breadth of the level area which we have imagined; that is to say, there is an ideal, but not an available, space of territory of about 14,000 feet by 3,000; a statement which is alone sufficient to show that, if this possession of Great Britain is of any use at all, it can only be useful as a military station; and that, therefore, when the question of its importance to Great Britain is raised, the argument must be conducted on military and political grounds exclusively. Gibraltar is a fortress, and nothing more. After a time, it took the name of a colony; the few inhabitants were released from the severity of military law. It was then called a city. It has its civil functionaries. It has a far-sounding name, too, and may sometimes occupy a large space in the imagination of strangers; but the Royal Engineers have measured every inch over, laid it down by scale exactly, and we find the result. But however narrow the territory, no state in Europe thinks it insignificant.

When Tárek, the Saracen, had landed on Europa Point, after passing in his flotilla of galleys from Ceuta, a distance of eleven miles only, so as not to be seen from Carteya, or from the country thereabouts, before he had put on shore men and horses enough to commence warlike operations, he took up a strong position, as one Arabic authority observes; but that position was only strong by the peculiarity of the ground; for the ground had never yet been strengthened by art, nor does it appear that even a sentinel had been placed there to watch the coast.

It was in the year of our Lord 711 that Tárek routed the Spanish army in the battle of Guadalete, and thence advanced to Toledo, and established the dominion of the Arabs in Spain. From that time Gibraltar became the constant landing-place for troops from Africa, and for promiscuous crowds of Arabs,

Moors, and Berbers, who continually rowed across to seek fortune in the south of Spain. Between Calpe and Abyla communication had been carried on without interruption, except during periods of actual warfare, until those two mountains were known in Europe as the *transductiva promontoria* of their respective continents. The Moors, being invited by their Arabian brethren who followed Tárek, but were not sufficiently numerous to maintain their ground alone, soon began to build walls to protect their encampment, or their houses, until they could complete the erection of a castle which, to this day, overlooks the town of Gibraltar, and in those days commanded it. An Arabic inscription over the gate of this castle, which we believe still remains, although no longer legible, has been translated by persons familiar with the character; and Ayala, by an elaborate chronological induction, concludes the date of the building to be between the years 741 and 743 of the Christian era, which may be fairly taken as the date of the first effectual defence of the Rock. A triple wall from the castle down to the shore protected the garrison from surprise on the land side, and gave some security to this gate of Spain. Another castle, if we may credit an Arabic writing quoted by Captain Sayer from Gayangos, was built on the top of the mountain, or at least planned and begun there in the twelfth century. If ever finished, it has fallen into ruins, or it was demolished, since there are not any vestiges of it; although the old Moorish castle yet stands almost entire in massive strength, pitted by innumerable cannon balls which battered it during successive sieges; while the great 'Tower of Homage' serves as a powder magazine, and modern barracks and officers' quarters, with pleasant gardens, fill the area within the ancient walls.

For nearly six hundred years the Moors held undisputed possession of Gibraltar. Their kingdoms of Granada and Cordova flourished. Christianity—such Christianity as then was—lay prostrate at the feet of the Caliphs, and the fortress of Gibraltar gradually advanced in strength. Factions among the Mussulmans themselves contended for supremacy; but whichever party gained possession of the place, the first care was to repair and strengthen its defences, in order to retain the conquest. At length, in the course of the thirteenth century, and the beginning of the fourteenth, the Christians of Spain displayed new energy, and in the year 1309 Ferdinand IV. of Castile marched his troops to Algeziras, and laid siege to it on the land side, but could not prevent the constant arrival of reinforcements and provisions from Gibraltar across the bay.

Ferdinand therefore determined to suspend his operations against Algesiras, and at once endeavour to take Gibraltar, inasmuch as the Moors on the coast could baffle all his efforts, so long as he had not a naval force to meet them. Don Alonso Perez de Guzman led a strong detachment towards the Rock. Don Juan Nuñes, Archbishop of Seville, and two brothers of Guzman, led on their forces, and the whole army encamped on the sands, now called the Neutral Ground. Don Alonso, when provided with boats, managed to embark his troops, probably on the Mediterranean side, and land them so as to gain the heights above the town, and preserve open communication with the bishop, who kept his position on the sands. On that vantage-ground Alonso built a tower, constructed battering-rams, collected heaps of great stones from the ragged cliffs, and in due time assailed the walls and showered the stones down upon the town with such murderous effect, that the Moors, after desperate resistance for an entire month, were compelled to capitulate, and surrendered, on condition of being sent free to Africa. The Spanish captain sent information to his royal master, that he might come to take possession of the fortress. Ferdinand hastened over, and, when he entered the garrison and perceived the strength of the place, lifted up his hands to heaven, and gave thanks to the Almighty for having added to his dominions a citadel so nearly impregnable. He caused the walls to be repaired and made yet stronger, an arsenal to be constructed with a mole for the repair and shelter of the galleys in the port, and a strong tower to guard the entrance against foreign ships. He introduced troops, arms, and shipping, in strength sufficient to maintain his conquest in the event of any assault from the Moors of Africa or Spain.

His Majesty was doubtless an expert soldier, but was rather an indifferent coloniser. We are indebted to Ayala for an account of his measures for the establishment of a new population at Gibraltar, with perfectly new laws and privileges. The defence of the place he intrusted at once to an officer of his confidence; and on the last day of January, 1310, he issued in Xerez de la Frontera a privilege, or schedule, which might be regarded as their charter of municipal rights. The sovereign was in those days, in Spain, the sole legislative authority, who gave to provinces and cities such regulations as he deemed best suited to their circumstances, with such exemptions as the degree of peril incident to their situation of proximity to the Moors, or of remoteness from Christian frontiers, might require. On these grounds the claims of Gibraltar were considerable. Every person engaged in any sort of public service was promised ample pay

and large exemptions. Gibraltar was made a free port, and the inhabitants, when they came, were to be free from taxation. A council was appointed; each member to continue for life. All prizes of war, by sea or land, made by inhabitants of Gibraltar, were to be divided amongst the citizens according to their rank. The city was to have its own seal, and a portion of the surrounding territory was to be included in its *fueros*, or bounds. To attract a population to a spot likely to be ever and again contested for by hostile states, it was thought necessary to hold out large inducements to the most needy folk; and therefore Gibraltar was made a city of refuge by the king's word. Criminals might take up an abode there without fearing the pursuit of justice. Very many such persons, having no prospect of escape in any other direction, flocked away to Gibraltar. Every householder or lodger in Gibraltar, whether he were swindler, thief, or murderer, was privileged to enjoy complete security within its borders. Any woman who chose to desert her husband might enjoy sweet release from his society in this abode of liberty: justice might call at the gate for vengeance, but would call in vain. Neither was it necessary for perfect absolution from infamy to dwell here beyond a year and a day. On the expiration of that period the absolved criminal might return rehabilitated to the scene of his offences, and enjoy immunity from justice for all his life. Twenty years afterwards Alonso XI. confirmed all these privileges. And thus began the Christian history of Gibraltar! But retribution soon followed; for a corrupt governor robbed the treasury and secretly delivered the place to the Moors, who thus recovered it in 1333, and then allowed this wretched man, who had been guilty of every sort of dishonesty, to hide himself in Barbary from the vengeance of his master the king of Spain, whose interests he had betrayed.

Struggles for possession of Gibraltar between the Moors of Africa and the Moslem sovereigns of Granada, or between these and the Spaniards, are traced with sufficient distinctness by Captain Sayer from the standard authorities: but the student of history would be well repaid by pursuing the subject on the pages of those authorities themselves. We cannot refrain, however, from observing certain characteristic incidents which a more philosophic historian would have marked strongly, as exemplifying the spirit of the contending religions and nationalities. Such, for example, is the fact that, even while the power of Islam is waning in Europe, and when the courage of Christians revives again, after ages of depression and of disgrace, the Moors refuse to acknowledge a defeat; and would rather perish than make a surrender in perpetuity. We

see them compelled to quit the Rock, driven out by superior force; but their law forbids them to make peace with Christians. For a few months, or a year, or even *ten* years,—but not for any longer term,—they may consent to a truce with a Christian captain, whom they cannot conquer or convert; but they may never make a final peace with an Infidel. So the king of Granada, after standing a long siege by the forces of the brave Alfonso, purchased opportunity for recovering strength by a truce of four years. The same king, after his army, together with that of his ally, the Ruler of the Moslems of Western Africa, had been scattered by the hosts of Alfonso, like dust before the wind; and when he was forced to confess himself vassal of the Christian, and promise to pay an annual tribute of twelve thousand doubloons, while the slaughtered garrison and the demolished walls and citadel of Algeziras lay before him, and the declining fortunes of the faithful forbade him hope; yet even then he could not pronounce 'peace' with Infidels, nor consent to sheathe even a broken sword for more than ten years, the utmost limit that could possibly be assigned to the suspension of hostilities on part of a true believer in the ultimate triumph of the arms which were destined to subdue the world.

Eight sieges of Gibraltar are counted by historians, until, in 1462, it fell finally into the power of the Christians; but at every successive attack, except perhaps when that first vile colony, under Varco de Peres, abandoned themselves to utter negligence, stronger walls and better-planned defences exhibited the steady advance of military strength, which, to our eye, must mark the place as prepared by Providence to be in perpetuity a stronghold, a citadel for the defence of what State soever might have it in possession. The first four years of truce, for example, were spent in strengthening the fortress. 'A massive wall had been constructed at the foot of the Rock, surrounding it on all sides, "as the halo surrounds the crescent moon,"' to borrow an image from the Arabian *Al Makkari*. And after this, when the African King Abú-l-Hassan determined to make it a depôt for munitions of war in view of a campaign in Spain, he repaired the buildings, increased the fortifications, spent immense sums of money in building houses and magasines, and erecting a mosque, new towns, and a citadel. Here and at Algeziras inventors of new methods of destruction essayed their ingenuity. In the seventh siege of Gibraltar, in 1436, the explosions of the rude artillery of those times were heard to issue both from Spanish ships and from the Moorish battlements; but much earlier, when the Spaniards besieged Algeziras in 1342, the besieged made use of cannon,

probably constructed by binding iron rods together with hoop-iron, leaving a cylindrical chamber to be charged with the 'thunder-powder' and the ball. It would be curious to compare with the terrific weapons that are now tested at Shoeburyness the comparatively harmless instruments quaintly described in a Spanish chronicle of that time:—'And the Moors of the city (Algeziras) launched many thunderbolts against the enemy, in which they threw out balls of iron as big as large apples, and cast them so far away from the city that some of them went beyond the enemy, and some of them struck the enemy.' The fame of these thundering machines, if not their terror, resounded throughout Europe, and drew expressions of wonder from Petrarch, among others, who, writing just after the siege of Algeziras, speaks of brazen balls ejected with flames and horrid sound, a rare and novel plague, a huge wonder, a method of offence, now growing common, now that men's minds are teachable in all things bad.* So that if artillery does tend to render warfare more scientific and less destructive of human life, we may acknowledge our obligation to the Arabs for its introduction into the west. But to proceed.

Seven centuries and a half had passed away since the traitorous Count Julian instigated the Arab invasion of Spain, when at Tarifa, on the very spot where the first invaders landed from Tangier, another traitor made his appearance to suggest a movement that should effectually dislodge the Moslems from the fortress which they held as the proud monument and bulwark of their Spanish conquest. A Moor, whom we must set down as a traitor, certainly not moved by any love of truth or desire for salvation, but speculating on the gains to be gathered from the betrayal of his own kindred, stole out of Gibraltar by night, and, threading his way unseen over the sandy isthmus, the shore of the bay, and those lofty hills which rise westward of Algeziras, presented himself to the Alcaide of Tarifa,† and offered to be made a convert to Christianity. A native of Gibraltar, quoted by Ayala, writes that 'A Moor, an inhabitant of Gibraltar, called Ali el Curro, moved of God, came to the town of Tarifa and turned Christian. This man spoke with the Alcaide Alonso de Arcos, who then had charge of that town, and gave him to understand how he might gain possession of Gibraltar if he would set about it; and in such a manner and with such demonstrations was he able to persuade him, that the Alcaide thought the thing quite possible

* Casiri, tom. ii, p. 7. Ducange, *Glossarium Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis*, Bombarda.

† Captain Sayer says *Alcalde*, not observing that in old Spanish Alcalde is the title of a civil magistrate, and *Alcaide* that of a military governor.

which was represented by this new Christian, now called Diego del Curro.' In concurrence with his cavaliers, therefore, he made up his mind to go on the expedition, and undertake so arduous and honourable an achievement. He considered how much honour it would bring him, and how much profit, of what great importance it was, how great service would be rendered to God and to the king, if he could wrest Gibraltar from the Moors. 'The good Alonso de Arcos well knew that the glorious and honourable success of military affairs consists in taking prompt decision on them, and in carrying them out with great diligence, as I have already observed when I cited the example of Julius Cæsar; and many others might be mentioned, as Alexander the Great, the great Tamerlane, who resembled a flash of lightning by the swiftness with which he subdued all Asia and a great part of Europe,' &c.

The grandiose comparisons might have been spared; but they were fashionable, and still are characteristic. The Alcaide marched from Tarifa towards the north front of the mountain with eighty horse and one hundred and eighty foot, managing to reach the place at night, caught three Moorish soldiers that were out on patrol, put them to torture, and found that the garrison was very weak, so weak that they could scarcely make any resistance; but he sent messengers to Xeres, Medina Sidonia, and other neighbouring places, asking for help, not to fight, but to take Gibraltar without danger of a battle. Numerous bodies of armed men came when called for; Gibraltar was taken, indeed, without fighting, but not without quarrelling amongst themselves by the Spanish captains who came to claim the honour of a bloodless victory. Two of them hoisted rival banners on the tower of the old castle; and of the two, one, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, succeeded in securing for himself sole possession of the Rock and adjacent territory. This took place 'in the year 1462, on Friday, 20th of August, day of the blessed St. Bernard, whom the city has for patron and advocate.' The Duke, and his son after him, reigned over Gibraltar and the *Campo*, King Henry IV. not having energy enough to claim the place successfully for the crown of Castile; but some years afterwards he rewarded the active Alcaide by making him his *asistente* or lieutenant over the city of Seville, where his gravestone was a long time to be seen in the cemetery of the Carthusians, with this inscription:—'Here lies buried the honest *Caballero* Alonso de Arcos, Alcaide of Tarifa, who gained Gibraltar from the enemies of our holy faith. He deceased in the year 1477. He was a benefactor of this House. Let them pray to God for him.'

From 1462 to 1704 Gibraltar continued Spanish territory. The Spaniards would not have gained possession of it if the Moorish kingdom of Granada had not been very near extinction. How the crowns of Aragon and Castile were united by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, all the world knows. So the fall of Granada,—the barbarous expulsion of the conquered Moors,—the atrocious extinction of the Moriscoes or 'new Christians,' less than half converts to the corruption of Christianity then, as now, prevalent in Spain,—the banishment of the Jews by Ferdinand and Isabella, and as much of the horrors of that deed of demons as could be described in the language of men,—the discoveries, the conquests, and the murderous villanies of the Spaniards in America,—all are written to make up the tale of infamy; and although Gibraltar was by no means overlooked amidst the various events of those generations, it certainly did not flourish, and the trifling story of its fortunes may be quickly told.

Henry IV., King of Castile, Leon, and various minor provinces, gave Gibraltar a charter, in December, 1462, granting the territory considerable privileges. In the preamble of this charter he is made to note 'how the said city is guard of the Strait, to prevent succours of troops from passing to the (Moorish) king and kingdom of Granada, nor horses, nor arms, nor provisions, nor any other things; and how the said city is depopulated, and that to people it I should show grace and favours to those who may be pleased to come thither, &c., with their wives and children.' The colony then collected was very superior to the first, and the city, as it was called, appears to have attained a state of respectability. During the few years of war with the Moors it served well as depôt of provisions and ammunition; and on the occurrence of the first opportunity after the capture of Granada, the Catholic sovereigns annexed Gibraltar to the crown. 'The noble city' received its seal, a red castle on a white field, with a golden key, 'considering that that city is very strong, and that it is so situate as to be the key of these kingdoms, between the seas of east and west, the guard and the defence of the strait between the two seas.' The strength of the city, as here indicated, had been increased by the employment of convicts, for extending and repairing the defences. But the extension was insufficient, and the repairs were not kept up. Now and then good intentions were formed, and one of the governors, or alcaides, proceeded so far as to recommend the adoption of some promising plans which were approved, indeed, but never carried into effectual execution. 'See,' exclaims Ayala, 'O see what one great soul can do! See how differ-

ently the English would have fared if Don Alvaro Bazan had had the command of the invincible Armada of Philip the Second!' Although this brave alcaide had not the honour of steering the invincible Armada into Plymouth Sound, he did effect something on behalf of Gibraltar, and the old Charles the Fifth's wall yet remains in evidence of the success with which he first called the attention of that emperor to the defenceless condition of the city. The valour he displayed in several engagements off the Spanish coasts, when in command of a fleet, does honour to his memory; but, probably, this wall would never have been thrown up on the face of the Rock, if a pirate in the time of the famous Barbarossa had not landed at the south, and with the greatest ease conceivable sacked the city. Urged by this accident, the emperor employed an Italian engineer to construct the wall which bears his name, and was then carried up to the length of a thousand feet, and afterwards completed by another hand, so enclosing the city, and rendering approach from the south almost impossible, but still leaving the south as open as ever for the occupation of an enemy. But walls are useless without brave hearts, clear heads, wise and united counsels, and public morality. In Spanish hands Gibraltar could not be really strong.

We now come to more modern times. Charles I., once a suitor at Madrid for the hand of a Spanish princess, has ascended the throne of England, and projects a naval expedition against Spain. Philip IV. has been King of Spain for the last three years, and is just now roused from the careless indulgence of his court by intelligence of the hostile designs of England, although those designs were but feebly seconded by Parliament; and in the depth of a severe winter he sets out to visit the coast of Andalusia, journeying wearily by way of Côrdova, Ecija, Carmona, and Seville, to Cadiz and Gibraltar, over the wretched roads, or tracks, which were imagined to connect one place with the other. The governor and the city went out to meet the king; but when his majesty came to the first gate, it was found that the way was barely wide enough, and the windings of the passage round the north-west front of the rock too sudden, to allow the carriage to turn in them. The carriage, jammed close, had to be taken to pieces, and the king to enter Gibraltar on foot. A minister of state who accompanied him, and who, the historian remarks, was famous for his self-confidence, but more famous for the heavy losses which Spain suffered during his ministry, gave the governor some very harsh language for not having made the gate wide enough for the royal carriage to come in; to which rude rebuke of

the duke the governor coolly answered, that the gate was not made to let carriages in, but to keep enemies out. The court remained in Gibraltar a day, which Philip spent in examining the fortifications, and giving orders for strengthening the mole and the citadel. Thence he returned to Madrid by way of Marbella, Malaga, and Granada.

An English fleet appeared before Cadiz two years afterwards, but withdrew without doing much damage. Peace was soon restored between England and Spain; Gibraltar and the adjacent country flourished beyond all precedent, and no event of any great importance appears on record, until the War of Succession, as it is called, which issued in the Peace of Utrecht, when the assembled powers witnessed the cession of Gibraltar to Great Britain, in a treaty of peace between the sovereigns; and a solemn declaration, in a similar treaty between the sovereigns of France and Spain, that, for the sake of the peace of Europe, those two kingdoms should never be united under the same crown.*

It is not necessary to remind our readers that the cession of Gibraltar to the British sovereign was but the formal acknowledgment of an accomplished fact. The seizure of Gibraltar by Admiral Sir George Rooke in the year 1704 is too familiar an event in the history of our country to be recited here at length; but the name of Sir George is not to be mentioned without honour. We admire the promptitude and courage of the naval officer who, not without due deliberation and counsel, proceeded unsent by his government to add 'the Rock of Gibraltar' to the possessions of his sovereign; but we much more admire the equanimity with which he withdrew himself from the scene of political contention, cared little for praise or censure while he enjoyed the assurance of his conscience that he had done well, and with no earthly honour, nor any temporal reward, retired with dignity from the presence of an unthankful party into the quiet of private life.

The belligerent powers at that time were England, Austria, and Holland, on the one side, with France and Spain on the other. The object of the war was, on the part of Austria and her allies, to set the Archduke Charles of Austria on the throne of Spain, the archduke being nephew of the deceased king of Spain Charles II., who died without issue. The object of Spain, supported by France, was to place on the throne Philip of Anjou. Two hostile fleets were in the Mediterranean, the

* *Actes, Mémoires, &c., concernant la Paix d'Utrecht.* Utrecht. 1715. Tome Vme, pp. 145–164.

English being under the command of Sir George Rooke, vice-admiral of England. Sir George was embarrassed by somewhat doubtful orders, and by strongly conflicting interests. Yielding to the entreaties of the archduke to take advantage of a disaffection to his competitor which was supposed to exist among the Catalans, he consented to make for Barcelona, with troops he had on board under Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, which it was intended to land for the purpose of assisting an anticipated insurrection. The combined fleet appeared before Barcelona. The Dutch ships bombarded the city, and about two thousand men were put on shore. But the Catalans did not rise; the Austrian soldiers returned to the ships; the attack ceased, and, *re infectâ*, the fleet sailed away westward. On their passage they caught sight of the French fleet, and must also have been seen by the French; but, for reasons which weighed with both, they did not come to an engagement.

'Well aware of the imputations and calumnies to which he would be subjected if he allowed the summer to pass away without achieving something of importance with the powerful armament under his command, the admiral, on the 17th of July, when within a few leagues of Tetuan, hove to the squadron, and called a council of war on board the flag-ship "The Royal Catherine." This council was attended by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, Sir George Rooke, Rear-Admiral Byng, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir John Leake, Sir Thomas Wishart, and the admirals of the Dutch division, Collingberg, Vassenaer, and Vanderdussen.'

There was a strong difference of opinion on many movements proposed: but when Sir George himself suggested an attack on Gibraltar, all were agreed, and for these reasons, that, *first*, the place was so indifferently garrisoned that there was every probability of succeeding; *secondly*, the possession of such an important fortress would be of infinite value during the war; and *thirdly*, the capture of Gibraltar would add lustre to the arms of Queen Anne, and would be likely to dispose the Spaniards in favour of the cause of the Archduke Charles. Four days were spent in preparation, and on the 21st of July, 1704, the English fleet anchored in the Bay. A body of marines was landed on the isthmus between the Rock and the mainland, —now 'the Neutral Ground,'—to intercept communications; and on the morning of the 22d the Prince of Hesse sent to the city a letter signed by the Archduke Charles as King of Spain, enclosed with one from himself, inviting them to surrender. The Cabildo was assembled to read these communications, and, although sufficiently conscious of their weakness, returned an excellent reply, professing loyalty to 'King Philip V.,' and

determination to resist. The energy and loyalty of the Cabildo deserved respect, and the fleet lay quietly at anchor for another day, the admiral hoping that the array of so great a force before so weak a place would induce a change of counsels; and on the second day the prince sent a second summons to surrender. The Cabildo held out, and a few guns were fired by way of warning, but without effect. A fierce fire was opened, and the Spanish artillerymen worked their guns in answer on the line wall, until completely silenced. Then men, women, and children escaped out of the town, and hurried to the south, where they crowded to a chapel of the Virgin Mary to pray for succour. We find in Bishop Burnet's *History of his own Time* a statement of the taking of Gibraltar, which is utterly untrue in every particular; but specially injurious to the memory of those concerned are these words:—'Some bold men ventured to go ashore in a place where it was not thought possible to climb up the rocks; yet they succeeded in it. When they got up, they saw all the women of the town were come out, according to their superstition, to a chapel there, to implore the Virgin's protection; they seized on them, and that contributed not a little to dispose those in the town to surrender.' Now it happened that the 'bold men,' two naval officers and forty seamen, did land, not on the Rock, but on the New Mole; that those bold men were quickly put out of the way of annoying any one by the springing of a mine which blew them all to atoms, and that they who landed after them and hoisted a red jacket in signal of possession, treated the fugitives, so far as they had anything to say to them, with perfect gentleness. We have searched diligently in the Spanish accounts of this part of the brief siege, and find not the faintest trace of such a circumstance, which appears nowhere but in the slander of a courtier, whose gossip does no credit to himself nor to the court in which he flourished. The truth is that the laws of war were honourably observed, that the few Spanish soldiers then in the garrison made, during six hours, a brave resistance, and, when resistance was no longer possible, hoisted a flag of truce, capitulated without further hesitation, and marched out with the honours they deserved. The Prince of Hesse took possession of the fortress for the archduke, and the imperial standard was raised. The inhabitants, overwhelmed with terror and grief, were invited to remain, but fled. One priest was the only Spaniard who refused to go with them, and he spent the remainder of his life alone in the deserted church, where he was supplied with rations, and dwelt like a hermit without the slightest molestation, and with many marks of respect from the English.

But Sir George Rooke, having taken Gibraltar, carried into effect the intention of the council of war, and ordered the imperial flag to be removed, and the royal standard of England to be hoisted in its stead. July 24th is the anniversary of this conquest, easy indeed, but just. Nor was the value of the conquest any the less for the indifference of our own Government and its ingratitude to the admiral, who had not acted contrary to any order, nor exceeded his powers, nor, so far as we can see, betrayed any precipitancy or want of judgment. The Spanish Government and people felt how much they had lost with Gibraltar, and the people of England, from the first intelligence of the event, began to appreciate the gain.

Swiftly and desperately did Spain fly to the scene of her sudden disaster, and make an effort to recover Gibraltar. Six weeks after the capture Spanish soldiers were opening trenches before the Rock. Their camp rapidly increased; French and Spanish battalions covered the ground, and a fleet of twenty-two French ships of war dropped anchor in the Bay. The siege continued for six months and nine days, and if the issue of battles depended only on the comparative strength of armies, Gibraltar must inevitably have been taken from us. Our strength, not indeed insignificant, was but small; our stores were very scanty, and the garrison must have yielded to famine if the winds had not repeatedly kept the enemies' ships back in the Bay, and, clear in sight of them, brought relief from England and from Barbary. Once, about three weeks after the commencement of the siege, and before the arrival of reinforcements which enabled the garrison to hold out under terrific showers of shot and shell, a singular invasion from the top of the Rock threatened to destroy the town, while it surprised the garrison. A shepherd who had lived from childhood on the mountain, keeping goats, and clambering like them over crags unknown to the inhabitants, had, with his few fellow shepherds, made a way down the back of the Rock over the *débris* which is still heaped up there, and along stony ridges which have since been pared away. If any person had any notion of that perilous way, the notion was that it was only fit for goats and the hardiest of goatherds,—certainly not for armed men. But one Simon Susarte knew better. He went to the Spanish general, the Marquis of Villadarias, and made known the *Senda del Pastor*, the Shepherd's Path. An officer, sent to ascertain the value of this intelligence, reported that the way was practicable; and five hundred soldiers, under the command of a colonel, actually went up the back of the Rock in the night, lay for some time in St. Martin's cave, and before day-break were on the

summit. There they massacred the guard, and might have been in the town, followed by any number of their comrades, if the scheme had been fairly carried out. But they had only three rounds of ammunition, and, having exhausted these, and fought desperately with their bayonets, they were obliged to surrender to a party of English grenadiers who met them. And what was yet more strange, the general who could so easily send up five hundred men on the hazardous experiment, left them to perish without sending others to support them. Perhaps he hoped to take the place by operations in which he could venture to participate, and share the glory. But that glory never came. The Frenchman and the Spaniard quarrelled, were consumed with jealousy, accused each other, recriminated, broke up their encampments, and left the royal standard of England floating over our battlements. Such a concurrence of circumstances cannot be noted without suggesting an intervention of Divine Providence on the side of England.

'It is remarkable that the events of this siege did not open the eyes of the English Cabinet to the importance of Gibraltar. They had witnessed the impatient anxiety of Spain to effect its recovery; they had seen all her extensive military plans resigned, her forces withdrawn from a threatened frontier, and the assistance of a powerful ally called to her aid, for one grand object, the subjection of Gibraltar. But although the ministry depreciated the value of the possession, the people began to form a just estimate of its importance. The gallant defence during the recent siege, was a military achievement that excited the popular admiration; and Gibraltar became valuable in the eyes of the public when its name was associated with British gallantry and blood. It is not to be forgotten, that had it not been for the "people," Gibraltar would now have been the stronghold of some other power. As we shall presently see, it was the dread of popular indignation that deterred subsequent Cabinets from bartering with Spain for the restitution of the Rock.'

Eight years elapsed from the first siege of Gibraltar by the Spaniards and their allies, until the Peace of Utrecht, when the Treaty between Queen Anne and Philip V., which we have already quoted, was ratified. The utmost efforts of diplomacy were then tried to recover that garrison to Spain, and there was a party in England which seconded those efforts; but no ministry could then have stood that should openly attempt to alienate so important a post of national strength, in contradiction to the general feeling of the country. Again, in 1727, the Spaniards devoted upwards of five months to an effort of strength for the demolition of the garrison; or, as they seemed to imagine, of the Rock itself. Their cannonading, as a spec-

tacle, was terrific; but they spent their force upon the north front of the mountain, and poured their shot so furiously and so incessantly, that the brazen guns softened, and the muzzles drooped. As the ordnance wore out and the ammunition wasted, the fire slackened; and then, from those impregnable heights, the English swept the sandy space, destroyed their works, and compelled the exhausted army to retreat.

Including these two sieges, some short intervals of insincere peace, and negotiations either secret or avowed between the Cabinets of Great Britain and Spain, until the year 1779, we have a period of seventy-two years of irritation, in both countries, on account of Gibraltar. In the Spanish court there was but one feeling, that of indignant shame. They could not bear to see the key of the Mediterranean and of Spain in the hands of England. In the English court there was a constantly recurring anxiety to make use of Gibraltar, as an exchange for some commercial or political advantage,—to get instead of it some island or colony which might yield a contribution to the wealth of England, and be occupied by our merchants or slave-owners less offensively to Spain, than Gibraltar could be by our soldiers. All the world knows that cupidity, profligacy,—all the vices of selfishness,—were in those times rampant in the highest places. Kings, ministers, and placemen, were intent on private ends and on sordid gains. They struggled to hold power and office; sacrificing the most precious interests of their country from moment to moment, just as any party movement or brief expedient might require. The review of these transactions is humiliating; but Captain Sayer has done good service, by devoting much time and labour to collecting information from published and unpublished documents, which becomes under his patient hand a connected history of political ignorance, cunning, error, and misconception. But at Madrid they would not condescend to repurchase with concessions, what they regarded as their own property. Or if, when humbled in Madrid by some reverse of fortune, they ever showed a disposition to negotiate, our statesmen in London tried to drive a harder bargain; and, ere that could be finished, some turn of continental affairs gave a new colour to diplomacy, and the Spanish ministry took heart again, and rejected our terms; or the inevitable disclosure of the scheme raised a storm of resistless opposition in the House of Commons. Every such disappointment increased the difficulty; and the consequence, twice repeated, was an appeal to arms.

A stream of adverse events always ran counter to the passionate desire of one country, and to the short-sighted policy

of the other. It looks as if the Sovereign Guide of human affairs would not suffer Gibraltar to be severed from England; yet not only was this desired in England, but in Gibraltar itself the very men intrusted with the command of the garrison were often most unfaithful to their country's interests and reputation. One of these in particular, Lord Tyrawley, was so dissatisfied with his office, that he endeavoured to persuade the Government to abandon the place. Writing to Fox, he says, —'As to Gibraltar, I take it for granted it will be extremely quiet; for I do not see that we do ourselves much good, or anybody else any hurt, by our being in possession of it. If anything tempt any body to besiege it, it will be the fatherless and motherless defenceless state it has been suffered to run into; all which I have fully represented at home, where I thought it was most proper. I would conclude from all this that I hope I shall not be left in so idle a place.....I hope to receive orders to return to my staff, and my regiment of guards. The sooner the better!' Again he says,—'You will find I am not so thoroughly satisfied that Gibraltar is as formidable a place as the common cry thinks it; but that it would want money, time, and ability in the distribution of both to make it so. That Gibraltar is the strongest town in the world, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, and that London bridge is one of the seven wonders in the world, are the natural prejudices of an English coffee-house politician. I am doing some little matters here that I think add to the strength of it; but much more ought to be done that I cannot take upon myself to work upon without orders. I grow tolerably weary of Gibraltar, which is in all respects upon the most scandalous foot that ever town was.....I assure you I take it as no great compliment to be left here as storekeeper of Gibraltar; and, therefore, dear Sir, I beg you will make my mind easy in getting me the duke's leave to come home.' Tyrawley returned; gave great offence by the freedom of his censures; brought censure on himself for extravagance and misrepresentation; demanded to be heard at the Bar of the House of Commons; was heard, and made such a vigorous defence, that his antagonists who could not bear exposures, were glad to retreat in silence.

Doubtless the garrison had been neglected, and was quite as badly fortified as the restless governor made it out to be; and the little he did to strengthen the walls might contribute in some small degree towards its eventual security. But this was not the worst. Other governors, if not Lord Tyrawley, were guilty of incredible meannesses and extortions; and Captain

Sayer, making use of papers that may be found in the British Museum, accumulates a mass of scandal which it is humiliating to peruse.

As early as 1712, that is, almost immediately after its quiet occupation by the English, a colonel of the engineers, stationed at Gibraltar, complains of a wholesale system of peculation then in full play among the authorities, and reports that his disclosure of their doings has drawn the governor's displeasure down upon him, with threats to hang him, and to break his bones! This irate governor, Colonel Congreve, 'forced some people out of their houses, others, on various pretences, out of the garrison, and then disposed of their possessions.' One governor, Cotton, 'had his dungeons and other apparatus to drain the purses of the poor foreign inhabitants.' One Godby followed Cotton, and one Bower succeeded Godby. A curious catalogue of the governor's perquisites in 1729 exhibits him as 'principal goat-herd,' 'cow-keeper and milk-herd, head butcher, poulterer, chief baker, head gardener, master fisherman, tallow-chandler and coal-merchant.' In other words, he, like others before and after him, levied contributions both in kind and in cash on persons of all trades, until the prey amounted to no less than £20,000 per annum. One author declares that 'the whole art of plundering is so magically conducted, that it never comes to the ears of his majesty, nor is laid before the legislature. If an officer complains, he is kicked out of the town; if a housekeeper, he is dispossessed; if a foreigner, he is dungeoned and stript; and if a Barbary Jew, he is transmitted to a brother bashaw at Tetuan, where perhaps he is hanged outright.' At this rate, the bad repute of Gibraltar was likely to destroy the charm of its name over the public mind; and the time was near for its continued occupation to be contested in war.

The year 1762, indeed, was spent in a successful war with Spain, which issued in the cession of Canada, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton to England, with the restoration of Minorca, Guadaloupe, Martinico, and St. Lucia, all which we had lost; the loss to us of the Havannah being the only unfavourable feature in the peace of February 10th, 1763. Gibraltar remained undisturbed for that time; but then came our war with the American colonies, the dissatisfaction of our colonial fellow-subjects in general, civil dissensions in England, and contempt abroad, which left Spain ample opportunity for preparing to fight us again with better prospect of humbling our pride, which, all must acknowledge, needed abatement. Spain declared war against Great Britain in June, 1779: but this had

been long foreseen, and during ten years previously measures had been proposed for putting the long-neglected fortress into a state of repair.

'Since the siege of 1727, the fortifications of Gibraltar had been suffered to lapse almost into a state of ruin and decay. Very few guns were mounted, the parapets were in many places crumbling to dust, and the ditches at the north angle were choked with rubbish. The magazines were defective, the ammunition was scanty, and the provision-stores were empty. Reports on the condition of the fortress had been constantly sent home, but no attention was paid to the remonstrances of the successive governors. At length, in 1769, a commission, presided over by the master-general, assembled at the Board of Ordnance in Westminster, to deliberate upon the defective condition of the defences.'

Excellent opinions were pronounced by members of this commission, but nothing was done. A year or two later, Government was charged with negligence in the House of Commons, and impassioned speeches were delivered, but nothing done.

'On the 11th of December, (1770,) the Duke of Manchester, at the suggestion of Chatham, moved an address to his majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased to send a proper force to Gibraltar for its due and efficient defence. His speech exposed the insecurity of our foreign possessions, and the peril of our ports at home. His statements were confirmed by Chatham, who added that he had received intelligence of a plan being formed to attack Gibraltar. "Having asserted," says Junius, "that it was open to an attack by the sea, and that if the enemy were masters of the bay, the place could not make any long resistance," he was answered in the following words by that great statesman, the earl of Sandwich:—"Supposing the noble lord's argument to be well founded, and supposing Gibraltar to be now unluckily taken, still, according to the noble lord's own doctrine, it would be no great matter; for, although we are not masters of the sea at present, we probably shall be so some time or other, and then, my lords, there will be no difficulty in re-taking Gibraltar." These discussions concerning the safety of Gibraltar soon died a natural death, and the fortress was left almost defenceless to its fate.'

Commissions of inquiry might sit, Parliament might debate, cabinets might deliberate, all the wealth and skill of England might be spent on fortifying Gibraltar, and this excessive diligence would only drain the scanty resources of those days, to fill our officers with vain confidence, and set the enemy thinking of effectual methods for demolishing newly erected bulwarks. Evidently, the art of Vauban would have been borrowed to little purpose for use in a situation where that art could not be

effectually applied; and perhaps the most accomplished engineer, in his cool and leisurely labour, would have ridiculed expedients which were afterwards resorted to with good success.' Now that a man was needed utterly unlike any one who had ever commanded that garrison, Providence gave him to our country:—a veteran soldier, fifty-nine years of age; a scholar well taught in early life in the universities of Edinburgh and Leyden; a clever tactician; an experienced officer, who occupied positions of trust and dignity, and who, as member of the staff of George II. at the battle of Dettingen, and through that campaign, was a diligent student of the art of war; one whose mind had none the less sobriety for having witnessed those unprecedented manifestations of piety in the army of which something was heard by letters written from fields of battle to Wesley, whose writers had witnessed deeds of Christian heroism never to be surpassed, while private soldiers were preaching with such power to thousands at a time, that churches were placed at their disposal, and the officers stood by and listened in silent admiration. This chosen man was General George Augustus Eliott, appointed to be governor of Gibraltar. He is described as being 'singular and austere in his manner,' and even 'sour and untractable;' but perhaps these appearances only indicated a superiority to the habits prevalent in courts and camps, or, if such harsh qualities were justly attributed to him, some overpowering virtue quite subdued them during that service which made him a name in history.

Eliott indeed found the Rock desolate and defenceless, except only as a mountain of solid stone might be its own defence; but his remonstrances long failed to bring him stores or ammunition, or to extort a money grant for strengthening the works that lay in ruin. Spain, truly, was said to be at peace with England, and loudly professed friendship; but extensive warlike preparations made it impossible to credit such professions; and, during two years, rumours of war were loud and frequent. The ministry, soon after his arrival, wrote him a despatch in cipher, to communicate their fears; and he, while assuring them of unceasing vigilance, declared that, with the insufficient resources at his disposal, it would be impossible to stand a siege. Failing to get any reply to his representations, he sent home an officer in whom he had entire confidence, to be bearer of another letter, and to urge verbally the necessity of reinforcements and supplies; but they were leaving him to his fate. The shepherd Susarte and his five hundred were not more heartlessly abandoned than this faithful servant of our country.

Spain armed: France armed. Armies and fleets moved southward, and all Europe saw that Gibraltar was the object of attack; but no reinforcements were sent from Great Britain; no supplies. As to the Spanish army, supplies of all sorts were lavished on it almost without limit. The copy of a letter is now preserved in the colonial secretary's office, wherein General Eliott wrote to the secretary at war:—'It is my duty to be very pressing with your lordship, that a supply of every kind be ordered without loss of time. Our present store of beef, pork, pease, and butter, is scarcely the complement for five months. Flour, including biscuit, three months; oatmeal the same. Pardon me, my lord, for once more repeating that no time must be lost in forwarding the supplies from England.' Then he details intelligence which had come to his hearing, of hostile forces collecting at Cadiz, Ferrol, Seville, and Toulon, and names the officer who is to command the armament. Again he implored for help, for he had neither men nor food sufficient.

Nearly four months after writing this affecting letter, General Eliott rode out to San Roque, with his staff, to pay a visit of compliment to General Mendoza, commandant of the district; but was received with marked embarrassment and want of cordiality. At that very moment, the Spanish general had probably received information that war was declared; for, on return to the Rock, General Eliott found his majesty's consul from Tangier waiting to give him the intelligence. By this time some small supplies had mercifully reached the garrison, but only just enough to ward off starvation for a little time. Two days later a despatch came from General Mendoza, announcing the declaration of war.

Experience had taught the Spaniards not to rely on any ordinary force for the conquest of the Rock, nor to calculate on taking it by surprise. Therefore their warlike operations were not carried on with haste, but an expeditionary army, enrolled with a special destination to Gibraltar, was slowly concentrated in the neighbourhood, under the command of Sotomayor, a general of some experience, to the strength of nearly fourteen thousand men. The naval force was commanded by Don Antonio Barcelo, an admiral of considerable reputation. In the beginning of September the land forces were encamped in two lines north-westward of the Rock, extending obliquely from the head of the Bay to the Sierra de Carbonera, or Queen of Spain's Chair. A squadron of ships of war took up a well-chosen position off Algesiras, to blockade the port of Gibraltar. Thus, without firing a shot, the enemy might reduce the

garrison by famine; for 'so inadequately had the fortress been provisioned, that even in July the scarcity of supplies was a cause of uneasiness, and foreshadowed the trials and privations which the troops,' in total number five thousand three hundred and eighty-two, 'were about to undergo. The rations of both officers and men were reduced one-half; only forty head of cattle remained; and forage had become so scarce that no person was allowed to keep a horse who could not produce a store of one thousand pounds of feed. The governor, initiating that admirable policy which marked his conduct during the siege, ordered one of his own animals to be shot, as an example of self-denial to his subordinates.'

The enemy had fourteen vessels at anchor in the Bay, or cruising outside; but the British fleet consisted of no more than five. Now and then a trifling quantity of provisions found its way to Gibraltar, by the capture, perhaps, of some Spanish craft, or by the daring of some swift-sailing felucca which managed to keep clear of the Spanish cruisers.

The year 1780 opened on the besieged without any circumstance to favour hope. Bread became so scarce that the daily rations were served out under protection of a guard, and the weak, the aged, and the infirm, who could not struggle against the hungry crowd, often returned to their miserable homes robbed of their share. The famished inhabitants roamed over the hill-side in search of roots, weeds, and thistles, which they devoured greedily, and some died of starvation. Thus, while death by famine threatened both troops and inhabitants, a few shot from the enemy's batteries, fired at slow intervals, drove the inhabitants from their houses to the south, and aggravated the common misery by keeping up alarm among the helpless population. Meanwhile, England was weak at sea, and, her fleets being required elsewhere, no convoy could be found to bring succour; but incidental help was afforded by directing Admiral Sir George Rodney, then appointed to the command of the West Indian fleet, and sent out from Spithead with a powerful squadron, to relieve Gibraltar by the way. Just on the coast of Spain he fell in with a convoy on its way from St. Sebastian to Cadiz, consisting of fifteen merchantmen, a 64-gun ship, four frigates, and two other vessels, all of which he captured. The merchantmen were chiefly laden with wheat, flour, and provisions, which he saw conveyed to Gibraltar, and would have then proceeded on his voyage, but he encountered a Spanish squadron, took six ships of the line, saw another blow up, sent his prizes to Gibraltar, and instructed the Spanish consul at Tangier to send the garrison fresh provisions. Here,

again, occurred one of those interpositions of a higher power which it is not possible to overlook. A much larger squadron than the one which fell into the hands of Sir George Rodney had orders to join it at Cadiz, and the whole force was to have cruised off Cape Trafalgar; but, as the Spanish minister Floridablanca reported to Charles III., misfortunes and mistakes prevented the two squadrons from combining, four vessels were disabled by a storm, and the scanty remnant of eleven were insufficient to obstruct the progress of Rodney's fleet. This was the saving of Gibraltar at that time, which could not possibly have held out many days longer. A small brig, with English colours flying, was descried off Cabrita Point, and bearing towards the Rock. The half-dying populace rushed to Europa Point with cheers of frantic joy when they saw the good ship drop anchor safely; but when the master could only give them some doubtful news about Admiral Rodney's fleet having been left by him within sight of the enemy outside the Strait, they sank again into the depths of despair. Yet another sail hove in sight next morning, and then another, and others, with tidings of the first capture, and hopes of food. Two days more brought in Rodney, with his fleet, his prizes, and his transports, laden with food in rich abundance. One vessel, named 'The United Grocers,' carried the heterogeneous cargo of beef, pork, butter, flour, peas, oatmeal, raisins, biscuit, coals, iron hoops, and candles. For some weeks the Strait was open to British vessels, and fresh provisions were brought across from Barbary; but Rodney proceeded to the West Indies, and the garrison was left again to endure the labours and privations of the siege.

The blockade continued with unabated rigour. Fresh provisions were exhausted, and scurvy broke out in a very malignant form, sweeping away before it ten times more lives than fell before the fire of the enemy. This disease continued its ravages during six or seven months, growing worse and worse; for the stores did not contain, amidst all the abundance, any sufficient supply of anti-scorbutics. The enemy's fire became stronger, and a system of night attacks by small gun-boats again aggravated the distress; but disease threatened to compel a capitulation which no fire of the enemy could command. Just in this extremity occurred what Captain Sayer calls 'an almost miraculous *stroke of fortune*.' On the 11th of October, while the boats of the British squadron were waiting to the southward of the Rock to conduct into the Bay two settees from Minorca, a large Dutch convoy was discovered sailing from the eastward, shrouded by a heavy fog. A dogger, sepa-

rated from the fleet, and covered from their sight by the fog, approached the boats, which bore down upon her, boarded her, and brought her safely into the Bay. This dogger's cargo consisted wholly of lemons and oranges, which were instantly served out to the craving sick, who devoured them greedily; 'and men who but yesterday were hopeless cripples, hanging to their crutches, returned to duty invigorated and restored.' Scarcely more wondrous was the opening of the fountain in the desert for Hagar and her child, certainly not more opportune. Soon came the rains, and vegetation revived.

So passed the year 1780, distinguished by two signal deliverances from famine and disease. At the same time occurred a remarkable episode in the political history of Gibraltar. During the very days when General Sotomayor was preparing for active operations, Commodore Johnstone, commanding a British squadron in the Tagus, presumed to hazard a conjecture that his government might not be indisposed to treat for an alliance with Spain, and that the surrender of Gibraltar would be the basis of negotiations. This was communicated from Lisbon to Count Floridablanca, minister at Madrid, who persuaded the king his master to test the feeling of the British cabinet by clandestine proposals. For this service an Irish priest named Hussey, a chaplain to the King of Spain, being then in London, was fixed on as a suitable instrument. Hussey, having received instructions, procured an interview with the private secretary of Lord George Germaine, Minister for War, whom he assured that Spain was willing to renounce the French alliance, on condition of the restoration of Gibraltar. The British ministers, unable to resist so tempting a proposal, actually took this priest into their confidence, and sent him over to Madrid, charged with a letter written by Lord George to himself, containing secret instructions to initiate a mediation between the two countries. Floridablanca, much to his credit, was far less credulous than the British minister who so hastily became a postulant for peace; but the clever priest managed to overcome his reluctance, and obtained a letter to himself expressive of a like pacific disposition with that of Lord George Germaine. His Catholic Majesty gave his blessing to the faithful chaplain, and bade him return again with peace. With breathless haste Hussey came back to London, and laid the result of his mission before Mr. Secretary Cumberland, who took it to Lord George, and his lordship to the entire Cabinet. There it was seriously considered, and a series of conditions noted, which might be made the basis of a negotiation for the surrender of Gibraltar. These conditions

the Secretaries of State in person communicated to the priest Hussey; and, in their anxiety to purchase peace by the cession of Gibraltar, they did not stop here, but sent over Mr. Cumberland to Madrid to confer with Count Floridablanca. After several interviews, hopes of negotiation failed; our Government withdrew from a position in which they had no right to place themselves; and in the month of August, while General Eliott was struggling with death itself to hold fast the territory intrusted to his care, the dishonourable correspondence ended, and our Government could not get rid of Gibraltar.

Hitherto there had been much of the distress and horror of warfare, but none of its grandeur. Famine was followed by disease, and after disease famine returned; but the courage of the garrison and the endurance and wisdom of General Eliott were indomitable, until relief again came with the arrival of Admiral Darby and a squadron of the Channel fleet, together with ninety-seven transports, store-ships, and victuallers. The events of that memorable day are thus described by Captain Sayer:—

'On the morning of the 12th of April, 1781, as the day broke, the fleet appeared in sight of the Rock, partially obscured by a dense fog, which, as the sun rose, dissolved away, and discovered the welcome convoy stretched over the entrance of the Bay. The wind blew lightly from the westward, scarcely filling the sails, and the flotilla advanced slowly and majestically towards its anchorage. The joy of the people at their supposed deliverance from the privations they had for so many months been suffering, was uncontrolled. As, when Rodney relieved the place nearly twelve months before, the inhabitants testified their gladness by boisterous manifestations, so now the whole population hurried from the city to welcome the arrival of the convoy with shouts of exultation. Groups of excited inhabitants were absorbed with the feelings of the moment, and the recollection of all suffering was lost in the prospect of deliverance. Little did they anticipate the misery that awaited them. The excitement was still unchecked, the shouts of joy still rang through the air, when the deafening crash of a hundred guns, and the roaring of a storm of shot, aroused them from the transient dream of happiness, and left them paralysed with fear. The bombardment, the long threatened retribution, had commenced, and the city was doomed to destruction. Gathering their scattered senses, the frightened creatures fled to the southward, where, under shelter of the cliff, and beyond the range of the fire, they huddled together in trembling groups. Every gun in the enemy's lines belched forth its fire, and salvo after salvo from one hundred and seventy pieces of the heaviest metal and eighty mortars was hurled against the Rock. The batteries of the fortress replied with almost equal rapidity, and the very mountain itself shook with the terrible explosion. In a moment the town was

in flames, and the crazy buildings crackled and burnt like firewood. No words can paint the feelings of the terrified inhabitants during the first weeks of this bombardment.'

Day by day this terrific fire from the Spanish batteries was repeated, and at night the more dreaded gun-boats swept the whole face of the Rock, dropping shot and shell on every habitable spot. The cannonade continued for six weeks; fifty-six thousand shot and twenty thousand shells were thrown into the place, but, wondrous to tell, no more than seventy of the garrison were killed. The town, however, was almost entirely destroyed, although it is remarkable that the old church of Santa Maria, the convent, and other public buildings remained standing, perhaps favoured by their distance. But now, as at the siege of 1727, the inordinate expenditure of ammunition destroyed the guns, which burst or drooped at the muzzle, broke many of the mortars, and shook the embrasures.

This fury being spent, General Eliott resorted to new measures of offence. Long range ordnance was mounted on the elevated batteries at the north front; and whenever the gun-boats opened upon the town, forty or fifty rounds were sent into the camp in retaliation, a retaliation so effectual that they withdrew the gun-boats. A few months of quiet then followed, spent by the Spaniards in opening fresh parallels, and throwing up new batteries. General Eliott, also, who always made the best of his opportunity, devised schemes for arresting the progress of those works. His first measure was a sortie at night, so unexpected, and so skilfully executed, that our troops took possession of the batteries without experiencing any serious resistance. The Spaniards fled panic-stricken, the stupendous parapets were levelled, the gabions and platforms burnt, the mortars and cannon spiked, and the magazines exploded, before five o'clock in the morning, when the troops returned within the garrison, with the loss only of one officer, and twenty-four privates killed, and a few men wounded.

Defeated hitherto in every attempt at Gibraltar, although the Spanish forces captured Minorca about this time, their Government resolved to make one more desperate effort for the conquest of the Rock. To the Duke de Crillon, conqueror of Minorca, the conduct of a new enterprise was confided. The most skilful engineers in Europe were invited to present plans for subduing the fortress which they would not yet confess to be impregnable; and amongst many competitors for the honour and reward, a Frenchman, the Chevalier d'Arçon, was accepted at Madrid. As usual, the scheme was grand, and dependence was to be placed on an array of power beyond all precedent.

Gibraltar was to be carried, the mountain itself shattered, at least, by a bombardment from the isthmus, on a scale hitherto unknown, and by an attack by sea along the whole length of the line wall, from floating batteries which were to be at once 'incombustible and insubmergible.' Not, indeed, iron-plated, but consisting of masses of wood, so thick as to be impenetrable by shot, and so cleverly flooded with water by pipes, as not to take fire even if the shot were red hot. These batteries, ten in number, were prepared at Algeciras, and in the Spanish camp one thousand two hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, eighty-three thousand barrels of gunpowder, and other *matériel* in proportion, evidenced energy, if not wisdom, in their design. The combined fleets of France and Spain were to grace the achievement by their presence. The fame of the siege of Gibraltar had already gone into the remotest corners of Europe, and these preparations bespoke the admiration that should surely follow when the impregnable fortress was beaten to dust. The Count d'Artois, brother of the King of France, the Duc de Bourbon, and crowds of the nobility of Spain, came to enjoy a sight of the victory. The great Armada in the time of Philip II. and Queen Elizabeth was not to be compared with this colossal armament. Great reliance was placed on the floating batteries, which were inspected with great state at Algeciras, the French princes being present. So easily could they be put through various movements, and so complete was to be their equipment, that an opinion was generally expressed that, by their aid, twenty-four hours would suffice for the demolition of the fortress. The Duke de Crillon somewhat cautiously hinted that fourteen days might elapse before the place fell, but the observation brought upon him the greatest ridicule.

Every thing being now considered ready, both the Spanish army and the nation burned with impatience to commence the attack, although the construction of the batteries was not yet finished; neither were the chief officers of the expedition agreed between themselves as to the part they should each take in action. At a council of war held in the camp, it was proposed that Crillon should take upon himself the responsibility of the attack on land, and that the admiral commanding the fleet should direct the movements of the batteries before the town. To this last proposal Crillon peremptorily refused to listen. Many opinions were expressed concerning the point of attack most proper to be chosen, and precautions necessary to be taken; but the differences of opinion could not be reconciled, and there was no decision. D'Arçon, inventor of the floating batteries, was excessively annoyed at not being intrusted with

the sole direction of their movements. In short, Crillon, as appointed to the command in chief, very properly refused to admit any other person to a share of his responsibility; but he had no confidence in those battering 'machines.'

Within the garrison, one master mind, having the confidence of all around him, and thankful for every good suggestion, prepared for the defence, anticipating every emergency, and, so far as his consummate foresight would carry him, ready to meet every danger. The use of red-hot shot had been suggested; the furnaces were prepared; and, on the 8th of September, 1782, a shower of burning balls, bursting all at once from the northern batteries, as from the bowels of the Rock itself, fell quite unexpected on the enemy's works. This cannonade began at seven o'clock in the morning; at ten o'clock one of the great batteries was in flames, and by five in the evening was consumed, and other batteries were so much injured as to be no longer serviceable. This precipitated the grand bombardment, which Crillon began next morning with a tremendous discharge from one hundred and seventy pieces of cannon; while Spanish and French line-of-battle ships moved across the Bay, and delivered broadsides against our batteries from Europa Point to the New Mole. Three days later the combined fleet of France and Spain entered the Bay of Algeciras, raising the naval force to fifty ships of the line, and two second-rates, having nine admirals among them. On the morning of the twelfth, General Eliott received information that the combined attack would be made on Gibraltar the next day.

'He had witnessed the gigantic armaments that were preparing for the assault; and, though ignorant of the exact force which was to be brought against him, he was aware that neither France nor Spain had spared labour or expense to accumulate a strength hitherto unknown in the history of sieges. On the land he was threatened by 246 pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers, and an army of near 40,000 men; while by sea 50 sail of the line, 10 floating batteries, of a construction supposed to be indestructible, with countless gun and mortar boats, and 300 smaller craft, were waiting only the signal for attack.'

Yet all this power was hardly in readiness for action. D'Arçon pleaded hard for a few more days to make his batteries perfect, but the dread of red-hot shot which might set his works in flames again urged Crillon to put forth his utmost strength without more delay; and even the great naval force was thought to be in danger, as Lord Howe was on his way with a powerful fleet to relieve the fortress. So the enemy's

fleet moved at the time appointed, and the ten battering ships were anchored by ten o'clock in the morning at their respective stations in line of battle at about a thousand yards' distance from the walls of the fortress. On the surrounding hills, as on a vast amphitheatre, countless thousands of spectators from all parts of Spain were waiting to witness the spectacle of their nation's triumph. The morning hours had passed in what, to them, was but silent, busy preparation; but no sooner had the ten huge floating batteries dropped anchor than our artillerymen sent them a tremendous cannonade of shot, both hot and cold; the ponderous hulks replied; one hundred and eighty-six pieces of ordnance from the works on the isthmus belched forth volleys of fire at the same moment. The whole heaven was obscured by the curling clouds of smoke which clung around the rugged peaks of the Rock, and the preternatural darkness was fitfully illuminated by the flashes of a thousand carcasses and shells. Hour after hour passed away, and the Titanic struggle raged without any visible impression on either side. As for the floating batteries, they did seem to be indestructible. Upwards of two thousand red-hot balls had struck them by noon, without producing any perceptible effect, except, here and there, a feeble flame, instantly extinguished by D'Arçon's ingenious contrivance of water-pipes. About twelve o'clock they ceased firing, and spent a few moments in amending the direction of the guns, to take a lower and more deadly aim. The British troops, disappointed that the blazing shot had not done any execution, and nearly fainting under the insufferable heat, began to give up hope. But about two o'clock some slight wreaths of flame were seen to issue from the admiral's battering ship, the 'Pastora,' and on board the battery 'Talla Piedra,' where was D'Arçon himself, there was remarked a strange confusion. From *one* of the red-hot shot some timbers caught fire unobserved,—the smouldering woodwork blazed out, the guns were silenced, and the powder-magazine flooded to prevent explosion; and so this battery was disabled, as also was the 'Pastora.' Disorder now spread through the whole line of attack; and by seven o'clock in the evening the fire from the fortress had gained a commanding superiority.

At midnight, signals of distress were made from disabled ships in all parts of the Bay. The 'Pastora' blazed from stem to stern. The eight remaining batteries were abandoned; and, that the English might not get them, the admiral set them all on fire. The magazines, exploding, shattered the burning masses. As morning dawned, the bay was seen

covered with fragments of wreck, and drowning crews clinging to them, whose groans and cries reached even to the walls. At two o'clock, Brigadier Curtis, whose faithful services are frequently recorded in the history of the siege, put out into the Bay with a squadron of gun-boats, formed line on the flank of the burning ships, and so alarmed the Spaniards who were helping to save the crews, that they fled. Seeing this, Curtis hazarded his own life to show mercy to the enemy, boarded battery after battery, and dragged the miserable men from off the burning decks. His own coxswain was killed, and several of his men wounded by the falling timbers; but he and his crews brought ashore 357 persons whom they saved from a horrible death. All this time the land batteries on the isthmus poured forth a fire that never slackened, and the troops there neither heard nor saw what befell their comrades in the Bay, until day revealed it, when Crillon ordered the cannonade to cease. We lost in all this but 1 officer, 2 serjeants, and 13 private soldiers; with 5 officers and 63 men wounded. The enemy's loss was very great; and it appears from an official return in Spanish that on the floating batteries alone 1,473 men were either killed, wounded, or missing.

Thus ended this memorable siege. Long before the twenty-four hours allotted for the demolition of Gibraltar had expired, D'Arçon's batteries were annihilated, burnt by the Spaniards' own hands. The allied fleet, if it could have approached the Rock, might have greatly prolonged the conflict; but a strong wind blew contrary, and the ships could not beat up within range of the Rock. Lord Howe's fleet brought supplies to the garrison; but they might have been spared, for the enemy sailed out of the Bay as he came in. On February 2nd, 1783, a flag of truce reached the garrison with news of the preliminaries of a general peace; and, on March 12th, the gates were thrown open after a siege of three years seven months and twelve days, 'a siege which,' in the words of Lord North, 'was one of those astonishing instances of British valour, discipline, military skill, and humanity, that no age or country could produce an example of.'

We need not praise General Eliott. His memory is above our praise. Many years ago, we trod the same ground, and conversed with aged men who had known him, or were familiar with companions who survived him, and we then received an impression of reverence for his name, as a conscientious, humane, and intrepid defender of his country, which will never be erased from our mind.

Full fourscore years have elapsed since that last effort of Spain and France to wrest the fortress from our possession;

and the question has recently been revived, whether it might not now be advantageously restored,—by free cession to Isabel II., or in exchange for Ceuta, or some distant island, or for an advantageous commercial treaty, or the good will of nations that envy our power, or detest our arrogance; or, haply, to obtain payment of the money which Spain owes her English creditors?

Gibraltar, be it well noted, is called a colony; and its inhabitants enjoy the full benefit of English laws, free from the control of military power which was paramount there until the year 1830. But, in relation to England, Gibraltar is not so much a colony as a garrison; and, therefore, every argument which might be used for the surrender or exchange of a colony, fails to apply in the case of Gibraltar. Practically, it is no other than a military station, within whose walls the civil inhabitants have all the advantages of a free British population, and may enjoy them so long as there does not arise any reason of war to the contrary.

Shall we surrender this fortress? They allege that, like Calais of old, it would only be wanted as a landing-place for an invasion of the country. But such a use of it could only be attempted in the event of war, when a landing-place would be well worth having; so that if the allegation be of any value, it is as an argument that we should retain the place as a security from Spain for peace.

They say that our occupation of the Rock is offensive to Spain; and that, therefore, the surrender of it would conduce to a good understanding between the countries. But if we are to give away possessions because our occupation of them occasions offence to foreign States, the Empire may as well be at once dismembered; for, of course, our mere existence as a nation is sometimes offensive to rival powers. But as for the oft-repeated statement that the Spaniards are annoyed by seeing Gibraltar under the British flag, we rather think that the people of Spain in general regard our neighbourhood with friendly satisfaction. Certainly, this little Peninsula belongs to Spain geographically, but the separation of territory is clearly marked by an interjacent neutral ground; the value of the fortress consists essentially in its adaptation for defensive rather than offensive warfare; Spain has the right to seize all vessels that come within six miles' distance of the shore; and, with entire freedom from English interference, the Spaniards have always carried on their traffic. These are facts which entirely neutralise the force of such objections.

The truth is, that we need Gibraltar as a position of strength

at the entrance of the Mediterranean, in which position Spain and Morocco may at any moment become interested as well as England. For it must be remembered that France commands a much larger proportion of that sea than may be found to consist with the common safety and prosperity of Europe. Besides the sea-board of France itself, there is the whole coast of Algeria, a very recent acquisition. France has a very strong hold in Italy, and refuses to evacuate Rome and Civita Vecchia, not so much from any affection to the Papacy as from a fixed policy of multiplying military and naval stations in the Mediterranean. The power constantly exerted by French fleets, and French consular agents, in all the Mediterranean, necessitates a counterpoise of power which would not exist if Spain, now more than ever under French influence, could get back Gibraltar, and strengthen Tarifa. In that case our merchant ships might any day be effectually excluded from the Mediterranean, and the short route to India would cease to be practicable. Gibraltar, Ceuta, and Tangier being used against England, all the ports of the Mediterranean might be shut against our commerce. Tangier, sometime occupied by a British garrison, was unfortunately abandoned by Charles II., under the pressure of a political necessity at home; and Tangier may be made a French port, if France pushes, under any pretext, its conquests in Africa, or a Spanish port, if Spain again quarrels with Barbary, or, with its increasing naval and military forces, takes advantage of barbarian weakness. Instead, therefore, of dismantling the fortress of Gibraltar, for the sake of a false and ruinous economy, as Tangier was dismantled, or giving it back to Spain, after all that it has cost us during the last hundred and sixty years, we must, in common prudence, hold it fast. Africa, too, and Asia, engage our attention as well as Europe; and while the decay of Mohammedanism will assuredly bring the shores of the Mediterranean, from Beirout and Alexandria down to the Strait, under more enlightened and more powerful Governments, it behoves England to keep the firmest possible footing at the entrance to that expanse of waters on which lie the seaports of so many nations. Russia, too, would fain command the Dardanelles, and yet may do so, and pour her squadrons down to sweep the Levant and block the way to India, while Malta, only to be reached through the Strait of Gibraltar, might be lost to England at a stroke. What, then, would become of British influence in those regions? What of British commerce? Whose good-will could then be trusted to leave our merchantmen with unmolested access to the Mediterranean? Or if, now holding as

key of the Mediterranean the strongest fortress in the world, we were found capable of giving it over tamely to be thrown into the scale of strength against us, what treaty could we rely upon to save our interests from hostile powers which would find means to evade any treaty?

But some souls can only traffic in markets, and find value in things reducible to market price. These will tell us that the money spent in Gibraltar is nearly dead loss, because we have scarcely any revenue from the place. Be it so! Let us concede that Gibraltar is nearly worthless as a commercial station. Let us, by way of concession, allow, what would be untrue, that it is utterly worthless, and that £370,000 per annum, expended in keeping up the garrison and the fortifications, is altogether a dead loss, so far as that one station is concerned. Supposing that matters were brought to this condition, yet knowing that Gibraltar is needed for the protection of British *commerce* and of British *rights* in all the ports beyond, can the advocates of surrender tell us how much revenue we should lose if we lost this commerce, and how much national security we should sacrifice if we abandoned these rights? Would the cancelling this £370,000 expenditure compensate, on the general account, the tremendous loss? We pause not, even if such loss could be covered in figures, to take refuge in another argument,—that outlay for national defences is not lost money, inasmuch as it is chiefly spent upon ourselves, comes back into the pockets of our own tradesmen and contractors, and, circulating thus, maintains or enriches multitudes, who return it to the common stock again.

Moral considerations of great weight strengthen our conviction that, for the good of Spain, England should keep Gibraltar. Of course we would not rest an argument with foreigners on this ground, knowing that the pretence of wishing well to your neighbour, while you withhold from him something which once was his, and which he may wish to have again, only exposes you to the disagreeable suspicion that your benevolence is nothing better than a mockery. The world, however, may judge whether the existence of a British community on the Rock does good or harm to Spain. Smuggling, the acknowledged disgrace of England in Gibraltar, as it has been also the disgrace of Spain in Spain, is now pretty nearly abolished. The Rock has been a place of refuge for political offenders; but offenders of *all* shades of political opinion have equal humanity shown them, and the Spanish Consul is always heard, when he can bring evidence of criminality against a refugee. The refuge, also, is very temporary. These two possible sources of moral injury are therefore

stopped. Spain receives, instead of injury, the salutary example of civil and religious liberty. The freedom of the British subject in this colony is such, that thousands of Spaniards would be ready to die, if by dying in the field they could procure the like for their country. The exhibition of that personal freedom and domestic security which every intelligent foreigner who enters the gates of Gibraltar must observe, impresses on the Spanish mind the principles of civil liberty and honest government far more effectually than any political propaganda. Better still is the effect produced in the land of the Inquisition, by the spectacle of religious liberty exhibited within the narrow precincts of Gibraltar. Even Ayala, describing the state of society there, after having observed how Protestants, Jews, and 'Catholics,' of several nations lived together there, makes these noteworthy remarks: 'It was to be feared from the diversity of religions, customs, and interests of the inhabitants, that the quarrels and atrocities which take place in other cities of the province, (of Andalusía,) would occur in Gibraltar. The severity of military government has prevented this, because persons who meet together there, well know what punishment awaits them if they commit any crime; they well know that there *ministers are not gained over nor judges bribed*, and that their own security depends on not violating the security of others. In consequence of the laws so well established, and so well observed, many years pass without any of those murders and violent deaths which take place in other and much smaller populations, and among inhabitants of the same religion and laws.' So he wrote in the year 1776. Now the guardian of religious liberty and peace is not the severely repressive power of Articles of War, but the mild majesty of British law; continually advancing nearer and nearer to the standard of Christian revelation. We have witnessed the respectful earnestness with which Spanish visitors of all ranks listen to the teaching and mingle in the worship of Protestants; and the sincere admiration wherewith they regard that equality of religious rights, which is now recognised as characteristic of British society, wherever that society is found. Education, too, conducted on strictly religious principles, has for the last thirty-four years imparted scriptural knowledge to a stream of the juvenile native population, ever passing through Protestant schools, and provoking the Romanists themselves to teach their children. We cannot adopt Captain Sayer's account of education; as we find that, notwithstanding his means of information, his numbers are very inaccurate. He states, for example, that there are only 333 children in five public Protestant schools; but we find that

when his book was published in 1862, there were in three Protestant public day-schools, namely, the Wesleyan, 230 children, which would reduce the strength of the Church of England schools to the comparatively insignificant number of 103, which we know to be incorrect. Not, therefore, going into unnecessary statistics, the known prosperity of Protestant congregations, both English and Spanish, Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Presbyterian, with a complete system of public schools, proves that there is within this fortress a Christian population which, with all its acknowledged defects, defects on which Captain Sayer dwells rather too exclusively, must shine as a light over the surrounding country. So short a step over the boundary which separates two societies so different in all that respects civil and religious character, must reveal a striking contrast to every thoughtful man. Gibraltar, then, is not to be relinquished. We gained it, held it, defended it, under a succession of events which could not be resisted; and no party question should ever be allowed to weaken our sense of its importance. It is not only a stronghold of British power, but a centre of moral influence, which was established in spite of the reluctance of our own statesmen, and has been maintained without the shadow of injury to Spain, with the assent of Europe, and with the happiest results in the commercial prosperity and general welfare of the civilized world.

Art. III.—1. *Vanity Fair.* By W. M. Thackeray.
2. *Pendennis.* By W. M. Thackeray.
3. *The Newcomes.* By W. M. Thackeray.
4. *Esmond.* By W. M. Thackeray.
5. *Aurora Floyd.* By M. E. Braddon.
6. *East Lynne.* By Mrs. H. Wood.

During the short time that has elapsed since we were startled by the loss our literature had sustained, in the very sudden death of the greatest humourist of the age, affection has paid numerous tributes to his memory, and criticism has made many efforts, for the most part in a generous and appreciative spirit, to determine his true position. The *Times*, indeed, perhaps too mindful of ancient feuds, and the terrible satire of the 'Essay on Thunder and Small Beer,' and possibly not disposed to regard too favourably the unsparing critic of that 'Snob' family, of the tendencies and faults of one of whose great divisions it is itself only too faithful a representative, dismissed

the great author in little more space than it would have taken to enumerate the titles of the 'Marquis of Steyne,' or to recite the distinguished services rendered to the country by some departed diplomatist who had once figured at the illustrious court of 'Pumpernickel.' But to the honour of our press this was the only instance of any want of thorough cordiality in the honour paid to the dead; and even here we have to complain only of the want of that fulness which the occasion demanded, not of the expression of any unkindly feeling or depreciating estimate. Elsewhere every jealousy seemed to be buried in that grave, round which so many of our intellectual magnates had gathered in unfeigned grief; and the only rivalry has been as to who should do most honour to one not more admired for his matchless genius, than loved for his noble, unselfish heart. Many of the daily and weekly journals discussed his merits in a style as creditable to the writers as to their subject. With the monthlies of February came the brief but characteristic utterances of men whose names are well known,—Dickens's graceful memorial of his friend, full of a true feeling which gave it its best charm;—Henry Kingsley's characteristic chapter of personal reminiscences;—Professor Masson's more careful criticisms, which, however, are but sketches hardly worthy of the reviewer's fame;—Anthony Trollope's loving and tender epitaph. If we may deem that the eulogy has in some cases been excessive, and that higher merit has been claimed for his work than that to which it is fairly entitled; if, especially, we cannot altogether sympathize in the complaint embodied in some verses headed '1701 and 1863,' in the *Cornhill*, we can certainly understand the source from which what we deem an error springs, and can heartily respect the feeling by which it has been prompted. A man of brilliant talents, high principles, and generous impulses, whose powers were always employed on the side of virtue and righteousness, who had what Tennyson describes as the true dower of the poet, 'the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love,' who has done great service as the keen but kindly satirist of the age in exposing its foibles, rebuking its vices and correcting some of its follies,—has passed away from our midst. It is right that we should render due honour to his worth; and if in the desire to do this worthily there should sometimes have been an exaggerated conception of his merit, we can pardon it far more easily than a carping criticism which should fail to deal justly with one who was always so lenient in his judgments of others.

Besides the fugitive articles of newspapers and magazines, we have already had a volume on 'Thackeray the Humourist, and

Man of Letters,' which merits passing notice as an egregious example of a book-making which is discreditable to the literary craft. It is simply an unworthy attempt on the part of those engaged in it to make capital out of the name of the great author. Even in this age of steam it was not to be expected that within a few weeks of Thackeray's death, any volume, even though only seeking to fill a place between 'the newspaper or review article, and the more elaborate biography which may be expected in due course,' could be produced, which would do credit to the author, or be of any real service to the public. The volume to which we allude has equalled if not surpassed our worst anticipations. For a small book of two hundred and twenty pages, in the preparation of which the scissors and paste have been very extensively put in requisition, that portion of her Majesty's lieges who desire to learn something more of the great author whose yellow-covered serials have so often delighted and instructed them, are expected to pay no less than seven shillings and sixpence. Let no man order the work under the expectation of finding any critical analysis of Thackeray's characteristics as a man of letters, or gaining any great information relative either to the man or the author. The arrangement is not lucid, the style is not vigorous, very few of the facts are new. Of the 'anecdotes and reminiscences,' the great majority had previously appeared in the newspapers; and though we are glad enough to have them collected and put in this more permanent form, we had a right to expect that a seven-and-sixpenny memoir should contain something more than *bis crambe repetita*. Nor do our complaints end here; for, of what is inserted, we could very well have dispensed with twelve pages devoted to the unhappy episode connected with the Garrick Club. No doubt Thackeray was right in the main, though possibly a little too sensitive; no doubt, too, the criticism which led to the dispute was ungenerous and unjust; probably Mr. Dickens erred in the course he pursued between the disputants: but it would, in our judgment, have been better, if the whole affair had been relegated to the 'tomb of all the Capulets;' and assuredly the space which it occupies in these brief memorials is utterly disproportioned to its real importance.

It is somewhat singular that we are indebted to our northern friends for the fullest and most genial sketches of Thackeray that have yet appeared. The brief notice by Mr. Hannay, which originally appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, is marked by discrimination and full of personal interest. But still more complete and valuable is the elaborate paper in our contemporary, the *North British*; rich in its personal recollec-

tions, minute and pains-taking in its record of the author's literary career, acute and thoughtful in its critical observations, and everywhere breathing that spirit of hearty admiration which Thackeray never failed to inspire in those who were brought into personal contact with him. The contrast between this paper and the more pretentious biography to which we have referred above, is very striking. Much as we admire it, however, we do not feel that it has at all pre-occupied the ground which we had marked out for ourselves prior to its appearance. With the personal history we have nothing to do, save as it has left its impress on the writings of our great satirist. It is our purpose to discuss here the literary characteristics and moral and religious tendencies of Mr. Thackeray, and to pass from that to a general survey of recent works of fiction, and an estimate of the influence which they are likely to exert. We fear that we shall find that the loss of Thackeray is specially to be deplored, because of the rise of a school formed after an entirely different model, and inculcating very opposite lessons from those which it was his constant study to enforce. His course as a novelist began with efforts to counteract the morbid tendencies of such books as Bulwer's *Eugene Aram* and Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard;* both of which, though very dissimilar in many respects, were alike objectionable as serving to throw a romantic interest round vice. An epidemic of the same character has recently broken out with even increased violence; and we know no one who could have done more to restore the diseased appetite of the reading public to a more healthy tone. Unhappily he is gone, and we can only hope that in some other way the desired corrective may be supplied. Meanwhile we may do some little service by pointing out the marked contrast between a writer like Thackeray, and the Eliots, Braddons, Collinses, and other favourites of the circulating library; and by indicating some of the mischief which these latter are working with much subtlety, but not with less fatal effect.

Thackeray is in fiction what the Pre-Raphaelites are in painting. Whether the characteristics of that school be a striving after purity and simplicity, a scrupulous fidelity to nature, or extreme accuracy in minute detail, and perfect finish, they are all found in him. As mere tales, his novels are open to many exceptions; as pictures of life, they are to the extent of their range all but perfect, singularly true, and full of important practical suggestions. In every case, the plot is subordinate to the greater object the writer has in view, of introducing to us real men and women, in whose characters, as developed in the common-place incidents of every-day life, he holds up to

us a mirror in which we may see ourselves, and so be taught to reform our own faults. There is little to hold the reader in breathless suspense, as he watches the gradual unfolding of some mystery round which the whole interest of the tale gathers; and those who need stimulating food of this character may very probably be surprised at the attraction which Mr. Thackeray's homely dishes possess for so many. Their great charm, indeed, is the air of reality that is diffused over the whole. There is hardly a character to which it would not be easy to find numerous counterparts, or an incident that might not be paralleled from the events of an ordinary career. The difficulties, misunderstandings, delays, and disappointments, which according to the common notion generally chequer the course of true love, and which, in the case of the majority of novelists, form the main thread of the story, occupy in his tales the place that they hold in actual life. They may serve as a connecting thread by which to unite a number of characters and incidents; but they are far from holding an exclusive, and sometimes they hardly gain a prominent place in the attention of the reader. The romantic occurrences which are so common in the pages of fiction, so very uncommon in the experience of any of us, find little place in these stories. No stroke of the magician's wand suddenly converts his wonderful heroes into noblemen or princes: in truth, he has no heroes on whom to confer such elevation, but very common-place men, who make no pretensions to superhuman excellence of any kind, and who rarely achieve anything beyond a moderate share of success. Where Thackeray pursues another course, as, for example, in the sudden enriching of Philip by the discovery of the will in the sword-case that had lain for years in the old chariot, or in the happy accident which led Ethel Newcome to open Orme's *History of India*, and find the memorandum of the legacy which her grandmother had intended to leave to her stepson, he does not appear to advantage. The device is so awkward that we might have suspected the presence of a poor 'prentice, and not of a great master of his art. It was elsewhere that his strength lay; and he showed practical wisdom, as regarded his own reputation, by cultivating the gift that was in him, while he did more good to his generation by labouring to become its instructor, instead of being content merely to cater for its amusement.

There is one peculiarity of his writings which, in less skilful hands, might have only exposed the author to ridicule, but which, as managed by him, has always seemed to us to throw an air of greater reality around his stories. We refer to the

allusions which abound in each, to some or all of the others. We do not here refer to the link by which Esmond, the Virginians, and the Newcomes are connected, after the manner of the old Greek Trilogies, but rather to the little incidental references in one to events narrated at full length in some of the others. The doings of the illustrious Becky in the season of her prosperity in London, are introduced both in *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes;* and the Marquis of Steyne, though not playing a part in either of them, yet is one of the figures in the background as a great leader of fashion of the day. This is natural enough. The scene of the three tales is laid in the same period and the same city. What could stamp upon all a greater impress of reality, than to regard them as having a common relation, being, in fact, the narrative of occurrences in different circles, all forming part of the 'Upper Ten Thousand,' and so brought more or less into contact with each other, and having certain knowledge of the leading events in each other's history? The part taken by Arthur Pendennis and that wonderful Laura, so singularly good, ever so ready for kindly services, and yet, strange to say, so very unattractive, is much more open to question. Yet, the pair serve naturally to connect the several circles, and there are few admirers of Thackeray who would be content to dispense with the scenes in which they fill a prominent place.

In the delineation, or rather in the development, of character, (for he rarely sketches portraits, but leaves events to reveal the real spirit of the actors,) he is a master, seldom rivalled, and scarcely ever surpassed. To have this quality, it is necessary that an author should possess not only a thorough familiarity with men, but also a genuine sympathy with them in the temptations, the sorrows, and the difficulties that go to make up the great battle of life. Nor must he be a mere theorist: he must himself have mingled in its fray, and known something of its terrible struggles, its cruel disappointments, its humbling reverses, its bitter agonies. Thackeray had all these qualifications. The sorrows which clouded his path have possibly given a hue of sadness to his views of life; but they certainly prepared him to be a kindly judge of his brethren. While, therefore, few have had a keener insight into the workings of the human heart, or could more thoroughly unmask those hypocrisies by which it often succeeds even in imposing upon itself, none have ever been more ready to discern and recognise those elements of good which are frequently to be found mingling with much that is mean and selfish and base. Longfellow has said that woman—and, though possibly more

applicable to her, it is not true of one sex exclusively—even in her deepest degradation

> 'Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
> Some pledge and keepsake of her better nature;
> And like a diamond in the dark retains
> Some quenchless beam of its celestial glow.'

Into the spirit of this Thackeray has entered, and it has influenced and imparted a truthfulness to most of his portraits. He has nowhere painted monsters acting under the dominion of fiendish passions and possessed of no redeeming qualities. Barnes Newcome, and perhaps Dr. Firmin, are, so far as we remember, the solitary exceptions to the last part of this rule. Barnes is an insufferable little wretch, a singular mixture of the puppy and the brute, with all the insolence and cowardice of a bully; a man who disgraced himself in every relation which he filled, who sneered at his too indulgent father, insulted and wronged his gentle mother, goaded his unhappy wife to an act of mad wickedness, made himself merry with the simplicity of his noble-minded uncle, and was mean enough to prey upon the self-denying sister who had devoted herself to minister to his comfort and the good of his children. Dr. Firmin is a smoother-tongued but certainly not less odious and repulsive villain, one of those men who not only live upon their brethren, but appear to think that their victims ought to feel themselves infinitely honoured by being permitted to minister to their ease and comfort; men of ineffable self-complacency, imperturbable assurance, boundless love of personal enjoyment, and an equal amount of callous insensibility to the happiness of others. The picture of this man is one of Thackeray's cleverest conceptions; and the execution is as masterly as the idea was original. In him, with his grand expectations and miserable failures, his readiness to use the affection of every one who trusted him as the instrument of his own avarice, the utter heartlessness which he hid under an exterior formed after the most approved laws of conventionalism, there is nothing to admire. Perhaps Blanche Amory might be cited as an example of a similar character; and she is certainly a sufficiently disagreeable specimen of unrelieved selfishness. But there is something in the circumstances of her history and the character of her surroundings, even from her infancy, which makes us feel that in her case justice must be tempered with pity; while there are now and then flashes of a better nature, that indicate a capability of something better, had there been anything to aid its development. Becky

Sharp is thoroughly bad; but she could feel admiration for her husband's manliness in that attack on Lord Steyne which ruined her own prospects; and her remembrance of the early kindness of Amelia, though it had not hindered her from drawing away from her side the husband whom the poor creature so madly idolized, induced her to interpose on behalf of the long-suffering and devoted Dobbin, and, by promoting his union with the woman he so truly loved, to contribute to the happiness of both. Lady Kew is hardly less worldly, less intriguing, less unprincipled than Becky—indeed she is Becky placed in a different position; with the same predominant selfishness, the same cynical contempt of goodness, the same resolute determination in working out her own plans, and the like disregard of all the feelings and interests of any who might stand in her way; but, perhaps, with a trifle more heart than Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Her affection for Ethel, debased though it was by the coolness with which she sought to sell her beauty and wit to the greatest possible advantage; and her pity for poor Lady Clara, whom she would fain have shielded from harm, though she would not or could not learn the obvious lesson of her unhappy story, plead on behalf of this miserable creature, in whom Thackeray has sketched, as it never was drawn before, a likeness of the woman of the world, a being whom none can love, and whose life appears to serve no purpose but to act as a beacon to warn others against the indulgence of like vices.

But while Thackeray's charity, which, however, is never debased by the alloy of morbid sentimentalism, finds lingerings of the good even in hearts where the evil is predominant, he, on the other hand, never seeks to depict perfect heroes. Arthur Pendennis and Philip Firmin are not men who can excite very deep sympathy or profound admiration. Henry Esmond is a fair specimen of a dashing cavalier; with a good deal of chivalrous feeling, capable of acts of self-sacrifice, constant in his attachments, and pure in his principles, yet hardly coming up to our ideal of a hero. Clive Newcome, despite many excellencies, is yet deficient in many of the qualities necessary to command the reverence of generous and virtuous hearts. Dobbin is a noble specimen of singleness of purpose, purity of heart, disinterested and constant love, and untiring self-sacrifice. We cannot fail to admire the true-hearted man, yet is there the absence of anything that could awaken veneration; and the impression conveyed, unintentionally, perhaps, but not less certainly, is, that had he been more brilliant he would not have been so good; and we lay down the book with the

feeling that, though he and his beloved Amelia may be very good people, they would not be those whom we should select for bosom friends, or in whose future fortunes we could take a very profound interest. Yet, with the exception of Colonel Newcome, Dobbin (with all his simplicity and *gaucherie*, so well expressed, with the author's characteristic skill, in his name) is the nearest approach to a hero among Mr. Thackeray's characters. In him, undoubtedly, the writer intended to teach a very important lesson; the superiority of an unselfish and loving heart to all gifts of intellect or fortune. But we question whether in the desire to point the contrast between goodness clothed in the least attractive form, and selfishness, even when associated with all those graces of manner and powers of mind which never fail to fascinate, he has not gone into an extreme, and run the risk of exciting in many minds a feeling of pity, where he sought only to create one of admiration.

Colonel Newcome stands alone,—charming all who make his acquaintance by his beautiful simplicity, his lofty principle, his unselfish devotion to the boy he loved so well, his chivalrous sense of honour, his superiority to the corrupting influences of the world. A little more of the 'wisdom of the serpent' would certainly better have fitted him for the battle of life; but it could not have been introduced without marring the effect of a portrait which, as it stands, is singularly beautiful and impressive. To appreciate it fully, we should place it side by side with that of Major Pendennis, a very respectable man, as society deemed him, who found his way into the best circles, and secured for himself a certain *éclat*, who possessed an inexhaustible fund of that selfish sagacity which the world esteems wisdom, but who was always emphatically 'of the earth, earthy.' He had some measure of affection for his nephew, but it only serves to bring out in bolder relief the essential worldliness of the man. He never seeks to rouse Arthur to any noble aspirations, or to set before him any principle of truth or honour as his guide; but, on the contrary, is ever pouring into his ear the subtle counsels of a debasing selfishness, that could only poison every spring of generous feeling in his heart; he can apologize for any youthful vice, or, indeed, incite to its indulgence; he is severe only on what he regards as acts of imprudence, the sacrifices of worldly advantages in deference to principle or honour; and withal he would have himself esteemed a very model of propriety and wisdom. Placed in contrast with a poor worldling like this, the character of the good colonel stands out to special advantage. There are few things more touching in the range of

fiction than the record of his last days—the genuine independence that led him to take his place among the poor brothers of the Charterhouse, rather than accede to the wishes of the generous friends who would have provided another asylum for his old age; the uncomplaining meekness with which he bent his head before the terrible storm of adversity that beat upon him; the gentle resignation of the broken-hearted old man under the reproaches with which he was so unjustly assailed, the child-like faith and tenderness that shed a soft beauty over the sadness of the closing scene. Where do we find anything more exquisite than the brief sentences that give the story of his departure: 'Just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, "*Adsum*," and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.'

The colonel is an exception to the ordinary run of Mr. Thackeray's characters, who rarely combine the elements of strength and goodness. Despite all that has been said in his defence, we think that women especially have good right to complain of the part that the sex plays in his stories. He has certainly drawn some of the most execrable women who ever appeared on the pages of fiction. Becky Sharp, Blanche Amory, and Beatrix Esmond, are one group with sufficiently distinctive points of difference, yet all of the same type of character; beings who have not a single thought beyond themselves, and whom no scruple restrains from any pursuit which promises to gratify their own desires. Not less offensive are the more decorous, but not more honourable mammas, who carry on precisely the same game as these young ladies, but have some more regard, albeit very slight, to the proprieties of society,—Mrs. Bute Crawley, of the Queen's Crawley Rectory; Philip Firmin's scheming and pretentious mother-in-law; and, worst of all, the creature whom of all others we most dislike, the old 'Campaigner,' whose face, ever beaming with smiles on the outside world, concealed as mean and base a heart as ever throbbed in human breast, a heart which even the misfortunes of the noble old colonel could not move to pity, and in which the troubles of the child she professed to love so fondly could not awaken a feeling of honour.

It may be said, indeed, that there are such women, and that it would be no difficult task to find the originals of every portrait. Perhaps even the limited experience of each individual reader may enable him to point out some answering to

the description; and it may be that it is in the very truthfulness of the representation that the gravamen of the offence lies. But were all this true, there would still be reason to object to the number of such characters, and the lack of representatives of the highest style of female excellence. We must confess that there is not one of Mr. Thackeray's heroines, (a title which can only be given to any of them by courtesy,) that commands our hearty admiration. We need not speak of Amelia or Laura Pendennis; for we do not fancy that the most thorough devotee of Mr. Thackeray will ask for a verdict in their favour. Lady Castlewood is a much finer character, and has been described by a very acute critic, the late George Brimley, 'as one of the sweetest women that ever breathed from canvass or from book since Raffaelle painted Maries, and Shakspeare created a new and higher consciousness of woman in the mind of Germanic Europe.' In this judgment we are not prepared to acquiesce. We readily admit the existence of many traits of exquisite loveliness in this devoted, self-denying, greatly-suffering, and deeply-loving woman; but there is a great want of decision and force; and the relations which she sustains to Esmond leave a painful impression upon the mind, and, unlike most of our author's portraitures, are not true to nature. There is, too, an occasional waywardness in her conduct, as, for example, in her unjust treatment of Esmond after the death of her husband, which is hardly consistent with the general tone of her character. On the other hand, we are free to confess the originality of the conception, the singular tenderness and pathos which are revealed in many of her words and actions, and the charm which the portrait can hardly fail to exert on all thoughtful beholders.

But in our eyes Ethel Newcome has far greater attractions. She is thoroughly natural, and in the gradual refinement and elevation of her character we see one of the highest triumphs of Mr. Thackeray's skill. Had we found her at first a fair flower of unselfishness blooming in those gardens of fashion in which she was trained, we should have been ready to pronounce the idea an improbable one. Our author falls into no such error. Ethel, when we first know her, bears traces of the evil influences by which she has been surrounded. Her own good sense enables her to detect the hollowness of the shams amid which she moves; and her kind heart prompts her to admire and love her uncle, one of the few true men with whom she has been thrown into contact, and even to cherish a certain kind of sympathy for poor Clive. But she is not insensible to the advantages of her position; she finds no little pleasure in

the flatteries of her numerous admirers; she chafes against the yoke which she is destined to wear, and sometimes breaks out in bitter mockery of the policy pursued by her wretched grandmother; but she prepares to submit with the best possible grace to her fate. The gradual awakening of her better self, the purifying influence of the terrible calamities that fall upon her house, the casting of that slough of conventionalism which has hidden her real character, and the return to simplicity and nature, are described with great truth and power. We could never understand why, when she had been brought to this state by severe discipline, she should find that she had lost the affection with which she had long trifled; and that the true lover who had borne with so many of her whims was now married to another. The episode of Rosey's marriage with Clive was surely needless, and, though it affords the opportunity of bringing out the true character of the Campaigner, has always appeared to us a serious blot on one of Mr. Thackeray's best stories. The course of true love had already been so rough, that the interposition of this fresh difficulty was quite gratuitous, and affords perhaps the best illustration of the author's failure to work out a skilful plot. Ethel Newcome, however, is the proof that he knew how to appreciate a woman who united strength of intellect and tenderness of heart. The 'little sister' is another beautiful creation of his fancy; but she has little of that mental vigour which Ethel possesses.

We wish that Mr. Thackeray had given us more such pictures. We have no love, indeed, for the class of heroes in whom some writers delight,—men gifted with superhuman virtue and wisdom, who belong to a sphere far removed from that of ordinary mortals, and whose goodness is altogether of so unapproachable a character, that it fails altogether to enlist the sympathies and stimulate the efforts of the reader. As a rule, the men with whom we meet are neither paragons of goodness nor monsters of vice; but always 'compassed about with infirmities,' often governed by motives the paltry selfishness of which they do not suspect themselves, erring from weakness of principle, or the power of sudden temptation, more frequently than from deliberate purpose; their virtues sullied with many imperfections, and their victories over self only attained at great cost, and perhaps after many reverses in the struggle; and, on the other hand, their vices developed and strengthened slowly by a course of indulgence, the ultimate issue of which they have not themselves foreseen. We admire the skill with which our author has brought this out, showing how subtle is the working of motive in the human heart; how

largely men, apparently most opposite, are influenced by the self-same passions and feelings; how near may lie to ourselves the sins we are the first to condemn in others, and how very similar are the temptations by which we are all beset. The philosophic Archer Butler says with great truth and acuteness in one of his sermons, 'The enemy of souls is a master of all the resources of his art, the arsenal of Satan is never empty of weapons. Yet *in kind*—such are the necessary limits of human nature—they cannot admit of much diversity; the wonder is, after all, that man can be destroyed on so small a stock of passions!.....Mankind reiterate themselves from age to age, from country to country; the heart goes through the same narrow circle of follies in a thousand spheres; each generation is the poor echo of its predecessor.' Mr. Thackeray's tales are instructive illustrations of these principles; and their great value is that they exhibit to us the evils springing from the operation of the very passions we harbour in our own hearts, and the triumph of the same temptations to which we ourselves are too prone to yield. At one time, the common idea was that these representations were indicative of a cynical disbelief in all goodness; but nothing could be more false, and there are few now who would maintain an opinion which, whatever justification it might find in *Barry Lyndon*, *Vanity Fair*, and even *Pendennis*, is abundantly contradicted by the later works. It is despondency rather than cynicism that inspires the moralisings with which the course of the narrative is again and again interrupted, and which, coloured as they frequently are by a sadness that approaches to sombre melancholy, are far from being the least interesting or valuable parts of his books. And when, as is not unfrequently the case, indignant virtue, ready to utter its anathemas on some deed of meanness and vice, is asked to pause, to look within, to inquire whether it has such sinlessness as would warrant it in casting the first stone; instead of recognising the voice of a cynic, we feel that we are listening to one of large heart and generous sympathies, who would plead for charity to the fallen, and speak words of wise caution to those who are disposed to cherish a feeling of self-righteousness; and who, in fact, is only reiterating the precepts of the old book, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged;' 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

We, therefore, do not complain either that Mr. Thackeray's heroes are not perfect, or that his analysis of human character is so keen and searching as sometimes to awaken uncomfortable feelings in the minds of his readers. His object certainly

is to excite in all distrust of themselves, not of others; and though possibly there may be found many who derive from such teachings the miserable consolation that they are as good as others commonly esteemed their superiors, this is a proof only of the perverted ingenuity of the disciple, not of mistake or incapacity on the part of the master. On the contrary, the effect which such lessons must exert on right-minded men must be beneficial; leading them to cherish generous thoughts towards others, to form lowly estimates of themselves, to be watchful against all forms of temptation, and, above all, to eschew that wretched spirit of Pharisaism, which not only injures the man himself, but hinders so seriously the progress of godliness. What we do object to is, that the writer takes little or no account of large classes, who, however mistaken he may deem them in their views, are striving to live up to their sense of right; that, in fact, the circle from which his actors and incidents are drawn, is very limited, and the range of his moral teaching correspondingly narrow. The *Book of Snobs* contains, in fact, all the leading thoughts which he reiterates and illustrates in each successive tale. His great aim is to inspire contempt for everything that is not genuine; to place the beauty of simplicity and truth in opposition to the meanness, the deformity, and the wretchedness of hypocrisy and falsehood, even in those forms of it which society is content to sanction; to rebuke that debasing worship of wealth or money which is a disgrace to our English society; to exhibit the degrading bondage in which Mrs. Grundy holds such numbers; to teach a man to respect himself, and to feel that the only position worth having is that which is won by his own real worth and persevering effort; and to indicate the happiness which is to be found in the cultivation of the kindlier feelings of the nature, and the faithful discharge of duty, in however humble a sphere. Flunkeyism, selfishness, unreality, frivolity, pretentiousness, subservience to the world's opinion, and compliance with its customs, are the evils against which he brings his whole artillery to play, and, as all must feel, with terrible effect. Sometimes he indulges in playful wit; then he employs all the force of a keen and biting satire; by and by he glides into a strain of irony so polished that it has often deceived the unthinking reader; anon he kindles with righteous indignation, and pours forth words of burning eloquence; or, most impressive of all, he speaks in that strain of tender and soul-subduing pathos, of which he was so consummate a master. Examples of these different styles must at once occur to the remembrance of any who are familiar with his

works; and he must be well fortified in his own conceit, who has not sometimes, as he has read, heard the inward voice saying, '*De te fabula narratur.*' Still, though the influence thus exerted is healthful, we must feel that it is very circumscribed in extent. Nothing is condemned which does not deserve reprobation, and rarely is praise bestowed upon unworthy objects; but there are numberless evils in society left unnoticed, and types of pure and noble character among us which find here no representative. Very rarely is an excursion made beyond those fashionable circles, where the scene of the stories is mainly laid, except into those regions of literary and artistic life, between which and the loftier sphere of aristocratic exclusiveness there exists a certain undefined connexion, in virtue, mainly, of special privileges enjoyed by some of the denizens of the former. Of life in drawing-rooms and clubs, in barristers' chambers, and artists' studios, in English country houses, and those continental cities which are the favourite resorts of those of both sexes who are broken down in constitution, or character, or purse; of scheming dowagers, vulgar pretenders, worn-out dandies, profligate critics, wretched tuft-hunters, and intriguing misses; of the Book of the Peerage, and all the moral and social evil it works in the circles where it is something like the fetish of the poor savage; of the laws, practices, and vicissitudes of that matrimonial Bourse, where the dignity of man, the purity of woman, and the tenderest affections of both, are so often bartered away for the coronet of an earl, or the fortune of a millionnaire, we have—not more than enough; for the evils denounced are great and so strong, that they need to be vigorously assailed, if they are to be removed at all—but still so much, that we have wished that the same vigorous pen had been employed in satirising some other follies as well. And much as we admire many of the examples of quiet heroism that develop themselves in the course of such narratives, we could desire that Mr. Thackeray had sometimes trodden other paths which he has entirely eschewed, not only that he might have made his pictures of our modern society complete, but still more, that while rendering honour where honour is due, he might have kindled the ambition of the young to seek after the noblest and truest forms of distinction. But, unfortunately, service of the character to which we allude, however lofty its motives, or self-denying its toil, is too much overlooked by the class to which Mr. Thackeray belongs. They seem to forget the world that lies beyond the circle in which they move, which, after all, is very contracted; and, whenever they introduce any of its inhabitants, only discover their own

utter ignorance relative to them, their aims, their principles, and their doings. The defect is more apparent in Mr. Thackeray, because his range is even more restricted than common; and there is in his tales a singular lack of men inspired by high principle, labouring for some definite end, viewing life with an abiding sense of solemn responsibility, and exerting some influence for good upon the society in which they move.

The moral tone of these works is always pure and elevating. Thackeray has often been compared with Fielding, and not without propriety; but it is only necessary to run through a few pages of *Tom Jones*, to feel how much our age has gained in finding a writer who could expose its weaknesses and lash its vices, without ever penning a word that could offend the taste of the most fastidious, or call up a blush on the face of the most modest. He has often to speak of sin, but there is nowhere that coarse description over which the impure would gloat, or that still more dangerous style of representation which veils its native deformity and suggests apologies for its commission. Mr. Thackeray's own views of this style of writing were strongly expressed in the lecture on the 'English humourists' in which he administers so terrible a castigation to Sterne. 'There is,' he says, 'not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away, a latent corruption,—a hint as of an impure presence. Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners then, but not all. The foul Satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly: the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked—the last lines the poor stricken wretch penned were for pity and pardon. I think of these past writers, and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter, and the sweet and unsullied page, which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children.'

Surely we must all cherish a similar feeling to the author of *Vanity Fair* and the *Newcomes*. In both these tales the writer has to deal with characters and incidents which, in less skilful hands, or rather in hands not under the guidance of so pure a moral feeling, might have become indelicate and injurious. But here there is not even the most distant approach to any thing of this kind. Where strong, earnest, and manly words of denunciation need to be uttered, there is no shrinking from their employment; the injustice of society in its ideas of crime and its treatment of different criminals, is fearlessly exposed; the downward path of temptation and indulgence is traced with that minuteness which a desire to make it a warning to

others would excite, and the penalties consequent on sin are set forth with terrible vividness. But there is wise and becoming reticence where it would be impossible to speak without doing evil rather than good. The whole story of Lady Clara Newcome is told with singular delicacy and skill, which we may appreciate all the more if we will place it in contrast with some of the productions of modern, especially female novelists. It was not an easy task that he had to execute; for he had to brand with deserved infamy the apparent victim, but really the provoking cause of this heinous sin; and yet, at the same time, so to do it as not to suffer the feelings of the reader to lapse into a morbid sympathy with the crime or the criminal. Through the difficulties of this course he has steered with consummate art. Sir Barnes stands forth as the wretched, unmanly, contemptible, canting villain that he was; and yet every feeling of commiseration which has been cherished for Lady Clara, so long as she was the victim of his cruelty, is changed for stern reprobation when her agonies goad her into transgression. The brief but graphic sketch of her future life is one of the most powerful sermons against vice it were possible to preach. If ever sin might have pleaded excuse, it was here; yet in depicting the complete wreck of Lady Clara's happiness, her loss of reputation, peace of mind, and the very love for which she had sinned so deeply, our author shows that wrong can never be right, and that everywhere the wages of sin is death. Never did we need such lessons more than at a time when so many are strung with a specious sophistry, to make the worse appear the better reason, to abate the instinctive horror with which vice should be regarded, and so to accustom us to contemplate its features, presented under a light so favourable, that we may learn to view it at least with pity and kindliness, if not with positive approbation.

Of the religious tendencies of Mr. Thackeray's writings, we must speak much more doubtfully. Not that he was an unbeliever; or, so far as we can detect, had any sympathies with intellectual scepticism. The bitter sneers in which Arthur Pendennis at one time was wont to indulge respecting all things sacred and profane, human and Divine, and which seemed to reveal a mind trembling on the verge of absolute atheism, may indicate one of those phases of struggle through which, at some period of his life, in common with numbers of young men, he may have passed. But it is impossible to read his books, and believe that he long retained such doubts, however for a season they may have disturbed and harassed him. On the contrary, we find scattered here and there expressions of religious feeling

the most pure and touching. It is true they do not go very far, and have little to do with mere dogmatic opinions; but at least they manifest the presence of some feeling of reverence in the heart, the recognition of a Divine guide of human action, and a Divine consoler in human sorrows, and the acknowledgment of the blessed influence which dependence upon this direction and solace exerts on human character and happiness. There are passages which set forth certain aspects of religious truth with an eloquence and force to which few preachers have attained. What a striking comment on the text, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth,' is that marvellous picture, so full of truth and pathos, in which he sets forth the character and exposes the falsehood of Congreve's views of life, where, after describing the revellers in the midst of their riotings, he adds, 'Hark! what is that chant coming nearer and nearer? What is that dirge which will disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim,—the cheeks turn pale,—the voice wavers,—and the cup drops on the floor. Who's there? Death and Fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in.' With what true and touching thoughts of death he introduces the account of Lady Kew's funeral, telling in such forcible words the story of a wasted life! 'To live fourscore years, and be found dancing among the idle virgins! to have had near a century of allotted time, and then be called away from the giddy notes of a Mayfair fiddle!' What exquisite beauty and right feeling is there in the account of Helen Pendennis's death, breathing out her life so gently in an act of prayer for the son she loved so fondly!

'As they were talking the clock struck nine; and Helen reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bedroom at that hour, and hear him say "Our Father." And once more, O, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees, and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words, "for ever and ever," and "Amen." The sainted woman was dead. The last emotion of her soul here was joy, henceforth to be unchequered and eternal. The tender heart beat no more; it was to have no more pangs, no more doubts, no more griefs and trials. Its last throb was love; and Helen's last breath was a benediction.'

We cannot, with our limited space, multiply extracts of this character, although it would not be difficult to find many. Nor would we attach to them a deeper significance than they are fairly entitled to possess. In the face of them all we are

compelled to admit, what we greatly deplore, that there are many evidences of want of sympathy with, if not aversion to, what we regard as evangelical religion and its special work. Very seldom, indeed, is it spoken of with actual contempt; nay, there is often a respect shown to those who conscientiously hold and consistently carry out its principles; but it is too manifest that their views are regarded as delusions. Mrs. Sophia Alethea Newcome, surrounded by her unctuous ministerial friends, firmly asserting her authority, and not always using it in the wisest way, very narrow, very morose, and somewhat inclined to be overbearing, does not appear in a very loveable light, and her portrait has something about it of the caricature. Yet justice is done to her sincerity, to her abundant charity, and to a general excellence which all her bigotry and sourness could not wholly conceal. There are, however, quiet hits at tract distribution and other modes of Christian labour, which indicate that the author regards them with but scant favour, and, even where he gives their promoters credit for conscientious zeal, is disposed to look on it as a sign of intellectual feebleness. Perhaps, too, there is a tendency, evidences of which cross us here and there, to regard religious feelings and acts as coming within the province of women rather than of men.

It is worth our while to see if, from anything in Mr. Thackeray's writings, we can discover the reason of this feeling in one who had so true a reverence for virtue, such earnest sympathy with all that was noble and generous, and so real a consciousness of a relation between man and God, that he could write of the prayers of good women in such terms as these: 'They have but to will, and as it were an invisible temple rises around them; their hearts can kneel down there, and they have an audience of the great, the merciful, untiring Counsellor and Consoler.' This is the more important because, unquestionably, he was a representative of a large class, wielding great influence, in virtue of their intellectual power and moral purity; and if there be anything either in our modes of presenting Christian truth or in our forms of Christian activity that is fitted to repel rather than to attract, and in which we could effect a change without any compromise of principle, it certainly becomes us to make the attempt. It is easy and perhaps flattering to our own complacency to say, that the pride of intellect rebels against the peculiar doctrine of the Gospel; but though this is certainly true, and though we can never expect that the 'offence of the cross' will cease, we are surely not to be content that the noblest power of the world

should thus belong to the devil; and, least of all, should we needlessly increase the difficulties which men of this calibre may feel to the acceptance of the truth.

One thing which manifestly impressed Mr. Thackeray, and which, we fear, has had a similar influence upon many others, is the unreality of many so-called religious acts. There is a very striking passage relative to the practice of family prayer, which reveals very much of this painful feeling, in the account of domestic worship at the house of the well-intentioned but weak, purse-proud, and worldly baronet, Sir Brian Newcome:—

'I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at that chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. The urns are hissing, the plate is shining; the father of the house standing up reads from a gilt book for three or four minutes in a measured cadence. The members of the family are around the table in an attitude of decent reverence, the younger children whisper responses at their mother's knees; the governess worships apart; the maids and the large footmen are in a cluster behind their chairs, the upper servants performing their devotions on the other side of the sideboard; the nurse whisks about the unconscious last-born, and tosses it up and down during the ceremony. *I do not sneer at that,—at the act for which all these people are assembled,—it is at the rest of the day I marvel, at the rest of the day and at what it brings.* At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking, and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again; and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes, all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement; whence, should it happen to be a gala day, those tall gentlemen, at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I know not what insane emblems of absurd folly, and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their very manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses, will be a like monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor, than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you met some of your servants in the streets, (I respectfully suppose for the moment that the reader is a person of high fashion and a great establishment,) you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century, and know nothing about them. If they were ill, you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary, and of course order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind, you are not worse than your neighbours. Nay, perhaps, if you did go into the kitchen, or take your tea in the servants' hall, you would do little good, and only bore the folks assembled there. But so it is! With these fellow-Christians, who have just been saying Amen to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of charity. They come, you don't

know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care, or *vice versâ*. They answer the bell for prayers, as they answer the bell for coals; for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet, and the desires and the petitions of the master and servants over, the rite called family worship is ended.'

Now is there not something here which may well be taken to heart, not only by Christians of the class specially referred to, but by those of all classes? Is there not here a sermon that needs to be preached from every pulpit in the land? Charity would lead us to hope that there are few families whose acts of devotion approach so nearly to the character of a farce as those of Sir Brian Newcome; but there are many who would do well to take heed to the emphatic rebuke to formalism and hypocrisy our author has administered. It is the great reproach of numbers of Christian professors, that the feelings and words of their sacred seasons stand out in such melancholy contrast to the ordinary course of their lives. It would seem as if they regarded a certain part of their time as belonging to religion; and in this, (not a very large proportion of their life, it must be confessed,) they are anxious to be very correct and scrupulous; but beyond this, they do not recognise its right of control, or seek to conform themselves to its requirements. The want of harmony between the two portions of their existence, which is sufficiently manifest and offensive to others, does not appear to impress them at all. They do not perceive the inconsistency between the solemn act of worship with which the day is commenced, and the irritable tempers which they indulge, the bitter words they speak, and the worldly schemings in which they are absorbed through all the remaining hours. They pay due regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath, are regular in their attendance on the house of God, exhibit deep interest in its services, and may even be liberal in their maintenance of institutions for the extension of the Gospel; but when Monday comes, they are prepared to meet the men of the world on their own ground, to enter on the keen competition of trade with intense eagerness, and to have recourse to the little artifices or half-frauds which pass current in too many commercial circles, undisturbed by a single thought of any religious obligation under which they are laid. Their notion is that there is a time for religion as for everything else; and they will not suffer it to have any power over seasons or works that lie beyond its own proper sphere. Of a mighty principle, whose all-pervading influence shall affect the whole of a man's being, purge his heart from a debasing

selfishness, lift him up above the petty meannesses of the world, make him more tender and considerate in all his dealings with his brethren, and stamp an impress of nobility and purity upon his whole character, they seem to have not the faintest conception.

This unnatural severance between things sacred and secular, as though there can be anything belonging to a man's thoughts, words, or acts, which religion is not designed to sanctify, is one of the greatest practical errors of our day. Nothing more thoroughly misrepresents the true character of Christianity, lays it more open to the cavillings and reproaches of the sceptic, or operates as a more serious hindrance to its progress. Eloquent preaching will be comparatively powerless, the most solemn services will lose much of their legitimate effect, and the diligent labours of our churches will fail to attain their natural result, so long as there are these glaring anomalies in the practical developments of our Christianity. It is an evil, indeed, if there be any want of attention to the special duties of the spiritual life, less reverence for the Sabbath, less regard either to private or public worship, less consecration of talent or time to the direct work of the church; but it would be a still greater evil if attention to these should be accepted as the substitute for a course of humble and consistent godliness. There is great need that, amid the ever-pressing claims of worldly engagements, we should insist earnestly on the preservation of certain times for special religious exercises; but it is still more necessary that we should enforce the importance of elevating the whole tone of Christian thought and feeling, and of giving unity of purpose and character to every day and every hour of our existence. We may well be content to receive instruction on this point, from whatever quarter it comes; and, even if the words of remonstrance seem to us somewhat harsh, still accept them as the faithful wounds of a friend. As an eloquent preacher of the day has said, 'We sit down to that communion, and we do it "in the name of the Lord Jesus;" we commemorate Him there; when we come to pray, speak to Him and in His name; our high tides of devotion do not come so often as the tides of the sea; then for the rest there is the long stretch of foul, oozy, barren beach, when the waters are out, and all is desolation and deadness. This is not what a Christian man ought to be. There is no action of life which is too great to bow to the influence of "This do in remembrance of Me;" and there is no action of life which is too small to be magnified, glorified, turned into a solemn sacrament, by the operation of the same motive.' And again: 'Would it not be grand if we

could so go through life, as that all should not be one dead level, but one high plateau, as it were, on the mountain top where all rests upon the 'Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus?'"

Mr. Thackeray's writings contain frequent references, some of them not in the most friendly tone, to Christian labours in the distribution of tracts, or the prosecution of missionary effort for the conversion of the heathen. Neither he nor Mr. Dickens, nor perhaps any one of our literary men, seems able to do justice to the amount of self-denying zeal, earnest faith, and generous liberality expended on these objects. For the most part they attribute them to individuals who neglect the more obvious and homely duties for those which, as having something of the romantic in their character, perhaps exciting more of public notice, and ministering to a love of notoriety and patronage, are attractive to a certain class of mind. We do not deny that there may be some who answer to their descriptions, who will give a tract where a loaf of bread would be a much more appropriate manifestation of Christian charity, whose activity on committees and in schools is obtained by a neglect of the primary duties of their own household, whose compassion for the natives of 'Borrioboola Gha' is in striking contrast to their indifference to the condition of the heathen at home, and who forget that the home is the first place where Christian principle should manifest its power and put forth its energy. But had these writers possessed a more intimate acquaintance with those whom they thus satirise, they would have known that the pretenders are the exception not the rule, and must have seen that the men who are most intent on the diffusion of the Gospel, are those also who stand conspicuous in every enterprise of philanthropy. We cannot but feel the injustice of many of their criticisms, or rather calumnies; but we are anxious to see if there be not something to be learned from attacks which often we are satisfied proceed from misapprehension. If in any quarters there be a disposition to care only for the improvement of the spiritual state, and to forget how many of its evils are aggravated, where not produced, by physical degradation; if there be a consciousness that our sympathy with suffering humanity has sometimes sought opportunity for ostentatious display, and has not shown itself in our general bearing and deportment towards the children of affliction; if, in fine, there have been any apparent want of reality in our Christian labours, we should seek to correct the error, even though somewhat disposed to chafe against the unfairness and severity of our monitors. We cannot hope to make them feel with us as to the grandeur and

wisdom of the one enterprise of the church; but we may, at least, by a quiet consistency, by a tender interest in the temporal and eternal welfare of all with whom we have to do, by a diligent attempt to follow in the footsteps of Him who 'went about doing good,' silence their gainsaying, and compel them to admit that the Gospel of Christ is the mightiest instrument for the regeneration of society, the best remedy of the evils which they so strongly denounce and yet are so powerless to remove.

The want of thorough faithfulness in Christian ministers is another point which seems to have impressed Mr. Thackeray very unfavourably. One of the most severe passages in his works, is that with which he closes his lecture on the second George, and in which he condemns, in terms not at all too strong for the occasion, the fulsome eulogy which a learned divine, afterwards a bishop, was not ashamed to pronounce on one who lived in the systematic violation of the Divine law. After quoting the wretched verses in which this monarch, who had scarcely a kingly grace or a moral excellence, is described as one too good for earth, he writes:—

'If he had been good, if he had been just, if he had been pure in life, and wise in counsel, could the poet have said much more? It was a parson who came and wept over this grave, with Walmoden sitting on it, and claimed heaven for the poor old man slumbering below. Here was one who had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit; who tainted a great society by bad example; who in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low, and sensual; and Mr. Porteus, afterwards my lord bishop Porteus, says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven! Bravo, Mr. Porteus! The divine who wept these tears over George the Second's memory, wore George the Third's lawn. I don't know whether people still admire his poetry or his sermons.'

This is but another utterance of the same complaint, that religion is not a real thing; and here unhappily sustained by the contempt shown for its first principles and most solemn sanctions by one of its own teachers. The mischief done by those who thus make the Christian ministry a mere profession, and who are determined to employ any or every means necessary to secure their personal advancement, it is impossible to calculate. Unhappily it is the highest class of mind that this time-serving is most likely to alienate; awakening the doubts of some, and in others ministering to that utter indifference which is more fatal than even decided scepticism. The responsibility of a Christian minister is indeed overwhelming. By petty inconsistencies that seem very slight in themselves, by thoughtless words, by the manifestation of a trifling spirit, by an apparent want of a

realising faith in the truths he teaches, he may undo much that he has accomplished by able expositions of the truth and earnest calls to duty. 'Dead flies' will ever 'cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour;' and he, therefore, who seeks to lead others, cannot be too anxious to walk rightly himself. Where, however, there is thorough sincerity, simple loyalty to Christ, a manifest desire to do His will, it will, even though there be many imperfections, not fail to commend itself to impartial men.

Mr. Thackeray is quite able to appreciate character of this sort, and takes opportunities of expressing the reverence he feels for one who, in the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion, strives to glorify his Master. There is a beautiful little paper in the 'Sketches and Travels in London,' entitled 'The Curate's Walk,' itself sufficient to show how ready he was to honour any one who felt that the mission of the Christian teacher was to act the part of a helper and consoler to those who were in trouble, and how well he knew that in the ranks of the clergy of all sects there are men, whose names are never heard, and whose labours are little known, who are earnestly grappling with the sin and misery they find around them, and on whose heads there rest the blessings of those who are ready to perish. We do not complain, certainly, that he estimates this kind of service too highly, but we do feel that he attaches too little importance to work of another description. To watch by the bedside of the sick and dying, to seek out the suffering, and minister to them both temporal and spiritual consolation, to visit the homes of poverty and guilt, and carry them the messages of Divine love, is a work proper to the Christian minister: but it is necessary also that there should be the simple, faithful, and powerful preaching of the Gospel. The pulpit is not the only sphere of ministerial labour; but surely, as the holy George Herbert said, 'it is the pastor's joy and throne,' and power there is not lightly to be esteemed. This, however, does not seem to be understood by many of our literary men. The quiet parish priest who does not trouble himself about preaching, but is full of love and good works, who is very benevolent and active in the homes of his parishioners, although, perhaps, somewhat dull and prosy when he takes his place in the pulpit, who has none of the graces of oratory, and is little conversant with the subtleties of theology, is the object of their special admiration. On the other hand, the popular preacher is their special aversion. He is weak, effeminate, conceited, probably unprincipled; he is so intent on setting forth himself that he gives little thought to his Master, or the work he has under-

taken to perform; he has a very accommodating theology, and a meretricious style of rhetoric, by which he contrives to attract crowds; but there is nothing to instruct the intellect, or quicken the conscience; and so, while he gathers around him a number of weak women, who write him sentimental notes, and work for him beautiful slippers, thoughtful men turn away in contempt and disgust.

Mr. Thackeray has drawn one full-length portrait of this character in Charles Honeyman. With our own knowledge of facts in the career of a certain well-known preacher, whether living or dead we do not say, we should hesitate to pronounce it an extravagance; and we can recognise in it a much more delicate hand than that which sketched such hideous caricatures as those of Mr. Stiggins and Mr. Chadband. But if Charles Honeyman is not so coarse, he is hardly less repulsive than either of those gentlemen. The self-complacent, luxurious, frivolous dandy, who is prepared for any *rôle* by which he can attract crowds, and fill his coffers; whose preaching is nothing but a mimetic performance, to which his fine voice and highly essenced pocket-handkerchief are much more important than any vigorous thoughts or burning words; whose whole life is in flagrant contradiction to the character he bears and the message he has to publish,—is as far removed from the ideal of a Christian minister as it is easy for us to conceive of any one who still bears the name. The art shown in the entire portraiture, in this pretender's theological metamorphoses, his sponging-house experiences, his love-making, his social pleasures, is of the highest order. The engraving in which he is represented as a Puseyite incumbent, finished after the most approved model of the school, is itself a study, and is in admirable keeping with the description it so well illustrates. But after saying this, the question arises, Is this a fair representation? There may be a Charles Honeyman here and there; but is it just to hold him up, as is done here, as a type of a class? Emphatically we reply in the negative. We sympathize thoroughly in the exposure of the system of proprietary chapels, in the history of that Lady Whittlesea's chapel, which the clever Sherrick managed as he would have managed a theatre,—where 'above was the Spirit Divine, and below were the spirits of wine.' The plan is radically bad, as bad as the notorious pew auctions of New York, and directly tends to produce a class of men who have no aim in life but to satisfy their employers and enrich themselves. It is not to the credit of the Church of England, that the bishops allow it to exist, when the power of prohibition is in their own hands. But there are other places besides proprietary chapels, where men of

high intellect, deep religious feeling, and powerful eloquence, gather crowds to hear the Gospel, and exercise over them an influence that tends to ennoble and purify their whole nature. It is men of this class, conscientious, devout, of high abilities, and of great usefulness, whose talents would have fitted them to adorn any profession, but whom love to Christ and the souls of men has led to the comparatively humble position of a Christian minister, who are entitled to complain of the injury done them in the exhibition of Charles Honeyman as the one representative of their class. There is a singular inconsistency in the conduct of certain members of the literary world, who reproach the pulpit for its feebleness, and yet sneer at those who have cultivated with sincerity the gift of preaching. They cry out for such eloquence as that of Wesley, or Whitefield, or Luther, and have nothing but scorn for that which moves the hearts of men of their own times. It is only another illustration of the old truth, 'The fathers slew the prophets, and the children build their tombs.' Had they lived in the days of these great and good men, they would have dealt with them in the same fashion in which they treat their successors of to-day.

While taking these exceptions to some parts of Mr. Thackeray's teachings, (there are some other points we might have noticed; especially the measure of countenance he gives to the 'wild oats' theory of life,) we gladly bear our testimony to their pure and healthful influence, as a whole. They do not, as we have shown, appeal to the highest motives or exhibit the operation of the most ennobling principles; their conceptions of religion and religious men are often very erroneous, and always extremely defective, characterized by ignorance where they are not marred by anti-evangelical prejudice and bigotry; their views of human life not only lack that completeness and beauty which nothing but the recognition of the Divine end to which it should be consecrated can impart, but occasionally treat with indulgence, if they do not regard with sympathy, practices which deserve stern reprobation. Still they are full of generous feeling, and inculcate many lessons of practical wisdom; they are fitted to rebuke follies and vices into which we are all too prone to fall, petty and arrogant self-assertion, too high an appreciation, approaching even to a worship, of material prosperity, an unconfessed, perhaps half-unconscious, want of truth, reality, and manliness, in our intercourse with others, a selfishness which dwarfs the intellect, narrows the heart, and debases the entire life. Their terrible sarcasms are levelled with equal effect at the insolence of the prosperous

and the servility of the low; and their general result must be to lead the rich and great to more humble estimates of themselves and more thoughtful kindness to their brethren, to inspire the poor or struggling with more contentment and independence, to arouse in all more of that spirit of self-respect which would preserve from a thousand meannesses and secure for them the truest elevation. All this Mr. Thackeray has done; and, though there be other work which we think still higher that he has left undone, let us, at least, cheerfully give him the tribute he so well deserves for the good service he has rendered in the cause of humanity and virtue. A more kindly satirist, a censor who was able to blend more beautifully the attributes of fidelity and gentleness, a more earnest preacher of the truths he held, or one more skilled in finding out 'acceptable words' in which to utter them, we shall not easily find. By that marvellous gallery of portraits which he has created for our amusement and instruction, by his singular power in bringing out the treasures of our English tongue, by tales and sketches which will long live to interest and delight successive generations of readers, he has laid our literature under a weighty obligation. By his hearty scorn of all hypocrisy, by his protests against the crying faults of a mammon-worshipping age, by the homage he everywhere pays to virtue, he has proved himself a valuable helper even to the teacher of religion, who rejoices to see that nowhere does he exhibit a deeper and tenderer pathos, or speak words of a loftier eloquence, than in those passages which evidence the power that the word of God had on him as on all the great masters of our language.

There may possibly be some of our readers who may think that we have devoted too much space to the criticism of a writer of fiction. But works of fiction constitute a large part of our current literature, and are exercising a powerful influence for good or evil in forming the opinions, tastes, and character of society. Even into religious circles, from which they were once jealously excluded, they find their way, and are widely read and freely discussed, especially among the younger members of our families. The rigid and wholesale prohibitions of a former generation, which classed novel-reading, theatre-going, and card-playing in one category, and deemed the one as unsuitable to a Christian professor as the other, have given place to an indulgence as unwise and far more dangerous. Perhaps our forefathers went to an extreme; but when we come to look carefully into the novels of a century ago, we can hardly be surprised at the attitude which they

assumed. No doubt the novels of Fielding and Smollett are marked by extraordinary genius; but our fathers had not learned the modern doctrine that genius is to cover any multitude of sins, and they were more anxious that their children should be kept free from the contamination of licentious thoughts and words than that they should be entertained by the wit of these very clever but very loose writers. Miss Edgeworth introduced an entirely different class of fiction, and was one of the first to secure a more favourable consideration for works of this class in quarters where hitherto they had been regarded with mingled dread and aversion. Sir Walter Scott did more to overturn the old notions about novels, and to secure for them the place they now hold in our literature. The extraordinary popularity which his tales at once achieved, the great intellectual power which they revealed, their freedom from moral taint, their great value as examples of a finished style, and, perhaps, not least, their character as historical novels, all contributed to this end. The danger of late has been that the reaction may go too far, and indiscriminate condemnation be succeeded by an equally indiscriminate toleration, if not approval. We could easily point to works, far more pernicious in their influence than the coarsest tales of the older novelists, which, nevertheless, find an undisputed entrance into the best conducted families, and are read by the young at the very age when they are least able to detect and resist the evil that lurks in them.

The evil is one that has greatly increased of late. If we compare the works of Thackeray or Dickens with those which at present win the favour of novel-readers, we cannot fail to be struck with the very marked degeneracy. Perhaps the rise of the 'Sensation' school may itself be regarded as a reaction from the more tame and quiet style of tale which Mr. Thackeray preferred; and some of its success may be attributed to the indifference which both he and Dickens have shown to the plot of their stories. To follow the subtle workings of human nature, to admire the play of wit and humour, to study homilies on the evils of society, however pleasantly they may be disguised, are but wearying occupations for those who go to a book for amusement rather than instruction. They want more stir and excitement, they rebel against the dulness and reality of scenes taken from common life, and ask to be lifted up into the regions of fancy and romance; they cry out for a succession of startling surprises that shall hold their attention spell-bound, and produce, in fact, a species of mental intoxication. To this craving our 'sensation' writers administer,

and hence their popularity. Looked at from a purely literary point of view, their work is of an inferior order. The interest of their books depends solely upon incident. Occasionally, indeed, they sketch a character with considerable skill, but, for the most part, the actors are only painted in indistinct outline, and are forgotten as soon as the volume is laid down. The plot, or rather the secret on which it generally turns, is everything; and when once the mystery is unravelled, no one cares to look at the book again. Of all the readers who followed the windings of the *Dead Secret* with intense and excited interest, or whose hearts were harrowed by the wrongs and sufferings of the mysterious *Woman in White*, or were kindled to indignation or moved to pity by the career of the extraordinary young lady who had *No Name*, we wonder whether there are half-a-dosen, who, after they had arrived at the *dénouement*, ever cared to turn over half-a-dosen pages again. Perhaps the writers of this class of books may tell us they do not write for immortality. If so, we can promise them they will have their reward; for in a very short time their names will be forgotten, and their works, after a brief fever of notoriety, will take their places on those higher shelves of country circulating libraries, by the side of books, hardly less celebrated in their day, which have long since passed into oblivion.

But it is with the moral aspect of these works that we are chiefly concerned. If it pleases writers to concoct, and readers to peruse, tales which violate every condition of probability; if the laws of psychological consistency are to be outraged in the delineation of character, and the experiences of life ignored in the elaboration of a plot; if we are thus to have novels filled with men and incidents such as we never have met and are never likely to meet; and if the reading public is resolved to stamp on such productions the mark of its approval, we can only be silent, and wait for the return of more sober thought and cooler judgment. But if, in addition to all these, the restraints of morality are spurned; if our young people are to be made familiar with things, in relation to which 'ignorance is bliss;' if the most false standards are to be set up for the estimate of principles and actions; if the most specious pleas are to be urged for vice, while virtue is exhibited under every disadvantage; and if the general result of the whole is to confuse the distinctions of right and wrong, then are there other higher than mere æsthetic considerations that compel us to raise our voice against the insult offered to the moral sense and feeling of the community. These are the charges that we allege, and that, did our space permit and were it at all

desirable, we could easily substantiate against a number of our modern novels.

Miss Evans does not belong to the 'sensation' school, but certainly her tales are open to these moral objections. *Adam Bede*, we have always thought, was judged with extraordinary leniency, owing, probably, to the favourable impression produced by the opening chapters, and the fact that there was an amount of apparent reverence shown throughout for moral and religious worth. But who that is at all concerned about the ethical tendency of such books, can read it a second time calmly and dispassionately, without feeling that there is an under-current of sentiment pervading the whole that is anything but favourable to high-toned virtue? *The Mill on the Floss* was far more undisguised in its character. It is true that it did not actually justify, or even extenuate, vice; but its influence certainly tended to abate the sentiment of horror with which any approach to it should be regarded. It cannot be too often repeated that this is just the kind of representation most to be dreaded. If vice be exhibited in its own naked deformity, the result is a portraiture too loathsome to be endured by any but the most abandoned: but these carefully drawn pictures in which the darker shades are kept out of sight, or so mellowed and toned down as to lose much of their unpleasant character, and the general effect is relieved by the introduction of other features, command attention and awaken a sympathy which would be refused, were their real character and design better understood.

Mrs. Wood is a writer who puzzles us. Some of her stories are as pure, as free from everything that could offend, as earnest in their inculcation of virtue, as any writings of their class. On the other hand, others are just as unhealthy in their tone and as questionable in their principles. Perhaps, in all there is too much straining after effect. Even *Danesbury House*, which obtained the prize offered by the Scottish Temperance League, and first won her a name, is, to a very glaring extent, disfigured by this fault. Of course, it was the desire of those who instituted the competition that the story should represent drunkenness as the parent of all vice and misery; but it must have required strong digestion even for a teetotaller to swallow all the horrors that Mrs. Wood has crowded into the narrow compass of her tale. It may be that the adjudicators had nothing better offered to them; but, believing that the moral effect of the book is utterly destroyed by its exaggeration, we have always regretted their decision, and viewed it as one evidence of that growing appetite for

sensation which is the curse of our literature. We object, too, to the general moral of Mrs. Wood's good books, in which virtue is always rewarded, and vice always punished. This may be poetic justice, but it is not that which marks God's dealings with men in the present life; and it certainly rests the appeal on behalf of goodness on the lowest possible ground. But these are very venial faults compared with those Mrs. Wood has perpetrated in some of her other works. *East Lynne* is one of the most powerful, but one, also, of the most mischievous, books of the day. Throughout an exciting, though very improbable, story, our sympathies are excited on behalf of one who has betrayed the most sacred trust man can repose in woman. All that the union of beauty, rank, talent, and misfortune can do to create a prejudice in favour of the criminal is done, while the sense of the enormity of her crime is greatly enfeebled by the unamiable light in which her husband is presented. To exhibit a woman possessed of every natural gift that could call forth admiration, and then to surround her with circumstances that seem, as though by a resistless fate, to draw her into sin, is to inflict serious injury on the interests of morality; for which it is but very poor compensation to find that the sin is followed by a certain amount of suffering. *Verner's Pride* is hardly less objectionable. Happily, however, we have not in it to deal with that kind of complication in which our lady novelists delight,—a man with two wives, or a wife with two husbands. At one part of the story we appeared to be on the verge of it, and, therefore, ought to be the more grateful for the deliverance. *The Shadow of Ashlydyat*, apart from the supernatural machinery which is introduced, is a clever story, but not free from the taint that sullies those just named. We can see no possible good, and much probable harm, to arise from the exhibition of such relations as those here depicted between George Godolphin and Charlotte Pain. Mrs. Wood is capable of better things; we trust she will yet perform them, and that she will live to blot out the memory of the errors committed in the worst class of her novels by the abler and more ennobling books of a brighter future. If she would write better, she should write less, and should eschew every temptation to pander to a depraved appetite, and to purchase a present and unworthy popularity by the loss of a more enduring and nobler fame.

But the most egregious offender against good morals and correct taste is Miss Braddon, with the 'fast' ladies whom she selects for heroines, and the equivocal positions in which

she contrives to place them, with the exciting scenes of passion which she loves to draw, and no doubt draws with great power; and, above all, with (what a medical journal has pointed out in several cases) her frequent contemplation of suicide as the refuge from all human griefs. This feature is seen in one of her earliest books, *The Trail of the Serpent*, and is more or less manifest in most of the others. Books more subtle and more pernicious it would not be easy to find. They are clever, very clever; their plots often improbable, but always exciting; they will while away a leisure hour very pleasantly, and are sure to be eagerly read; while few readers will gave any heed to the moral poison which is everywhere diffused through them.

The *Times* tells us that they are written only to amuse; and no doubt they succeed in their purpose. But the question arises, whether we may not pay too dear a price for amusement. If it is not possible to furnish amusement, except by giving the most false conceptions of duty, and the most unreal pictures of life; if our young people can only be entertained by being introduced to scenes of passion, folly, and murder; if the only actors by whose doings their time can be enlivened, and the necessary mental recreation secured, are ladies who deceive their fathers, and hoodwink their husbands, who indulge in the slang of grooms and jockeys, and practise all the arts of gamblers, who get rid of inconvenient partners by murder, and strive to conceal their guilt by arson; and who, in fact, do not scruple to transgress every law of the Decalogue, if it be necessary for the attainment of their own ends, then it is better that we do without amusement altogether. We should speak less severely, if we saw in Miss Braddon's recent works any sign of improvement. But we do not. *Eleanor's Victory* is, in our view, one of the most painful books she has written. That a young girl should form a plan of revenge, should make it the companion of her thoughts night and day for years, should feign love and marry a trusting and noble-minded man, solely because the alliance seemed to promise her success in the one aim of her life, should, in truth, yield her whole soul and body up to the dominion of this violent passion, is a conception happily so monstrous as to be incredible; but its elaboration in a work of art is an outrage on right feeling, as well as a mistake in judgment.

But we must close, only expressing an earnest desire that we may, ere long, see the rise of a purer school. Fiction may be a valuable auxiliary in the advancement of goodness and

truth; and we may naturally wish to see it wielded by men of high character for the attainment of pure and noble ends. As it is, there is much in the novels of the day against which every wise parent will warn his children, as unfitted either to instruct the mind, or purify the heart.

ART. IV.—*The Relation between the Divine and Human Elements in Holy Scripture. Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the Year* 1863, *on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury.* By J. HANNAH, D.C.L., Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, and Pantonian Professor of Theology; late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: John Murray. 1863.

IT is one of the most observable signs of the times that religious controversy has completely shifted its ground from less important questions to the fundamental doctrine of the Inspiration of the Scriptures. Many of the once exciting heresies of the early church have fallen back into the province of the ecclesiastical historian. Mediæval controversies which threatened in their day to revolutionise Christendom, are regarded now but as curious tide-marks in the progress of religious thought. In the presence of more attractive themes, the time-honoured Five Points have lost their charm for the polemic. Sacramentarian theories fail now to agitate the public mind, save when some wilder zealot, of the Brother Ignatius type, startles a slumbering parish with new vagaries, or some Bryan King squabbles with protesting churchwardens. Even the modern Anglican Theology, with its distinctive Platonisms, and its hazy negations, has ceased to exasperate the critic; and the true battle-ground of the day is the venerable and vital doctrine of Inspiration.

That this should be the tendency of the current religious thought, follows naturally and inevitably from the fact that all philosophical investigation, at the present time, deals with fundamental questions, rather than with those which are subordinate. The age is too practical to content itself with mere theories. A diligent and scrupulous inquiry into the grounds of things is a leading characteristic of scientific study. And it is not to be regretted that religious thought should reflect this character. The doctrine that the Scriptures are the inspired word of God will not ultimately suffer, but will come out of the fires of controversy purified from error and superstition; and, as the result, every Bible truth will seem to have

acquired new dignity and weight. The sifting to which all great truths are periodically subject, whether in the mind of the individual or of society, is, in this sense, beneficial. The result always is, that such truths stand out in clearer definition and truer perspective. At the same time, it is to be deplored that these siftings necessarily leave behind them their victims. It would be better for some minds that their faith in the inspiration of the Bible should never be even slightly disturbed. To doubt, in some cases, is almost inevitably to deny. And whatever may be the ultimate benefit of such a controversy as the present, the bare suspicion which it is certain to induce, will haunt many a student of the Sacred Word, and perhaps unsettle his confidence in its most vital teachings. The peril of the controversy is enhanced by the position and profession of the combatants. Those who now challenge the infallibility of the Bible are not the avowed enemies of Christianity. They are not disciples of an infidel school. They are themselves the professed expositors of that Word, the inspiration of which, directly or indirectly, they deny. The danger is altogether different from that of the day when Gibbon undermined Christianity by his malignant innuendoes, and Hume wove his clever sophisms against Revelation. The Church herself furnishes the antagonists of her ancient faith. From theological chairs on the Continent, and from the high places of sacred learning at home, comes, insidiously or openly, the attack which unsettles the confidence of thousands.

Yet in this very fact there lies a hint of the spirit and method in which the controversy should be accepted by the orthodox. Those who enter the lists against the disturbers of the faith of the church, should bear themselves with a courtesy and charity, such as the reckless infidel might scarcely claim. Invective and contempt are surely out of place when our opponents are evidently honest men, who have no purpose to serve by their theories but that of truth. Personally, many of them have to lose much by the position which conscience impels them to take. In some cases, they must suffer not merely the loss of emoluments, but what to every man of generous mind is immeasurably worse, the alienation of friends, and a lifelong grief. It may be that to many of them the faltering of their faith in traditional theories of inspiration has been the most poignant trial of their life. We are bound, therefore, to examine their position candidly. Nor is it of less importance that we should fearlessly face all objectors. The cause of truth is damaged not only by the uncharitableness of its advocates, but by their timidity. If the five books of Moses

are truly inspired of God, Bishop Colenso cannot impair their authority; if they are not so inspired, the whole church cannot make them so. It is unworthy of the dignity of the faith that we should either stand in awe of its assailants, or condescend to vilify their name.

With a due sense of the dignity and charity which should distinguish all religious controversy, and especially the one on which he enters, Dr. Hannah has performed his task; and whatever else he may or may not have accomplished, he has proved the possibility of dealing with the subject with such temper and discretion, as neither to offend the most orthodox, nor to repel the most liberal. 'With patience and courage,' he says, 'with candour and forbearance, let us endeavour to place ourselves so far aloof from the contest, that we may contemplate with perfect calmness the materials which it has served to bring into one focus, and may wait with humility to catch the lineaments of truth, as they rise above the mists of strife.' All the lectures bear witness to the sincerity of this preface.

We cannot but admire the gallantry which the learned Warden displays in the choice of his subject. It must have required some nerve to grapple with a question which is causing such wide-spread excitement in the religious world, —more especially because of the *prestige* always attaching to the Bampton Lecture. But Dr. Hannah is no rash dogmatist. He does not venture, and as we think wisely, on the question of inspiration at large. Such a subject is far too vast for the compass of the eight lectures required by the trustees of the Rev. John Bampton, even though they should be supplemented by the traditionally numerous notes, which the lecturers assume the privilege of appending,—a privilege of which, by the way, Dr. Hannah avails himself in full. He confines himself simply to the position that the Bible exhibits the play of two distinct elements, the Divine and the Human; and that each of these is complete;—a position which we need hardly say involves some concession to the critical spirit of the times, and is in advance of the popular thought. This, therefore, is the position which we have to discuss, avoiding, so far as is possible, the broader question of inspiration, to which, according to promise, ample space will be given in a future number of this journal.

Throughout the entire history of man may be traced the action of a twofold law: a law of human responsibility, on which all morality rests; and a law of the necessary dependence of the creature on the help of God, on which all theology rests. In all holy thoughts and works there is a consequent

combination of a Divine and a human element. It is therefore probable 'that in that purest form of spiritual influence to which we owe the Holy Scripture, the Divine and human elements will both be complete; and that, while existing in their highest perfection, they will not depart from that general relation between them which prevails throughout all lower spheres.' In his relation to the Bible, man is not to be considered as the mere lifeless instrument of the Spirit: such an estimate would be derogatory to his individual freedom, as well as contradictory to his acknowledged position in other and inferior relations. Nor, on the other hand, is the human agency to be made so prominent as to reduce the work of the inspirer to a vague and general influence. This postulate, though far in advance of the strict and impossible theories of inspiration which are even yet held by those who dare not trust themselves to concessions of any kind, is clearly sustained by the teachings of Scripture, and harmonizes not only with more recent opinions, but with the more enlightened views of the first two or three centuries. It may, indeed, be made the starting-point of very opposite conclusions. Many who repudiate the orthodox school of thought upon this question, make this, nevertheless, their fundamental position. Gaussen and Davidson alike acknowledge it as a first principle, and yet arrive at widely divergent results. But the theory is safe so long as it is guarded from the disposition to suffer either the human or the Divine element to predominate so as that the one should extinguish or invalidate the other. It may be granted 'that the subject-matter may cause now the one element and now the other to be specially prominent in particular passages;' but 'this never happens so exclusively that the one which is less prominent is utterly withdrawn.'

In accepting this basis, we are naturally tempted to endeavour to draw a frontier line between the two elements thus discernible in Holy Scripture. Dr. Hannah very properly refuses to venture on such a perilous enterprise; but he points to parallel cases, 'where two distinct agencies are found to co-operate throughout one sphere, with so complete a presence, that they cannot be distinguished, though they must not be confounded.' The union of the Divine and human nature in the person of Christ is cited as a case in point, and the illustration is used with the profoundest reverence. There is a 'growing disposition' to accept this supposed parallel. It figures prominently in the recent literature on inspiration. But we confess that its use is to us somewhat distasteful, not only because there is no real analogy between a book and a person, which Dr. Hannah

freely admits, but because the mystery of the incarnation is unique, rising above all analogies, and wearing a grandeur and augustness of its own. And it is better to dispense with a parallel, which at the best is imperfect, and which, in fact, may be utterly erroneous, and even irreverent. If, however, no exact parallel may be found, by the help of which we may define or explain the *mode* and *measure* of spiritual operation, the Scriptures themselves teach the *avenue* through which the Spirit of God reaches man. Human nature has this distinction, which marks it out from all inferior creation,—it is endowed with spiritual faculties, and made capable of communion with God.

The presence of the Holy Spirit with man is not to be limited to any one particular form of inspiration. Just as the other persons of the Trinity manifest themselves in different degrees, so the special presence of the Spirit is made known in countless modes. There is a grand inspiration breathing through the material universe. The Spirit of God is at work in the seasons which alternately clothe the earth with verdure, and shroud her in decay. The so-called laws of nature are manifestations of the Divine Spirit. The will and intellect of man are also in this sense spheres of inspiration; and, pursuing this analogy, it may be said that something Divine breathes in the imagery of Dante, or in the genius of Shakspeare. But this wide range of inspiration is no argument against the theory of 'an innermost centre of inspiration, found only in the Word of God.' Certain writings, towards the level of which no other literature even distantly reaches, claim to be the results of an inspiration not only higher and holier than any other, but altogether unique and apart. How is this special inspiration to be defined? Revelation supplies the main feature in the *differentia*. God has revealed Himself in the works of nature, and in the human conscience; but revelations granted in Scripture, and clearly distinguishable from human materials, differ from other kinds of Divine manifestation, 'as being direct communications to the human spirit of objective knowledge which it could not or did not otherwise command.'

'All revelation,' says Mr. Morell,* 'implies two conditions: it implies, namely, an intelligent *object* presented, and a given power of recipiency in the *subject*; and, in popular language, when speaking of the manifestation of Christianity to the world, we confine the term *revelation* to the former of these conditions, and appropriate the word *inspiration* to designate

* *Philosophy of Religion*, p. 150.

the latter.' The distinction which is here so confusedly stated must in some way be maintained, in order to account for the presence in the Bible of subject-matter clearly within the reach of man's unassisted study and research. 'The starting-point of our inquiry, then,' says Dr. Hannah,

'must be sought for in the doctrine of inspiration; to which we shall find that the doctrine of revelation supplies the proper counterpart and completion. These two terms correspond, though not with exact precision, to the distinction which we should draw between the sacred writers and the subject-matter of their record. The doctrine of inspiration belongs mainly, though not exclusively, to the one head; the doctrine of revelation belongs mainly, if not exclusively, to the other. The sacred writers were inspired to record what was revealed; and their works preserve the substance of the revelation, under the guarantee which their inspiration furnished. The revelation, then, implied a corresponding inspiration, to enable men to receive and transmit the Divine message; and it was necessary that this inspiration should first exist in the spirit of the writer, though we can detect its presence in the message also, because that message is often freighted with a deeper store of spiritual meaning, and exerts a living influence of greater spiritual power, than its original recipient could foresee.'

Revelation, in the strictest sense of the word, cannot, of course, be claimed for the whole of the subject-matter of Scripture. The Bible embraces a wide range of facts ascertained by human reason, and requiring no direct disclosure from above. Extant historical records, genealogical tables, personal reminiscences, were all drawn upon largely, in order to make up the canon. In the preface to his Gospel, St. Luke distinctly acknowledges his obligation to existing materials. Revelation, properly so called, is thus surrounded by a framework of historical records, which required for its construction no special interposition of the Spirit. This has long been the teaching of the church. 'Even persons divinely inspired,' says Bishop Bull, 'and ministers of God, did not so wholly depend upon Divine inspiration, but that they made use also of the ordinary help and means, such as reading of books, with study and meditation on them, for their assistance in the discharge of their office.' And there is no doubt that all the historical and geographical facts recorded in Scripture might have been narrated in the same form, and gathered by the same process, as ordinary history. What is it, then, that distinguishes the historical records of Scripture from other writings of a similar class? How are we to draw the line between the materials necessary for the mere framework of revelation,—materials not

divinely supplied, and those more august truths which were given by the direct interposition of Heaven? The orthodox answer is, that it is not necessary that such a line should be drawn, in order to invest direct revelation with the needful sanction; for, however partial the pure revelation, the inspiration is all-pervading. The materials may or may not have been supernaturally communicated; but the faculties of those who were commissioned to receive them were in all cases prepared by the Divine Spirit. In other words, while the large play of human elements in the Bible is admitted, the inspiration of God is claimed for the whole, seeing that uninspired men 'could not have presented the facts under the aspect which a knowledge of their purpose and significance supplied.' For Scripture does not consist of facts alone, 'but of facts arranged with a view to one overruling purpose, and lighted up by a peculiar interpretation, which the unassisted mind of man could never have projected or supplied.'

The distinction thus drawn between inspiration and revelation is ingenious, and, to a certain extent, satisfactory. It offers a rational solution of a difficulty which occurs to every thoughtful reader of the Bible; inasmuch as it gives a sort of classification to the sacred records, marking a line between the direct communications of Heaven, and the available materials out of which the writers constructed the framework of the truth; while, at the same time, it claims the dignity of the special Divine sanction for the whole. This explanation, however, is utterly worthless to the sceptic. It assumes the intervention of miracle, a basis altogether untenable in the eye of the unbeliever. At this point, the so-called critical schools, adopting the fundamental position which assumes the play of a Divine and of a human element in the Scriptures, diverge from the conclusions of the orthodox. Nor can we hope to give such an exposition of inspiration as to satisfy those who dissent from the first principle on which our arguments are built, or even those who view our first principle with suspicion. All that we can hope to do is, by free and enlightened inquiry, and by such concessions as reason and truth permit us to make, to show that our faith in the Divine authority of the Scriptures is a principle arising not from superstition, but from intelligent conviction.

Upon the assumption of a Divine and a human element in Scripture, Dr. Hannah founds a detailed and elaborate inquiry into the completeness of the two elements. His argument naturally divides itself into two branches,—the proof of the reality of Revelation, and the proof of the reality of Inspira-

tion. The argument for the former rests upon a comparison between the truth of Scripture and the partial truths of independent systems, and upon its contrast with the falsehoods by which all heathen systems are debased. The most superficial study of the higher classes of heathen writers is sufficient to show that from the earliest times 'there has existed a large body of moral and religious truth on the outside of the sphere to which God's special revelation is confined.' Whether the truths thus distinguishable were 'relics of Paradise, which lingered in the memories of men, the dying embers of a primeval illumination which had not yet been lost in the prevailing darkness,' or whether they were 'borrowed from the fire which was kept alive upon the Jewish altar,' or whether they were glimpses of a dim manifestation accorded by God to the Heathen through the veil of His visible creation, or echoes of that law which He had written in their hearts, it is certain that God has always granted to mankind some manifestation of Himself, which, though vague, has enabled man to discern the lineaments of the Divine image in his own life, and to read the witness of a Divine presence among the signs of the material universe. Within the range of Scripture itself we find the record of revelations granted by God to others besides those to whom His oracles were specially intrusted. 'All along the frontiers of God's church we see the light of Revelation resting on the faces of those who were attracted to approach its borders, even down to the time when a star brought the magicians to the cradle of Christ, and the woman of Samaria was looking for the decisions of the expected Messiah, and the Roman Cornelius was constantly offering up acceptable prayer to God.'

What, then, is it that specially distinguishes the Bible revelation from the outside heathen knowledge, and from those Divine communications which God vouchsafed to Melchizedek, to Abimelech, to Laban, to Jethro, and to Rahab, none of whom came within the limits of the chosen people? Dr. Hannah finds the answer to this question in the depth, the purity, the broad coherency of the revelation found in the Bible; but most of all in its close connexion with the person of the Messiah. The grand distinction of the revelation is its Christology. The long chain of recorded facts is bound together by one uniform interpretation. The facts themselves might have been narrated by any historian; but their harmony with one central fact, their changeless relation to one master purpose, indicate the intervention of God. Another peculiarity distinguishes the Bible revelation,—it 'advances,

not so much by addition, as by development.' The word *Jehovah* is a case in point. This incommunicable name was often used in the earlier history; but in the Mosaic dispensation it unfolded its meaning, and assumed that more august sense under which it has been known ever since. So with the patriarchal name of God:—*the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.* Under the teaching of Christ, this name was shown to be the shrine of the great mystery of the resurrection. In the moral, as well as the theological, aspects of revelation, the same progress by development may be traced.

But the contrast between revelation and the various systems of paganism comes out more boldly when the falsehood and inherent wrong of the latter are analysed. Not only do the truths of Scripture exhibit one complete and holy system, while the truths of heathen religions 'are like grains of gold embedded in a base material,' but the latter were ever ready to go over to the side of evil, their tendency was to degenerate, so as to represent a moral stage more degraded than that of their adherents; the very gods of the heathen were made the patrons of vices to which many of their votaries were too pure to commit themselves. Reference to the darker features of ancient superstition is not necessary. The sensuality, the cruelty, the debasing ritual of nature-worship, need not be illustrated in detail. We have but to look at the framework of such systems, apart from their corruption, to be convinced of an admixture of the grossest error with truth, and to discern the handiwork of man rather than the inspiration of God. 'Review in memory,' says the lecturer,

'the various outlines which we trace amongst the religions of mankind; take the coarse conceptions of old nature-worship; include the higher moral elements which find occasional admission to the complex mythologies of Egypt, Greece, or Rome; pass onward to a wider sphere, and scrutinize the mystic systems which the East has furnished; extend the examination from religions, properly so called, to the speculative efforts of the philosophic faculty; and in all cases alike the conviction ever deepens more and more, that they present the very opposite character to that by which the whole course of revelation is distinguished; that in every detail below the few grand principles which God had really implanted in their hearts, these theologies or philosophies are man's thoughts of God, and not the words of God to man. We can trace the very tidemarks, as the waves of speculation rise and fall; while the revelations of even the earliest Scriptures stand out clear before us like a rock. It was the enslaved imagination which led man through the mazes of mere nature-worship; it was the self-absorbed intellect which entangled

him in riddles on the infinite and finite; it was the debased fancy which enabled him to project his own vices on the mists which surrounded him, and to worship those vices as gods. His own thoughts thus bore their unconscious witness to the fatal loss of that Divine communion which had formed the true life of the spirit. Men felt after the lost clue in the midst of their darkness. They invented formulas of varying value, by which they hoped that they might re-connect the broken links of union, and join again the sundered human and Divine. At one time deity is figured under a spurious incarnation; the infinite masking in the visage of the finite. At another time man himself is deified; the finite is invested with imaginary attributes, which are borrowed from vague conceptions of the infinite God. At other times, again, dim intermediate phantoms are imagined, to fill, if they could but really fill, the vast and dreary void which interposes between earth and heaven. Such are three main classes of religious speculation. But mark well their essential characters, and you will find that the first destroys the human; the second destroys the Divine; the third obscures both by its dim series of shadowy beings, who have no true semblance of *either* human or Divine. Compare the best of them with the religion which the ancient Israelites were taught; and they seem like trembling masses, which afford no footing, in contrast with a solid causeway, stretching strong and firm through the morass. Or we might change the figure, and say that they are but ghostlike apparitions of the heated brain; while Scripture revelation presents the living figure, which reaches out its powerful arm to save us from the dim caverns of unaided thought.'

In no picture does the contrast between the revelation of God and the mingled truth and error of human systems appear more vividly than in the discourse of St. Paul to the sages of Athens. He had before him 'the most cultivated population of the Gentile world.' Representatives of every school of religious thought listened attentively to his words. There were those who recognised the existence of an immaterial God, dwelling not in temples made with hands, and exalted far above the reach of human worship. There were those, too, who acceded to the sentiment of the poets, that man is the offspring of God. 'Into these old and outworn semblances of truth' the apostle breathed fresh life and reality. In a few clauses he presented 'a firm, clear, and consistent account of a creating, preserving, governing deity, such as the scattered lights of heathen antiquity could never be combined to supply.' Man he set forth, 'not as the mere master-piece of nature, the mere summit of the series of the animated world; but as the sole earthly representative, through all his scattered tribes and families, of the image and likeness of God.' Yet more: he represented the relation betwixt man and God. 'The fatal

defect of false religions is the impassable chasm, which, in spite of every effort to the contrary, seems to separate their worshippers from any God who is worthy of their adoration.' Even in the Platonic system, a vast interval separates man from God. The idea of reconciliation, or even of relation, is unknown. A being, inconceivably above the reach of human knowledge, on whose serene and undisturbed life the broken lights of a suffering humanity can never glance; such is the ideal of philosophy. 'The recoil from this feeling doubtless had some influence in perpetuating the gods many and lords many of Polytheism.' Idolatry is but the witness borne by human frailty to the instinctive desire of man to associate himself with something nearer than 'the remote abstractions of an intellectual God.' It was the grand mission of St. Paul to declare, among other truths, a possible reconciliation. 'That gulf, which man had found impassable, was destroyed for ever at our Saviour's incarnation, when the eternal Son of the eternal Father vouchsafed to clothe Himself with the garments of time. That doctrine lays hold at once of earth and heaven, and brings them into union through the person of our Lord. Christ was man; and He has left us the noblest example of all loving and tender sympathy for man: but He was also God; and it is the duty of His followers to lift their thoughts from earth to heaven, and seek to fit themselves for entrance there. The Heathen might fear God; might marvel at each witness of His majesty and power; might catch their echoes in the spheres of heaven, and trace their reflections in the rushing river or the ancient mountain. But it was the incarnation alone, in promise or in fulfilment, which made it possible for man to entertain the thought of *loving* God. Christ is God's image; and He is love: therefore we know that God is love. In seeing Christ, we see the Father: therefore in loving Christ we love the Father. And thus the gulf is bridged over; the dark clouds are rent asunder, the prayers of earth are heard in heaven. We can pass on from that cheerless image of the far off, unfathomable sea of light; we can pass on to the touching Gospel-picture of the father who fell on the neck of the returning prodigal. And thus, through the portals of the holiest manhood we rise to the conception of the absolute Divine.'

Thus far the argument, which might have been very much extended and varied, has been of but partial application, having reference only to the reality of *Revelation*, which forms but a section of holy Scripture. We must now advance to the proof of the reality of the *Inspiration*,—bearing in mind the distinc-

tion already drawn between the two terms. Assuming that the spiritual truth revealed in Scripture, which, adjusted to the laws of human thought, is as explicit and direct as the faculties of its recipients would permit it to be, Dr. Hannah proceeds to apply the doctrine to the *antinomies* of Scripture,—those apparent contradictions which from the earliest times have furnished material to the gainsayer. Of course, if the contradiction were in any case absolute, it would follow that the inspiration in that particular case must have been modified by human error; but if it can be shown that all alleged cases of contradiction conform to the necessities of the limited intellect of man, and are consistent with what we might reasonably expect in a Divine revelation, such a discovery will furnish an evidence for inspiration, all the more valuable because not superficial, but resulting from diligent inquiry.

Now 'it is the characteristic feature of the highest principles that they cannot be reduced to the simplicity of an expression, but can only be set forth fully in contrasted statements, of which neither is exclusively true.' The non-recognition of this principle has led to the sectarian adoption of half-truths; as in the case of the predestinarian who accepts the fundamental conception of the supremacy of God, but ignores the counterpoise which is found in the equally fundamental conception of the freedom of man. There are many of these contrasted truths in the Bible:—the changelessness of God's purpose, and its adjustment to the ever-varying will of man;—the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity;—that of the perfect Godhead and perfect manhood of Christ;—the omnipotent love of the Creator, and the misery of His creatures. Some of these may be readily reconciled; some lose all their seeming difficulty when investigated; some carry us up into the presence of yet unrevealed mysteries,—as, for instance, the existence of evil in a world which is under the rule of perfect wisdom, power, and love. But the writers of Scripture never pause to adjust the balance amongst the truths which they are empowered to declare. With a fearlessness and faith which cannot be accounted for on any other ground than that of their inspiration, they give utterance, clearly and fully, to both the great truths involved in the cases cited, in no instance shrinking from 'the needful breadth of statement,' and in no instance failing to guard the other half of the truth by providing a counterpart in some other passage.

This fearless recognition, on the part of the writers of Scripture, of the seeming contradiction involved in some of the highest truths, stands out more forcibly 'when the two sides of

the antithesis are brought close together,' without any attempt to explain or abate the contrast. So St. Paul prays that those to whom he writes may '*know* the love of Christ,' immediately adding, '*which passeth knowledge.*' In one chapter of the Book of Samuel it is asserted that God cannot repent; and yet twice over in that very chapter it is said that the Lord repented that He had made Saul king over Israel. (1 Sam. xv. 11, 29, 35.) There is no attempt in any of these cases to weaken the force of the record by reconciliations; nor, throughout the Bible, is there any indication of a desire to clear up those apparent contradictions of our present life which a weak faith would naturally omit, or at least gloss over. The fact is, there is no real contradiction in any case. The often quoted discrepancy between the teachings of St. Paul and St. James is only apparent, as Dr. Hannah well shows. 'Each states, strongly and forcibly, the truth which he was commissioned to deliver in opposition to prevailing error. St. Paul was confronting a system of formalism, which pleaded privileged position and ceremonial obedience as sufficient grounds for acceptance in the sight of God. St. James saw room to fear that a belief in spiritual acceptance, independently of obedience, might sap the foundations of practical holiness. Each therefore supplies the half-truth which he saw to be deficient, yet without any real contradiction of the other; and the Holy Spirit has provided that, as both alike stand together in the Canon, so the whole truth shall emerge from the union between them.' It is impossible to conclude that such results have sprung from merely human agency. The only solution of the ultimate harmony which reconciles all the apparent discrepancies of Scripture teaching lies in the doctrine that it was throughout inspired and overruled by God.

The reality of the inspiration is further illustrated by the *duplex sensus* of the Scriptures,—that capacity of spiritual development which is one of the chief credentials which we might expect to find and do find in the Bible. Assuming that a revelation has been made through a varied series of human agents, 'we must expect to find that its language would be adjusted, in the first instance, to the level of the original hearers, and would yet be endowed with a power of rising far above that level, in proportion to the needs of more advanced humanity.' We find nothing of this kind in human literature. But this is just what we do find in Scripture. The message committed to the original writer shows signs of a deeper truth and a more comprehensive purpose than he could either compass with words or grasp with intelligence. 'Just as in com-

plex harmonies of music we may detect the under current of some simple and familiar strain, so we hear tones through the prophetic volumes which sound like parts of a wider and more commanding system,—notes in a more extended chorus, responding across broad intervals of varied measures, and arresting attention by a depth of unity which no superficial diversity can hide. Thoughts rise as we read, which haunt us like the hidden signs of the Platonic *ἀνάμνησις*. We pass beyond the sacred writer with his obvious meaning, and see him to be the willing instrument of One, whose purposes and mysteries he has not fathomed.' Nor is this peculiarity confined to the strictly typical sections of Scripture; it pervades also such as are symbolical. 'The strain may begin with personal anger against an individual offender; but pursue it a moment, and you will find it purged from all the bitterness of earthly passion, and rising into righteous condemnation of sin. Or it commences with the glory of God's earthly temple, and then swells, as if the seer could not control his language, to describe the far-off vision of the eternal temple, in its everlasting grandeur in the heavens.' But though this deeper than literal signification runs through the entire range of the Old Testament, the rights, so to speak, of the human writers are always respected. Though unable to fathom the deeper meaning of their message, the inspired penmen would still attach to every word they uttered some primary and sufficient meaning; while at the same time they were conscious of the further reach of which their message was capable. This first sense, the sense under which the writers regarded their message, does not lose its interest and use even when the second, the typical or symbolical sense, has been extracted. The history of Sarah and Hagar is not shorn of its primary value because raised by St. Paul to illustrate a higher truth in the economy of God. Nor is the significance of the Jewish history lost by the fact of its being one long type of Christianity.

In this doctrine of the relation between the Divine and human element, Dr. Hannah sees a possible solution of the alleged discrepancies between the quotations of the New Testament and the text of the Old. He assumes the operation of 'a Divine intention, which overruled a seemingly independent writer to provide for the possibility of the future interpretation, by employing one word rather than another.'

'When *facts*,' says he, 'are referred to, we may, of course, expect that they shall be repeated correctly; though the adoption of traditions, not elsewhere recorded in Scripture, may sometimes cause a passing difficulty. But as to *words*, there was no reason for such

rigorous exactness as we are bound to use in our own quotations. The inspired writers of the New Testament were not jurists, dealing with the exact shade of meaning embodied in a written code; nor were they philologists, whose observations would have rested on the precise and literal reproduction of the language. They were God's interpreters, commissioned to reveal the predetermined counsels of His will. As such, they were charged with the duty, not so much of simply repeating, as of unfolding and applying His earlier commands. It follows that, in all cases, and at all times, they were likely to fix on the relative rather than on the absolute meaning of a passage, and to read it by the light of their own immediate purpose, rather than by that of the purpose of the original writer. Being themselves also inspired, their function was not so much to quote as to interpret; to snatch from their dark places the scattered lights of earlier teachings, and re-arrange them to disclose the convergent witness which they bear to the central revelation of our Lord.'

In this explanation of a familiar difficulty, there is more dignity and immeasurably more reason than in the attempt, always fruitless and generally ludicrous, to reconcile the verbal discrepancies which distinguish the citations from the Old Testament in the New. The principle of some expositors is that of verbal harmony at any cost of reason or critical truth. Their narrowed sight is dissatisfied with any and everything but literal exactness. And they go about to establish this exactness by the most outrageous theories,—thus bringing discredit upon the Bible, and strengthening the position of the sceptic. There is a dignity about Dr. Hannah's explanation which must commend it to the respect, at least, of all thoughtful inquirers, who may learn that there is a method of dealing with the difficulties of Scripture infinitely more worthy than that which condescends to quibbling and special pleading.

In contending for the completeness of the Divine element in the Scriptures, we have to contemplate objections from sceptical schools. In asserting the completeness of the human element, we have to confront opponents of another order. There are those who contend that the whole system of truth must stand or fall together. If one brick of the structure is loosened, the whole tumbles to ruin. Such conclusions are the index of a most unhealthy faith, the offspring of an ignorance or a slothfulness which finds refuge in bare mechanical theories in order to secure ease and content. No man has any right to stake the truth of Christianity 'on the obscure adjustment of an isolated text, or the doubtful interpretation of a subordinate passage.' As Dr. Moberley wisely says, 'It

makes a wonderful difference in the apparent magnitude and importance of a difficulty, whether it be regarded as the possible entrance to an entire unbelief, or an acknowledged perplexity on the fringe or edge of a strong and impregnable faith.' Setting forth under the influence of a faith of this sort, 'we shall find that disputes on details have a growing tendency to settle themselves and disappear.'

Contrary to the very general opinion, it is clear that there has been no miraculous superintendence over the text of Holy Scripture, so as to protect it from the corruptions incidental to writings in general. There are in the usually received text many letters, words, and even sentences, which were never written by the finger of God. There are fewer of these foreign elements, perhaps, than in other writings. But we need not fall back on the hypothesis of supernatural intervention in order to account for this fact. It may be attributed to the extreme jealousy and care which have watched over the records of a creed, and which a merely literary work would not have excited. It is also a fact, resting on the testimony of the writers of Scripture themselves, that they made use of existing materials of human compilation. They never contend or even hint that revelation and inspiration are conterminous. But while these facts are readily granted, their significance must not be exaggerated. The most careful and inexorable criticism of the sacred text has not resulted in the weakening of the certainty or importance of a solitary doctrine. The only effect of the proposed emendations and modifications has been 'to throw back the proof from the precarious support of salient passages, upon the surer foundation of continuous arguments.' The cause of truth has really been the gainer by the results of a close criticism of the various readings. 'We might instance the transposition of three words in St. Paul's speech at the Pisidian Antioch, which destroys a supposed contradiction to a date in the Old Testament. The omission of two words in the last chapter of St. Matthew removes an obstacle to the arrangement of our Lord's appearances after the Resurrection.' The fearless recognition of the use of existing materials relieves us from difficulties arising out of the similarity of the three earlier Gospels, and 'supplies a fair answer to cavils based on small discrepancies, by reminding us of the universal law of human testimony, that two or more separate reporters of any scene which they have witnessed can seldom succeed, without collusion, in laying hold so exactly on the same circumstances, as to produce a narrative from which such variations are absolutely excluded.' It helps us, also, to

reconcile many difficulties which arise from the quotation of early traditions, outlying the Scripture narrative, and adding materially to our knowledge of the sacred history. The evidence of an ancient editorial revision, another recognisable human element, need not unsettle our faith. That revision has furnished nothing beyond a few explanatory glosses. It has not modified the diversities between one book and another. It has not toned down the style of the writers to one uniform sameness. It has not obliterated the simplicity of the early representations. Much less has it supplied those hidden symbols by which the unity of Scripture is established. And even if the editorial revision of Ezra had exhibited traces of such modifications, the fact of Ezra's inspiration would still give sanction to the results.

It has been for a long time admitted that the language of Scripture, in relation to questions of science, must be regarded as optical or phenomenal, and that the expression of scientific facts in the current language does not commit the writer to theories with which he was not called upon to deal. But more recently it has been alleged that 'scientific error has eaten, in some cases, into the very substance of the narrative; and that we cannot accept the conclusions of modern science, without acknowledging that the inspired writers have fallen into such mistakes as must modify the older creed of inspiration.' But there can be no error where there is no assertion, and 'a purely theological revelation contains no assertion which falls within the proper sphere of science.' A distinction must ever be made between the facts recorded, and their framework. The substantial facts of the first chapter of Genesis have been generally accepted as unassailable. The scientific objection has been directed to the order of succession in which the process of creation is described; and especially to the terms '*evening*,' '*morning*,' and '*day*,' which are used to distinguish its successive epochs. As a basis for the interpretation of the record, Dr. Hannah contends that 'in a case which lies so far outside of anything which can properly be called history, it is not easy to see any reason for placing the mere framework of the narrative on a level with the facts which it conveys.' The following is his exposition of the word 'days' in the first chapter of Genesis.

'We are justified, therefore, in regarding the word "days," when applied to creation, as an expression of the same class with those which no one now would be likely to misinterpret, the eye, or hand, or finger of God. It is the nearest expression of the eternal truth which could be conveyed through human language, for the purpose

of its original revelation; but to take it in the strictest and most literal sense, is simply to bind the eternal by the forms of time. It may fairly be compared with the numbers in the Apocalypse, the figures which fix the square proportions of the city of the heavenly Jerusalem.'

To this explanation we must demur. While admitting that the revelation 'was not meant to interfere with the proper position of the human intellect in the discovery of scientific laws,' and that a low, literal interpretation of the form in which that revelation is conveyed, results from a false estimate of its purely theological character, we cannot but see the danger to which Dr. Hannah's exegesis may possibly lead. If the much controverted word *day* is to be put on the same level with the anthropomorphic terms, the *eye*, the *hand*, the *finger* of God; and if the first four chapters of Genesis, with one or two slight exceptions, are to be viewed as theological, rather than historical; the history, technically so called, beginning with the fifth chapter; how can we avoid accepting a similar interpretation of other controverted terms in the same chapters? If we are to assign this accommodated sense to the word *day*, why may it not be applied to the term *serpent*, or *tree*, or any other of those expressions to which a mythic interpretation has been given by the sceptical schools? On the supposition that the word *day* is used as an accommodation to the weakness of human understanding, is it not natural to ground the conclusion that the other words are used for the same reason? In the prospect of such dangerous issues we cannot accept Dr. Hannah's ingenious suggestion. It is the result of a too close application of the principle that the framework of the narrative must not be placed on a level with the facts which it conveys. If the fact of the first chapter be the creation of the world by the omnipotent God, and the word *day* be but part of the framework in which that fact is set, may not the fact of the third chapter be the fall of man, and the serpent, the garden, and the tree, portions of the framework, with an interpretation different from that of the theological fact? To such an issue the assumption unquestionably leads.

There are moral difficulties, in the Old Testament especially, which illustrate with equal force the play of the human element in Scripture. It might have been expected that the training of God's people, in the earlier days particularly, should have exhibited a mixture of good and evil. The conditions under which the recovery of man was gradually brought about would warrant such an expectation. The theological

revelation was progressive, the laws of civil organization were progressive, and the same distinction might very properly have been looked for in the moral teaching. And this is just as we find it. The revealed morality of the early ages was not imperfect, but it was fragmentary, its several portions being for a time detached. There was no want of morality, but rather a want of discrimination and organization. Among God's people was to be found 'the strong faith in God, the strong resolve that righteousness should conquer, the steady determination to root out wickedness;' but, owing to the pressure of surrounding evils, sufficient weight was not given 'to those needful counter-truths, which claim an equal recognition;' and hence we have a history in which 'righteousness was not always tempered by mercy, nor faith by truth, nor retaliation by justice.' Principles of morality, however cogent in themselves, may prove positively injurious if they are robbed of that completeness which can only be secured by their systematic combination. It is very likely, too, that the brevity of many of the narratives of Scripture conceals from us that disciplinary adjustment of wrong-doing which other narratives reveal, and by which the justice of God, and the essential completeness of His laws, are vindicated.

All these principles are illustrated in the song of Deborah, which has been a favourite object of attack to those who would ridicule the doctrine of inspiration. Dr. Hannah subjects this song to a searching analysis, by the light of the principles above named.

'What wonder,' he asks, 'that she gave high praise and benediction to that daughter of the Kenite, whose act seems to us so merciless and treacherous, for dealing death on the flying oppressor of the race which she had taught to conquer?.....In the glowing exultation of her triumph over the despot, she could no more see sin in any action by which his ministers were exterminated, than she could see cruelty in the stars which fought in their courses against Sisera, or in that ancient river, the river Kishon, which swept in its swollen flood their dead bodies to the sea..... Can we doubt that this high spirit of heroic zeal, of devotion to God's service, of relentless hatred to His foe, was a Divine element of true inspiration, which God sent to strengthen the good and crush the evil, at a time when there was great danger lest the evil should triumph, and obliterate the good?'

Such considerations may tend, as Dr. Hannah thinks, 'to lighten the perplexity which we might feel in accepting such a composition as the song of Deborah under the character of inspired Scripture.' But, in truth, very little satisfaction, as we think, can arise from the study of isolated incidents in

the march of righteousness. It is better to look upon the moral history of the world as a grand whole, in which part answers to part,—in which, through varied complications, ultimate though far off adjustments are brought about. It is so with our penal system, isolated examples of which would seem unjust and even outrageous. It is so with the polity of the most enlightened nations. And it is so with the moral government of God. It was a comprehensive estimate of the Israelitish history, which led to the saying of Dr. Arnold:—'The Israelites' sword, in its bloodiest executions, wrought a work of mercy for all the countries of the earth to the very end of the world.'

But though the presence of individual characteristics is evident in Holy Scripture, or rather in its outward framework, the record is safely guarded from the influence of individual imperfections. The error which mingles with the human element never vitiates the Divine teaching. The sanction of God is not necessarily implied in the narration of sin. And those words of commendation which are occasionally bestowed on moral actions of a mingled character are to be interpreted 'as a simple recognition of the virtue which was confused, but not cancelled, by the intermixture of sin.' Some of the most distinguished saints of holy writ are said to have failed and fallen; but there is no sign of their fall in their teaching. That maintains an unfaltering purity. Peter no less clearly pronounced the truth of God, even though it failed to exert a proper influence in his own heart. He declared the divinity of his Master, though he denied Him. He publicly advocated the free admission of the Gentiles to the privileges of the Church, though he was hampered personally by grievous doubts as to the propriety of their reception. He spoke at the council at Jerusalem in favour of the emancipation of Gentile converts from ceremonial restrictions, and yet vacillated on the very same question at Antioch. The Divine message, in all cases, came clear and unembarrassed from his lips. The life of St. Paul supplies us with an illustration yet more interesting. If his message had been affected by the human element, we might have expected to find the traces of a gradual advance in the accuracy of his teaching. There is nothing of the kind. Beyond all doubt he made progress in religious light after his conversion. In personal experience he graduated from spiritual childhood, and 'became a man.' But his writings discover no corresponding progression in his inspired teaching. His first epistle gives evidence of truth as pure and profound as is to be found in his last.

Dr. Hannah has done good service to the cause of truth by the clear and distinct avowal of the existence of a human element in those Scriptures for which he claims an all-pervading inspiration of God. There are many and obvious advantages in this mingling of the human with the Divine. At first sight it might seem advisable that the revelation should be wholly Divine. In that case, however, we should lose the inestimable advantage of 'that real human presence which moulds all the details of Scripture instruction, yet without subjecting the record to any tarnish from man's sin.' Nor does the light of God lose anything 'of its heavenly purity because it is reflected back from human faces; while man gains all the advantage of the pervading presence of a sympathy which answers to the most varied emotions of the human heart.'

Though the argument of which we have given a brief and imperfect sketch cannot claim to any large extent the questionable distinction of novelty, the lecturer has presented a very valuable *résumé* of what has been published on this most important topic of religious thought. The ample notes which are appended to the volume give evidence of painstaking and conscientious study. We can scarcely hope that the lectures will contribute very much towards lessening the objections of the avowed infidel, or even the doubts of the sceptic. They are characterized throughout by an enlightened liberality,—they are distinguished by some considerable concessions, of a nature, indeed, to startle the orthodox into transient misgivings; but they assume the intervention of a supernatural power; they are based on a theory of miracle; and therefore outlie the arena on which alone the sceptic will accept the contest. But to those who have not yet renounced all faith in the miraculous interposition of God, they will be of great service; embodying as they do, in a style most genial, chaste, and beautiful, a series of clear and cogent arguments, honestly advanced, and carefully wrought. We cannot but bear witness to the conscientiousness and charity which pervade the lectures from beginning to end. Religious controversy would teem with amenities if all combatants would emulate the spirit of the Warden of Glenalmond. Nor must we omit to mention another valuable element in this volume. It seems to us that, in this crisis of religious thought, it is of the utmost significance and moment, that a book so faithful to the claims of everlasting truth should issue from Oxford,—the high place of the learning, but, alas! not of the orthodoxy of the Established Church.

ART. V.—1. *Words and Places: or, Etymological Illustrations of History, Ethnology, and Geography.* By the REV. ISAAC TAYLOR, M.A. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1864.

2. *History of Christian Names.* By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 'Landmarks of History,' &c. 2 vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1863.

3. *The Queen's English: Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling.* By HENRY ALFORD, D.D. London: Strahan and Co. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co. 1864.

4. *A Defence of the Queen's English.* By G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L. In reply to 'A Plea for the Queen's English,' by the Dean of Canterbury. London: Hatchard and Co. 1863.

5. *A Second Defence of the Queen's English.* By G. WASHINGTON MOON. London: Hatchard and Co: 1863.

6. *An English Grammar.* By ALEXANDER BAIN, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1864.

7. *Lectures on the Science of Language delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in April, May, and June,* 1861. By MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Fourth Edition. London: Longman and Co. Second Series. 1864.

8. *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c. Parts I., II., III. London. 1864.

IT is on many accounts surprising that the science of language should be of so recent creation. Though the number of known tongues can scarcely be less than nine hundred, it is only some fifty years since this vast realm of truth began to be visited in the spirit of philosophic research. 'In an age,' says Max Müller, 'when the study of antiquity attracted the most energetic minds; when the ashes of Pompeii were sifted for the playthings of Roman life; when parchments were made to disclose, by chemical means, the erased thoughts of Grecian thinkers; when the tombs of Egypt were ransacked for their sacred contents, and the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh forced to surrender the clay diaries of Nebuchadnezzar; when everything, in fact, that seemed to contain a vestige of the early life of man was anxiously searched for and carefully preserved in our libraries and museums—language, which in itself carries us back far beyond the cuneiform literature of Assyria and Babylonia and the hieroglyphic documents of Egypt; which connects our-

selves, through an unbroken chain of speech, with the very ancestors of our race, and still draws its life from the first utterances of the human mind—language, the living and speaking witness of the whole history of our race,' was never questioned concerning itself till within the last fifty years. But while the genius of a Humboldt, a Bopp, a Grimm, and a Bunsen, has only within the last half-century been directed to the creation of a science of language, it is but a very few years indeed since the study was popularised for the benefit of the unlearned. Several writers of eminence have, however, recently devoted themselves to this especial service, and an interest has already been awakened in the public mind, which, we venture to assert, will increase, till Englishmen generally will know, as they have never known, the wealth and glory of the tongue they speak. Our present purpose is to aid this new impulse; and though, as Max Müller remarks, 'declensions and conjugations cannot be made amusing,' we do not despair of pointing out pathways of inquiry which may prove attractive to the least learned of our readers, and may even kindle within them some ambition to encounter further toils, and to dare more adventurous heights.

Such an undertaking is deprived of its hardships and invested with innumerable charms by the help of the writers whose names we have given at the commencement of this review. And the literature of language grows apace. The twelve years during which the Rev. Isaac Taylor has been collecting materials on 'Words and Places,' the care with which he has studied the works of others, both English and foreign, and the aid he has received from kindred minds, have enabled him to lay before us an amount of information, historical, ethnological, and geographical, which is equally trustworthy and interesting. Both the peasant and the scholar would be pleased and profited by its perusal.

The fair author of *The History of Christian Names* assigns her reasons for undertaking her task. For twenty years the subject has had attractions for her; and though, as she says, many brief excursions into realms of language, philology, ethnology, hagiology, history, and antiquities, often took her out of her depth, she has 'ventured to lay the result of her collections before the public, in the hope that they may at least show the capabilities of the study of comparative nomenclature, and, by classifying the subject, may lead to its being more fully studied, as an illustration of language, national character, religion, and taste.' The result of labours prosecuted with so much zeal, and described with so much modesty, is an almost exhaustive treatment of the subject. Though her

style is, perhaps, scarcely so attractive as that of Mr. Taylor, and though we may have a prejudice in favour of his previous preparation for the work, every page of Miss Yonge's two volumes assures us of the painstaking toil of a thoughtful and cultured mind on a most interesting theme. These two volumes are published by Messrs. Macmillan in uniform style; and they constitute a library of themselves on the topics to which they relate. Unlike Dean Alford's book, in which a reader cannot refer to any point without needless trouble and annoyance, they have been furnished by Messrs. Macmillan with admirable indices and appendices, by means of which any particular grain in these bushels of corn can be immediately discovered. We heartily agree with an opinion which, we believe, Professor De Morgan has expressed, that every reader of such works has a just claim for adequate facilities of reference.

The books which come next, are those of Dean Alford and Mr. Moon. Last year the former contributed some interesting papers to *Good Words* on the 'Queen's English.' Like a liege subject, he entered the lists against the foes of his sovereign lady, and had already unhorsed some pretenders, when, lo, another knight—and no carpet knight—appeared upon the arena, and charged the dean with having been guilty of the very violations of law and good taste which he had condemned in others. The dean grew militant; and, after some sharp passages of arms, hotly declared that his assailant was possessed of 'a most abnormal elongation of the auricular appendages.' But Mr. Moon was not to be slain by an epithet. He returned to the charge.

'Reverting,' he says, 'to your expression, "abnormal elongation of the auricular appendages," you recommended us, in your former essay, to use plainness of language, and when you mean a spade, to say so, and not call it "a well-known oblong instrument of manual husbandry." I wonder you did not follow your own teaching, and in plain language call me *an ass*; but I suppose you considered the language plain enough, and certainly it is: there can be no doubt as to your meaning. I must leave it to the public to decide whether I have deserved such a distinguished title. Recipients of honours do not generally trouble themselves about merit. But as I am very jealous for the character of him who has thus flatteringly distinguished me, and as some captious persons may call in question his right to confer the title of ass, I shall endeavour, in the following pages, to silence for ever all cavillers, and to prove, to demonstration, that he did not give away that which did not belong to him.....

'Before closing this letter, I have just one question to ask; it is this: "Why do you say I must have *a most abnormal elongation of*

the auricular appendages?" In other words, "Why do you call me an ass?" I confess to a little curiosity in the matter; therefore pardon me if I press the inquiry. Is it because the authorities I quoted are "venerable Scotchmen," and that therefore you conclude I must be *fond of thistles?* No? Well, I will guess again: Is it because I *kicked* at your authority? No? Well, once more: Is it because, like Balaam's ass, I "*forbad the madness of the prophet?*" Still, No? Then I must give it up, and leave to my readers the solving of the riddle; and while perhaps there may be some who will come to the conclusion that it is because I have been guilty of *braying* at the Dean of Canterbury, there are others, I know, who will laughingly say, that the braying has been of that kind mentioned in Proverbs xxvii. 22.'

These doughty champions ended their feud in peace. 'From antagonism,' says the dean, 'we came to intercourse;' the dignitary invited Mr. Moon to Canterbury; told his correspondent that when he arrived at the railway station he was to look out for 'an old party in a shovel;' and 'one result of the controversy,' continues the dean, 'I cannot regret,—that it has enabled me to receive Mr. Moon as my guest, and to regard him henceforward as my friend.' The volume before us is the product of the dean's latest study of the subject, and contains a discussion of many points of great practical interest and value. But Mr. Moon may say, 'What I have written, I have written.'

To pronounce an eulogium on the *Lectures on the Science of Language* were almost superfluous. The breadth and the philosophic spirit of the investigation, the grace, the dignity, and the rare eloquence of the style, have commended these Lectures to the admiration of all classes of readers. Nor is the influence of the Lectures restricted to the *élite* of the court and the cloister: they are already in their fourth edition, and have become a book of the people. But we must turn from these authors to their theme.

Language has been characterized as 'fossil poetry;' it may with equal truth be described as fossil history. For as the delicate lines left by the petrified leaf or shell upon the rock tell of the structure and habits of creatures that lived centuries ago, so the words we utter—though now they may seem but dead or arbitrary signs—bear the trace of distant ages, and betray the manners and morals of generations that have departed.

So is it with language. Every word has a history worth knowing, though it may not always be known. Words have their manners and their morals, good, bad, or indifferent. Some wear a royal robe over plebeian shoulders. Some have seen

better days, and are now dressed in the tattered rags of a former greatness. Some have a garb incongruous with their vocation, like a costermonger who has bought a militia-man's left off uniform. Some are tricked out in the tawdry tinsel and faded finery of a lost character. Some, on the contrary, have acquired a power and position far above their extraction and early breeding. 'If we knew,' says Locke, 'the original of all the words we meet with, we should thereby be very much helped to know the ideas they were first applied to, and made to stand for.'

Or, to change the figure, the study of our language is as if we entered some vast and venerable edifice, the product of many ages and various minds. Here is the rude but enduring labour of the Celt, mass fitted into mass with an almost weird ingenuity. There we see the work of the Latin sculptor, taught to use his chisel by the Greek, whose arms he defeated in the campaign, but whose arts have vanquished him in the city. Now we pass before some sombre Norman arch; then we pause beneath a lancet window; anon we stand beside a tomb, the bronze of which records that the dust of the mighty dead lies sepulchred below, upon which the gorgeous hues of a window richly dight are resting, and over which rise the ornate arches of the decorated period; while all around, in nave and aisle, choir and chancel, cloister and chapter-house, tower and catacomb, are hieroglyphics for the antiquarian, inscriptions for the herald, monuments for the historian, traceries for the artist, chisellings for the sculptor, museums for the curious, and instruction for all. So is it with our language. It is one vast pile: but many minds have planned it, many nations have paid tribute to it; peace and war, art and science, agriculture and commerce, have enriched it; and many hands have laboured through revolving centuries to perfect the great design.

We speak affectionately of Our Mother Tongue. But it must not be imagined that all our words sprang from one parentage, and that to it we are exclusively indebted. The fact is, to carry out the figure, that the venerable lady, like most other ladies, had a mother before her; that she was born of an ancient and illustrious ancestry, who came from different and distant lands; and that in our mother's veins runs the blood of the pastoral Celt, of the martial Roman, of the fair-haired Saxon, of the piratical rovers of the North Sea, and of the conquering Normans.

One or two quaint speculators have assigned her the honour of being the primeval language. Thus Richard Verstegan, one

of the earliest writers on this subject, speaks of what he calls 'the most great antiquity of our language,' and mentions that Joannes Golopius Becanus, a very learned physician of the Lady Mary, queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, 'fell into such a conceite that he letted not to maintain it (the Saxon tongue) to bee the most ancient language in the world, yea, the same that Adam spake in Paradise. In conference one day with Abraham Ortelius (who had bin acquainted with Becanus) I asked him if hee thought that Becanus himselfe, being so learned as hee was, did indeed believe this language to bee the first of all languages of the world, to wit, that which was spoken by Adam: hee told mee that hee verily thought Becanus did so believe; and added further, that many learned men might peradventure laugh at that which hee had written, but that none would be able to confute it: whereby I gessed that Ortelius did much incline unto Becanus his conceite.'

The earliest inhabitants of England of whom we have any knowledge, were the ancient Britons or Celts. Though much uncertainty lingers around their history, there is little doubt that the oldest names of places are derived from them; among which we may cite the words Kent and Thames. When the Roman and Saxon invasions swept over the land, the Celts retired to the mountains and glades of Wales and Ireland, where they preserved their independence and language, and where they have left behind them the largest traces of their history. But their influence on the general structure of the language was slight, and the thin stream of Celtic blood has been almost lost in the tide of other races. Still we are proud to call ourselves by the name of Britons.

The first great change that occurred to the Celtic people and language was caused by the Roman invasions. The earliest of these took place some fifty years before the Christian era. The wave of conquest flowed over the land, and then ebbed, and it flowed and ebbed, and flowed again, till A.D. 409, when, according to the Saxon Chronicle, the Romans collected all their treasures, and some they hid in the earth, so that no one has ever been able to find them. But other traces of the dominion of Rome were not so easily effaced. The roads, and camps, and castles left behind upon our soil are not more abiding than the impress left upon our language. The intermingling of race during several centuries inevitably involved some modifications of speech. Tacitus states that when Agricola finished his second campaign, the sons of the British chiefs began the study of Roman civilisation and the use of the Latin tongue. It is also said that more than forty Roman legions whose term of service

had expired, were absorbed into the population, and permanently affected the future of both language and people.

When the tide of Roman life had ebbed from the land, other floods of influence followed. Various tribes of the Gothic race and tongue invaded and colonised many parts of the country: the Jutes occupied Kent, part of Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight; the Saxons established themselves in the rest of the country to the south of the Thames and Avon, in Essex, Middlesex, and part of Herts; and the Angles took possession of the rest of England. The pastoral Celts retired north and west, before the agricultural Goths; and hence it has been well said that 'the Celtic tongue only began where the plough ended.'

The Danes followed, and took possession of the east of the kingdom of Northumbria in 867, comprising the modern counties of Northumberland, Durham, and York, and also of others on the western coast. Gradually their conquest extended south, until, in 1013, the whole land passed under the Danish rule of king Sweyn. The regions they more especially occupied may be readily traced on the map by the names that terminate with the Danish ending of *by*, a town; as for instance, Derby, Whitby, and Netherby. A large part of Lincolnshire was thus colonised, while in Hampshire the Dane and the *by* are unknown. This is the same word that is formed into the compound 'bye-laws,' by which is originally meant the laws of the town as distinguished from the laws of the land. Dr. Latham considers the Lowland Scotch to be 'probably more Danish than any South British dialect.'

The changes produced in the people and language of this country by the Norman conquest have been deep and abiding. The fusion of the conquering and the conquered races and tongues could not be easily effected. William, though forty years of age, set to work to learn English; but the court, the ecclesiastics, the Norman feudatories, and men at arms spoke the Norman tongue. The proceedings of the courts of law were at first conducted in English; but this could not last, for the judges were Normans. At length efforts were made to suppress the native tongue and to enforce the use of Norman French. But edicts could not obliterate the language of the people, who incomparably outnumbered their rulers; the Normans became partly Anglicised; the Saxons rose to honour and emolument; and the two streams struggled for supremacy till their waters blended, the Saxon remaining the speech of the multitude, and forming the staple of the best of our language.

But the long continued subserviency of the Saxon to his Norman conqueror has left its trace on our language. The animals in the field had Saxon names, but when killed and brought to table received Norman-French names; for the Saxons reared the live stock, but the Normans ate the food. Our readers will remember the passage in *Ivanhoe* relating to this point: 'Swine is good Saxon,' (said the jester to the swineherd).....and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle to feast among the nobles. Nay, I can tell thee more; there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen, such as thou; but becomes beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, became Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment.' 'By St. Dunstan,' answered Gurth, 'thou speakest but sad truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe; and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board, the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon.' The only exception made to this rule in the matter of food is found in the word 'bacon,' which the Saxon was permitted to enjoy. But though the bacon-fed Saxon serfs retained their own word for the rasher, the Normans gave the name to the delicate poultry to which, in their halts, the rasher served as the humble but relishing accompaniment. Such are the materials that have contributed to the growth and maturity of our language. The aboriginal elements of our race and our tongue have been displaced; and, as successive races of men have, during uncounted centuries, settled upon the land, so, by intercommunion and absorption, by displacement and by extermination, has the character of our nation been moulded, and the speech which they utter been metamorphosed and developed.

There has been much discussion as to the relative value of the elements of which our language is composed; and especially, as to the respective merits of a Saxon and a Latinised style. Some writers adequately express the noblest thoughts

in simple and homely Saxon; others contend that, under ordinary circumstances, it is no advantage to restrict themselves to words of one or two syllables, and that we ought to avail ourselves of all the resources our complex language has treasured up for our advantage. In the following strain of ponderous and polysyllabic moralising, Dr. Johnson discourses on discontent. 'Such is the emptiness of *human enjoyment*, that we are always *impatient* of the *present*. *Attainment* is followed by *neglect*, and *possession* by *disgust*. Few *moments* are more *pleasing* than those in which the mind is *concerting measures* for a new undertaking. From the first *hint* that awakens the *fancy* to the *hour* of *actual execution*, all is *improvement* and *progress*, *triumph* and *felicity*. Every *hour* brings *additions* to the *original scheme*, *suggests* some new *expedient* to *secure success*, or *discovers consequential advantages* not hitherto foreseen. While *preparations* are made, and *materials accumulated*, day glides after day through *Elysian prospects*, and the heart dances to the song of *joy*.'

One third of these words are of foreign derivation, while in Milton's *L'Allegro* the Latin and French words do not exceed three in a hundred; though he was considered the best writer and speaker of Latin in England of his day. Shakspeare has Saxon for nine-tenths of Hamlet's advice to the players; and we need barely mention the marvellous simplicity with which the loftiest thoughts are uttered in the Lord's Prayer, in which only six words out of seventy are Latin.

In the following passage from Washington Irving, there are but twenty-two aliens out of one hundred and eighty-nine words. 'In one *corner* was a *stagnant* pool of water *surrounding* an island of muck: there were *several* half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a *miserable crest*-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and *spirit*; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a *single* feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing *patiently* to be rained upon, with wreaths of *vapour* rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the *stable*, was poking his *spectral* head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, *chained* to a dog-house hard by, uttered something, every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench trampled backwards and forwards through the yard in *pattens*, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was *comfortless* and forlorn, *excepting* a crew of hard-drinking ducks,

assembled like *boon companions* round a puddle, and making a *riotous noise* over their *liquor*.'

Without disparaging either the Latin or the Saxon element in our tongue, regarding both as indispensable, and even saying with De Quincey that they are 'both *equally* indispensable,' we may agree with Walcot in his estimate of the paragraph of Dr. Johnson, already cited:—

> 'I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
> That gives an inch the importance of a mile.'

Dialects take an important place in the history of a language. 'They have always been the feeders,' says Max Müller, 'rather than the channels of a literary language; anyhow, they are parallel streams which existed long before one of them was raised to that temporary eminence which is the result of literary cultivation.' Pliny states that in Colchis there were more than three hundred tribes speaking different dialects, and that the Romans required one hundred and thirty interpreters to maintain intercourse with the natives. In Central America missionaries have written down the language of savage races, and formed the words into a dictionary: in ten years' time, the dictionary had become antiquated and useless.

So long as the means of communication between one part of the country and another were imperfect, the question of the predominance of one dialect over the rest would remain in abeyance; but the time would come when the growing intercourse and civilisation of the people would bring the matter to an issue. One dialect, indeed, might claim the right to perpetuity as tenaciously as another; and if, as Horace said, good usage provides the law of speaking, the usage, for instance, of Middlesex might be neither better nor worse than that of Lancashire or Devon. What laws, then, shall adjust these local peculiarities? Shall any one dialect hope to become dominant, or shall the fusion of the seething mass into a conglomerate furnish the standard current coin of the future language? Whether one dialect, however, rose to supremacy, or many survived, all would be amenable to the modifying influences of euphony, analogy, historical events, topographical situation, the social habits, and the mental aptitudes of the people.

While these problems were awaiting their practical solution, many forms of orthography and pronunciation once sanctioned would become obsolete. Dean Hoare, for instance, shows that even the brogue now peculiar to the Irish peasantry might in

many cases be justified by the usage of some of our best writers in past days. Thus, when Paddy says that some one was 'kilt,' he might cite Chaucer in his defence, and ask what reason except fashion has made it inferior in accuracy to 'spilt.' When an Irishman informs us that he took a 'hoult of the boult of the doore,' he might quote Chaucer and Spenser as using 'holt' for hold, and spelling it with *u*; while door was anciently *dure*. Again, 'mother' was once written *moder*; 'murder' was spelt *murther*; and 'ask' was *axe*, from the Anglo-Saxon *axian*, 'to inquire.' Chaucer says: 'Axe not why: for though thou axe me, I wol not tellen.' The mother of Henry VII. concluded a letter to her son with—'As herty blesaings as y can axe of God;' and Dr. John Clerk, writing to Cardinal Wolsey, remarks: 'The king axed after your grace's welfare.' Fodder for cattle was written *fother*; and Pope makes *tea* rhyme with *obey*, and *great* with *compleat*. Even when the Irish patriot vows that his isle is 'the first gem of the *say*,' he might obtain some excuse for his pronunciation from Lady Mary Wortley, who, referring to the Grecian Archipelago, has the couplet:—

'Warmed with poetic transport, I survey
Th' immortal islands and the well-known sea;'

and it is said that *glen* was pronounced *glis* by the best writers of the last century. Other pronunciations common in the past are repudiated now. Thus Shakspeare observes that—

'Our wills and fates do so contrāry run.'

Spenser says:—

'Ne let mischiēvous witches with their charms;'

and Milton exclaims:—

'O argument, blasphēmous, false, and proud!'

In connexion with this subject, a story is told of an occurrence said to have taken place at a dinner given in London by the Speaker of the House of Commons, immediately after the passing of the Act of Union between England and Ireland, to which several members of the late Irish Parliament, together with their ex-Speaker, were invited. A difficulty arose as to the way of distinguishing the two Speakers, in addressing them; it having been determined, as a matter of courtesy, on that occasion, to continue his title to the Irish Speaker, not yet raised to the peerage. An English member, struck with the accent of some of the Irish guests, jocularly proposed to address the Irish Speaker as 'Mr. Spaker;' upon which a some-

what hot-tempered Irishman of the party waxed so indignant, as considering it used in derision of his countrymen, that a serious quarrel appeared imminent, when a good-humoured Irish member present pacified his irascible fellow-countryman, by pointing out to him that the Englishman could have meant no offence, as he, doubtless, only intended to signify that the Irish Speaker's functions had ceased, his office being at an end; and that, therefore, it was more proper to describe him by the past tense, as 'Mr. Spaker,' that is, 'he who formerly spake.'

While the question of the predominance of any particular dialect was undetermined, much jealousy subsisted on this subject between the north and south of England. 'The histories of Cambridge and Oxford are filled with their feuds; and more than once has the king's authority been interposed, to prevent the northern men retiring, and forming within their own limits a university at Stamford or Northampton.' Mr. Guest divides the midland dialect into six varieties, and states that Leicestershire has contributed more than any other county to the formation of our present standard English. Dr Latham considers that the purest English is most generally spoken in the districts between Huntingdon and Stamford.

To the varied resources of our language others have done honour, whose testimonies are unaffected by any patriotic partialities. The celebrated linguist, Grimm, than whom none is more competent, and who has no lack of love for his native German, ascribes to it 'a veritable power of expression, such as, perhaps, never stood at the command of any other language of men.' 'Its highly spiritual genius, and wonderfully happy development and condition, have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages of modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romance. It is well known in what relation these two stand to one another in the English tongue; the former supplying, in far larger proportion, the material groundwork; the latter, the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poets, (I can, of course, only mean Shakspeare,) may, with all right, be called a world-language, and, like the English people, appears destined hereafter to prevail, with a sway more extensive even than at present, over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it; not even our German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must shake

off many defects before it can enter boldly into competition with the English.'

Before proceeding to any etymological inquiries, it will be well to glance at the orthography of our language; so that, if, unhappily, we and our readers should get 'to words,' we may previously establish our claim to be 'men of letters.' Unsuspicious natures imagine that there is some immediate and necessary connexion between spelling and pronunciation. But no sooner does the child learn his letters than he has to begin to unlearn them, and he finds to his sorrow that, as the German said, 'the rules are all exceptions.' He discovers that words written in the same way are pronounced differently: as ábsent, abséntˊ; présent, preséntˊ; réfuse, refúseˊ; wĭnd, wīndˊ; wōūnd, wound (*woond*). Other words are spelt differently and pronounced the same: no, know; right, rite, wright, write; mete, meat, meet; bear, bare; aignet, cygnet; hock, hough; sew, so, sow; e'er, heir, ere, air, eyre. Eccentricities abound. When the word h, o, w has an s prefixed, it is pronounced show; if er be added, it is shower. D, e, a, r is pronounced dear, but b, e, a, r is pronounced bear. P, i, g spells pig; add the letters e, o, n, and the g is changed; the word is pigeon. T, o, m is Tom; add b, the o is changed and the added letter is silent. Or if we wished to spell, for instance, the word *softly* in accordance with the analogies of other words in the language, we should have six sounds to provide: s, awe, f, t, l, e. Suppose for the s we take the ps from *ps*alm, for the awe we take the ough in *sought*, for f the ph in *ph*ysic, for t the th in *Th*omas, for l the ll in mi*ll*, and for e the eigh in Hadl*eigh*, we should be justified by the usage of our language in spelling *softly* thus: Psoughphthlleigh. We might also spell scissors, pronounced sizurz, thus: schiesourrhce, and vindicate our orthography by the analogy of the following words: *sch*ism, *sie*ve, a*s*, hon*our*, m*yrrh*, sacrifi*ce*.

Dean Alford supplies some valuable 'stray notes on spelling and speaking.' He enters a protest against the 'trick now so universal across the Atlantic, and becoming in some quarters common among us in England,' of leaving out the *u* in the termination *our*. Such a practice certainly tends to obliterate the derivation and history of our language; for though 'such abominations,' as Archdeacon Hare called them, as *honor* and *favor* came originally from Latin words spelt in the same way, it is also true that we have received them, as their correct spelling shows, through the French forms, which ended in *-eur*. The dean calls attention to the confusion in some minds in substituting the genitive singular and the apostrophe for certain

plural forms. Thus on the outside of an inn there may sometimes be read the announcement that *fly's* and *gig's* are to be let; and even in the *Spectator* Addison speaks of *Purcell's opera's*. Probably the error has arisen from the apparent awkwardness of the correct form, and our publican neighbours have demurred to saying that *flies* are to be let, though this is, of course, the only correct form of the plural. Nor is it easy in any legitimate form to tell how that there are persons who drop their *h's*, omit to cross their *t's*, and to dot their *i's*, and who misuse their *whos* and their *whiches*.

There are some who have endeavoured to account for the use of the apostrophe by saying that in '*the senator's son*,' it is an abbreviation of '*the senator, his son*,' and they justify their explanation by the analogy of such an expression as that contained in the Common Prayer-book, '*for Jesus Christ his sake*.' But it is obvious that such an explanation would fail to account for all feminine genitives;—'*your wife's father*' could never have been '*your wife his father*;'—and for all plural genitives: '*the children's bread*' cannot be '*the children his bread*.' The *s* preceded by the apostrophe is obviously an abbreviation of the added syllable *-es* or *-is*, which formerly marked the genitive or possessive case. Thus Dr. Angus quotes from Alfred's will: 'Ic bidde in Godes namen;' and from Chaucer:

> 'He was also a learned man, a clerk,
> That Christés gospel woldè preche.'

The dean animadverts upon the common but incorrect orthography of several words. He demurs to the *Times* speaking of a *diocess* instead of a *diocese*, and contends that it can no more be justified than the spelling of *cheese* as *chess*. He objects to the plural word *mews* being made to have the double plural form of *mewses*; and he succeeded in obtaining a repudiation of the incongruous word from Sir Richard Mayne and the Marylebone parochial authorities, and tracing the error to an Act of Parliament passed in 1795. He notices that Mr. Charles Dickens erroneously speaks in one of his works of '*shutting too*' a door, whereas it is the preposition and not the adverb that should have been employed. He remarks on the habit of expressing any less usual sense of a monosyllabic word by doubling the final letter; as in the mining circulars that are just now sown broadcast over the land we find that the *sett* is always very promising, and that the *nett* profits will be large. The difference between *sanitary* and *sanatory* is just beginning to be understood; the one word, from *sanitas*, properly meaning appertaining to health; the other, from *sano*, relating to healing.

We may add that the title of the ancient Egyptian kings hardly ever escapes mis-spelling. In a leading article in the *Times*, not long since, the name was repeatedly written incorrectly and in conspicuous capitals. The proper name is not Pharoah, but Pharaoh. Among the minor curiosities of spelling we may cite the name of a respectable town in South Wales. It is Mynyddysllwyn in Monmouthshire.

Passing from orthography to pronunciation, many points of interest arise. The mispronunciation of Scripture proper names by the clergy naturally arouses Dean Alford's righteous ire. 'It shows,' he says, 'a disregard and absence of pains in a matter, about the least part of which no pains ought to be spared. . . When I hear a man flounder about among St. Paul's salutations, calling half of them wrongly, I know that that man does not know his Bible. . . A friend writes to me from a distant city in Italy: "In the afternoon a stranger officiated; but as he saluted *Ass*yncrītus and Patrōbas, I knew what to expect in the sermon." Epenētus and Patrōbas were also recently introduced to the congregation of a fashionable London church. A clergyman in the West of England found on his breakfast-table one Monday morning a note from his congregation containing the following lines:

> "To-day you said, Ye know Stephānas;
> This misconception, sir, doth pain us:
> For it is Stephĭnas we know,
> And beg that you will call him so."'

'A friend of mine,' says the dean, 'heard the following in a London church, and, strange to say, from a schoolmaster:—"Trophēmus have I left at Milētum sick." . . I have also a complaint sent me of a clergyman who insists on always saying, "Achaĭcus;" and an anecdote of a remark being made, how well the "*Venīte exultēmus*" was chanted.'

'From pronunciation,' says Dean Alford, 'we will come to punctuation, or stopping. I remember, when I was young in printing, once correcting the punctuation of a proof-sheet, and complaining of the liberties which had been taken with my manuscript. The publisher quietly answered me, that *punctuation was always left to the compositors*. And a precious mess they make of it. The great enemies to understanding anything printed in our language are the commas. And these are inserted by the compositors, without the slightest compunction, on every possible occasion. Many words are by rule always hitched off with two commas; one before and one behind; *sur-ed*, as the Omnibus Company would call it. "*Too*" is one

of these words; "*however*," another; "*also*," another; the sense in almost every such case being disturbed, if not destroyed by the process. Thus, if the sentence were printed "a nice young man," a comma would be put after "nice," and "the wide wide world" and "the deep deep sea" would be similarly mutilated.'

We may however remark, that errors sometimes arise from a want of stops. Thus we read of 'The Society for Promoting the Observance of the Lord's Day which was founded in 1831;' and in the advertisements of a religious newspaper there was recently an announcement: 'EDUCATION.—In a Ladies' School conducted on Evangelical principles about nine in number, good instruction is given,' &c. But the most remarkable specimen of a sentence without stops, and that seems scarcely to need them, was given in a leading article of the *Times* on March 18th last. It was as follows:—

'Nor, to put out of question M. Mazzini's own opinions, which are not so material to the point at issue as they have been represented to be, can it be considered by any reasonable man that Mazzini's correspondents in the revolutionary party abroad are so entirely free from the object and disposition of political assassination that it need be matter of surprise if some of the communications which reached him should be from very suspicious characters and of a very questionable nature?'

Let us now attempt what has been called the decomposition of words; and in doing so we may begin, like charity, at *home*. Our French neighbours have no homes, and therefore the word would be an encumbrance; their *chez nous* conveys all the idea they have on the subject. On the other hand, as the Rev. I. Taylor remarks, 'the universal prevalence throughout England of names containing this word *home*, gives us the clue to the real strength of the national character of the Anglo-Saxons.' The suffix *ham* appears in two forms. *Hām* signifies an enclosure, that which hems in; but *hām* expresses the sanctity of the family bond,—the secret, sacred place.

Home reminds us of relationship. But when we speak of a *kind* act and of *kindness*, we may not always remember that we are describing conduct worthy of one to whom we have *kin*, one of our *kindred*, one to whom we are *akin*. Hence Shakspeare speaks of a relation who was 'a little more than "kin," and less than "kind."' An ancient custom in Kent of equally dividing the property of a deceased father among his children is called *gavelkind*, and this is one of the few law words that survived the almost exclusive adoption of Norman terms for law,

medicine, and divinity. Even the word *mankind* secretly refers to the fact that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' Within the home circle the husband takes, or is supposed to take, the first place. This word, says Trench, is probably house-hand, the band and bond of the house, which binds it together. Thus old Tusser sings:—

> 'The name of the husband what is it to say?
> Of wife and of household the band and the stay.'

A better word for its purpose could not be conceived. It implies the all-controlling authority as well as the all-embracing love by which, united in the person of the husband, the family is bound together. A good and true husband is to the family, what charity is to the Christian virtues, 'the bond of perfectness.' Before any one can become a husband, there is an intermediate stage through which he must pass,—he must be a bridegroom. 'The word groom,' says an old writer, 'is the name of a servant that serveth in some inferior place, and I find it to have been in times past the name for youths, who, albeit they served, yet were they inferior unto men-servants, and were sometimes used to be sent on foot of errands, serving in such manner as lackies do now.' Hence the name of the bridegroom was given to the new married man, 'in regard that on the marriage day he waiteth at the table, and serveth the bride, and so is the groom of the bride for that time.' Alas! that in these degenerate days such wholesome discipline has become obsolete!

The word 'wife' too has a history and a lesson. It takes us to a home scene, perhaps outside the cottage door. There is the mistress at her spinning-wheel, and anon she weaves the linen for her household. The word 'wife' is connected with the German 'weben,' to weave, and with our *woof* and *web*, and was given when domestic wifely occupations were common in the family. Hence no maiden was deemed fit to enter upon the holy estate till she had spun enough linen to supply her future home; till that time she laboured at the spinning wheel, and was called a 'spinster.' The name, though not the vocation, lingers among us. After that time, having woven her weft, she attained to the dignity of wife.

Family relationship is suggestive of children, and children of the *nursery*. This term was at one time applied not only to the place of nursing, but to the person nursed, and to the act of nursing. Thus Fuller speaks of 'a jolly dame,' and 'the plump boy, her nursery:' this quotation, let all bachelors remark, is taken from—*A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*. Rogers, quoted

by Trench, speaks of '*nursery* exceeding' a mother's strength.

In the selection of names for their children, our early ancestors adopted the practice which Verstegan commends, of choosing titles which indicated high moral qualities, nobleness, honour, charity, honesty, valour, etc. They were not 'so unheedful or uncurious,' he says, 'as to be content like unto parrots to speak they know not what, but they would and did know what in their denominations they uttered; framing and disposing them as a precept or obligation to the embracing or prayse of some kinde of vertue.'* The word *brats* was originally employed neither lightly nor in contempt, as the following quotation from Gascoigne testifies:—

> 'O Israel, O household of the Lord,
> O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed,
> O chosen sheep, that loved the Lord indeed.'

Nephew had formerly a wider application than now; just as, Dr. Trench says, *nepos* meant grandson in the Augustan age, but in the post-Augustan signified only nephew. Thus, 1 Tim. v. 4: 'If any widow have children or nephews.' *Niece* was once used for both grandsons and granddaughters. Other names for relationships are equally interesting. *Sib* means adoption, or kinship; and hence the Saxon Chronicle says: 'In this year archbishop Odo divorced king Edwy and Elfgiva, because they were too *sib*,' or near akin. Sir Walter Scott also uses the word as current in Scotland. *God sib* referred to the relationship contracted by the sponsors of a child; and Shakspeare makes the king address the godmothers of the princess Elizabeth as 'My noble gossips.' The Hampshire peasantry sometimes employ the word in the same way. The tittle-tattle likely to take place on occasion of a christening was called *god-sip* talk. Hence the current sense of the word *gossip*.

Next to our family circle come our neighbours; we feel that those who live near us have a claim upon us, and we upon them, and we have a standard of conduct which we call neighbourly, i. e., neighbour-like. If we were to say that such an one is a 'boor,' he would not regard it as a compliment; but at one time it simply described one who tilled the land; and neigh-boor means a boor who lives nigh. The title of lady is said by Verstegan to be derived from the word hleafdian or leafdian, the loaf-server or dispenser of bread; hence lafdy or lady. Similarly laford, loaf-afforder, is the Anglo-Saxon original of our word lord; the master being accustomed in

* *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence.* 1628.

Anglo-Saxon households to sit at the foot of the table, and give orders for providing the food as it was required; which, moreover, being placed in reserve on the table or board set at his side of the room, we have from this circumstance derived our *side-board*. Horne Tooke traces these words to the same channel, but he goes further back. He says that the word loaf comes from Anglo-Saxon hlifian, to raise, because it is raised or leavened, and that lady means lofty or high-born.

Having adverted to relationship, we may speak of names. Shakspeare somewhat superciliously demands: 'What's in a name?' Tom Hood replied:—

'If the party had a voice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grub, or a Chubb rejoice,
Or any such nauseous blazon?
Not to mention many a vulgar name
That would make a door-plate blush for shame,
If door-plates were not so brazen.'

Some gentlemen are scrupulously sensitive as to their rights and immunities on this point. Not many weeks ago a letter appeared in the *Times*, complaining that injustice had been done to the writer, by the mis-spelling of his name as Wiseass instead of Wieass; and the next day a second correction was made, to the effect that the true orthography was Nieass. The editor remarked that 'there seemed to be no doubt about the last syllable, but the first was not so clear.' Yet all such names are by courtesy '*proper* names.'

Christian names have been so designated because they are given at the baptism of infants; when, according to some, the baptised are christianised, christened.

'Much has been written upon the surname,' says Miss Yonge, 'a comparatively modern invention; while the individual, or, as we term it, the Christian name, has barely received, here and there, a casual notice from English authors, and has seldom been treated of collectively or comparatively. Yet there is much that is extremely curious and suggestive in the rise and signification of the appellations of men and women, their universal or partial popularity, the alterations by which they have been adapted to different languages, their familiar abbreviations, the patronymics formed from them, and the places or articles called from them. In fact, we shall find the history, the religion, and the character of a nation stamped upon the individuals in the names which they bear.'

'The original proper names,' Miss Yonge remarks, 'of men and women arose—

'First, from some circumstance connected with the birth; such as Esau, hairy; Jacob, taking by the heel; Agrippa, born with the feet foremost.

'Secondly, from the complexion; *e. g.*, Edom, red; Flavius and Fulvius, yellow; Don, brown; Ruadh, red; Boidh, yellow; Blanche, fair.

'Thirdly, from the qualities desired for the child; such as David, beloved, and others.

'Fourthly, from an animal; Deborah, the bee; Jonah, Columba, the dove; Zeeb, Lycos, and Lupus, the wolf.' Also from the names of weapons, from jewels, from religious sentiments, from the titles of flowers, from natural defects, from the number of children in a family, and from words indicating sorrow. Of the last we may cite, Ichabod, The glory is departed; and Dolores, a child of misery, baptized in tears.

'The simple Christian name of kings and queens,' again to quote Miss Yonge, in an interesting chapter on the Spirit of Nomenclature, 'stands above all their titles; and for many years in Italy the Christian name was the usual address to all persons of all ranks, as it still continues to be in Russia, where the simple baptismal name with the patronymic is the most respectful address from the servant to the noble. The concealment of the Christian name under titles and surnames gradually began to prevail in France under the Bourbon dynasty; and, by the reign of Louis XIV., had so prevailed, that territorial designations were exclusively used by all who could lay claim to gentle birth or to wealth.' From the earliest age, children were called 'Monsieur de,' or 'Mademoiselle de,' from their fathers' estates or titles, the Christian name being so seldom used, even in the tenderest moments, that it is only from their pedigree, and not from the letters of the most affectionate of mothers, that we can learn that the son and daughter of Madame de Sevigné ever had Christian names at all.

England did not become so artificial; but we see the trace of the same sort of spirit in the fact that it was usual to speak of the married ladies of a family as 'my daughter Baxter,' or 'my sister Smith,' while the graceful title of a knight's lady, dame, (with her Christian name,) was discarded. Peers, too, have thus dropped the use of their Christian name, even in their signature. The historical significance of names is very copiously illustrated by the indefatigable authoress of the *History of Christian Names*. The first volume commences with a glossary, extending over more than a hundred and twenty pages, of double columns; to which we may refer parents, however full may be their quiver, for an abundant choice of names for each and all their arrows. The two volumes are devoted to the explanation of the history and mystery of names, patri-

archal and Israelite, Persian and Greek, angelic, heroic, and mythologic; names from animals and flowers and games and jewels and days and harvests; prænomina, nomina, and cognomina; names 'Keltic' and Gadhaelic and Cymric and Teutonic, and all other names that have been, that are, or that will be.

We may now notice the names of places. The word England was derived from the Angles, who colonised a small part of the country, but gave a title to the whole. *Shire* means a division, from *sciran*, to divide; thus a ploughshare and shears are implements for dividing, a share in a bank is that which is divided, the shore is where the sea and land are divided. The public officer of the county is the shire-reeve or sheriff. The Saxon element in our population has left its record in the names of the counties of Essex, Sussex, and Middlesex, which were the kingdoms of the Eastern, Southern, and Middle Saxons: there was also Wessex of the West Saxons. The name of Surrey was at one time written Sothe-reye, or the South realm. Norfolk and Suffolk were the northern and southern divisions of the East-Anglian folk. Northumberland was the north of the Humber land. Cumberland was the region of the Cymry; Cornwall, or Corn-wales, the kingdom of the Welsh of the Horn; Kent, of the Cantii.

'England,' says Mr. Taylor, 'is pre-eminently a land of hedges and enclosures;' and it has retained this characteristic for more than a thousand years. The suffixes that occur most frequently in Anglo-Saxon names, as *ton*, *ham*, *worth*, *fold*, *garth*, *park*, *burgh*, *bury*, *brough*, and *borrow*, all convey the idea of something hedged or walled in; and indicate that love of seclusion which is often laid as a charge against Englishmen. This feeling seems to have been enchorial, or belonging to the country; for we trace it so commonly in the Celtic names of Britain that probably more than one-half of them, both in Wales and Ireland, contain the roots *llan*, *kil*, *bally*, all of which denote an enclosure.

The suffix *ton* is the most common termination of English local names, and is a sort of test-word by which we can trace the Anglo-Saxon settlements. Its primary meaning is literally a twig; and we see its radical signification in the *tine* of a fork, and the *tines* of a stag's horns. Verstegan states that the word tining was used for hedging, and that a *tun* or *ton* was a house defended by a hedge. 'Hence,' says Mr. Taylor, 'a single homestead was called a *ton* in the time of Wycliffe; and thus he translates Matt. xxii. 5: "But thei dispiseden, and wenten forth, oon into his toun (ἀγρόν), another to his merchandise."' In Scotland, a solitary farmstead is still called

the *town*; in Ireland, the smallest hamlet is so styled; in England, the rickyard is sometimes styled the bar-*ton*; and there are lone farmhouses in Kent called Shottington, Wingleton, Godington, and Appleton. 'But in most cases the isolated *ton* became the nucleus of a village, the village grew into a town.' The same idea of protection is conveyed by the *worth*, which is derived from a root which means to ward or guard. 'It was, probably, an enclosed homestead for the churls, subordinate to the teen. We find this suffix in the names of Bosworth, Tamworth, Kenilworth, Walworth, Wandsworth, and many other places.' But the most important element in Anglo-Saxon names is the syllable *ing*. It was the usual patronymic borne by a whole clan or tribe; and since the Saxon immigration was by clans, we find in the names of the Saxon districts of the island the evidence that they were colonised, not by individuals, but by families. On the other hand, the Scandinavian adventurers who came to this country as pirates or soldiers of fortune, have left their names as individuals; and Grimm, Orm, Hacon, and Asgar may be traced at Grimsby, Ormsby, Haconby, and Asgarby. By virtue of this relationship, Grimsby ships can still claim privileges in Danish ports conferred by the Danish founder of that town.

In default of other testimony, it could be shown by the names upon the map of England that other nations beside the Saxon have tenanted our country. The Northmen, who swept victorious over the seas and rivers of Western Europe, brought land as well as sea under their rule. The *bye* and *by*, so often found in our names, indicate the extent of their conquests. 'In the Danish district of England, between Watling Street and the river Tees, the suffix *by* frequently takes the place of the Anglo-Saxon *ham* or *ton*. In this region there are numerous names like Grimsby, Whitby, Derby,' (the supplanted Saxon name of this town was Northweorthig, or Norworth,) 'Rugby, Kirby, Netherby, Selby, or Ashby. To the north of Watling Street there are some six hundred instances of its occurrence, to the south of it scarcely one.'

Another suffix in common use is *thorpe*, or *thorp*; meaning an aggregation of men or houses—a village. It is very frequent in Denmark and East Anglia, and very rare in Norway; its use enables us to discriminate between the settlements made in this country by those nations. The word is not often employed alone, though Tennyson says,—

> 'By thirty hills I hurry down,
> Or slip between the ridges;
> By twenty thorps, a little town,
> And half a hundred bridges.'

We find the syllable in such names as Althorpe, Copmanthorpe, and Wilstrop. On the other hand, *thwaite* is distinctively Norwegian, and means a forest clearing. While *thorpe*, the chief Danish test-word, occurs sixty-three times in Lincolnshire, and only once in Cumberland; *thwaite* is found forty-three times in Cumberland, and not once in Lincolnshire. The word *force*, applied in the Lake District to a waterfall, is exclusively Norwegian; *fell* also is derived from Norway, and is the usual name for a hill in the north-west of England. The Anglo-Saxon *field* is from the same root as the Norse fell: a *fell* is a place where the ground is on the fall; a *field* or *feld* is where the trees have been *felled*. In old writers wood and feld are continually contrasted. *Fold* is from the same source, being made of *felled* wood, as distinguished from a quick or live-set hedge. So a *stoke* is a place surrounded by stocks.

The suffix *ford* occurs both in Anglo-Saxon and Norse names, but with an important distinction of meaning. In either case *ford* is a derivative of *faran*, 'to go;' but the fords of the Anglo-Saxon husbandmen are passages over rivers for men or cattle; while the fords, firths, or forths of the Scandinavian sea-rovers are passages up arms of the sea along which they steered their ships for trade or plunder. Hence we have on the one hand Ox(en)ford, Swin(en)ford, Welsford; and on the other Wexford and Carlingford, Milford and Haverford, Orford and Chillaford, besides the firths and forths of Scotland. *Wick* has a similar double application, its primary meaning being a station: with the Saxons, however, it was used for a house or village or land; with the Northmen for a creek or bay for ships.

The localities occupied by these early tenants of our soil are frequently traceable with great precision. For instance, there are no vestiges of Norse colonists in Cheshire, with one remarkable exception. The western spit of land called the Wirral, and lying between the Mersey and the Dee, presented special attractions to these voyagers; and within an area of about twelve miles by six, there is scarcely a village bearing an Anglo-Saxon title; while we find the Norse names of Raby, Penaby, Irby, Frankby, Kirby, Whitby, Greasby, Barnston, Thornton, Thurstanston, Birkenhead, and several others. In the centre of the district there is also the village of Thingwall, a word that indicates the position of the meeting-place of the Thing: a name derived from the old Norse *tinga*, to speak, (whence the English *to think*,) the assembly in which the colony met for council and self-government.

Looking again at the names of places still among us, we see the traces of Roman power, the words themselves indicating

the characteristics of Roman life. The Saxon was eminently domestic: the Roman grasped at empire, and developed an imperial civilisation. The Saxons were not road-makers, and borrowed the name of their streets from the conqueror (*strata*); the Romans covered the island with a network of roads; of which one—the Fosseway—ran from Cornwall to Lincoln, and another climbed the Westmoreland mountains to an elevation at High Street of 2,700 feet. But though roads were many, bridges were few; as we find even on the great lines of communication that the rivers were crossed by *fords*. 'At Oxford, Hereford, Hertford, Bedford, Stratford-on-Avon, Stretford, Manchester, Stafford, Guilford, and Chelmsford, considerable streams had to be forded. In the kingdom of Essex, within twenty miles of London, we find the names Ilford, Romford, Stapleford, Stanford, Woodford, Chingford, Stortford, Old Ford, and Stratford.' In Kent the Medway had to be crossed at Aylesford, the Darent at Dartford and at Otford, and the Stour at Ashford. We may add that the name of Pontefract, (*Ad Pontem Fractum*,) where the Roman road intersects the Aire, shows that the broken bridge must have long remained unrepaired for the name to have thus become naturalised. The general deficiency of bridges is also indicated by the fact that so few towns bear that name. We have Tunbridge, Weybridge, Uxbridge, Stockbridge, Cambridge, and a few more; and these stand on easily bridged streams.

Many other names have been given by the Roman walls that stretched across the island, including such as Wallsend, Benwell, Walbottle, Welton, Wall, &c.: while the fortified posts which were at regular intervals, have supplied the names of Chester, Winchester, Rutchester, Chesterholm, and others. *Castra*, *chester*, and *caster*, too, indicate the sites of Roman stations. Through the kingdoms of Essex, Sussex, Wessex, and other purely Saxon districts, we have the form chester; and there are Colchester, Godmanchester, Grantchester, Chesterford, Rochester, Winchester, &c. When we pass to the Anglian kingdoms, *chester* is replaced by *caster*. The Latin *colonia* is found in Lincoln and Cologne; and we have the rivers Colne, one of which rises near the site of Verulamium, and the other flows past Colchester. One legion (*Legionis castra*) was stationed at Leicester. 'Devizes is a barbarous Anglicisation of the low Latin *Divisæ*, which denoted the point where the road from London to Bath passed into the Celtic district. Even so late as the time of Clarendon,* the name

* The name is similarly applied by Wesley in his Journal.

had hardly become a proper name, being called "The Devizes," in the same way that Bath was called "The Bath" in the time of Addison.'

The hardships of travelling would make even the ruins of deserted Roman buildings welcome; hence the seventy 'Cold Harbours' on ancient lines of road that still bear this name; while about a dozen more have the analogous title of Caldecot, or 'cold cot.'

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Taylor's book, is that on 'the street names of London.' By the aid of London names we might almost re-construct the history of the metropolis. Aldgate—the 'Old Gate,' Barbican—one of the city watch-towers, Newgate, Floodgate or Ludgate, &c., tell how the old city was once fortified. Houndsditch reminds us of the open ditch, with its unsavoury contents, that ran between Aldgate and Bishopsgate. Finsbury and Moorgate perpetuate the memory of the great Fen or Moor,—an 'arrant fen,' as Pennant calls it, that stretched on the northern side.

Bethnal Green, Field Lane, Moorfields, Rosemary Lane, &c., indicate the once rural character of those regions. Covent or Convent Garden was the garden of the monks of Westminster Abbey. The name of the Chartreuse, or Carthusian Convent, has been corrupted into the Charter-house. At Canonbury was an affiliated establishment of St. Bartholomew's Priory, now St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In Austin Friars stood the convent of the Augustines; that of the Minoresses in the Minories; and the Crutched Friars—a crutch is the old English word for a cross—have left their name behind them. The Knights of the Temple of Jerusalem were at the Temple; and St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell—depicted on the cover of *The Gentleman's Magazine*—was held by the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, Rhodes, and Malta. The Broad Sanctuary—which enjoyed the privilege of giving freedom from arrest—belonged to the abbot and monks of Westminster. The *Times* is now printed within the precincts of the Black Friars. The Jews were allowed to settle in Jewin Street and Old Jewry. Paternoster Row was so called because the stationers or text-writers dwelt there, who wrote and sold books teaching the A B C, or abcies, with the paternosters, &c. Here also lived the turners of beads, who were called paternoster-makers. Similar trades were located at Ave Mary Lane, Creed Lane, and Amen Corner. But for innumerable particulars of interest on this entire subject we must refer our readers to Mr. Taylor's most instructive pages.

Before drawing our subject to a close, we would ask the

reader to accompany us in a brief tour of observation, in which we shall notice how the characteristics of the men and things we see have left their impress on the words we utter.

We enter the market-place. Around are the shops, on the fronts of which the tradesmen emblazon their names and vocations, not too modestly, and in the windows expose their wares. 'Vocations,' did we say? Yes; for every man's life is an answer to a call (*voco*, I call) of interest, pleasure, or duty. Yonder the cheesemonger plies his craft, though we do not mean that he is crafty, and though he could not be called a craftsman. We approach. He has just sold two pounds of bacon; and as he hands it to his customer, we see that it is folded in a leaf of the preface to the poems of our neighbour Jones, in which he tells us that he has at length 'acceded to the request of his too flattering friends,' and consented to the publication of his little work. Of course we sympathize with poor Jones when we contemplate the vile uses to which his sweet strains have come at last; but while we smile at the juxtaposition of wares so diverse, we must not forget that after all there is a relationship not so very distant between books and bacon. Both are connected with the Anglo-Saxon boc, the beech-tree; for the pig was fed on beech-nuts,—called also 'mast,' from mæstan, to fatten,—in order to harden its flesh, and our first books were thin tablets of beech. Coverings of wood were also anciently made for books, and 'in boards,' and 'pasteboard,' still remain. 'The phrase, "bog Latin," is a corruption,' says Dean Hoare, 'of boc-leden,—that is, book-Latin,—by which term the Saxons designated this language, as being found only in books, and known only to those who had "book-learning." With the Anglo-Saxons "boc-horde" signified a book-case; (like "cup-horde" corrupted into "cupboard," a press originally for cups;) a scribe, or scrivener, was a bocere, or booker, that is, a book-maker, before the art of printing was discovered; a "charter" was called boc-leaf; a "lecturer," also from the Latin, was, with the Anglo-Saxons, a boc-reader; and literature, especially the practical part of it, the composing of books, was designated boc-craft.'

Next door to the cheesemonger is the stationer, into whose window a pedlar is looking. The latter name fitly describes the life of one who is ever trudging on foot, (*pes*, a foot,) carrying, as Cowper says, 'a pedlar's pack that bows the bearer down.' But why should the person who sells books and paper have the monopoly of the name of stationer, and his wares alone be called stationery? The reason is probably found in the fact that the business of booksellers was anciently carried on

entirely in stalls or stations. The stationer can, however, find ways and means of retorting upon those who impugn the speciality of his name, and may taunt the little grocer that though he sells all his goods retail, he professes to deal in the gross.

Our companion reminds us that the cheesemonger has rivals, and if he would 'save his bacon,' he must sell it cheap. We reprove him for his vulgarity; but passing at once from gay to grave, we explain the meaning of the terms that, all unwittingly perhaps, have fallen from his lips. 'To save one's bacon,'—that is, to save oneself from being hurt,—is 'borrowed from the care that the oppressed Saxons took to preserve this their most valuable food from the marauding Norman soldiers, by whom they were continually plundered.' But something was said by our companion about rivals. By the way, the name companion means one who eats bread (*panis*, bread) with us, a messmate. Rivals originally were those who lived upon the bank of the same river, (*rivus*, a river,) and who drew or drank water from it. But since, as owners know to their cost, and lawyers to their profit, there are no rights more intricate than water rights, it continually happened that these rivals disputed as to their relative degrees and times of control over the precious fluid that watered their cattle, irrigated their fields, and turned their mills, until the word came to bear the impress of their strife, and is employed for those who live in more or less unfriendly competition with each other.

We may here remark that the word *monger* is of Saxon origin, and was once more general than now. A penny-monger meant a money-changer, the silver penny being for a thousand years the standard coin of England. We retain the name in ironmonger, fishmonger, and costermonger (a kind of apple) or costard-monger; while we have the Norman names for such once Norman luxuries as are supplied by the wine-merchant and silk-mercer. Formerly, too, the giving out of any commodity was called 'uttering' it, the adjectival word *utter* (from which the verb is derived) being a comparative of 'out,' the superlative being 'uttermost.' Hence we read:—

> 'Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
> Is death to any he that utters them.'

Hence also the language still current in law as to those who 'utter base coin.'

Close at hand is the tailor who cuts out (*tailler*, to cut) your

clothes and his cabbage. If you will intrust him with an order, he will make a coat that shall not only fit well upon you, but shall cease to appear a thing which is 'put on,'—shall even *become* you. And when you see your own new-suited reflexion in the glass, other reflexions will be suggested concerning what is becoming in habits (*habeo*, to have), tailor's habits, ladies' habits, and moral habits, habits of body, and, if you like, habitats, habitants, and habitudes. Of kindred trade to the tailor is the clothier, who evidently has to do with cloth or clothes. Of similar employment is the draper (*drap*, French for *cloth*). Allured by his pleasant shop-window we inspect the graceful folds of the gauzy fabric called muslin, though it comes no longer from Moussul in Mesopotamia; and we notice how the snowy calico—not now imported from Calicut—alternates with the rich damask that still borrows its name from Damascus. We enter. The draper, who is quite willing to drape us, is polite even to being obsequious—a word, by the way, as old as Terence, though then it meant simply 'following after,' as in funeral obsequies. When we leave the shop, we are in ecstasy at our bargain, though we do not mean that we literally stand out (εκ στασις) of ourselves. Of course we had stipulated with the tradesman, (without however taking a *stipula*, or straw, as a guarantee,) that the goods were of the best quality; but we had omitted to secure his signature to that effect. We had simply trusted, and we were simple for doing it, to his honour. Imagine then our indignation when we discover that our kickshaws (*quelques choses*, somethings) are found to be inferior; and that the vendor, instead of being a respectable man, that is, one worth looking again at (*respectus*), was an impostor, who had imposed, 'put upon' us. At first we are inclined to go into a passion, but recollecting, in the spirit of true philosophy, that passion means suffering, and that 'a passionate man is not a man doing something, but one suffering something to be done on him,' we do not retaliate the wrong, even to the extent in which those words were once employed, the rendering again (whether for good or ill) what we have received. Still we have been wronged, that is, wrung or wrested from the right, and might righteously have indulged in that 'scourge of the tongue' which the Greek thought flayed off the flesh, and which we call sarcasm. We content ourselves therefore with pronouncing the draper a humbug, a title concerning which we agree with De Quincey that it rests upon such a wide and comprehensive basis that 'it cannot be rendered adequately either by German or Greek, the two richest of human languages; and without this

expressive word we should all be disarmed for one great case, continually recurrent, of social enormity.'

It is market-day,—a good time for observing character. It has been said that if you would know a man, you should trade with him; and if you cannot do this, you can at least watch him in his bargains and in his intercourse with his fellow-men. Yonder is a group of countrymen, as the Saxon would call them, peasants, as the French would prefer, rustics, (*rus*,) as the Latins would have said; and close at hand are farmers discussing the respective merits of cotton cake and linseed. We like the old Norman name of farmer much better than the Anglo-Saxon earthling, which it superseded, even though the tenant does not now pay the owner his rent in supplies of food (*feormian*) and other articles. The currier has just finished his bargains in leather (*cuir*), and is engaged in conversation with the farrier (*ferrarius*, a blacksmith), and the man of iron (*ferrum*), in his turn, is not ashamed to curry favour even with the currier, whose horse he has shod and curried.

Whether it be from the prevalence of men of bad or doubtful reputation we will not aver, but our mother tongue has generously placed at our disposal a variety of names by which all sorts of bad characters may be specified. You see that shabby-looking man, (certainly in *déshabille*,) one of those scapegraces who have escaped by grace the penalties of their follies, a ne'er-do-well, as the Scotch would say. But he is not worse than his brother, who for years has been a vagrant, a vagabond, (*vagabundus*,) a wanderer about, who in earlier times would have had his ears bored on the reasonable presumption that a person always wandering about without employment had been, or soon would be, in mischief. The man is, in fact, a scamp, willing to run into debt, and then to scamper off without paying it,—a scoundrel, who would abscond (*condere*, to hide) when you demanded your own again. If, therefore, you want him, seize him, and the coward will cower at your feet, and, craven-like, will perhaps crave your pardon. But we must not omit to notice that self-sufficient coxcomb whose style of dress shows he has been 'got up regardless of expense,' and that, as Webster says, he looks 'like a doll' and 'carries his character on his back.' If the word were now spelt cockscomb, as formerly, we should better see the force of the title, since, as Trench tells us, the comb of the cock was a sort of ensign or token which the fool was accustomed to wear. There is, too, a wild, will'd, self-willed look in his eye; and his big, inflated manner of talking, 'full of sound and fury,' but 'signifying nothing,' is in consistency with the abundance of soft padding—literally

the bombast—that swells his clothes and characterises his words; a word which has its analogy in the term fustian. We might address him as Prince Hal does Falstaff: 'How now, my sweet creature of bombast?' or as another early poet has said:

'Thy body 's bolstered out with bombast and with bags.'

On a bright day the 'sweet creature' may be found, literally as well as metaphorically, supine, lying on his back, with his face upwards, insensible to any consideration but his present ease; though in society he is so punctilious in the observance of every little point (*punctum*) of etiquette, as to tantalise, worse than Tantalus ever did, all people gifted with a grain of sense.

Other characters and persons without character abound. Here is the miser, whose very name tells truly of the miser-y of those who are given up to the lust of getting. But yonder is our philanthropic neighbour the doctor—as the epithet says, a true man-lover. He is asking one of his patients for a little 'eleemosynary assistance' for the infirm in the infirmary. Why cannot he be content himself with one syllable instead of six, and say alms? Letters, says Horne Tooke, are like soldiers, apt to desert and drop off in a long march. We only wish the doctor would connive at the irregularity; but never mind, he is simple-hearted (*sine plicâ*, without fold) and sincere in his benevolence—his well-willing, and in his beneficence—his well-doing. Sincere, did we say? Yes, literally *sine cerâ*, without wax to fill up the flaws in the alabaster of his character, without shams or pretences of any kind. But the man to whom he now appeals is a dunce, and it will be an appeal in vain. Yet is it not a strange vicissitude of fortune and fame that the name for an ignoramus should be borrowed from one whom Hooker calls 'the wittiest of the school divines?' But Duns Scotus had his enemies, and so successfully did they disparage him that his name has become a byeword of contempt.

We mix in the crowd. How varied the faces and the expression of countenance around, and the tones and terms in which mind meets mind! Yonder buyer has taken umbrage, and you can see the dark shade (*umbra*) that has settled on his brow; while the hauteur of his companion is shown by that uplifted eyebrow, that *supercilium*, which expresses the supercilious contempt within. There is that poor idiot—the sight of whom makes us thank God for our wits. The name, however, originally meant simply a private individual, as distinguished from one in office; and thus Jeremy Taylor remarks that 'humility is a duty in great ones as well as in idiots.' Subsequently it meant a secluded and then uneducated and foolish person, and

lastly one whose mental powers are not merely unexercised but normally defective. In the earlier of these uses it is employed by Blount when he says that our Lord 'was received of idiots, of the vulgar people, and of the simpler sort.' But we must not protract our observations, and we wend our homeward way. We are naturalists, not however in the sense in which the word was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it referred to one who accepted only the religion of nature. It is spring. The dandelion with its root like a lion's tooth—*dent de lion*—is in flower; and the '*rose des quatre saisons*,' or of the four seasons, which our gardener calls the 'rose of the quarter sessions,' is in bloom, succeeding the ever welcome primrose, that has well earned its name of the prime rose (*prima rosa*)—the first rose. The 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped' day's-eye—daisy (Saxon, *daeges eye*)—brightens the meadows, and the hawthorn will soon be in flower. A haw, we may here notice, means a ditch; sometimes the word, by reduplication, is employed as haw-haw; the thorny bush planted by it is the hawthorn, and its berry is a haw. We pass the churchyard with its old yews. Longfellow quotes an expressive Saxon term which long survived:—

> 'I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
> The burial-ground God's-acre.'

The yew, too, has many interesting memories. Of yore its wood was that of which the Saxons made their bows; and being a tree of national importance, it was grown in the churchyards.

> 'Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

According to some authorities, the men who were armed with the yew were called yewmen or yeomen; others, however, assert that this word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon gemæne, common, the *g* having been changed into *y*.

We have almost exhausted our space, or we should have been glad to have dwelt upon the morale of words, and the styles adopted by different writers. Many a lesson might be learned, as we study the rise or degradation of terms in use among us; and inasmuch as our words usually represent our thoughts, we might illustrate the justness of the text: 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.' We are becoming, for instance, a polite people,

who smoothe over the prosaic realities of life with pleasant conventionalisms. Thus every one now is an esquire. We have no tradesmen, they are all principals; no shopmen, they are assistants; no masters, they are governors; no one is bankrupt, he is only unable to meet his engagements; no tradesman is ever short of money, he merely requests that his little account may be adjusted, as he has a bill to meet; no one is angry, he is excited; no one is cross, he is nervous; no one is drunk, he has dined with a few friends; no one is sent to Bridewell, he is received into the House of Correction. If we desired an authorised illustration of the employment of a pleasant euphemism with which to cover up a great crime, we may quote from a Foreign Office letter recently received in Glasgow. It referred to the infamous barbarities practised by certain Peruvian ship-owners, who had attacked several of the islands of Polynesia, and had carried away large numbers of the people into slavery. Her Majesty's Government stated that 'they had reason to believe that steps had been taken by the Peruvian Government for entirely abolishing the introduction of Polynesians into Peru'!

The commercial world has its own phraseology: thus, 'a good man' means on 'Change a safe debtor. Fashionable life, too, has its special phraseology. Owen said that the chief use of the soul among fashionable people was to swear by; but our follies have now become more refined. In this realm, night means day, and day night. To be in 'undress' is to be completely clothed. To be in 'full dress' is to be genteelly naked. 'Not at home' is a courteous untruth. To be steeped in vice is to be 'gay' or 'unfortunate.' Thus does our tongue become 'the ornament of iniquity,' till, as Archbishop Tillotson declared, 'the use of speech is sadly perverted, and our language is actually running into a lie.' Talkers and writers too have their different methods of using their mother tongue. There are the learned and oracular talkers. 'Did you ever hear me preach?' said Coleridge to Charles Lamb. 'Never heard you do anything else,' was the reply. There are the exacting talkers. 'I have known,' says Sir Richard Steele, 'a challenge sent to a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation.' There are the precise talkers; reminding us of Mrs. Hemans's critic, who, on coming to the line, 'Like a pearl in an ocean shell,' at once suggested that greater fidelity and force could be given, if the poet had said, 'Like a pearl in an oyster shell.' They are of the fraternity of the printer who revised a line of another poet. The writer had spoken of 'the martyr in a

sheet of fire;' the too matter-of-fact printer substituted, 'the martyr with his shirt on fire.' Indeed, such persons would be almost as literal as Sidney Smith, who, when some one advised him that for the benefit of his health he should 'walk on an empty stomach,' replied, 'Whose?'

There are also the dignified speakers and writers, who can never call a spade by its name. Thus a writer of a review in the *Times* of Smiles's 'Lives of the Engineers' recently told how Vermuyden reclaimed the Cambridge fens, and then added: 'A series of other engineers have been successfully employed in confirming or increasing the area of his acquisitions;' by which the reviewer simply meant that more drains and ditches have been made. The writer seems to have studied in the same school with a Frenchman who despatched to England, in October, 1862, a telegram, in which he wished to announce that it was thought the corn-market would fall: 'The alimentary crisis is believed to have passed into a subsiding phase.' The Hampshire magistrates recently prepared 'a very elaborate report' on the subject of prison discipline. In the course of it they recommended an increase of labour and a diminution of rest, and with reference to diet they expressed themselves as follows:—'The committee think that at all events, during the early stages of imprisonment, the element of meat should, as far as possible, be eliminated.' Or, for pompous rigmarole, perhaps it would be difficult to surpass the specimen furnished on a recent occasion by the Masters of the Middle Temple when they 'screened' Mr. Digby Seymour. Considering that the document, of which what follows is a sentence or two, was issued as a manifesto by a body of accomplished gentlemen, it is worth perusal:—

'The Masters of the Bench are also under the painful necessity of declaring their opinion that the settlement of Mr. Parker's action, while the charges of fraud included in it were, in the opinion of the Bench, not only withdrawn, but were strongly re-asserted, as it was conduct calculated to destroy character by exciting suspicions that charges which were not boldly met could not be gainsaid, was an arrangement to which a right-minded man, even in the hour of heavy pecuniary distress, would not have submitted. They are compelled to add that no solid ground presents itself on the evidence—[fancy solid ground presenting itself on evidence!]—in justification of the affidavit which was made by you for the purpose of postponing the trial of the action in question.'

But we must bring our words to a conclusion. In doing so, we would recal the beautiful meaning which time and familiarity has

exhaled from expressions which fall from our lips when friends and acquaintances part. We say to one another, 'Farewell:" this word is compounded of the Saxon verb faran, to go, and well, which comes from weal, the opposite of woe (*valeo* of the Latin, to be strong). It means a good going, or journey, the antithesis of welcome, which means a good arrival. From faran we also have thoroughfare, a passage through; the money we pay for our passage we call a fare; and the food we eat on the journey has the same name. Farewell is welfare reversed. So we rightly say, Fare ye well, farewell.

Again, we use the term adieu. This word resembles a once pious worshipper, who has become a formalist, who keeps up something of the appearance of religion, but has lost the heart for it, like those who gallop through their paternoster, or mutter some incoherent incantation as a kind of grace before meat. So this phrase *à Dieu*, 'To God' I commend you, was once a prayer like that of Moses:—'If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence;' but it has dwindled down into a common adieu, and the benediction has become an adverb.

Lastly, there is the word good-bye. It is compounded of the mutilated and abbreviated fragments of the sentence, 'God be with you.' It, too, was a prayer, though it has commonly degenerated into a well-meaning formula.

With these thoughts upon our mind we desire honestly to say to our readers, 'Farewell.' If one result of this paper is to lead any more carefully to sift and more exactly to weigh their words, something will have been done to promote true thinking and good morals.

ART. VI.—1. *The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts.* Catalogue, 1864.

2. *British Institution. Exhibition of the Works of British Artists.* Catalogue, 1864.

3. *Eleventh annual Exhibition in London of Pictures, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools.* Catalogue, 1864.

4. *Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.* Catalogue, 1864.

5. *Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours; founded in* 1831 *as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.* Catalogue, 1864.

6. *Catalogue of the Pictures, Drawings, Sketches, &c., of the*

late William Mulready, Esq., R.A. Exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in March, 1864.

7. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present Position of the Royal Academy in Relation to the Fine Arts, together with the Minutes of Evidence.* London, 1863.

Most of our readers are probably aware that during the course of last year a Royal Commission was collecting evidence, and writing a report, on the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the amount of space placed at the disposal of that body for its annual exhibition.

For some time it had been felt that inquiry was needed. The Royal Academy is an institution holding an anomalous, half public, half private position,—public, inasmuch as it is lodged at the public expense; private, inasmuch as its revenues are derived from the collected exertions of the profession. It represents, or should represent, the interests of the artistic body; but, being self-elected and irresponsible, there is always very great danger that it may forget those interests, and act in a narrow and selfish spirit. At the same time the power it wields is enormous. Not only can it refuse to admit any artist within its ranks, but it can reject his works, hang them where they cannot be seen, and, unless he be well known to fame, nip his budding fortunes. For publicity is a painter's life. Without it he is like an orator in a desert island, or a lawyer where litigation is unknown. The Academy undertakes also the responsible duty of training the rising generation in the practice and theory of their art. It is a matter, therefore, of serious importance to discover whether it is fulfilling its functions as efficiently as possible, whether it possesses and deserves the confidence of the profession and of the public at large. We can fully understand that several of the academicians should have deemed all inquiry superfluous and impertinent. Men do not like to be interfered with, and generally resent all question as to the manner in which they have discharged their duties. It may be—though this is not entirely our own opinion—that there was no cause of complaint, and that attacks originated only with the disappointed and undeserving. We still think that it was very desirable that the whole subject should be thoroughly sifted, and can by no means regret the appointment of a commission for the purpose. The constitution of the Royal Academy, in its essential characteristics, is nearly a century old; and it would be strange indeed, considering the development of art in this country during the past century, if some modifications and amendments were not by this time desirable.

It would take a whole article to do justice to the various reforms and alterations suggested by the commissioners, and to the reply made by the academicians. Our task, besides, lies in a different direction. We must resist the temptation of examining whether the number of academicians might advantageously be raised to fifty, whether there should be a larger body of associates, and whether that body should have any and what voice in the management of affairs. Neither must we discuss the advisability of making the Academy represent more effectually the other branches of art besides oil painting. We shall not enter on the *pros* and *cons* for the introduction of a 'lay element' in the shape of ten non-professional members, or endeavour to explain the new and complicated machinery for the election of candidates. These and many other subjects, too numerous almost to mention, are amply discussed both in the report and the reply, but cannot be discussed by us.

Before, however, we leave a subject on which we have touched more for the purpose of exciting public attention, than with the object of entering on an exhaustive discussion, we note a strange coincidence. It happens that the year when these questions are being agitated in England is also that in which somewhat similar questions have been decided in France. The *Académie des beaux Arts*, though not precisely similar, has many analogies with the Royal Academy. It consists of forty members, and is self-elected. Among its duties used to be the selection of the works sent for exhibition at the triennial *Salon* by the various artists, and the adjudication on the merits of the candidates for the *Prix de Rome*. This much-coveted distinction—which is also awarded to musicians—entitles the successful competitor to pursue his studies in Italy for a certain number of years at the public expense. These two important functions have now been withdrawn from the *Académie*. The *Prix de Rome* are chosen, if we mistake not, by a certain number of artists and art-critics appointed by the Government; the *Salon* has been made annual, and placed under the jurisdiction of a body of which three fourths are elected by those artists who have received a first, second, or third class medal at any former exhibition, and the remaining fourth nominated by the Government. This body is to exist only for the occasion that called it forth. A new choice is to be made every year. The whole scheme is interesting as marking the democratic instincts of our neighbours, and at the same time the grasping and absorbing character of the government centralisation. Whether the new plan will succeed it is as yet scarcely possible to say. Only one *Salon*—that now open—has been

organized under the auspices of the new committee. We have not ourselves seen it, but it is described by foreign critics as falling below those of former years. This, however, can scarcely be due to a deteriorating influence which has only just come into operation. In order to judge we must wait for the teaching of experience, and until the storm of indignation, which the new system has excited among those who had an interest in upholding the old, has in a measure subsided. It is noteworthy that several of the witnesses examined by the royal commission were in favour of an academy to be chosen by election among the whole body of artists. The difficulty in the way of any such scheme was to know who should form part of the constituency. The rather foolish French practice of awarding medals possessed in this case a contingent advantage.

It is, however, time that we should turn from these arid though important subjects to a consideration of the paintings which this year has brought forth. Is this a good year? Are the various exhibitions better or worse than their predecessors? Does English art make a better display than it did twelve months ago? These are the questions which every one asks, and which every one answers, *tant bien que mal*. The truth is, there are few matters on which it is more difficult to give a just verdict. On the one hand, distance lends its usual enchantment, and makes us magnify the merits of what we only remember. A kind of halo surrounds those things which we see only 'with that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.' On the other hand, there is a freshness, a vividness, about what is actually before us. We are loath to think that what is giving us so much pleasure *now*, is inferior to what pleased us a year ago. Moreover, most of the elements of a comparison are wanting. Here one artist has notably improved; but here another has notably fallen back. Here there is a new name; here an old favourite has ceased to exhibit. If it be difficult to decide with thorough accuracy between the merits of two different paintings which we can examine side by side, how nearly impossible must it be to institute a satisfactory comparison between some hundreds of paintings, half of which live only in our memories! We shall, therefore, abandon the thought of so doing. Suffice it to say that we consider the exhibitions of the present year to be of fair average merit, and such as England has no cause to be ashamed of. The extravagancies that characterised the early phases of the pre-Raphaelite movement are fast dying out, but the good which that movement brought with it is bearing rich fruit. Our artists no longer think it necessary to devote the

better part of their attention to details and accessories, nor is the exclusive choice of ugly types considered a necessary tribute to truth. But the evils against which these were the over strong reactions have perished. The public eye has been educated. It is no longer possible for a painter to slur over small things 'with that sort of emptiness which is sometimes called breadth,' to use Mulready's admirable expression. He must study to be true, and to imitate faithfully what he sees. Those few men who, having been accustomed to work in the old style, had either no desire or no ability to follow the new light, have sunk very low in popular estimation. We shall not name them. If they are incapable, it would be useless; if they were indolent or too proud to learn, it must be a sufficient punishment to see themselves distanced by younger competitors.

Though the present year is, as we have said, one of very fair performance, yet many favourite names are absent from its catalogues. Dyce, who was at the same time painter, musician, author, theologian, reminding one of the days when Leonardo was at once the first painter and the first scientific man of his day, and when Michael Angelo was great at once as painter, poet, sculptor, and architect,—Dyce, we say, is dead. Peace be to his memory. He was a good man and true, and the recollection of many a picture which we were wont to admire—notably his *Titian making his first Essay in Colouring*—comes over us as we write. Another and an older Academician has also gone to his rest. William Mulready, full of years and honour, has left us. And here we would thank the authorities at the South Kensington Museum for what was at the same time a valuable boon to the public, and a graceful tribute to the deceased artist's fame and ability. In collecting together the whole series of his works they furnished the best opportunity that could possibly be enjoyed for judging his powers. The labour of upwards of half a century was before us. We could follow the successive developments of his talents, and mark the various changes through which they had passed. His first works were small, solid landscapes and interiors in the Dutch manner. These he soon abandoned for figure painting, generally choosing as his subjects scenes in which there was some humorous element. This sphere he never quitted for any length of time. It was his special walk in art, the one in which he gained his reputation, and especially his popularity; and, though he made several highly successful paintings of the nude figure, yet it is chiefly as a humourist that the public will remember him. We say the public—not the profession. For the latter, Mulready's works

possess artistic qualities beside which his wit stands dwarfed like a bramble beside an oak. His drawing was of the best which the English school—inferior in this to its continental rivals—has hitherto produced. And he deserved his eminence, for it had been won by dint of hard labour. He himself said in his evidence before the royal commissioners, 'I have, from the first moment I became a visitor of the life school, drawn there as if I were drawing for a prize.' And his works bear the marks of this earnest toil. We cannot express our admiration of the series of chalk sketches which almost filled one of the rooms at South Kensington. For accuracy and finish they were unrivalled. It would have been exceedingly interesting, had it been possible, to compare them with a similar collection of the works of Etty. Both were unremitting in their devotion to the Academy models, and the juxta-position of their studies would have been very instructive. Their treatment is characteristic. Etty seems at times to be perfectly intoxicated with the beauty of the human form, and to revel in the glorious lines and curves. Mulready, of a far calmer temperament, is never similarly carried away. He sees the beauty, and renders it, more accurately perhaps than Etty, but not with the same rapture of delight.

As regards the qualities of thought and imagination which Mulready displays, we think that few men have been more unequal in their conceptions, and in their power of rendering their conceptions. Nothing can be better than Dr. Primrose's face and attitude, and Mr. Wilmot's look of perplexed but dogged obstinacy, in the *Whistonian Controversy*. The other scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, viz., the *Choosing the Wedding Gown*, is equally good. The future Mrs. Primrose examining the quality of the stuff, the young clergyman studying her face, and the mercer descanting on the excellence of his wares, are all in perfect character. A much earlier work, *The Fight Interrupted*, is but little inferior. The sturdy little rogue with his clenched fists and bull-dog courage will evidently take a good deal more beating, while his bigger adversary has equally evidently had quite enough of it, and is by no means sorry for the master's timely interruption. The *Butt*, a lad shooting cherries into the open mouth of an awkward booby, while the two fruit-sellers are grinning at the operation, is excellently painted, composed, and conceived. The schoolmaster's mock-humble bow, and the boy's frightened, uneasy, averted look, as he creeps *last* in to the village school,—the pleasant woods he has left so reluctantly, visible through the open window,—this, and the other children's various attitudes

and sentiments, are finely rendered. How is it that, with the paintings we have named, in which the faces and attitudes have been made to speak so expressively, and with others, such as *The Wolf and the Lamb*, *The Cannon*, *The Dog of Two Minds*, and *First Love*, all of which may be called half successes, there should be so many pictures in which the artist has failed to convey his meaning adequately? The *Barber's Shop* and *Punch* are grotesque caricatures. The faces in the *Convalescent from Waterloo*, an *Artist's Study*, and the *Travelling Druggist*, say but little. The attitude of the boy holding his mouth, in the *Origin of a Painter*, is exaggerated. There is a want of character in the boy and girl in *The Forgotten Word*, as also in the otherwise pretty picture of Mr. Burchell helping Sophia Primrose in her hay-making. It will perhaps best express what we mean, if we say that in this respect Webster seems to do continually what Mulready was always trying to do, and only occasionally succeeded in doing. He was to our thinking more a man of great industry and capacity than of surpassing genius.

The past year has taken from us another great painter. Old William Hunt, of the Water Colour Society, was an instance of how much genius can make of how little. The range of his subjects was small. An occasional figure, generally of humble life, a dead bird, a nest, a bunch of fruit, a flowery bank, a spray of blossoms—this nearly exhausts the catalogue. And yet, such was the marvellous power and richness of colouring which he lavished on these small things, that he seemed to lift them into an almost unaccountable dignity.

> 'Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine,'

says good, quaint, old George Herbert; and thus also it is possible for a single-minded and earnest man to give importance to a trifle. We have, indeed, sometimes regretted that Hunt devoted his attention so almost exclusively to still life. When all has been said and done, there are subjects which would better have repaid the wealth of skill which he had to bestow. Though his death had occurred before the opening of the Exhibition of the Water Colour Society, we shall not miss his name on the catalogues, and his works on the walls, till next year. Several of his paintings appear in their old familiar place, and their old familiar style. Though the productions of his last year, they show no decline of power or faltering of hand. It is sad to witness the signs of decay in one who has once been great; but it is equally sad to lose a man whose 'eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated.'

Fortunately the names of Dyce, Mulready, and William Hunt, together with that of F. D. Harding, of the Water Colour Society, exhaust the list of distinguished deaths. There are, however, several names for which we look in vain in this year's catalogues. Maclise and Herbert are 'absent on public duty,' painting the frescoes in the palace of Westminster. Ward, who is similarly employed, only sends a portrait of Thackeray in his study, painted apparently some twenty years ago. Frith has been devoting his time to a picture of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Holman Hunt, we are very sorry to say, seems to have taken leave of the Academy in permanent disgust, and to decline any longer to enrich its exhibitions. This is a grievous pity. Sir Charles Eastlake's onerous duties as president, during a very trying year, have probably prevented him from devoting any of his time to the practice of his art. The cause of Frost's unusual and F. Maddox Brown's accustomed absence from the Academy, we do not know. Noel Paton, too, sends no oil painting this year.

Before proceeding, however, we wish for a moment to turn back to a picture which has been attracting a great deal of attention of late, and has even had the unwonted honour of forming the theme of a debate in Parliament. We refer to Herbert's fresco, or rather 'water-glass painting,' of *Moses bringing the two Tables of the Law down Mount Sinai*. It is a very grand work, well deserving all the praise that has been so freely lavished upon it. The scene is bare and desolate. The parched hills, burnt to a kind of yellow brown, with scarcely a shrub upon them, rise abruptly to the right. A blue haze, the result of the intense heat, lies in the valley; in which may be discerned the countless host of the Israelites. The face of Moses, as he comes down from the Mount, expresses, so far as we could read it, the abstraction and awe of a man who has been speaking 'face to face' with God, 'as a man speaketh unto his friend.' He does not see the wonder-stricken Israelites standing ready to receive him. The glories in which he has so recently been wrapt, still overwhelm him, as his soul travels down the ages, watching the influence of the Law on mankind. A white halo surrounds his head, and two rays shoot upwards from the forehead. The tables of stone rest in his girdle, and are borne under each arm; the prophet, out of respect, forbearing to carry them in his hands. The two groups to the left and right are admirably disposed. The one to the left is headed by Aaron, who waits to receive Moses. Behind him stand Joshua and the other elders. We cannot ourselves speak from experience of the amount of truthfulness

and fidelity with which the local peculiarities of climate and dress are reproduced. Those, however, who have visited the East, are loud in their praises. The picture covers the whole upper portion of one side of a room, the base being cut in two by a doorway which is supposed to have some mystical meaning that we could not catch. The painting, and needful preliminary studies, occupied six years; and the rate of remuneration paid was three hundred and fifty pounds a year. Few persons will consider this an adequate return for one of the noblest works of art ever executed in this country, or regret that the House of Commons has expressed a very decided opinion on the subject.

If we except this painting of Herbert, which does not properly belong to 1864, *the* work of the year is unquestionably to our minds Sir Edwin Landseer's *Man proposes, God disposes.* This veteran artist, far from losing his power with advancing years, continues to keep at the high level which he formerly attained. We do not of course mean that his works always have the same interest. That would be impossible. '*Nec semper arcum tendit Apollo,*' says Horace; and no one that we are acquainted with is entirely exempt from that law, —no *genius*, more especially. And Landseer is a genius. He occupies the same position among animal, that Turner occupies among landscape, painters; and we know of no higher praise. Others can state the facts of the case. Troyon and Rosa Bonheur state them powerfully; Ansdell, with a dexterous, manly brush and considerable vigour; Cooper and Verboeckhoven, with a grace that too often degenerates into prettiness and oversmoothness. But the poetry belongs to Landseer alone. He only can see into the beast's mysterious instinct, and follow the dim, uncertain workings of its mind. He only has the power of raising a smile or even a tear of sympathy for what is ludicrous or sorrowful in the brute. Many men can paint a dog with more or less accuracy. We know but one who could paint the *Shepherd's Chief Mourner.*

Entirely different in kind, though equal in power, is the *Man proposes, but God disposes.* A dreary ice-floe, scarce flushed with the rays of the setting sun, surrounded by the shadowy, unreal, half-transparent forms of the icebergs that,

> 'Mast high, come sailing by,
> As green as emerald;'

a broken spar, and the remains of a boat in which human bones are discernible; a discoloured Union-jack, a telescope,

and a torn pocket-book; these, and two polar bears, one straining with all his force to tear the flag that has probably been a sailor's shroud, the other crunching a bone, and closing his eyes with a voluptuousness that is ghastly and horrible to witness; these, we say, form a picture which is nothing less than awful. We are carried back to the time when brave men full of heart and hope started on their exploring expedition. We see their ship caught in the deadly embraces of the ice, and locked there while the long days grow into weeks, and the crawling weeks into laggard years. We live in thought through the terrible time, when, provisions beginning to fail, the men lose even that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, and lay them down to die. And then comes the end; and their remains form a treasure-trove for these horrible bears. We can scarcely wonder that before such a picture the crowd should often be thin. This is no scene for the light hearts of holiday-making spectators. The skeleton at the Egyptian feasts could have cast no gloomier shadow.

Landseer's other pictures are a *Piper and Pair of Nut-crackers*,—squirrels, as exquisitely graceful and pretty as the other is sublime; and two less important works. Besides these there was at the British Institution a fine portrait of two big dogs, and of some dead game, under the title of *Well-bred Sitters that never say they are bored*. This was one of the few redeeming features of an otherwise very discreditable exhibition; and as we have mentioned the British Institution, we may as well utter our grievances. It seems to get worse and worse year by year. Whether this degeneracy be due, as some artists would wish us to suppose, to a 'lay element' in the council, we cannot say. Certain it is that the average merit of the paintings exhibited this year is singularly low. Even those artists whose works we are accustomed to look for with some degree of expectation, as G. C. Stanfield, Frank Dillon, Cooke, and Ansdell, seem weighed down by the *genius loci*, and do not rise to their ordinary level. When we have mentioned the following works, we have named nearly everything that calls for special remark; that is to say, everything that deserves praise. If we were to specify all that calls for censure, a far longer list would be required. Frank Wyburd's *Offering* and *Private View* are clever. Elijah Walton's *Silberhorne, as seen above Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland*, showing an Alpine peak pure white against the deep blue of the sky, while the grey mist boils up the valley, is a fine piece of mountain painting. Our artists generally seem to shun these glacier scenes: why, we do not know, unless

they are appalled by the grandeur. Ansdell's *Common*, with some donkeys who are trying to find shelter from a storm, is, like nearly all his work, good. We have seen many better Egyptian views from Frank Dillon's brush than *The Gate of the Colossi, Karnac*. Arthur Gilbert's *Moonlight on the Mountains—Loch Treag* is a very beautiful scene. So also is Boddington's *Source of the Lake, North Wales*. Lance's *Fruit* has all the richness of colour which we never look for in vain in his pictures. E. Crawfurd's *Poor Author of the sixteenth Century*, in darned and tattered doublet and hose, racking his brain for thoughts, and F. Weeke's moss-trooper *John of the Syde*, are very clever. We prefer J. D. Leslie's *Dry Dock*,—an old pensioner having his wooden leg painted to match his trousers, —to his picture of *Say Ta* at the Royal Academy. This young painter is worthily walking in his father's footsteps. He has a good deal of quiet humour and considerable individuality of manner, and will, we doubt not, rise high in his profession. G. C. Stanfield's *Descenzano on the Lake of Garda*, is a fair specimen of the artist's work. We fear he has it not in him ever to become the giant that his father is. P. R. Morris's *Where they crucified Him* is an original treatment of its subject. The glow of evening rests on the walls of Jerusalem. A workman is taking down the cross, and folding up the scroll at its head. Three children are playing by, and wonderingly examining the nails. This was one of the works accepted by the Royal Academy last year, but not hung for want of space. Alexander Johnston's *Ruth* is a nice Scotch girl enough, but about as much like an Israelitish maiden as we are. This, indeed, is a common fault with the exhibitors at the British Institution; and, we regret to say, one that is not entirely unknown at the Academy. They seem to think that when they have dressed an English girl in a foreign dress, and given her a foreign name, they have done all that can be required of them under the circumstances. For instance, does not Mr. W. Fisher see that his *Zuleika* would much more fittingly have been christened *Mary Jane?* We have no wish for a second to place our knowledge of Eastern life on a par with that of Mr. Lewis. It is, therefore, with very considerable diffidence that we venture to accuse him of having in one instance fallen into the same trap. But it certainly seems to us that his *Caged Dove* (at the Academy) was not caught in a foreign land. This pretty nearly exhausts what we have to say concerning the British Institution. The Exhibition of the works of deceased artists was not, unfortunately, opened in time for notice in this article. It is

generally one of the most interesting and instructive of London displays; and hearty thanks are due to the noblemen and gentlemen who thus kindly give the public a share in their *art-treasures*.

But to return to the Academy. Millais, who generally manages to startle the world, and to throw the preconceived notions of art critics into irretrievable confusion, shows less originality than usual this year. His *Second Sermon* is scarcely more than a repetition of its exquisite companion. The little lady in the big green-baize pew, who gazed at the unwonted scene with such wonderment a year ago, has now yielded to the soporific influences of the place. Only she was much prettier awake than asleep. *Harold, son of the Dowager Countess of Winchelsea*, and *Lilly, daughter of J. Noble*, are portraits in much the same style. *Leisure Hours* represents two very disagreeable little girls playing, or rather looking defiantly at the spectator, with flowers in their hands, and a beautifully-painted bowl of gold fish before them; the whole most gorgeous as a piece of colour. The only real novelty is *Charlie is my Darling*, a fair Jacobite in riding-dress of the period, standing ready to mount. We like this the best of Mr. Millais' contributions. Of the power with which they are all painted it is of course unnecessary to speak. That the man whose talents were so long and so bitterly contested should now be entitled to write 'R.A. Elect' after his name may well furnish matter for thought. The mutability and uncertainty of human judgment is a fertile theme.

Another recently elected academician is Hook, that fresh, genial, manly painter. Some of our critics are fond of telling us that Englishmen cannot render the life of the poor—that there is no Edouard Frère among us. We have no wish—though his muddy colour is not much to our taste—to say anything in that artist's dispraise. There is in the French Exhibition a picture entitled, *Saying Grace*, which displays all his accustomed merits,—his truthfulness and unforced simplicity of statement, his tenderness, and his quiet grace. But we confess to a preference for our countryman's honest vigour and kindly strength. We love his hardy tender-hearted sailors and miners, with their comely wives and sturdy children, of whom they seem so fond. A whiff of the sea and of rural life comes to us with his *Milk for the Schooner*, a reluctant goat having its legs tied preparatory to its being taken on board; with his *Broom-dasher*; and with his *Narrow Lane*, a little boy clinging to his sister's skirts at the approach of a horse. In his *From under the Sea*, and *Cornish Miners leaving Work*, Mr. Hook breaks new ground; they are the same hearty transcripts of working life as

his rural and nautical scenes. In all that he does he seems, with a minimum of effort, exactly to hit the desired effect. By the bye, and *à propos* of the *Narrow Lane*, we should like to ask, What becomes of diploma pictures, and why no one ever sees them? There can be little inducement to an artist to give the Academy a valuable work when his doing so virtually consigns it to oblivion.

Another recently elected academician, whose diploma picture may also be seen on the walls this year, is F. Goodall. His contributions consist of a Watteau-like scene, called *Summer Song*, showing a merry and graceful party of ladies and cavaliers singing in a beautiful park; and of two of those Eastern scenes which he has given us so frequently. The first of these is also musical, and bears the name of *The Song of the Nubian Slave*; but we venture to doubt whether the strains that issue from those purple-brown lips are equal to the madrigal that swells and falls through the English trees. Goodall's, however, are not by any means the only studies of Eastern life and landscape which have been brought back for those 'gentlemen of England who stay at home at ease.' The picturesqueness, the associations, and the novelty of those ancient lands, have a strong charm for our artists—a charm to which we should be the last to blame them for yielding. In addition to the *Caged Dove* already referred to, Lewis sends us three of those marvellous specimens of workmanship and elaboration which we cannot sufficiently admire. The largest occupies most worthily the place of honour in the East room. It represents *the Court-yard of the house of the Coptic Patriarch at Cairo, and the Patriarch dictating to his Secretary dispatches to a convent in the desert, to be conveyed by the Arabs in waiting*. To put into writing all that this picture contains—the beauty of the flecked sunlight that falls through the branches of the trees in the centre, the care lavished on every detail of architecture, on the texture of an article of clothing, and the lustre of a pigeon's wing—would take many more pages than we can spare. Lewis was, we believe, a pre-Raphaelite long before there were any pre-Raphaelites, and he is one now in the very best sense. W. V. Herbert, Junior's *Saracen Guards* and *In the East*, though showing, as is but natural, considerable traces of his father's influence, show also considerable promise. Bedford is a very rising painter. His *Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness* is very good,—the boy's eager action as he strains the bottle to his lips excellent. There is, however, one slight improbability as it seems to us. The water is represented as a kind of pool or stream at Ishmael's feet. Does Mr. Bedford think that he would patiently have

waited with the relief before his eyes, till his mother had filled the bottle? In that case he must have been a better-behaved boy than his conduct to Isaac had hitherto led us to suppose. This, however, even granting that it be a mistake, in no sense detracts from the merits of the picture. E. Walton's view of *The Pyramids, as seen from the plains where the Israelites gathered together previous to their departure from Egypt*, differs from those we have named in that it is a pure landscape. It is hung too high for close observation, but as far as we could judge it is a fine work. We have a long stretch of bare desert land, with the Nile running through it like a silver line in the distance. The Pyramids stand on the horizon against the evening sky, which is a deep red orange, shading off into yellow, blue-green, light blue, and purple. Before leaving this subject, we wish to take our readers to the French Exhibition, where there is a picture which may very fairly stand beside the best of its English compeers—even those of Lewis. We know of no one who has a fuller grasp and mastery of his subject than Gérome. What a power of placing a thing bodily before the spectator's eyes there is in his *Barge—Scene on the Nile, off Thebes!* A prisoner lies strapped across the boat, which is being rowed by an Egyptian and a stalwart Ethiopian. A villanous-looking soldier sits in the bows, and a singer chants to the prisoner in the stern. The Nile eddies away from the rowers' sturdy strokes. So perfect is the representation that we might fancy ourselves forming part of the dismal group all redolent of the bow-string.

Horsley is one of the most sunny-minded of men. There is a pleasant grace and beauty about all that he does that remind us of a sonata of Haydn. He never strikes any of the deeper chords of our hearts, or tries to rouse any strong or passionate feeling; but nevertheless it is pleasant in this work-a-day, suffering world to find something that is all sunshine. In the *New Dress* he shows us a little lady coming in to show grandmamma her slaty-blue garment. Her self-complacent attitude and expression are very happily caught. A friendly dog looks on benignly from under the table-cloth. In the *Bashful Swain* we have a girl sitting at work in the interior of a cottage, and her two sisters standing laughing at the window. Through the open door the *swain* may be seen advancing, an enormous nosegay in his hand, and his stick stuck in his foolish mouth. However, Mr. Horsley is not so very cruel to him after all. Though a donkey does bray in the distance, and though the geese do cackle at his heels,—yes, even though her sisters do make fun of her sweetheart, she intends to have him. Her face is perfect. But, indeed, both pictures are beautifully executed.

Arthur Hughes is a painter who belongs to a more earnest school, and for whose powers we have always felt a very strong admiration. We should like, however, to give him a piece of advice which seems to us more called for this year than previously, viz., to try and attain greater breadth. His work is exquisitely refined when you look at it inch by inch, but the general effect is thin and wanting in fulness of brush. In the *Music Party* we have in the listening group the thoughts which music suggests, the eddying melodies that bubble on in the mind when the actual sound has passed. '*Now by a Sunbeam I will climb to Thee,*' introduces us to the interior of a village church, where three little children are dipping their hands in the coloured rays that stream through a stained glass window, and break on the smock-frock of an old labouring man. He can scarcely stand, and leans with his hand against the font. The open door gives us a glimpse of the peaceful churchyard beyond. So much for the prose of this painting. The poetry of the sudden light lifting the souls of the worshippers to God will come home to many a heart. Both these pictures, as also the *Silver and Gold*, —a beautiful young woman staying the feeble steps of an old lady,—display that poetical imagination which we prize so much in Mr. Hughes. What we prize in Leighton is his exquisite feeling for the beautiful. His delight in delicate hues and graceful forms is unbounded. There is perhaps a little sentimentalism in the *Golden Hours*, delicious as it is as a piece of colour. There is none in the *Dante in Exile*. The poet is here proving, in his own words,

> 'How salt the savour is of others' bread—
> How hard the passage to descend and climb
> By others' stairs! But that shall gall the most
> Will be the worthless and vile company
> With whom thou must be thrown into these straits.'

And so the thin, angular figure walks down amid the courtiers, alone in his greatness, with compressed lips and deep-set, lacklustre eyes. They do not know what to make of him. Some look with honest wonder, others with indifference, others with derision. But there is no exaggeration in all this. It is simply what any man of great originality and genius has in some form or other to go through. The whole picture is an exquisite piece of colour. So also is Watts' *Choosing*, a woman applying her nose to various flowers. We prefer this to his larger work, *Time and Oblivion*, 'a design for sculpture,' which may look well some day, perhaps, when 'executed in divers materials after the manner of Phidias,' but which, *en attendant*, does not

make a very good figure in oils. After his master-piece at the International Exhibition we had hoped for something, we will not say better, but more important, from the easel of Mr. Martineau than his *Knight's Guerdon*, a fair lady looking down on the object of her love; or the *Woman of San Germano* sitting among her native vines and melons. Whatever Mr. Martineau does is well done, but he should not rest upon his oars. J. Sant is, we regret to say, doing much to squander that special gift of rich, ripe colour which he once possessed. Why can he not leave well alone? When a man *can* paint with a brush that reminds one of 'the giants that were of old,' why should he go out of his way to adopt the slighter and more sketchy manner in which Mr. Sant has painted Mrs. Fothergill? It is, however, but just to add that in his very pretty picture of *Turn again, Whittington*, as also in one or two of his smaller portraits, he has *turned again* to that old solidity which won him his reputation. His children are always charming, and have all that gentleness of look which is one of the chief attractions of childhood, and which Mr. Millais seems generally to ignore.

In this somewhat desultory review of many artists and many pictures we are unavoidably compelled to weigh lightly on many things. Like wanderers in a beautiful garden, we pluck here a flower and there a flower, leaving many untouched, for the simple reason that we cannot carry all away. Thus we mean no disrespect to Webster in passing him by; on the contrary, we generally admire his works exceedingly. But his style is perfectly well known, and this year's productions are not very favourable specimens. For the same reason we shall say little of Cope. Dobson again only sends two small paintings, pretty, but rather weak, as usual. Of Hart and H. W. Pickersgill we generally like to say as little as possible, and F. R. Pickersgill's one picture does not call for much remark. It would be unjust not to mention M. Stone's *Working and Shirking*. It has many very excellent points, and confirms the good opinion which we formed last year of this young artist's powers. Elmore's *Within the Convent Walls* and *Excelsior* are worthy of more particular notice. The former has not that intensity of rather disagreeable power which characterized Mr. Millais' painting of a similar subject a few years ago. A nun is looking regretfully at a grave overgrown with beautiful flowers. The *Excelsior* is a young warrior with face set in a forest of hair, who gazes earnestly at the glowing summits above him, and climbs the while. *Facilis descensus Averni*, says Virgil; but it is not easy to discover what to put into juxta-position with this

high-strung and soaring youth—unless, indeed, it be Mr. Cope's *Reading for Honours in the Country*. On reflection, however, we will pass on to H. S. Marks, whose genius soars, though his personages do not. For this gentleman's wit and humour we have always felt, and taken every opportunity of expressing, great admiration. This year he furnishes us with another illustration of the truth that humour and pathos are generally combined. His *Doctors differ*, a thin, intelligent-looking old man trying to convince a semicircular, obstinate brother-practitioner, is simply calculated to raise a smile. The patient may be dying in the next room, but we do not see, and need not think about him. But the picture with the motto, '*Say not to thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee,*' and the one entitled *The House of Prayer*, strike deeper chords. The pretty little maiden holding the old blind piper's dress with one hand, while she holds out the other to the well-fed baker standing at his door, is a very beautiful conception. Both the piper and the baker are equally satisfactory. As a representation of a mediæval city this painting is excellent. We must commend the honest quality of Mr. Marks' work and the sterling goodness of his colour. In the humorous and pathetic features of the past he has a wide and scarce explored field for which he is wonderfully well fitted. May he go on and prosper. O'Neill's picture of *The Landing of H. R. H. the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend* is very pretty, though neither the Princess nor her sister, the Princess Dagmar, is in any wise flattered, and though all the ladies in the scarlet opera-cloaks, ranged on each side to strew flowers in the path of the royal pair, look as if they belonged to the same family. The young woman hanging out the clothes in Faed's *Washing Day* has appeared in public too many times already. The *Baith Faither and Mither* is one of those pieces of true and genuine sentiment which he knows so well how to render. A grimy, hard-handed cobbler is pulling on his little daughter's gloves preparatory to her going to school. The child does not suffer in the man's keeping. She looks much better cared for than her schoolmates who are waiting to accompany her. The pleased and yet accustomed look on her face is very pretty. Mr. Phillip, as usual, goes to Spanish life for his principal subject: *La Gloria—A Spanish Wake*. By way of doing honour to the dead child, a little crowd of friends and neighbours, some with tears in their eyes, are singing and dancing in the street. The little one's dead face, yellow in the light of an oil lamp, may be seen through the open door. The mother sits sad and abstracted by the entrance, while a female friend and a man

who may be her husband kindly urge her to join in the revelry. Like most of Mr. Phillip's work this picture is rather coarsely painted. Tidemand, on the contrary, gives us a scene from life as it used to be in Norway. This is the artist whose paintings attracted such great and merited attention in the Scandinavian Gallery of the Great Exhibition of 1862. His present picture, which we hope will not be the last he will send, is entitled *Duel in Old Norway*. At the end of a night's drinking and carousing, a quarrel has taken place between two stalwart Norwegians, and been decided with axes. One lies dead upon a bench, with a ghastly wound on his breast. The other is being carried apparently to a lower apartment. The dead man's mother curses the murderer. Consternation and excitement reign supreme. Some of the attendants bear off the relics of the feast. The children, frightened out of their beds, look on in dismay. Through the little window the morning sun struggles with the heavy smoke-thick atmosphere of the rude dwelling-place. It is a new thing to have to accuse Mr. Tidemand of failing to give sufficient expression to his countenances. But neither the face nor the attitude of the dead man's wife are in the least expressive. She might be a very ordinary friend. The picture besides is painted in a lower key of colour than we are either accustomed to or like. It is nevertheless an exceedingly fine work. And now we wish to conclude this cursory enumeration by saying something of four artists concerning whom tastes will probably differ, but whom no one can accuse of wanting individuality and power. We refer to Prinsep, Whistler, Sandys, and Stanhope. The first of these is a powerful, but not a very agreeable painter. His *Berenice* we like. His *Lady Betty* we like less; and his *Benedick and Beatrice* we like least of all. Her attitude is very ungainly, and neither her face nor his speaks to any particular purpose. But the *Berenice* is a fine painting of an opulent, full-blown beauty. Mr. Stanhope is no less powerful than Mr. Prinsep, but he affects a mediævalism which is not one of the latter's besetting sins. This, in such a subject as the *Penelope*, is rather out of place. She sits at her tapestry in her garden against a background of orange trees, with weary, yearning face, and listless, regretful attitude. This work we admire exceedingly, but we prefer the *Rispah, Daughter of Aiah*, which is to our thinking one of the most impressive works in the Exhibition. She leans against a tree, frightening off with a torch the foul birds that scream and flutter and flap their wings around. She stands in robe of sombre brown, dark against the faint glow of the twilight sky, with her back to the spectator, and her face turned

over her shoulder. Poor Rispah! It was a dreary vigil as she watched the dead bodies of her sons, 'from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.' To say that Mr. Stanhope does not fall below the short terrible vividness of the Bible narrative is no small praise. Mr. Sandys has mediæval proclivities too, but in him they take the form of great elaboration, reminding one of some of the earlier German and Belgian masters. His works have some of that hardness which springs from the amount of labour that has been bestowed on them. Taken for all in all, however, they are as admirable as they are unique. The *Portrait* (No. 546 as the Academy) is simply *the* portrait, not merely of the year, but of many years. In this we quite agree with the able critic of the *Times*. Marvellously elaborate in every detail, and yet the face keeping its proper prominence, this picture is a triumph of force and care. Every wrinkle and material fact of the old lady's face has been carefully mapped and studied, yet her mind and character have not been forgotten. She stands before us as she is. Nay, there is much more in her portrait than the mere casual observer would ever see in her face. Mr. Sandys' two other works, *Morgan-le-fay*, a sorceress from that strange, garrulous old book, the *Morte d'Arthur*, and a pen-and-ink drawing of *Judith*, are remarkable for the same qualities. Very dissimilar is the style of Mr. Whistler. No one can accuse anything that he does of being hard from over minuteness and labour. He seems almost without premeditation to hit the right hue and especially the right tone. But subsequent finish is not his forte. His picture of the Thames at *Wapping*, as seen from the bow-window of a river-side inn, is wonderful for its directness and truth of tone. The complicated, confused mass of shipping and houses is represented with a clearness which nothing short of this extraordinary precision could give. The *Lange Lizen of the Six Marks* is the somewhat enigmatical title of the picture of a fair Chinese painting china. Granting the exquisite delicacy of hue shown in her dress, and the rich qualities of colour observable throughout, we still think that a little less sketchiness of manner might be desirable.

A brief survey of the comparatively few and unimportant historical works of the year may not here be out of place. The barrenness of this ground is deeply to be regretted. There is no more important walk in art, or one which requires more great and varied powers to follow worthily. We therefore see the decline—if there be anything more than an accidental

decline—with great sorrow. Crowe's two pictures—*Luther posting his Theses on the Church Door of Wittenberg*, and *Dean Swift looking at a Lock of Stella's Hair*—show great care and industry. Mr. Crowe possesses the true spirit in which historical painting should be approached. We like the latter work better, as a whole, than the first. The painter's power is apparently scarcely equal to the management of so large and varied a group as there is in the *Luther*. In the second we are introduced to the excellently-painted study of that hard, cynical, bad man, Dean Swift, and watch his face as he prepares to write, "Only a woman's hair," on the paper containing a lock from Stella's head. What were his feelings as he wrote? Who can tell? But it was very possibly thus that he looked the while. Hodgson's *Queen Elizabeth at Purfleet* would be very good were it not for its unaccountably dirty colour. The sky is grubby grey, and the river is grubby grey. The grass and the trees look seedy, and all the clothes as if they had been kept in cupboards to which the dust had easy access. Apropos of Hayllar's *Queen's Highway in the sixteenth Century*, which is a sort of historical picture, we have only one remark to make, viz., that the three ladies look as if they had stepped out of a band-box rather than a coach deep imbedded in the mire. The moral of the work is the badness of the road, and yet those ruffs would scarcely have borne the jolting along ten miles of the best Macadam. The colour in Armitage's *Ahab and Jezebel* is very clear and pure, if somewhat thin, and the two bad faces are excellent. Calderon's picture of the burial of the patriot, John Hampden, we like exceedingly. It is evening, as befits the close of that great life; and the sun has already set behind the trees. The sturdy, buff-coated Roundheads, with heads uncovered, march in solemn procession behind the coffin, singing the ninetieth Psalm. The Puritan presbyter stands at the church door, waiting to receive the body. There is a kind of calm about the picture, with its train of sorrowing soldiery, which fits well with the subject. Calderon's other picture, showing us two large, well-favoured washerwomen *in the Cloisters at Arles*, is a piece of very good, powerful painting. The *Reine Malheureuse* of Mr. Yeames is also very good. Poor Henrietta Maria has taken refuge in a ditch from the fire of Admiral Batten's ships of war. Her three or four lady attendants crowd round her. A priest, half stupefied with cold and fear, patters his prayers on his knees in the thick snow, to the great contempt of a cavalier comfortably eating a hunch of bread. Over the bank we catch a glimpse of the sea and the hostile ships. We also like much

Storey's *Meeting of William Seymour and the Lady Arabella Stuart at the court of James I.* The portrait of that half shrewd, half silly monarch, with his awkward, unsteady gait, is very real. Poole's *Lighting the Beacon on the Coast of Cornwall at the approach of the Spanish Armada*, which may be seen straggling up the Channel, does not please us so much. The little group of 'gentles' and peasants scarcely seem alive, as all England then was, to the gravity of the situation. His other pictures, *Greek Peasants* and the *Foster Children*, we like much better, though there appears to us to be some defective drawing in the latter. A little more of the discipline to which Mulready subjected himself would not be lost on Mr. Poole. Redgrave's *Jane Shore doing Penance* sadly lacks expression.

In the French collection, also, there are two or three historical paintings which should not be passed over, though unfortunately there seems a disinclination on the part of Frenchmen to send over any of their more important works. Belgian art, however, is better represented, though not, perhaps, quite adequately. Gallait's *Vargas taking the Oath on his Appointment as President of the Council of Blood* is not one of the best specimens of the master. It is more than usually chargeable with the defects of which he is accused. The scene is melodramatic, and exaggerated. Vargas, a bullet-headed, determined-looking man, in a red cloak, stands taking the terrible oath. There is no faltering or hesitation on his face as he meets the steady gaze of Alva, who, clad in complete armour, with his golden fleece round his neck, sits in the foreground. A haggard Dominican, appalled at the terrible nature of the proceedings, tries to stay the utterance of the oath. Another monk shrieks to egg Vargas on, holding up his crucifix. Alva, however, was not the man to allow this hubbub in his presence. The other picture, *The Sentence of Death being read to the Counts Egmont and Horn on the Eve of their Execution*, has only one defect, viz., that it is in every particular contrary to historical truth. No such scene, or any bearing the slightest resemblance to it, ever occurred, as may be seen by a reference to Mr. Motley's graphic pages. We are sorry for this; for the picture is so good that we are almost inclined to say, 'So much the worse for history.' Egmont sits in his chair, with sad and thoughtful face; Horn stands sternly, the bishop of Ypres holding his hand. At the entrance a *greffier*, with impassive countenance, and in a voice which has evidently no note of feeling, reads the sentence. The colour is very rich, and the expression on every face perfect. Why only did it never happen? Leys sends us two portraits, of Philip the

Fair and Anthony of Burgundy, executed with all his wonderful care and realism, and a picture of *Going to Church* through the sludge and snow, *on New Year's Day in the sixteenth Century*. As we are at the French Exhibition, we may as well take a look round. Our first impression on so doing will be that there are too many babies, and insipid cottage scenes, and single figures of well-dressed women who are doing nothing particular. There is very little landscape, and that little is generally poor. Among the best pictures, to our thinking, were two excellent works by C. Bisschop,—a Dutchman, apparently. One is called *An old Woman of Scheveningen*; the other—*All alone indoors*—represents a sad-looking woman gazing out of an open window at a snow-covered landscape. The painting of these two pictures, especially the latter, is of very rich quality. Notwithstanding his reputation, Dyckman's *Lady of Fashion* is little better than rubbish. Israels, in his *Poor Widow's Removal* and *Young Woman of Landvooit*, is rough and impressive as usual. Alfred Steven's *Glass of Lemonade* shows great technical skill expended on a rather unworthy object. These, with what we have already mentioned, constitute about all that calls for any very particular notice.

To return to the Academy. Though containing some very creditable specimens, there is not much in the year's portraiture that requires us to linger. We will therefore pass on at once to the landscapes.

It is with pleasure that we bear testimony to the manner in which the hanging committee have as a rule discharged their difficult duties this year. But there is one instance of conspicuously unfair hanging, which, from what occurred last year, appears to be premeditated. What seems to us the very best landscape in the exhibition has been hung above the line, and another very beautiful work by the same artist has been placed near the ceiling. It is simply cruel, to say nothing of its being unjust, to treat Mr. Mac Callum in this way. His pictures are not rough acres of canvas which can be seen at almost any distance. They are carefully, minutely painted, with an amount of exquisite detail which is truly marvellous. The *Mont Blanc from the Val d'Aosta* is one of the most beautiful landscapes exhibited for a very long time. Far away, at the head of the valley, rises Mont Blanc, grand and white, with pencilled rifts, and dints, and vales innumerable. Here and there a snowy cloud crumbles upon the mountains. The whole of the right side of the vale is full of sunlight, while the left lies steeped in shadow. In one of its distant recesses may be discerned a village spire with its attendant houses. The amount of detail

in the foreground is wonderful, as is also the extent which the picture embraces. We are very glad to welcome Mr. Mac Callum to these Alpine regions, which, as far as we are aware, he has not hitherto studied. His second picture, *The Morning Glow*, is a view of autumn woods, also very beautiful. Another comparatively young painter, who has no reason to feel grateful to the hanging committee, is Mr. Leader. His *English Country Churchyard*, speaking of calm, and autumn stillness, like a verse from Gray's Elegy, and his *Sunny Afternoon, North Wales*, with its clear stream and woody hills and fringe of trees along the water's edge, were quite worthy of a place on the line. Creswick is fresh and pleasant as usual, giving us in his *Across the Beck in the North Country* a beautiful glade of tall trees over a babbling brook, the dappled shadows lying over the green hillocks beyond. Equally cool and picturesque is his *On the Clyde*. For Lee we can express but scant admiration. There is generally a want of life in his colouring. It looks clayey and dead. Roberts contributes one of his rapid church interiors, and a large, almost panoramic view of Rome. But we confess our faith in him was a little shaken a year or two ago when we examined his views of London. All local colour was wanting. The oldest inhabitant would scarcely have recognised his familiar haunts. And if such was the case with what we know so well, how could we trust him when he gives us what we know less? In all Stanfield's pictures this year there is a certain tremulousness which shows that the hand that was once so firm and unfaltering has lost a little of its power. The *Mew Stone*, with the sea spray rising at its base, and a spray of birds rising from its summit, is grand. Cooke, with his customary force and truthfulness of statement, has painted two fine sea pieces, and a glowing picture of the ruins of a Roman bridge in Barbary. The warm tints and varied skies of the three Linnells shine on us familiarly from some five or six places on the walls. Nor can we detect that inferiority in the sons of which some critics speak. The father is of course the founder of the family reputation, but the younger men carry it down quite unimpaired. W. Linnell's *Banks and Braes*, hot as usual, with the purple undulating hills in the distance, and J. T. Linnell's *South Coast*, showing a glimpse of the silver sea through a gully, and *Driving Sheep*, do not seem to us to show any decline of skill. Mr. Naish's *Last Track Home* is quite worthy of being placed by the side of Hook's *Cornish Miners leaving Work*. It is very forcible. In Vicat Cole's *Decline of Day* we have a great stretch of wooded country, hills, and trees, and purple heather, and the setting sun half

seen through the foliage to the right. We can do no more than mention Anthony's *Silver Spring*, Mole's *Gap in the Hedge*, (this painter does not appreciate the mystery of nature,) Miss Blunden's very careful, minute *Mullion Cove near the Lizard*, Harrison's impressive illustration to Kingsley's song of the 'Three Fishers,' and Oakes' *Poachers*. In the last named we have a mountain tarn in the early morning, with the sunlight breaking on the crests of the hills, and the mists dispersing. This picture is hung high, and from its seemingly dark colour will not attract the attention it deserves. The poachers are otters. W. J. Webb's *Lost Sheep*, and Fisk's *Last Night of Jesus Christ in His Nazarene Home*, may be regarded either as landscapes or religious paintings. The former is a very beautiful work. The good shepherd is carrying the sheep home on his shoulders over the bare sun-baked hills, while the rosy twilight still lingers in the sky. The latter introduces us to the top of a house in Nazareth. A sleeping figure crouches upon the ground. Our Lord stands facing the spectator, a golden halo round His head. Below lies the slumbering town in the grey moonlight. This is the best part of the picture; for the figure of Christ is very unsatisfactory, though the face does not seem to us so unsuccessful as it has been represented. Far away to the right may be discerned the first faint rays of the opening day, typical of the grander day that was dawning on mankind. The last landscape in oil colour we shall mention is that by Mr. Brett, entitled, *Massa, Bay of Naples*. This gentleman might be called the 'perfect photographer,' as Lilly used in Queen Elizabeth's days to be called the 'perfect Euphuist.' No more earnest conscientious piece of work can be pointed out in the whole Academy. The painter has evidently sat down before the scene day after day, and endeavoured to make himself a mirror of what was before him. He is, let us do him justice, an excellent, a perfect mirror—but a mirror merely; and that is where his work fails. We miss in it the human element, that something which shows that human feeling and human thought have acted upon the lifeless form that nature gave. Yet this is a marvellous piece of painting, finished and elaborated with astounding care and industry. The sea in itself is a perfect study. Belts of smooth glassy water alternate with rougher belts rippling to the light wind, the whole covered with multitudinous reflexions, green, blue, yellow, and purple, as the colours of the rocks, sky, or shores predominate. There is a smaller picture by Mr. Brett in water colours,—a study of a *North-West Squall in the Mediterranean*. This might more properly be called a study of one wave, and exquisitely rendered

are all its delicate curves, as its green half-transparent crest curls slightly over, while 'the little breezes dash and shiver' over its big surface. We can only regret that one who has reached so consummate a mastery of his art should feel debarred, by what are doubtless conscientious principles, from stretching out his hand to reach something higher and better.

Little space is left us to do proper justice to the water-colour exhibitions. This is in some sense to be regretted, inasmuch as they contain evidences of technical skill and earnest work which might be lingered over very advantageously. But, on the other hand, where all, or nearly all, is so good, it is scarcely possible to prevent a review from becoming a panegyric. We know few things more delightful than an afternoon spent in the rooms of either society. There is little that is absolutely bad, much that is good, and a fair proportion that is very good. Nor is there such a large quantity of varied works as to become oppressive—a weariness to the eye and a burden to the memory. All is pleasant, requiring no extra mental strain for its enjoyment.

To those who have studied the history of water-colour painting during the last eighty or ninety years, it is interesting to watch the development which the art has followed. The older masters, who were content with just hinting a colour by a process of pale tinting, would scarcely recognise as disciples some of the brilliant colourists of these later days. Indeed, it may be a question whether some of these latter have not carried their imitation of oil painting too far; whether, for instance, such works as those of E. Warren, Corbould, A. P. Newton, G. Shalders, and Louis Haghe, would not have been executed more legitimately in oils. This discussion, however, though a favourite one, seems, after all, to be rather profitless. These men have chosen their vehicle; and if they can produce agreeable, truthful works in their own way, why should people urge them to seek another?

It cannot be expected that we should give anything like an analysis of all the works sent by the various artists, when some of them contribute as many as twenty-one. We must content ourselves with rapidly sketching a few of the characteristics of the leading members of the rival societies. Bennet, who is perhaps the most able representative of the older, and, as some would say, more legitimate, style of water-colour painting, sends several of those rich, varied, thickly wooded scenes in which he delights. His principal works are two pictures of *Loch Clair* and *Loch Maree* in Rosshire. His own motto from Wordsworth will best describe the latter:

'This land of rainbows spanning glens whose walls,
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colour'd mists.'

No one better than Rowbotham seems to have caught the exquisite ethereal beauty of the Italian atmosphere, and the grace of the sunny south. His *Amalfi*, huddled in between the mountains, and bathed by the clear blue-green Mediterranean, looks almost like a scene from fairy-land. Richardson paints Italy and Switzerland with a rather sterner but scarcely less beautiful pencil. His *Jungfrau*, with its wealth of mist and sunlight, hill and valley, the great mountain rising white in the centre, is a very grand work. So also is W. C. Smith's view of *Sunrise on the Königs See, Bavarian Alps*. This gentleman has been very fortunate in his choice of a subject. Rosenberg takes us to comparatively new ground, and we heartily wish more of our landscape painters would follow his example. It is time they should begin to learn that the country round Betwys-y-Coed, the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, Scotland, Italy, Venice, Switzerland, Egypt, and the Holy Land, do not represent all the paintable matter in the universe. We have often wondered that no adventurous artist should have visited the virgin lands of North and South America. Surely there must be something worth putting on canvas or paper among the glories of tropical nature. But to return to Mr. Rosenberg. He gives us two grey mountain scenes in Norway, several thoroughly English landscapes, and two or three pieces of still life. This is variety enough certainly, and what is most surprising is that he is equally successful in all. Mr. Vacher has this year devoted his attention almost exclusively to Egypt, and with very great advantage. Making allowance for the rather too constant repetition of the same sunset effect, his works show very fine poetical feeling. The first view of *The Colossi, Thebes* (No. 48 in the Catalogue) pleases us best. The two mutilated human figures stand in the utter loneliness and desolation of the plain, against the purple hills beyond. The sunset glow still lingers in the heavens. To speak with eulogium of Carl Haag's Eastern scenes is almost an impertinence. Let it suffice to say that they are not unworthy of standing beside those of Mr. Lewis. No better description of a caravan on the march could be given than *In the Desert*. Of all figure painters using water colours for the expression of their ideas, the one we most admire is unquestionably Mr. Burton. It is a pure pleasure to find a man who thus revels in rich colours and noble faces. *L'écuyer*, and *Child Miranda*, with her profusion of rippling hair, are two lovely children of gentle race by their earnest,

fearless look. The larger work, *Hellekil and Hildebrand*, we like equally. A young knight meets his lady-love on a winding turret-stair,—his lady-love so far above him in rank,—and, as they pass, his passion breaks loose, and he clasps her arm in his two mailed arms and presses it to his lips. She loves him too, and averts her head. The reverent devotion of his closed eyes, and the sadness of his hopeless face, are excellent. If we wish for a contrast to Mr. Burton's rich colour and pure hues, we can find it in the works of Miss Margaret Gillies. This lady was, if we mistake not, a pupil of Ary Scheffer, and she has learned from him two things which she would do well to forget. He *had* something better to teach. In the first place, her colour has a singular want of purity; and, in the second place, her faces always seem to be looking out at nothing. People cannot be always contemplating the infinite. Corbould is an artist concerning whom there is much division of opinion. The reason of this, as we conceive, is his ambition. He almost always chooses some grand imaginative passage from poet or novelist, and endeavours to put it on canvas. Sometimes he fails, and sometimes he succeeds, at least so *we* think, though most critics are unwilling to give him credit for successes. The present instance is a case in point. The scene selected for illustration is that passage from Tennyson's poem of the *Morte d'Arthur*,—a modernisation, by-the-by, of the almost equally fine old ballad of the same name,—which describes how the dying king was placed upon

> 'A dusky barge,
> Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,'

of which

> 'The decks were dense with stately forms,
> Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
> Three queens with crowns of gold.'

Now we can see no reason why the mere should look like a burning blue light, or why the man leaning on his arm to the right should have adopted a most lack-a-daisical look and attitude. Neither does the figure of the third queen, who stands in front of the spectator, seem to us particularly graceful. But this is no reason why we should refuse to see that the figure of the pale queen in black is very grandly conceived and painted, that the dying king and the lady bending over him are highly satisfactory, and that altogether this is a very fair rendering of an almost impossible subject. The colour, as usual, is rich to gaudiness. There can be no doubt of the care and labour Mr. Corbould always bestows on

his work. Of Tidey's *Night of the Betrayal* we shall only say, that we think most people will refuse to see in the opera group in the centre an adequate representation of that solemn scene. Mr. Tidey is here beyond his depth. Absolon, F. Taylor, Henry Warren, Alfred Fripp, and Mrs. Murray, send works in their well-known styles. M. Bouvier is perhaps a little affected; but this is a charge which can be brought with tenfold force against Mr. Jopling's *Fluffy*, an unpleasant-looking, and not to our minds pretty, young woman, in a very well painted cloak, doing homage to a little dog. Gilbert's *Battle of the Boyne* is the forcible work of a man who is never more at home than in the dash and hurry of marching troops. The situation seems to suit his rapid and impetuous spirit. He delights in the organised disorder, the smoke, and the dust. The figure of William, as he half turns his white horse to give some order to the group of generals behind him, is remarkably spirited. One critic has objected that the face is so indistinct that it is not quite apparent whether James or William be meant. The portrait is not so good as it might be; but the green boughs in the soldiers' hats mark that they belonged to the army of the latter. Moreover, as far as we recollect, James made no effort to cross the water on that day. Mr. Gilbert's *Tavern* we also like.

Three new 'associate exhibitors' have joined the Water Colour Society during the course of the year; viz., Messrs. Boyce, F. Walker, and E. Burne Jones. The latter is about the most rabid mediævalist we have ever come across. Not nature, but old missals and stained glass windows seem to form the objects of his study. We cannot commend the taste of the king's son who fell in love with that awkward-looking *Cinderella*. It had always, too, been part of our childish faith that the lady's feet were small and pretty. Mr. Jones has dispelled that illusion. The *Fair Rosamond*, in her bower of roses, has far more grace, and shows that this painter does not absolutely repudiate the beautiful. The *Annunciation* is scarcely more than odd. An affected angel bearing a lily looks in through the open window at the Virgin, who is kneeling in her bedgown by the side of a four-post bed. An open black-letter Prayer Book shows that she has been at her devotions. The picture of the image of Christ kissing a knight who had been merciful to his enemy is equally strange; and there is a terrible want of relief against the green background of trees. We have no wish to deny the power displayed in all this. But we regret the more that Mr. Jones should have been led away by what we cannot but regard as a silly affectation. Mr. Boyce

is a real addition to the Society. The directness and force with which he has rendered such scenes as the Oxford meadow and farm-house, and the old barn in the same county, are worthy of all praise. There is not much in the scenes themselves, —there is a great deal in the manner of the painting. Mr. Walker has for some time been known as an able illustrator of books. One of his sketches for Thackeray's *Philip* has here been magnified into a painting; and very pretty it is, as also the out-of-door works which Mr. Walker sends.

Birket Foster is, we are happy to see, acquiring greater breadth of style; a quality which no one can accuse George Fripp's works of wanting. Shalder's scenes in Surrey are perfect specimens of that elaborate kind of painting which Edmund Warren also practises with so much success. If any one should be inclined to agree with Mr. Ruskin that there is only one *right* way of rendering a scene, we should advise him to study the works of A. P. Newton together with those of Alfred Hunt and Naftel; the former so fond of broad effects of light and colour, the two latter of varied tints and patches of detail. Both styles are *true* according to the point of view at which the artist places himself. Why should the one be called right at the expense of the other? It is a matter of mental organisation. Read's church interiors are grand as usual, but we have seen better work from Louis Haghe than that which he sends this year to the Institute. We must forbear to linger over the excellences of Harrison Weir's birds and fruit, Cattermole's figure subjects, Whittaker, M'Kewan, Aaron Penley's and Branwhite's mountain scenes, H. B. Willis's cattle, and even J. C. Reed's *November day in Nant Francon*, with its mountains just powdered with early snow, and falling torrents whirled into spray-wreaths, as they dash across the valley.

And now, looking back at what we have written, and at the paintings we have recently been studying, we wish to say a very few words on the present state of pictorial art in this country—of the English School, we cannot say; for it is one of the peculiarities of our painters that they form no school. Each has an individual method, both in the conception and treatment of his subjects. Each follows truth and beauty in the forms best suited to his own idiosyncrasy. This at once establishes a wide separation between our artists and their foreign compeers. There each greater luminary gathers round him a crowd of lesser satellites, who shine only with his reflected rays, borrowing as much as may be of his style and manner. The young painter is thereby preserved from glaring absurdities, but it frequently happens that he is so at the expense of his origin-

ality. We confess to a preference for the English practice, springing as it does from our insular love of independence. '*Mon verre est petit, mais je bois dans mon verre,*' was modestly said by Alfred de Musset, one of the greatest and most original of French poets; and we cannot but think, that however small the range of a man's abilities, he had better at all times be himself. In addition to this impatience of authority, one of the best characteristics of our artists is their thoroughness and sincerity. This is a point on which there has been a marked improvement of late years. It is now a much rarer thing to see the slurred and slipshod work which used at one time to be too common. A strict adherence to facts is now the order of the day. Of course this tendency has its attendant danger; nor do our painters always sufficiently recollect that the mere recording of facts should not be their highest aim, and that the poetry of art soars above its prose. It has happened, moreover, that in seeking too earnestly for truth of detail, they have forgotten general truth of tone, and thus their work has acquired a certain crudeness which is an eyesore to foreign critics. A little attention to this would lift the colouring of our artists, excellent as it is in many respects, to a still higher level. Our drawing, also, would, as a rule, bear considerable improvement.

Making every deduction, however, England possesses a body of painters of whom Englishmen may reasonably be proud. We can bear comparison either with our own past or with any contemporary school abroad. In historical and religious art we may, indeed, be surpassed; but in landscape and caricature we rise supreme, and in portraiture, animal painting, painting of common and humble life, still life, and scenes of humour, we hold our own right gallantly. In water-colour we are simply unrivalled. Nor does the future look dark before us. Seldom has there been a time when such a growing love for what is beautiful, and appreciation of art, have been almost universally prevalent. Seldom has there been a time when more young and able men have stood ready to fill the gaps which the relentless years are ceaselessly making in the ranks of our veteran artists.

ART. VII.—1. CLARK'S *Foreign Theological Library. Third Series.*

2. *Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament. Translated, with English Notes.* Five Vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

3. *The Gospel History: a Compendium of Critical Investigation, in Support of the Historical Character of the Four Gospels.* By Dr. J. H. A. Ebrard, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Clarks. 1863.
4. *The Life of the Lord Jesus Christ: a complete critical Examination of the Origin, Contents, and Connexion of the Gospels.* Translated from the German of J. P. Lange, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Erlangen. Vols I., II., III. Clarks. 1864.
5. *History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ.* By Dr. J. A. Dorner, Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Clarks. 1863.

The time is gone by when it was necessary to preface any notices of even the best German theologians with an apology. They have so effectually pleaded their own cause as gradually to reverse the hasty verdict which was at first pronounced against their whole class. The last representative of the prejudice which refused to believe that any good thing could come out of Germany is gone. And now there are not many intelligent students of Scripture in any English communion who do not admit that the annual infusion of some half dozen fresh German productions into our theological literature is so much added to our wealth. The growth of this more favourable estimate has been very perceptible during the eight years which have elapsed since our last general notice of the *Foreign Theological Library*. We can now return to the subject with a somewhat freer pen than when we approached it before: with the feeling that we can deal with the writers under review on their own merits simply; exhibiting their excellences and their defects without the embarrassing suspicion that any of our readers doubt the propriety of dealing with them at all. The reasons of this steady increase of favour are easily stated.

The authors with whom we are made familiar have been selected from the inmost circle of German orthodoxy. Not one has been admitted into the Library on which we base our remarks without such scrutiny as would satisfy any Congregation of a Protestant Index that might be chosen from the several denominations. And, issuing as they do in such numbers and with such punctual regularity, they every year increase the preponderance of the sound over the unsound representatives of German divinity in England. The few stray specimens of neology which still appear have less and less influence upon the public estimate. Viewed in this light, we think that the Edinburgh publishers have laid evangelical

England under immense obligation. They not only give the public in a cheap and attractive form the best produce of German theology; they also keep out a mass of corrupt theology that would otherwise certainly enter. They direct the public taste, and pre-engage the public demand; and, since it is one of the necessities of our age that there should be a free international circulation of literature, it is an incalculable benefit that so dangerous a department of continental letters as German theology should be under the control of autocrats so conscientious and rigid. A single act of recklessness or serious inadvertence in the exercise of their power would have entailed very serious consequences.

Another not unimportant consideration is, that year after year our eyes are more effectually opened to see the amount of the debt which English theological literature owes to the learning of German scholars. They pervade more or less every department of our critical, doctrinal, and exegetical divinity; but especially the last. Of the valuable expositions which our Ellicotts, Alfords, Vaughans, Wordsworths, and many others, are furnishing in such happy numbers, not one can be mentioned that does not own its large obligations to the criticism and exegesis of their brethren in Germany. Some there are, indeed, which owe the very fibre of their material to that source; which, were their appropriations of German thought and their strictures upon German opinion removed, would shrivel into small compass, and be reduced to insignificant value. But the best of them freely use and frankly acknowledge the aids which have come to be essential to modern exposition. And the effect of this has been to deepen our respect for the authors who have raised the tone of our own scholarship, and at the same time to excite the desire to read them for ourselves. Finding how the pages of our commentators are enriched and vivified by suggestive extracts from Bengel, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, and their fellows, we feel that it would be worth while to have these authors always at our own command. And as they can be obtained so easily, and in so readable a form, it is not to be wondered at that they are gradually winning a prescriptive right to a shelf in our libraries.

It deserves remark, also, in passing, that there has been of late years an obvious improvement in the character of the translation and editorship. It cannot be denied that the style of our foreign auxiliaries has always been, and we presume always will be, a serious drawback to their value. At its best estate the λαλία, the speech, of German theology is ponderous, involved, and hateful to English simplicity: we generally take down our

German authority with the feeling that we shall have a hard shell to crack before we reach the kernel. This, however, is a penalty which we must be content to pay. Dr. Dorner's well-known reply to the bishop of Ossory's meek complaint on the subject has settled that point, and taught us that if we will have German doctrine we must take it from the German mould. But much, after all, depends upon the translator; much also upon the editor, whose running *epexegesis* should never be absent. In both these respects our later reproductions contrast very favourably with the earlier. We can now run on through page after page of some volumes almost unconscious of the German behind the Englishman. And in proportion as this improvement is maintained—the English being the best the case will allow, and the careful hand of the editor accompanying the text—these translations will continue to grow in favour.

But chiefly we ascribe their increased popularity to the fact that the intrinsic merits of these authors meet with a more intelligent and discriminating appreciation. We now refer more particularly to the German commentators, as they constitute the bulk of the writers now under review; and of them it may be said that their peculiar excellences are more frankly acknowledged, and their peculiar defects more charitably and more tolerantly borne with, than at any former period. The writers we have before us are men who display on every page some of the best qualities of the expositor, while they show, although not on every page, certain obliquities which we shall be more anxious to bring to light than to disguise. Both may be summed up in very few words.

To begin with the lowest of their qualifications, they are without exception men of learning, who have proved their critical armour, and use all the helps and appliances of learning with a precision acquired only by early and sedulous training. To make the original text the basis of their exposition is with them a fundamental law; and in the critical settlement of that text, as well as in the grammatical interpretation of it, word by word, and sentence by sentence, their vigilant faculty never sleeps. Another characteristic is their careful unfolding of the writer's thought. In this they display a thoroughness in which our own earlier commentaries were singularly deficient. Sometimes this fearlessness in expounding the deep meaning of Scripture may seem to savour of presumption, in those especially whose reason is not disciplined into perfect submission; and sometimes it falls into an excess of subtilty, in those whose eyes are trained to an unhealthy microscopic minuteness. But at any rate they do grapple with every difficulty, following the flow

of thought wherever it may lead, and rarely leaving the slightest hiatus in their exposition. In the highest of all qualifications—that without which all the fruits of learning and genius are vain—these expositors will sustain, generally speaking, the strictest test. They treat the Bible as a book which is separated both in kind and degree from all merely human literature. It is true that some of the earlier of them—such as Olshausen and Tholuck, men who were educated in the time of transition—wavered as to their definition of inspiration; or, rather, without defining, suffered themselves to be warped by unsound and impracticable theories as to the Divine and human elements in Scripture. But the influence of the thing upon them was better than their theory. The later writers take the highest ground upon this point: no English expositions more absolutely, not many so absolutely, defer to the spirit of inspiration as everywhere pervasive and everywhere creative in Holy Scripture. Hence there is suffused over all their writings an air of reverence and trust which appeals to the like-minded reader at once. They write also like men in earnest; and there is a tone of unmistakeable reality in all they say. They hold with all the more tenacity the truth as it is in Jesus, because it is a possession of which a former age had almost beggared them, and which they have had to fight hard to retrieve. They are like men who are seeking to make reparation for their predecessors' errors, mending the rents which their fathers made in the human vesture of the Word of God. Finally, these authors—whatever may be the case with multitudes of expositions left in their native German—are eminently practical. Interpretation is in their hands exposition; and exposition which is aimed at the heart. Their commentaries are as a rule, avowedly or virtually, designed to help the preacher and edify the church. To say all in one word, their mechanical labours upon the letter, and their devout unfolding of the spirit,—the union of two elements too often kept distinct,—have won for them, in spite of many disadvantages, the firm hold they have upon the English mind.

On the other hand, we are bound to say that there are some foils to this excellence. These commentaries labour under many serious defects: some which seem essential to German habits of thought; some which are the consequence of reproduction in another soil of thought and feeling; and some belonging to the individual writers. Of the first we have already spoken, and may dismiss them as irremediable. The last we must reserve for our criticism of the several writers. The second points to a fertile source of objection, more or less grave. To

these also we must of needs refer hereafter:—meanwhile, it is enough to suggest them. It is wearisome to have the exposition of God's Word encumbered with so much controversy, especially when the controversies fought out in their pages excite in us none but the most languid interest. And then these expositors, coming among us from all the three quarters of the religious Fatherland,—the high Lutherans, the Unionists, and the Reformed,—present no one type of doctrine: we find in them all shades of opinion on the Sacramental questions, on the points connected with Calvinism, on the less essential though very important undertones of Redemption and the Mediatorial work, and so forth. Moreover, the speculative spirit—the intense delight which Germans feel in the transcendentals of religious thought, or in the philosophy of religion—sheds too often a melancholy mist over the page. If to all this we add a certain recklessness in opinion on some passages, a fondness for the crotchets or conceits of exposition,—which indeed is not peculiar to German expositors, but is exemplified more or less in every one of them without exception,—we have exhausted the list of offences against which the honest English reader may stumble. They all spring from the transplantation into other soil of plants which can never thrive so thoroughly, or bloom so freely, in any soil but their own. The defects we speak of are, for the most part, no defects in Germany: some of them, on the contrary, seem to be essential there to success and usefulness. And, as our translators dare not use the pruning-knife too freely, or use it at all,—and perhaps it is as well they do not,—we may be content to consult these expositions for the treasures of truth they contain, and make the best account we can of the Germanism that is thrust upon us over and above.

But we must without further delay pass under review some of the works which have recently appeared. And, if we begin with some that are already tolerably familiar, we can only plead that all of them must contribute to a general and wider design in these miscellaneous remarks.

We give the first place to the translation of Bengel's *Gnomon*,—a work highly valued throughout Protestant Christendom, but never prized beyond its merits, and perhaps not even yet understood and used as intelligently as it ought to be. Bengel's place in the history of modern exegesis is a very remarkable one. He was in a certain sense the father of textual criticism strictly so called; and in Germany he was the Reformer of the reformed theology, and the founder of spiritual exposition. After his *Apparatus Criticus* had opened up a path for the scientific settlement of the text,—a path which has been densely crowded by

his followers,—he turned to the more congenial task of showing how the Scripture itself should be read. The title he chose for his great and slowly-elaborated work indicated his design. His commentary did not aim so much to satisfy the reader's inquiries as to 'point' the profitable way for those inquiries. His exegetical principles, which have exerted a mighty influence upon the character and growth of German exposition, were very simple. He regarded the Holy Scripture as one complex and connected Divine economy of truth,—the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ, as a Promise in the Old Testament and a Fulfilment in the New. 'The Holy Scriptures form one harmonious work. All its books form one *corpus*. Each is self-contained, and fulfils for itself perfectly its particular object. All together make one book, which grows out of those parts, and has a more general, far more comprehensive object. It is *one ground thought* which infinitely, divinely, comprehends all in itself,—from which all times proceed, which has measured past, present, and future.' —'We must not regard Holy Scripture as a text-book and example-book, but as an incomparable narrative of *the Divine economy with reference to the human race*, from the beginning to the end of all things—through all the ages of the world, as a *beautiful, glorious, connected system*. For, although every biblical work is a self-contained whole, and every author has his own manner, one spirit breathes through all, one idea penetrates all.' He held that every one who thus took the Word of God as a whole, interpreting its sentences according to grammatical laws, and referring all to the one great ruling design, would find in the Scripture itself its own demonstration. His maxim was, 'Import nothing into the Scripture, but bring everything out of it; and leave nothing behind that it contains.' 'In my exegetical notes,' he says, 'I am not a dogmatician, nor a polemic, nor an ascetic, nor an antiquarian, nor a grammarian; and yet in a certain sense blend all these.' But his strength lay in his combination of grammatical exactitude with a supreme faith in the special gift of the Holy Spirit for the understanding of His great work the Bible. He aimed at what he always maintained to be the work of the expositor—to place the student of to-day in the place of the original reader.

Bengel's *Gnomon* was for some time neglected in his own country. His light was hid under the bushel of Neology. Profoundly reverenced by a limited circle,—many of whom valued him most for that which was least trustworthy, his interpretation of the prophetic times and seasons,—he was outshone by the glare of the new Illuminism, and, according to his own prediction, had to wait till another age for his appreciation. Mean-

while, his influence was transferred to England, where his commentary found a discriminating student in John Wesley, who gave the best part of it to his people in his Notes on the New Testament. Since the revival of orthodoxy in Germany, Bengel has taken his proper rank: he has been studied and quoted beyond any other commentator. But great as his direct influence has been, his indirect influence has been still greater. 'The pointings of his finger,' says Tholuck, 'are sunbeams, and his hints gleams of lightning. When he treads the beaten path, what others employ wearisome pages in saying, he compresses into two or three words: often, too, through crag and forest he opens up new prospects.' *When he treads the beaten path,*—that is, when he is amongst things revealed,—his assistance to the student is often very important, while his effect upon him is always stimulating. In the exposition of the Apocalypse Bengel's light grows tremulous, flickering, and uncertain. His determination of the times and seasons has been discredited by science and the flow of time; and, on all prophetic points, he ceases to be an expositor. But, with that exception, Bengel's *Gnomon* is a book which ought to be habitually consulted.

The translation is as well executed on the whole as it could be. A perfect translation of it is impossible: the pith of the meaning is often hinted in the antithetical or alliterative form of the sentence, and the Latin is sometimes condensed into a shape that defies all rendering that does not spoil the original by destroying its hintlike character. A few slips we noticed, when the translation first appeared; but we have forgotten where to find them. The success of this bold enterprise reflects great credit both upon the publisher and the translators, and we are glad to observe that it has already passed through several editions.

As an expositor Dr. Stier is a true son of Bengel. The nine volumes of exposition which bear his name have passed their probation, both in England and America. Their very great merits, as well as their few flaws, are so well known to our readers that we need not review them here at any length. But the author has lately gone to his reward; and we cannot let his name pass without some slight tribute to his memory. Dr. Stier's life was entirely devoted to the study, exposition, and pastoral ministry of the Word of God. To this he consecrated in very early life a vigorous and subtle intellect, accomplished with the various learning necessary for the critical study of the Scriptures, and a heart sanctified to the service of his Master. The first work, *On the Discourses of the Apostles*, established his character as an expositor: it is an able commentary on the Acts, and, in an abridged form, would well repay translation. His energies

were then directed to the Old Testament. His credentials of qualification had already been given to the public in an elaborate and complete Hebrew Grammar, the practical utility of which, however, was marred by the introduction of a certain mystical theory based upon the Divine origin and destiny of the sacred tongue. Then followed a commentary, profound and intensely Messianic, but overweighted with learning, on seventy principal Psalms: a commentary too cumbrous for translation, but much used by other writers; and very valuable to those who refer to it, especially in the analytical summaries which are appended to the several Psalms. The preface to this volume contains a beautiful assertion of the unity and all-pervading energy of the Spirit of inspiration in the prophetical word of God. But his great task was the exposition of the *Discourses of our Lord Jesus*, and to this he devoted the best years of his life. Certainly no man ever sat at the Master's feet with more reverent anxiety to know the Lord's will from His own lips; and no interpreter of His words ever felt a more trembling sense of responsibility. The result is a work which has been made a great blessing in Germany, where it is neglected only by those who dread its stern defence of orthodoxy; and which is not lightly esteemed in its translated form. As reproduced in our tongue, and among ourselves, it has to struggle with many disadvantages. Its diffuseness,—in this Stier was no son of Bengel,—complained of even in Germany, is still more distasteful to many among us. Its controversial and self-asserting tone, natural and allowable on its own ground, is sometimes rather repulsive. Its high Lutheran theology—with its sacramental subtleties—may jar upon our theological tastes. Its over-minute analysis is wearisome. But of this latter defect, as well as of another and kindred one,—that of seeking too great a depth and variety of meaning in every word,—we would speak cautiously and respectfully. For, they spring from the profound conviction that the Eternal Oracle, speaking among men for a few short days, spoke with an omniscient design, in words ordered with more than mortal art, adapted, in a sense transcending human thought, to all generations, and infolding meanings to be evolved with ever-increasing freshness in every age, and to be exhausted, if ever, only in eternity. But, with every deduction, it is a work which the spiritual reader will find abundantly rich in suggestion. It breathes a pure and elevating influence from its pages. It is emphatically a *religious* book.

We hardly think that Stier's services to the English reader should end with this work. It were much to be desired that his abridgment for unlearned readers, *The words of the Word*, compressed as it is into a small compass, should be translated

independently. His abridgment also of the elaborate volumes on the Ephesians, 'The Church Epistle,' might advantageously be added to our commentaries on that part of Scripture. But more especially we should welcome a translation of his popularly written but profound exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews. —To those whom it concerns we would suggest the usefulness of the Polyglott, in four languages and four volumes, which Dr. Stier edited in conjunction with Dr. Theile; as well as of his revisal of Luther's translation of the whole Scriptures. And so we take leave—respectful and thankful leave—of a man who spent his life in beholding and reflecting the Lord's glory in the mirror of His Word, and who is now gone, in the fulness of years and of grace, to see Him as He is.

The volumes in which Olshausen's Commentary is continued are of a different character from those of the master himself. They are more full of learning; they are equally full of genius; they approach quite as nearly to orthodoxy, and on some points —such as those on the Calvinistic question—come much nearer to our views; but they have not the charm, better felt than described, of which all are sensible in Olshausen's finished productions. He was a man of very rare endowments; and, had his life begun a little later, or been less subject at the outset to the influence of some leaders of the transition school, would have been an expositor as near perfection as mortal and German infirmity would permit. His piety was very deep, his learning thorough, and his hold of the fundamental verities of the Gospel firmer and more tenacious than almost any other commentator of his age and country. He has the happy art of letting the meaning develop itself out of the text; having well learned Bengel's lesson of not imposing preconceived notions upon the word of God. The dictum also of another master, Melancthon, *Non potest Scriptura intelligi theologice, nisi antea intellecta sit grammatice*, he never forgot. His commentary is thoroughly critical; and it nowhere betrays a disposition to wrest or trifle with the plain rules of grammatical interpretation. There is a dignified simplicity, too, reigning throughout; that kind of tranquil ease which marks the man who is at home in the Scriptures. If, now and then, he is obscure, it is through too much brevity, of which he was not so great a master as Bengel. And if on some occasions his comment is tinged with mysticism, or seems inclined to surrender a position to the Rationalist, it must be remembered as his apology that, like Neander and some others, he was trained in the fellowship of Dr. Paulus and others of the Illuminist school. Considering this, it is very high praise that these blemishes are so few.

Dr. Ebrard, his pupil and successor in the professor's chair of Erlangen, has edited Olshausen's Commentary, and composed, on the basis of his notes, volumes of his own on the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Epistles of St. John. These works are full of sound learning; but they are more remarkable for originality than sobriety, and many of the views and expositions which they give are very fanciful.

The following is one example of many which might be adduced in illustration of the hair-splitting—in this case light-splitting—character which German exposition sometimes assumes, to the sore bewildering of the simple reader. On the grand theme that *God is Light*, (1 John i. 5,) which is on the whole dealt with in a very masterly manner, we encounter such a sentence as this.

'But it is manifest that this physical light is more than a mere parable or symbol of metaphysical and ethical light: indeed, there exists between all three more than mere analogy or resemblance. *Physical light is for us creatures the real basis of metaphysical knowledge:* not only are all our abstract and general notions formed out of concrete perceptions of sense, but our *thinking* itself may be said to take place within the category of *physical light*. We cannot think without distinguishing; and cannot distinguish without thinking of A and B as in juxtaposition, for the intellectual representation of juxtaposition is the root of all creaturely thinking. But this is the intellectual representation of space; and the simplest dimension of space—the representation of a line, or a point, or, in short, of any demarcation in space, cannot be internally effected without the representation of a distinct colouring,—that is, *enlightenment*,—and consequently without physical light. The nature of physical light is inborn in the thinking soul. Light is *distinction* in its very nature; and it may be said to be more than a mere allegorical phrase, that an intellectual truth is brought to *light*, when it is made plain.'

But it would be a great mistake to think, because a writer like Ebrard is now and then tempted off into regions where sober thought cannot follow him, that therefore his exposition is not worth having. This very commentary is full to overflowing of fine evangelical sentiment, and forms no unworthy contribution to the literature which gathers round the sublimest pages of the New Testament—the writings of St. John. We do not now stay to examine its several striking points, because it will, we hope, be included in a separate notice of recent works on that subject.

Dr. Ebrard's services in another department are of a still higher order. The originality and sprightliness of his genius has not hindered him from pursuing the plodding labours of critical

scholarship. Like Lange, he unites ponderous learning with a lively imagination, and knows how to lighten his heavy toil, both to himself and to his readers. His greatest work is *Gospel History: a Compendium of Critical Investigations in Support of the Historical Character of the Four Gospels.* It is a book which has done good service in Germany; and its republication in England is very opportune, now that the English mind is more or less occupied with the legendary variation introduced by Renan upon the old mythical theory of Strauss. Dr. Ebrard's work will be found to be, perhaps, the most scientific investigation of the order and harmony of the evangelical history that is within the reader's reach. Its method is thorough and complete; for clearness and exhaustiveness of plan it is without a rival. No mathematical problem could be worked out in a more orderly and progressive manner. Its errors—and it has several in our judgment—are subordinate, and lie in the mere details of the argument. The great argument itself is sound as the Gospel. Moreover, it is enlivened by many a characteristic stroke, and is translated in as pure English as could be desired.

Baumgarten's work on the Acts of the Apostles is another production of the same school, and of the same order of mind and training as those we have just considered. Another true disciple of Bengel, he assumes that the Bible has one plan; that every book has its own organic life in the unity of that plan; and that the Holy Spirit of inspiration overruled every writer in subserviency to its evolution.

'It will be urged,' Baumgarten says in his preface, 'that I seek to discover in this book far more of plan and purpose than the book really could and does contain. To this I have, in the outset, no other answer to give than an analogy which I now adduce. He who contemplates nature in her exterior aspects, discerns nothing but the life and motion of a mass of objects apparently without plan or method: he, however, whose glance penetrates into her internal economy, cannot fail to discover in them her final cause of order and law. And is not our experience the same in the case of those original works in which the mind of man displays its creative genius? The first impression which the works of Homer or Shakspeare make upon us is that of a wild luxuriance of nature; and yet commentators have not found a limit to the discovery of leading thoughts pervading and running through the whole. And are we to think less than this of the Holy Ghost, who prepares and sanctifies for Himself His human instruments for the production of those Scriptures which in all ages of the church are to lend to every thought and every spiritual impulse the support of a Divine certainty?'

We know of no commentary on any part of Scripture which more strikingly displays the advantage of being guided by this high principle; perhaps there is none which more strikingly illustrates the danger to which it is exposed. Baumgarten's view of the central law of development in the Acts is regulated generally by the principle that this book contains the apostolical beginnings and germs of all subsequent ecclesiastical history, and particularly by his own theory of the relation of the Jewish people to the kingdom of God. He is one of those theologians of modern Germany—their number is large, and they are among the best—who see running through Scripture a consistent prophecy of a glorious destiny for the ancient people and their holy land. And his book is one of a considerable number of works written under that ruling bias. A few sentences from the close of his laborious task will show the theory and its effect upon the exposition.

'Here, also, in the position of the Gentile congregations towards the Jews, it is at once seen that this great crisis in the whole existence of the Christian church is based upon an usurpation; viz., that the Gentile church is the completed kingdom of Israel. The apostle John has established and sealed the hope of the full restoration and completion of the kingdom of Israel, in the prophecy of the millennial reign of Christ and of His people upon earth. It is true that in this hope the suffering and persecuted church did not always maintain biblical clearness and purity, and, especially, not the Israelitish element which, according to the writings of the Old Testament as well as of the New, forms the centre of it. When, however, the Roman emperors began to introduce the law of Christianity into the order of the Roman state, people in the Gentile church, notwithstanding many suspicious signs, insisted upon recognising in this Christianised form of the Roman empire the restoration of the kingdom of Christ of which the apostles had prophesied. Thus Jerome writes on Dan vii., "Facessit fabula mille annorum;" and Augustine, by spiritualising, dissipates and dissolves the biblical hope of the Millennial Kingdom. And in doing so the Gentile church has deprived the lost people of Israel of the hope that the New-Testament prophecy had secured to them; and we need not wonder if the Crusades opened with a cruel slaughter of the Jews.'—Vol. iii., p. 378.

The whole commentary works out this Jewish idea in a most subtle manner; making every section of the Acts tend to the illustration of one great truth:—that the kingdom of God is now suspended as such; that the times of the Gentiles are a long parenthesis, full of mistakes as to the nature of the Christian theocracy; and that the Gospel, which originally jour-

neyed from Jerusalem to Rome, must return from Rome to Jerusalem again.

It might be supposed that the maintenance of this exaggerated notion would interfere with the soundness of the Commentary. There can be no doubt that as a whole the work is vitiated by it; and the general reader—uncharmed by the fascination which enthrals Baumgarten and the Millennial school—will not read it through without an effort. But in the detailed expositions it is all but unrivalled; although the reader must be on his guard against some paradoxes, and one or two startling errors as to St. Paul's preaching of justification and the nature of faith. The analysis of the speeches on the Acts is extremely fine. The opening chapters are full of the Pentecostal spirit. Not a question of difficulty but receives a thorough and exhaustive treatment. And ever the writer keeps a watchful eye on the theories and figments of the Tübingen school, who make the Acts a forgery of the second century, constructed for the reconciliation of St. Peter and St. Paul. While he is preserving the thread of his own plan, he beautifully and easily unwinds the tissue of theirs; and shows that while the Omniscient Spirit dictated the work in the light of all the future, and filled it with meanings that time only would disclose, the historian Luke was at the same time only writing a natural and authentic memoir.

Hengstenberg's expository writings still continue to benefit our theological literature. We feel a great respect for the name of a man who has been one of the foremost champions of orthodoxy in the present age, and whose writings are evangelical and clear beyond the common strain of his countrymen. His expositions have helped us where we most needed help: for instance, on the Psalms, and the Christology generally of the Old Testament canon. Many of our readers were indebted to his three volumes for their first clear insight into the structure, poetical characteristics, and Messianic burden of the Psalms. Other works equally critical were doubtless at hand; and some which pointed out their Christological fulness; and some which expounded them devotionally. But Hengstenberg's was the first attempt at a combination of these three elements; and his books—especially if slightly mended in the translation—will not soon be superseded. Four other volumes have recently been translated, which expound the remaining Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament. They are closely critical, and at the same time popularly written. They everywhere meet the sceptic boldly, and at the same time satisfy the believer: greater praise could not be given them.

Hengstenberg is another specimen of the happy influence exerted upon modern German exposition by a rigid maintenance of the unity of the Bible as a revelation of Christ. He everywhere shows a clear insight into the relations between the two Testaments. This is indeed the most important characteristic of his expository writings. His Commentary on St. John's Gospel—which is promised to the English reader—will be found to be singularly rich in illustration from the Old-Testament Scriptures.

It is to be regretted that Hengstenberg has been drifting of late years into the excesses of hierarchical ritualism and overstrained sacramental theories. Of this tendency few traces are to be found in the works which have been made public in England. We have noticed, however, in an essay *On the Sacrifices of Holy Scripture*—one of a series of valuable papers appended to the Commentaries on Ecclesiastes and the Canticles—a few sentences which are very suggestive, and require a word of comment.

'Substantially we present our New Testament in offering when we sing, in public worship, the praises of the spotless Lamb of God, slain for our redemption. But it were to be desired that the idea of sacrifice should be more distinctly expressed in our *Cultus* than it is. Christ has, it is true, "by His one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14.) "He appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin by His sacrifice." (Heb. ix. 26) The Romish sacrifice of the Mass, even on the view of it given by Veith, as "an imitative representation of the sacrificial death of Christ on the Cross," does not meet the want. It is open to suspicion, both as leading to a confusion of the two states of Christ,—viz., of the state of humiliation and of that of exaltation,—and as too easily giving occasion and support to views which clash with the complete sufficiency of Christ's one sacrifice on the Cross. Our presentation of that one sacrifice of Christ to God is an entirely different thing. It were to be desired that before the celebration of the Eucharist, by means of which we *appropriate* this sacrifice to ourselves, some rite should be performed in which we *present* the sacrifice to the angry majesty of God—a rite solemnly representing and symbolically embodying that watchword of our church, "the Blood and Righteousness of Christ;" a rite through which every Sunday the burdened heart might solemnly cast its load of guilt and sin on Him who bore our weaknesses and carried our sorrows. We want, in short, the sacrifice of the Mass in an evangelical sense and spirit. Such a rite would truly become a church which has chosen for its device the words, *By Faith alone*, a device meaning of course nothing else than *By the Blood of Christ alone*.'

It will strike our readers that here is a tremulous and

scarcely articulate note of yearning for Egypt and the flesh-pots. But the extract bears its own refutation with it,—a refutation augmented by every sentence. The view of the sacrifice of the mass, given in a detached and misunderstood sentence of Veith, and accepted by Hengstenberg, is as far as possible from expressing its real character. In itself, unsoftened, the mass cannot be animated by an 'evangelic sense and spirit.' The presentation of that 'one sacrifice once offered' to God by any symbolical act is a function uncountenanced by Scripture; it would be an invasion of the High Priest's office in heaven, and a needless and irreverent addition to His own perfect sacramental institute. Moreover, it would be a dishonour to the office of that Holy Spirit who, not on Sunday and at the Eucharist only, but everywhere and at all times, is the sole mediator between the guilt of the people of God and Him who pleads for them as their advocate in heaven. It is only justice to say that the whole tenor of this Essay absolves the writer from anything like an intentional dishonour to the one oblation for ever presented for us by the Sole Priest. But these words show how deeply Hengstenberg is infected with one of the prevalent maladies that afflict Christendom in our day,—the spirit of rebellion against the too severe simplicity of the 'spiritual house' in which are offered 'spiritual sacrifices.'

Other points in this Essay connected with the sacrificial institute of the Old Testament might claim attention had we space. But they would involve us in the intricacies of a question which German treatment has extremely and needlessly mystified. No branch of theology is more entirely dependent on the letter of Scripture itself than that of *sacrifice*. Here the simple and unbiassed consultation of the Bible—as one great whole—is better than a thousand books. If we remember in the study of this subject that the 'Lamb was slain before the foundation of the world,' we shall be very jealous of any theory which postpones the vicarious or expiatory idea to a late period in the world's history; we shall do full justice to the propitiatory element of the shedding of blood in the earlier burnt-offerings as well as in the later sin-offerings; and we shall scruple to accept such statements as that the ground of the difference between these lay in the child-like character of the patriarchal age, when the consciousness of sin was not yet fully developed, when sin-offerings were only as yet *involved* in the burnt-offerings. We must indeed accept it as true that the institution of sin-offerings—as such and by name—was intimately connected with the giving of the law. But that man's sense of sin and of the need of a Saviour, and the

revelation of the way of a typical appropriation of the great unknown atonement, were withheld from him or never reached him until the maturer years of the history of his probation, is to us a notion that robs a large part of Scripture of its most profound significance.

But if the whole question of the sacrificial institute—in its origin, its contrast with the sacrifices of heathenism, its development in the Old Testament into a wide variety of detail, its glorious concentration again into one in the New—is to be thoroughly studied, we cannot recommend a more valuable book than that of Kurtz *On the Sacrificial Worship of the Old Testament*. This book is a great Excursus, so to speak, appended to his *History of the Old Covenant*, already noticed in this Journal. Its chief value consists in what would commonly be considered its chief defect—that is, its pervasive polemic character. It considers every single diversity of view on every point that has ever found a representative in recent theology; and we are free to confess that the controversial study of some divergent theories sometimes tends better than any other method to impress the importance of the truth. So far as we are acquainted with the modern controversy raging in Germany on this subject, we think Kurtz the soundest theologian in the arena. A sentence or two will show the heart of his book: 'We conclude this chapter, therefore, with the firm and certain persuasion'—the conclusion of a hot contest with some dozen adversaries, nearly all of them orthodox Lutherans, 'honourable men'—'that the so-called juridical or *satisfactory* view of the sacrificial expiation, of which the imposition of hands and slaying the animal (as a *pœna vicaria*) formed the introduction, and which was represented by the sprinkling of the blood, is not only, as Delitzsch says and even Oehler admits,' the simplest, the most intelligible, and the one most in harmony with the New-Testament antitype, 'but the *only* one which is clear and intelligible, and the *only* one which is in harmony with the New-Testament antitype.'

A single specimen of this polemic we shall quote, as being of some importance to the readers of Keil and Hengstenberg.

'But what both Hengstenberg and Keil have adopted as the basis and key to the altar-sacrifices, both bleeding and bloodless, is quite as inadmissible as that laid down by Bähr. The true basis is said to be found in Exod. xxiii. 15, "My face shall not be seen empty," or as it reads in Deut. xvi. 16, "Appear not empty before the face of Jehovah;" to which is added by way of explanation in verse 17, "Every one according to the gift of his hand, according to the blessing which Jehovah thy God hath given." It is really

incomprehensible how these two theologians could fall into the mistake of regarding the passages quoted as the basis of the whole sacrificial worship; for, according to both the context and the true meaning of the words, they have nothing to do with it, or rather are directly at variance with its provisions. The amount of the sacrifices to be offered on the altar (whether bleeding or bloodless) was not determined, in the majority of cases, as it is in Deut. xvi. 17, by the possessions of the person sacrificing. But apart from this, how can our opponents have overlooked the fact that these passages do not refer to the altar-sacrifices in particular? They apply exclusively and expressly to the first-fruits and tenths to be offered on the three harvest festivals.'

Before leaving this subject we would observe how important it is that preachers especially should have amply and accurately at their command the sacrificial terminology of Scripture. That terminology is interwoven with the whole substance of the Gospel system, whether of doctrine or worship; and it cannot be neglected without a danger greater than the mere loss of precision. For this reason we recommend those who possess this book of Kurtz to read it carefully, though only as an auxiliary to the Bible itself.

Dr. Tholuck, one of the very few German divines who have been popular in England for a whole generation, has at length made his appearance in this Series. Of his three great Commentaries—expounding the Sermon on the Mount, St. John's Gospel, and the Epistle to the Romans—we have translations of the two former; and they are among the most elaborate and complete expositions ever written. Dr. Tholuck combines in himself all or almost all the accomplishments requisite for the endowment of a commentator. His learning lays east and west alike under tribute; he has a catholic appreciation of all that is good in the labours of his predecessors of every age, and of his fellow-labourers of every school; his perseverance is inexhaustible; and he has the rare faculty of shedding over his toil the light of a rich imagination. Above all, he has proved himself a godly man, and therefore a conscientious expositor. Reverent, devout, and in the best sense tender-hearted, he gives us the impression of one who has put himself under a lifelong discipline for his high task, and would rather lay down his pen for ever than adulterate the 'sincere milk of the word.' His faults he brought from the feet of Neander. They are few, but they are not unimportant. His doctrine, or theory, or, to use the German phrase, his 'view' of inspiration is, to say the least, a vague and indeterminate one; the subjective bias which the German philosophy of the last age bequeathed to almost all the writers of this, sometimes betrays its presence very injuriously;

and the intrusion of metaphysics here and there throws a nebulous vapour over pages generally very luminous. We shall proceed to illustrate these high commendations and these grave strictures.

The *Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount* is a marvellous monograph. Its learning—drawn not from the beaten highways of sacred literature only, but from all its sequestered bye-paths—is poured upon the text with an overwhelming affluence; but all is regulated by a judgment that uses its resources with economy, and leaves no room for the suspicion of display. The Fathers are largely quoted, as they are in every modern commentary worthy of the name: in Tholuck's writings, it may be observed, they are appealed to with becoming respect, and some of their noblest passages dignify his pages. The copious use of Rabbinical authors is in this volume peculiarly appropriate; indeed a commentary on *The Sermon* cannot go far or do its work thoroughly without them. Here we see the relation of the Rabbis to the Old Testament and to the New; and have glimpses of the Lord's estimate of their writings and sayings:—how He came to abolish their infinite chaos of errors, and at the same time to fulfil their few sound presentiments. In the exposition of the Lord's Prayer the reader will find a very temperate and clear exhibition of the extent to which the Redeemer was pleased to incorporate into His own form petitions which were then in use among the Jews. He will see how little ground there is for the notion that our Saviour merely wove together extracts from the current devotion of the day. We recommend the whole exposition of the prayer as a thoroughly exhaustive and sound one; contenting ourselves with a specimen paragraph.

'Tertullian and Augustine acknowledged a progressive sequence in the Prayer. This is seen, even on a casual view, from the σοῦ of the three first petitions, and the ἡμῶν, ἡμῖν, ἡμᾶς, of the last. At the outset the suppliant appears lost in the contemplation of the Being to whom his spirit ascends; next, he turns his thoughts upon himself and his own wants. Further, it is not difficult to recognise a progression in the first three petitions, and in the three (or four) last. The recognition of the name of God is the basis on which alone the kingdom of God can be established; and again, this kingdom is the sphere in which the will of God is fulfilled. Further, the prayer for the maintenance of the life of man precedes the prayer for the forgiveness of sins; and again, it is only when the guilt of the past is removed that the thought is directed to the temptations of the future. The thoughtful reader, who has derived from other sources the knowledge of the Trinity, will also find a reference to that truth in the scheme of this prayer. The petitions of the first

and second parts refer to God as Creator and Preserver; the second petition of either part refers to God as Redeemer; whilst the third of either part relates to God the Holy Spirit, by whom the Divine will comes to be fulfilled, and through whose power temptation is overcome.'

The relation of the Sermon to the doctrine of salvation is faithfully and clearly exhibited. Error on this point vitiated much of the earlier exposition, from the Fathers downwards. The legal view generally predominated; and in some writers almost to the exclusion of the evangelical. The 'doing' so impressively demanded at the close was pressed to the omission of the 'believing' which is to be tacitly understood as the new and all-pervading element throughout. Recoiling from that extreme, other writers have striven to deprive the Sermon of the legislative tone that belongs to it, and to make it the charter of Christian emancipation from all law as such; losing sight, on the one hand, of the convincing power of this newly-uttered law, and, on the other, of its being the standard of judgment at the last day. Tholuck takes great pains with this part of his work; and we shall extract a few sentences worth pondering.

'Certainly, it is not as *merita* that these works have any merit in the judgment; only as *documenta fidei*. But the measure of the *salvation* is determined by those manifestations of faith; and will not the degree of the perfection of the former be determined by the latter? This is generally admitted, and accordingly different degrees of blessedness are distinguished. One thing will, indeed, be the common inheritance of all the saved, the *bona substantialia*, that is, the *visio essentiæ Dei*, and the *fruitio beatitudinis*: the difference will consist in different degrees of the glory.'

Passing over some doubtful remarks as to the perfection of obedience flowing from the perfection of faith glorified into sight,—which seems to rob the faith of a Christian still on earth of its high and glorious prerogative,—we come to the pith of the whole matter.

'Doubtless faith in Christ is the means whereby the righteousness demanded of us is to be attained; but it is a means which here, as elsewhere, is only partially alluded to by Christ. And the reason was that His whole ministry was simply of a preparatory character. As Delitzsch says: "This χάρις is, however, veiled here; for only on the completion of the work of redemption was it to be unveiled. The Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount is Himself this χάρις in person. But, the relation in which His person and His work stand to that δικαιοσύνη, He here only alludes to, and does not state distinctly." True, the means by which this righteousness was to come,

is only alluded to here; but it *is* alluded to in an unmistakeable manner. In those beatitudes which speak of the feeling of spiritual poverty, of hunger and thirst after righteousness, do we not already recognise that Preacher of the Gospel of whom it is said that He would not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax, and who invites men to Himself because His yoke is easy, His burden light? If, then, He requires, verse 20, a righteousness beyond that of the Scribes and Pharisees, how is this to be reconciled with the other?—how, but by the knowledge that through faith in Him strength is given to fulfil what He requires? "It is certainly not to be denied that Jesus possessed the consciousness of a power of redemption and reconciliation which was to flow through Him." From this it follows, that in the words *I came to fulfil* more is implied than the mere intimation that He came to impart to the law a deeper theoretical meaning. He could not at His first manifestation (Luke iv. 18) have called His doctrine an εὐαγγέλιον, a joyful message for the *poor;* He could not have designated His coming as an *acceptable year of the Lord*, as the fulfilment of all the Messianic expectations, had He come only to increase the demands of the law, without also giving an increased measure of strength. If we must believe that He knew that the Messianic promises were to find their fulfilment in Him, then that πλήρωσις νόμου, which He was to accomplish, must have had involved in it a *promise* also.'

Those who have this work will do well to consult it on every topic connected with the Sermon; although they must not expect always to find their difficulties removed. Sometimes, indeed, as on the question of divorce, the oath, the sixth petition, and some few other prominent knots of difficulty, they will find that much learning, and many opinions, crowd out all determinate meaning; and will be tempted to think that the expositor is without an opinion of his own. Moreover, they must be on their guard against the free spirit which speaks in the following comment on Stier's unbending loyalty to the Evangelist's authority:—

'There are indeed, as has been shown, but few passages where there is occasion to suspect an inappropriate interpolation. But the question is not, whether these insertions be many or few, but whether it is possible that they may exist at all: and that this is partially the case, the discourses in chaps. x. and xxiii. seem to show.—Stier pronounces this peremptory judgment: "We cannot think that St. Matthew was capable of working up sayings of our Lord, spoken at different times, into one connected whole, as if spoken at one time; for, as the apostolical humility of his own spirit was incapable of such an impropriety, so neither was it possible that the Holy Ghost should guide and instruct him to record any untruth whatsoever for the Church." This opinion is right, if we are to

admit what it is utterly impossible to admit, viz., that the Lord's Apostles and ear-witnesses of His sayings could have attached the same importance to inaccuracies of form as the critics and dogmaticians of a later age have done. That the reverse is the case, is proved by every historical book of the Old and New Testament, and especially by the formal construction of the first Gospel.'

Of the many single commentaries on the Gospel of St. John which Germany has produced, Tholuck's is the only one, as far as we know, that has been translated into English. It is a very honourable specimen of the class. We look upon it with interest as a book which has run the gauntlet of all the phases of Rationalism during the last forty years. Published originally in 1826, it produced a profound impression in Germany, where it was one of the earliest signs of returning orthodoxy. Since then it has passed through seven editions, each one a stage nearer perfection, and the last being as thorough a commentary as could be packed into its comparatively small compass. It is curious to note in the very form of the book the signs of a strife which has been going on for near forty years between it and the destructive criticism of Germany. The consideration of the cause in which these polemical scars were received, and the hard service of which they are the tokens, tends in some measure to reconcile us to what would otherwise be perpetual blots on the page. It is painful to read the revolting quotations which abound in this and most other orthodox German commentators. After being once adduced and refuted, they might gradually be purged out of the body of the book, or sifted into notes, or expunged altogether, or gathered into some vast monumental and admonitory *History of Exegetical Errors*.

This work, like the former, displays on every page the wonderful versatility of the writer's powers, and variety of his endowments. Here again the Fathers, the Schoolmen, Romanist and protestant Divines, do service in company with Greek philosophers, purblind Rabbies, and enthusiastic oriental mystics. The learning however is less profuse, and the whole work is executed on a reduced scale, and with a more popular design. Popular, certainly, it is in its general cast; although the long and able disquisition on the *Logos*,—its historical derivation and scriptural meaning as a term,—which begins the work, would scarcely justify the epithet at the outset. The fact is that it may be termed a popular commentary for the learned. We shall quote two passages: one as giving a specimen of Tholuck's happiest manner, and the other as indicating a defect which he shares with most of his brethren, that of hyper-metaphysical subtilty in dealing with the 'heavenly

things' that are in the best sense of the term really 'transcendental.' John the Baptist's testimony is thus expounded.

'Ver. 29. From the solitude in which Jesus, after His baptism, had abode, He comes again to the Jordan. Of the object of the Lord's coming nothing specific is mentioned, since the Evangelist is concerned only with the *testimony of the* Baptist. If the words are not, as most regard them, a sudden prophetic inspiration, they are yet uttered with the presupposed design (ver. 36) of directing the disciples to Jesus. The grand significance of our Lord's person we find in His propitiatory office. In the expression *ὁ ἀμνὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ* the article *ὁ* alludes to a designation already well known; somewhat like *ἡ βίζα τοῦ Ἰεσσαί*, (Isa. xi. 10, Rom. xv. 12,) and it is most natural to think of Isa. liii. 7. By the genitive *τοῦ Θεοῦ* this Lamb is more particularly characterised either as *destined* by God, or as *well pleasing* to God: *cf.* *ἔργα τοῦ Θεοῦ*. (vi. 18.) *Αἴρειν ἁμαρ.* (נָשָׂא עָוֹן) is in many connexions equivalent to *ἀφαιρεῖν, take away sins*. But the word in the Sept. also means *to bear;* (Lam. iii. 27;) hence *αἴρειν ἁμαρτίαν* for נָשָׂא עָוֹן. If the Baptist had in his eye the prophecy of Isa. 53, we must adopt the latter meaning, since in Isa. liii. 11 we have expressly עֲוֹנֹתָם יִסְבֹּל הוּא, *καὶ τὰς ἁμαρτίας αὐτῶν ἀνοίσει*. The bearing of the sins of the world is therefore the *suffering* for the sins of the world, which indeed is the basis on which the taking away is accomplished. It is true, lambs were used only under certain circumstances for sin offerings; but the Baptist could the more readily designate Christ as the expiating *Lamb*, if he purposed at the same time to direct attention to the feature of patient suffering which had been held up by Isaiah. That the words of the Evangelist are to be thus explained is confirmed by Rev. v. 6, 12, xiii. 8, where Christ, with reference to His expiatory death, is called *ἀρνίον ἐσφαγμένον*. *cf.* also 1 Peter i. 19. The difficulty now arises that the Baptist must have known something of a suffering Messiah; and yet this idea was one which remained wholly unknown to the most intimate disciples of Christ, in fact to those of them who like St. John had had intercourse with the Baptist. (Matt. xvi. 21–23.) Strauss and Baur draw the inference that the Evangelist here as elsewhere imputes his own creed to the Baptist. Were we compelled to concede that Jewish antiquity knew absolutely nothing of a suffering Messiah, yet even then he who allows to the Baptist an extraordinary inspiration (such as is testified in ver. 33) can have no difficulty in granting one here. Do we not find a similar prophetic glance of the spirit in Simeon, Luke ii. 25? Had not the Baptist already announced that the Messiah would establish His kingdom only by conflict with the portion of the people whose minds were alienated from God? Even though he speaks here of redemption in its widest extent, *τοῦ κόσμου*, this will not seem strange in the lips of one who had declared that God could raise up children to Himself from the stones that lay by Jordan. The position occupied by De Wette, and falsely grounded

on John xii. 34, that the times before the Christian era were entirely unacquainted with a suffering Messiah, cannot by any means be conceded. Numerous passages from the Rabbins attest the very opposite. It is true that the age of the Rabbinical authors, from whom these testimonies are adduced, is uncertain; but, supposing they all wrote after the birth of Christ, would this doctrine, so hateful to a carnal Judaism, be brought out at the very period when the Christians were everywhere proclaiming a crucified Messiah in that preaching which was unto the Jews a stumbling block? Would the Jews have taken refuge in the figment of a twofold Messiah—one a suffering, the other an exclusively glorious one,—if the doctrine of a suffering Messiah had not found confirmation in their ancient exegetical tradition? The opinion once defended, that the Baptist meant only to allude to the gentleness with which the innocent martyr bore the sinful treatment of the world, (*cf.* ἰχθῦν αἴρειν, 1 Macc. 13. 17,) need no longer be confuted, as it has been universally abandoned.'

It is very satisfactory to hear this; and it would be a pleasing task to show, at the proper time, how one after another the erroneous notions and glosses of Rationalism are passing away from the general staple of German exegesis. A word or two more, and we must leave the veteran professor of Halle. The following extract will show the danger of a rash speculative intrusion into the precincts of the 'light unapproachable.' We must somewhat condense a long paragraph, which will be found to pass from what is very instructive to what is very cautionary. Speaking of the doctrine of the Logos, Tholuck says:—

'The view widely embraced at the end of the last century, that the Logos in this place is only a personification of the Divine reason, as in the wisdom of Solomon, may be regarded at this day as superseded. It is now the problem of Theology to grasp the relation of this hypostasis to God, or rather *in* God. In place of the term ὑπόστασις, commonly employed in the East, the Western church used the term *persona*. Yet this term is not applied to the hypostasis of the Godhead in the same sense in which it is used of human individuals. The unsatisfactory character of the expression was felt in fact very strongly by Augustine, who says, *Tres—quid tres?* and elsewhere, *Personæ, si ita dicendæ sunt. Person*, applied to men, designates the human individual as an impress of the conception of the human species under an incommunicable modification of being in the single one. In *this* sense, the term cannot be applied to the Godhead; partly because Godhead is not a conception of a species, but exists once only, and partly because the same essence belongs to all the persons, and the formula of the church runs, *Una essentia in tribus personis.*'

So far all is well. Beyond this, exposition seems to us to

have no vocation or function. Further speculation should be left with the Schoolmen; or, if we must have it,—and at any rate the Germans must,—it should be reserved for philosophical theology, or dogmatical divinity. How much out of place it is in exegesis what follows show:—

'The persons then of the Godhead are *real distinctions, having a necessary basis in the essence of the Godhead, and at the same time are relations.* God has knowledge of Himself in a triple action of self-consciousness; He knows Himself as subject, as object, and at the same time as the identical in subject and object. As an analogy, the human spirit may be referred to in its self-distinguishing as *thinker*, and as *thought*, and as *act of thinking*. God as object of Himself is the *Word*, for in the Word (that is, regarded as an internal thing) the spirit becomes objective to itself. The Word is distinct from Him, and at the same time the distinction is taken away; for God would not have perfectly rendered Himself objective, had not (so to speak) His thought of Himself been as great and as substantive as He is. As He now contemplates Himself in the Word, He beholds the fulness of His own essence, and in this the archetypes of the world. In the Word lies the *κόσμος νοητός* (the world of idea), and so far the counterpart of God.—As the abstract One He would be without love; for it pertains to the notion of love to find oneself in *another*. This love has reference also eternally to the world; yet not to the world in its *actually entering into existence*, but as it is rendered objective to Him in the Word, in His own essence.—In virtue of His love, it attains an existence for itself, becomes realised in the *κόσμος αἰσθητός*; the creation of the world ensues.'

Were there much danger of our readers being fascinated by this style of speculation, we should take pains to warn them—especially our younger theologians—against what must prove only a delusion and a snare. A delusion: for, the object aimed at, and which may seem to be attained, is *not* attained. The internal relations of the Holy Trinity are not brought a whit nearer the apprehension of reason. We do not despise the ambition of a reverent spirit to think out this mighty theorem: that very ambition is a strong evidence of the soul's origin, and a strong anticipation of its future destiny. Nor can we deny that the faculties are braced by such encounters with speculative mystery; and that sometimes they are rewarded by glimmerings of what will be known one day to be true. But let not any one think that by apprehending the terms of a formula he has made the Trinity as such a more clear conception of his mind. And it is a snare: for, the boundaries between truth and error which the words of Scripture sufficiently define, or which the creeds of the church have fixed in words founded upon them, are apt to fade away in metaphysical speculation. It is an easy

thing for a believer in the Trinity unconsciously to think himself into a Tritheist or a Sabellian; and it is not always that the heresy remains an unconscious one.—But there are other works to which we shall have to refer, which will furnish a more full exhibition of this unwitting treachery of reason against faith, and supply more definite illustrations of its working.

It is only just to say that when our expositor returns to his text, his doctrine of the Trinity is perfectly sound. Were it not so, he would lack the very first qualification for the interpretation of St. John, whose Gospel is the Gospel of the Triune God, withdrawing at the commencement the last folds of the veil which his predecessors may have left round the Divinity of Christ, and heralding at the close, as no other Evangelist had heralded, the coming of a third Divine Person, one in the Unity of the Father and the Son, but clearly and sharply distinguished from both. In those chapters in which the Redeemer declares Himself to be the Forerunner of One coming after Him, but *not* preferred before Him, *not* greater than He,—whose glory on the contrary would be the glorification of His Forerunner,—Dr. Tholuck may be safely trusted. We cannot, however, say the same on the doctrine of Inspiration. Turning to that crucial passage in which the Lord upholds the integrity of the letter of the Old Testament, we read: 'The argument is strengthened by the remark that the Scripture is confessedly, in all its constituent parts, incontestable. In this declaration of Christ there would certainly be a proof for the most rigid doctrine as to the nature of inspiration, did not, as the orthodox exegesis admits, the entire demonstration partake of the character of an accommodation, and an *argumentatio è concessis*.' But the very texture of the sentence disclaims this. Had the accommodation extended to these words, would not our Lord have inserted, as He elsewhere does, some intimation that this was the case? Did He not always maintain the distinction between the Word of God and the traditions of men? And is there any example of His citation of Scripture which lends the slightest sanction to such a view? Whither this interpretation must lead, Tholuck shows in a note which refers to Schweizer as 'acutely attempting to prove from John, and especially this passage, that Christ, in His citations from the Old Testament, consciously proceeded throughout on the principle of accommodation,'—a note, by the way, which contains no syllable of demur or refutation. A far gentler and better way of softening the passage—though to us far from satisfactory—is that of Olshausen: 'In order to strengthen the argument, and fasten it upon the hearers, Jesus adds, "And the Scripture cannot be

broken." The meaning of λυθῆναι is, in this instance, to be understood just as in Matt. v. 17, Gal. ii. 18: the Scripture, as the expressed will of the unchangeable God, is itself immutable and eternal.'

We turn with much satisfaction to the Commentary on the New Testament which is appearing under the editorship of Dr. Lange. This indefatigable labourer in the field of theology—who, besides being a very learned man, is also a very original one—has projected a commentary on a new plan, that of a kind of *Triplex Expositio*. It assigns the critical, the doctrinal, and the practical notes to three several classes, and thus seeks to avoid perplexity and facilitate reference. Such a method has its advantages and disadvantages; but the former, on the whole, predominate. It does not seem theoretically a desirable thing to parcel up the Scripture in so mechanical a manner; but the practical utility of the plan commends it, especially where a commentary is used simply as a book of reference. One obvious danger is that of falling into a piecemeal exposition, singling out the salient points for explanation, and conveniently passing over difficulties too formidable. This has been a blot in English exposition; one from which some otherwise admirable works are not free. But it is a fault with which our German neighbours have never been fairly chargeable: right or wrong, vague or clear, transcendental or commonplace, they always have a view; and never are known to falter before a difficulty. These volumes will not be found wanting in this respect. We have consulted them on many obscurer passages, and have never been disappointed of some kind of solution: of what kind we must leave the reader to find out. If space allowed, it would be easy to quote or refer to many very striking elucidations of difficult points, and not a few very beautiful and terse expositions, such as the following on Matt. iii.

'In the passive baptism of Jesus (that by John) we have the first glimmer of a distinct revelation of the doctrine of the Trinity. It brightens into full glory at the active baptism of Jesus, or the institution of holy baptism in Matt. xxviii., which is in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The connexion between the two events is manifest.

'The doctrine of the Trinity, ample indications of which occur in the Old Testament, opens up with the commencement of the Gospel history, in which the miraculous conception of Jesus is announced. This truth is further unfolded in the narrative before us: from which we also infer that what is called the Trinity of revelation depends on that of essence. For, the relation between the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, as here revealed, is pre-eminently that of nature or

essence (entological); while afterwards, in Matt. xxviii. 19, it appears more especially as a relation of manifestation or of revelation.'

Another peculiarity of this Commentary is the abundant harvest of homiletical hints with which the author has laden his pages: hints derived from all the most spiritual writers of Germany. It may be supposed that such a mass of practical reflections, gathered from innumerable sources, will contain a good deal of very questionable matter. It might indeed be sifted to about half the quantity with advantage to the work. One purpose, however, it serves as it is: to show how large a number of devout men, writing in a Christian spirit, are to be found in modern Germany.

The great criterion of a commentary that may be recommended, even as in the present case, for mere consultation, is the inspiration-principle on which it is based. We will therefore extract from the elaborate Introduction the following statement of Dr. Lange,—valuable as one of the latest German deliverances on this subject.

'If theologians formerly overlooked the human individuality in the composition of Scripture, the Rationalists went to the opposite and more dangerous extreme of denying the Divine character of Scripture altogether, or at least of confining the Divine element to the operation of mere reason, as to special Providence, or to moral elevation on the part of the writers. But, in order properly to understand the Scriptures, it is absolutely necessary to keep in mind that inspiration implies the presence and sway of the Spirit of God in the writer, whereby he becomes the organ of the Spirit. The motive power (*impulsus*), the communication or the contents (*suggestio*), and the guidance towards the object aimed at (*directio*), are all equally of God. But this also implies that inspiration itself is subject to certain limitations or conditions. In other words, 1. The Bible, as inspired, is a religious book, and not an astronomical, geological, or scientific revelation. 2. It has gradually progressed from the incompleteness of the Old to the perfectness of the New Testament. 3. Christ, as God incarnate, and as the Word, is the grand centre of Divine revelation. 4. Inspiration must never be considered as the effect of a morbid state of body or mind on the part of the writers: all revelation is the result of direct spiritual influence upon the human mind by the personal and living God. It was this Spirit who also preserved the sacred writers from mistakes of any importance, and helped them to eschew alike false testimonies and human traditions. He it was who gave to their writings the impress of never-fading freshness, although He neither could nor would lead them to speak otherwise than in language conformable to the current popular ideas, and to the intellectual development of the period. We

are now prepared to answer that much-vexed question, Whether the Holy Scriptures are the Word of God itself, or whether the Word of God is in the Holy Scriptures? Viewing the Bible in its individual parts and sections, we reply, The Word of God is *in* the Bible. But, regarding it in its entirety as one great record, of which all the parts point to Christ and proceed from Christ, we have no hesitation in laying down this principle: Holy Writ, as it explains itself, and opens up from book to book and verse to verse, is the one and only Word of God.'

This manifesto would equally well suit the single volume which Dr. Keil has contributed to the Pentateuch, as an instalment of a series of commentaries on the Old Testament. A more orthodox, or more learned, or more simple-minded expositor for one of the greatest tasks of the age—a commentary on the Pentateuch—could not be desired. But there is something else necessary for its successful accomplishment, which Keil does not seem to possess: and that is a thorough acquaintance with modern science, and a just sympathy with its difficulties. This defect, and one or two more or less serious errors in the exposition, are all the deductions to be made from the value of a most elaborate volume, and a noble monument of sacred learning.

We naturally turn to the account of the Creation with some eagerness. Here Keil disappoints us by the reproduction of what we cannot but regard as antiquated notions which it is almost an affront to physical science to urge. Unfair and scornful as science has too often been in its aggression upon our biblical cosmogony, it should meet with nothing but dignified and courteous treatment on the part of the defenders of the Bible. Science, modern science, is a great reality; and chaotic as its materials may be in some branches, it has surely established some points which *seem* to come in conflict with the scriptural account of the sequence of the creative acts. It is of very great importance that the expositor of the Book of Genesis should have a thorough training in physical science. Where he cannot speak with perfect confidence, he should be content with the negative position, and demand time. It would be no unfair request, for instance, to ask Geology—after having kept the world waiting for its first lessons so many ages—to have a little patience in her turn, and not to spoil the charm of her vigorous youth by 'swelling words of vanity.' But if the biblical champion attempts to meet modern geology with the weapons furnished by ancient geology, the result can hardly be any other than needlessly to prejudice opponents whom he ought to conciliate, or alienate honest lovers of the

Bible, who steadfastly believe in the coming reconciliation, and expect to find it at the hands of their guides.

While, therefore, we exceedingly admire the vigour displayed by this commentator in the vindication of the historical character of the Mosaic account, and admit that some points are put in a new and convincing light, we cannot but think that he rashly hazards a great deal by rejecting at once all the conclusions of science as to the 'gradual development of the world from its first chaotic condition into a fit abode for man;' by striving to throw discredit upon the regularity and sequence of the formations, affirming, for instance, that 'in not a few instances the order is reversed, crystalline primary rocks lying upon transitional, stratified, and tertiary formations' (granite, syenite, gneiss, &c., above both Jura-limestone and chalk!); and by attempting to establish that 'all the fossil plants and animals can be arranged in the orders and classes of the existing *flora* and *fauna*.' The writer frankly declares that all considerations which make interpretation dependent upon physical science are irrelevant, because creation belongs to the sphere of faith alone, (Heb. xi. 3,) and untimely, because geology is in a state of chaotic fermentation, the issue of which we cannot foresee. There is not much force in this. We believe that by the Divine appointment science will prove an essential ally of interpretation; and that the 'faith' which receives the record need not disdain in this, as in any other region, the aid of reason presiding over scientific induction. Moreover, the writer is not consistent; his own interpretation is dependent on a certain kind of science, of which there is an elaborate show in his pages; but then it is not in all points sound science.

We have not space enough for the full illustration of our complaint. The tone of the whole, rather than the quality of individual passages, excites our distrust,—to call it by no stronger name. But a few sentences bearing on the Creation and the Flood will show the kind of looseness to which we refer:—

'The first thing created by the Divine word was *light*, the elementary light, or light-material, in distinction from the *lights*, or light-bearers, bodies of light, as the sun, moon, and stars, created on the fourth day, are called. It is now a generally accepted truth of natural science, that the light does not spring from the sun and stars, but that the sun itself is a dark body, and the light proceeds from an atmosphere which surrounds it. The creation of light, however, was no annihilation of darkness, no transformation of the dark material of the world into pure light, but a separation of the light from the primary matter, a separation which established and determined that interchange of light and darkness which produces the

distinction between day and night.—It is true the morning and evening of the first three days were not produced by the rising and setting of the sun, since the sun was not yet created; but the constantly recurring interchange of light and darkness, which produced day and night upon the earth, cannot for a moment be understood as denoting that the light called forth from the darkness of chaos returned to that darkness again, and thus periodically burst forth and disappeared. The only way in which we can represent it to ourselves is by supposing that the light called forth by the creative mandate, *Let there be*, was separated from the dark mass of the earth, and concentrated outside or above the globe, so that the interchange of light and darkness took place as soon as the dark chaotic mass began to rotate, and to assume in the process of creation the form of a spherical body.'

After maintaining that the creation of all the heavenly bodies was completed on the fourth day, just as the creative formation of our globe was finished on the third, and that their creation proceeded simultaneously, and probably by similar stages, with that of the earth, 'so that the heaven with its stars was completed on the fourth day,' the author appends to his exposition of that day the following unscientific note:—

'Most of the objections to the historical character of our account, which have been founded upon the work of the fourth day, rest upon a misconception of the proper point of view from which it should be studied. And, in addition to that, the conjectures of astronomers as to the immeasurable distance of most of the fixed stars, and the time which a ray of light would require to reach the earth, are accepted as indisputable mathematical proof; whereas these approximate estimates of distance rest upon the unsubstantial supposition, that everything which has been ascertained as to the nature and motion of light in our solar system must be equally true of the light of the fixed stars.'

Nor will the exposition of the Flood very materially help Englishmen to meet the pertinacious arguments which have made so many doubt the universality of its local *extent*. The following extract (with its note referring to Buckland and Cuvier) will,—lingering as it does so impotently behind the age,—probably do more harm than good to the cause of truth.

'The few peaks uncovered would not only sink into vanishing points, but would form an exception not worth naming, for the simple reason that no living beings could exist upon these mountains, covered with perpetual snow and ice; so that *everything that lived upon the dry land, in whose nostrils there was a breath of life*, would inevitably die. However impossible therefore scientific men

may declare it to be for them to conceive of a universal flood of such a height and duration in accordance with the known laws of nature, this inability on their part does not justify any one in questioning the possibility of such an event being produced by the omnipotence of God. It has been justly remarked, too, that the proportion of such a quantity of water to the entire mass of the earth, in relation to which the mountains are but like the scratches of a needle on a globe, is no greater than that of a profuse perspiration to the body of a man. And to this must be added that, apart from the legend of a flood, which is found in nearly every nation, the earth presents unquestionable traces of submersion in the fossil remains of animals and plants, which are found upon the Cordilleras and Himalaya even beyond the limit of perpetual snow.'

We must not omit some allusion to the author's interpretation of the first sacrifices of mankind. We have already mentioned the controversy now going on in the flying theological literature of Germany on the sacrificial idea of the Old Testament. The following extract will show that our commentator is striving to occupy a midway position between the low symbolic theory of Bähr and the high or orthodox one of Kurtz. We quote it, although at the risk of making our citations tedious, in order to give some readers who may need it a hint of the caution with which they must accompany this exposition into Leviticus.

'The reason for the different reception of the two offerings was the state of mind toward God with which they were brought, and which manifested itself in the selection of the gifts. Not, indeed, in the fact that Abel brought a bleeding sacrifice and Cain a bloodless one; for this difference arose from the difference in their callings, and each necessarily took his gift from the produce of his own occupation. It was rather in the fact that Abel offered the fattest firstlings of his flock, the best that he could bring; whilst Cain only brought a portion of the fruit of the ground, but not the first-fruits. By this choice Abel brought πλείονα θυσίαν παρὰ Κάϊν, and manifested that disposition which is designated faith (πίστις) in Heb. xi. 4. The sacrifices offered by Adam's sons, and that not in consequence of a Divine command, but from the free impulse of their nature as determined by God, were the first sacrifices of the human race. The origin of sacrifices, therefore, is neither to be traced to a positive command, nor to be regarded as a human invention.'

In conformity with this, Dr. Keil supposes that sacrifices, which were not offered until after the Fall, were designed to satisfy the soul's yearning for the restoration of fellowship with God. There was no command to render it compulsory; and Abel and Cain obeyed the instincts of their heart, each after his own disposition. Abel's thanks came from the

depth of his heart; and were accepted. Cain offered his merely to keep on good terms with God; he did not bring the first-fruits; and therefore his gifts were not accepted. Keil thinks that Adam's sons did not offer their sacrifices with any thought concerning the forgiveness of their sins: there is no mention of expiation; and the notion of Abel's having confessed, by slaughtering the animal, that he deserved death on account of sin, is transferred to this passage from the expiatory sacrifices of the Levitical law. These offerings, however, he holds to have been not only thank-offerings but supplicatory sacrifices also, and, in the wider sense of the word, (but what that sense is he does not say,) propitiatory too. He further thinks—but we cannot understand his meaning—that the desire of the worshipper to secure afresh the favour of God by the dedication of the best of his possessions contained the germ of that substitutionary meaning of sacrifice which was afterwards expanded, with the deepening of the sense of sin, into a desire for forgiveness, and thus led to the development of the idea of expiatory sacrifice. Hence the next verse, containing that second awful colloquy of God with man, is translated, *But if thou art not good, sin lieth before the door, and its desire is to thee; but thou shouldst rule over it:* sin being personified as a wild beast, lurking at the door of the human heart. But surely sin was already within the dwelling, and already master. *Something* lay without, the virtue of which might have expelled that sin; something that we believe the world felt its need of even in the persons of its first delinquents, and something that God never suffered the world to lack. According to the view of Keil and Hengstenberg man's typical and symbolical atonement never began till midway between the Fall and Redemption. We, however, are otherwise persuaded, and must believe that atoning vicarious sacrifice lay at the very door of Paradise, ready for the first footfall of the banished sinners.

But it is far more agreeable to note the excellencies of this volume than to dwell on its defects. We have referred to the only failures we have noted: all else is thorough, and thoroughly satisfactory. Its Introduction to the Pentateuch is perhaps scarcely full enough, considering the immense body of hostile criticism recently directed against the writings of Moses. But it briefly touches every point. The Introduction to Genesis is exceedingly instructive. Its analytical exposition of the text is good, and always conducted with strict deference to the latest Hebrew grammatical criticism. The translation of the text is generally, though not always, such as commends itself to our judgment. Some of its discussions are very mas-

terly. We may mention three: on the names Elohim and Jehovah; on the sons of God and daughters of men; and on the Angel Jehovah. The strange fancy that the 'Sons of God' were angels is thoroughly sifted and denounced, though defended by many very great names.

The controversy as to the Angel of the Lord has occupied a large space—but by no means too large a space—in recent German theology. On this vital question of Christology Keil's is the only sound doctrine; and he has exhibited the grounds of it in an eminently concise and interesting form. The old Jewish theology had a singular presentiment of the truth in its *Metatron*, the Angel Jehovah being the Shekinah, the Mediator between God and the world. The early church, with a sure instinct, regarded Him as the Logos, the second person of the Trinity. Following Augustine and Jerome, a great number of the earlier divines, Romish and Protestant, held him to be a created angel. This view has been strenuously defended by several eminent German divines now living; but the vindication of the oldest and most correct doctrine is complete. Our last quotation shall fittingly be a tribute to Him whose presence in the Old Testament was the glorious anticipation of His incarnation in the New.

'But although there was no essential difference, but only a formal one, between the appearing of Jehovah and the appearing of the Angel of Jehovah, the distinction between Jehovah and the Angel of Jehovah points to a distinction in the Divine nature to which even the Old Testament contains several obvious allusions. On the strength of these impressions, He in whom Jehovah manifested Himself to His people as a Saviour is called in Isa. lxiii. 9, "the Angel of His face," and all the guidance and protection of Israel are ascribed to Him. In accordance with this, Malachi, the last prophet of the Old Testament, proclaims to the people waiting for the manifestation of Jehovah, that is to say, for the appearance of the Messiah predicted by former prophets, that the Lord (הָאָדוֹן *i.e.*, God), the Angel of the Covenant, will come to His temple. The "Angel of the Covenant," or "Angel of the face," has appeared in Christ. The Angel of Jehovah, therefore, was no other than the Logos, which not only "was with God," but "was God," and in Jesus Christ was "made flesh" and "came unto His own;" the only-begotten Son of God, who was *sent* by the Father into the world, who, though one with the Father, prayed to the Father (John xvii.), and who is even called "the Apostle," ὁ ἀπόστολος. (Heb. iii. 1). From all this it is sufficiently obvious, that neither the title Angel or Messenger of Jehovah, nor the fact that the Angel of Jehovah prayed to Jehovah Sabaoth, furnishes any evidence against His essential unity with Jehovah. That which is unfolded with perfect clearness in the

New Testament through the incarnation of the Son of God, was still veiled in the Old Testament according to the wisdom apparent in the Divine training. The difference between Jehovah and the Angel of Jehovah is generally hidden behind the unity of the two, and for the most part Jehovah is referred to as He who chose Israel as His nation and kingdom, and who would reveal Himself at some future time to His people in all His glory; so that in the New Testament nearly all the manifestations of Jehovah under the Old Covenant are referred to Christ, and regarded as fulfilled in Him.'

The *Life of Christ*, by Dr. Lange, and *The Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*, by Dr. Dorner, we have space for the present only to characterise in a very general manner. They are emphatically great works: works which might each of them be the worthy contribution of a life to Christian theology, and which will be studied when the attacks upon the Faith that gave them birth shall be forgotten. They are in a certain sense counterparts of each other. Both rest upon one common principle—the development of revealed truth concerning the Person of the Redeemer, as the foundation of all theology. Lange traces it with a skilful hand through the Gospel narratives of our Saviour's life; and Dorner with an equally skilful hand through the ages of ecclesiastical history. Lange's work is an attempt to interpret the Lord's own testimony to Himself; Dorner's great scheme is to show the fluctuations of Christian opinion as it from age to age gradually but surely 'swayed level' to the truth.

Of Dr. Dorner's we hope to speak more fully in an early number. Of Lange's also—the translation of which is yet incomplete, the best part, in fact, yet to come—we shall form a better estimate when it lies complete before us. Suffice for the present to say that, apart from its elaborate and rather transcendental preliminary matter, it is a thorough introduction to the Gospels and commentary upon them. That earlier part cannot be understood without a previous training in German philosophy and its peculiar vocabulary: indeed, some of it is out of harmony with English thought altogether. The value of the work will be found in its rich, flowing, original, and suggestive exposition. But it is an exposition which must be cautiously read, especially in all those sections that expound the miracles, in which we think the notion of an *ideal humanity* has a tendency to displace the sounder view of the one Divine-human Person working all in all. It would be a profitable task, although a wearisome one, to trace the exquisitely subtle influence of a theoretical error like this through the whole commentary.

But we must forbear: guarding our readers, however, against the notion that any heresy, known to man or named in the creeds, is to be found in these volumes. They are true to the Truth; and the mistakes of interpretation which will be detected—such as that on the first miracle at Cana, the devils in the swine, and the question of demoniac influence generally—are due rather to some fantastic psychological theory than to any unfaithfulness to the teaching of Scripture. Taking the work as a commentary, and reading with vigilance slightly tinctured with suspicion those portions into which speculation enters, the reader will not consult Lange without being interested always, and very often profited. But let not his book, or the book of any other man, be taken as a *Life of Christ*. Let that title be tacitly disowned: it is one which—we speak from our instinct, and can hardly give our reasons—has no right in Christian literature.

We cannot but advert, in conclusion, to the fact that by far the greater part of the works which we receive from German theology are expositions of Holy Scripture. And this is an index of the fact that in Germany, as in England, and indeed throughout Protestant Christendom, the interpretation of the Word of God is becoming the supreme labour of Christian learning. Never, since the canon was completed, was there a time when so much holy industry was expended upon the Bible. Monographs on isolated sections; expositions of individual books; commentaries on the writings of the several biblical authors; 'Bible-works,' combining the labours of many men in the vast enterprise of editing the whole Scriptures;—are issued in numbers of which former ages furnish no parallel. And the several countries, languages, and literatures of Christendom, seem to be engaged in a sacred rivalry in this field: all seem actuated by one simultaneous influence, to bend their best energies upon the illustration of the one and only Book. There is hardly a Christian community, in Great Britain, America, or the Continent of Europe, which is not, over and above its contributions of detached expositions, projecting and issuing its own elaborate commentary on the whole Scripture.

In all this we see the Hand and Purpose of the Holy Spirit. It is He who is inspiring and regulating this great impulse. It is He who is teaching His servants that the noblest consecration of their learning is the interpretation of His word; that the best way to unfold to the people the doctrines of Christianity is to unfold them out of the Scriptures; that the treasures of every age, in criticism, science, and history, are only

thus to be made tributary to the Book of all ages; and that the most effectual method of defending the Bible against the attacks of open and disguised infidelity, is honestly, reverently, and believingly to search it with all the lights of criticism and science, always under the guidance of the Greater Light that shines for ever on its pages. Nor do we scruple to avow our conviction that it is He who directs the combination of many labourers in this work. The exposition of the Bible as a whole, with all its infinite variety and depth, is a task beyond the faculties of any one man. That task has indeed been often attempted by individual men; and almost every community, east and west, has its well-known expositor of the Scriptures. But there is no instance extant of anything approaching to success. Finally, it is He who is inspiring that catholicity of sentiment which is beginning to reign among evangelical churches, and which is ever more and more tending to make home and foreign one in the building up of a catholic library of expository divinity.

In such a library, German Protestant exposition occupies a conspicuous shelf: not indeed the highest, but certainly not the lowest, in importance. It is a shelf abounding in contributions of that which others lack: this must be admitted by those who have least sympathy with its labours. They who value those labours most, and have most profited by them, are free in their turn to confess that it is a shelf which in every volume more or less needs the supplement and correction of the rest.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of Andrew Reed, D.D. With Selections from his Journals. Edited by his Sons, Andrew Reed, B.A., and Charles Reed, F.S.A. London: Strahan. 1863.

We are almost disposed to quarrel with the editors of these Memoirs for their 'rigid determination' to limit them to a single volume. Many volumes might fairly have been given to the portraiture which they have undertaken. Dr. Reed was no ordinary man. He lived many lives in one, and acquired a distinction in several spheres of labour, which few men attain in the single sphere to which they devote themselves. Eminent as a Christian minister, he was no less distinguished as a public benefactor; and while he has left among the hearts and lives of men the imperishable record of his fidelity and zeal, he has left, too, some noble monuments of his sympathy with helplessness and sorrow. In the words of the very appropriate motto which his sons have chosen for these Memoirs, his was 'a life with deeds to crown it.'

He was born near Temple Bar, in a quaint old house, built in the reign of Edward the Sixth. His father was a watchmaker, a godly man, who, in after years, being freed by the industry of his noble wife from the necessity of following his trade, became a sort of lay evangelist; and for twenty years pursued a course of gratuitous labour among the neglected poor. The son followed his father's trade, and gave himself to it with the energy which distinguished him in other spheres in after life. Some watches which prove that he was no unskilful workman are yet lovingly preserved by his children. When he was eighteen years of age, the young artisan became a member of the Congregational Church at the New Road, East London; and soon afterwards, with the idea of preparing himself for the ministry, gave up business. He joined a number of young men, who called themselves 'The Society of Contending Brethren;' and some of the papers which he read before this strangely entitled company bear witness not only to his early mental maturity, but to an intellectual ambition of a very high order. 'Instinct and Reason,' 'The Origin of Moral Evil,' 'The Cherubim,' 'The Iniquities of Fathers imputed to Children,' and other subjects of kindred character, were the themes of the young aspirant's thought.

Having attracted the notice of the Rev. Matthew Wilkes, he was introduced by that eccentric but kind-hearted man to the authorities of the Hackney College; and was shortly afterwards enrolled as a student. A very flattering offer of education at Cambridge was made to him by a gentleman who discerned in him the promise of future distinction. After serious consideration, the young student decided to abide by the principles of Nonconformity. When he had completed his course of study, he received invitations from many churches. His friend Mr. Wilkes urged him to become one of the ministers of the Tabernacle. He was invited to accept the pastorate of a church at Cheltenham, of which he wrote, when supplying there: 'My hearers are people of title, my curate resembles one of the creatures in Bond Street, my door-keepers are powdered esquires; and my pulpit Bible is inlaid with morocco, and embellished with gold ornaments; indeed, the parson appears the meanest part of the affair.' Many other towns made application for the services of the promising young minister. But he decided in favour of the New Road Chapel, where he first gave himself to God and His people. This was a disinterested choice; for the pastor's salary was very small, and the number of church-members only sixty. Over this church of his youth, which, in the twentieth year of his pastorate, removed to Wycliffe Chapel, he presided with great wisdom and success for fifty years. The number of members rose to considerably above a thousand, and every interest of the church flourished in proportion. The memorial tablet in Wycliffe Chapel bears the witness of his people that, 'as a minister, he preached Christ crucified; and, following closely in the footsteps of the Saviour, he lived, laboured, and prayed for the salvation of his hearers, and was signally honoured as an instrument in turning many to righteousness.'

Distinguished as a minister, and of no mean reputation as an author, Dr. Reed is better known by his labours as a philanthropist. From an early period, his sympathies seem to have been drawn out towards the orphan: and the account of Whitefield's Orphan Home in Georgia first 'incited him to think of doing something beyond what had been attempted in this country.' His first efforts were attended with discouragement; the public meeting which he called was composed of some sixty or seventy persons; the sum of but sixty-six pounds was collected. But that night he wrote in his diary: *What! despond with the Cross before you!* And underneath he sketched a cross, around which was traced the motto: *Nil desperandum!* This was ever afterwards the legend of his crest, a fitting legend for his indomitable life. By and by the patronage of royalty was secured, the Duke of Kent became a subscriber, London was scoured for money, a site was obtained for the projected building, the foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of York, and ultimately the London Orphan Asylum, with accommodation for three hundred inmates, and at a cost of £25,000, was opened by the Duke of Cambridge.

Scarcely had this project been completed when he started another, an Infant Orphan Asylum. He had at first hoped that the basis of the other Asylum could be extended so as to embrace the whole range of orphanhood. But as his colleagues in the directorate did not concur with him, he projected a second Institution, for the benefit of infant orphans. Among the first subscribers were the widowed Duchess of Kent, and 'her little orphan daughter, Victoria.' The small scale upon which the Institution commenced was gradually enlarged; and a site having been at length obtained at Wanstead, the first stone of the beautiful building now known as the Infant Orphan Asylum was laid by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, in 1841. The cost of this splendid Institution, which provides for six hundred infants, was £40,000.

Shortly before the new Asylum was opened, Dr. Reed was compelled by conscientious scruples to withdraw from the board of management. The majority of the board were in favour of the compulsory use of the Church Catechism in the education of the orphans. With this decision the Doctor had no sympathy. He felt that he must make some provision for the children of Nonconformists. The sacrifice was terrible; it cost him many a pang to retire from an Institution, which he regarded with an almost paternal fondness. But the die was cast, and he at once published an appeal for an Asylum for Fatherless Children. So well did he work, that in 1858 the very elegant building at Reedham, so called in honour of Dr. Reed, was opened by Lord Carlisle. It will accommodate three hundred inmates, and cost £22,320.

An ordinary man would now have been satisfied. But Dr. Reed had by no means exhausted his philanthropic schemes. In 1840, he wrote: 'I think, from the observation I have made, that an Asylum is greatly wanted for indigent idiots. Inquiry must be made; and, if needful, action must follow.' He forthwith went abroad on a tour of inspection; and in 1847 a beginning was made. A house was taken on Highgate Hill; but this was soon too strait. Essex Hall, near Colchester, was then purchased. This, too, was not adequate; and Dr. Reed spared no labour until the magnificent Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood was opened by the Prince Consort. Five hundred idiots can be maintained at this Institution, the cost of which was £30,000. But even this provision did not meet the case; and at the earnest suggestion of the indefatigable philanthropist, Essex Hall was purchased by the gentry of the neighbourhood, as an Eastern Counties' Idiot Asylum. Yet another idea had lodged in the Doctor's mind. In Paris, he had noted a building bearing the inscription: *L'Hôpital des Incurables*. This was an inspiration. He at once threw himself into a scheme for providing a home for incurables. A temporary building was secured at Putney, in 1857; and arrangements were made for building the Hospital, which is now in process of erection at Coulsden. Before he could see the completion of his last enterprise, he was called to rest from his labours. From a record found after his death, it

appears that he alone contributed no less than £4,540 to the Institutions, for the erection of which he worked so hard.

These gigantic labours were but the supplement of his work as a Christian pastor. Nor were they his only supplementary labours. He was the founder of a Grammar School at Hackney. He also instituted the East London Savings' Bank. He completed a Congregational Hymn Book, enriching it with many of his own compositions. He threw himself with great vigour into all political questions which had any relation to popular education, social reform, and religious liberty. He was one of the honorary Secretaries of the Colonial Missionary Society. He published many pamphlets and some substantial volumes. And yet he discharged the duties of his pastorate with unwearied industry, rarely absenting himself from the weekly lecture, invariably declining all Sabbath engagements away from home, and literally spending the Sunday in his chapel; 'for, from nine in the morning till nine at night, he remained within the walls of the sanctuary.' Some might naturally suspect that incessant secular engagements, the study of architectural details, the planning of dietaries and systems of discipline, the financial raids which he made upon the liberal, and the general drudgery to which he gave himself, might lessen the tone of his spirituality and the power of his ministry. His diaries, full of deep religious feeling, attest the genuineness and intensity of his religious life; and the annals of Wycliffe chapel bear witness to the devotedness and success of his ministry. The church, which, at the beginning of his pastorate, could muster but sixty members, numbered, at the close of it, no less than 'one hundred and twenty persons capable of taking a leading part in free public prayer.' As many as seventy-one persons were received into fellowship at one time.

We close the Memoirs with regret. They are admirably compiled. The subject of them is left to tell his own tale. In the presence of soul-stirring records of energy and benevolence, one forgets all party questions, and sees only a man devoting life to God and His church. And he must be insensate indeed, who can read such a story as this, without being inspired to attempt something on a grander scale for the good of his fellows, and the glory of his God.

Autobiography, Correspondence, &c., of Lyman Beecher, D.D. Edited by his Son, Charles Beecher. With Illustrations. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low. 1863.

It was a favourite idea with the late Dr. Beecher, to write a history of his own life and times. More than once he made a beginning; but the demands upon his time, and a certain 'lust of finishing' that would not allow him to give hasty publication to his thoughts, prevented the fulfilment of the scheme. On the verge of three-score

years and ten, he called his children to his aid. To them he dictated the recollections of life,—his memory being stimulated by their questions on points of interest. The work which they had undertaken thus grew gradually into 'a conversational history by Dr. Beecher and his children.' This will account for the somewhat peculiar style in which it is cast. Abruptness, an occasional desultoriness, and a general disjointedness in the narrative may thus be pardoned. The book has an interest above its style, and above the illustrious names which are associated with its compilation. It is the record of a life, the like of which was not unusual in the early days of American independence, but is now for ever impossible.

The ancestors of Lyman Beecher went over from England to New Haven in 1638, some eighteen years after the visit of the 'Mayflower.' Their first Sabbath was kept under a large oak, spreading its branches over a plot of ground assigned to the Beecher family. The text of the day was appropriate enough: 'Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.' Little is known of the immediate descendants of the first settlers. A tradition represents Dr. Beecher's great-grandfather as a man of great muscular strength; who was 'able to lift a barrel of cider, and drank out of the bung-hole.' The lifting of a barrel of cider seems to have been a favourite test of strength in those days. The grandfather and father of Dr. Beecher were both able to accomplish the feat; but in the glory of drinking out of the bung-hole, his great-grandfather stands alone. David Beecher, the father of Lyman, was a blacksmith, with considerable literary tastes. He courted the society of college-students and representatives of the Legislature, many of whom were boarders at his house. With a strong relish for fun, he was sadly troubled with hypochondria; the result, as his son thought, of dyspepsia, produced by generous living. He was married five times, and Lyman was the son of his third and best-beloved wife. She lived but two days after her son was born. The poor child very nearly shared the fate of his mother. He used to tell the story in his own quaint way: 'I was a seven months' child; and when the woman that attended on her saw what a puny thing I was, and that the mother could not live, she thought it useless to attempt to keep me alive. I was actually wrapped up and laid aside. But, after a while, one of the women thought she would look and see if I was living, and, finding I was, concluded to wash and dress me; saying, "It's a pity he had'nt died with his mother." So you see it was but by a hair's-breadth I got a foothold in this world.' But for this hair's-breadth escape, the popular pulpit of America would never have known Henry Ward Beecher, and the world would never have read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

He was brought up by his uncle, Lot Benton, a farmer, who wished his nephew to inherit his homestead and business. But Lyman was a clumsy farmer: he did not take to ploughing, especially as some of the fifteen acres over which he had to drive the team, were as 'steep as the roof of a house.' His uncle therefore

proposed to send him to college. The thing was settled; and after a preliminary 'fitting' of two years at school, he was entered at Yale. That famous college was then in a very primitive state. Dr. Beecher's account of it does not give one a very lofty idea of its character. 'As to apparatus, we had a great orrery, almost as big as the wheel of an ocean steamer.....It was made to revolve, but all was rusty; nobody ever started it. There was a four-foot telescope, all rusty; nobody ever looked through it, and, if they did, not to edification. There was an air-pump, so out of order, that a mouse under the receiver would live as long as Methuselah.' A short time after his entrance, the president died, and was succeeded by Dr. Dwight, who exerted an influence over the young student which never wore off in this world. His father found it difficult to maintain him at college; he therefore determined to do something for himself. The college butler having left some six weeks before the end of the year, Lyman took the butlery, and bought the stock for about three hundred dollars, which he borrowed. 'I went into it hot and heavy. One day I bought a lot of water-melons and cantelopes, and trundled them across the green in a wheel-barrow, in the face of the whole college. I sent to New York by an English parson, (a judge of the article,) and bought a hogshead of porter. It 's odd; but I can remember selling things to Moses Stuart, two classes below me.' The butlery was so profitable, that when all expenses were paid, notwithstanding bad debts to the amount of a hundred dollars, there was enough to pay the college charges and to buy a suit of clothes, with a balance of a hundred dollars to boot.

Yielding to strong convictions, of which he had been the subject from childhood, he joined the college church, and entered the Divinity School, under Dr. Dwight, as a candidate for the ministry. Shortly afterwards, he was installed as the pastor of the church at East Hampton, a parish near the south eastern extremity of Long Island. To this, his first sphere of labour, he led his bride, Roxana Foote; a lady whose after life showed the wisdom of his early choice. During their long and happy union, they had but one approach to a quarrel. 'Once, soon after we had moved into our new house, the two pigs did something that vexed me; I got angry and thrashed them. She came to the door and interposed The fire had 'nt got out. I said quickly, "Go along in!" She started, but had 'nt more than time to turn, before I was at her side, and threw my arms round her neck, and told her I was sorry.' The newly married pair had the honour of introducing the first carpet into East Hampton, and a very splendid thing it was. It was spun from a bale of cotton, and painted in oils, with a border round it, and bunches of flowers in the middle. To the homely folk of the parish it was a sort of stumbling-block: 'D'ye think,' said an old deacon who was scandalized by its gorgeous colourings, 'ye can have all that, *and heaven too?*'

Failing health, and the *res angusta domi*, induced him to leave East Hampton, and to settle at Litchfield, Connecticut. It was

here that he entered upon his famous temperance aggression. And here too he lost his invaluable wife. He was fortunate enough to meet with a second who seems to have been admirably adapted to her position, and to have won the affections of all his children. The remainder of the first volume is devoted to correspondence, and to some details of the life at Litchfield. Our limited space forbids further extracts at present. We hope to resume the subject on the appearance of the second volume, for which we look with no ordinary interest. Dr. Beecher was a man whose life deserved such a record as the filial piety of his children now offers to the public. We confidently predict for these Memoirs a wide popularity.

The Steam Locomotive as Revealed in the Bible: A Lecture delivered in Sheffield, at the Music Hall, on Tuesday, February 24th, 1863, by Tresham Dames Gregg, Chaplain of St. Nicholas Within, Dublin. Published by Request. London: Wertheim and Co. (The right of translation is reserved.)

The Rev. Tresham D. Gregg is exceedingly well known in Ireland. He is, perhaps, the most fiery public controversialist and orator in that fervid country. We need hardly add that his grand theme is the corruptions of Popery. According to fame, he is a really eloquent man, though his eloquence is too violent for educated English taste. He is also, as was to be expected, an interpreter of the darkest prophecies of Scripture. An intrepid interpreter we should expect him to be; but no one could have anticipated such daring originality as we find in this lecture. Henceforth Dr. Cumming must 'hide his diminished head.' The authors of *The Coming Struggle* and *The Last Vial*, who for a time eclipsed Dr. Cumming, have passed out of sight. But Mr. Gregg is now fairly in sight. His is such a 'startling novelty,' as the placards say, as no one could have hoped for even in this age of excitement.

A claim has often been made for the Bible which it does not make for itself, namely, that it is strictly and literally the fountain of all science. Mr. Gregg has gone still further, and sets up for it a claim to be the repertory of all arts. 'The mariner's compass,' he says, 'is in the Bible; gas is in the Bible; photography is in the Bible; telegraphy is in the Bible; but, above all, steam locomotion is in the Bible. Nay, and an actual and accurate description of the steam locomotive itself.' (P. 5.) Mr. Gregg only condescends to enlighten us on the last part of this assertion, and leaves us in the dark as to where we shall find gas, photography, the electric telegraph, and the mariner's compass. If he had said that the mariner's compass is in the *Book of Mormon*, he would have asserted what we know to be correct; and the fact that it is there described, (clumsily enough, we admit,) is one proof that the book which so describes it is of modern origin. The author *knew too much*, and betrayed his knowledge of

that and other things only known to mankind in times comparatively modern. We have heard, indeed, that, when pressed with such an argument, the Mormonites turn round and insist, as Mr. Gregg does, that the mariner's compass *is* referred to both in the Old and the New Testament. It was said to David, 'Fetch a compass behind them, and come upon them over against the mulberry trees.....And David did so.' (2 Sam. v. 23–25.) And the historian of the Acts, (xxviii. 13,) in describing St. Paul's voyage, says, 'From thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium.' But Mr. Gregg, as an educated man, will scarcely point us to these passages as proofs of his assertion.

Mr. Gregg is very eloquent; but the fervour and vivacity of his imagination is not equalled by the solidity and correctness of his judgment, as the reader will probably perceive in the sequel. Thus, in commenting on Daniel vii. 9, 'His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire: a fiery stream issued and came forth from before him,' he exclaims, 'How many infidels have laughed this passage to scorn!..... What has fiery flame to do with riding onward in a chariot? And what can we make of wheels of fire? So, doubtless, they talked thousands of years ago, and down to our own times; yet we have lived to *ride on thus ourselves*. *Our* horses are fire. Flaming fire, lashing as in fury round and round the chambers of a fiery furnace of brass, carries us forward, as we sit, like the fire-king of the Norse poets, enthroned upon a tempest of blazing whirlwind.' (P. 6.)

Yes, but neither we nor the Norse king are designated in the description, but 'the Ancient of Days;' and if we must needs assume that the prophet borrowed the figures in which he clothes the description, we should rather suppose that the burning wheels were suns, and the fiery stream a comet, or the glowing lava of some volcanic eruption, like that of Stromboli or Etna.

In like manner, Mr. Gregg, in commenting on Revelation i. 15, 'And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace,' overlooking the obvious allusion to the workman's furnace used in smelting or working brass, asks, 'Can we overlook the fact that the feet are the locomotive organs of man, and that we now have just fine brass as if heated in a furnace to carry us, as if it were by a seven-leagued boot process, from place to place?' Thus also on Revelation x. 1, 2, where John speaks of the angel: 'His feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book opened, and he set his right foot upon the sea and his left upon the earth.' 'These pillars of fire,' Mr. Gregg tells us, 'are the locomotives of the Church of this age. And where does this latter-day Church walk? Why, on land and sea. A pillar of fire brought me to Sheffield yesterday over the dry land, and a pillar of fire conveyed my old friend and former pupil, the Bishop of Honolulu, to the South Sea Islands.' (P. 7.)

Mr. Gregg admits that the passage, Nahum iii. 3, has a plain and obvious significancy when applied to ordinary atmospheric phenomena; but he thinks its beauty much enhanced by being regarded as a de-

scription of railway travelling: 'The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and a cloud is* the dust of His feet.'

We will give Mr. Gregg's version of Nahum ii. 3, 4, and his comment thereon, of which the reader may form his own judgment. 'The shield of his mighty men is red, the valiant men are in scarlet: the choice iron of his chariotry shall be in the fire in the day when he arms him, and their fir-timbers shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the passages: they shall run smoothly in the broad ways: they shall appear like torches: they shall run like lightning.' 'You cannot fail to see how beautifully descriptive this passage is of the steam locomotive—our fire-horse.' We have usually supposed this to be a prediction of Nineveh's overthrow. Was the prophet then mistaken in entitling it 'the burden of Nineveh?' But Mr. Gregg says, 'Were I at leisure to examine the context at length,' (we wish he had explained the first verse, which need not have taken long,) 'I could show you that it undoubtedly refers to these last days, and that the likelihood of allusion to England, the head of reformed Christendom, with her valiant men in scarlet, while she fights, as she should do, the battles of the Lord, is passing strange.'

In Psalm lxxvii. 18, 19, which, as the author admits, refers primarily to the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, he thinks there is a foreshadowing of the locomotive and electric telegraph, with their political consequences: 'The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook. Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.'

But Mr. Gregg's grand argument is reserved for the last; it is taken from the first chapter of Ezekiel. He sees in the glorious description of the four-faced cherubim a prediction of the railway train. 'I conclude,' he says, 'that the prophet saw, without understanding the matter beyond what a spectator of his age would, four steam locomotives, with a passenger-carriage attached to each, in vision; and the roof, as it were, stripped off these passenger-carriages, so that he could see the passengers seated within, as in vision. And that their eyes were brightly developed (bright and piercing); while the rest of their countenances and persons did not draw his attention. That he saw them simultaneously in movement, and, perhaps, (as where many lines branch off,) in different directions.' (Pp. 14, 15.) And after a paraphrase of the chapter, and a remarkably ingenious comment thereon, he adds, 'I unhesitatingly, then, submit to the learned world the theory that the cherubim of the first chapter of Ezekiel are the steam locomotives of these latter days.' (P. 17.)

In accordance with his theory, Mr. Gregg believes that in chapter iii. the machinery described is made subservient to the prophet's

* So the Hebrew reads, according to the extant copies; but the Seventy Greek Translators must have read it in the plural, and their version agrees with our English translation, 'clouds are.'

conveyance on his mission to the children of Israel in captivity. He renders this message: 'Go, get thee to them of the captivity, unto the children of thy people, and speak unto them, Thus saith the Lord God, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. Then the Spirit took me up, and I heard behind me the voice of a great rushing, (blessed be the glory of the Lord from His place!) also the noise of the wings of the living creatures, that touched one another, even the noise of the wheels over against them, even the noise of a great rushing,' &c.

Hitherto the author has gone on without let or impediment, and at express speed. But he does not get on quite so smoothly to his journey's end. He meets with a difficulty, and his mode of dealing with it proves it to be insuperable.

'It may, however, be objected,' he says, 'to our whole theory, that in chapter x. we have almost a repetition of chapter i., and yet that here the things "like living creatures" are called "cherubim," and are said to mount aloft into the air. (Verses 16, 19.)' We pass over his explanation of the word cherubim,* which appellative does not constitute the pith of the difficulty. But 'as to the second point,' he says, 'we are not to be moved from our strong arguments by the fact that the "resemblances of living creatures" are said to soar aloft.....The phase of the subject in the tenth chapter does not clash with that of the first, but simply enlarges the field of view, and compels us to contemplate a time *when the progress of improvement shall make us to have not merely terrestrial locomotives*, which seem to be spoken of in the first chapter, *but aërial ones also, as we should infer these to be which are spoken of in the tenth*.....I look forward with no slight confidence to such a development of the mechanical powers under consideration as shall be applicable to aërial movements also, on the part of loyal, obedient, and believing man.' (Pp. 10, 20.)

We wonder that Mr. Gregg did not refer to the balloons of Lunardi, Green, Glaisher, and Nadar, and to the fact that these gentlemen, by their aid, have traversed the fields of air; but the balloon would not conveniently answer to our author's description, although the car of M. Nadar was literally 'four-faced.' No, it must be by a development of the mechanical powers; for what the poet ironically and sarcastically foretells, Mr. Gregg soberly and confidently expects:—

> 'For ever since immortal man hath glow'd
> With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon
> Steam-engines will conduct us to the moon.'

It will scarcely be believed that Mr. Gregg, in confirmation of his theory, refers to Elijah, to whom, and to Elisha, there appeared 'a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them asunder; and

* Mr. Frith, in his picture of the *Railway Station*, has, without any reference to Mr. Gregg's theory, contrived to introduce a few cherubic forms—of children, and some seraphic ones—the ladies of the marriage-party.

Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven;' and also to Elisha in Dothan, when his servant was enabled to see 'the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire, round about Elisha.' We omit the comment of Mr. Gregg on these passages, by which he *fails* to maintain his locomotive-Bible-hypothesis; but we will remind him, in reference to the first of them, that in the New Testament Lazarus is described by our Lord as 'carried by the *angels* into Abraham's bosom,' and that St. Paul says, 'Are they not all *ministering spirits*, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' In illustration of the 'chariots and horses' in Dothan, we will mention, 'The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels.' (Psalm lxviii. 17.) 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' (Psalm xxxiv. 7.) 'And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him; and he said, This is God's host.'

> 'How oft do they their silver bowers leave
> To come and succour us who succour want!
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
> They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
> And all for love, and nothing for reward:
> O why should heavenly God to men show such regard?'
>
> *Faery Queen*, b. ii., c. viii., s. 69.

But Mr. Gregg not only contemplates a voyage through the air by means of mechanical apparatus; his expectations mount higher than even a journey to the moon. 'Why should we suppose it,' he says, 'to be absolutely impossible in our mundane system to unite planet to planet? If Elijah, a material man, a man of flesh and blood, went up to heaven in a divinely-constructed chariot or locomotive, why should we not be, by the Divine Goodness, at last enabled to construct locomotives that would connect the earth with the other planets? In one of my sermons I was led to remark, that if at any time man should be enabled to nullify by any process the attraction of gravity, all this would be possible; and in another work of mine I pointed out the way whereby, beyond any question, the powers of man might be indefinitely enhanced.' (P. 21.)

This passage is not the only proof which the pamphlet affords that the author, in his enthusiasm for mechanical discovery, constantly confounds the supernatural with the natural, the miraculous with the ordinary; so that the exceptions, instead of proving the rule, are to reverse it. What has been in some rare instances and for special purposes accomplished by the immediate exercise of Divine power, is to be emulated and surpassed by human skill and scientific discovery. The translation of Elijah may have been a pledge of our immortality; and the resurrection and ascension of Christ is, we know, a pledge that the faithful dead shall be raised, and the living faithful shall be changed. But Mr. Gregg is absurd enough to think, that by the progress of scientific and mechanical discovery *we* shall by

and by be able 'to raise the dead generally,' and 'to construct locomotives that will connect the earth with the other planets.' This dire confusion of things natural and things miraculous is indeed astonishing; and therefore well may Mr. Gregg say, 'It astonished my talented opponent, Father Maguire, whom "I hewed in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal," when I claimed true miracles for the Church of Christ, and enumerated just these discoveries as such..... And now, mark you, we have not arrived at half the length which we are intended to reach in deeds of Christian power. We make the lightning our messenger; we measure and sell light by the gallon and square foot; our whisper reaches St. Petersburg; and we send our morning compliments to Mesopotamia. "But greater works than these shall we do." He will teach us how to raise the dead generally, as he has already taught us how to recover the drowned. "We shall be able to do all things, because He hath gone to the Father."'

Mr. Gregg's egotism is most amusing, and reminds us of another clergyman whom we could name, of whom it is said that the provincial typographer who printed his autobiography had to send to London for an extra supply of the letter 'I.' We can only afford space for a short extract in illustration; and as many of our readers have probably never heard of Mr. Gregg's exploits, we shall be doing him a service in thus making them known more extensively.

'I owe much to England, much to Sheffield. While here, my views became known to many. Here I published the *Witness*, in which I argued from week to week almost every question of social philosophy. In that work I propounded a new theory of polemical conduct. That very principle I afterwards applied to practice, and thereby hewed to pieces the greatest modern champion of the Church of Rome. I became the leader of the Protestants of Dublin and Ireland. I turned six members of Parliament out of their seats, which I filled with loyal men, devoted to the constitution and the throne. I published two large volumes of sermons: one with an appendix "on the Apostolic and Evangelical Characteristics of the Church," and the other with one on "A System of Scriptural Philosophy,"—that I believe will be ultimately adopted by the whole world. I published a new system of Moral Philosophy, that will, I believe, be ultimately the rule of human conduct to the whole world.' (Is this a new Bible or another Gospel?) 'I published two tragedies, by which I made £400. I published a new "Methodisation of the Hebrew Verbs," which has gone through three editions, and is admitted to be the greatest simplification of the greatest difficulty of the sacred tongue that was ever given to the public. I was the proprietor and editor of a Dublin daily paper and a London weekly paper, *by which I lost* £2000. I published an essay on "Protestant Matters," by which I made £1200, and led to the revival of Convocation. I became the purchaser of a London chapel, *by which in six months I lost above* £1200. I was enabled, by the good hand of God upon me, to open and unseal the sealed mystery of Daniel.' ('Sealed till the time of the end,'—xii. 9;

so that the end *is come*, or Mr. Gregg has unsealed the mystery prematurely!) 'And God sent me to America, there to proclaim the wondrous fact that will revolutionise and regenerate the world. And now I have a memorial on the subject, prepared for presentation to the Convocation of Canterbury and of York, and which will in its results convert the Jews, overthrow Popery, reform the Church, and be the means through which, under God, my other exertions may come to good effect.' (Pp. 4, 5.)

From this extract it will be seen that Mr. Gregg's genius for speculation is great, and his disinterestedness equally so. Deducting his gain from his loss, the total amount sunk by him in enlightening, revolutionising, and regenerating the world, is £1600, —a small sum for such objects, but a large amount for a single clergyman to contribute. But Fortune and he have not yet closed accounts, and he expects that his present project will not only be of immense benefit to mankind at large, but also bring his other exertions to good effect. We can only hope 'that he may get it.' It is a pity that such talents and virtues should be hid under a bushel; and therefore, without waiting for the effect of his memorial on the Convocation, the Church, and the world at large, we have, as the reader sees, taken our humble share in the work of making them known.

The Collected Writings of Edward Irving. In Five Volumes. Edited by his Nephew, the Rev. G. Carlyle, M.A. Vol. I. London: Strahan and Co. 1864.

At a later stage we purpose to direct special attention to this new edition of Irving's works. Meantime we emphatically announce this first volume of the best writings of that 'bright particular star' among modern preachers before whom all the most richly gifted minds of the last generation were spell-bound and subdued. Much of Mr. Irving's pulpit oratory is among the grandest, the stateliest, and yet withal ofttimes the most pathetic, which our language knows; some of it is unapproachable in its prophet-like sublimity. The rich antique style is most musical. Irving and Spurgeon,—how absolute the contrast! yet each legitimately popular. The latter bids fair to be more happy and far more useful in his life; the former will doubtless live the longest in his writings. In the days of Spurgeon it will be more than a little profitable for preachers to retire into the past and listen to the strains of Irving. We may add that Mr. Carlyle, the Editor, is a nephew of Mr. Irving's, and in every way competent for a task which is to him a labour of love.

The Prayer Book Unveiled in the Light of Christ; or Unity without Liturgical Revision. By the Rev. R. Aitken. London: William Macintosh.

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Aitken, as he tells us, emerged from the evangelical school, wherein he had learned but the alphabet of

truth, and entered the Church of England, that he might begin to *read;* a spiritual accomplishment for which Evangelicalism makes no provision. Since his introduction into that higher intelligence of Divine things which his alliance with Anglicanism supposes, he has worked hard to awaken Churchmen to a sense of their sin and danger, and especially to win the allegiance of Nonconformists to that Church which he believes to be 'God's special witness for the truth in these last days,—yea, and the very pillar and ground of the truth.' His faith on this point reads somewhat strangely in the light of that recent judicial decision which declares that the Bible is not the proper standard and test of a Churchman's orthodoxy, but the Book of Common Prayer. Unity Mr. Aitken regards as the normal condition of the Christian church, but salvation is the *first* necessity. The ignoring of this fact perpetuates Dissent. Nevertheless, Dissent, though not in Mr. Aitken's generous estimation *a crime*, is an evil; and he especially mourns 'that the Dissenters of the present day seem to be doing their utmost to forget their real position as protesters against the Church's unfaithfulness to vital, saving truth; and to assume a position which God will never own.' This, we submit, is a false assumption. Methodism, which has held aloof from the political theories of Dissent, is a protest among the churches for life and truth; but Dissent, as such, is not specially a question of spiritual life. He allows, nevertheless, that 'Nonconformists are far in advance of Churchmen in the matter of spiritual vitality, as far as the first principles of our holy religion are concerned.'

The object of this work is to encourage the idea of unity, without liturgical revision. Hence we have a very eloquent but diffuse protest in favour of the Prayer Book. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Aitken lets us into some secrets, to which we presume his advanced 'reading' has introduced him. For instance, the unconverted Churchman has nothing to do with the Prayer Book. It was never intended for unconverted persons. There is little in it about conversion on this account. All the unconverted who use it take a false position before God. The proper place for them is the Chapel, where there is no Prayer Book. By the same reasoning he avers that converted persons have no right to go to Chapel, unless for the express purpose of assisting in conversion work. They ought not to 'waste their time in listening to sermons, which have for their very marrow the doctrine of justification by faith, which, if they really be converted, they must know as much about as their preacher.' They ought to be listening to the Church's teachings as to the life-long work and progress of regeneration,—a subject, the exposition of which the Chapel is assumed to ignore. Justification being essentially necessary as a preliminary to introduction into the Church, the question arises: How can infants become members of the Church? Such a question would not have arisen, 'if our minds have not been perverted by the absolute dogmatism of our wretched systems.' But, as it has arisen, Mr. Aitken proceeds to deal with it. Baptized infants, he concludes, are beyond all question forgiven

and accepted, though they have yet before them 'the strait gate of justification.' The anomaly finds its solution in the 'provisional principle,' which distinguishes the workings of God.

As to the conversion of men, there seems to be no canonical provision. The Prayer Book, says Mr. Aitken, has nothing to do with Evangelicalism. 'When the work of the preacher is to awaken sinners, a service of worship is out of all order.' The Church, it would seem, takes the harvest for granted, but utterly ignores the work of the sower. It is evidently a question with Mr. Aitken, whether the Church is not somewhat profaned by the work of the Evangelist. 'For many reasons,' he says, 'I would rather that evangelizing or conversion work were done out of the Church fabric than in it; at all events, in the present state of the Church there should be no regular service on the Sunday evenings, but an evangelizing discourse with extemporary prayer before and after the sermon.' Such is a sample of Mr. Aitken's theories; with such propositions he seeks to win the erring Nonconformist to the truth. But however absurd and vague some of his conclusions may be, it is only just to state that every page of his book bears the impress of sincerity, and breathes a spirit of pious and fervent devotion to the cause of the Redeemer. His heart is infinitely sounder than his logic.

A Commentary, Critical, Experimental, and Practical, on the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. Robert Jameson, D.D., St. Paul's, Glasgow; the Rev. A. R. Fausset, A.M., St. Cuthbert's, York; and the Rev. David Brown, D.D., Professor of Theology, Aberdeen. Vol. V., Matthew—John. By the Rev. David Brown, D.D. Glasgow: William Collins. London: Nisbet and Co. 1863.

Dr. Brown is, perhaps, best known by his volume on the Second Advent. That exhaustive and admirable work established his character as an expositor and divine, and also as a clear and eloquent writer. No one can have read it without being impressed with the superior qualifications possessed by the writer for the task of a commentator; and those who, with such impressions, consult the present volume will not, we think, be disappointed. It has evidently been with Dr. Brown a labour of love, and accordingly he has bestowed upon it not a little loving labour. The result is the best commentary on the Gospels, so far as we can judge, which has yet been published by a British divine. Fundamentally, it is a critical and exegetical commentary, brought up to the standard of modern scholarship, as, fundamentally, every commentary worthy of the name must be critical and exegetical. There is, however, no parade of learning; the pages do not bristle with Greek, nor are they crowded with quotations and references. So much as is *necessary* for the minister and theological student, Dr. Brown has been at great pains to furnish. He supplies them with what few have time, training, and books enough to gather for themselves,—the materials from

which right conclusions on all important questions must be formed. But this matter is enclosed within brackets, so that the merely English reader may see at a glance what is not for him. Dr. Brown has also added to each section 'Remarks,' Apologetical, Doctrinal, Experimental, Meditative, or Emotional, by means of which he aims to turn the flank of that insidious scepticism as to the historical fidelity of the Gospels which recent works have tended to engender; to fix the unsteady and unconsolidated knowledge of many in matters of doctrine; and to impart impressiveness and life to the subject under contemplation by realising touches, and by free and flowing thoughts, rising sometimes to the tone and strain of worship. Our limits will not allow us to give any space to the examination of particular passages and special sections, in order to show how Dr. Brown has performed his work. We can only say that our references to it have impressed us most favourably with the critical skill, the exegetical feeling and tact, and the felicity of exposition and application, shown in this commentary. We could earnestly wish that Dr. Brown might do for the rest of the New Testament, and especially for the Pauline Epistles, what he has here accomplished for the Gospels.

Reason and Revelation. By Robert S. Candlish, D.D. London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1864.

THIS is a new issue of a little work, which has been for some time before the public. The chief feature of the new edition is a preface, in which the author deals with some very wilful misrepresentations on the part of Bishop Colenso, and some misconceptions on the part of the Duke of Argyle, respecting an introductory lecture delivered to the students of the New College. The Duke's mistake is clearly pardonable, but it is difficult to acquit the Bishop of the charge either of gross ignorance or deliberate dishonesty. Dr. Candlish generously imputes but the former; but it requires a great stretch of charity to believe that there has been no wilful misrepresentation on the bishop's part. So long as Dr. Colenso publishes his sincere and honest convictions, we are bound to respect him; but when he condescends to special pleading, and interpolates the quotations which he makes from others with interpretations of his own, he lays himself open to grave suspicion.

Dr. Candlish's theory of Inspiration is substantially that of Gaussen and Professor Lee. 'I hold it,' he says, 'to be an infallible Divine guidance exercised over those who are commissioned to declare the mind of God, so as to secure that in declaring it they do not err. What they say or write under this guidance is as truly said and written by God, through them, as if their instrumentality were not used at all. God is in the fullest sense responsible for every word of it.' He refuses to be dragged into any discussion as to the manner of Inspiration, and as to its different kinds and degrees; wisely concluding that the mode of Divine action upon the mind of the speaker

or writer is not the point at issue. Whatever the mode of the Divine action may have been, the action itself was such as to make 'the word spoken, and the word written, truly and all throughout, the very word of God.'

The work consists of five chapters, which treat of the Authority and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the Infallibility of Holy Scripture, Conscience and the Bible, Reason and Revelation, and the Duty of Free Inquiry and Private Judgment. Its republication is well-timed, more especially as it is written in a plain and popular style. It will solve the perplexities of many a reverent student, and satisfy the sincere inquirer after truth.

Sermons by Richard W. Hamilton, LL.D., D.D. Second Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1864.

It would be superfluous to praise these noble discourses, which, though preached some forty years ago, retain their primitive brilliance and freshness,—flashing upon the reader as they used to flash upon the hearer in the day of the late Dr. Hamilton's vigour. Profound in thought, rich in illustration, gorgeous in style, original in conception, they are yet powerful in application, and exuberant in evangelical truth. If they are not *models*,—for the preacher's genius was almost peculiarly his own,—they are such as no minister can carefully study without being inspired to tax all his resources in the preparation of his sermons. It is the mistake of these days to make earnestness the apology for mediocrity, or for slovenly preparation: whereas, a servant of God is bound to give the riches of his intelligence, as well as the fire of his heart, to his work. We hail this re-issue of the first series of Dr. Hamilton's Sermons, and shall be glad to welcome the second.

Sermons on Christian Doctrines; preached in Canterbury Cathedral, on the Afternoons of the Sundays in the Year 1861–1862. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Second Edition. London: Rivingtons.

Sermons that are to plead in print should be well able to speak for themselves. It is only just to say, that the earlier part of the present volume fully reaches this standard. The statement is clear, the thought sometimes original, and the aim always practical. But these excellencies are not sustained throughout: in fact, much of the book grows to be obscure and tedious, and more likely to perplex than to interest and instruct the reader.

We gladly welcome the efforts which some in the Established Church are making to recover and vindicate her integrity as a witness to the truth of the Gospel. And only out of deference to the claims of that truth would we mark the defects of these pious and faithful sermons. Among the rest, we observe that the humanity is continually called the 'manhood' of Christ; the seventh chapter of the Romans is loosely given as the type of Chris-

tism experience; baptism is styled 'the font of the new birth;' and other theories are started which it can be of little service to introduce into public discourses. From the reputation of the dean of Canterbury, we had looked for something more worthy of himself than we can here discover.

The Subjection of the Creature to Vanity, and other Sermons, preached at Cambridge. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster, and of the Order of the Bath. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

It is growing to be a fashion with some of our living divines to print perpetually whatsoever they preach, on the principle that the supply creates the demand. The effect of this rage for printing everything that is said in the pulpit must be to burden the age with endless superficial divinity, and to lower the fame of these divines themselves in the generations to come.

We do not say that in the little book now before us there are no solid thoughts and no sound reasoning. But, on the whole, we think it will not add greatly to our treasures in theology; nor greatly promote the estimation in which other and more matured writings of the author entitle him to be held.

Phases of Christian Truth and Duty. Sermons preached in Albion Chapel, Ashton-under-Lyne. By J. G. Rogers, B.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1864.

The members of Mr. Rogers' congregation will be glad to possess this souvenir of their pastor's ministry. The sermons are chaste in style, and unexceptionable in tone. If they do not offer much original thought, they present olden truths under attractive and often beautiful forms. The preacher wisely prefers the track of truth up which the world's greatest men have gone to immortality, to those devious ways which but tempt men on to doubt and death. We should have been glad if there had been some closer and more frequent appeals to the conscience. We miss from many of the published sermons of these days those grand and forceful *applications* for which our fathers were famous. In our somewhat fastidious shrinking from pulpit declamation, there is danger of degenerating into the mere essay. But the sermons before us are intended mainly for Christians; and to all who 'covet earnestly the best gifts,' they will suggest many valuable thoughts.

The Prince of Light and Prince of Darkness in Conflict: or, The Temptation of Christ, newly translated, explained, illustrated, and applied. By the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Editor of the Works, with Memoir, of Richard Sibbes, D.D. London: Nisbet and Co. 1864.

Mr. Grosart is a miracle of reading and of memory, and his works

are wonderfully tesselated. Quotations from writers old and new, grim Puritans and somewhat flashy moderns, poets of all sorts and all sizes, divines of almost every current school, fill the pages of his text, are interspersed in foot-notes, and in the 'Notes and Illustrations' are agglomerated in masses. Mr. Grosart's own style is earnest, outspoken, headlong, full of old words and fresh coinages. He seems to be a popular writer, if we may judge from the demand for his former books, entitled, *Jesus Mighty to Save*, and *Small Sins*, and from the tributes of the press. And assuredly his books contain many good things, many home-truths, strikingly said. But we confess that we prefer a weeded style, with choice and well-weighed words; nor can we endure graciously a restless vehemence and violence of utterance and emphasis such as seems to be imprinted on these pages. The exposition is generally sound and good, although there is really no new light thrown on the profounder depths and difficulties of the mysterious subject of this volume. The quotations are often from rare works, and in themselves very valuable and suggestive.

Rest under the Shadow of the Great Rock. A Book of Facts and Principles. By the Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a very unpretending but beautiful book. Its purpose is to point to those fountains of Divine consolation which are open to all, and are specially provided for the troubled. The writer well knows how to administer the precious truths on which his book is founded. Many instructive and pointed anecdotes, as well as wisely selected poems, enhance the value of his work. It is altogether free from the thin and washy sentiment which too often characterizes works of this class. It presents a manly estimate of consolation; and will doubtless do great service in the spheres for which it is designed.

The Orphan-House of Wesley; with Notices of Early Methodism in Newcastle-upon-Tyne and its Vicinity. By the Rev. W. W. Stamp. London: Mason. 1863.

THIS is a valuable contribution to Methodistic history. It is an 'attempt to trace the establishment and spread of Wesleyan Methodism in the northern districts of the country,' taking 'as an historic centre the Orphan-House of Wesley, erected in the year 1742, outside the Pilgrim Street Gate, Newcastle.' This was the second ecclesiastical building erected by John Wesley, and was far more considerable and costly than the one which alone preceded it, the meeting-house in the Horse Fair, Bristol. It was meeting-house, parsonage, and almshouses, all in one, the preachers' and the widows' rooms being above the meeting-house. It was throughout Wesley's life his northern home. Here, above most other places, he delighted to rest for a season, in view of the wonderful work of

Christian revival throughout Northumberland, Durham, and North Yorkshire, of which Newcastle was the centre, and in the midst of a peaceful, loving, settled people, whose spirit refreshed his own. In the rude and curious apartment, literally within the roof of the Orphan-House, which served the apostle of Methodism as his study, some of his most valuable controversial correspondence was written, and not a little of that pastoral and patriarchal correspondence which he kept up with his 'helpers,' his deaconesses, (as they might well be called,) and the choice spirits among his people. Within the same Orphan-House a succession of godly widows, 'widows indeed,' was for sixty years continually lodged and maintained. There the itinerant preachers had their rooms, and rested for a week or two in their prodigious 'rounds.' There, too, they halted and found entertainment in passing to and fro between England and Scotland. For several years the now celebrated Grace Murray, to whom Mr. Wesley was to have been married, was the matron of this establishment. There have been, indeed, few spots in Methodism 'surrounded,' as Mr. Stamp says, 'with such a halo of pleasing and hallowed reminiscences as the quaint old building,' 'which stood in its original oddness and complexity,' till it was taken down in 1856, and of which now the only adequate representation is contained in this memorial volume. Mr. Stamp has made it his business not only to sketch the history of the Orphan-House, but, as he goes along, to give glimpses of the state and progress of Methodism, especially in the north of England, from epoch to epoch, etching in at the same time portraits of the 'truly eminent and devoted men, giants ecclesiastic of their day,' who come into view. The result is a volume which possesses very much more than a merely local interest. To the good people of 'canny Newcastle' it will, of course, be a household book; but it will be found to be no less valuable and scarcely less interesting to the student of Methodist history in general. Let us add that it is an honest book, not bolstered out with waste words, or bits of descriptive fancy-work, but made up of sound and solid fact.

Extracts from the Minutes and Epistles of the Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, held in London, from its First Institution to the Present Time, relating to Christian Doctrine, Practice, and Discipline. Fourth Edition. London: Friends' Book Depository. 1863.

It is estimated that in 1680 the number of professed Friends in Great Britain and Ireland was equal to 1 in 130 of the entire population; that in 1800 the number had declined to 1 in 470; and that at the present time it is not more than 1 in 1100. From the Continent Quakerism has nearly disappeared: the number of Friends in Australasia is probably much less in proportion than in this country. In America the proportion may be larger than in England, but it is diminishing year by year. Before very long, it may safely be pre-

dicted, the sight of a Quaker will in this country be as rare as that of a barefoot friar.

It is well known, that a few years ago two prizes were offered, of one hundred and of fifty guineas respectively, for the best and the next best essays on the causes of this decline of Quakerism, and that two essays which obtained the prizes were published accordingly.

The present interesting summary of extracts has, we understand, been gratuitously circulated to a wide extent. We do not suppose that it will avail towards checking the decline of Quakerism. Indeed, it reveals, to some extent, the causes of that decline. But at any rate it will impress every candid reader with a very favourable opinion of the purity, the spirituality, and the high benevolence which have presided in the counsels and ruled in the discipline of the very estimable 'Society of Friends.'

Horeb and Jerusalem. By the Rev. George Sandie. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1864.

Under the pleasing guise of a holiday tour in Palestine, Mr. Sandie treats us to some knotty points of biblical history and topography. As a rule, we are jealous of the theories of mere tourists. There can be no objection to a story of personal travel. Incidents enough cross the path of every traveller to give interest to his narrative. But it is another thing for a man who has 'done' a country in the style of modern tourists to found upon his very limited and rapid survey conclusions which involve debated questions and historical problems. Mr. Sandie, however, does not belong to this class of travellers. His book is full of theories, many of which diverge widely from generally accepted opinion; but he has evidently studied every point with diligence and honesty, and he is so well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and so deeply imbued with reverence of those sacred books which are the best guide to Palestine, that his conclusions are always worthy of respect.

As might have been expected, Mr. Sandie gives us a theory of the Pyramids. He rejects the idea that they were the mere freaks of ancient Egyptian despotism. Nor does he think that they were constructed for astronomical purposes. He believes that they represent an aspect of Egyptian faith,—that the body of earth was somehow to participate in the life of immortality. Their great underlying idea was that the body would be resuscitated after distant ages; 'and the grand solicitude was to secure it a safe and enduring mausoleum in the interval of its long repose.' They were intended, too, to serve the secondary purpose of the monarch's pride, and, by their solidity and gigantic dimensions, to perpetuate his fame. While on Egyptian soil, many other questions of interest are discussed by the author, such as the date of the expulsion of the Hyksos, the route of the Israelites from Goshen, by Succoth and Elam, the numbers of the Exodus, the lambs required for the first Passover, and other points which recent controversies have made

notorious. He gallantly takes the field against Bishop Colenso, and with great ingenuity exposes the fallacy of his objections to the sacred story.

After showing that the march of the Israelites to the shores of the Red Sea was not a hurried flight of three days, but a leisurely journey of some three weeks, Mr. Sandie proceeds to the question: Where did the Israelites cross the Sea? He rejects the theory of Dr. Robinson *in toto*, notwithstanding that the names of Niebuhr and Burckhardt and Dean Stanley give it their sanction. By a process of very cogent reasoning, he fixes upon a point some distance south of Suez, and close to the ridge of Jebel-Attakah. His theory harmonizes, in every particular, with the record of Moses; and is very preferable to that of Dr. Robinson, which strips the passage of God's people of its miraculous character, and flatters the Rationalistic interpretation of the inspired history.

Our limited space forbids us to follow Mr. Sandie in his ingenious and interesting discussion of the route of the Israelites to Sinai, and of the respective localities of Sinai and Horeb. But we must give a few words to his theory of the topography of Jerusalem. According to Josephus, the city of Jerusalem was built on two hills, separated by an intervening valley. Opposite to the hill on which the lower town stood, was a third hill, on which the Temple was built, separated by a broad ravine, which was filled up by the Maccabees, in order to unite the city with the Temple. Dr. Robinson and others suppose that the valley of Gihon, or, as it is called, the Tyropœon, stretching from the Damascus gate to Siloam, was the ravine to which Josephus alludes, as between the Temple hill, and the hill on which the lower town was built; and they place the valley which the Maccabees filled up, between the Jaffa Gate and the Temple. This arrangement Mr. Sandie challenges. There are no vestiges of any such valley in that direction: whereas existing remains prove that there was a valley on the north of the Temple area, which must have been the valley which the Maccabees filled up; and the almost complete obliteration of which was accomplished when, after the siege of Jerusalem, the stones of the Temple were hurled into it.

Other very interesting points are discussed by Mr. Sandie, who has succeeded in writing a book of travels, which, unlike its almost countless predecessors, will prove of permanent value in the elucidation of Scripture problems, and in establishing the authority of the Word of God.

Ancient Egypt: Its Antiquities, Religion, and History, to the Close of the Old Testament Period. By the Rev. George Trevor, M.A., &c. London: The Religious Tract Society.

With a very humble and unpretending appearance, this little work is really a comprehensive and learned résumé of a subject of growing interest to all students of the Bible. It is nevertheless of such a character as to meet the case of those who seek for a popular

exposition of the most recent theories of Egyptian history. Canon Trevor very successfully deals with the extravagant assumptions of Bunsen respecting the Egyptian chronology,—assumptions which the late Sir G. C. Lewis, in his *Astronomy of the Ancients*, showed to rest on no solid basis whatever. His principle is that the Egyptian antiquities, historical and monumental, do not establish *any date* by their own testimony. There is no certainty as to the chronology anterior to about a thousand years before Christ. The religious public will be grateful to the Tract Society for publishing so interesting and trustworthy a handbook of all that is really authentic in those antiquities, which are so studiously, and yet happily so powerlessly, pressed against the claims of revelation.

The Fall of Babylon. An Epic Poem. By the Rev. Hibbert Newton, B.A., &c. London: Charles Westerton. 1864.

We hardly know whether to admire more the author's diligence in the composition of these fifteen thousand lines, or his faith in the public to whom he offers them. The poem, so called, belongs to a class of literature, in the composition of which Dr. Cumming is *facile princeps*. It is historico-prophetic, and differs from the lucubrations of the Doctor only in its metrical form and in the use of avowed fiction. So far as we can penetrate into the author's scheme, if indeed he may be said to have one at all, it seems to be the reconciling of current events with the mystic disclosures of Patmos. But as the material for such reconciliations is obviously so meagre and incomplete, he rushes into thousands of lines, of rhapsodic extravagance, starting aside ever and anon to administer a very sounding rap to those unfortunate men who stand in his way. Red-republicanism, Peelism, Spiritualism, come successively under the stroke of his wrath. We have looked eagerly through the volume in order to select one or two extracts, illustrative of the author's poetical ability. But while meeting with abundant proofs of his prolific vocabulary and exuberant stock of notions, we have not lighted upon any verses which we could transfer to our columns with any hope of adding to his reputation as a poet.

Aonio Paleario: a Chapter in the History of the Italian Reformation. From the French of M. Bonnet. London: Religious Tract Society. 1864.

A DEEPLY interesting account of an Italian martyr of the sixteenth century: one of a few illustrious names only less eminent than their more successful brethren, the German Reformers. Paleario was a victim of the Italian Inquisition, which succeeded in postponing—alas, how long!—the Christian regeneration of Italy. It seems pretty well ascertained that the well-known treatise, published anonymously, on the *Benefit of Christ's Death*, and which had an immense influence in its day, was the production of Paleario; and this fact adds greatly to the dignity of his name.

We hope to recur to this volume, as well as to the Society's beautiful little edition of *The Benefit*, in a larger article devoted to that period. Meanwhile we commend them to every reader who feels an interest in the spiritual welfare of Italy.

Missions, Apostolic and Modern. By Frederick W. Briggs. London: Hamilton.

THOSE who have read and profited by Mr. Briggs's former work on *Pentecost and the Founding of the Church*, will gladly welcome another volume from the same judicious and thoughtful writer. The present volume is at once a contribution to the apostolical history of the church, and an exposition of the missionary work of our own times. The thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the Acts are thoroughly and comprehensively expounded; every incidental question is more or less fully touched, with constant reference to the latest and best expositors, and not without occasional instances of acute original criticism. The whole is made strictly subservient to the enforcement of the missionary obligation of the church. The author in this case, as in his other productions, has displayed a happy appreciation of the need of the times. And we commend to every lover of the Missionary cause—especially to every one who rejoices in the Jubilee of the Methodist Missionary Society—this modest, able, and seasonable work.

Christian Tuition: a Suggestive Manual for Christian Parents and Teachers. By the Rev. A. Langley. London: Ward and Co.; John Mason.

THERE are some very valuable hints on a most important subject in this little volume, as well as in another by the same author, entitled, *Christian Gentility*. Both manuals are admirably adapted to the benefit of the classes contemplated, and the latter, especially, would be an appropriate present to the young.

Tunes, New and Old, compiled by John Dobson, arranged chiefly by Dr. Gauntlett. Foolscap quarto. London: Novello. 1864.

UNDER this title we have a very valuable contribution to 'the service of song.' Mr. Dobson, for twenty-five years leader of the singing in Oxford-road Chapel, Manchester, has with great taste compiled a very careful selection, including most of the tunes in regular use in his choir. Nearly all the arrangements and harmonies have passed under the hands of Dr. Gauntlett, the mention of whose name will satisfy musical readers that nothing intrinsically poor has been admitted. We can assure them, further, that the book contains a large amount of what is positively excellent, brought together by extensive study, fine taste, and large experience, animated by a strong desire to serve the Church of God. Witness the modest and

interesting preface, which will repay its readers better than prefaces usually do. Throughout the work the compiler has adhered to the syllabic principle, in some instances perhaps a little too rigidly. The tunes are harmonized with great taste, rising now and then into real beauty. The historical aspect of the selection is suggestive: five tunes (all German) are of the fifteenth century; eight of the sixteenth; eighteen of the seventeenth, including such tunes as St. Mary, London, Babylon, York, which mark the complete development of standard English psalmody. From tunes of the eighteenth century fifty are chosen; and in the slight alterations made in some of these, (not changes for the sake of change, but refinements which have purified,) high musical taste is conspicuous. The present century also contributes fifty; twenty-six of these are quite new, some of them composed expressly to meet the requirements of the hymn book. Several beautiful six lines 8's and eight lines 7's and 6's are among this number.

Our limits forbid us to particularise; we desire that the book should speak for itself. It well deserves the hearty reception, both in public and in private, which we are anxious to bespeak for it. The getting-up of the volume may justly add even to Mr. Novello's reputation.

Outlines of Moral Philosophy. By Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. With a Memoir, a Supplement, and Questions. By James M'Cosh, LL.D., &c. London: William Allen and Co. 1864.

THERE are no philosophical prelections so clear and charming as those of Dugald Stewart. There has been as yet no philosopher so catholic, comprehensive, and impartial, as Dr. M'Cosh. Here one of Stewart's best productions—an admirable elementary work—is edited and supplemented by Dr. M'Cosh. We need say no more in recommendation of this valuable and elegant little work.

Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers; being some of the Chisel Marks of our Industrial and Scientific Progress. By Andrew Wynter, M.D., M.R.C.S. London: Hardwicke. 1863.

HERE is a basket of chips from a favourite literary workshop. We have here about forty short newspaper and magazine articles, and a dozen poems in blank verse. The best of the papers are those which touch upon professional topics,—as that headed 'Early Warnings,' on the early stages of brain disease; and 'Doctor's Stuff,' on the study of Therapeutics. One or two are equal to those of previous volumes, as 'Mudie's Circulating Library,' and 'The Clerk of the Weather;' but we are not sure that Dr. Wynter does wisely, as regards his own reputation, in republishing these miscellaneous and rather hastily written pieces.

The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking, in Letters to a Law Student. By Edward G. Cox. London: Crockford. 1863.

THE learned Recorder of Falmouth, who is widely known by his contributions to legal literature, commends himself by this volume as worthy of a reputation outside the circle of the law. In preparing this series of letters, he contemplated at first imparting to law students some hints on the Art of Speaking; but, 'impressed with the conviction that to speak well it is necessary to be able to write well and read well,' he determined to add the two latter subjects to the original design. He has produced a most valuable manual, which ought to find its way not only into studies and chambers, but into private homes. The Art of Speaking is necessarily of limited application; though we may just remark in passing that all public speakers would do well to read Mr. Cox's chapters on the oratory of the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the platform. But the art of reading is one of universal interest, and if properly cultivated might largely enhance our social pleasures. The evening at home would never be dull and monotonous if some member of the family could but read. Unfortunately, very few people *can* read. If they attempt a newspaper paragraph, their tone is that of an undertaker, their accentuation is absurd, and their pauses are chosen, not by the sense of the narrative, but by the exigencies of their breath. Their rendering of poetry amounts well nigh to murder. If the *curriculum* of schools were made up less of studies which seem by common consent to be abandoned upon entrance on public life, and more of accomplishments which are calculated to prove the charm of the home circle, it would be well. But the ability to read well is essential to the occupant of the pulpit. And yet how few ministers there are who can either read a chapter of the Bible, or rehearse a hymn! A man would be hissed from the stage who rendered Shakspeare as ministers render the word of God. Let those who would make every part of their pulpit work tell get this book of Mr. Cox's,—let them abandon their humdrum style of reading, and try his recommendations,—and they will be conscious of a new power:—the hymn and the Lesson will appear to them and to their audience endowed with a new life. Thoroughly good reading would go far towards filling many an almost empty chapel or church.

Industrial Biography: Iron Workers and Tool Makers. By Samuel Smiles. London: John Murray. 1863.

THIS book is the product of the author's researches when preparing his *Lives of the Engineers*. While engaged upon that work, he 'came across the tracks of celebrated inventors,' whose names, though they were among the founders of the modern mechanical industry of Britain, were in danger of being lost. Mr. Smiles was right in concluding that biography ought not to be restricted to those who

minister to intellect and taste, or who play a distinguished part in the political world. The mechanic, by whose inventive genius and industry the comfort of society and the progress of civilisation are so materially assisted, ought to have his niche in the temple of fame, and his record in the annals of history. With such convictions this book has been published; and we have no hesitation in saying that it deserves to have and will have more readers and a greater success than any of Mr. Smiles' previous works. It will doubtless stimulate many an aspiring artisan to face the privations and disappointments of genius, that he may achieve that fame which, sooner or later, society will accord to all its true benefactors. It is valuable further for the numerous items of information which it gives concerning one of the most important branches of British industry. The iron and steel manufacture, the history of tools and their improvements, and other kindred subjects, are detailed with that graphic power of which Mr. Smiles is the master. Vivid sketches are given of such men as the Darbys and the Reynoldses, Huntsman and Cort, Neilson, Bramah, Clement, Nasmyth, Fairbairn, and others of greater or lesser note. But however tempted we may be to make extracts, we must forbear; for it would be superfluous further to particularise a volume which almost every one will read for himself.

Garotting, its Causes and Cure. By David Jones. London: Wertheim and Co.

It seems to be a principle with some authors of the present day to secure a startling title, even though there be little or no connexion between the title and the contents of the book. The volume before us is a case in point. It contains some very excellent, though withal wordy, deliverances on the subject of our penal discipline generally, and offers some valuable suggestions on the prevention of crime. It very severely censures some recent judicial decisions, and broadly hints that 'truth and verity' in our courts of law 'are in a consumptive state.' But concerning garotting as a specific form of crime, or the method of putting it down, the author does not favour his expectant readers with a single word.

The Political, Social, and Literary History of France, brought down to the Year 1863. By the Rev. Dr. Cobham Brewer. London: Jarrold and Sons.

This clever analysis of French history has been prepared for educational purposes, and especially for the competitive and middle-class examinations. Questions from the Examination Papers of the Royal Commission of Education are appended. The manual exhibits great ability and research; it is full of information on the points which it professes to illustrate, and contains the marrow of many scores of volumes. Though but an analysis, it is a book which one may read consecutively; for its facts are detailed with the charm of a romance. If Dr. Brewer would give us a History of

England on the same model, he would do great service. The only drawback to the work is the always impossible attempt to give the phonetic sound of French words. The veriest tyro in the French language would surely be astonished to learn that the phonetic equivalent of St. Denis is *Sahn-Knee!* Perhaps, however, this is a misprint for *Sahn-Dnee*, which is nearly the right sound.

The Herring: its Natural History, and National Importance. By John M. Mitchell, F.R.S.S.A., F.S.A.S., &c. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. London: Longmans. 1864.

THE old Scotch ballad calls 'the herrin',' 'lives o' men.' The saying is true, in more senses than one. There is seldom a storm in the North Sea that does not take toll of the herring fishers. And as regards the living, the fishery, both directly and indirectly, furnishes a means of subsistence to many thousands of families in this country. It is calculated that year by year we take a million sterling from the sea, in the shape of this common but ill-appreciated fish. In Scotland alone, not less than 565 towns and villages along the coast are connected with the fishery, employing 11,250 boats, and 40,000 sailors, besides 50,000 coopers, curers, and others. To these must still be added the boat-builders, sail-makers, rope-makers, net-makers, and the like. The value of the nets alone is £309,850, and of the boats £211,600. And this is altogether exclusive of the English fishery, which extends, with little intermission, from the Tees to the Lizard.

The tables show a pretty regular increase in the value of the fish taken, but this increase bears no corresponding proportion to the immensely increased extent of the appliances. It is evident that there is no longer the same abundance as formerly, and in a few more years the results of over-fishing will as certainly show themselves, as they have done in the case of the salmon. Though the herring exists in such prodigious numbers, those numbers are by no means inexhaustible. There has been an idea that the shoals come from the Polar Seas, as detachments sent off every year from shoals still more immense, and that there exist unlimited supplies further north. This is a total mistake. The herring is not a migratory fish at all, in this extended sense of the word. Its only migration is periodically from deep to shallow water, for the purpose of depositing its spawn, and then back again. Even Yarrell, M'Culloch, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, (latest edition,) reproduce the old statements, which are proved beyond all question to be erroneous. Besides the summer fish, which arrive in July, and spawn in October, a certain proportion approach our shores in the winter, arriving in November and December, and spawning in February and March. There are also many varieties of herring, the characteristics of which are well known in the trade. As in the case of the salmon, the same shoal will visit the same locality year after year. The her-

rings of Loch Fyne and of the Yarmouth coast are as distinguishable from each other, as are a Tay and a Severn salmon. Even the fish frequenting neighbouring lochs, especially on the west coast of Scotland, vary considerably in size, the size in each case being a permanent characteristic.

We took up this book with considerable expectations, which were strengthened by the splendid figure of the herring which forms the frontispiece to the volume. But, although containing much interesting information, it is mainly a compilation, and the materials are not handled in a workmanlike manner. And considering that the title-page bears the date of 1864, the tables and other official information might have been brought down somewhat later than 1856. By far the best chapter in the book is the one on 'Migration,' which was read before the meeting of the British Association in 1861, is well considered and well expressed, and is worth all the rest of the book put together. In a writer who professes to speak as an authority, what are we to make of such blunders as these?—'Salmo salar,' for Salmo salar; 'ovæ' for ova; 'bronchial' for branchial; and, worse than all, 'bronchies' for branchiæ. And if charity suggests the luckless printer as the offender, even charity's lips are sealed in presence of another class of blunders; *e. g.*, 'oviparous spawn,' 'herrings full of *young*,' and directions for handling and removing the fish without injury, as though it were the plaice or the conger, instead of being the most delicate fish that swims. As careful inspecting officers, we cannot affix the 'crown brand' to this barrel.

Lost: but not for Ever. My personal Narrative of Starvation and Providence in the Australian Mountain Regions. By the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste. Third Thousand. London: Nisbet. 1863.

The author of this little volume, who is a Missionary in South Australia, was lost on the mountains during one of his journeys, in the year 1858. For six days and six nights he was without food, with the exception of one slight meal of which he partook ere leaving home. Without fire or adequate shelter he was exposed during this period to heavy rains. Worn down almost to a skeleton, he was discovered by a party of hunters and restored to his friends. This book contains the record of his adventures. But we are bound to say that a very small proportion of the volume is devoted to anything like a personal narrative. The author never loses a chance of digression. Eager to learn the sensations of a starving man, the reader is treated to disquisitions on the history, the topography, the flora, the zoology of the Australasian regions, interspersed with all kinds of anecdotes, secular and sacred, and crowded to satiety with poetry and rhyme. The author's aim is doubtless good,—his reflections are devout, and his appeals to the reader are stirring,—but the title of a book ought to represent its contents. And we do

not think it right that in a book of three hundred and fifty-seven pages, professedly devoted to a personal narrative of starvation, something like three hundred of them should be filled with irrelevant matter.

Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper, Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales. 1714–1720. London: Murray. 1864.

A VALUABLE and very interesting contribution to our information respecting a period of English history of which less is known than of almost any other belonging to modern times. Lady Cowper was the second wife of Lord Chancellor Cowper. The Diary is perfectly simple and unaffected, written not for publication, but merely for the lady's own use; and on this account is both more piquant and more trustworthy. It reveals a condition of social and political morality with which, after making all due correction for what is dependent merely on fashion or circumstance, our own times very favourably compare. 'This Day Monsieur Rohethon procured the Grant of the King of Clerk of the Parliament, after Mr. Johnson's Death, for Anybody he would name. He let my Brother Cowper have it in Reversion after Mr. Johnson for his two Sons for £1,800.' Let this scandalous transaction, so quietly told, as a thing of course, be duly noted. 'Anybody he would name!' and for two lives in reversion! The editor's annotation here is worth quoting. 'Spencer Cowper, M.P. for Truro, and one of the Managers on Sacheverel's Trial, was made a Judge in 1727. His two sons, William and Ashley Cowper, held this lucrative appointment in succession from 1716 to 1788; and their nephew, the late Henry Cowper, of Tewin Water, was Deputy Clerk of the Parliaments from 1785 to 1825.'

Our next quotation reveals the dawn of a better day of public morality, though the long succeeding reign of Walpole is in proof that that day was very late in making its appearance. '1716, January 17th. This Month used to be ushered in with New Year's Gifts from the Lawyers, which used to come to near £3,000 to the Chancellors. The Original of this Custom was Presents of Wine and Provisions.....In process of Time a covetous Chancellor insinuated that Gold would be more acceptable; so it was changed into Gold, and continued so till the first Time my Lord had the Seals. .....The Earl of Nottingham, when Chancellor, used to receive them standing by a Table; and at the same Time he took the Money to lay it upon the Table, he used to cry out, "O, tyrant Cuthtom!" (for he lisped.)—My Lord forbade the bringing them.' With a king who created, and who was able to create, his German mistress, Mademoiselle Schulenberg, an English duchess, Duchess of Munster, and who paraded both this woman and his other concubine, Madame Kielmansegge, (a third, Madame Von Platen, was instated in Hanover,) in the face of the English nobility and in precedence of the high-born English ladies, making them the mistresses of fashion and

the depositaries of state-secrets and state-power; with a prince who in this respect trod closely in his father's steps, and who, being indisposed in bed, had his princesses' ladies into his bed-chamber to play at ombre with his lords; with such court manners as permitted, nay, required, all the ladies of the court, including virtuous and accomplished women such as Lady Cowper, to pay visits of congratulation to the German frau or fräulein, Schulenberg by name, on her taking the oaths upon her advancement to the rank of an English duchess; we are not surprised even at such revelations respecting Lady Mary and Lady Harriet De Vere, daughters of the last and twentieth Earl of Oxford of that name, as are disclosed in this Diary. What a compendium of infamy is there in this one sentence! 'I told him (Bernstorff) that Mrs. Kirk' (proposed by the Duchess of St. Albans, sister of the Ladies De Vere, as Bed-chamber woman to the Princess of Wales) 'had managed all the Intrigues between Lady Mary Vere and the Duke of Ormond, took care of the Child, was Manager of all the Intrigues of the Oxford Family, had an ill reputation as to herself, and had been the Duke of Somerset's Mistress.'

In one of the letters contained in the Appendix, there is a striking passage relating to the Czar Peter. Mr. Clavering, Lady Cowper's brother, is the writer. 'His Czarian Majesty did us the Honour to pass by Hanover, and stayed two or [three days at Herrenhausen, a Country House of the Kings: so I had the Honour to eat at his Table several Times, which I was not very ambitious of; for he never uses Knife or Fork, but always eats with his Fingers; never uses a Handkerchief, but blows his Nose with his Fingers; therefore you may guess how agreeable it is to be in His Majesty's Company.'

Arctic Discovery and Adventure. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THE day of Arctic expeditions is now over; but thirty years ago there was always one or more of them in progress, and though the search for a north-west passage was chimerical, as has been since proved, yet the successive voyages of discovery, each with its accompanying feats of endurance and of enterprise, gave results which have immortalised the names of many of our seamen. The discovery, almost simultaneously, of the 'north-west passage' impracticable and impassable, and of the fate of Sir John Franklin, has put an end, most probably for ever, to Arctic expeditions. But it is right that our children should be familiar with a record which has been considered even by the most jealous of foreigners to reflect nothing but honour on the British name. This little volume attempts to supply such a record, and is well and carefully got up. It commences with the discovery of Iceland exactly a thousand years ago, narrates the discovery of Northern America and the great American continent, the history of the Cabot and other families, the adventures of Sir Hugh Willoughby, of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and that rare band of subsequent explorers,

who have made the British seaman a wonder to every other nation, and a type of daring, endurance, and success.—The story is none the less effective for being simply told, and often in the words of the voyagers themselves. It is difficult to conceive of a temperature 70° below zero, or 102° of frost. At a lower temperature than this, bottles of water carried in the men's breasts froze in an hour or two, and the vapour in the cooking tents fell down upon the meat as snow. One would suppose that the milk of human kindness would be altogether congealed, and that men would become brutally selfish in self-defence. And yet nowhere is there a record of more gentle, womanly kindness than in that of Captain Back's land journey over more than a thousand miles in the winter of 1834. The temperature was scarcely less severe during Franklin's first land journey, and his party were reduced to far greater straits, —being compelled more than once to eat old shoes, and such scraps of leather as they could spare; and yet, giving God thanks after their strange meal, and expressing their trust in Him for the future, as simply as little children without a care. Our boys will certainly welcome this book as they sit over their Christmas fire, and we cannot wish them pleasanter company.

German Life and Manners as seen in Saxony at the present Day. By Henry Mayhew, Author of 'London Labour and the London Poor,' &c. In two Volumes. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1864.

Just as the anti-German feeling in this country was beginning to rise high, the present volumes made their appearance, with an opportuneness which will be considered fortunate or most unfortunate, according to the temper and prepossession or prejudice of the reader. Many denounce them as merely libellous. This is not, however, our judgment respecting them. We cannot doubt, indeed, that they are altogether one-sided. Mr. Mayhew appears to be possessed by a fanatical dislike, to suffer from a morbid disgust and contempt, of everything German. It is true, besides, that the virulent censor of German coarseness is himself not only passionate but ingrainedly coarse; and that his invective runs riot into mere voluble vituperation and vulgar slang. Nevertheless, we give credit to Mr. Mayhew for having furnished a substantially true account of so much of German life and manners as he saw, that is, of the prevailing manners and customs of middle and lower class society in the small towns and in the villages of purely agricultural Germany; and it may be not amiss either for Germans or Englishmen to have such a picture as he has presented. But Mr. Mayhew is a merely superficial observer; he has no eyes for the best points of the best German family life. Moreover, he is, after all, a cockney, and somewhat of a snob. He has no idea of dignity apart from money; to be a poor people is in his eyes to be a contemptible race. Nor can he perceive the virtue of homely thrift or the blessing of a position

which is free from pauperism, if the very thrifty are also very poor, if the peasant in his German home lives on black bread and fares worse than a London mendicant. He should have compared the German peasant with the Sussex ploughman, and the small tradesman of little Eisenach, with his cheap and (it must be owned) uncleanly festivities, should have been matched against the very small tradesman of an English village. Taking into account the respective wealth and trade of England and of Saxony, this would have been fair. In some Scotch and Irish towns and villages he might have found an approximation to the condition of his German acquaintances. Altogether, it can only be said that Mr. Mayhew has added a very plain-spoken and prejudiced, but yet a fundamentally correct, view of one portion and one aspect of German society to our previously existing materials; but that we still need to resort to such authorities as Laing and Howitt for the much broader, deeper, and truer representations which they give, on the whole, of German life and manners. It must be remembered that Saxony is not the most advanced of the German territories. Possibly Mecklenburg may be yet worse; but the Rhine provinces and Southern Germany are, we apprehend, much superior. Moreover, it would be monstrously unjust to take Eisenach as a fair specimen of German towns. After all, Vienna, Berlin, Cologne, Munich, Heidelberg, and Hamburg, are the habitations of men who live in civilised society. Nor must the whole question of culture and civilisation be settled in any case by the manner of using a fork or by the enormity of eating with a knife. The thought that recurred upon us continually in going through Mr. Mayhew's volumes was, that, if Britain were but free from her pauperism, still, alas! one of the institutions of our land, the condition of all her population would be incalculably superior, not only in present comfort, but in hope and true independence, to that of any nation of Europe; but that, so long as the English peasant has and can obtain no real home, no land, no secure settlement, of his own, but must look forward to the poor-house, with its divorce from family ties and family life, as the only assured retreat—home it can never be—of his old age, no Englishman can afford in an arrogantly national spirit to denounce the condition of Germany as in all respects contemptible beside that of England.

Savage Africa: being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, South-Western, and North-Western Africa; with Notes on the Habits of the Gorilla; on the Existence of Unicorns and Tailed Men; on the Slave Trade; on the Origin, Character, and Capabilities of the Negro; and on the Future Civilization of Western Africa. By W. Winwood Reade. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1864.

To the two well-known sensation novelists, must now be added a sensation traveller of the same name. The very title of this bulky

volume shows its character. The word 'Equatorial' has only a very doubtful right to appear there at all, seeing that the journey was confined to the West Coast, or, rather, to sundry points of the coast between Cape de Verde and the river Congo. As for the 'Gorilla' country, the author did enter it, but he saw none of that species of pre-Adamite man. On the reader's inquisitive approach to the 'unicorns and tailed men,' he finds them retiring into the doubtful records of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. And, finally, of the 'Negro' we do not learn anything new, except some very capital stories. The book is written in a lively, smart, not to say fast style, representing Africa as it appeared in the eyes of a London exquisite and club lounger. As a young man of acuteness, education, means, leisure, and a taste for African travel, Mr. Reade had a splendid chance, and—missed it. When he avows that he travelled in such a region 'with no special object, but to *flâner* in the virgin forest, to flirt with pretty savages, and to smoke his cigar among cannibals,' what can we do more than congratulate him on the perfect success of his enterprise? But there is evidence that Mr. Reade has not done himself justice; he can write something better than this, which is a mere sowing of literary wild oats, to be followed, we doubt not, by other sowings and crops well worth the garnering.

An Essay on the Improvement of Time; and other Literary Remains. By John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THE reader of Foster's works will recognise many of the Master's touches in this production; but he will as certainly bewail a certain crudeness in the essay, and the paradoxical spirit pervading it. To obtain a correct estimate of the value of time, the author strives to impress it upon us 'that our whole life is a series of emergencies,' and that 'all a man's time is under as imperious a duty of extreme effort as ever attached to any season of emergency in human affairs.' On this narrow basis the whole work is reared,—a logical inverted pyramid, with many a course of elegant masonry. The volume will not heighten Foster's fame, but cannot fail to improve the reader, and rouse his powers, by bringing him before an infinite assemblage of agents, operations, and results, all conspiring to humble him for his indolence.

The Earnest Missionary: A Memoir of the Rev. Horatio Pearse, late General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the Port Natal District, South-Eastern Africa. By the Rev. Thornley Smith. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1864.

THIS beautiful and useful volume has just reached our hands: too late for anything more than a hearty welcome. It is a generous and genial account of a noble missionary; and, besides this, it is an intelligent and deeply interesting sketch of the history and progress of one of our most important Missions. Mr. Smith is a literary

labourer who has already received, and still deserves, the steady encouragement of all our Christian readers.

The Rise and Progress of Religious Life in England. By Samuel Rowles Patteson. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1864.

THE idea of this book is a very noble one. It is no less than the history of true religion in England from the beginning: of true evangelical religion, whether connected with creeds and ecclesiastical institutions, or independent of them. The conception is grand; and, if developed in all its amplitude, philosophically and religiously estimating the innumerable influences that have moulded our national religion,—influences of race, creed, social habits, and political institutions,—it would be one of the most acceptable contributions to our literature that could be desired. One who should execute this task with Buckle's industry and skill, but without Buckle's fundamental fallacy, would confer an immense obligation on his age.

This volume may be regarded simply as a sketch. It indicates lightly and gracefully the golden thread of vital godliness which has run through the ages of English history; and traces it with pious care and catholic discrimination through all the corruptions of earlier times, and through the sectarian differences that followed the Reformation, down to the modern revival. We give this deeply interesting work of a devout and intelligent layman our very cordial recommendation.

Saving Truths. By Frederick J. Jobson, D.D. London: Hamiltons. 1864.

THIS little book comes to our hand at the very last moment, and all we can do is to announce it in these closing lines. It consists of six tracts, connected and consecutive in their subjects and treatment:—Serious Truths, The Way of Salvation, Full Assurance, Visible Union with the Church of Christ, Perfect Love, Working for God. We have read these as they came out, and are glad now to see them collected in this beautiful volume. The author says in the first sentence of his preface, 'Usefulness is the sole object of this publication;' and he has steadfastly kept to this object throughout. The matter, the style, the spirit, are all in harmony. We need hardly add, after this, that the sentiments are well weighed, the doctrine purely evangelical, the composition good, clear, plain, pointed. We cannot doubt that such tracts will be—indeed they have already been—extensively useful. There is too great a passion for finery in preaching; too little of that plain, earnest, solid dealing with eternal truths, which befits those who are 'ambassadors for Christ;' too little honest, homely fervour; too little calm solemnity of pathos and of pleading. Dr. Jobson has in these respects set a good example.

INDEX TO VOL. XXII.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLS, 44, HOXTON SQUARE.