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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Schools Inquiry Commission; Report of the Commissioners. Minutes of Evidence taken before the Commissioners. Reports of Assistant Commissioners.* London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Twenty Vols.

EXACTLY a generation ago a Manchester manufacturer, unknown to fame, published anonymously a pamphlet entitled, *England, Ireland, and America.* The work was forcibly written, full of novel ideas and startling facts, and had a large sale. The purport of it was to show how far the new continent was in advance of the old. In support of his theory, the writer mentioned that, whereas, in 1833, the State of New York alone spent 1,200,000 dollars on its common schools, the British Parliament voted during the corresponding session a sum of 20,000*l.* towards educating the people of the entire kingdom; an amount rendered the more ludicrous by close juxtaposition to another grant of 60,000*l.* for partly furnishing Buckingham Palace. This was written in 1835: in 1868, we find Buckingham Palace all but deserted, and the nation clamorous because not 20,000*l.*, but 800,000*l.* only is voted every year on national education. Education has become the chief question of the day. We do not say the most prominent, for, just at this moment, the country is called upon to settle another great question which political exigencies have brought to the front. Yet not the less is education the one subject which concerns and interests the nation fundamentally more

than any other. It has been forced upon us by divers circumstances. Mr. Lowe's reason is one of the most powerful: We have made the working men our masters, and we are bound, out of regard to ourselves, to see that they are taught to use that power aright. Another potent reason is the competition with other nations to which we find ourselves exposed in a department that we thought entirely our own. We had supposed that England, with its boundless stores of mineral wealth, would always surpass other countries, at least on this side of the Atlantic, in the production of machinery and cotton goods; and, lo, we find the foundries of Creuzot and the looms of Mulhouse vying with Birmingham and Manchester in both quality and price; while, farther north, the German works at Essen turn out more steel in one year than the whole of Great Britain does. Then, again, the serious difficulty which meets us in the disposal of our criminal population suggests the reflection that it would be wiser to limit the supply of a material which is so difficult to get rid of, and that it would have been better for ourselves, to say nothing of the criminals, if we could have given them an education which would have prevented them from becoming criminals. All these are selfish considerations, no doubt; but selfishness, if it be not, as Hobbes supposed, the foundation, has, at least, a good deal to do with the superstructure, of society. We do our duty to others, because it will hurt ourselves not to do it. Thus it comes to pass that the whole question of education is now before us, in an endless diversity of forms, all dignified with the name of "questions." There is the compulsory *versus* voluntary question; the State *versus* parochial question; the question of technical education; the conscience clause question; and other questions of even more minute importance than this; but all contained in that one great question—how can we educate those around us so that they may do the best for themselves, and the least harm to others?

It would be strange indeed if politicians had not taken up a subject offering them so large a field. It is one which aspiring orators find tolerably safe; it is one, too, which offers feeble cabinets an opportunity of appearing to act with vigour, by appointing Royal Commissions *ad libitum*. It must be admitted, however, that never did Royal Commission better justify its appointment than that whose report is the subject of this article. Its industry is testified by the twenty volumes, which have been or shortly will be published, varying from 400 to 1,000 pages. Its judgment is shown

in the selection of the witnesses whom it has examined, and the Assistant Commissioners whose aid it has obtained. Its vigour and comprehensiveness are manifested in the very able treatise which the Commissioners have drawn up. Altogether, the series of volumes, numerous and bulky enough to deter ordinary readers, will be considered as veritable treasure trove by all persons who take a real interest in that which, as we have said, is the chief question of the day. It is the *facile princeps* of blue books.

The Commission was issued as long ago as the end of 1864. The Commissioners were, at first, Lord Taunton, Lord Stanley, Lord Lyttelton, Sir Stafford Northcote, Dean Hook, Dr. Temple, the Rev. A. W. Thorold, Mr. T. D. Acland, M.P., Mr. Baines, M.P., Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Mr. Erle, Q.C., and Dr. Storrar. In consequence of the change of Government which took place in 1866, Lord Stanley and Sir Stafford Northcote retired from the inquiry, not only because onerous duties elsewhere demanded all their time, but also because it was possible that as members of the Government the recommendations of the Commissioners might come before them for legislation. The Commissioners were instructed that their investigation was determined by the two Commissions which had previously inquired into the state of education in England. The first of these was appointed in 1858, with the late Duke of Newcastle at its head, and concerned itself with the means of extending "sound and cheap elementary instruction to all classes of the people." The second was appointed in 1861, and presided over by the Earl of Clarendon. It investigated exclusively the nine "public" schools, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Rugby, and Shrewsbury, and its report and the evidence taken before it were published in four folio blue books. Thus the present Commission was confined to the education and schools of the middle class. The task, even thus limited, was no light one. The grammar schools in the kingdom alone are over 700, and the private schools are over 10,000. Manifestly it was impossible, or, at all events, undesirable, to seek information from all of these. Consequently, while circulars containing an elaborate list of questions were sent to every grammar school, Assistant Commissioners were appointed to travel through certain districts, collect what information they could on the spot, and ascertain to what private schools the inquiries should be addressed. The reports of these Assistant Commissioners, so far as we have seen them—they are not yet all published—

are most valuable and interesting documents. There is nothing of the ordinary dryness of an official document about them; on the contrary, there is a freshness of style and vigour of thought which make them fascinating reading. Besides the Assistant Commissioners appointed to examine the schools of this country, Mr. Matthew Arnold was instructed to examine those of the Continent, and the Rev. J. Fraser those of Canada and the United States. Mr. Fraser has not been so happy as most of the other writers have been, for, though he has collected a vast amount of valuable information, it is so badly edited that we find it almost impossible to discover any practical conclusions. Mr. Arnold, as everyone knows, has the pen of a ready writer, and his report is as perspicuous as Mr. Fraser's is perplexing. Baron Mackay, late *attaché* to the Dutch Legation in London, has contributed a valuable communication upon the schools of Holland. While the Assistant Commissioners were compassing sea and land, the Commissioners were sitting at Whitehall, receiving the evidence of about 150 witnesses, to whom they put more than 18,000 questions. The following were among those who gave evidence: Professor Acland; Dr. Jacob, of Christ's Hospital; Dr. Barry, of Cheltenham, now Principal of King's College, London; Mr. Benson, Head Master of Wellington College; Canon Miller; Mr. Bradley, Head Master of Marlborough; Dr. Carpenter; the Duke of Cambridge, President of Christ's Hospital; Dr. Dasent; Dean Goodwin; Earl Fortescue; Mr. Le Neve Foster; Mr. Hare, Inspector of Charities; the Earl of Harrowby; Dean Howson, then Head Master of Liverpool College; Professor Sieveking; Mr. Lingen; Mr. Lowe; Miss Martin, Superintendent of Bedford Female College School; Dr. Mortimer, late Head Master of the City of London School; Canon Moseley; Mr. Norris, formerly Inspector of Schools; Mr. Paget, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Sir John Pakington; Sir Roundell Palmer; Mr. Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford; Professor Plumptre; Professor Price; Professor Rawlinson; Mr. Robson, Secretary to the College of Preceptors; Lord Romilly; Professor Seeley; Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth; Mr. Sibley, Head Master of the Wesleyan College, Taunton; Professor Smith; Dr. Smith, Classical Examiner at the University of London, and Editor of the *Quarterly Review*; Mr. Walker, Head Master of Manchester Grammar School; Lord Westbury; and Lord Justice Page Wood. To nearly 40 other persons, all of more or less eminence, a circular letter of inquiries was sent, asking for

an opinion on such points as, the desirability or otherwise of giving education entirely gratis; the advantage or the reverse of making the master's income depend wholly upon endowments; the practicability of turning to better use than at present a large number of endowments; and the expediency of setting up training-schools for masters. Upon all these materials, together with a good deal of information tendered spontaneously, the Commissioners have based their long and able report. This, which occupies over 650 pages, besides nearly 200 additional pages of statistics, constitutes the first volume. The second contains the answers to the queries just mentioned, and a good deal of miscellaneous information. The third volume deals with the eight great schools, Christ's Hospital, St. Olave's Southwark, Dulwich, Birmingham, Manchester, Tonbridge, Bedford, and Monmouth. The fourth and fifth volumes, containing together about 1,900 pages, give the evidence of the persons examined. Volumes six to nine inclusive contain the Assistant Commissioners' general reports, and the remaining eleven volumes the special reports on grammar schools, by Messrs. Fearon, Elton, Giffard, Stanton, Green, Richmond, Wright, Hammond, Bompas, Bryce, Eve, and Fitch. To this analysis we may add, that the Commissioners were greatly aided in their most toilsome inquiries by the zeal and the judgment of their secretary, Mr. Roby, who seems to have quite a genius for reducing into beautiful and convenient order a vast mass of material that must have appeared at first almost hopelessly chaotic. We cannot do better than follow the classification of subjects which the Commissioners have adopted.

In inquiring, in the first place, what kinds of education are desirable, we shall see that the answer must vary with the circumstances under which it is made. True, we are concerning ourselves with only one class of the community; but that class contains many varieties of genus. This diversity, as will appear hereafter, is the foundation principle upon which the recommendations of the Commissioners are traced. The parent who cannot afford to keep his boy longer at school than his fourteenth year, who expects him to begin or to fit himself for earning money at that early age, cannot look for much culture. In such a case the *dulce* is sacrificed to the *utile*. It is far otherwise with the boy who remains at school until he is seventeen or eighteen. The three or four extra years give just the time that is wanted for adding the educational polish and decoration. Education, in the first instance, differs scarcely at all in kind from that given in the national

school. The difference is in degree only. The parent in each case wants his child to learn the "three R's." Only in the first they are in the superlative degree; they must be taught thoroughly and perfectly, so that the pupil, when he has left school, may be able to keep accounts, and write a legible and grammatical business letter. Unfortunately, education hitherto has been given too much on the principle that what is good for one class must be good for all. The boy who will never have any time for looking at a classical author after he leaves school, is made to go through all the drudgery of learning the rudiments of Latin and Greek; he has to labour just as if he were hereafter to receive the reward which alone can make such drudgery tolerable in the retrospect—a facility to read, and a capacity to enjoy, the works of the great classic writers. This is just as if we were to insist upon teaching the goose-step to recruits whom it was not intended to drill beyond that dreary exercise. The absurdity is the more flagrant when we remember that the capacity for learning languages is not by any means universal. There are some minds from which the linguistic faculty seems altogether absent. Yet these are tortured with gerunds and aorists by our Procrustean teachers, who have but one measure for all sizes and shapes. This mistake perpetuates itself. Our schoolmasters have been taught classics because classics are considered indispensable, and, of course, the teachers must teach what they know. Nevertheless, a revolt has been made of late years against the bondage of this system. Men have been strengthened in their rebellion by the enormous advantages which are to be derived from a knowledge of science. If knowledge is power, scientific knowledge is short only of omnipotence. It has enabled other nations to pass us in the race that until lately we thought would be a walk-over. It has enabled foreign manufacturers to rival us in our own markets. But then, it is argued by the classicists, the dead languages, while not valuable, perhaps, for their own sakes, are valuable as a discipline; the study of grammar is capital mental training. The reply is, that there are other subjects which are equally good for training, and which are valuable also in themselves. We are speaking now solely of the class which cannot afford time for "culture," or which having time yet is deficient in the capacity for acquiring languages, and we say there are other things which will discipline the pupil in the learning of them, and be serviceable when he has learnt them. There is, for instance, mathematics, if he is to be an engineer; there is chemistry, if he is

to be a manufacturer or a farmer. This being so, what object can be served in teaching for the sake of discipline just that class of subjects which will be of no use to the learner in after-life? Amid much variety of opinion expressed by the nine writers of the *Essays on a Liberal Education*, this at least is clear—languages, especially the dead languages, ought not to hold the predominant place in the school curriculum that they have held hitherto. No doubt, as the Commissioners point out, a knowledge of the English language is learnt by the knowledge of another; and as Latin is the foundation of two at least of the continental languages most commonly taught, it is well to learn that as a preparation for the others. But even here the rule should not be made absolute in the schools of the lowest section of the middle class. In those for the higher sections, Latin at all events is indispensable. If the choice lies between Latin and Greek, and Latin and a modern language, we incline to the latter alternative. The literature of a living language, such as French or German, must be always more valuable than the literature of a dead language. Therefore, while we teach Latin, we teach it in order that French or German may be more easily learnt. Greek may well be reserved for the highest section, for the pupil who goes from the school to the university, where Greek is indispensable, and who desires to be a thoroughly polished scholar.

We have said thus much upon this branch of education because of the extreme, and as we think excessive, importance attached to it. There is less to say upon that other branch which has until now divided the rule with classics. It appears from the Commissioners' Report, and the witnesses who gave evidence before them, that the teaching of mathematics in English schools is far below that in foreign schools. Mr. Le Neve Foster, of the Society of Arts, mentions how much superior was the mathematical training which his son received at Boulogne to that given on this side of the Straits. The Commissioners say—

"It is well worth consideration whether Euclid be the proper text-book for beginners, and whether boys should not begin with something easier and less abstract. Mr. Griffith, the Secretary to the British Association, stated that in his opinion too much time was given to Euclid, and that many boys had read six books of it, who knew nothing of geometry; and Professor Key went so far as to express a wish to get rid of Euclid altogether, as a most illogical book. The French and German schools have long disused it altogether. The English evidence does not on the whole go to this

effect; but the facts seem to justify the opinion that in teaching geometry it would be well to spend much more time on the earlier parts, and perhaps to let the practical application to a great degree precede the strictly scientific study."—*Report*, vol. i. p. 30.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's evidence upon this point is valuable, albeit he prefaces his remarks with the avowal, "As often as I approach mathematics and science I am confronted by my own ignorance of them, and warned not to say much." He was struck with the excellence of the French text-books; but he was impressed more particularly with the prominence of oral teaching. He thought that in the classics this was pushed too far, but in the mathematics it was entirely suitable. He says he shall never forget the impression made upon him by pupils and teacher in the class of *mathématiques spéciales* at St. Louis, under a young and distinguished professor, M. Vacquant. "Teaching so vivid," he adds, "and a class of fifty so borne along, I should hardly have thought possible." No pupil is allowed to enter this class without his first being examined to test his ability to profit by it. The French do not, like ourselves, consider that every boy must be made a mathematician if he is not born one. Moreover, they regard mathematics merely as a means to an end, as subsidiary to the teaching of the natural sciences. They attribute to our substitution of the instrument for the object the barrenness in great men and great results which has, since Newton's time, attended the Cambridge mathematical teaching. One of the great sins of Cambridge was, in their estimation, the retention of Euclid. The Germans and the Swiss entirely agreed with them on this point. Euclid, they all said, was out of date, for its propositions "were drawn out with a view to meeting all possible cavils, and not with a view of developing geometrical ideas in the most lucid and natural manner."* It is satisfactory to find that some of our schoolmasters are becoming alive to the importance of scientific teaching. Not that this conviction is by any means universal. On this point the Commissioners say—

"The evidence of schoolmasters goes to show that a great majority of those who were examined have accepted natural science as a part of the school work, but it exhibits the greatest diversity of opinion as to its value. Some hold the strongest conviction of its importance, others express hesitation and misgiving, and doubt if it has a

* *Report*, vol. iv. p. 507.

place of any real value as an educational instrument; and a few discredit its utility entirely. This discrepancy of opinion appears to be in a great measure due, as in some instances is confessed, to the greater or less acquaintance of the masters themselves with natural science, and the consequently greater or less appreciation of its use and disposition to secure the efficiency of its teaching."—*Report*, vol. i. p. 33.

It may interest our readers to know that the three witnesses to whom the Commissioners refer as specially unfriendly to scientific teaching, are the Rev. J. C. Bruce, LL.D., of Glasgow, who formerly kept a private school at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the Rev. W. C. Williams, B.D., of the North London Collegiate School; and Mr. George W. Dasent, D.C.L., one of the leader-writers of the *Times*. Dr. Bruce considers that chemistry—the branch of science most commonly taught—relieves the tedium of school life, and is useful for the information it communicates; but, as a source of training, he lays little stress upon it. Mr. Williams takes a lower view, and considers chemistry to be merely an accomplishment. Dr. Dasent rates it still less high, and declares that, "from what he has seen of physical science, it has generally resulted in teaching nothing at all. It is a very pretty way of spending time." There is a lower depth still, and it was sounded by Mr. Beresford Hope at the last Harrow "speech-day," when he declared that the only result of the teaching of chemistry would be to tell boys how to make "shandy-gaff." After all, these discrepancies are not difficult to explain. The witnesses formed their opinion of the value of scientific teaching from what they had seen of its effects. Those effects depend upon the teacher. The schoolmaster who has never studied science, but only got up enough to give an occasional lecture, will not be likely to carry his pupils far. They certainly will not go farther than he has gone; and, as the great majority of the present generation of schoolmasters were not taught science, in the great majority of instances the teaching of it will be ineffective. As the Commissioners remark—

"In schools where natural science is said to be popular, and where its educational influence is most unhesitatingly affirmed, the instruction in it is manifestly the most efficient. Efficiency of teaching and recognition of its benefit appear to rise and fall in a corresponding ratio."—*Report*, vol. i. p. 33.

Science is heavily weighted as compared with the classics and mathematics. Not only are there few men capable of

teaching it, but few schools possess the necessary apparatus, and the universities hold out few or no prizes to those who excel in science. These circumstances have told so heavily against this branch of learning, that even the facilities for acquiring it which do exist are not used to anything like the extent that they might be, as the records of the Royal School of Mines will show. And yet the value of scientific training cannot be overrated. Not only is science valuable for its own sake, but it has been found most useful in promoting other studies. There is many a boy whose intellect seemed hopelessly closed against all the usual appliances of education until he received his first scientific lesson. From that time his dull faculties became quickened, and he made rapid progress, not only in his favourite department, but also in those where before progress seemed impossible. In the City of London School all the 600 boys are taught science, and the result has been that, while some of them have carried off distinctions in several of its branches at the University of London and South Kensington, this success has not been found to prevent them from achieving the highest honours in classics and mathematics at the Universities of Cambridge and London. Of course it is not many schools whose scholars are thus to be numbered by the hundred, and, therefore, the appliances for teaching science will not be so easily procured. To meet this difficulty, the Commissioners suggest that schools might combine to share the expense.

The question of religious instruction is one that we might have expected the Commissioners would treat at considerable length. We know how long and angry a controversy it has produced, and we expected to find its magnitude, though not its bitterness, represented in this report. Nevertheless, the Commissioners dispose of it in five pages. They believe that what is called the religious difficulty, is theoretical rather than practical, and, consequently, attach small importance to it. In this estimate they are supported by some of their Assistant Commissioners. Mr. Bryce, for instance, after examining carefully into the matter in his district (Lancashire), came to the conclusion that what is commonly called the religious difficulty was either altogether unreal, or one which was generally settled with ease by the exercise of common sense and mutual forbearance. Mr. Stanton, who inspected the Southern counties, found, in all instances, the most tolerant views on this subject, alike from Churchman and Dissenter, priest and layman. As a rule, the parents are content to let their children receive the religious education which is

given to the rest of the scholars. A Dissenter will perhaps object to the teaching of the Church Catechism, and a Roman Catholic will, of course, object to the religious teaching of a Protestant master. In these cases the difficulty is to be met, not by the mutilation of religious teaching, but by the withdrawal of the Dissenting or Roman Catholic pupil from the religious lesson. There is many a conscientious man well qualified to conduct a school who would shun the profession if he were compelled to abstain from religious teaching altogether. It would be manifestly unfair to him, moreover, that he should be deprived of such an important educational aid as religious teaching affords. He has not merely to instil knowledge, but also to form character, and he would be sorely off if religion were a forbidden subject. There is, therefore, no other alternative than the denominational school, or the practical adoption of the principle of the conscience clause. The second seems to us, as it does to the Commissioners, by far the better expedient. And we would urge, with Lord Lyttelton (who became a convert to the conscience clause during the investigation of the Commissioners), that there should be no stinting practised with the teacher. He should have free scope to teach all that he believes necessary to be taught, and the children to whose parents such teaching may be objectionable, should withdraw during the religious lesson.

In discussing the relative advantages of day-schools and boarding-schools, the Commissioners state their preference for the second. They think that a boarder has more *esprit de corps* than a day-scholar, enters more thoroughly into the work of the school, and has the advantage of learning his lessons with other boys, and so is at once assisted and stirred to emulation. In Scotland, indeed, the parents take so much interest in their sons' studies that they supply the stimulus at home. But English parents concern themselves very little about their children's education, and thus the school spirit is needed. Moreover, a boarder not having his parents always to lean upon, becomes much more self-reliant. He is compelled to choose between right and wrong without the aid of another judgment. True, he is exposed to some temptations from which the day-scholar is free, but he is guarded against them by the public opinion which prevails in the school, and which would denounce anything mean or underhand. If the master have any force of character, he can do much to elevate and refine the public opinion of the scholars, who will almost always answer to anything which appeals to their

higher instincts. In the great schools which possess famous traditions there is a high tone of manner and a sentiment of honour which act like a tonic to the moral character of the boys. The playground, too, is a most important part of the discipline of school life. The Duke of Wellington declared that he won his great victories at Eton. Day-schools have their advantages, though we are not inclined to place among them the immunity from the knowledge of evil which the Commissioners mention. There is abundant opportunity even for the day-scholar to acquire that knowledge. A more substantial advantage is the smaller expense of the day-school. The boy who lives with his father must cost him less than the boy who boards with a master, and who, of course, pays his share towards the master's rent and taxes, as well as for his own food. Lord Harrowby, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Lingen were in favour of day-schools; Mr. Lingen, especially, thinking that the advantages of boarding-schools above mentioned do not exist when the boys are of a low social grade, and are consequently somewhat coarse in their ideas. The success of Mr. Woodard's middle-class schools shows that this coarseness may be corrected in great measure by a high religious training.

It is not possible within our present limits to give any idea of the systems of education which refer to other countries. In six pages the Commissioners have summarised Mr. Fraser's volume of 435 pages, on *The Schools of Canada and the United States*, and in 17 pages they have analysed Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Report on the Schools of the Continent*. It is manifest that to condense such condensations would give a most inadequate idea of the schools of the respective countries reported on. Mr. Arnold's report is very well worth reading. Mr. Fraser's is hard to master by reason of an utter absence of arrangement. We pass on to consider the recommendations and improvements suggested by the Commissioners.

The kind of education needed we have already discussed; the machinery for imparting it now concerns us. In devising this machinery, the Commissioners have borrowed largely from that which exists in other countries. They divide schools into three grades: the third that in which the education stops at about fourteen, the second that in which it is to stop at about sixteen, and the first that in which it is continued until eighteen or nineteen. They consider that the most urgent educational need of the country is that of good schools of the third grade, which shall carry education up to the age of fourteen or fifteen. It is just here that the en-

dowed schools appear to fail most signally, while nothing else takes their place. The private schools do not provide a substitute, for as soon as a master is thoroughly successful in a school of this sort, there is everything to induce him to raise his terms and to fill his school with boys of a higher social class. The artisans, small shopkeepers, and small farmers, are in many places without any convenient means of educating their children at all, and still more often have no security that what education they do get is good. Schools of the third grade should be divided into a lower and an upper school. The lower should be adapted to receive boys at the age of six or seven, and keep them until they are twelve. At that age a boy should be able to read fluently and intelligently, to write a clear hand, and to repeat from memory a considerable quantity of the best English poetry; he ought to know arithmetic thoroughly as far as fractions, and to be acquainted with the outlines of geography, physical and political. An examination on these subjects should be the test for admission to the higher school. In this school the old subjects should be continued, and the outlines of English history and political economy, with the elements of Latin or of some modern language, should be added. In the same way, to the arithmetical teaching, algebra or practical geometry should be added, and to geography either botany or some branch of experimental physics, or the rudiments of inorganic chemistry. Drawing also should be taught. Schools of this kind need not be all of one type. Some, like the Bristol Trade School, might give up the study of language and cultivate the elements of the sciences most needed for the trade or the manufactures of the place. The Commissioners would have a boy of fourteen compelled to leave a school of the third grade, in order to prevent successful schools of that grade from encroaching on the work of the schools belonging to the grade above. It is the tendency of all schools to retain good scholars as long as they can, and in this way the public schools have within the last forty years pushed the age of going to the University fully two years farther on than before. If a master can retain his good scholars, he will give them his chief attention. The Commissioners recommend that the present elementary schools now subject to the inspection of the Committee of Council should be treated as the lower division of the schools of the third grade, always provided that the parents offer no objection on the ground that they do not wish their sons to mix with the children of day-labourers. Should this objection be raised, it

would still be possible to bring the two schools into relation, by promoting the most promising boys of the elementary school to the third grade school, without increase of charge to their parents. The cost of such an education would be about 4*l.* a-year.

In schools of the second grade, education would cease at sixteen. They would prepare youths for business, for the several professions, for manufactories, for the army, and for the many departments of the civil service. In these schools, the social status would be short only of the highest, the class of the nobility and wealthier gentry. And in these, as in those of the third grade, there should be two divisions. There should be an examination before entering either. For instance, boys would enter the lower division at seven or eight, and should be required to spell and read easy English, to know the multiplication table, and to write a large hand. The upper division would receive boys who had passed the final examination in the lower, and would keep them till sixteen. Elementary subjects, such as arithmetic and English, should be as carefully kept up in these schools as in those of the third grade. But in the second grade schools Latin, and at least one modern language, should be taught. The curriculum might vary; for instance, in some schools two modern languages and very little natural science might be taught; in others, natural science might be the predominating subject. In teaching mathematics, the minds of the learners should be perpetually brought back to concrete examples, instead of being perpetually exercised in abstractions. Lastly, these are especially the schools in which it might often be advisable to lay great stress on practical mechanics, for in these would be educated many of the employers of skilled labour, to whom such knowledge would be of the highest value.

Most of the schools of the first grade would prepare for the universities, and their studies must therefore be guided by the requirements of the universities. Thus these schools would necessarily give great prominence to classics. But English literature, the elements of political economy, modern languages, mathematics, and natural science should also be taught thoroughly, and the various masters teaching these subjects should be on an equality with the other masters. As in the other cases, there should be two divisions, and entrance to the lower should be by examination, and take place at about eight years of age. The boys would remain until they were between thirteen and fourteen, and would then, on

passing the final examination in the lower division, pass to the upper, where they would continue until they were eighteen or nineteen. It would be advisable that in some of these schools Greek should not be taught, but be substituted by modern languages, mathematics, or natural science; and these now subordinate subjects might be carried to a high point, so as to give them great educational value, and show how far culture could be carried without the knowledge of Greek. But the experiment cannot be tried fairly until the Universities allow these subjects to be placed on the same high level which they now assign to that language. It is for the Universities, if they would not cut themselves off from the needs and sympathies of the nation, to relax their traditional rules so far as to give an equal share of their emoluments to youths who have determined to devote themselves to science or to modern literature, in preference to the literature of a dead language. It ought to be clearly understood that the schools of the different grades are not preparatory the one to the other. Each school has its preparatory and its finishing division, not necessarily under the same roof; since it would be difficult, for instance, to submit boys of eight and boys of eighteen to the same *régime*. But, while each grade of schools would be separate from the others, some means should be devised for permitting clever boys to pass from the lower to the higher grade. A boy of real ability would be sacrificed if kept to a school of the third grade, and yet the resources of the parents might not permit him to go to one of the first or second. To meet such cases, many of the small school endowments which are now wasted might be appropriated as exhibitions. This suggestion opens the very large question of endowments and endowed schools, to which the Commissioners have devoted some 170 pages of their report. Before entering upon it, we would indicate in what way the Commissioners propose to carry out the recommendations which we have just summarised.

According to Dr. Farr's estimate, the number of boys belonging to the upper and middle classes of the age of eight years and under sixteen is 260,712, or 12·55 per 1,000. Another estimate, derived from information respecting the three counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, and Suffolk, gives nearly the same proportion, viz. 12·28. It may be assumed, therefore, that there are 255,000 boys within the scope of the Commissioners' inquiry. To supply them with education the Commissioners recommend: First, that there should be

provision ultimately in *towns* for not less than 16 per 1,000 of the population. Second, that in every *town* large enough to maintain a day-school it is desirable that there should be at once provision for 10 boys per 1,000 of the population, with a power of extension. Third, that of the whole presumed demand, one-half at least should be assigned to the requirements of the scholars of the third grade.* Taking the eleven divisions into which the Registrar-General divides England and Wales, a certain number of schools of each grade should be assigned to every division. It is probable that not less than four boarding-schools of the first grade will be required for every 1,000,000 of the population, and each would have about 250 boys. The success of the schools of this class which have been established very recently at Haileybridge, Clifton, and Malvern, shows how much they are needed. To such boarding-schools would have to be added day-schools for towns with a population above 20,000. The demand for boarding-schools of the second grade is likely to be much less than for similar schools of the first. Supposing it were necessary to provide boarding-schools for 1 in 1,000 of the population, and each school to have 100 scholars, it would follow that there ought to be a boarding-school of this grade for every 100,000 inhabitants. But besides the boarding-schools it would seem that every town of a larger population than 5,000 would require a day-school of this grade, or a day and boarding-school combined; and whenever an endowed school was planted near such a town, this would be one of the uses to which it might conveniently be put. Lastly, every town should have, if possible, a day-school of the third grade, and to this purpose most of the remaining schools should be appropriated.† It only remains to be added on this point, that limits should be fixed to the school fees, and the Commissioners recommend the following:—

"A school of the third grade should not be allowed to charge a fee above 4*l.* 4*s.*, which would put it out of the reach of the class for which it was intended, nor below 2*l.* 2*s.*, less than which would not pay for the kind of education required. In the same way the fees of second-grade day-schools might vary from 6*l.* 6*s.* to 12*l.* 12*s.* and of second-grade boarding-schools from 25*l.* to 40*l.* Lastly, the fees of first-grade day-schools might vary from 12*l.* 12*s.* to 26*l.* 5*s.*, and of first grade boarding-schools from 60*l.* to 120*l.*"—*Report*, vol. i. p. 583.

It should be borne in mind that these schools ought to give openings, by means of exhibitions, to boys of merit, whose parents cannot afford the fees. The governors might

* *Report*, vol. i. p. 99.

† *Ibid.* pp. 580—582.

admit one scholar in forty absolutely free, and one in twenty at half fees, selecting those scholars by open competition.

We come now to the large and important question of endowments and endowed schools. How important it is may be inferred when we mention that there are about 3,000 of such schools which have, besides buildings, some income from charitable funds permanently appropriated to the school. These 3,000 schools, or foundations for schools, were established for the most part before the present century. They are of very different degrees of importance, and present every variety of excellence and badness. The Commissioners confined their inquiries to about a fourth of the number, 782, which were intended to give a higher education than that afforded in the National and British schools. These schools were educating, at the time of the inquiry, 9,279 boarders, and 27,595 day-scholars. The gross income of these schools from endowments is £336,201, the net income is estimated in the returns at £195,184; but the sum is too low, inasmuch as deductions have been made from the gross amount for expenses of management, a portion of which belongs to the almshouses with which the schools are often connected. The net income may be safely estimated at £200,000, and there is a further sum of over £14,000 for the annual value of exhibitions. The amount of the endowments varies with the schools. Christ's Hospital has a net income of over £4,200, besides a very valuable site and large buildings; on the other hand, there are some endowments which consist only of a rent-charge of £5 a-year. Usually, the school possesses a school-house, a master's house, and an annual income. The eight grammar schools mentioned in the early part of this article have net incomes exceeding £2,000; thirteen have net incomes below this sum, but above £1,000; fifty-five others have incomes of at least £500; 222 others have at least £100, and the rest are under that amount. The distribution of these endowments over the country is very unequal. The total net income of all such schools in Cornwall does not amount to £4,000, nor are the buildings of much value. On the other hand, Lincolnshire has over £7,000 a-year; Lancashire nearly £9,000. The total number of towns of more than 2,000 inhabitants, according to the last census, which have endowments for a grammar or other secondary school is 304. There are 228 towns of that size without such endowment.

Turning to the chronological list of endowed grammar schools, we find some facts of considerable interest. The oldest of these schools is Carlisle, which was founded in the

reign of William II. An even earlier history than this is given in a school register now in the Chapter Library. From this we learn that St. Cuthbert founded a school in Carlisle, in 686, and that it was extinguished in 800. William Rufus re-established it, and ordered one of the monks of the convent, which also the King founded, to teach the scholars. Next to Carlisle comes Derby, founded by Walter Durdant, Bishop of Lichfield, *circa* 1160. Huntingdon was founded *temp.* Henry II. and then there is a hiatus of more than a century, followed by Salisbury Choristers' School, founded in 1319. William of Wykeham's great foundation at Winchester is eighth on the list, and dates from 1389. The founder's statutes describe it as a college to consist of a warden, ten fellows, seventy scholars, one head master, one usher, three chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers. There are but thirty-five schools existing which were founded before the reign of Henry VIII. Under that sovereign the number of school endowments increased marvellously, as though with the general setting free of men's minds there came a conviction of the value of education. During his reign of thirty-eight years there were no fewer than sixty-three grammar-schools endowed, the King himself being the founder of seventeen of them. Among the others were Dean Colet's famous school of St. Paul's, and the Manchester Grammar School, founded by Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter. A large number of the foundations of this reign were for cathedral grammar-schools. Edward VI. reigned six years and a half, and during that short period fifty-one schools were founded, including Birmingham, Shrewsbury, and Christ's Hospital. His elder sister had but little time to found schools, yet even in her reign of nearly five years and a half sixteen were founded, three of them by herself, and two by herself and her husband jointly. Elizabeth has the credit of founding more schools than any other sovereign, more by far even than her father, though not nearly so many, in proportion to the years of her reign, as her brother established. Her total number was 138, and this includes Westminster, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, and St. Olave's, Southwark. James I. continued the movement, and it is one of the few things to his credit that he himself founded 40 schools; the total number founded in his reign of twenty-two years was 83, and they include the Charterhouse, Monmouth, and Dulwich. The stormy times that followed the death of the "Modern Solomon" did not interrupt the good work. Fifty-nine schools were founded during the reign of Charles I. (twenty-four years),

44 during the eleven years of the Commonwealth, 81 during the twenty-five years' reign of Charles II., 18 during the nearly four years' reign of his brother. The number thence-forward declines; during the thirteen years that William III. occupied the throne, 34 schools were founded; during the twelve years' reign of Anne, 27; during the thirteen years' reign of George I., 34; during the thirty-three years' reign of George II., only 30; the same number were founded in the nearly sixty years' reign of George III.; only 3 in the ten years' reign of George IV., and 4 in the seven years' reign of William IV. In the present reign, up to the date of the Commissioners' Report, 23 have been founded, and 3 of these by one man, the Rev. N. Woodard. These schools vary greatly.

"Some are parts of a large charitable foundation, which embraces numerous objects besides education; some endowments are distributed over several schools, the grammar-school being but one among many. Again, some are intended expressly for members of the Church of England; others for special denominations of Nonconformists; others again, and those the very great majority, have no such binding or exclusive connection. Schools of which few persons have heard beyond those resident in the villages where they are situated; schools which are the mainsprings of education to large towns, and schools which have a wide reputation and attract boarders from distant parts of the country; schools which have been known chiefly by the disputes to which they have given rise, and their long and frequent entanglement in Chancery suits; schools which in former days have trained leaders in science and statesmanship, and now languish in obscurity and neglect; schools which from their very first establishment have ranked with the best and highest centres of education,—of all these kinds, instances, of some too few, of others too many, are found in our list. The management of them has been in the hands of all classes of persons; high official dignitaries, the noblemen and gentlemen of the country, selected inhabitants of the particular place, the inhabitants in vestry assembled, the minister and churchwardens, or other officers of the parish, the mayor and corporation of a town, a London city company, the master and fellows of a college, the dean and chapter of a cathedral, the heir of the founder, the owner of a particular manor or house, the master or masters of the school themselves, are to be found, separately or in various combinations, as the holders of the school property, and the regulators of the school studies, having the right to nominate the scholars and appoint the masters. The social rank of the scholars is also very various. In some schools almost all ranks meet, in by far the majority either the higher ranks or the lower ranks are found, but not to any great extent together. . . . Large endowments are attached to places where there are few to benefit by them; and

pittances only are found where the need is great. In numbers of districts, schools stand near to one another doing the same work, and doing it more wastefully and worse than one school only would do it; and in the same districts, or even at the same places there is other work to be done equally important and perfectly feasible, which is meanwhile neglected. Viewed as a whole, the condition of school education above the primary has been called a chaos, and the condition of the endowed schools is certainly not the least chaotic portion."—*Report*, vol. i. pp. 111, 112.

That this should be the case is not surprising when we remember that, with the exception of some naval and military schools, there is not one in England above the class of paupers over which the State exercises full control. There is no public inspector to investigate the educational condition of the schools by examining the pupils; no public board to give advice on educational difficulties; no public rewards given to promote educational progress, except those distributed by the Science and Art Department; hardly a single mastership in the gift of the Crown; not a single payment from the State in support of secondary schools; not a single certificate of capacity given by the Government for teachers in schools above the primary class. As the Commissioners observe, the State might give test, stimulus, advice, dignity; it withholds them all, and leaves the endowed schools to the cramping assistance of judicial decisions, which may be quite right as regards the interpretation of the founders' words, and quite wrong as regards the wise administration of the schools they founded. In a word, there are, strictly speaking, no public schools; none, that is, with which the State has power to deal in the public interesst. The result is the wretchedly inferior schools which the great majority of English grammar-schools are. Five hundred of the schools under consideration were founded more than two centuries ago. In some of them the original charters remain, and offer some startling archaisms, such, for instance, as those in the charter of Warrington School, where provision is made for the "potation penny" and the "cock penny," the first being to provide the scholars with a drinking-bout, the second to defray the cost of a cock-fight. In many instances beneficial reforms have been effected, but so tardily that they have frequently not been made until they in turn have become antiquated. Thus it happens that the schools are neither what the founders designed, nor what the present governors think expedient; they exhibit neither the will of the dead for their time, nor the will of the living for our time.

The Commissioners have described at considerable length the condition of the endowed schools, and also of the private schools, started by the masters on their own account. This description, although it occupies more than a hundred pages of the Report, is but a summary of the vast amount of evidence which they have obtained from oral witnesses and the Assistant-Commissioners by actual investigation. Space fails us to mention all the points treated by the writers; but it may be said briefly that in almost every point there was found much room for improvement. The teaching was inferior; the masters not seldom incompetent, and where in possession of a fixed income from endowment, negligent and lazy; the school premises contrasted most woefully with those provided by the National and the British societies; the trustees were not seldom ignorant and obstructive, the funds occasionally diminished by ruinous lawsuits. In the schools of the lowest sort, of the third grade as they may be styled, there is nothing to commend, everything to condemn. Mr. Fearon, one of the Assistant-Commissioners, speaks of defective premises, "gross ignorance and want of qualification in many of the teachers." Mr. Bryce, another Assistant-Commissioner, describes a school held in a closely packed room, where the air was insupportably foul; the scholars talking and scuffling about; the master hearing a class heedless of the deafening din around him; the children able neither to answer anything nor do anything; and mentions that such schools are common even in the suburbs of Liverpool and Manchester, "giving a teaching incomparably worse than that of an average National or British school, yet charging twice as much for it." A third Assistant-Commissioner, Mr. Stanton, states that it is the schools just above the National and British schools which most need reform. "As to some of them," he adds, "*horresco referens.*" The inferiority of premises is perhaps not surprising. The position of a private schoolmaster of the third grade is always precarious. He depends almost entirely upon the caprices of the parents. If he should happen to offend them, or if a more plausible rival should set up an opposition school, he may find himself suddenly left without pupils. Thus he would be little disposed to sink capital in buildings and fittings, even if he had it to sink. It is very rarely that he has. Too often he is an unsuccessful trader, whose only capital is a few quill pens and the brass-plate upon his door. Even in schools where the head-masters were efficient, the Assistant-Commissioners found the ushers lamentably the reverse. The majority, says Mr. Bryce, "are

deficient in every way—half-educated, without any knowledge of teaching, without the force of character to rule and guide boys. Some few are worthy, painstaking people, doing obscure duties to the best of their powers, but never, so far as I could observe, doing them with spirit or energy. This is not merely because such pitiful salaries are offered to them; it is because the position is socially inferior, and holds out little prospect of anything better." Mr. Green says:—"Sometimes they are little more than lads. Otherwise they are ignorant, or of questionable character. In my examinations I found them not unfrequently fragrant of alcohol." According to Mr. Giffard, the principals themselves acknowledged that their assistants were a discredit to their profession; some were discovered to be drunkards, and yet retained, because there was no certainty of getting better; some were obliged to decamp suddenly, usually for debt. They were generally men whose only principle was to do as little work as possible. In this respect the private schools were far below the endowed grammar-schools, just because the latter offered the assistants a chance of promotion. They too might hope some day to rise to the position of master of an endowed school.

Bad as the lowest class of private schools are, they are preferred by the parents to the National and British schools, although the education given in the latter is far superior to that given in the former. Among small farmers and petty shopkeepers the same class-feeling prevails as among parents high up in the social scale. The man who rents a few acres and the village tallow-chandler do not like their children to associate with the children of the labourer and the artisan. The inability to discriminate between a good and a bad education makes parents of the class in question constantly intermeddle with the instruction of their children. The Commissioners point out how widely English and Scotch parents differ in this respect. The first have not, as the second have, the advantage of three centuries of experience. "They have often very little education of any sort themselves, and, at any rate, have had no training in the management of the education of their children. The Scotch father knows what his son is learning, at least to a sufficient extent to judge of his proficiency, to praise him for his success, to feel a keen interest in what he is doing. Neither the English father nor the English mother retains enough of school-training to be able to enter into what their children are studying. They cannot meddle in the way in which their meddling would be useful

by showing a keen interest in all that the children are learning. But this does not prevent them, and especially the mother, from meddling in other ways, and giving directions in a matter which they do not understand." Another circumstance must be borne in mind: while the Scotch parent has power to select from a prescribed list of subjects taught, the English parent, who has entirely lost confidence in the teaching of the grammar-school, interferes at random, dislikes all rules, presses peculiar wishes, and would have the whole school bend itself to the demands of a single scholar. It must be said, however, in excuse for the English parent, that, where a really good school is offered him, he very gladly makes use of it. This is proved by the remarkable success that has attended such schools as Mr. Rogers's in London and that at Framlingham. Private schools have some advantages which endowed schools have not. There is no likelihood that the shameful instances to be found in the latter of schoolmasters driving away their pupils by inattention or actual ill-treatment, in order that they may retain the stipend without doing any work, will be found among private schools. These schools afford a field for educational experiments; they give that individual teaching which some boys, especially the very stupid, need. On the other hand, they are subject to the three serious disadvantages:—that they offer no means of distinguishing good masters from bad; that it is equally difficult to distinguish good schools from bad; and that a private school has no recognised position. Superior men will not accept situations on its staff. Inspection and examination would correct the first two evils, and the third would be remedied by giving private schoolmasters a recognised station, such as would qualify them for election to the endowed schools.

We pass now to the last of the three great classes of schools —the Proprietary. These schools are neither endowed nor are they the property of the master or the mistress who teaches in them. They belong to a body of shareholders, and therefore are, strictly speaking, private schools. Nevertheless, while they partake of the character of private schools, in so far as they owe their origin to private enterprise, and are able to adapt themselves to the needs of the day, they resemble endowed schools in providing some security that the master shall be fit for his duties, and in the general character of their management. The Commissioners add, that in the end they pass into one of the other two classes. Those which do not succeed under proprietary management are

generally sold, and become private schools; those which are successful enough to become permanent, and which, being devoted irrevocably by deed to the purposes of education, are transferred to the ranks of endowed schools. Most of the proprietary schools are of recent origin, *i.e.* not forty years old. They owe their origin principally either to the want of establishments of a more public character than any private one even of long standing can possibly assume, or to the desire of the members of a particular religious denomination to have a school in which the religious instruction might be given in unrestricted accordance with their views. The first class consists of those schools which, while giving a classical education of the first grade, pay more attention to mathematics and modern languages than was usual in endowed schools. Such are the schools in connection with University College and King's College, London; such the more recently established Cheltenham College, and the schools at Bath, Brighton, Sheffield, Huddersfield, and, still better, those at Clifton and Malvern. Marlborough College and Rossall were established to furnish education, especially to the sons of clergymen, at lower terms than are charged at Eton and Harrow. The second class of proprietary schools are those provided within the last dozen years for the education of the sons of farmers, such as the school founded at Probus, Cornwall, by the Rev. D. Trinder, in 1853; and the Devon County School, founded by Lord Fortescue and Mr. Brereton, and also, we believe, greatly through the exertions of Mr. Acland. To this gentleman the West of England owes much for his exertions in behalf of education, and, indeed, the whole of England; for he was one of the principal originators of the system of university local examinations. The absence of his name from the body of the Report is due to the fact that Mr. Acland is one of the Commissioners, and could not be a party to a eulogium upon himself. These county schools are spreading in every direction, and the present Duke of Bedford has given 10,000*l.* towards the establishment of one in Bedfordshire. The third class of proprietary schools are intended for the sons of clerks, small shopkeepers, and wealthy artisans. They have either arisen out of a Mechanics' Institute, or been founded by the clergyman of a large parish, or in connection with a Nonconformist body, but are attended also by scholars of other denominations. The school maintained by the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick, and the Birkbeck Schools established by Mr. Ellis, belong to this class. The fourth class consists of schools which have been established by a denomi-

national body for the benefit of its own members. Such are the Wesleyan Colleges at Taunton and Sheffield, and (for sons of ministers only) at Woodhouse-grove, Bradford; the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst; Oscott, Mount-St.-Mary's, and other Roman Catholic schools; the Moravian School at Fulneck, established in 1753. Lastly, there are schools established for the special benefit of small sections of the community, such as the college at Epsom for the sons of medical practitioners, and the school at Pinner for the sons of commercial travellers. As a rule, the main object in founding these schools was not a commercial one; not the earning of a dividend, but the endeavour on the part of parents, dissatisfied with previously existing schools and modes of education, to obtain a place and system of instruction after their own minds. In some schools, perhaps, the dividend is too much thought of; but in the generality this low motive has little influence, and, indeed, most of them have proved failures as a commercial speculation. At Cheltenham, perhaps the most successful of any, this commercial spirit is directly discountenanced by a rule forbidding any one to hold more than five shares. Of course these schools have the one great advantage of starting with a good connection. They are the application of the co-operative system to the profession of teaching: every shareholder has a personal interest in sending his own children to the school of which he is a proprietor, and in inducing his friends to send theirs. In some of them, unhappily, the spirit of caste is kept up. At the Cheltenham, Bath, and Clifton proprietary schools the sons of tradesmen are not admitted. At the Liverpool College there are three schools, corresponding to three divisions of society, and the scholars are kept quite apart, except at prayers. Manifestly so long as this "taint of social exclusiveness," to use the Commissioners' expression, attaches to these proprietary schools, they cannot take the high place which they might otherwise assume. The number of scholars at proprietary schools is about 12,000, of whom 4,600 are boarders.

The most important change which has taken place of late years in the education of the middle class has been the application of the examination system. That system existed previously in upper-class education under the form of university examinations, and in lower-class education under the form of inspection by Government inspectors. But scholars of the middle class had no such protective test, and the absence of it was one principal cause of the inferiority of their education. The origination of the University Local

Examinations, due mainly to Dr. Temple and Mr. Acland, and the opening of many departments of the Civil Service, and even of the army, to competition, have done much to raise the standard of education in middle-class schools. The change has not been all gain. In fact, some of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Commissioners lamented it. Mr. Bradley, the Head Master of Marlborough College, spoke of the examinations required for the India Civil Service, and for entrance into Woolwich, as "sitting like a blight upon education, compelling masters to teach boys not what is good for them, but what will pay in the examination." Mr. Pattison, Master of Lincoln College, Oxford, spoke even of the university examinations as "a necessary evil." The precise point at which examinations become injurious to a school he defined as that at which "the schools follow the examinations, and not the examinations the schools." But, after all, this definition should apply only to the examinations for something outside the school, and conducted by those who have no concern with the school. These examinations have, no doubt, a tendency to dislocate the schoolwork, by rewarding highly what the school values low, and disregarding what the school makes of great importance. The same objection can scarcely apply to the examinations for university matriculation, scholarships, and exhibitions, since the universities take up the same class of subjects as are taught in the schools. In fact, the only thing to be regretted with regard to these examinations is, that there are not more schools in a position to submit to them. The local university examinations are the best suited of the three to test the efficiency of the school teaching. Even here there is a tendency to consider the part at the expense of the whole, and push forward the clever pupils and neglect the indolent and stupid. The best kind of examination would undoubtedly be the inspection of individual schools by qualified persons unconnected with them. The University of Cambridge has already appointed examiners to examine schools when requested to do so; but the heavy fees—10*l.* for two days, and 3*l.* for every day afterwards, together with all travelling expenses—have made this provision almost useless, and only thirteen schools have availed themselves of it. Less costly is the examination by the College of Preceptors. This is conducted by means of papers sent down from London, and worked in the presence of a sub-examiner, generally a resident near the school in which the examination is held. It is now becoming customary to send in whole classes, and since 1853 up to the time the Commissioners issued their

report, 9,000 candidates had received certificates of having passed successfully. At the same time it must be admitted that the estimation in which these certificates are held is small, just because it is generally known that the college gives its title to schoolmasters without examination. The university local examinations were not instituted until five years later, but they have become far more popular, are far more highly valued, and the number of candidates who submit themselves to them is constantly increasing, albeit there are many complaints of the severity of the examiners, and the cost which the examinations involve. In ten years, 1858-67, the Oxford examiners passed 6,396 of the 10,656 boys who presented themselves, and Cambridge 4,574 of 6,154 candidates.

Hitherto we have followed the Commissioners in their report subject by subject. It will be well to diverge for a space, in order, by the help of Mr. Fearon's most interesting report, to make acquaintance with the Scotch system of secondary education. The Scotch and English systems differ materially, and Mr. Fearon, having inspected the schools in the neighbourhood of London previously to making his Scotch tour, was particularly well qualified to compare the two modes of education. The first striking point of difference is, that the Scotch burgh schools are not boarding-schools. The boys, if away from their own homes, lodge with friends, or with persons entrusted by the parents to look after them. In a word, the schoolmaster is a schoolmaster pure and simple, and not, as in England, a boarding-house keeper also. There are advantages in the Scotch system. It prevents the masters from getting overworked and harassed with the care of boys out of school hours. It removes from them the temptation to consider what is always the most profitable part of schooling—the boarding—at the expense of the teaching, and thus avoids the danger of the curriculum of the school being shaped so as to favour the rich and exclude the poor. It checks that tendency to idleness which always exists where a number of boys live together, and learn to consider their play as important as their work; as at Eton, where it is scarcely too much to say that to be stroke in the eight oar, or captain of the eleven, is a higher object of ambition than to be prizeman or exhibitioner. On the other hand, the boarding school has some special advantages. It offers greater opportunities for physical training, for polish and cultivation, for self-government and the training of character. Moreover, since homes are as often bad as good, it is well that boys should be removed from the example of their fathers'

irregularities or vices. The Scotch see that there are two sides to the question, and the experiment of a boarding-school on the English plan was about to be tried in Edinburgh, at the time that Mr. Fearon visited that city. Scotch schools are very poorly endowed when compared with English. It is true that the corporations in whom the management of the schools is vested pay a yearly sum towards their maintenance; but this is no more an endowment than a Parliamentary grant is. It is quite in the power of the corporations to give less or more, and the sum not unfrequently varies according to the popularity of the master. All that the town councils are bound to do is to maintain a suitable building in proper repair, free of burdens, in which masters may receive those who come to be taught. The master's income depends almost entirely upon the fees of pupils. There are scarcely any educational societies in Scotland. Nor does the absence of them seem felt. The Scotch attach so much value to knowledge that they are quite prepared to pay for it. Moreover, there is not in their schools, as in the English, a fixed curriculum of instruction through which a boy is required to pass. Parents can choose the subjects, and they pay for the teaching of these only. The result is that, while in England private schools which offer this option have sprung up everywhere in rivalry to the endowed schools in Scotland, there are scarcely any private schools to compete with the burgh schools. This elasticity has rendered the last very popular. Another cause of popularity is the necessity for the schools, in the absence of endowments, to rely upon popular sympathy. In England, Mr. Fearon found a master and an assistant-master of a grammar-school with an endowment of £400 a-year, and only one pupil. The master was a very old man, and Mr. Fearon asked him when he meant to retire. He replied, "I don't want to retire at all." "But you have only one scholar," was the rejoinder. "And I don't want more," said the master; adding, "Why should I? I am an old man. This is a good house and garden, and the place is better than a curacy. I will not retire if I can help it, and certainly not for less than the full salary." In Scotland, Mr. Fearon found no such abuse, for the absence or the poverty of endowments rendered it impossible. The schools are dependent upon popular favour, and it is fair to say that the Scotch are as keen to appreciate good qualities in a school as they are in an article of commerce. In the northern kingdom, again, there is little of that class feeling which is so over-prevalent in the southern. On this point Mr. Fearon well says—

"The wealth of the Scotch people has not yet outgrown their civilisation, as has been the case in England. It seemed to me that in Scotland I seldom met with those barbarians, those very uncultivated rich or substantial people whom one sees every summer lounging at the Welsh and north country seaside towns, or hurrying through the Continent. The average middle Scotchman has more humanity and refinement than the average middle Englishman. Education has been more generally diffused; riches have been less largely and rapidly accumulated, and as a consequence these circumstances have again reacted on education; have caused the middle classes to value it more generally than those in England do; and have prevented the creation of that gulf which exists between men of cultivation and the middle classes in England, the existence of which all thoughtful persons who have had a superior education must have felt and deplored."—*Report*, vol. vi. p. 19.

At the same time it must be mentioned that the Scotch nobility and landed gentry generally send their sons to the great English schools, partly in order that they may lose the Scotch accent, but chiefly because through the greater poverty of Scotland there are no schools in the country of the highest class.

The Scotch system of promotion is different from the English. By the first, all the boys are promoted every year from a lower to a higher class, without reference to their individual merits. The same master takes his pupils through the four first years, and at the fifth he hands them over to the head master or rector. The advantage of this system is, that the many are not sacrificed to the benefit of the few. Mr. Fearon likens the English system to a lake with a very narrow outfall, but being constantly supplied with large bodies of water at the upper end. Hence there will be always a slight stream running through it, but the great body of the water will remain stagnant in the basin of the lake until released by overflowing or evaporation. In Scotland there is a discharge equal to the supply, and thus the whole body of the water is kept fresh; or, to vary the metaphor, the Scotch boy does not, like the English, lose heart by falling out of the running. The duration of school life is shorter in Scotland than in England, because the Scotch universities receive students at an earlier age than the English. The result is unfortunate, for the burgh schoolmasters consider that the universities are their rivals, and take away their pupils just at the time when they are most interesting, and best repay the labour that has been spent upon them. Nevertheless, there is a far stronger and closer tie between the schools and the universi-

ties in Scotland than there is in England. The Scotch universities are thoroughly natural. They belong neither to a social class nor a religious denomination. Mr. Fearon says, "In every corner of the kingdom, in the islands as well as the highlands, among the shepherds of the Grampians and the fishermen of Argyleshire, as well as among the weavers of Paisley and the colliers of Ayr and Dumfries, the influence of one or other of the universities is keenly felt . . . because the cheapness and the elementary character of university instruction renders it accessible to a very large proportion of the population." Thus it is that in Scotland may be seen the spectacle of Highland lads coming up to Aberdeen university on a bursary (scholarship) of £20 a-year, and having something to spare after paying their fees and their lodgings at the end of the six months' session. Such a lad will bring up a bag of oatmeal with him from home, and by sharing a garret with some equally poor and magnanimous fellow student, by half-starving himself, by denying himself meat, and living on the oatmeal while it lasts, and "tightening his belt" when that is gone, he finds himself at the close of the session richer by several pounds than he was before he got his bursary, beside the addition made to his stock of classics and mathematics. Meanwhile, his friends have been looking out some tutorship for him, which he occupies during the six months of the vacation, and then returns to the university. Manifestly, the effect of a university upon a country in which the young will make such sacrifices and efforts to obtain its advantages must be great. At the same time, it may fairly be doubted, though Mr. Fearon overlooks this consideration, if this wider diffusion of knowledge is not obtained at the expense of high scholarship, if depth is not sacrificed to area. This, no doubt, is the tendency of a democracy such as prevails in Scotland. Equality takes various forms; in the United States there is always a tendency towards equality of wealth; in France and Germany towards an equality of landownership; in Scotland, the country where of all others land is in the hands of a few great nobles, the tendency to equality assumes the noblest form—the equality of learning. The result is seen in the contrast between the sleepy apathy of the English and the lively energy of the Scotch school; a contrast which Mr. Fearon has drawn in a passage of remarkable force, but too long, unfortunately, for quotation.

After reading the praises of the Scotch unendowed schools, it is a startling and disagreeable change to learn what is the condition of most of the English endowed schools. The

Commissioners devote 200 pages to this subject. Dividing England into various districts, they describe the local distribution of the endowments in each. There is neither space nor, indeed, occasion, to go into any details. We are concerned here only with the conclusions. From these we learn that "the endowed grammar-schools, in their present condition, are as a whole and in many respects unsuited to the existing demand for secondary education." Out of 532 towns, 228 have no such schools, and if the entire income of these schools (£210,000) were spread over the whole country, it would not amount to more than £1 per head of the boys alone requiring secondary education. Further, even those schools which are richly endowed, and offer education at a low rate, often fail to attract scholars. The total number of boys at grammar-schools in England and Wales was not above 37,000; or, taking endowed and proprietary schools, 52,000; but the total number of boys of the class in question requiring education is about 255,000, so that nearly 80 per cent. of the whole are educated in private schools, or at home, or not at all. The unequal distribution of the schools is one cause of their inefficiency, but to this point the Commissioners attach less importance than to others. There are conditions which they consider of primary importance; good buildings, freedom in matters of detail, the active sympathy of a governing body, virtually, if not formally, responsible to public opinion, and concerted action between all the schools. In some instances, large endowments are producing little or no result. In others, a successful school is conducted where the endowment is only nominal. It is in this direction, therefore, that we must look for a remedy of abuses. But before doing so, it is necessary to explain the obstacles which the present state of the law opposes to improvement.

"The Law of Charities as Affecting Endowed Schools," is the subject of the fourth chapter of the Commissioners' Report, and occupies 36 pages. In obtaining information on this very important topic, the Commissioners were aided by the evidence of Lord Westbury; Lord Romilly; Vice-Chancellor (now Lord Justice) Page Wood; Sir Roundell Palmer; Mr. Lowe (formerly), and Mr. Hill (now), one of the Charity Commissioners; and Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth, who has written upon the reforms required. It appears that endowed schools and endowments for education are a particular species of charity, and are vested in (1) Corporations established by Act of Parliament, or by Royal Charter;

or (2) Unincorporated trustees, whether *ex officio*, or hereditary, or removed from time to time by fresh appointments. The former class are subject to the jurisdiction of a visitor, as well as of the Court of Chancery; the latter to that of the Court of Chancery only, including, however, the Charity Commission. All eleemosynary corporations are necessarily subject to a visitor, who is either expressly appointed by the founder, and is then called a special visitor; or, in default of such appointment, is the founder or founder's heir, and is then called a general visitor. If the king be the founder, he exercises his visitatorial powers through the Lord Chancellor; and if a private person be the founder, and his heir cannot be discovered or becomes lunatic, the visitatorial power in that case also comes to the Lord Chancellor. The office of a visitor is to interpret the statutes, hear and determine all differences, and generally superintend the internal government of the body. His decision is final, but his jurisdiction does not exclude that of the Court of Chancery, when the administration of the property can be shown to pervert the ends of the institution. This arrangement sometimes leads to a complication of jurisdictions. As a matter of fact, the visitor rarely exercises his powers. Mr. Fitch, who inspected all the endowed grammar-schools in Yorkshire and Durham, met with only one instance in which the power of the visitor was referred to as a reality. It is amusing to find that, in this instance, the trustees endeavoured to bribe the visitor, the Bishop of the diocese, by making a change in the rules which they thought would induce him to consent to a new scheme, and that the bribe assumed the form of a limitation of the mastership to members of the Church of England. The existence of special visitors is quite compatible with the worst abuses, and the condition of many of the minor grammar-schools having such visitors was found deplorable. At present the Charity Commissioners have powers with regard to charities the same as those possessed by the Court of Chancery, provided that the gross annual income of the charity does not amount to £50. Where the income equals or exceeds this amount, the Commissioners cannot act unless a majority of the trustees make an application, and the order of the Commissioners, made in compliance with that application, is subject to appeal in the Court of Chancery, within three months, by any trustee, any person interested in the charity, or any two inhabitants of the parish in which the charity is specially applicable. This power of appeal is a great embarrassment to the Charity

Commissioners, and the result is that cases where much dispute exists are sent to the Court of Chancery at once, and the charity loses the benefit of an inexpensive jurisdiction. The costliness of legal proceedings is shown in cases where there is a disagreement about the appointment of trustees. Rival lists are prepared, and litigation ensues. Mr. Hare mentions a case in which 1,200*l.* was thus spent. This natural dread of expense leads to postponement of the application as long as is possible. In the meantime the body of trustees becomes weaker, its members infirm and incapable of giving proper attention to the affairs of the charity, and at last, when the appointment of the new Commissioners is made, the suddenness and the completeness of the change interrupt the continuity of the management. The power of self-election is sometimes abused, so that one particular family has a preponderating influence in the management of the trust. Fortunately some check is imposed by the Charity Commissioners, who require the names of new trustees to be submitted to them for approval. The Commissioners also have power to transfer, without charge, the legal estate of the land of the charity from the survivors of the old body of trustees to the new body. In this way much expense is saved. One case is mentioned in which this provision had not been made use of, and the lawyer's bill for conveying an estate with an annual income of 57*l.* was over 67*l.* There is at present virtually no power to remove a trustee, except in the case of fraud or corrupt management. Mr. Fearon suggests, that if a man becomes bankrupt, is convicted of a crime, leaves the country, or is absent from all meetings of the trustees for two years, he should cease to be a member of the governing body, but should be re-eligible. Far more important is the power to remove a master. In this most necessary jurisdiction the trustees are lamentably restricted by the uncertainty and the costliness of the law. An instance is given in which a schoolmaster was removed by the trustees of a school in Yorkshire, and appealed to the Court of Chancery. Litigation continued for twenty years; the law costs were about 3,000*l.*; and the trustees had the mortification of seeing the master remain in his office many years after the Vice-Chancellor's decree of removal, simply because they, having had to pay these enormous costs out of their own pockets, could not afford to move any further in the matter. The power of framing new schemes is a matter as uncertain as it is important. The law is, where the precise object of the founder can no longer be regarded, or the funds

have far outgrown the amount which he assigned to it, to approach in the new scheme as near as can be (*cy près*) to the founder's plan. But the *cy près* doctrine is very uncertain and capricious. For instance, there is a charity for the redemption of captives in Barbary—an object now obsolete;—now, how near can the Charity Commissioners approach to this? Another charity exists for poor drapers, aged men and women, in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, London. Is the principal object of the charity the relief of poor drapers, or of the parishioners of St. Andrew Undershaft, or of aged persons? Considerable controversy has arisen with regard to the religious question. The Ilminster case decided that all trustees of a Church-school must be members of the Church of England, in the absence of any specific provision. The question then arises, What is a Church-school? Lord Cranworth's recent Act made it incumbent on the masters of most endowed schools to provide for the admission of Nonconformists. In 1805, Lord Eldon decided in the case of the Leeds Grammar School that "grammar" meant Latin and Greek only, and that these were the only subjects which the trustees of such schools had the power to teach. About thirty years ago a measure was introduced into Parliament by Sir Eardley Wilmot to widen these very inconvenient restrictions. The Bill was greatly modified before it became law, and the principle was re-affirmed that a grammar-school must teach Latin and Greek, except where the income is insufficient; but permission was given to add other subjects, provided they did not encroach on the principal object of the foundation. The matter of religious instruction was decided by Vice-Chancellor Knight-Bruce in such a way that it was necessary for the teachers to be members of the Church of England, and to teach accordingly. By Lord Cranworth's Act, the question was put in a different position. Lord Justice Page Wood, in giving his evidence before the School Commissioners, said he had not the least doubt that the conscience-clause would be introduced into the schools of Edward VI. In fact, it is inserted in every new scheme, except where, under the founder's will, the school is ordered to be "exclusively" a Church-school. It appears from the evidence of the legal witnesses that the power to impose capitation-fees in a free grammar-school can be exercised only in the event of the endowment being insufficient to obtain a good master. In that case the *cy près* principle must be adopted, and the boys be charged as little as possible. The power to enlarge the area from which scholars may be taken is exceedingly limited. For instance, there is a charity

for a little parish near the General Post Office. Almost the whole of the parish is now occupied by the Post Office, and an application was made to transfer the charity to Bethnal-green. But the Court of Chancery held that it had no power to grant this request, and the income is now expended in teaching the children of letter-carriers. The jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery is objectionable on many grounds. It is slow: for instance, Berkhampstead School has for a century and a quarter been in Chancery; and a Chancery suit with regard to Ludlow School cost 20,000*l.*, and swallowed up the whole estate; while in another case, where the charity was worth 11*l.* a-year, a suit cost 2,015*l.*

The Court acts only judicially; that is, only in the event of a regular suit being instituted; this fact prevents trustees, who have a wholesome dread of Chancery, from proceeding with reforms which they would very gladly institute. It acts only in individual cases, and lays down no general rules applicable to all schools. It has no special knowledge of schemes of education, and will therefore pass a bad scheme so long as this does not actually violate the conditions of the trust. The Charity Commission has far more the character of an administrative board than the Court of Chancery has. Lord Justice Wood describes it as "an amicable tribunal of reconcilement rather than of litigation." But even this tribunal is too much hampered, and does not possess sufficient initiatory power. It can institute an inquiry *proprio motu*, but nothing more. For instance, the first step towards the removal of an inefficient master or trustee must be taken outside, though this is a task from which most persons shrink. Even should some of the trustees be willing to reform a school and apply to the Commissioners to carry out that object, these cannot do so unless the majority of the trustees concur. Lastly, the Commissioners have no power to test the education. The changes required are therefore:—First, the creation of some board which would have power to consider not only individual schools, but the relation of schools to each other, so as to prevent wasteful rivalry and secure the fulfilment of both parts of the founders' intentions,—a liberal education, not too high for the locality generally, and opportunity to all, including the poorest, of rising to the highest education possible. Second, some readier means of altering the trusts of charities. At present, Parliament alone can alter trusts which can still be executed, and it is necessary to obtain a special Act for that purpose, a tedious and costly process. If this proposition seem revolutionary, it must be

remembered that the power of regulating the disposal of property is limited to three generations, and it might therefore be fairly provided that charitable trusts should be revised at stated periods; for instance, every sixty years. The Popular Education Commissioners, presided over by the Duke of Newcastle, and including so high a legal authority as Sir John Coleridge, expressed themselves very decidedly on this point; and the present Commissioners quote and endorse their words. The following passage is too forcible to be omitted—

"It seems desirable in the interests of charities in general, and of educational charities in particular, that it should be clearly laid down as a principle that the power to create permanent institutions is granted, and can be granted only on the condition, implied if not declared, that they be subject to such modification as every succeeding generation of men shall find requisite. This principle has been acted on ever since the Reformation, but it has never been distinctly expressed. Founders have been misled, and the consciences of timid trustees and administrators have been disturbed by the supposition that, at least for charitable purposes, proprietorship is eternal, that the lands on which the rights have once been exercised, can never be relieved from any of the rules and restrictions which have been imposed on it, that thenceforth it is subject and ever will be subject to the will not of the living but of the dead."—*Report*, vol. i. p. 472.

The fifth chapter of the Report, occupying seventy-five pages, is devoted to a description of the eight schools with endowments above 2,000*l.* a-year. They are — Christ's Hospital, with a net income applied to education of 48,000*l.*; St. Olave's, with 2,413*l.*; Dulwich, with 3,034*l.*; Birmingham, with 9,506*l.*; Manchester, with 2,480*l.*; Tonbridge, with 2,643*l.*; Bedford, with 7,046*l.*; and Monmouth, with 2,191*l.* Their condition is fully described in the reports of the inspectors who visited them, or in the evidence of witnesses. The Commissioners suggest many improvements which need not be further noticed. We pass to the more interesting subject of girls' schools. This subject is disposed of in one of the shortest chapters of the Report, only twenty-five pages, but the evidence upon which the Commissioners base their recommendations is very copious and exceedingly valuable. The subject is far too large to enter upon as fully as it deserves on the present occasion. A brief survey is all that we can give.

It must be admitted that the importance of female education is only now beginning to be acknowledged. The number of school endowments for girls is only 20, while for boys there are about 3,000. Even Mr. Rogers, in projecting

his great scheme for middle-class education in London, made no provision for girls' schooling. This exclusiveness arose in the first place, no doubt, partly through the circumstance that in most school foundations the object of the founder was to raise up "godly ministers for Christ's Church," or to maintain "sound scholarship;" two vocations peculiar to the male sex. But, probably, the main cause of the neglect of girls, was the common belief that learning was not their province, and that their real duty was "to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer." This, we need hardly say, is the creed among the majority of men at the present day: they profess to dislike a well-read woman; perhaps they are jealous of her. Whatever be the secret motive in the minds of men, it is certain that women have accepted the conclusion, and have set up for their standard of education the no-education which men say they like. The popular theory is, that every girl is destined to be a wife, and that if she do not become one, it is because she has not been educated after the men's model. The result is, that education at girls' schools is lamentably imperfect and superficial. If schoolmistresses have a higher ideal, and endeavour to train their pupils up to that, straightway the parents (or, at all events, the mothers) interfere, and protest against their daughters being made "blue." The mothers' ideal is, an amiable, inoffensive girl, always ready to give pleasure and to be pleased. But how can they give pleasure if they are better read than the men who talk to them, and if they expose the ignorance and the superficiality of their admirers? Thus it is thought safer to be without that dangerous thing, knowledge, which may ruin the prettiest girl's prospects; and the clever teacher, who has visions of better things than French novels, embroidery, and drawing-room music, is compelled with a sigh to adopt the low standard that all the rest of the world has, or is supposed to have, set up. There is a terrible miscalculation here, even on the assumption that every girl will catch a husband if she learns her part thoroughly. The marriage-day is not the end of a woman's life. It is far more important that she should retain the affections of a husband, than that she should win the affections of a suitor. It is scarcely possible for her to do this if she is brought up according to the prevailing fashion. She is all but useless as a house-wife, for she knows nothing of domestic, much more of political, economy, and she is unable even to keep a simple account-book. She is equally unavailing as an intellectual companion, for, in obedience to the popular prohibition, she

has carefully kept her intellect stunted, just as Chinese women do their feet. She is simply a person who requires a considerable sum of money for her dress, and who spends her time in hearing, and perhaps at last in making, scandal. If men were not so miserably jealous, they would urge women to cultivate their intellects as much as they possibly could; they would rejoice to know that after they came home from the day's work, with its often sordid details, they would be led to higher things by their wives, who, more happy than themselves, had found time during the day to hold converse with the noble minds that have formed the literature of our own and other nations. Independently of this consideration, the present system of teaching is a serious mistake, because it is based upon the wholly erroneous supposition that women will marry, and that if they do not they miss their vocation. There are in this country about a million more women than men, and as polygamy is scarcely likely (*pace* Mr. Hepworth Dixon) to be revived, there are a million women who cannot marry. A large proportion of these must earn their own bread. To do that on a knowledge of wool-work and the pianoforte is impossible. There are many careers which might be open to women if they would only qualify themselves for them, and expel that foolish and most injurious notion that wifehood is their destined lot, and that if they miss it they are the victims of misfortune. There are already signs of better things. The opening of the university local examinations to girls, a generous step taken in the first instance by Cambridge, is an indication that the popular ideas as to the education of women are beginning to yield to nobler and more natural ideas. The admirable manner in which these girls have acquitted themselves at the examinations shows how false was the notion that women are both physically and mentally incapable of intellectual labour. In subjects supposed to be peculiarly masculine, such as Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, and Whately's *Evidences*, the girls excelled the boys. In essay writing, the first showed far more originality of thought and liveliness of imagination than the second, who were content, for the most part, to narrate events, or to retail information derived from books, or to describe some processes of manufacture. The examinations are likely to give a great stimulus to the few excellent schools which have been started of late years to give girls a thorough education. It is now proposed even to carry on that education beyond the school, and to establish a college for women which will train them in the highest branches of knowledge up to the age of three or

four and twenty; to give them, in fact, an education corresponding with that given at the universities.

We now come to the very important concluding chapter of the Commissioners' Report. In it they describe the measures which they recommend for the improvement of endowed schools. These measures, whose narration occupies ninety pages of the Report, we must very briefly summarise.

It is necessary in the first place to remodel the regulations which govern these schools. No doubt the wishes of the dead should be respected; but it is carrying this respect to an absurd length if we insist upon details which are doing mischief instead of good, and which are even thwarting the main design of the founders themselves. Already there are very few schools which are exactly what the founders meant them to be. Their object was to promote education, and this should be the first consideration. Unreformed foundations are actually a discouragement to charity; for, when the living benefactor sees how far the wishes of the dead can be departed from, he is not likely to devote his money to purposes from which, as experience shows, it may be so easily diverted. On this point the commissioners well say—

"Hardly anything, as we believe, would be more likely to prevent a man from founding a school at the present day than the spectacle presented by many of those founded three centuries ago. Neither representing what their founder meant them to be then, nor fulfilling any useful purpose now, they would seem to stand as warnings of the fate which must befall foundations that are not adapted to the change of times. If they should be reorganised and made widely useful, they would soon begin to reflect honour on the names of their founders, and would be a pledge to every man who felt the desire to leave behind him a similar foundation, that posterity would really gain by his benevolence, and that even if his directions were disobeyed as regards details, his name would be remembered with gratitude through many generations."—*Report*, vol. i. p. 576.

The course of study also requires to be remodelled. It is at present too restricted, and the country is in some places dotted with grammar-schools which have fallen into decay because they give undue prominence to what no parents within their reach desire their children to learn. The programme of studies should vary with the three grades of schools already described. To carry out this arrangement, it will be necessary to subdivide the country into districts, assigning to each schools of the different grades in proportion to the population. The Commissioners consider it essential that liberty of conscience with regard to the religious education should be

respected, and that the *onus probandi* rests on those who would retain religious restrictions. At the same time there are some schools exclusively denominational, such as Mr. Woodard's. To this class the Cathedral schools also should be assigned. The Commissioners would not maintain the restrictions by which trustees of schools are bound to be members of the Church of England, nor would they restrict masterships to the clerical profession. Finally, as regards this class of subjects, they consider that there is no reason for maintaining the rule of law which assumes that wherever the contrary is not plainly stated, the instruction is to be in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England. They recommend that wherever it is necessary to place the religious instruction in schools under entirely new regulations, it might be left to a provincial authority to choose according to circumstances between two forms of rule; one, "that the religious instruction shall be in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England;" the other, "that the children shall be instructed in the Holy Scriptures." The first rule would be more suitable where the members of the Church of England were much in the majority; the latter where they were much in the minority.

Coming to the important question of the application of endowments, the Commissioners point out that Parliament is the only body that can lay down principles for all schools alike, and that only a court of law can deal with each case as it arises. First in the list of purposes to which endowments should be applied, is the maintenance of school buildings and the proper supply of school apparatus. It was found that one of the greatest obstacles to efficient education was the cost of erecting school premises; where these were provided, the parents' fees were sufficient to maintain the school. The Commissioners would abolish indiscriminate gratuitous instruction. On this point they obtained consentaneous opinions from the highest and most varied authorities, such as Mr. Adderley, Professor Bernard, Canon Blakesley, the Bishops of Lincoln and Peterborough, Mr. Mill, Mr. Morley, Mr. Miall, and Lord Redesdale. Dean Goulburn seems to be alone in desiring to maintain the present system, on the ground that to abolish it would be an injury to the poor. As a matter of fact, the poor avail themselves very little of this advantage. It is found that free boys are generally the sons of parents who could very well afford to pay, and that this indiscriminate gratuitous instruction both demoralises the pupils and degrades the school. Such instruction should be

given only as the reward of merit, and boys should be selected by competition. A free boy entering a school on such terms would no longer be under the stigma of poverty, but would be looked upon with the respect which schoolboys always pay to ability. Poverty might be helped by attaching to the schools of the third grade exhibitions to the schools of the second and first grades. Another important change is the abolition of the present system, by which a master can defy public estimation, and retain his office and his salary without doing any of the work attached thereto. At present he has a freehold tenure of his office, and cannot be ousted from it. The best system seems to be a combination of the fixed income and the free system. A small sum which can be relied upon will be an attraction to a good master who feels that he would have some certain income at starting, so that he may have time to prove his powers before being compelled to rely upon the number of his scholars for a livelihood. But the amount should not be large enough to tempt an incompetent man to remain at the head of an empty school. In a school of the first grade it should not exceed 250*l.* a-year, in one of the second grade 150*l.*, in one of the third 50*l.* Masters should be liable to dismissal by trustees.

Exhibitions to the Universities are an admirable application of school endowments, but they are at present too much restricted. It is not uncommon for them to be confined to boys born in a particular district, educated in a particular school, and sent to a particular college. Each of these restrictions alone might be innoxious or even advantageous, but the accumulation of them is very undesirable. If the college is a good college, it often complains of being tied to the school; if the school is a good school, it complains of being tied to the college. It would be well, moreover, if exhibitions were not confined to the universities. Greater freedom of choice should be given to those who have won these prizes, so that if their bias be towards science, they should be able to go to some place of public education in which science is taught, such as the School of Mines.

The supply of well-qualified masters is a subject that requires much consideration. Many of the present masters are not qualified for their work. Generally speaking, the tutorship does not occupy its due place in public estimation. The fact is due to the number of incompetent men in the profession. The first thing is to make it attractive to men of ability. The restriction of all the great prizes to men in holy orders has had a deteriorating effect upon lay schoolmasters; the

restriction of masterships to clergymen should therefore be abolished. There are some persons who advocate a normal school for masters, but the Commissioners think that the necessity which would arise for the Government to appoint all the officers and professors—in other words, for the Government to have control over the whole education of the country—would be fatal to such a scheme, by arousing the jealousy of the nation. On the other hand, it might be possible to devise a system of certificates given after examination, which the governors of endowed schools should require from candidates for a mastership.

Finally, we come to the machinery which the Commissioners suggest for carrying on that great work of middle-class education which they have so thoroughly investigated. They would, in the first place, enlarge the powers and the number of the Charity Commission, and constitute it a central authority. If a minister of education were appointed, he would be the President of the Commission for Educational Purposes, and it would be his duty to defend in Parliament the measures which the Commission submitted for approval. The Commission should be strengthened, also, by one member chosen specially for his knowledge of schools and education, and by one member of Parliament. The duties of the Commission, thus strengthened, would be, first, to decide on all schemes for the settlement of educational trusts, and, if approved, submit them to Parliament. Second, to appoint inspectors of endowed secondary schools. Third, to provide an annual audit of the accounts of every endowment for secondary education. Fourth, to provide for the inspection of every endowed school for elementary education, if not under the inspection of the Committee of Council. Fifth, to inquire into all charities which shall be referred to them as useless, mischievous, or obsolete, and decide whether they ought not to be devoted to purposes of education.

In the second place, the Education Commissioners would establish provincial authorities. Taking the Registrar-General's districts, they would have the Charity Commissioners appoint to each an officer of high ability to be the official District Commissioner for that division. He should inspect and report on every endowed secondary school at least once in three years, and preside at the annual examination of the schools. He should be paid by the central government. With him should be associated six or eight unpaid District Commissioners, appointed for five years by the Crown from the residents in the division, and who should be men of weight and cha-

racter. These District Commissioners should prepare schemes for the management of all schools in their district, and submit them to the Charity Commission. Hereafter, when the public interest in education becomes greater, it would be well to have a more popular board. Even now, if there should exist in any county a general desire to assume the management of its own schools, sufficiently strong to induce the people to demand a board of their own, the demand should be welcomed and granted at once. As things are, the simplest plan would be to take the Chairmen of the Boards of Guardians, and to add to these half their number nominated by the Crown. The aim should ever be to interest the people in education, and obtain a direct representation of them in the provincial or county boards.

In the third place, the Commissioners would thoroughly revise the bodies of trustees and governors. They would, in the case of day-schools, reduce the present number, and add to the residue an equal number elected by the householders of a parish, and an equal number appointed by the provincial board. No master should be elected for more than five years, but should be re-eligible. As the children in boarding-schools would come from a distance, there would be no reason for appointing townsmen trustees.

Passing to the internal management of schools, we find the greatest stress laid upon examinations. As the Com missioners say, these are the first of all the improvements they have recommended. They think that the universities should undertake the examinations, and should act in concert; and they recommend the formation of a Council of Examiners, to consist of twelve unpaid members, two to be appointed by each of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and six by the Crown. This council should draw up rules for conducting the examinations and appoint examiners, and they should perform the same duties in regard to the examination of schoolmasters. They should also make an annual report. But when all this has been done, and when the most has been made of the endowments, there will still be very far from sufficient endowed schools. Towards meeting this deficiency, private and proprietary schools might take their place, on the conditions that they will submit to inspection and examination, and charge moderate fees. But this provision would not be adequate, and the Commissioners are decidedly of opinion that more public schools should be established. For this purpose they would allow every parish to levy a rate for building and maintaining a school of the

third grade, and every town of more than 5,000 inhabitants to levy a rate for building and maintaining a school of the second grade, and every town of more than 2,000 inhabitants to levy a rate for building and maintaining a school of the first grade. In making this recommendation, the Commissioners do not wish to commit themselves to the principle of supporting education entirely out of local rates. They do attach great importance to winning the interest of the people in the great subject of education. In fact, as they say, "the real force whereby the work is to be done must come from the people, and every arrangement which fosters the interest of the people in the schools, which teaches the people to look upon the schools as their own, which encourages them to take a share in the management, will do at least as much service as the wisest advice and the most skilful administration." The machinery to amend the present great defects will need skilful contrivance. "But—even more than skilful contrivance—it will need energy, and energy can be obtained only by trusting the schools to the hearty goodwill of the people."

Such are the concluding words of this admirable Report. They manifest the spirit in which the Commissioners have conducted their most laborious inquiry. It is satisfactory to know that a large number of them are likely to be returned to that new and reformed Parliament which will be called upon to settle this among other undecided questions of the day.

ART. II.—1. *Kennedy's Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.* Macmillan. 1866.
2. *Hunt's Cornish Tales.* John Camden Hotten. 1866.
3. *Tales of the Western Highlands.* By J. F. CAMPBELL. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.
4. *Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* Murray. 1834.
5. *Transactions of the Ossianic Society.* Dublin: O'Daly.
6. *On the Study of Celtic Literature.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Macmillan. 1866.
7. *Le Foyer Breton.* Par EMILE SOUVESTRE. Lévy. 1858.
8. *Les Bardes Brétons du Sixième Siècle.* Traduits par Th. HERSART DE LA VILLEMARQUE. Paris et Rennes. 1850.
9. *Keightley's Fairy Mythology.* Bohn. 1850.
10. *Popular Tales from the Norse.* By DR. DASENT. Edmonston and Douglas. 1859.
11. *Polynesian Mythology.* By Sir GEO. GRAY. Murray. 1855.
12. *Old Deccan Days, with Introduction* by Sir BARTLE-FRERE. 1868.
13. *Brinton's Myths of the New World.* Trübner. 1868.
14. *Chips from a German Workshop.* By Professor MAX MULLER. 1868.
15. *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* First and Second Series. By J. BARING-GOULD. 1867-8.
16. *Deutsche Kinder Märchen.* Von GRIMM UND ANDEREN. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Bechstein. Leipzig. 1846.
17. *Zulu "Nursery Tales."* 1866.
18. *Greek Classical Stories.* By the Rev. G. A. Cox. New Edition. 1868.

TIMES have changed since *Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides* expressed the feeling of cultivated Englishmen about our Gaelic fellow-subjects. The great lexicographer saw no beauty in the mountains which now every summer draw crowds of admiring tourists, and which (thanks to Mr. Cook's "excursions") are becoming actual realities to a class who in Dr. Johnson's day had probably never heard of the Highlands. Lord Macaulay has given an antithetical, but scarcely exaggerated, contrast between the horror of mountain scenery felt by good Izaak Walton and his contemporaries, and the zest

with which the Glasgow milliners and shopmen run off to explore the beauties of Loch Katrine. Not less striking is the contrast between the total disregard, or rather the active disfavour, with which Celtic literature was looked on until lately, and the efforts which are now made to collect and preserve and interpret it. Men admired the scenery of the Highlands before they cared for the tales and traditions of the Highlanders. It is not easy to explain the somewhat sudden love of mountain scenery, of which the first active result was Wyndham's Alpine tour. Mediævalism had looked, not unnaturally, on the wilderness as the abode of cruel oppressors, ogres, giants, hating men and seeking to compass their destruction. Mediæval society was gathered in towns and cities. A man whose path lay through a mountain district was only anxious to get at the end of it in safety. Hence a fashion in travelling which in our own island was strengthened by the fact that Welsh and Irish and Scotch mountains were all inhabited by an alien race, speaking an unknown tongue, and using customs which the Lowlander stigmatised as barbarous. Settled government, modernism with its police and standing armies, and its organised wars, so different from the raids of earlier times, made mountaineering practicable; and the revulsion against the artificial literature of the time of Louis XIV., the groping after naturalness of which the poetry of Cowper and the prose of Rousseau give the earliest hints, soon made it fashionable. Then came the Byronic age, when men feigned, if they did not feel, an admiration for "the sublime in nature," and when Sir Walter Scott familiarised the Southrons with Celtic names and Celtic usages, while George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh gave "the garb of old Gael" a popularity which it has never since wholly lost. Still there were very few even then who cared for Celtic literature: it is far easier to be enthusiastic about mountains and about the names and dresses of chieftains, than about stories and legends, hard to collect, and often of little interest to the general reader. In vain did General Vallancey let his imagination run loose upon Irish antiquities; in vain did societies, Irish and Highland, publish from time to time some tale more or less authentic; the popular verdict among literary men was that of Dr. Johnson, "that the records were those of a barbarous people, who had few thoughts to express, and were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood." The interest felt in Macpherson's *Ossian* was hardly an exception to this general distaste for Celtic lore. A very few welcomed the *Ossian* for

its own sake; a few, and those of course not the best judges of literary excellence, accepted it as authentic, and (like Bonaparte, who always had it under his pillow) read it with pleasure. But the majority looked upon it as a clever forgery; and doubtless thought the author was very stupid to have spent his wit on such outlandish personages, just as Boileau sneered at the historical poet, who, instead of writing about Rinaldo or some other chief with a euphonious name,

"Parmi tant de héros va choisir Childebrand."

But of late even Celtic literature has been gradually creeping into favour. The Ossianic Society has at last proved beyond question that the legends adapted by Macpherson to the taste of his day are the common property of the Gaelic race, that they exist in MSS. of undoubted antiquity. Lady Charlotte Guest has given us an opportunity of comparing the lore of the Cymri with that of the Gael. M. de Villemarqué and Emile Souvestre have gathered large stores of Breton tales written and unwritten. And from the Highlands, where, though the MSS. have probably almost disappeared, the stories are still plentiful enough, Mr. J. F. Campbell has collected and arranged matter enough to employ the energies of a Celtic Grimm, if the Celtic race should ever produce such a useful and painstaking personage. Moreover, we have, in regard to these Celtic tales, what was wholly wanting in Dr. Johnson's day, the certainty that we are not being taken in. It is a happy change, from the time when at Cadell's, the London bookseller's, a Gaelic MS. was exhibited "to show that there really were such things"—which MS. was in fact a lease between M'Donald of some place and M'Intyre of somewhere else—from the days of sham to the days of real Celtic scholars like O'Curry and O'Donovan and Dr. Todd and Mr. Henessy; and the way in which every volume that is published, now that at last the Master of the Rolls is giving us a Gaelic volume or two, strengthens the links in the old chain of tradition, is very encouraging to those who look on Celtic literature as not only valuable in itself, but as having greatly modified the character of mediæval romance, and as, therefore, having had considerable influence in giving tone to modern society.

Lastly, after scholars in general, reading Grimm and studying Zeuss, had begun to value the old Celtic tales in a very different way from that in which the story-book readers of forty years ago valued Crofton Croker's *Irish Legends*, Mr. Matthew Arnold, apostle of sweetness and light, comes

forward to assure us that we have long been totally neglecting what is the most valuable element in our national poetry, that which gives "magic" to Shakspeare, and keeps our writers in general from falling into the abyss of German platitudes. Never surely did Nemesis play a merrier trick than when she made the son of that Teuton of Teutons, the Celt-hating Dr. Arnold, indulge in this expansive if not somewhat exaggerated praise of the literature of the older race. The many who even now know nothing of Celtic literature beyond the name, would do well to read Mr. Arnold's essay. They will see that "nations disinherited of political success may yet be leaving a mark on the world's progress;" they may even come to admit that "all the new forces and ideas stirring in England are Philo-Celt." They may even get to doubt whether ultra-sceptics of the Sir G. Cornewall Lewis school are right in calling it all nonsense that concerns the Druids. At any rate, they will learn that there are Welsh MSS. extant which Zeuss assigns to the eighth century; Breton MSS. to a century later; and, if the Irish *Book of the Dun Cow* does not date back beyond A.D. 1106, at any rate it contains fragments of far higher antiquity imbedded in it, like pebbles in a conglomerate, such as the elegy on St. Columba's death—so old as to need in the twelfth century a gloss to make it intelligible; and this gloss, be it remarked, supports its rendering of obsolete words, by quoting places where they occur "in yet earlier books." So much for the fact that there is a Celtic literature thought worthy of being prized by English and German scholars. To measure the effect of that literature on our own, to gauge the amount (far larger than most of us imagine) of Celtic blood in this "Anglo-Saxon" community, would be beside our present purpose. Both questions are mooted in Mr. M. Arnold's essay. Our object is to give a general idea of what Celtic folk-lore is, to trace some of its affinities with the folk-lore of other races, and to indicate its re-appearance in the stream of mediæval romance.

As among most nations, so among the Celts, there are two kinds of folk-lore, the distinctly national and the general. The tales of the latter class have a strong resemblance to those current in other parts of the world. Probably, half the non-Fenian stories in Mr. J. F. Campbell's collection are, more or of less, the counterparts of Dr. Dasent's *Norse Tales*, or Grimm's *Household Stories*. For instance, "Dapplegrim," and "The Giant who had no Heart in His Body," reappear in "The Young King of Easaidh Ruadh." Herodotus's story of "Rhampsinitus" is the basis of the Norse "Master Thief,"

and of the Gaelic "Shifty Lad," of which there are several Irish and Highland versions. The old Eastern tale from which comes "Peter Wilkins and the Flying Ladies," and which Professor Max Müller* quotes from the *Brâhmana of Yagurveda*, is reproduced in the "Krautesel," about which Grimm has so much to say, and the cabbages of which are replaced by magic apples in the Gaelic tale of "The Three Soldiers," to one of whom the enchanted lady gives a table-cloth that has the power of conveying all who stand on it whithersoever its possessor wishes. "Maol o' Chliobain"† is a mixture of "Boots and the Troll," Grimm's "Little Thumb," and part of "Jack in the Beanstalk," much of which, by the way, strikingly resembles one of the Polynesian myths. It has, too, as so many of these tales have, its counterpart in Straparola's Italian collection. Now, the question of course arises, is all this similarity due to transmission; or is it solely a proof that the different races of men are of the same stock, and that therefore, under like conditions, they evolve the same kind of folk-lore? We cannot meet the latter hypothesis by pointing to the extreme diversity among the religions of the world, for these have been altered by many circumstances, political and other, by which folk-lore has been unaffected. Both causes have doubtless been at work. Many of the tales are, perhaps, old enough to have been current before the Aryan race began its migrations; others, of which modifications appear among Zulus and Malays, and even among Red Indians, as well as among European nations, belong to the whole human family, and stamp it as one in its fears and hopes and aspirations; of others, the history is pretty well known, and their passage westward has been traced in books like Dunlop's *History of Fiction*; this last is the case, for instance, with a great many tales brought by pilgrims from the Holy Land. Between Norse and Gaelic stories the connection is naturally very close, for the intercourse, warlike and peaceful, between the two races was incessant. It is not at all impossible that one of the three "original races" of Ireland may have been a Norse colony which adopted Celtic speech. But when we remember the constant mention of Ireland in the sagas, and of Lochlinn in the Gaelic literature, and the adoption by the Norsemen of Irish names (the Icelandic "Burnt Njal," for instance), we need not assume that direct family connection which Meyer is disposed to predicate even of the still more widely

* *Oxford Essays*, 1856. † Campbell, vol i

different Celt and Teuton. The tales are the same, because Irish thralls told them by Norwegian firesides, and because Norse slaves recited their budget in the bothies of their Irish master.

Of the national folk-lore of the Celts there is very little trace in the Norse stories; yet it crops out, strangely enough, in those Arthurian romances which were Englished by Sir T. Malory (if, indeed, the good knight, "who had fallen on evil times," is anything but a name assumed by Caxton), and which Sir Edward Strachey has just attempted to make popular. It is not more certain that the Mole which sinks and reappears so many times along its course is one and the same river, than that the tale of Fionn, and Graine, and Diarmuid O'Duine of the Beauty-spot, is substantially the same as that of Arthur and Queen Guinevere and Lancelot. Whether these and many more of the national, as well as of the general tales, are really myths in disguise we will not pretend to say. It is fashionable just now to make every hero of an old story stand for the sun or the thunder-cloud; and to look on his contest with a dragon, or his descent into some viking's cairn to carry off "the sword of brightness," as typifying the struggle between summer, with its light and life, and the dead cold of winter. We confess we do not take kindly to this mode of interpretation. Perhaps the strange language used by Mr. Baring-Gould, who talks of "Wesleyan Methodists as representatives of the old Druids," and attributes to them many points of doctrine and practice for which he has no warrant but his fancy, may have prejudiced us against a theory which he has borrowed from Max Müller, and pushes even farther than his master does. We do not see any necessary connection between a hero who slays a monster once for all, and the sun, who is yearly beaten by winter's cold, and yearly re-asserts his superiority. We hold that in many so-called myths there is a substratum of history; and think it sufficiently evident that round the name of the hero of a race all kinds of myths would naturally gather, until his identity would almost be lost and it would be easy to deny him a personal existence altogether. The argument from language we have always felt to be singularly inconclusive. Because the name of some hero or heroine in a Greek legend resembles the Sanscrit word expressing one of the elemental powers, therefore (we are told) the whole story is a "nature-myth;" by parity of reasoning the battle between "the driving cloud" of the Shawnees, and "the summer-thunder" of the Blackfeet, should represent not a fight between two actual

red men, but the tradition of some great war of the elements. But, to return to our two-fold division, where there is only oral tradition, as is the case with most of what we have styled the general Celtic tales, we believe it is quite hopeless to narrowly trace out their origin; we must take them as they are, and be content with their general resemblance to other European stories. As Mr. Campbell says—

"No sooner has a seeming origin been discovered for one bit of a tale, than the whole changes into something else. It is as if some convulsion were to overturn the Vatican, and once more break the statues; and some future antiquary were to try to fit heads, legs, and arms to the proper bodies. The head of Apollo would not do for the Torso Farnese, but it might seem to fit some strapping Venus; and so, when only a few fragments of popular tales are known, it is hopeless to try to restore them. If all the fragments of all the Vatican statues were gathered together, there might be some hope of mending them; but some are strongly suspected not to wear their own heads even now. If all the fragments of all the popular tales in the world were brought together, *unaltered by collectors*, something might be reconstructed."

A tale, then, often seems like one of those patchwork windows which are found in our cathedrals; it harmonises well enough at a distance, but, when we get close to it, we see that it is made up of fragments, the original portions of which we often find it impossible to specify or identify. Naturally, the national tales are less composite than the other class; but they, even among the Celts, bear traces here and there of classic and other admixture; and in the form in which they reappear in the Arthurian legend they are largely indebted not only to Greek and Roman, but also to Eastern sources. Naturally, they are freest from foreign sophistication in the literature of that country which Tasso calls

"La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda;"

and it will therefore be best to study them as they appear in the Irish Ossianic lays and prose stories. But first, a word about the way in which they came to be adopted as the favourite mediæval romances. As we have said on former occasions, "Chivalry is of the Celts;" it was the Celtic protest against the grinding feudalism brought in by the Teutons. "Fair play" is what every combatant in a Celtic story gives and looks for as a matter of course; in the Highlands fair play is still called "Cothrom na Feine" (the chance of the Feine, or Knights Protectors of Erin). In Brittany, chivalry seems to have taken its earliest continental development; thence it

spread to the rest of France, and the strong infusion of Celtic blood among the French made it far more popular with them than it was on the other side of the Rhine. And in Brittany these tales, the common heritage of the Celtic race, were found by the Trouvères, and by them modified to suit the fancy of Christian people. "There is (remarks Mr. M. Arnold) a Celtic air about the extravagance of chivalry which strains human nature farther than it will bear." We have only to compare the bloodthirsty Nibelungen Lied with the beautiful story of Diarmuid, to see the difference between the Celtic and the Teutonic spirit. Why we have to go to Brittany for the Arthurian romance instead of getting it from Wales, or from that Scottish border where so much still bears witness to the doings of the hero-king, is a difficult question to answer. It is easy enough to see why the Normans would not have borrowed it from the Welsh, even if these had still kept the tradition; but how did the Welsh come to lose it? Did they lose it so entirely as they are said to have done? The fact may be, that while records of actual events, as the Battle of Catterick Bridge, for instance (Gododin, A.D. 570), were committed to writing in the old Welsh songs, other legends (of the loss of which there seemed no fear) were left to be handed down by word of mouth, and then, in the struggle with England, and the subsequent changes, were forgotten, after having stood their ground as oral traditions much later than recent antiquaries imagine. As a counterpoise to the wild fancies of writers like Davies (of the *Celtic Researches*), let us see what the anti-Celtic Nash (in his *Taliesin; or, the Bards of Britain*) says on this subject: "So thoroughly does the extant Welsh literature differ from that of the other Celts, that out of a hundred of the oldest poems, not one is a tale, an adventure, or a love story. In the later bards of the twelfth century there is no romantic element—not one pure fiction; the poems are chiefly elegies on chieftains, and religious or descriptive pieces. There is not one word about Arthur and the Saxons, except a single spurious stanza! Well may Nash ask, 'Whence then comes the *Mabinogion?*'" for there is romance enough in almost every page, as, for instance, in the mysterious tale of *Taliesin*, who, under the name of Gwion Bach, gains supernatural knowledge by unwittingly tasting three drops out of the magic cauldron that the witch has kept boiling for a year and a day. We are at once reminded here of Fionn (the same name as Gwion, says Mr. Campbell), who acquires the power of prophecy by tasting "the salmon of wisdom," and of Sigurdr with the

roasted heart of Fafnir. The other tales of the *Mabinogion*, such as *Pwyll, Prince of Dyved*, who meets the strange white hounds with red ears, and Peredur, son of Errawc, whose history closely resembles several of the Arthurian romances, are surely romantic enough; but then the *Red Book of Hergest*, in which they are given, does not claim any higher antiquity than the fifteenth century; and therefore Nash, who says that "Wales received more from than it communicated to its continental neighbours," would have us believe that all the collection is borrowed partly from the French, partly from the Irish, by whom (we must remember) Anglesea and other parts of North Wales were for a long time occupied.* It seems hard that, granting the existence of a cycle of Celtic romance, granting the authenticity of M. de la Villemarqué's ballads, which has lately been questioned in the *Athenæum*, the Welsh should be set aside, and all share in their national stories denied to them. Of course, Nash only puts the extreme anti-Cymric statement of the case; but his book is a good antidote against that eisteddfodism by which Mr. M. Arnold seems to have been bitten; and it is a warning to antiquaries not to go in for too much, lest even what they can fairly claim be denied them. Welshmen have persisted in finding a mysterious esoteric Druidism under the strange language of the triplets; they have interpreted the three drops by which Gwion was enlightened, to mean "the three graces of the Spirit," and so forth; and yet, when the actual remains come to be investigated, they are of such dubious import, that a stanza out of the Battle of Catterick Bridge, which Herbert, in his *Neo-Druid Heresy*, renders

> "The quick-glancing ball,
> The adder's precious produce,
> The ejaculation of serpents,"

seems to more straightforward interpreters to mean—

> "Stout was his spear;
> Its head was like a snake,
> Amid quick-glancing snakes."

After that, we are not astonished to find that one of a set of poems, which Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg) speaks of as "containing a complete system of Druidism, and abounding in philosophical dogmas," should turn out to be a quite modern satire, beginning "Hear, O little pig." Nash gives several reasons why the Welsh should, more completely than other Celts, have lost their romantic legends. The bards in

* See *Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd*, by Rev. W. Basil Jones. 1851.

the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were much depressed by English influence; there were not, as in Ireland and the Highlands, half-independent princes, at whose courts they might take refuge: they speedily sank, as the Irish bards did in the period between Elizabeth's reign and that of William III., to the grade of wandering beggars, whose profession, in a country where manufacturing industry soon took root, fell much earlier into discredit than it did among their Gaelic congeners. After all, we do not think that quite a clear case is made out for the scantiness of Welsh tradition. If the Bretons still sing what M. de la Villemarqué says they do, if Cornwall is full of stories like those given by Mr. Hunt—many of which are close parallels to the Irish and Highland tales—if in Ireland and the Highlands the Ossianic legends are still so popular that Mr. J. F. Campbell can gather them by the score, and Mr. P. Kennedy can make a good gleaning even in the Anglicised county of Wexford, how is it that the Arthurian tradition seems to have died out in Wales? Is it the bad example of England, where we know the real original household tale has long been extinct (Cornwall, of course, excepted), and where our modern nursery-books have been replenished from all sorts of sources, from the tales of Perrault and the Countess d'Aulnoy down to Grimm's latest discoveries? M. Souvestre points out that something of the kind took place in Brittany, where the old legends were constantly being replaced by the newer Frenchified editions of them, which took the people's fancy more; but then they were, anyhow, simply altered, not altogether done away with. Why is the case not the same in Wales? As long ago as 1080 Gruffydd ap Cynan "brought over good musicians from Ireland;" twenty years earlier Rhys ap Twdwr had established a sort of eisteddfod, "bringing in the Round Table from Brittany;" so it seems as if, even in the eleventh century, the decay of bardship was being felt.

From whatever cause, then, the fact is clear: while the Irish peasant's or the Highland cottier's tale of "Fionn Mac Cumhail" is a fair prose version of something published by the Ossianic Society, or known to exist among the already catalogued Irish MSS., while in Brittany the tale of "Peronik, the Idiot," which M. Souvestre heard by cottage firesides, is substantially the same as the group of tales which describe the search for the Sangreal, the Welsh seem to have very much forgotten their tales, and the *Mabinogion*, "edited in the thirteenth century by Thomas ap Einion, and re-modelled in the fifteenth century," appears to have taken very little hold

indeed of the popular mind. What Nash says about the increasingly artificial style, the absurdly "ingenious elegancies" of the cynghanedd (peculiar rhythm), which made the later poems so much more obscure than those of earlier date, will not account for the want of popularity of the collection. In Ireland, too, turgidity of style comes in with mediæval Latin: the book lately edited by Dr. Todd, for the Rolls series, *The Wars of the Gael* (Irish) *against the Gall* (strangers, *i.e.* Danes), is full of bombast and of that heaping together of adjectives in which the post-Christian Irish writers soon began to revel; assonance and alliteration were developed to what, in a translation, seems a most painful excess; and yet the tales remained popular, and Mr. S. H. O'Grady (in the Preface to Vol. III. of the Ossianic Society's Transactions), says he has heard a man who never possessed a MS., nor heard of O'Flanagan's *Collection*, tell by the fireside "The Death of the Sons of Uisneach," without omitting an adventure, and mostly in the very words of the written versions. Mr. J. F. Campbell's testimony is even more full as to the perpetuation in the Highlands of an Ossianic tradition; and here (in his *Tales*, taken down from the narrators' mouths) these strings of adjectives are often preserved. Nor is obscurity, any more than turgidity, an obstacle to the popularity of a set of tales. Nothing could be more obscure to the uninitiated than the highly figurative language of the Icelandic poems; like our own Anglo-Saxon lays, they never speak of ship, or man, or gold, but always use the well-known paraphrases. We should like to learn, then, how it is that in Wales the grand Celtic epic seems to have far less hold on the popular mind than it has in other Celtic lands. In the Gaeldom, Irish or Highland, it is still rife with the Ossianic chiefs as its heroes; in Brittany it is remembered, though Gaelic Fionn is exchanged for Cymric Arthur. The Welsh, still rich in fairy tales, seem to have let Arthur and his table go, almost as completely as they have given up Saint Kadoc, their countryman, to their Breton cousins. Why is this? Mr. Baring-Gould, indeed, seriously we suppose, for we cannot suspect him of joking on so serious a subject, says that "the Wesleyan Methodists are the descendants of the ancient Druids," and he quotes hymns and views about the after-world, &c. in support of this remarkable statement. On this rational hypothesis it may of course be quite possible that the large Methodist population of Wales does retain its old traditions, and has purposely shrouded them in the darkness of utterly incomprehensible triplets, those who have the key of which laugh as heartily as Nash

himself does at the blunders of men like Dr. Owen Pughe and the Rev. E. Davies.

But it is time to introduce the reader to the Ossianic cycle, that he may judge for himself of the substantial identity of the tale of Diarmuid and Graine, its chief episode, with that of Lancelot and Guinevere. Fionn, who must have been well on in years, is betrothed to Graine, daughter of King Cormac. They are all sitting at the bridal feast, when Graine beckons "Daire Mac Norna of the songs," and asks the names of the assembled chieftains of the Feine. The catalogue is given with short comments, much as Helen, in the Third Book of the *Iliad*, gives Priam the names of the Grecian warriors. At last the princess asks, "Who is that freckled, sweet-worded man, upon whom is the curling, dusky-black hair, and who has the ruddy cheeks?" "That is Diarmuid, grandson of Duidhne, the white-toothed, of the lightsome countenance, best lover of women and maidens in the world." Graine says nothing, but she calls her handmaid to her, and bids her bring her "golden chased and jewelled goblet out of the grianan" (sunny chamber, boudoir). Graine fills it, and it holds the drink of nine times nine men. She then bids her handmaid take it from her to her father, her mother, and her brethren, and, first of all, to Fionn. They all fall at once into a deep sleep, whereupon Graine turns her face to Diarmuid, and says, "Wilt thou receive courtship from me, O son of Duidhne?" "I will not," replies the chevalier *sans reproche*. "Then I put thee under bonds of Druid art, I lay *geasa** upon thee, that thou take me out of this place ere Fionn and the king of Erin wake out of that sleep." "Evil are the bonds under which thou hast laid me, lady," says Diarmuid: and he asks why she let her love fall on him, the least worthy of all the Feine. She then explains how, on a day, when Diarmuid was at the ball-playing, he let fall the cap which he mostly wore to cover his beauty-spot, and she, "looking out from the grianan of the clear view, with the windows of blue glass," saw him, and loved him, and will never give her love to any other. But the gates of Temheair (Tara) are locked; "There's a wicket-gate to my grianan," suggests Graine. "I am forbidden by my knightly vows to pass through any wicket-gate." "Well, then, lean on the shaft of thy spear, and leap over the wall." But Diarmuid will first take counsel of his people. Oisin (Ossian), Fionn's

* An obligation; when it was laid by a woman upon one of the Feine—Fenians, chivalry or rather militia of old Ireland—he was bound in honour to obey it at whatever risk.

son, says, "Thou art not guilty of bonds which have been laid upon thee; go, but take good heed of the wiles of Fionn." Oscur, Ossian's son, the peerless hero of the Feine, whose character is as beautiful as that of Bayard himself, says, "Go thou must, for he is a sorry wretch who fails to keep his bonds." Caoilte answers in a different strain, reminding us of Hermes in the *Odyssey* in Demodokus's song, "I have a comely wife, yet I had rather than the wealth of the world that it had been to me that Graine gave that love." Diorruing gloomily replies, when his advice is asked, "Go, albeit thy death will come of it, and I grieve therefore." So they go away together; but the imperious beauty cannot walk a mile, so she sends Diarmuid back for steeds and a chariot. Finding, however, that the tracks are seen, they soon leave the chariot and walk up the bed of a stream, and when she is weary, her servant carries her, because Diarmuid's Fenian vow forbids him to touch her. Several times the chieftain urges her to return, but she says, "It is certain that I will not go back, and that I will not part from thee till death part me." Soon, Fionn comes in pursuit, and Diarmuid sends Graine off in charge of his wizard* foster-father, Aengus of the Brugh (a great cairn on the Boyne, near Drogheda), and chivalrously meets the attack of the whole band. Hereupon follow all kinds of adventures, in which Diarmuid, sometimes by address (as when he springs up over the lance which he has fixed in the ground, comes down on its point, and remains unhurt, challenging the enemy to do the same; they try, and, of course, impale themselves), sometimes by sheer strength, overcomes hosts of foes. Often, like David in the cave, he has Fionn in his power; and all this time Graine is as untouched as if she had been in her own grianan. And here comes out a distinction, which holds good in more than this single instance, between the Irish and the Highland versions. In the latter, there is more not only of ferocity, but also of coarseness. Just as the gentle old Oisin, who, in the *Agallamh Oisin agus Phaidruig* (Dialogue of Ossian and Patrick) moans over the degeneracy of modern days, and laments the poor compensation which church hymns afford for the music of Fionn's bugle, becomes in the Highland story a savage who dashes the brains out of the head of a little boy who had pointed his bow wrongly, so Graine, who in the Irish tale loves one

* He is a "Druid;" how the word, with its congener *draoideachta*, Druidism, *i.e.* magic, came into Irish speech we know not. The elder race, the Danaan, were all magicians, as all Lapps are in Norse stories.

only, with a love as deep as death ("when Diarmuid came to where she and Aengus were, her very life all but fled out through her mouth with joy at meeting him"), becomes in Mr. Campbell's tale, a light-o'-love, who, weary of Diarmuid's continence, takes up with a "gruagach,"* whom she meets in a cave where the hero leaves her while he goes out to hunt for their subsistence. Diarmuid kills the wild man, and Graine (as we shall see) never forgives him; in one Highland story, she even runs a knife into him, which he leaves till she wants to cut some bread and meat, when he bids her seek for it in the sheath in which she had put it. What is the reason of the difference? It is an axiom with Mr. Grote and his school that the harsher, coarser form of a legend is always the older; on the other hand, it is certain that, into many myths, originally pure, a sensual stain came in later. Sir Lancelot, for instance, is very different in his morality from the Gaelic chieftain; and the heroes of Italian romance are far more unscrupulous than even those of the Round Table.

But at this point the story varies in one main essential. According to the version published by the Ossianic Society, Diarmuid at last consents to take Graine as his wife, "and they live happily in Laghean, and have four sons and a daughter; and there was no one richer in gold or silver, or kine or sheep, or who made more preys than Diarmuid." According to the other, which is still current in the Highlands, Diarmuid keeps up his self-restraint to the end; "and when Diarmuid gave out the shout of death, said Fionn to Graine, 'Is that the hardest shriek to thy mind that thou hast ever heard?' 'No,' said she, 'but the shriek of the gruagach when Diarmuid was killing him?' 'Ye gods, that Diarmuid were alive,' says Fionn." The manner of Diarmuid's death is much the same in all the versions. His father had slain the son of a common man, whom the man by a wand of sorcery brought to life again under the form of a boar, saying, "I conjure thee to be of the same length of life as Diarmuid, and that by him thou fall at last." This boar is in a wood near Graine's rath: Fionn, with a momentary gleam of generosity, warns his enemy of his fate, but Diarmuid stands his ground, although, against his wife's advice, he had left his best dart and his best hound at home. At last the boar throws him and rips him open, just as with his sword-hilt he dashes out the creature's brains. Fionn can still save him by fetching

* "*Gruagach*," hairy one, and "*strachan*," names given to wild men, possibly belonging to earlier races, who often appear in Gaelic stories.

him a draught of water from a spring nine ridges off. He will not. Oscur insists on his going, but he comes back so slowly that Diarmuid is dead before his lips touch the magic drink. "I grieve (says Fionn) that all the women of Erin are not now gazing upon thee; for thy excellent beauty is turned to ugliness, and thy choice form to deformity." Fionn throughout is far less magnanimous than most of his clan; indeed, except Conan, "the incontinent, the woman-slayer," a sort of Fenian Thersites, he is the most unprepossessing of all the Feine.* The exceeding bitter cry of Graine and Aengus over Diarmuid is very pathetic. They carry him into the Brugh on a gilded bier, and Aengus says (in words which recall many passages in Miss Frere's Deccan tales, and which contain the key to all embalming and all erecting of chambered tombs), "I can revive him a little every day to have a talk with him." Another trait which has its parallel in the heroic times of Greece comes out in Graine's after-conduct. Diarmuid left a son by the daughter of the King of Leinster; and to none of her own did she bear greater love and affection than to Ollamh the long-bearded; to the rest she always gave gentle welcome, but to him a kiss of welcome." In the most popular of the Highland versions Diarmuid kills the boar; but Fionn, who knows him to be venom-proof except in a mole on the sole of his foot, says, "O Diarmuid, measure the boar;" he steps it from snout to tail. "Now measure it against the hair." He does so; but a bristle enters his foot, and he died. When they come to the hill-side, and see the two beds,† and know that Diarmuid was guiltless, the Feine

* Compare Homer, *Iliad*, v. 70.

† All through the West of Ireland, the cromlechs, when many are together, are called ovens of the Feine; when there are two only, they are the beds of Diarmuid and Graine. Here is an extract from the lament over Diarmuid :—

"Alas! for Diarmuid, O Duibhne,
O thou of the white teeth, thou bright and fair one;
Alas! for thine own blood upon thy spear,
The blood of thy body hath been shed.

"Alas! for the deadly flashing tusk of the boar,
Thou hast been sharply, sorely, violently lopped off,
Through the malicious fickle treacherous one,
Fionn of the Fenians of Erin.

"Numb venom hath entered his wounds,
At Rath Fhinn he met his death,
The boar of Beann Gulbain with fierceness
Hath laid low Diarmuid the bright-faced.

"(Raise ye) fairy shouts without gainsaying,
Let Diarmuid of the bright weapons be lifted by you
To the smooth Brugh of the everlasting rocks,
Certainly it is we that feel great pity—pity."

There surely is nothing at all Macphersonish in that.

took great sorrow, and they burned Graine, daughter of Cormac of the Steeds, that never took a step aright."

We have thought it best to give this story in full detail, that the reader, by comparing it with the well-known Arthurian legend, may see what are the points of resemblance and of contrast between them. It is scarcely necessary to point out that in the story of Venus and Adonis the boar brings death with him. Hence, says Mr. Campbell, it is clear that, as that classic tale is a solar myth, so likewise must this Gaelic legend be. We cannot see the cogency of his argument: it is (as we said) very possible that many passages from an old myth have been brought into the legend and grouped round its principal characters; but the fact of the boar in each story does not seem to us to prove anything more than the M in Macedon and in Monmouth, even without the river and the "saumons" to boot. We incline to the belief that, as there was a real Arthur, very different of course from the hero of fable and romance, so there was a real Fionn, whose age was not much anterior to Christianity, and whose son or grandson did meet St. Patrick; and we think it safer to hold to this belief than to plead, according to the fashion of the day, for a universal scepticism, and a resolution of all early legends into "nature-myths."

Now, as we have said, the latest school of interpreters are asking us to believe that both tales, the Ossianic and the Arthurian, are merely different forms of the old Eastern, probably Semitic, story of Venus and Adonis, which is itself one of the many sun-myths. But, even granting that something of the imagery of the Gaelic tale is probably Phœnician, this fact does not destroy the possible existence of a historical Diarmuid round whom have gathered, as they have round many known heroes, fragments of legend from several sources. One remarkable point is, the way in which the Fenian legend is continued on to Christian times. Oisin is almost the only survivor of the fatal battle of Gabhra. And, after the battle, he is carried off to Tir-na-n-Oge (the land of the young) by the fairy Niamh. Here, just as Ogier le Danois lives with Morgue la Faye, "in the Castle of Avalon, which is the Castle of Loadstone, not far on this side of the terrestrial paradise, whither were rapt in a flame of fire Enoch and Helias," he lives lapt in Elysium; but he does not, like Ogier, come up now and then to do good service against Luitons, Paynims and other miscreants. When after 300 years a great longing does seize him to go and see how his comrades fare, Niamh mounts him on an enchanted white horse, and sends

him off, warning him never to set foot on ground. Meeting a crowd who are vainly trying to move a big stone, he forgets the warning in his eagerness to help. His horse disappears as soon as his feet touched ground, and he, a tottering old man, seeks shelter with St. Patrick. Of his often curiously sceptical dialogue with the saint we must give a short sample. Some of it is childish; but some of the arguments show that the old difficulties, which can never be cleared up in this world, had been noticed by the early Celts.

"Alas! O God, whose sway is pleasant,
If Thy clergy say true, that they are certain
If it be under Thy correction the Fenians are,
Be hospitable and generous to them.

* * * * *

"Be not angry for the love I bear to Fionn,
Who never penuriously kept food from me.

* * * * *

"Alas! if I had my speed
I would by force go up to Thee,
And if I found not with Thee the welcome of the princes,
It would not be easy to put me down out of it.

* * * * *

"If the Fenians have arrived in heaven,
And that I got there no welcome on my visit,
I would pledge my hand to God
That I would not come down from it without slaughter."

Apparently the clergy who feed him do not make allowance for a Fenian's appetite, for he prays—

"O God, since Thou art humane and generous,
Send me now a bulky succour of bread.

* * * * *

"Long and wearisome my fasting without piety,
Though not through love or fondness for God,
But for want of food and sweet comfort,
Suffering in scantiness of bread and half-pittance.

* * * * *

"It is very pitiful in thee, O Son of Cumhall,
That thou sendest me not food and drink
In whatever place thou mayest be,
Without being hindered by demon or devil.

* * * * *

"He says that God is a great man,
And that it is easy to get meat and drink from Him;
By my hand, and by my word,
It is but scantily He serves me and every one.

* * * * *

"The cleric of the bells tells me
That thou art whelmed in the lough of torments;
And I will tell him, and have told
That thou wilt suffer no condemnation or pains."

On the contrary, even if he is in hell, Fionn must still be master.

"Alas! O Fionn, my love, if it be true
That thou art down in the cave of torments,
Suffer no devil nor demon
To have victorious weapons or exercise his might."

The hymns which M. de Montalembert tells us the Irish found so ineffably sweet, impressed Oisin very differently. He prefers to them the baying of hounds, and the wild notes of the *Dord Feine*.

"Patrick of the moaning asks me,
Whether the voice of the clerics is not sweet,
And I say, indeed, what is true,
That it is not sweet nor worthy of men."

And then he talks of "bells furiously screeching." At last Patrick orders the woman of his house to give the miserable Oisin abundance of food and drink; and Oisin, thinking it comes from God, "praises the Man above." He even offers to give up speaking of the Fenians, since (he cannot understand why) it angers God that he should talk about them. St. Patrick does not come out very well in the story; it almost seems as if he were buffeting poor Oisin. The blind hero who has, probably, never seen death except the red death on the battle-field, asks the "newly-come Patrick" to tell him what the black death on the pillow may be like. Whereupon, Patrick gets his clerk to strike him a shrewd blow on the side and cheek, and he dies, after making his peace thus—

"If Thou, God, hast been angered by my voice
In speaking of the hosts of Fionn (alas! my peril),
I will not speak of them, O God, for ever;
Grant me forgiveness for my words."

Besides grumbling about the inadequacy of saintly fare, Oisin is continually boasting of the vast size of deer, birds, trees, &c., in the good old Fenian times. No one will believe him; so one day he takes a lad up Glann-a-smoll (thrush's valley) near Dublin, and there, after digging to a good depth, they find the Dord or great war-horn of Fionn, a blast on which brings "a flock of furious gigantic birds," and a thigh of

one of them is found to be as big as a sheep's. In the Scotch version, in which there is a quaint notice of St. Patrick as having already organised a system of tithe,* the birds are replaced by huge deer, in whose vast forms we trace some memory of the Irish elk.

Now readers of Macpherson will note how very different the style of which we have given a sample is from his; yet we know as matter of fact that, behind all his bombast, there are the old songs and prose tales, since collected by so many legend-seekers. Judging, therefore, by analogy, we need not be startled to see the whole cycle of Celtic story quite rewritten, and its incidents remodelled and supplemented from a thousand sources by the mediæval romancers. Enough to prove the original identity of the two, if, apart from form, and to a great extent from matter, there still remains the same common idea in both. This idea the students of the two will very easily recognise. It marks them as distinct from the Norse tales to which they have often a superficially closer resemblance, and it is no doubt due to identity of race; the case being clearly one of transmission; undoubted in this instance, whatever may be true in other cases.

Other theories about the mediæval legend (to which we have assigned a Celtic origin) it is worth while just to mention. They are given at length in Dunlop, and some of them are reproduced in Mr. Campbell. Malet, then, and Percy, attribute the origin of modern romance to the Scalds, and therefore fix its rise in Normandy; Warton traces it to the Saracens, from whom it made its way through Spain into Provence, and thence (it is very hard to see why) across into Brittany; Leyden thinks it came from Britain to Armorica—taking much the same view as that which we have endeavoured to maintain; Ritson is for assuming that all fiction is home-grown, and that resemblances are due merely to the oneness of mind among all nations; and then there is the classical theory, which in its crude form held every mediæval story to be the corruption of some Greek or Norman tale, regarding even *Knights Errant* as framed on the model of Hercules and Bacchus, and looks on writers like Dictys Cretensis, with his "War of Troy" in the thirteenth century, as a sort of "middle term" between the two; and which now reappears in a subtler

* "Oisean was an old man, after the (time of the) Feen, and he (was) dwelling in the house of his daughter. He was blind, deaf, and limping, and there were nine oaken skewers in his belly, and he ate of *the tribute that Padraig had over Eirion*. They were then writing the old histories that he was telling them, &c."—*Campbell*, vol. i.

shape in the pages of Professor Max Müller. We may just as well say with the earlier classicists, that our romances are a mere classical tradition—that St. Brendan's voyages are based upon Antonius Diogenes' book *Of the Incredible Things in Thule, and the Loves of Dinias and Dercyltis*, just as this latter is certainly based upon the *Odyssey*, we may just as well pretend that Jamblicus's *Babylonica*, that schoolboy story of the loves and perils of Sinonis and Rhodanes, is the groundwork of a good deal of the Arthurian legend, as assert with the new school that our Celtic and Teutonic tales are merely other forms of those nature-myths which are the basis of the classical mythology. It comes to the same thing, whichever assumption we make; in either case it is but assumption after all. Milesians borrowed their tales from Persians; Clearchus, the disciple of Aristotle, Heliodorus, and Achilles Tatius retouched and added to these. Sisenna, in the time of Marius, translated them into Latin. John of Damascus, the author of *Josaphat and Barlaam*, and many others adapted them to inculcate celibacy, just as whoever drew Sir Galahad added to Celtic legend a new character, framed according to the mediæval view of special sanctity. On the other hand, if Arthur is the sun, and his twelve knights are the signs of the zodiac, and if the most important of the Fenian tales is a "solar-myth," we just get round to the Persians (*i.e.* to the Aryan headquarters) by another route. The philologist working backwards has been compared to "a squirrel, hopping from bough to bough, and striving to understand the growth of the great tree of human language." And much the same comparison will suit the "storyologist;" both have to guard against false steps, and against the tendency to move too fast, and become dogmatic without due reason. The Fachan of Irish and Highland tales—of whom it is said "ugly was his make; there was but one hand to him out of the ridge of his chest, and one leg out of his haunch, and one eye out of the front of his face, and one tuft out of the top of his head, and it were easier to take a mountain from the root than to bend that tuft"—is no doubt comparable with the Cyclops and with those strange creatures figured in Sir J. Mandeville's *Travels*; and it is easy to argue, from the strangeness of the imagery—dragons, flying-horses, mermaids, &c.—in many of the tales of almost all lands, that it is very unlikely these strange things would have been simultaneously invented; but what shall we say to the legends of the Red-men of the Mackenzie, preserved by a French missionary bishop, in which one-eyed, man-devouring monsters—very Polyphemes in fierceness—make

their appearance?* Unless there has been here an infiltration of European ideas—which certainly has taken place among the Chippewas and others, modifying their traditions, and giving them that strangely Christian cast which has startled so many investigators—we must grant that at least the idea of the Cyclops has occurred to two peoples between whom intercourse was impossible; or else we must allow Pastor Frenzel to be right, after all, in his *Der Belus auf der Anden*, wherein he *proves* (!) that the old Mexicans and Peruvians were Irish Celts, who had got round by way of Greenland. But on this subject of American legends the reader may go to Schoolcraft's *Hiawatha* (though Mr. Brinton, the latest authority, throws discredit on him). How about China, so different in language from other nations? Haxthausen's *Transcaucasiana* contains, besides Tartar myths, more or less similar in imagery to the Aryan tales,† several stories about Fohi, who, in his wanderings among men, meets with adventures like that which has made the names of Baucis and Philemon famous. In the guise of an old beggar man he goes to a poor woman, who, seeing his ragged state, stays up all night to make him a shirt. As they sit down to their scanty morning meal, she says, "May Fohi bless it, that we both may have enough;" whereupon he replies, "May the first work you set hand to last till evening." She, not heeding the remark, takes up the end of linen from which she had cut his shirt, and measures to see how much is left. The piece grows in her hand, and she goes on measuring, measuring, till sunset; becoming a rich woman by the sale of the heaven-sent cloth. From mere general similarity, however, without historic or philological evidence of transmission, we incline to draw the opposite conclusion to that drawn by many writers. We cannot think that the machinery of mermaids and dragons, and the like, is a proof of transmission. Such is the constitution of the

* *Vie de Mgr. d'Anemour*, ou 18 ans chez les sauvages du Nord de l'Amérique Septentrionale, 1865.

† Since this was written, Dr. Jülg's *Specimen of Mongol Tales* (Innspruck: University Press) has shown that Hindoo influence has told on Mongol stories almost as much as the influence of the Persians, the other great branch of the Eastern Aryans, has modified the Arabian tales. The strangest thing, however, in Dr. Jülg's book is the re-appearance in a Mongol tale of an episode closely resembling one interpolated by Gottfried von Strasburg, the Minnesinger, into the Welsh tale of *Tristram and Iseult*. Dr. Jülg accounts for this by direct transmission. The Tartars were in Silesia about 1240, just when Gottfried's poem was most popular in Germany. They either learnt the poem, or it was carried eastward for them by some of the captives whom they swept away in their train. Still there remains in Dr. Jülg's volume plenty to prove that in story-making, as in many other things, Aryan and Turanian, after all, think very much along the same grooves.

human mind that children all the world over—not Aryan children only—make beasts talk, and shape out the wondrous creatures whom Greek poetry idealised. In the Zulu tales, as in those of North America, the same machinery reappears—indeed, here the resemblance of one of the stories to "Boots and the Troll" is so striking as to make us ask, could transmission be in any way possible? Again, if that be true which Mr. Campbell says he has been told—that the characteristic idea of "the giant who had no heart in his body" occurs in an Egyptian papyrus—we have another case in point. The similar Arabian tale of the Djinn who kept his life at the bottom of the sea, may of course have had an Aryan origin, but no such origin can be dreamed of for anything which is really to be found in the literature of primitive Egypt. This story, by the way, occurs in a multitude of forms. Mr. Campbell has it several times over in different tales. Thus in *The Sea-maiden*, there is an evil beast which carries people down to the bottom of a loch; and of it an old smith says (we note how all the world over the veneration for iron goes along with the notion that those who could work it had greater craft than ordinary men), "In the island that is in the midst of the loch is the white-footed hind, of the slenderest legs and the swiftest step, and though she should be caught, there would spring a hoodie out of her; and though the hoodie should be caught, there would spring a trout out of her; and there is an egg in the mouth of the trout, and the soul of the beast is in the egg, and if the egg breaks the beast is dead."* In the strange wild "Lay of Manus (or Magnus)," —clearly half Norse, half Celtic,†—the same notion occurs twice; the King of the World has his life in that of a horned, venomous animal; and the White Gruagach's life is in three trouts. "O (says the Gruagach) I am dead!" "What ails thee?" says Manus. "There is a stone here in the burn, and there are three trouts under the stone, and they are in thy wife's apron. As long as the trouts should be alive I would be alive; and thy wife has one of them now in the fire."‡ Here, the classicist will say, is the necklace of Eriphyle peeping out; nay here, will say the author of *Chips from a German Workshop*, is another nature-myth, of which, indeed, Mr. Campbell elaborately traces out the features; "Balcan, the smith (who is a chief character in this tale), with his twelve apprentices, and his sailor-son, with his twelve sailors, are

* Vol. i. 81. † Vol. iii. 346.

‡ So, in the *Deccan Tales*, a magician's life rests on the life of a certain parrot.

respectively the fire-god, and the sea-god, and the twelve heavenly signs." No doubt, since Grimm's day, it is a matter of course to recognise "the solidarity of fiction" (if we may use the phrase); all we protest against is pushing too far this idea, that most national, as well as most general, tales are derived from original Aryan nature-myths.

Let us lay open another vein, and see what analogies the tales still current in Central India offer with those of Western Europe. Here we are met by the difficulty (which Sir Bartle Frere's introduction does not help us to dispel) that a good deal of infiltration from Persia must have been constantly going on, accounting for a general resemblance, in many of the tales, to the "Arabian Nights." Sir B. Frere hints, indeed, at the probability of some of the stories being pre-Aryan, belonging, *i.e.*, to the Deccan Aborigines; but this needs proof. The tales themselves it is easy to make myths of. There is "Little Surya-Bai" (sun-lady), for instance. Here a milkwoman's child is carried off by two eagles and kept in a nest of iron and wood having seven iron doors; her the eagles love so much that they are constantly bringing her presents from all lands. While they are gone to get her a certain diamond ring from the Red Sea, the fire goes out, and the child steals down to get a light from the Rakshas' house hard by; the Rakshas' mother keeps her, but she breaks away, and (rushing home) slams her door just as the giant is forcing his way in. One of his nails is left in the door; next day it pierces her and she dies. The eagles find her dead and fly away; but a great rajah passes, pulls out the nail, and she recovers and marries him. Then the said king's first queen gets jealous of her, and drowns her in a tank, beside which she grows up in the form of a golden sunflower. This the queen burns down, and has the ashes scattered in the jungle; but out of them grows a mango-tree, which bears first one flower, and then such a splendid fruit that everybody comes to see it. The child's mother comes among the rest, and the fruit drops into her milk-can. She takes it home, and it becomes a tiny lady, with a jewel like a little sun upon her forehead. By-and-by she is, of course, found by her husband, and restored to her true position. So much for the story, about which we may notice that the jealousy of the first Ranee is a rare feature in these Deccan tales; generally a second wife is by no means an unwelcome addition to the household; next, that the total want of pride of birth throughout the tales is very remarkable in presumably Aryan stories. The Hindus, we know, value birth more extravagantly per-

haps than any other people; and even in the Norse tales, the poor lad or lassie with whom princess or prince takes up is always somehow found to be of royal parentage: probably, Mahommedan influence may have modified the story-teller's ideas, and brought in the notion of equality. And now, for the sake of those (an increasing number, we fear, in this age of impetuous progress) who are unwilling to take their story *au naturel*, without inquiring further, but must have it analysed, let us see how the story may be explained. In the hands of a skilful manipulator it might be made a type case: the milk-woman is the bounteous mother-earth, for whose richness (without going to the Atharva-Veda) the very word "exuberant" shows how appropriate is the metaphor. Surya-Bai stands for the loveliness of nature. The two eagles are the clouds of sunrise and sunset, typifying the invigorating power of rain. The nest is nature's secret workshop, where her loveliness is spent during the interval between seed sowing and germination. The seven doors are the seven Vedic rivers of plenty. The fire in the nest is the quickening power of heat. The Rakshas who appears in these stories as a disgusting giant feeding on corpses, and who, therefore, may typify the putrefying properties of the atmosphere (though, of course, like other giants, he has unlimited control over hidden treasures, and lives in a palace of glass and jewels)—the Rakshas gives us a hint of "the inhumanity of nature" (as it has been called), the danger to the first germs of life from its rude elementary powers. It is significant that he is not, like the Celtic "good people," smaller than man, but "tall as a troll" (to quote the Norse proverb), and withal as stupid. And here we beg to differ from Dr. Dasent, who thinks that the old Norse tales are full of high moral teaching (just as Sir Edward Strachey supports the strange paradox that the tales of the Arthurian cycle are good reading for boys, because of their pure tone!). We cannot think it a lesson in morality to teach that all is fair against a troll—to show how the poor fellow is robbed by clever Boots first of his gold and silver ducks, then of his coverlet, and then of his magic harp. It is a good lesson in unscrupulous dexterity, such as one race of men has always been ready to put in practice on another. Indeed, just as the dwarfs of some Norse legends are doubtless the Lapps and Finns whom the Teutons exterminated, so Trolls and Rakshas are some other races, either really or in imagination bigger than their conquerors. The want of morality comes out more strongly still in "The Giant who had no Heart in his Body." Let Dr.

Dasent try, as we have done, to get this and some of his other stories read aloud among boys in their teens, and he will soon see why we dissent from his high estimate of their morality. But to return to our allegorising. The death-sleep is the slumbering of nature's loveliness in winter; we are told in the same way to recognise the same fact in Brynhild's slumber and in the story of the sleeping Beauty. The grand rajah who comes by is the sun; the marriage, the union of nature's fructifying and parturient powers. The first ranee (our readers will be curious to see how the myth-interpreter explains the sun's bigamy) "is the fixed and stable foundations of nature, and her hostility is its barrenness, opposed to its luxuriant loveliness." In this way even smaller points might find their explanation; the diamond ring comes from the sea; the sunflower from the tank-water: so Aphrodite and Delos and all precious things come from water. The dropping off of the mango is the fall of the ripe fruit into the earth's bosom. Surya-Bai's reunion with her husband typifies the revivifying influences of summer. There, that is a model myth-story; and those curious in such things may see how Mr. Baring-Gould and Professor Max Müller (whom Mr. Cox, in his old Greek stories, simply follows) work out the same thing in other cases. Mr. Gould takes the history of St. George, for example, and proves that the hero is Hercules, Thammuz, Apollo, Sun-God, besides being half-a-dozen other heroes Norse and Hindoo into the bargain. Somehow, after all, we like to believe in St. George; and to fancy that round him may have gathered traits properly belonging to the Sun-God, just as round Eastern potentates have clustered the adjectives which are properly used of the heavenly bodies.

In these Deccan tales, there are many points common to tales all the world over. Giants (as we said) are stupid, and easily outwitted; stepmothers are cruel; the youngest child of the family is generally the cleverest; the jackal (taking the place of the European fox) represents the triumph of skill over force, though once he is deservedly outwitted by the dull-headed camel, at another time by a kid. Then there is the beautiful trait, common to all Eastern fiction, and denoting a power of self-introspection scarcely found in the ruder Norse and Celtic folk—which gives to innocent children power to see the beings of the unseen world, peris and others. The style, by the way, is often singularly like that of the Irish tales in its multiplication of adjectives; we read of diamonds, for instance, as "bright, restless, throbbing, light-

giving," possibly with the same alliteration in the original which in the original Irish makes this a beauty instead of a defect. Of snake-worship, too, there are evident signs; the reverence for the cobra, who appears not only as a most powerful being, but as really beneficent, is constantly coming out; Sir B. Frere compares it with the deprecatory language of Hindoo servants, who, while killing him, apologise, "We are guiltless of your blood; we are doing it by master's order." Other striking points are, woman's influence for good, and her high and independent position, and the free speech used by the poorest under a presumably despotic government; as in the tale where the rajah wants to marry the gardener's daughter—though at this we need not be astonished, when, in the next story, we find the rajah's own daughters, with heroic simplicity, cooking their father's dinner. Of resemblances with Western nursery tales, we need only mention a few; the main point, the structure, is always similar. Thrice in this collection reappears the idea of the sleeping beauty in the wood, the dense surrounding wilderness being replaced in one case by seven hedges of bayonets; in another, by five belts, each of a different kind of tree; and again by concentric hedges of spears and sword blades; or by a jungle of prickly pear, which last shows that the story is still getting altered, for the prickly pear was introduced from America, whither most people in India would be heartily glad to send it back again. Then, the princesses who are alive at night and lie in death-like trance all day, remind us of Psyche; the child who is born with the string of pearls round her neck, which she must by no means take off, has her counterpart in Western story; so has the jackal who persuades the lion to jump into a well; and also the other jackal who, taken as umpire between the Brahmin and the tiger whom he has released from the cage, saves the former by persuading the tiger to get into his cage again, "that the judge may study the exact circumstances of the case." If silver trees with pearl leaves and gold fruit are peculiar to the East, exactly parallel with several Norse and Celtic and German tales is that of the rescue effected by getting three hairs out of the Rakshas' head, and creating first a river, and then a mountain in the way, and (when these are insufficient) setting the jungle on fire by scattering the hairs, and so burning the pursuing Rakshas in the flames. Mr. Kennedy has an elaborate tale on just the same basis as this, wanting only the quaint touch with which the Hindoo story ends, that "the wicked old nurse, through whom all

the harm had happened, got after all a funeral pile as big as any Hindoo's." We recommend specially the tale in which the childless wife sets out to seek Mahadeo (the great God), and petition him for a son; the imagery here is really grand, and the moral most beautiful. Widely different in "furniture" and accessories from the Hindoo stories are the Maori myths collected by ex-Governor Grey. It is hardly fair to compare solemn myths with mere nursery tales; we at once ask ourselves, have (alas! must we not say had?) the Maories any mere children's tales, or have all their stories this quasi-religious character? Here, however, is at any rate plenty to interest the comparative mythologist; Sir George Grey's work was almost forced upon him by his position. He found, he tells us, that the "rebel" chiefs, in their speeches and letters constantly quoted fragments of old poems in explanation of their views. But these poems puzzled the interpreters as much as the oldest portions of the Irish-Brehon code puzzle Celtic scholars. So, with a rare conscientiousness, the governor set himself to work to collect material. Once all his store was lost in the burning of the Government House; but he persevered, and was at last able to give us the strangely wild legends (or are they myths merely?) in which the colonisation of the island is mixed up with the account of the Creation, the Deluge, &c. The Maories held that heaven and earth were the two beings from whom all things else originated; and exceedingly picturesque is the account of how "fierce man" (the Maori man, of course, could be nothing but fierce) begins to attack the progeny of his brother, Tane-mahuta ("father of forests and of all things that are therein") and collects leaves of the whanake tree, and twists them into nooses, and goes into the forest, and hangs up his snares; "Ha! ha! the children of Tane fall before him, none of them can any longer fly in safety." The universal tradition of a deluge is clear among the Maories; "the names of those who in old days submerged so large a portion of the world were, Terrible-rain, Long-continued-rain, Fierce-hail-storms; and their progeny were, Mist, Heavy-dew, and Light-dew." More beautiful even than the Greek fancy is the following: "Now that the vast Heaven has been torn asunder from his spouse the Earth, their love is still strong; the warm sighs of her loving breast are the mists, and the dew drops are the tears which the vast Heaven, as he mourns through the long lonely night, sheds into her bosom." All the Maori deities were of human race, or else allied to man; all their purely

malicious deities, for instance, were spirits of children who died without having tasted life's joys; if one of these dead babes was carelessly thrown aside, and not buried with peculiar incantations, it became a spiteful persecutor of men. Their fairies seem to have been of the same size as mortals, "very numerous, merry, always singing like crickets; their hair is very fair, so is their skin." Yet, lest we should fancy their physiognomy borrowed from the European, Sir G. Grey assures us that the two fairy stories which he gives are older than the arrival of Europeans in New Zealand. One of these stories tells how the fairies came to look at a very handsome chief who was camping out all night, hunting kiwis: he thought they wanted to steal his green jasper ear-drop and mere-mere, so he took them and hung them on a stick in the midst of the fairy throng; they, however, only took the shadows of them. The other story tells how net-making was learnt by a man who surprised the fairies hauling in their fish; he pretended to help them, but really spun out the work; and when dawn came, and they saw he was a man, they all fled, leaving one of their rush nets behind. Maori fairies cannot endure the daylight; on the same principle a troll bursts when he sees the rising sun (as in "Lord Peter," the Norse "Puss in Boots"); hence, the love of light and of warmth common to Celts and Teutons cannot be taken as a distinction between them and more Eastern nations; it exists equally among the latter. Thus the Maori fairies, unlike the stupid Norse giants who did not even understand tillage, had anticipated mankind in many of the useful arts. Another and wilder story (the legend of Maui, p. 36) gives a different account of how plaiting and weaving were found out: it says that, when the demi-god Maui made up his mind to conquer the sun, he and his brothers set to work to plait ropes to snare him in, and in doing so they discovered the square plait and the flat plait, and the art of spinning round rope. The Maori tales, moreover, record transformations into all sorts of animal shapes; thus, Maui kills his brother-in-law, and when he is at the point of death he tramples on his body, and by his enchantments lengthens his backbone into a tail, and so turns him into a dog. There are visits, too, to the under-world, which is as full of plants and flowers and life as the fairy-land of Thomas the Rhymer; and also to heaven, the ascent to which is far more poetical than in our homely story of the Bean-stalk. It is another demi-god who goes up thither to seek his goddess-wife and their little girl. Guided by "his great ancestress," who has

charge of the creeper which grows between heaven and earth, he gets on well enough; but his brother Kariki, who catches one of the loose roots, swings away to the very edge of the horizon, when a blast blows him forth to the other side of heaven; and there another strong land-wind sweeps him right up heavenwards, and so on to and fro, till at last he looses his hands at the right moment, and gets to earth again. The "giant-stride," now so well known in our playgrounds, is an old Maori institution, and typifies (all their games typify something) Kariki's perilous swing. The way in which the hero had lost this wife of his reminds us of many European tales. They had lived very happily, she deserting for his sake her friends above, and he rejoicing to be the husband of one "of those whose home is in the heavens." But when a babe was born to them, the husband took it to a spring to wash it, before the solemn naming, and bringing it back he held it away from him and said, "Faugh, how badly the little thing smells." Whereupon his wife, snatching the babe from him, began to take flight skywards. She paused for a moment with one foot on the carved figure of the ridge-pole of the house, and he sprang at her, crying, "Mother of my child, return once more." But she rose upward, saying, "No, I shall never return to you again." But we must refer our readers to Governor Grey's book, where they will read of fishes that live after they have been cut in pieces, because, being sacred fishes, they ought not to have been eaten at all; reading which, they will, of course, remember the oxen of Helios, which Ulysses' crew sacrilegiously devoured. They will also find a tale which has its analogies among Western traditions, of one who cut down a fairy tree to make a canoe, but "all tree-insects and forest spirits were very angry, and as soon as he went in the evening to his village, they all came and took the tree, and raised it up again; and the innumerable multitude of insects and birds and spirits worked away, singing their incantation:

> 'Fly together, chips and shavings,
> Stick ye fast together,
> Hold ye fast together—
> Stand upright again, O tree!'"

They will read too of priests digging "the pit of wrath," whereinto they might by their spells bring the spirits of their enemies. And Hatupatu, a Maori "Boots," killed by his jealous elder brothers, but brought to life again, has just such an adventure as that of Ulysses with Calypso, or of so many old Celtic

chiefs with the tutelary Sighe (fairy) of their clan. He is run after and captured by a woman with wings upon her arms, who takes him to her house and feeds him royally; but after a while, the graceless Hatupatu goes off while she is out hunting, carrying away her two-handed sword, her cloak of splendid feathers, her red cloak of thick dog's fur, her tame birds, her tame lizards, and all her things. She, stupid as a troll, had, at his bidding, gone off to the thousandth mountain range to catch birds for them; and when finding him gone she follows at a furious pace, and he (to escape her) jumps across some sulphur springs, she, thinking they are cold, wades through, and is boiled to death. There is not much generosity among Maori chiefs and demi-gods, neither (as we have seen) is there much among the heroes of Norse tales; and the unfair tricks which both play off on one another are surely traceable, not to any early myth which was the common property of mankind before the dispersion, but to that human nature which is substantially the same for the whole race under all its modifications. We do not think that any unprejudiced reader can rise from a comparison of the different books we have named at the head of this article, without feeling, that where Aryan descent is out of the question, and transmission impossible, the common feelings at the bottom of all our hearts have still worked so as to bring about an often startling uniformity. Some people, whenever they find a mermaid or a dragon in a story, think it must have been borrowed from other stories about mermaids and dragons. Thus Mr. Campbell is constantly talking about the frequent reference to horses in the Hebridean tales as proof of eastern origin; just as if Ireland (from which the islanders came) had not always been a land of horses. Indeed we cannot see that the Celtic way of "following the sun" in all round games is a proof of Eastern origin; it is a very natural way for men to turn. Nor, again, do we feel convinced that the Celts are Easterns because they took their sick to the sea-shore (as Hindoos do to river-banks), and also built their oratories mostly on rocks beside the sea. It does not need immediate kinship to account for such very natural procedures; and even those who think that there is not oneness of mind enough among divers races of men to have prompted them all to hit on the mermaid-story—found not only in Scandinavia and Shetland of course, and among the Irish, whose elaborate tales about the Merrow are so well known, but also amongst the French, who have their Dracs, and the inland Germans, who have their "Seemännlein" wherever there is a lake for him to live in—and on stories about were-

wolves, versipelles, melusinas, jackal-rajahs, and so on, must allow that there is no need of their transmission-theory to account for what is nevertheless a very marked similarity in the mechanism of so many popular tales—the shrewd devices, viz., whereby the hero compasses his end or secures his safety. The device, for instance, whereby Tom Thumb makes the Giant rip open his own stomach reappears, we have hinted, even down in Zulu-land. So Ulysses' craft in telling the Cyclops that "Noman" is his name, comes out in tales of the most widely-sundered peoples. "Who hurt thee?" asks the fairy-mother, in one of Mr. Keightley's stories.* "Oh, it was my ainsel," replies the fairy-girl, to whom the shrewd Northumbrian boy, her playmate, had given this as his name. The French have characteristically altered this story: A *lutin* falls in love with a pretty *paysanne*, who, to get rid of him, tells her husband; the husband heats the griddle (*galetière*), and persuades the fairy to sit on it; he jumps up roaring with pain, and when his brethren ask who hurt him, "Myself," he replies, for such the girl had told him was her husband's name. Among the Finns a wilder turn is given to the tale: the devil comes to a man who is making leaden buttons, and who tells him he is moulding eyes. "Will you make me a pair—I want some new ones?" says Satan. "That I will." "Then let them be large." So the man melts a lot of lead, and ties Satan down on a bench. "What's your name?" asks the devil, before the operation begins. "Myself." "And a good name too," says the good-humoured fiend, who, when he feels the red-hot lead in his eye-sockets, jumps up, bench and all, and runs off, howling, "Myself did it." "The devil (adds the tale) died of his new eyes; and since then no one has seen him any more."† Neither will any one assert (we fancy) that, because in a Santhal village a certain tree is sacred as being the haunt of the spirits of dead kinsfolk, and because New Zealanders, and half a score of other peoples, also have their sacred tree, therefore there must in this case be "the transmission of the idea." With Highlanders it is the rowan, with Norse people (and with North Germans) it is the elder. There are countless Danish tales about the evils resulting from the use of elder-wood for building; and in Rügen, a peasant will not take a bough without making some trifling offering, and saying thrice, "O Hyldemoer (elder-mother, or Hylde-quinde, elder-quean, *i.e.* woman)! let me take some of thine, and thou

* P. 313. † Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, quoted in Keightley.

shalt take of mine something in return." Nor is there any need for "transmission" to account for the universal belief in "hill-people," when we remember how often the earlier races did dwell in caves, and how certainly some of them must have remained so living after the influx of more recent settlers. We quite believe that the wild mediæval tales about the giants and wizards or the lovely ladies who were supposed to dwell in the old Roman ruins in Gaul and Britain had a basis in fact. Often from the wreck of a ruined city some would escape, who, returning when the destroying horde had moved away, would re-produce among the ruins their old life of greater culture, and spread tales among their few peasant neighbours of the mysterious terrors of the place, in order to keep intruders at bay, just as Mr. Campbell's canny pearl-fisher spread reports that the lochs where he caught his mussels were teeming with water-bulls and water-horses.

On "the degradation of the myth," how the gods and demi-gods of old time have become the imps and fairies of later ages, a great deal has been written. It may be a case of etymology run mad when men try to connect Puck (doubtless the same as the Pooka, Phooka; Welsh Pwcca; Devon Pixy) with the Sclavonic name for God—*Bóg** (seen in Zernebock). But, no doubt, generally speaking, fairyland was the substitute in the minds of so-called Christians for that spirit-world, belief in which they could not help retaining. As Dr. Dasent says, "the old gods were cast down from honour but not from power; they lost their genial kindly influence for good, and degenerated into malignant demons." "Wishtman and his wild hunt" on Dartmoor, "One-handed Boughton and his Coach-and-six," in Warwickshire, "Herne the Hunter" and "Hackelberend" in Germany, and in Franche-Comté "Herod in Chase of the Innocents,"—all are degenerate re-productions of Odin's "Chase." Let us quote Dr. Dasent on the subject:—

"This northern mythology which in its aspect to the stranger and the external world was so ruthless and terrible, when looked at from within, and at home was genial and kindly and hearty, and affords another proof that men in all ages and climes are not so bad as they

* One point on which we have insisted, that the question about the origin of folk-lore is still *sub judice*, receives confirmation from the etymology of Oberon. Obern, or Aubern, used to be derived from *l'Aube*, the dawn; he was assumed to be the Gaulish representative of Aurora; but *aube* being of course from *albus*, made this reference to it of a presumably pre-Latin word very doubtful; and Grimm decided that Auberon is only the French form of Elberich (Albrich in the Nibelungen Lied), the king of German dwarfs. But, then, what is the derivation of Elberich?

seem; that, after all, peace and not war is the proper state for man; and that a nation may make war on others and exist, but that unless it has peace within and industry at home it must perish from the face of the earth. But when Christianity came, the whole character of this goodly array of divinities was soured and spoilt. Instead of the stately procession of the god, which the intensely-sensuous eye of early man connected with all the phenomena of nature, the people were led to believe in a ghastly band of ghosts who followed an infernal warrior or huntsman in hideous tumult through the midnight air. No doubt the heathen had fondly fancied that the spirits of those that had gone to Odin followed him in his triumphant progress, either visibly or invisibly; that they rode with him in the whirlwind, just as they had followed him to battle and feasted with him in Walhalla; but now the Christian belief, when it had degraded the mighty god Odin into a demon huntsman who pursued his nightly round in chase of human souls, saw in the train of the infernal master of the hunt only the spectres of suicides, drunkards, and ruffians, and, with all the uncharitableness of a dogmatic faith, the spirits of children who died unbaptized, whose hard fate had thrown them into such evil company."

So far Dr. Dasent. In an out-of-the-way place like Iceland the four periods of legendary literature, showing its gradual "degradation," are sharply marked. There is the Edda, then the Saga, then the Kvœthi (ballads), and, lastly, the Rimur, or modern-rhymed version. In England we cannot expect the same sharp distinctions, though, no doubt, here too many of our old ballads are but versions of older prose tales. "Clerk Colvice and the Mermaid," for instance, is almost identical with the German story of "Peter von Stauffenberg;" all that is wanting is the "middle term," if we choose so to name it, viz. the corresponding English prose tale. In France, Brittany and a few odd corners elsewhere excepted, the substitution of the modern book-story for the popular tale is perhaps even more complete than among ourselves. Let Perrault's *Peau d'Ane* be compared with Campbell's "King who wished to Marry his Daughter," and it will be seen how completely the Frenchman eliminates all the "mystery" which Mr. M. Arnold tells us is one of the elements of Celtic literature. So, too, the Countess d'Aulnoy, in her trim boudoir tales, naturally rejects all quaint ideas, such as the old Celtic bridge made of two hairs along which a certain heroine has to run. On the other hand, the courtliness of French society comes out in the contrast between the stately Marquis of Carabbas and his Norse analogue, the homely Lord Peter. Is it true that, if you scrape a Frenchman (varnished boots, Dusautoy suit, Palais-Royal manners, and Voltaireism notwithstanding) you

will find an old Gaul underneath, with all that capacity for wonder which used to mark the race and which still marks it in other places? If so, we can readily understand men in the provinces voting in '52 for one whom they believed to be the first Napoleon come back again. Still the change is very striking between the wildness of the old Celtic legend and the Chinese matter-of-fact of the man of the Boulevards and the Faubourgs. French may be "Latin with a Celtic tongue;" still it is Latin, and this thorough change in the popular habit of mind is due to Latin influence—an influence which found in Celtic adaptability a congenial field to work on. Germany has felt Latin influence too; but it has resisted it more. There the popular tale has still an element of quaint mystery in it, altogether wanting in the French book-stories, and this is strangely combined with a comic homeliness, quite foreign to the Celtic nature. Compare Mr. Campbell's "White Pet" with "The Three Bremen Musicians" (in the Kindermärchen), and the distinction will be seen at once. *En revanche*, we may say that the French have adopted and organised the practice of suicide, of which instances (like that of Egill and his daughter, who agree to starve themselves to death) are found in the Norse Sagas. What the Latin influence did in France, religion has helped to do elsewhere. The priest in Ireland and the minister in Scotland have in an almost equal degree set their faces against the old stories. Mr. Campbell gives many instances, in his delightful introduction, of the difficulty of getting at an "ursgeal," or "scheulagh," in places where religion was active. One old woman, whose granddaughter says, "You have a tale, you know, grannie," replies, "Hush, my dear; the Good Being bless you. It's only an idle heathen story. I knew the gentleman's grandmother." It is but rarely that even Mr. Campbell meets a man with whom kinship is stronger than fear of ecclesiastical censure, and who after asking him, with the air of a prince, to take more milk and potatoes says, "Are we not both Campbells? and was not Diarmuid our ancestor?" and then proceeds to chant a "lay," in which the said Diarmuid is described with a golden helmet and armour to match.

If Mr. Campbell's book were good for nothing else, the introduction would be invaluable, containing, as it does, such delightful sketches of how the author came by his stories. "Civilisation," however, by which nineteenth-century man means the substitution for a primitive race of a set of artificial beings—sophisticated, it may be, after the fashion of the Bond-street dandy, or else after that of the "Man-

chester man," or else as the pitmen and pit-girls or pottery lads and lasses or mill-hands, are sophisticated,—civilisation at last inevitably kills out the old tales, replacing them by such citizens of the world as have found their way into the story-books; and in this state of things it is hard indeed to get at anything original. So Mr. Hunt must have found it in Cornwall. So Mr. Campbell found it in Man. The influx of Liverpool folks has made the Manxman suspicious; and, except a hint about water-horses, and a few words about the "glashan" (a hairy aboriginal like the gruagach), absolutely nothing could be got on the whole island.

Having drifted back to the Celts, let us ask our readers to compare Oisin with Thomas the Rhymer, and each character in the Ossianic legend with its mediæval counterpart, and to confess the vastly greater purity of the old Celtic story. The middle age, no doubt, owed some of its corruption to Eastern influence—Straparola's *Notti Piacevoli* was first published at Venice; and Basile, author of the *Pentameron*, spent his youth in Candia—but some of it was no doubt due to the debasement of religion. Compared, on the other hand, with classical heroes, we hold that the Celts of the Ossianic legend will be found the finer characters of the two. Graine is marked by a dignity wholly wanting in Dido. When Fionn and six of his band are fastened on seven magic seats, though the tale is the analogue of that of Circe, the voluptuous colouring of the Homeric story is altogether wanting. And though, despite their motto of "shoulder to shoulder," the Celts have always had an ugly trick of digging their elbows into one another's ribs, the selfishness of an Achilles would be an impossibility for a Celtic chieftain. Between Celtic and Teuton story, the contrast is chiefly in the way in which love is treated; with the Celts it is a sentiment; with the others (as may be seen in any of Dr. Dasent's tales) it is as unromantic (as unlike the modern German) as possible; quiet married life is what the Norse story-teller chiefly delights in picturing. Another contrast is the far greater vagueness of the Celtic mythology; it may be that St. Patrick was as careful as they say he was to destroy all records of the earlier faith, but we rather fancy the faith itself was vague. The kind of divinities (tutelary fairies) who play the largest part in the tales, is well shown in Mr. Kennedy's beautiful story, "the Golden Pin of Sleep." It is seen again in St. Patrick's talk beside the spring with the daughters of King Leoghaire; the princesses think he and his monks are duine sighe (gentlemen fays), and they ask, "Are God's daughters dear and

beauteous to the men of the earth?" and when they are told of His Son, they inquire, "Had He many fosterers?"

We have given most attention to Celtic legend, partly for reasons which appear in Mr. M. Arnold's well-known essay, partly because it is, historically, the most important. In its main features, it reappears in the Arthurian romance, and if the unknown Marie of Brittany, the Macpherson of the fourteenth century, who "adapted" the old tales to chivalrous tastes, places her *belle Izoude* beside the Liffey, and borrows for her Merlin some of the attributes of Fionn, let us not forget the vast number of wandering Scots, who were going through Europe even later than her day, and who, out of their *bolg an dana* (wallet of stories) might have given her much more than she has availed herself of.

One word more about "solar myths." We have said how totally we dissent from Mr. Cox, who, in his *Greek Stories*, out-Müllers Müller himself. A recent controversy on the subject, started since most of the above was written, strengthens us in our view. Mr. Cox, like his master, goes so far as to assert that "the war of Troy is only a repetition of the daily siege of the east." And when he is asked how, if Helen is the dawn, it came to pass that, whereas the Achæans went east, Paris sought her in the west? he replies, "the dawn is implicitly present in the evening, and disappears in the west, to reappear in the east." We think Mr. Cox may be judged out of his own mouth; anything more condemnatory than his explanation we have never seen.

And now to close what is at best a partial view of a very vast subject, a subject so vast that it is impossible, in one paper, to combine generalisation with that detail which is specially claimed by the matter in hand. We have not attempted any new views; our aim has simply been to show that folk-lore all the world over has certain grand features which remain the same, despite much diversity in minor points. These resemblances may be due to transmission—in the case of mediæval romance, a compound of old Celtic story and Saracen and classic infiltrations, this is undoubtedly the case—but we believe them to be often due to the identity of the human mind amid that diversity of race for which some writers are disposed to claim such an overwhelming power. Above all, we have sought to lift up our protest against the notion that almost every story is the adaptation or "degradation" of a nature-myth. We will not believe that our Aryan forefathers and all other primitive races were constantly engaged in looking out upon the world of nature and com-

posing solar and elemental myths. Very early, we think, man began to ask himself about himself, to grow (at first, no doubt, unconsciously) introspective. He tried, in his purblind way, to feel out some answer to the great questions of humanity, the questions of life and death and immortality; and (coupled with these) the capital problem of success and failure, *i.e.* from one point of view, of reward and punishment. The way in which this last problem has been answered deserves more careful investigation than it has hitherto received. It should be the most practical of all speculations—that which would tell most on the character, and therefore on the history of the race; yet we are content, in general terms, to say that the Jews had no belief in after rewards and punishments; that the Greek Hades was much like the Jewish Sheol, Tartarus being reserved, not for wicked people in general, but only for those who had personally provoked the gods—being, in fact, the state-prison of the lords of Olympus; while, on the other hand, the Hindoo theology had elaborated ages ago a minutely graduated system, and while (strangely enough) some of the aboriginal Red-men had enunciated their belief in immortality far more clearly than any of the old nations of Europe. Now, as to the Hindoos, we will only remark, that whatever vestiges of the truth of primitive tradition may have existed among them, the effect on the national character has not been such as we might have expected, unless, indeed, we suppose that this truth has been the means of keeping them from falling, in that terrible climate, into the total abasement of the non-Aryan races round them. On the question of their views, we refer the reader to Max Müller's *Burial Rites of the Old Hindoos*, a book from which we always rise with devout thankfulness, for it shows us how God's Spirit has been at work in the far-off corners of the earth, and assures us that He in Whose house are many mansions has ways unsuspected by us of dealing with the heathen and of drawing them to Him. To a thinking Hindoo, indeed, nothing could more strongly prove the need of a revelation, than the contrast between the glorious purity of the oldest Vedic aspirations after God—the sure hope of immortality which they breathe, and the crust of gross and debasing superstition with which they have been so thickly overlaid that their power on the mass of the people is absolutely negatived. As to our own more immediate ancestors, Dr. Dasent brings out very forcibly, in his introduction, that there was little or nothing ethical in their views of the after-world. The idea of

personal holiness is something so foreign to the unregenerate heart, that we are not astonished to find the after-state of the soul settled without any regard to this, which we have learnt is the all-essential thing. What is astonishing is, that men like Dr. Dasent and Sir E. Strachey can come to think that tales in which courage and shrewdness and beauty take the place of Christian virtues can be "moral," in any high sense of the word. Dr. Dasent confesses, that "in the twilight between heathenism and Christianity, which several of these tales reveal—in that half-Christian, half-heathen consciousness, there is no sharp division between the two places. Heaven is the preferable abode; but rather than be without a house to one's head after death, hell is not to be despised" (*vide* "The Master Smith," Dasent, p. 105*). The fact is, Norsemen and Teutons, like the old Jews, thought less about the after-world than several contemporary races did. They had their Walhalla, indeed; but in Dr. Dasent's budget of stories it is never mentioned. With the Celts it was different: as he faced the West, the Firbolg (earliest of the three ascertained races in Ireland) saw O'Brassil's land glowing in more than earthly beauty between the sunbeams and the water; and this fancy invested the Isles of Arran with a sanctity which they have not yet lost: the Danaan, who drove the Firbolg into Connaught, had all over the country their "brughs"—tumuli with sepulchral chambers, like that at New Grange; cromlechs, in fact, before the heaped-up mound which covered them had been removed, and the "gallery" which led to the interior had been destroyed. In these the dead chiefs were placed, and with them the survivors could hold converse by means of the "gallery" aforesaid, of which existing instances may be seen in some burrows, in Normandy as well as in Ireland. Then the Milesian, reverting somewhat to the older creed of the Firbolg, had his Tir na-n-Oge (land of the young), which lay beneath all lovely lakes, and of which so much is said in the Ossianic story. But even the Celtic faith in a future world must yield in clearness to that of the American aborigines. Mr. Brinton brings out—

"Their clear and positive hope of a hereafter, contrasting so strongly with the feeble and vague notions of Israelites, Greeks, and Romans, and yet wholly inert in leading them to a purer moral life. This is one proof more, that the fulfilment of duty is in its nature nowise connected with, or derived from, a consideration of ultimate personal consequences. . . . In no Indian religion is there a trace of

* We must caution our readers that in the new edition the masterly introduction is omitted.

after-reward and punishment. Even in the elaborate Mexican system, the men who fell in battle (and with a delicate and poetical sense of justice which speaks well for the refinement of the race), the women who died in child-birth, went 'to the place whence the sun comes;' those who died of sickness went down to naught. The Brazilians, again, with their vast river-roads, divided the dead into three classes, to each of which a separate region was assigned—the drowned, those who died by violence, and those who yielded to disease. With the Northern tribes, the state of the soul was often determined by the way in which the funeral rites were performed, and by the care taken of the remains."

Hence the hatred to white men as reckless and gratuitous violators of sepulchres; and hence in some tribes the obligation on the wife to carry about her husband's blanched bones for five years in a wampum bag. Very remarkable, by the way, is the care of bones all over the American continent. Mr. Brinton tells us of a tribe in Bolivia, who carefully put aside even fish-bones, believing that, if they failed to do so, the fish would very soon become extinct. The notion of bone-cracking for the sake of the marrow never seems to have entered a red man's head; in this they are a contrast to the Ossianic heroes, who, from their love of marrow, might well have been the makers of those kitchen-middens and cave-heaps in which the bones are usually found to have been so carefully cracked and picked. We wish Mr. Brinton had gone one step farther, and had argued, from the absence of anything ethical in this strong faith in immortality which is such a characteristic of the red race, the absolute need of a revelation on which to base the foundations of morals. In America, if anywhere, we find man left to himself; and the miserable futility of his efforts to feel after God sufficiently show the powerlessness of unassisted humanity. Of course, in urging this we are assuming that Mr. Brinton is right, and that the older writers who found analogies between certain Mexican deities and Satan, and who credited the Cherokees with a regular heaven and hell, were giving, not the primitive traditions, but the more or less vague reflection of the earliest missionary teaching. Some of Mr. Brinton's ludicrous instances of the way in which investigators have been deceived, and have put down as of immemorial antiquity what was due to the recent instructions of a French Jesuit, may warn us of the difficulty—great in regard to popular tales as well as to religious myths—of separating the original from the transmitted. We have noticed this before; we refer to it now in order to remind our readers that those who deny the existence of anything like Druidism,

explain the classical references to it by assuming that Cæsar and Lucan (whether perfectly or not, they do not always say) incorporated with the vague and simple creed of the old Gauls elaborate Pythagorean and other ideas. One thing is certain: it is well to be reminded that on no ancient race has its folk-lore, whether connected or not with a strong belief in immortality, had an appreciably ethical effect: the grand system of the Hindoo has been as well-nigh ineffectual as the vague childish fancies of the red man. This should always be borne in mind; to forgetfulness of it we owe the fallacy which we think underlies the eloquent chapter on "A Science of Religion" in Max Müller's *Chips*. Doubtless there is a great deal that is grand and noble and exalting in several of the old Eastern faiths. It would be strange indeed if nations not so far from the centre of religious truth had not preserved something of primeval tradition; but the inefficacy of this in practice shows that we must not think of classing Christianity among the rest, as a far higher development indeed, but still as a development merely. We will never admit this for a moment. Professor Müller might convince us (though he has not done so as yet), that he is right in using "the solar myth" as a key for almost all fairy tales; but he will never convince us that there is not a gulf which man could in no wise have bridged between the noblest of natural religions and the religion of the Bible.

And now we seem to have wandered far away from Norse tales and Celtic legends; but to every thoughtful mind the connection is clear between the tales of early times and the early faith which shows what primitive races thought about life and death and eternity. A legend has its basis in historical fact, at times very deep down below the superstructure of fancy, but still there at bottom. The myth proper has no such basis; it is simply the embodiment of some notion either about natural phenomena or ethical laws. Every nursery of intelligent children gives constant examples of the manufacture of both. Very often one is grafted on the other. We have gone into detail about the Ossianic story, because we think it is a "crucial case" of this latter class—the grafting of myths on a legend. We will not disbelieve in the historical existence of Diarmuid any more than in that of King Arthur; yet we see grouped round both personages many characteristics belonging to Thammuz, Apollo, Hercules, and other heroes of "nature-myths." The same is true of the Nibelungen Lied; it is very hard to get over the historical evidence, however confused it became in that darkest

of all dark times; on the other hand, Sigurdr and Brynhildr are in many points just the sun and earth over again. The matter is, and must (we fancy) remain, one of feeling rather than evidence. Some, sceptically disposed, see even in the tale of Paris and Helen only another form of the myth of Persephone. Others believe there was a real Hercules, as truly as there was a real Samson; and that round him, as the hero of a tribe, all kinds of nature-myths have gathered. We know how they have gathered round Barbarossa and other heroes equally modern; and we may learn from Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts about Napoleon Buonaparte* (of which Roussel has put forth a clever French adaptation, "Pourquoi Napoléon I. n'a-t-il jamais existé") how easily the "solar myths" may be engrafted on a real character even in these prosaic days.* Volney in his "*Ruins of Empires*" does the same thing for those beliefs which are dearest to the Christian; and this reflection may well make us hesitate before we go so far as Max Müller and Mr. Baring-Gould would take us, in explaining away our popular stories. Just as the most recent criticism (that of Dr. Dyer and M. Ampère and others) tends to make us oscillate back from the extreme scepticism which had grown up round the old "doubts" of Vico and Beaufort, so in regard to popular tales we do not think that "the last word" on the question of their origin has been spoken by Professor Müller and his followers. However this may be, what we have said sufficiently proves the importance of the subject. We are constantly too ready to forget, that as "the child is father of the man," so the beliefs of those who lived in the childhood of our race have had a great share in building up that complex fabric of intellectualism which has so strong an influence on our material progress. The subject is a vast one: we invite all who may have been studying it to reserve their judgment and to wait for more facts before they give absolute adherence to the "nature-myth" theory. How such facts are gathered, Grimm and Campbell and others have taught us. Even in prosaic England there is still perhaps something to be picked up (Mr. Hunt's work we should like to see imitated in some of the eastern counties); though in England, of course, such a work would need not only extreme patience, but a discrimination far too rare among collectors.

* Every student knows the mediæval myths which gathered round the name of Virgil. Abelard and Heloise in like manner became sorcerers with superhuman attributes.

ART. III.—1. *L'Eglise romaine et le premier Empire*, 1800—1814, *avec notes, correspondances diplomatiques, et pièces justificatives entièrement inédites.* Par LE COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE. Paris: Lévy. 1868. Two Vols.

2. *Articles in continuation of the above in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for the 1st of January, 15th of April, 1st of May*, 1868, *15th of June, and 1st August*, 1868.

3. *Mémoires du Cardinal Consalvi, secrétaire d'Etat du Pape Pie VII., avec une introduction et des notes.* Par J. CRETINEAU. Paris: Joly Plon. 1864. Two Vols.

4. *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par M. A. THIERS.

ON the 30th of November, 1799, the Cardinals met in conclave at Venice, for the election of a new Pope. It was an evil time for the Roman Church. Pius VI. had died just three months before* at Valence, a captive in a strange land; and though revolutionary France, at whose hands he had suffered spoliation and indignity, was now herself defeated—for during Napoleon's absence in Egypt, the Austrians and Russians had rolled back the tide of French conquest towards the Apennines and the Alps—yet the Patrimony of St. Peter had not therefore been restored to his successors. Rome was in the possession of the King of Naples, and the greater part of the Papal States was under the dominion of the Austrian Emperor; and neither potentate felt at all disposed to restore what the fortune of war had bestowed on him. From this it may be judged how cold was the religious zeal of the Catholic powers; and as to France, professedly godless, or at best schismatic, her affections seemed alienated for ever. Nor was it only in the darkness of the political and religious horizon that the assembled cardinals read change and distress. The great upheavings of the last ten years had not spared their own fortunes. All were impoverished, and not a few owed it to private bounty that they were able to undertake a journey to Venice and incur the expense of a sojourn there.†

The history of the Conclave has been related by one certainly well qualified for the task, as he was its secretary, and

* On the 29th of August.

† The Emperor Francis, in whose dominions Venice then was, had granted 24,000 Roman scudi towards the public expenses of the Conclave. But the private expenses of the cardinals were not defrayed out of this sum.

can hardly be suspected of a desire to throw discredit upon its acts and deliberations, since he became, and remained through life, the best beloved and most trusted adviser of the Pope finally elected. Still the picture which Consalvi presents is not a very pleasing one. In the course of the following pages our sympathies will probably be rather with the Papacy than with Napoleon; for if the conduct of the former was by no means always free from blame—if it occasionally flattered and yielded when truth and resistance would have been the better and nobler policy—yet its faults were as often redeemed by acts of constancy and courage; and the mixture of force and fraud that marked Napoleon's diplomacy is detestable. But in the actions of the Conclave, there are, so far as we can see, few redeeming points. The general tone is one of small and selfish intrigue. Of the idea—surely a natural one—of choosing the man best qualified to steer the vessel of the Church out of the terrible dangers of the time, there is little trace. The great question is, whether the election of such and such a cardinal will prove agreeable to this or that foreign power; whether another has not too many needy nephews; whether a third, being young, may not for too long a time keep other aspirants from the occupation of St. Peter's chair. It is not a Protestant enemy who ascribes a paramount importance to motives like these; and the narrative of Consalvi gives a shade of plausibility to M. Renan's anticipation of a possible rival election, and consequent schism, when next the Conclave meets.*

Our task, however, lies with the Conclave of 1799. For the first few days after its assembling, the ballot, taken twice daily, offered no indications of a result. But "suddenly, without any sort of preparation or secret practising," it happened that eighteen votes were given in favour of Cardinal Bellisomi. Of the forty-six cardinals then living, only thirty-five had been able to obey the summons to Venice, so that it seemed all but certain that Bellisomi, who was generally loved and respected, would soon obtain the necessary majority of two-thirds. Everything went well for some days. Floating votes were, or seemed to be, secured, and at last matters went so far that his election on the morrow appeared certain. But the cup was destined to be dashed from his lips. Austria, for reasons of her own, had set her heart on another candidate; and on the eve of the election, Cardinal Herzan, who represented the interests of Austria at the Conclave, went to

* See the Introduction to M. Renan's recent *Questions contemporaines*.

Albani, the "Dean" of the assembly, and requested that final proceedings might be suspended for twelve days, to enable him to communicate with the Court of Vienna. In a weak moment Albani consented, on condition that Herzan should promise to take no steps towards organising an opposition in the interval. What Herzan, however, did not do, others did for him; and long ere the delay had expired a phalanx of adverse votes, which no after efforts availed to disintegrate, had been formed. All hope of a speedy and satisfactory settlement vanished. For three months, at the time of the Church's greatest need, the Conclave became the scene of debate and most unedifying intrigue.

At last light seemed to dawn upon the gloom. A French Cardinal, Maury by name, hit upon an ingenious scheme.

"As he was walking one day with Consalvi in the piazza of the Monastery of St. George, after lamenting, as every one was doing, the long duration of the Conclave, and the difficulties of the election, he unfolded his plans. They were very simple. Maury was convinced that the success of any of the actual competitors was impossible. The angry friction produced by so long a struggle left no room for hope that either faction would ever yield. It was, however, inevitable that the Pope should be selected from one or other camp, because . . . there was no one among the independent cardinals whose election did not present insuperable obstacles, either on account of age, or for some personal reason. The only means, therefore, of conciliating both parties, would be for the one to choose the new Pope from the rival camp. Thus all would be satisfied: those who belonged to the party from which the Pope had been selected, because he would come out of their ranks, and the others, because they would themselves have made the selection."*

Such was Maury's general scheme. The particular candidate he had in view was a cardinal belonging to Bellisomi's party—a cardinal universally honoured and beloved, and in every way worthy of the contemplated promotion, but who, because he was a native of the same town as the late Pope, and because the late Pope had been much his friend, and above all because he was comparatively young, had never been thought of before. By dint, however, of the most delicate diplomacy and manipulation, all obstacles were overcome; and on the 14th of March, 1800, Cardinal Chiaramonti was proclaimed Pope under the name of Pius VII.

* *L'Eglise Romaine et le premier Empire*, p. 25. Extracted almost word for word from Consalvi's *Memoirs*.

While, however, the Cardinals had been preparing for the Conclave and sitting in solemn session, the world's affairs had progressed with almost feverish rapidity. On the 9th of October, rather more than six weeks before they had all assembled, Bonaparte had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the English cruisers that sought to intercept his return from Egypt, and had landed in the South of France. Exactly a month afterwards he had overthrown the inefficient government of the Directory, and seized the reins of power. In express words, no less than by his acts, he was declaring that the reign of revolution was over, that he intended to repress all disorder with a strong hand, and to re-edify the social fabric so ruthlessly dismantled. To conciliate a personage evidently holding the future of France, if not of Europe, in his hand, was an object of the highest policy, and it so happened that of all the cardinals Chiaramonti was the one whom he would most have desired to see in the Papal chair. Such a coincidence seems too strange to have been altogether fortuitous. M. d'Haussonville advances the hypothesis that Maury, who had played a prominent part in the Constituent Assembly, and battled in argument—Conservatives thought not without honour—against Mirabeau himself, hoped to win favour, and perhaps renewed influence in France, by the success of his project. M. Thiers goes farther. He asserts that a reconciliation between France and the Papacy was the object of the selection made by the Conclave. It may be so; but M. Thiers, with all his genius, is not above the suspicion of unconsciously attributing too much to the influence of his own country, and we confess that we incline rather to M. d'Haussonville's hypothesis. For, though Consalvi is silent on both points, we may easily conceive that he was ignorant of the private thoughts of the astute Maury, whereas it seems difficult to imagine that the determinant motive of the whole assembly of cardinals was unknown to him. Nor is there any obvious reason why he should have concealed that motive. Besides, if the Conclave desired above all things to please Napoleon, surely the representative of Austria, then in the throes of a great war with France, would have opposed the election, while, on the contrary, D'Herzan favoured it by every means in his power.

Be this as it may, the choice of Cardinal Chiaramonti was, as we have said, specially pleasing to the First Consul:—

"When the Legations had been invaded by the French armies in the month of February, 1797, Chiaramonti had not quitted his

diocese as a neighbouring cardinal, Ranuzzi, had done. His conduct had been noticed by General Bonaparte, who was much displeased by the flight of the Bishop of Ancona. 'The Bishop of Imola, who is also a cardinal, has not fled,' said he to the people of the country who were placing in his hands the keys of Ancona; 'I did not see him as I passed, but he is at his post.' This praise, bestowed by the victor on Cardinal Chiaramonti, had produced a pretty strong impression on the minds of the inhabitants. The excitement was even greater at the Christmas festival in the same year; the little town of Imola witnessed the publication of a homily differing very essentially in its tone from all those issued by the other bishops of Italy."*

This homily and the efforts made by its author to quiet the minds of his flock during the occupation of the French army, probably seemed to Napoleon to augur well for the success of his schemes of reconciliation between France and the Papacy, now that the bishop had attained to still higher power. They showed that Chiaramonti was not one of those prelates who confounded the interests of religion with the maintenance of the *Ancien Régime*, but that he was a man capable of taking a large view of the great changes of the past few years, and sufficiently disinterested to subordinate worldly considerations to what he regarded as the spiritual interests of mankind.

In order fully to understand the nature of the advantages which Napoleon, in his marvellous perspicacity, hoped to derive from the election of a pope at once so liberal and so unaffectedly pious, it is necessary to take a hasty view of the religious condition of France. The revolution had fallen like a thunderbolt upon a clergy rich, powerful, and haughty. That clergy formed one of the three estates of the nation. Its members were not liable to taxation; and, though their influence was not precisely of that character which attaches to strong convictions and fervid zeal—the influence of a Latimer, a Lamennais, a Saint-Cyran, the influence which they themselves in many instances regained in the purifying fires of persecution—yet, as members of a corporation, possessing a large part of the landed property of France, and enjoying great feudal privileges and prestige, they too were not without power and authority. All this crumbled almost instantly at the rude touch of the Revolution. The privileges went first.

* M. d'Haussonville, vol. i. p. 29. M. Thiers speaks of a meeting between Bonaparte and the Bishop, when each produced a favourable impression on the other, and when the young general excited in Chiaramonti that feeling of personal affection which subsequent events were never able entirely to destroy.—M. Thiers' *History*, vol. iii. p. 228.

Almost simultaneously tithes were abolished, and a State salary substituted. Soon the church lands were cast into the yawning gulf of the national deficit—a renegade bishop* being the first to propose that measure of spoliation—and all monasteries and convents were dissolved. Then the number of bishoprics was reduced, and some attempt was made to equalise the size and importance of dioceses and parishes. In its zeal for public election, the National Assembly decreed that bishops and clergy should be appointed by the general suffrage of the faithful. The clergy naturally resisted, and appealed to Rome. The Assembly replied by ordering that the clergy should swear to maintain the new ecclesiastical constitution.† Some obeyed and some refused, and thus a religious schism was added to all the causes of strife that were tearing at the vitals of France. But this was only the earlier and milder phase of the Revolution. Worse days were in store. The Reign of Terror respected the constitutional and excommunicated clergy no more than their strictly orthodox brethren. Both parties were persecuted with edifying impartiality. Many went into voluntary exile; many were imprisoned; many suffered by the guillotine; many more abandoned their priestly calling, "threw," to use the French expression, "their robe to the nettles," married, and retired into the safe privacy of civil life. The sacred edifices were everywhere profaned by rites ridiculous when not revolting, and "dedicated to Friendship, to Abundance, to Hymen, to Commerce, to Floriculture, to Fraternity, to Liberty, to Equality, and to the other divinities of democratic reason." The worship of such a Supreme Being as might have commissioned Robespierre as his prophet was decreed. And all was darkness, anarchy, blasphemy, and confusion.

The storm had well nigh spent its fury, when France, stunned and bleeding, threw herself into the arms of the fortunate young soldier who alone seemed able to rescue her from the breakers; but, though subsiding, the heave of the tempest was still there. Napoleon had no light or easy task before him in religious as in other matters. The generals by whom he was surrounded had, for the most part, a coarse soldier's contempt for sacred things. The men of science so freely admitted to his friendship were avowed atheists. The general public seemed at best indifferent. To do nothing must therefore have seemed a very tempting solution of all

* Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, the future diplomatist.
† Called *Constitution civile du Clergé*.

difficulties. But Bonaparte had too deep a knowledge of human nature to think that any form of social polity could long subsist without the higher sanction of religion. He was himself, so far as his convictions can be ascertained, a deist, and his creed at all times exercised very little influence upon his conduct; but he felt truly that the transient affairs of this life acquire a stability which nothing else can give, by being grounded on the belief in an eternal and righteous Ruler, and he could not afford to neglect so conservative an influence. Moreover, even if it had been possible—which in the confusion of the time it probably was not—to leave the large interests that depend on man's hopes or fears of a future state unregulated by the State,—such a course was utterly repugnant to a mind athirst for order and regularity. France must believe something, and the form of its belief should mainly depend on his despotic will. So much being settled, three courses were open to the First Consul. He might, following the precedent set by Henry VIII., create a National Gallican Church, with himself for supreme head, and the "Constitutional" priests for a nucleus of clergy. But for the post which he would have to occupy in this hierarchy, he felt that his character and antecedents were unsuited. The success of the scheme would only have been crowned with ridicule. Or, again, he might frankly impel the country towards a Protestantism unburdened by his supremacy. But this idea he set aside on the not unreasonable ground that Protestantism had scarcely any root in French soil, and on the much more questionable one that it had proved itself unsuited to the character of the people. Finally, he might bring France back into the bosom of the Church of Rome, submitting to the Papacy in matters of doctrine, taking pretty much his own way in matters of discipline, reconciling the "Constitutional" clergy with the Pope, and winning to himself the affection of the old orthodox clergy, whose sympathies were now with the *Ancien Régime*, and who still possessed great influence in the remoter provinces.

This last line of policy was, we need scarcely say, the one Bonaparte adopted; and looking at the question from his point of view, it is impossible not to recognise the force of the arguments that commended that policy to his own mind, and by which he justified it to his friends and coadjutors. It is equally impossible to repress a feeling of regret that so great an opportunity of finally severing France from the dominion of Rome, and of laying the foundations of a purer faith on the ruins of the old, was lost. Who can tell what

might have been the effect of so golden a resolve? But still, in the midst of this regret, we can remember that a higher wisdom than our own rules the destinies of nations; and perchance it may be that a Protestant church so fostered, so evidently owing life and existence to Napoleon's mere will, might have become a byeword of servility, a curse rather than a blessing to the cause of truth. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and such prosperity as he would have bestowed is to be feared for any church. Still, it is tantalising through despatch after despatch, whenever anything went wrong in the negotiations with the Papacy, to see the suggestion of an independent Protestant church reappear. It re-appears, of course, most often, as a useful diplomatic threat. But a threat, to be useful, must, at any rate, seem of possible, and even probable execution. And on one or two occasions Rome was very nearly losing its hold on France.

With Napoleon, the conception and the carrying out of any line of policy were generally simultaneous. No sooner had he crossed the Alps (May, 1800) than he ordered a solemn *Te Deum* to be sung at Milan, "to celebrate the deliverance of Italy from heretics and unbelievers,"* and addressed an allocution to the clergy of that city, expressing his devotion to the Holy See, and his regard for the new Pope. A few days afterwards (15th June) the great and decisive victory of Marengo shattered the forces of Austria, and placed the whole of Italy in his power. Almost immediately he notified to Pius VII., who had just reached Rome from Venice, that he wished to enter into negotiations for the settlement of religious matters in France, and desired that Monsignor Spina, a prelate whom he happened to know, might forthwith be sent to confer with him at Turin. The merely worldly advantages of acceding to this request were too obvious to admit of a refusal. Austria, with a shortsightedness almost incomprehensible, had, in the hour of her prosperity, behaved anything but well towards the Papacy, and now she was defeated and powerless. The Legitimist party throughout Europe, the party of the "throne and the altar," were equally dispirited. Napoleon's star was evidently in the ascendant. But such, there is no reason to doubt, were not the considerations that weighed most with the good old man who occupied St. Peter's chair, and with Consalvi his principal adviser. Let us do them the

* Meaning the Turks and English, whose fleets had co-operated with the Austrians.

justice to acknowledge that the religious welfare of France was their first object. Spina accordingly started for Turin, and found there, not the First Consul, but a request, amounting to an order, that he should proceed at once to Paris.

Bonaparte as usual had matured his plans. He had settled in his own mind exactly what he thought the circumstances required, and meant to obtain his ends by any means. His project is thus summarised by M. Thiers—

"All the existing dioceses were to be abolished. For this purpose application should be made to all the old titular bishops still living, and the Pope should require them to resign. If they refused he would depose them, and when a *tabula rasa* had thus been made, sixty new dioceses were to be marked out on the map of France —forty-five bishoprics and fifteen arch-bishoprics. To fill these sees the First Consul would nominate sixty prelates, chosen indiscriminately from among the members of the clergy who had taken the constitutional oaths and those who had not, though rather perhaps from among the latter as being more numerous, held in higher estimation, and dearer to the hearts of the faithful. He would select only such as were worthy of the confidence of the Government, respectable in their moral character, and reconciled to the principles of the French Revolution. These prelates nominated by the First Consul would be instituted by the Pope, and enter at once upon their functions, under the superintendence of the civil authorities and the Council of State. A salary proportionate to their needs would be allotted to them in the national budget. But in return, the Pope would recognise the alienation of the Church property, would forbid the suggestions of restitution which the priests were in the habit of making at the bedside of the dying, would reconcile the married priests with the Church, and in a word would help the Government to put an end to all the calamities of the time."—*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, vol. iii. p. 225.

It is not perhaps to be wondered at that Monsignor Spina considered propositions bearing this character as revolutionary and inadmissible. The projected *Concordats* submitted to him were in his opinion "contrary to the fundamental maxims of religion, and to the most sacred laws of the Church." He had not failed, he said, to make counter-propositions and remonstrances, but all was useless. His mission was dragging on fruitlessly, when suddenly the French Government, thinking perhaps it might gain by closer relations with the Pope himself, despatched a kind of half-official envoy to Rome. The person selected to fill this office was well qualified for the task. He had long served the ancient monarchy as a

diplomatist, and had none of that republican rudeness which the revolutionary envoys so often affected. He had, moreover, already occupied some diplomatic post in Rome during the preceding pontificate, and was perfectly acquainted with the traditions, customs, and etiquette of the Papal Court. Above all, he sincerely desired the success of his mission. Nor were these his only qualifications. He was a man of great independence and marked individuality of character, who saw things very clearly and was not afraid to assume the responsibility of an important decision, or to speak the truth even to Napoleon himself.* Indeed, on one or two occasions, his frankness rather startled his contemporaries. One day he heard Napoleon exclaim, in the midst of a literary discussion, "Tacitus! Tacitus!—don't speak to me about that pamphleteer; he calumniated the Emperors Tiberius and Nero." "Sire," observed the diplomatist, with a smile and probably a shake of the head, "*esprit de corps! esprit de corps!*" intimating the fellow-feeling between imperial despots; and Napoleon smiled in turn. Such was M. Cacault, whom the First Consul, in that nervous military language that was so natural an expression of his thoughts, had instructed "to treat the Pope as if the Papacy had two hundred thousand men at its command."

It was not long ere M. Cacault had occasion to display all the energy and resources of his character. Bonaparte, among whose virtues patience had no place, very soon got tired of discussing what he described as "miserable questions of dogma," with Monsignor Spina, and directed his envoy to inform the Pope, that if within five days the Concordat as proposed in Paris had not been signed, he was to leave Rome and betake himself to General Murat, commander-in-chief of the French forces at Florence. And that there might be no mistake as to what was in contemplation, the Pope was to be threatened with the most terrible consequences, both religious and temporal. This was theology at the sword's point indeed. The Papal Court was thrown into the utmost consternation. To yield in spiritual matters to orders so brutally given, was, consistently with any dignity, simply impossible. And the consequences, immediate and remote, of a refusal were appalling. M. Cacault alone retained his presence of mind. The orders of his Government were peremptory, and admitted neither of modification nor delay. But he took on

* His letters are very clever and characteristic, and stand in marked contrast to the heavy diplomatic correspondence in which they are enshrined in M. d'Haussonville's volumes.

himself to recommend—and it was a bold step to recommend anything under such a master—that Consalvi should at once proceed to Paris, armed with new powers, and there personally explain to Bonaparte the insuperable nature of the difficulties that had prevented the Pope from acceding to the proposed forms of treaty. Such a course would furnish conclusive evidence that the Papal Court was really anxious to meet his wishes, and it would greatly flatter and please him to be able to show the Parisians a cardinal and the Pope's chief minister of State among the accredited envoys at his court. There was no gainsaying the force of these arguments. In sadness and perplexity—for the partisans of the *Ancien Régime* throughout Europe were already crying that the faith was sacrificed to temporal considerations—the Pope bade adieu to his trusted friend and councillor. Very ruefully did his secretary start on a mission of which he knew the difficulties only too well, and for a country, as he saw it in imagination, still red with the blood of priests, and greedy for another victim.

So great was the fear of a popular rising in the Papal States when it should be known that France had withdrawn her countenance and support, that Consalvi travelled for the first few days in the same carriage with M. Cacault, so as to show that the suspension of diplomatic relations was not final. At Florence they parted, and the Cardinal pursued his swift and sorrowful way towards Paris, almost accompanied by a letter,* in which his late travelling companion thus speaks of him: "He is a man with a very clear head. In his person, there is nothing imposing; he is not fashioned for greatness. In speech he is slightly verbose and not seductive. In character he is gentle, and his heart will readily lay itself open, provided his confidence be encouraged by kindness." Such is a keen observer's description of the man about to enter on a diplomatic contest with the overbearing genius who was moulding the destinies of Europe. It seemed a very unequal match, and yet was not so unequal as it seemed. For with the clear head, and the gentleness of manner, and the heart so ready to open to genial influences, were allied a high moral character, and an inflexible will. As he subsequently proved on several occasions, he was one of those whom Napoleon, with all his power, could neither by intimidation nor bribery cause to swerve from what he deemed right, and the great

* Dated on the day of parting, the 8th of June, 1801.

despot honoured him with his respectful enmity accordingly.

No sooner had Consalvi reached Paris than the suspended negotiations were resumed. Scarcely an hour's delay for rest was afforded him. At their first interview, Bonaparte again intimated that all must be settled, under pain of a final rupture, in five days; and, though this period was necessarily prolonged, yet not a moment's cessation of toil and anxiety was allowed to the poor Cardinal, already oppressed with the responsibility of his position. Into the details proposition and counter-proposition it is not our intention to enter. We have already enumerated the points which Bonaparte regarded as indispensable. Each one of them became a battle-field between the contending parties—a battle-field from which the conquered could not retire without many a pang. At first, however, it did not seem as if the Papacy were losing every advantage.

"By dint," says Consalvi, "of unspeakable exertions, of anguish, and of sufferings of every kind, the day arrived when it appeared that we were reaching the desired goal—that is to say, the conclusion, in substance, of the projected treaty, as amended at Rome, which the French Government had refused to accept before my journey, and which had been the cause of the order despatched to M. Cacault to quit Rome in five days."

Poor Consalvi! he little knew the man with whom he had to deal. This is what occurred, as related in his own words:—

"The Abbé Bernier* . . . came at last one day—it was on the 13th of July—and announced that the First Consul accepted all the articles discussed. . . . He therefore requested me to prepare a copy of the Concordat as agreed upon, to which the signatures of the contracting parties might be affixed. He himself, on his side, would prepare a similar copy. On the morning of the following day . . . he informed me that he would come himself, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon, to conduct me to the place of signature—'where,' as he asserted, 'we should settle the whole business in a quarter of an hour, as there was nothing to be done but to affix six signatures to the two papers—an operation which, including mutual congratulations, would not even take so long.' He showed us also the *Moniteur* for that day, through whose columns—let this be noted—the Government had informed the public in these words that the negotiation was concluded: 'Cardinal Consalvi has succeeded in the object that brought him to Paris.' Accordingly a little

* One of the Vendéan chiefs, whom Bonaparte had converted from Royalism. It was through him that these negotiations with the Papacy were conducted.

before four o'clock, Bernier arrived with a roll of papers in his hands—a roll which he did not unfold, saying it was his copy of the Concordat. We took our own copy, as had been arranged, and then went together to the house of the Citizen Joseph (as he was then called), the elder brother of the First Consul. He received me with the greatest politeness. . . . After the usual compliments he requested us to seat ourselves round a table prepared for the purpose, saying, as the Abbé Bernier had said, 'We shall soon have done; we have only to affix our signatures, as everything has already been settled.' . . . We therefore set to our task, and I was about to take up a pen. What was my surprise when the Abbé Bernier offered me the copy he had drawn from his roll as if to make me sign it without previous examination, and when, on casting my eyes over it to make sure that it was correct, I perceived that this ecclesiastical treaty was not the one which the respective commissioners had agreed upon, and to which the First Consul had himself agreed, but one materially different. The difference of the first few lines made me examine all the rest with the most scrupulous care, and I convinced myself that this copy not only contained the proposals which the Pope had refused to accept without his corrections, and the non-acceptance of which had been the cause of the withdrawal of the French agent from Rome, but moreover, that certain points had been added that had already been rejected as inadmissible before those proposals had been sent to Rome."—*Consalvi's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 352, &c.

It was a most discreditable transaction. No wonder that Consalvi was indignant. Joseph Bonaparte at once disclaimed any knowledge of the business. He had merely come, he said, to append a formal signature to a treaty, which, as he had been led to understand, was concluded. The other French Commissioner, Crétet, made the same declaration. Bernier, on being appealed to, "stammered out with a confused air, and in an embarrassed tone, that he could not deny the truth of my words, and the difference between the *Concordats* presented for signature; but the First Consul had ordered it thus, and had assured him that it was quite allowable to make any alterations, so long as the actual signature was unaffixed." This piece of sophistry is really charming. The most astonishing part of the story, however, is, that Bonaparte very nearly succeeded in hiding the real character of the transaction for ever. M. Thiers, usually so well informed, speaks only of "a meeting held as a matter of form at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, when the papers were read over, and those little alterations of detail made which are always reserved for the last moment."* It

* *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, vol. iii. p. 267.

was not till the recent publication of *Consalvi's Memoirs*, that this little bit of Napoleonic diplomacy could be properly appreciated.

The conclusion of the Concordat had been publicly announced. A great banquet was to be held the next day to celebrate the happy event. At the urgent entreaty of the French Commissioners, the Pope's secretary consented once again to enter on the apparently interminable discussion. The merely formal meeting that was to have lasted no more than fifteen minutes, lasted four-and-twenty hours, and during the whole of that time Consalvi had to meet every variety of argument, and to battle for the privileges of the Holy See. At last, as the afternoon of the next day was wearing to its close, the shattered fragments of the Concordat had nearly all been painfully pieced together again. There was only one article that baffled every effort at conciliation, and to which Consalvi could not be brought to agree. It was, therefore, proposed to suspend the discussion of this one point until the decision of the Pope himself could be obtained, and to proceed with the ratification of the remainder. Joseph Bonaparte started off in all haste to ascertain whether his imperious brother would consent to this compromise. The rest, "utterly exhausted with weariness, want of sleep, and anguish," sat waiting the result.

The First Consul was never to be lightly moved from his purpose. His reply was a very decided negative, and the Commissioners separated sorrowfully to prepare for the banquet. Consalvi especially was in evil plight. It was no light thing to meet the first brunt of Napoleon's wrath. As soon as the latter caught sight of him, among the assembled guests in the reception hall of the Tuileries, "he cried with inflamed countenance, and a voice high and disdainful"—

"'Well, *Monsieur le Cardinal*, you have wished to break with me! So be it. I have no need of Rome. I shall act by myself. I have no need of the Pope. If Henry VIII., who had not a twentieth part of my power, knew how to change the religion of his country, how much more shall I be able to do it. In changing the religion of France, I shall change it in nearly the whole of Europe, wherever the influence of my power extends. Rome shall see what are her losses. She will weep over them; but there will be no remedy. You can go; in fact, that is the best thing that remains for you to do. You wanted to break with me; well, be it as you desire. Well, when are you going?' 'After dinner, general,' I answered quietly."

Bonaparte was quite capable of appreciating coolness in his adversaries. This reply seems somewhat to have mollified him, and through the good offices of Count Cobenzel, the Austrian envoy, the weary negotiation was resumed. The objectionable article, as amended by Consalvi, was accepted after much discussion and without the previous sanction of the First Consul—who at first refused to ratify what had been done; but afterwards, as the Concordat was actually signed, did not persist in his refusal.

Looking back at the article so much debated, it seems difficult to appreciate the importance attached to it by Consalvi. Hesitation on such a point as it involved, when spoliation of Church property, the deposition of bishops, and the abolition of two-thirds of the existing dioceses had been freely conceded, does indeed look like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. The article, as proposed by the French Government, briefly stood thus: "*Le culte sera public, en se conformant toutefois aux réglements de police.*"* This last proviso, as the French Commissioners declared with much show of reason, was indispensable in a country but just escaped from the throes of a godless revolution, and where anti-Catholic feeling often ran high. Why, if any hot-headed fanatic might take upon himself to lead a religious procession through a hostile population, heedless of the remonstrances of the civil authorities, instant disorder and bloodshed would be the inevitable result. Consalvi could not but acknowledge the force of this argument. It was unanswerable. But he contended that the clause as it stood was too vague. It subordinated the Church to the State in a manner wholly inadmissible. As a matter of principle, it could not be accepted for a moment. If all that the Government required was to be able at any time to repress an untimely exhibition of religious zeal, and to prevent disorder, why not simply say so? And an amendment in this sense was finally agreed upon. But in making a stand upon such a point, the astute Papal envoy must have felt that he was fighting, possibly for a principle, but certainly not for a principle that was of the slightest practical importance. Bonaparte probably desired the maintenance of the article, because under cover of its equivocal phraseology he might at any time interfere pretty much as he liked with religious matters. But he was not at all the man to abstain from that interference, because he had no legal pretext for interfering.

* "Worship shall be public, but subject to police regulation."

However, the Concordat was really signed at last, and Consalvi made ready to return to his duties at Rome. But before he left Paris, a barbed arrow had been shot into the flanks of the Papacy. In his final interview with the First Consul, the latter remarked, as if casually: "There will be this difficulty when the new dioceses are marked out, that I shall have to select the new bishops from among the two parties of the Constitutionals and the non-Constitutionals." This, as Consalvi declares, was the first word he had heard of such a thing. The Constitutional clergy were in a state of open schism, outside the pale of the true Church, and though the Pope might be very willing to welcome his erring sheep back to the fold, if they expressed sorrow and repentance, yet that he should welcome them as bishops was not to be expected. Bonaparte, on his side, did not even consider that any open recantation of error was necessary or desirable. So the parting was not very cordial, and on the 23rd or 24th of July, after a sojourn of six miserable weeks in the French capital, Consalvi turned his face towards Rome, bearing with him a fresh burden of anxiety from which he was only relieved—and that unpleasantly—some nine months afterwards, when ten of the obnoxious and scarcely repentant Constitutional priests were nominated to the vacant sees.

Though the Concordat was signed in July, 1801, it was not published till the following Easter, and in the meanwhile negotiations went on as busily as ever. Scarcely had Consalvi reached Rome, when Bonaparte, with his usual imperiousness, requested that a *legate à latere* might be sent to Paris, and designated the Cardinal Caprara for that office. It was a selection which the Court of Rome, left to itself, would never have made. Caprara was a much weaker man than Consalvi, and the latter says of him—

"He legalised a great many things against the wishes of Rome. He often acted without instructions from the Pope, and sometimes even against his instructions, thinking always, though falsely, that he was doing right. His acts once consummated could not be remedied, and the Pope's protests proved always unavailing. His recall, though more than once decided upon, could never be carried out."—*Consalvi's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 405.

In fact, he was completely awed by the First Consul, whom he was for ever trying to keep in good humour by flattery and servility. He would on occasions appeal and protest even with tears; he would declare that his conscience did not permit him to violate the immutable laws

of the Church. But one of those scenes of anger, half real and half simulated, which were among Napoleon's favourite diplomatic weapons, and a few threats of disastrous consequences, always overcame his resistance in the end. He yielded, and lost the more consideration with every defeat, in that he had represented his yielding as inconsistent with duty. Thus he finally consented to institute the Constitutional bishops, though they refused to sign any satisfactory recantation, and though he had declared that their institution was dogmatically impossible. So again he consented to read a Latin address to Bonaparte as chief of the State, though he had refused to *sign* the same document, and must have known that it would be represented to the public as a form of oath. And so also he accepted from the inferior Constitutional clergy a form of recantation even less satisfactory than that of the bishops. Moreover, as if to make his position as the free and unbiassed representative of the Holy See more difficult, he accepted from the French Government the rich Archbishopric of Milan.

The grief and anxiety caused by these events, and by the attitude of the Legate, were so great that they materially affected the Pope's health. And almost simultaneously the French Government took a step which wounded him still more deeply. We have seen how bravely Consalvi had refused to accept the article of the Concordat which would have subjected the Church to the authority of the State. All his efforts were rendered perfectly nugatory by the publication of certain *Articles organiques*, constituting an elaborate system of laws and regulations on ecclesiastical matters. These articles were published at the same time as the Concordat, and in such a manner as to lead the public to suppose that they too had the Pope's sanction. This was far from being the case. They had never been communicated to the Roman Court, and were entirely opposed to its notions of right; indeed, they were "considered as fearfully prejudicial to religion and to the essential laws of the Church." The Pope was a conscientious man, anxiously impressed with the responsibility of his position, and, notwithstanding his desire to keep on good terms with Bonaparte, he protested at once. In a consistory of cardinals,* he publicly, and in the face of the Roman

* M. d'Haussonville makes this interesting comment:—"Important Church questions and negotiations were very far, at that time, from being decided and conducted, as now seems to be the case, by the Holy Father in person. The doctrine of the absolute power of the chief of Catholicism in religious matters was not then dominant, even at Rome. It was the ancient custom of the

Catholic world, declared that the *Organic Laws* did not possess his approval, and that their publication had caused him the greatest grief. At this the First Consul in turn was indignant. But the harm was done. There was no remedy. All that he could do was to endeavour, as far as possible, to attenuate the importance of the Pope's allocution by representing it as no more than a general protest against the liberties of the Gallican Church.

Of the condition of the French clergy under the Concordat and the *Organic Laws*, M. d'Haussonville gives an interesting sketch. Napoleon's energy and industry were astounding. His correspondence is a monument simply marvellous of human power and activity. He carries the same grasp of mind and determination of will into every question, whether it be one of large European statesmanship, or of petty police regulation. Of him it might have been said far more truly than of Louis XIV., that he was the State; for his eye was everywhere, and, we may add, his own personal interest was everywhere paramount. Nothing escapes him, and in ecclesiastical affairs he meddles daily. A more "Erastian" state of things is scarcely conceivable. The bishops are prohibited from publishing any pastoral letter or other official document without having previously submitted it to the Prefect—who is often a Protestant, and may be a Jew. The application of this measure proving difficult, the authority of the central *Direction des Cultes* in Paris is substituted for that of the Prefect. On great occasions the same officer despatches sketches of pastoral letters, which the bishops are to fill in with the proper clerical colouring and issue to their flocks. In many dioceses the Christian duty of obeying the laws on the conscription, and doing battle against the enemies of the country, is to be inculcated from every pulpit. The parish clergy must fan the flames of national antipathy by inveighing against the English as heretics and the Russians as schismatics. Though the laws of the Church do not tolerate the marriage of divorced persons, yet as the laws of the land sanction such unions, the priests must, whenever called upon, invoke the blessings of religion on the nuptials. Not content with measures like these, Napoleon too often degraded the clergy into the position of mere detectives. "Thus we see

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Vatican—a custom entirely in accordance with the tastes of the modest Pius VII.—to consult, on great occasions, the members of the Sacred College, and to attach the greatest importance to their opinions, freely expressed, and always rigorously carried out."—*M. d'Haussonville*, vol. i. p. 250.

him write with his own hand to thank the Bishop of Orleans for information respecting the machinations of his enemies in that diocese, and direct him to look well after the culprits." And, again, he expresses surprise that the same bishop had not obtained earlier information of troubles in the West.

"A very coarse saying has been attributed to Napoleon, observes M. d'Haussonville, viz.: 'There is nothing I cannot do with the help of my *gendarmes* (police) and my priests.' I do not know whether he ever uttered these words. Sayings that profess to epitomise the whole of a policy must always be regarded with distrust. They are generally invented after the event. But it is unfortunately true that he had taken quite literally that portion of the episcopal oath in which the bishop declared 'if it come to our knowledge that either in our dioceses or elsewhere anything prejudicial to the State is being plotted, we undertake to reveal it.'"—*M. d'Haussonville*, vol. i. p. 285.

Such are, of course, only a very few instances of the pressure exercised by the State on the Church. But even from these it will readily be understood how much of her dignity the latter lost in the miry ways through which she suffered herself to be dragged. It was to avoid giving an appearance of Papal sanction to this subjection that Consalvi had stood out so long against the obnoxious clause in the Concordat. It was with such results before his eyes that the Pope had solemnly protested against the *Organic Laws*. It was partly in the hope of obtaining a repeal of those laws that the Pope consented to a very important step which Bonaparte shortly requested him to take.

As a preliminary measure, the First Consul changed his minister at Rome. M. Cacault was recalled, and Bonaparte's uncle, the Cardinal Fesch, substituted—a man who, if he possessed considerably less tact and ability than his predecessor, yet, in the opinion of his nephew, enjoyed this advantage, that he had also less independence of judgment.* His mission was a very delicate one. He was to induce the Pope to take the almost unprecedented step of coming to Paris to anoint and crown Bonaparte as emperor. The first overtures, however, were made at Paris to the Legate Caprara (May 9, 1804), who was completely under the influence of the First Consul, and hastened to urge upon his own court the necessity of compliance. The Pope and his chief adviser, Consalvi, would willingly have refused. They were already

* Bonaparte, as it afterwards turned out, was partly mistaken. Cardinal Fesch subsequently proved very restive.

smarting under the accusation of subservience to France,* and the recent judicial murder of the Duke d'Enghien had not made it desirable for any State holding its own honour in high respect to draw closer to the French Court. But a point-blank refusal would have been a very dangerous move. Bonaparte's counter-moves, when irritated, were quick, violent, and neither to be foreseen nor guarded against. Consalvi, therefore, temporised. The Pope, he said, might be induced to undertake the journey; but, to justify his doing so to the eyes of the world, it was indispensable that some promise of substantial advantage to the Catholic religion should be held out. No merely human considerations could be regarded as having sufficient weight to impel Christ's Vicar to leave his capital at the call of any earthly sovereign. It was therefore stipulated, among other things, that Bonaparte should undertake to lend an attentive ear to the Pope's objections to the *Organic Laws*, and to remedy such of the provisions as were objectionable, and also to cause the Constitutional bishops to make a formal retractation of their errors. In addition to these conditions—or rather, perhaps, in lieu of them—Cardinal Fesch wished the Holy See to take advantage of the opportunity to obtain a restitution of the Legations, and compensation for other territorial losses. But, though the Papacy was ruinously impoverished by these losses, and though the subject had already frequently been urged on the attention of the French Government—nay, more, though it is very possible that Pius VII. nourished a secret hope that Bonaparte, in his gratitude, might place these temporal gifts in the hands that crowned him—yet it is but justice to the Pope and to his secretary to say, that "in this negotiation, as in that which preceded the conclusion of the Concordat, they made it a point of honour not to mix any temporal matters with what related exclusively to religion."†

As to the French Government, promises cost nothing, and it promised freely; though, even prior to the Pope's departure, there were certain indications from which a sus-

* The Pope was specially grieved at being called the future "Emperor's Chaplain."

† One of Consalvi's great objections to the presence of the Pope at the coronation was the oath which Napoleon would have to take. For, says he in one of his despatches, "to *respect and cause to be respected the freedom of worship*, supposes an engagement, not only to tolerate and allow, but also to uphold and protect . . . Now a Catholic cannot protect the errors of false worship." And he adds somewhat naïvely in a subsequent missive, "It is of the essence of the Catholic religion to be intolerant."—*D'Haussonville*, vol. i. pp. 330, 334. These objections were, however, ultimately overcome.

picious mind might have gathered that there was no real intention of fulfilling those promises. But Pius VII.'s nature was a confiding one; and on the 2nd of November, 1804, he started for Paris.

"His first interview with Napoleon took place in the open country, at the cross-roads of Saint Hérem, on the way from Fontainebleau to Nemours. Napoleon was in hunting costume, booted, spurred, and surrounded with a pack of dogs. Such a meeting and equipage were not results of chance; they were an ingenious combination arranged by the new Emperor. It did not suit him—a sovereign of yesterday—to go in full pomp and official circumstance to meet another sovereign, even though he were the successor of Saint Peter. . . . 'The Pope's carriage stopped,' says an eye-witness, 'as soon as the Emperor came in sight.' The Pope, in his white dress, stepped out from the door on the left; the road was muddy; he hesitated before putting his foot to the ground, shod as it was with white satin. 'Nevertheless, it had to be done,' relates with a kind of triumph the Aide-de-camp Savary. . . . As soon as the Pope was at a proper distance, the Emperor approached, and they embraced. It had been arranged that the Emperor should convey the Holy Father to the Palace of Fontainebleau in his own carriage; but who was to get in first? And here all the ingenuity of the future Duke of Rovigo was displayed. The leaders of the carriage drove it forward, as if inadvertently, so that it separated Pius VII. and Napoleon. The attendants, who had received previous instructions, opened both doors simultaneously. The Emperor took the one to the right; an officer of the court motioned the Pope towards the one to the left; they got in at the same time. The emperor thus naturally took the right-hand place; and this first step, adds with evident satisfaction the zealous servant of Napoleon, decided the etiquette during the whole period of the Pope's sojourn in Paris."*

Alas! to what very small and contemptible things will a very great man occasionally condescend.

A rather cruel surprise was in store for the Pope. A day or two before the coronation, Josephine came to him, "after a thousand hesitations and trembling with fear and emotion," to confide to him the secret, that there had never been any religious marriage between herself and the Emperor. They had been married at a time when a civil

* M. Thiers, in his admiration for the Emperor, says nothing of the less agreeable features of this interview. Indeed, in one particular his account is in direct contradiction to the later one of M. d'Haussonville, for he says that Napoleon gave the Pope the place of honour in the carriage. It is certainly true that the Pope occupied that place on the occasion of the entry into Paris, but then the entry took place at night.—See the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, vol. i. p. 256.

marriage only was allowed, and though, in the similar case of his sister, the Princess Murat, Napoleon had insisted upon a subsequent religious ceremony, yet in his own case he had hesitated to draw closer the bonds that united him to his wife, bonds which, as he foresaw, might at some future time interfere with his political designs. Pius VII. was dismayed. In the eyes of the Church, the Emperor and Empress, whose coronation he had been called from Rome to bless, were living together in concubinage. With mild dignity, and real kindliness of heart, he spoke words of comfort to the weeping woman who had come to him in her sorrow—she was already a subject of intrigue and persecution on the part of her brothers-in-law—but he declared that it was quite impossible that he should crown her at the same time as her husband. With the latter's condition he had, canonically, nothing to do, but she stood on a different footing; and he asked for an immediate interview with Napoleon, who ought, of course, never to have placed him in so false a position. Napoleon was very wroth with Josephine. She had virtually stolen a march upon him. But the thing was done. He clearly saw that the Pope's decision rested on a point of conscience, and was unalterable. And on the very night before the coronation, the imperial pair were remarried in the chapel of the Tuileries by Cardinal Fesch in the presence of Talleyrand and Marshal Berthier. But a veil of profound secrecy was thrown over these nuptials, and they remained undivulged for several years.

On the following day, the 2nd of December, 1804, Napoleon was crowned in splendid pomp at Notre Dame. The ceremony was magnificent. Everything, save a little delay in the arrival of the Emperor at the cathedral gates, went off to heart's desire. But amid the glories of the pageant and the natural satisfaction at the homage paid to the Catholic religion in his person, the Pope experienced one significant and bitter blow. According to the old French rite, the King was crowned by the Archbishop. According to the Roman rite, the Emperor was crowned by the Pope. In either case, it was to the representative of the Church that the office belonged of bestowing the outward sign of royalty. The Pope had therefore stipulated that if he consented to come to Paris, nothing should be changed in the antique ceremonial. For his own personal dignity, he said, he cared little; but the prestige and authority of the Church were in his keeping, and must be transmitted unimpaired to his successors. Napoleon, however, had no intention of acknow-

ledging by outward act or symbol that he owed his imperial sovereignty to anything but his own strong arm. It was useless to raise another point of controversy by explaining this to the Pope, and he therefore allowed him to suppose that his desires would be acceded to. But when, in the course of the ceremonial, Pius had anointed the Emperor's forehead, arms, and hands, had blessed the sword and sceptre, and had then taken up the crown to place it on his head, he "firmly, though without rudeness," seized it out of the Pope's hands, and placed it on his own head. Then, taking the crown of the Empress, who knelt before him, her eyes still red with the tears of the previous night, and now wet with the emotions of the moment, he placed that too, first upon his own head, and then, with infinite grace and tenderness, upon the still loved head before him.*

It was with very mingled feelings that the Pope returned to Rome in the ensuing May (1805) after a sojourn of some four months in the French capital. He had everywhere been exceedingly well received. His noble presence, the charm of his manner, and the graceful dignity of his bearing, had won all hearts. The mobile population of France, which so few years before had rejoiced in the downfall of the Roman Catholic religion, had certainly felt a revival of its ancient faith at his presence. Napoleon himself, except when influenced by political considerations, and latterly by an unworthy jealousy of his guest's popularity, had been most gracious. But when Pius VII. reflected upon all his golden hopes in connection with this journey to France, upon the rich harvest which religion was to reap from his own condescension, and the gratitude of the Emperor—he could not but be bitterly disappointed. The personal influence he had expected to exercise upon Napoleon had proved very weak. A pebble might have been loosened here and there, some little concession made on a point of secondary importance, but the granite mass of determination was as unmoved as ever. There was not the slightest prospect that the *Organic Laws* would be repealed, either in France or Italy. There was no likelihood that the lost territory of the Church would be restored. And if the "Constitutional" bishops had made a satisfactory recantation of their errors, that result was due rather to the Pope's own tact and kindliness than to any salutary influence on the part of the French Government. On the whole, therefore, it was in sorrow and discouragement that Pius VII. re-entered his capital.

* See *Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantes*, vol. vii. p. 223.

Still the feeling which he retained for Napoleon was one of affection not untinged with awe. And for some time it seemed as if the relations of the two courts might continue friendly. But it was not to be. However desirous of pleasing the ruler of the French people, there were certain questions which the Papal claim to infallibility precluded the Vatican from entertaining. The old spiritual despotism and the young temporal despotism could not long co-exist without clashing irretrievably. As Napoleon's will hardened in the sunshine of success, and as his gigantic schemes of dominion took form and substance, the less could he brook opposition, the less did he feel inclined to stay his hand when he had the physical power to brush that opposition away. The first serious difficulty between the two courts—the first cloud of the coming tempest—was on a subject that touched the Emperor very nearly. His younger brother, Jérome, then an officer in the French fleet, had married on the 8th of December, 1803, at Baltimore, a certain Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the beautiful daughter of a rich American merchant. Unfortunately, when he took upon himself to contract this marriage, Jérome was only nineteen, and he had neglected to obtain that parental consent which is indispensable according to the French law. On his announcing his intention of bringing his blooming bride to France, and there obtaining the recognition of her rights, Napoleon, who had other prospects in view for Jérome, gave orders that Miss Patterson should not be allowed to land anywhere; and if by chance she did succeed in reaching the shore, she was to be forthwith sent to Amsterdam, "and placed on board the first American ship starting for the United States" (April 23, 1805). Shunning France, where this agreeable reception was in store for them, the young couple made their way to Lisbon. There, in accordance with the peremptory commands of his brother, Jérome separated from his wife. She took her sorrowful way towards Holland, and he went to Milan, in the hope of altering Napoleon's decision and reconciling him to the marriage. He might as well have hoped to move the Great Pyramid. And as his own resolves were made of very much softer stuff, before many days had elapsed the Emperor was able to write to their sister, the Princess Eliza, that he had every reason to be satisfied with the sentiments of Jérome. Without more ado, Prince Jérome's secretary was despatched to Prince Jérome's wife, to make her understand that henceforward she really must herself regard the marriage as null and void, and its expected issue as ille-

gitimate.* How far she was able to take this calm and dispassionate view of the matter we cannot say.

For the Emperor to declare the marriage null was easy, and possibly quite in accordance with existing laws. But to obtain a similar declaration from the Pope proved impracticable. Though Napoleon represented with almost amusing hypocrisy "how important it was in every respect, and specially in the interests of religion in France, that there should not be a Protestant girl so near to him," Pius VII., to his honour be it said, turned a deaf ear to all blandishments. He was personally very well versed in the Canon law; when a simple monk he had studied it deeply, and he gave the question his best and most minute attention. But the only conclusion at which he could arrive was, that there were no canonical grounds for the required declaration. "And if," wrote he, "we were to usurp an authority we do not possess, we should be guilty of an abominable wrong before the tribunal of God, and your majesty itself, in its justice, would blame us for giving a decision contrary to the testimony of our conscience and to the invariable principles of the Church." These, if we consider the circumstances under which they were written, were truly noble words. Unfortunately Pius VII. weakened their power very much by entering into the detail of the efforts he had made to come to a contrary decision. Thus it seemed he might have annulled the marriage if the decree of the Council of Trent had ever been officially published at Baltimore. But of this publication there was no evidence; and Napoleon very naturally considered, that to make the settlement of so important a question depend on a merely formal proceeding in a petty Transatlantic town was puerile and ridiculous, and evidently proved that the Holy See was not anxious to comply with his wishes. He thoroughly despised these miserable technicalities of the Canon law, and the moral grandeur of a conscientious opposition he could never either appreciate or brook. Henceforward there was to be no peace for the Papacy.

Napoleon's resentment soon found a practical vent. Towards the middle of October, 1805, the French troops, by his orders, and on the most flimsy pretences, occupied Ancona. The Pope naturally remonstrated. The Emperor, flushed with the splendid success of Austerlitz, replied (7th of January, 1806) in no measured terms. His words were

* It may be in the recollection of our readers that this marriage formed the subject of a very important lawsuit in the French courts some seven years ago.

habitually strong, and on this occasion he did not hesitate to apply the epithet of blockheads (*imbécilles*) to the Roman Court. If, as he informed his minister, Cardinal Fesch, Pius VII. did not behave to his liking, he would "reduce him" to being no more "than the Bishop of Rome." In his own mind he had already formed a plan of action. The States of the Church stood conveniently in the midst of his Italian possessions. It was Charlemagne who had bestowed them on the successors of St. Peter. The clergy, in their laudatory addresses, were never weary of declaring that he was that great monarch's successor. He had therefore a right to revoke the gift. It excited his wrath, moreover, that when he was doing his best to close every European port to the English, a petty Italian potentate should still harbour his enemies. There was at Rome an inoffensive British minister,* whose name he could never pronounce without an ebullition of wrath. The Pope must learn to regard Napoleon's enemies as his enemies. In spiritual matters he might, if he liked, remain supreme, but only on condition that he gave an exceedingly narrow interpretation to the term spiritual, and placed the conduct of all temporal matters in fitter hands.

Of course these were doctrines against which Pius VII. and Consalvi could not but protest. They had no difficulty in proving that the Pope was an independent sovereign; and, though that sovereignty was of a peculiar kind, yet its very peculiarity made independence the more indispensable. How could a vassal of the French Emperor possess authority to direct the conscience of the Catholic world? The Vicar of Christ should have no enemies save those who perpetrated wrong. Such arguments from a Romanist point of view were pretty nearly unanswerable. But with Napoleon a successful disputant generally shared the fate of the lamb in its discussion with the wolf. He was thoroughly intoxicated with success; increasingly impatient of opposition; and his "vaulting ambition"—destined surely enough to "o'erleap itself and fall on t'other side"—was still rising to the spring. Consalvi was able and incorruptible. The Pope must dismiss him from the ministry. Very little, however, was gained, as Napoleon afterwards confessed, by this move; for Pius, to show that he had not been a mere tool in stronger hands, bated no jot of his opposition when he had lost the help of his friend and adviser: and Consalvi's successors made up by violence for what they wanted in diplo-

* Mr. Jackson: accredited to the King of Sardinia.

matic ability. Nor must it be supposed that during this time the Papal Court acted with uniform wisdom. If the Emperor was violent, overbearing, and unjust, the Pope was occasionally most ill-timed in his remonstrances against past wrongs, and once or twice most foolish in his pretensions. It excites a smile, for instance, to hear him speak of vassalage to himself in connection with the Emperor's brother Joseph, King of Naples. In brief, matters went from bad to worse, till finally, in January, 1808, Napoleon ordered his troops to march on the Eternal City, and take possession of it, though with every outward mark of respect for the Holy Father. His intention, communicated in cipher to the French minister, was "to accustom . . . the people of Rome and the French troops to live together in harmony, so that if the Court of Rome continue to show itself as senseless as it now is, it should insensibly cease to exist as a temporal power." The strategic arrangements for the march were, as usual, excellent.

"On the 2nd of February, 1808, at eight o'clock in the morning, one day before the date mentioned by the Emperor, the French troops entered Rome by the Piazza del Popolo. They disarmed the Papal guard at the city gates, and took possession of the castle of St. Angelo. A considerable body of cavalry and infantry surrounded the palace of the Quirinal, where the Pope then resided. A battery of ten guns was placed in position before the windows of his apartments. But what was he against whom this formidable military demonstration was being directed, doing the while? It was the festival of the Purification. The Pope was officiating in the chapel within the palace, assisted by all the members of the Sacred College. The service continued with the greatest tranquillity, and when it was finished, 'the French officers,' says Cardinal Pacca, 'were not a little astonished to see the cardinals get into their carriages and depart without any sign of discomposure on their countenances.'"

Thus ends what may be considered as the first book in the history of the relations between the Pope and Napoleon. Henceforward there are no longer in presence two sovereigns, of whom the one, however inferior in power, possesses some shadow of independence—but a captor and his prisoner. Into the succeeding books, however, it is not our intention to enter. We shall not on this occasion linger over the weary sixteen months of the occupation of Rome, with its many painful incidents, including the dispersion of the cardinals, and the publication, on the 10th of June, 1809, of a bull of excommunication against the Emperor.* Neither shall we

* A bull not canonically very terrible, as it did not name Napoleon by name.

describe the midnight attack made on the Pope's palace on the 6th of July, 1809, or follow the wanderings of the illustrious captive, first into France, then to Savona on the shores of the Mediterranean, and afterwards to Fontainebleau, whither he was removed, in the summer of 1812, for fear the English should effect his release by sea, and where he again came under the powerful personal charm of Napoleon, and signed a new Concordat—bitterly regretted almost as soon as signed. We shall also draw a charitable veil over the degradation of the Roman Catholic Church in France at this period, and its unworthy subjection to the imperial will.

These and kindred topics would lead us too far. And in treating of them, moreover, we should have to proceed without the assistance of M. d'Haussonville. For though the title of his book would seem to indicate a complete work, yet his interesting narrative,* even including the additional chapters published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, does not at present carry us farther than the Pope's captivity at Savona, and the punishment of those cardinals, Consalvi among the number, who refused to sanction by their presence Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise. We might, indeed, supply what M. d'Haussonville has left untold from other sources, and especially from the works whose titles we have prefixed to this article. But in doing this, we should forfeit a great advantage, which up to this point we have enjoyed, that, namely, of looking at the events described from three distinct points of view. For M. d'Haussonville's attitude towards the Papacy is not the same as Consalvi's, neither is Cardinal Consalvi's that of M. Thiers. The latter, in every page of his singularly lucid and beautiful history, shows what fascination the master mind of Napoleon has exercised upon him. He can scarcely bring himself to confess that his idol has done wrong. Besides, he is not himself a believer in Catholicism, and though he has always, as a politician, defended the Papacy, yet he would willingly see its power kept in bounds, and the "*Gallican Liberties*" maintained. His sympathies therefore in the conflict between Pius VII. and the Emperor are habitually on the stronger side. M. d'Haussonville, on the contrary, sides with the Pope. He is, as we should gather from his book, a Roman Catholic, though one of large and liberal mind. He can quite see and acknowledge how wrong and unwise were many of the steps taken by the Papal Court. But his

* It has been first published through the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

eyes are undazzled by Napoleon's splendid abilities, or by the national glory his power shed upon France. He can see the great man's littlenesses,—his arrogance, his injustice, his dissimulation,—in their true light. And thus the tone of his history is temperate and judicious. Consalvi's Memoirs are naturally much more strongly Papal. He was the trusted friend and confidant of Pius VII. He was his chief adviser in the difficult negotiations of his pontificate. His writings therefore assume the character of a defence and an apology. Still, they too are remarkably temperate and dignified; wonderfully so, if we consider that they were penned during the hours of a cruel captivity. Their moderation stands in very advantageous contrast with the petty wrath of his editor, M. Crétineau-Joly, whose notes and tedious introduction breathe fire and sword against all enemies of the Papacy. To apply such epithets as "Iscariot" to those with whom one does not happen to agree, means very little. It is only the recoil of these obsolete controversial weapons that can now prove dangerous.

In reviewing the whole history of Napoleon's relations with Pius VII. it is, as we have already intimated, scarcely possible to help sympathising with the latter. The spiritual despotism of the Church of Rome has, in ages past, been a curse to Christendom. Even now her pretensions, discredited as they are by the arrogance of the middle ages, the open profligacy of the Renaissance, and the worldliness and indifference of the eighteenth century, cannot be regarded as quite unfraught with danger. If, therefore, Napoleon had from the beginning assumed a position of open and even justice towards the Holy See; if he had said to the Pope, "Such and such of your claims are incompatible with my government; times have changed since you held supreme rule in Europe, and kings bowed before your throne; I will allow you just so much spiritual dominion as the conscience of individual Catholics will concede to you, and no more;" if such, we say, had been his language, we should have been the last to blame him. We should not even have scrutinised his conduct too critically, if, in return for justice, he had obtained from the Church help in the difficult task of pacifying France. But this was not the attitude he assumed. He never desired in any way to emancipate his subjects from what was pernicious in the spiritual discipline of the Papacy. All that he sought to do was to mould that despotism to his own uses, and to make the Pope a tool in his hands. And in pursuing this aim, with which it is impossible to

sympathise, he unscrupulously put forth his enormous power to obtain from a weak potentate concessions that ought not to have been demanded, and to violate the conscience of a good old man, torn asunder between his duty to his creed, and his duty to the millions whose spiritual welfare was so much at the mercy of his antagonist.

Nor can we, as Protestants, forget that it was to uphold the rights of a Protestant woman, quite devoid of political influence, that Pius VII. first incurred the implacable displeasure of the Emperor. And, as Englishmen, we are bound to remember that it was to avoid declaring war with England that he lost his crown and his liberty.

There is another thought which the history of the Concordat, and of the subsequent relations between Napoleon and the Church of Rome, inevitably suggests. It is this: How unfit is an institution like the Papacy, so liable to be influenced by political considerations, so powerless to determine the exact line of demarcation between spiritual and temporal matters, so constantly compelled to yield even on points where conscience commanded resistance; how unfit, we say, is such an institution to preserve undimmed through the ages the light of Divine truth supposed to have been committed to its keeping, how unfit to "develop" a "deposit" of "dogma" into anything but systematised error.

ART. IV.—1. *Philosophie de l'Art.* Par H. TAINE. Leçons Professées à l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1865.

2. *Philosophie de l'Art en Italie.* Par H. TAINE. Leçons Professées à l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1866.

3. *De l'Idéal dans l'Art.* Par H. TAINE. Leçons Professées à l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1867.

4. *The Political Economy of Art.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1867.

5. *L'Esthétique Anglaise, étude sur M. John Ruskin.* Par J. MILSAND. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1864.

6. *Essays on Art.* By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

7. *Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary Notices: Reprinted, with Revisions.* By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1867.

8. *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads. A Criticism.* By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. London: John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. 1866.

9. *Essays on Robert Browning's Poetry.* By JOHN T. NETTLESHIP. London: Macmillan and Co. 1868.

10. *A Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate.* By EDWARD CAMPBELL TAINSH. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1868.

11. *Philosophie de la Musique.* Par CHARLES BEAUQUIER. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1865.

12. *La Voix, l'Oreille, et la Musique.* Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1867.

13. *La Musique en Allemagne: Mendelssohn.* Par CAMILLE SELDEN. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1867.

14. *Music in its Art-Mysteries.* By HENRY WYLDE, MUS. DOC., Gresham Professor. London: L. Booth. 1867.

ESTHETIC literature may be broadly divided into two departments—Art-philosophy and Art-criticism. The former deals with the wider and more general questions of art—such as the interpretation of its history, its classifications, its

moral bearings, and its legitimate aims: the latter is connected with the interpretation and appraising, the blaming and commending, of special works of art. The former is broadly analytical, broadly synthetical: the latter is absolved from synthesis, and moves in a sphere of special analysis. These being the respective functions of an art-philosopher and an art-critic, it is not surprising that, while we have but few who aspire to the former dignity, and none who fully attain to it, we have many who attain to the latter, and shoals of aspirants thereto. The complexity of art-philosophy renders it a thing of which a vulgar counterfeit is impossible; while the comparative simplicity of art-criticism makes it possible for quacks and mountebanks to obtain a smattering of its dialect, and delude the multitude of the uninstructed into the belief that they are being taught with authority; and thus it comes about that few of the water-courses of literature are more choked with garbage than the department of art-criticism.

But this broad division of art-literature into two departments is, after all, no more absolutely correct than is the division of science from science, or of light from darkness. We cannot take the productions of writers on art and sort them out, saying, "These are critical—these philosophical," and arrange them on our bookshelves accordingly. The lowest *strata* of the critical division have of course no philosophic element, although even the highest of the philosophic department necessarily have a very ponderable critical element, seeing that the greater includes the less—the faculty of broad analysis includes the faculty of narrow analysis; but the highest *strata* of the critical body are often to a great extent philosophical, as are all who have taken the trouble to think out any subject, whether scientific, esthetic, or ethic. It is perhaps at the confluence of the two branches that the very best art-criticism is to be found—at that point where it becomes difficult to say to which division an author belongs. At the present day two names stand pre-eminent—both names of men who have produced contributions eminently philosophic in character and purpose, and whose acuteness in criticism and keenness of analysis are almost unequalled—M. Taine in France and Mr. Ruskin in England have contributed by far the most valuable writings of this class produced by any living authors; and it is only to be regretted that neither of those gentlemen should have had the glory of working out a complete and systematic philosophy of art. No lengthy discussion of works so well debated as Mr. Ruskin's is intended;

but the distinction between philosophical writings and a philosophy will become evident in treating of M. Taine, whose three volumes named at the head of this article represent chiefly the philosophical interest in the group of works selected for criticism.

To treat lucidly of the philosophy of any subject, we must first come to a clear determination as to the precise value of the word in which we have proposed it. In the case of art, this is a more pressing necessity than in most cases, on account of the various uses and abuses to which the terms "art" and "the fine arts" have been subjected, and the vague and confused notion which those expressions convey to many minds. In this country those terms have been, to a great extent, arrogated by painting and sculpture, and more especially by the former; but such a polarisation of the words could only be defended by denying to poetry, music, and architecture the rank of fine arts—a method of argument not likely to be adopted in any serious discussion. This confusion as to the very meaning of words so important has, doubtless, arisen from the slight esteem in which the *things* have been until recently held in England: the fine arts have been looked upon by too many of our ancestors, and are still regarded by too many of our contemporaries, as far below the level of the thoughts of a rational, money-getting man—at most, as a fit class of subjects for him to amuse his leisure-hours withal; and no idea of the grandeur of art and its mission has at any time had a wide reception here. Whatever may be the cause, it is a fact that most of our few fine-arts publications treat only of the arts devoted to the imitative delineation of external forms, namely, painting and sculpture—even the sister art, architecture, being almost excluded from her proper place. It may be fairly assumed that any man who was put to a rigid catechisation as to the true meaning of the word "art" would not persistently restrict it to painting and sculpture, but would admit that it includes not only architecture, but also poetry and music. To give a *complete* definition of such a word comes within the province of a philosopher, and it would be out of place to attempt it here. Suffice it to say, for our present use, that the term is meant to apply to those five processes or arts by which we imitate more or less nearly existent phenomena, *in idealising and rendering intense certain characters in such phenomena.**

* It would not be difficult to show, if we had space, that the ultimate basis of all the fine arts is imitation or reproduction, though this imitation is in different cases accompanied by idealisation of varying intensity.

The next question is, "In what does the philosophy of a subject consist?" and here the answer is a little more complex. The first qualification necessary to the author of a philosophical treatise is a minute knowledge of the history of his subject from the earliest known period: he must further be able, in his historical exposition, to connect each period with the anterior and posterior periods, so that, regarding the history as a symmetrical whole, and not as a series of disjointed facts, and possessing an acute insight into the relations of his subject with social order and social progress, he can proceed to point out the important features in the present aspect of the subject, and to form a hypothesis as to its future history. And let us here insist on the comparative uselessness of analysis when separated from synthesis: it is not enough that a subject is historically known and understood; there must also be the power of deducing and building up, for present and future guidance, on the basis of historical knowledge. The mere historical knowledge of a subject cannot, in any case, be either fully acquired or thoroughly utilised except in connection with the general history of human evolution—a fact which shows that, whatever be the path selected by the philosophic writer, he cannot, in his personal culture, easily overrate the importance of the rational study of general history. Again, it would be difficult to find a subject of any magnitude which could be philosophically treated without subdivisions or classifications; and another *desideratum* is some fixed principle on which to make the necessary classifications or subdivisions. How constantly we see treatises minced up into subdivisions and sub-subdivisions without the slightest apparent principle of distribution! Lastly, the legitimate aims of man in the department under consideration would have to be indicated—an obligation which is perhaps more generally neglected than any other in writings professedly philosophical.

Viewed in this light, the philosophy of art is a wide and comprehensive subject, affording a vast field for research and speculation; and whenever a treatise on esthetics may make its appearance with any degree of pretension, we are justified in expecting a work of wide extent and of considerable importance, setting before us a comprehensive survey of art in all its epochs, abounding in delicate filiations of period upon period, and expounding clearly the connection of the various phases of art with the respective states of society, as well as exhibiting how far the esthetic state born of each social state reacted on the parent medium, and became instrumental in

the development of man. He who dons the professor's robe in this capacity will be expected to explain why, in some states of higher civilisation, art possessed less influence than in other states of less culture, and to submit each branch of art in every stage of development to criticism of this nature —working gradually down to an appreciation of the condition of all the fine arts at the present time. Then our ideal philosophy must adopt a classification of the fine arts, and must rest it upon a firm rational basis; and, finally, must indicate the use to be made of those arts, so as to secure to the human race the highest advantages obtainable through esthetic means.

We know that to a vast number of minds art only presents the aspect of an amusement and a recreation—a wherewithal to beautify and ameliorate man's life—and a thing entirely unconnected with the education or improvement of the race; and on this view a philosophy of art is an unnecessary incumbrance, if not an incongruity. But on the opposite view, that man's development is powerfully aided by the influence of art judiciously brought into operation (though the esthetic faculties are not normally to be regarded as *prime-movers*), the want of such a philosophy must be deeply felt. As yet, there is no work in existence which meets the whole of the requirements just set forth, though various attempts have been made to furnish a philosophy of art, and many valuable fragments have been contributed. We look in vain for a complete history and appreciation of art, past and present; and, indeed, the subject is so enormous that none but a master-mind could hope for entire success in it. So far as we know, M. Taine is in many respects as well qualified as any man living to treat the subject—that is to say, technically and critically furnished with the raw material; but unfortunately he seems to lack that full breadth of view which the philosophy of any subject demands; and a study of his complete works will show us that they are not bound together by any principle, or set of principles, coherent enough to form them into a system, or even to keep him from palpable inconsistencies. His principal works are essentially esthetic in character; but it is quite impossible to gather anything like a complete esthetic system from them. The three volumes before us are pretentious in title, continuous in subject, and good as far as they go, though far from faultless. They are reproductions of lectures delivered by the author, in his faculty of professor of esthetics in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts;* and on the whole they cannot fail to

afford great pleasure and instruction; but to those whose views of art include *synthetical* as well as *analytical* ideas, there is grave cause for disappointment. We do not read far before we learn that *The Philosophy of Art* is designed to set forth certain principles to be applied in particular to the history of painting in Italy. M. Taine starts by announcing his adherence to the principle, pretty generally accepted by thinkers on the subject, that a work of art must be considered not as isolated, but with reference to the whole on which it depends, and which explains it. He goes on to say that, if he can show us with clearness the different states of mind which have led to the birth, development, pre-eminence, varieties, and decline of each of the arts, a complete explanation of them as a whole will have been obtained, and a philosophy of art constituted. Although M. Taine shows in one passage that he is quite alive to the fact that *art is capable of appealing to a much larger circle than science is*, he disclaims all idea of teaching by means of art, and expressly declines to indicate how it may be used for education. "My whole duty," he says, "is to tell you of facts, and to show you how those facts have been produced."* Concerning the "whole duty" of a professor of esthetics we might easily write a considerable treatise. We will not go into that question here; but, in the eyes of those who place faith in art as a vehicle for culture, M. Taine thus deprives himself of the right to call his work a *Philosophy of Art*, and reduces his programme to an analysis leading to no outgrowth of synthesis, a process which he seems to regard with complacency as an advance upon the esthetics of the ancients.

M. Taine thus sums up the ends and aims of art productions: "The work has for its object to manifest some essential or salient character, and, therefore, some important idea, more clearly and more completely than real objects do. This end is attained by the employment of an *ensemble* of connected parts, of which the relations are systematically modified;"† and this definition, which is clearly shown to apply to the whole of the five arts, obviously implies a certain imitation as the starting point of all the arts; an implication which is clearly exhibited up to this point, but which is presently contradicted, as we shall see in glancing at the classification of the fine arts advanced by M. Taine. He divides them into two groups, those whose point of departure is imitation—poetry, sculpture, and painting—and those which are not

* *Philosophie de l'Art*, p. 21. † *Ibid.* p. 64.

founded on imitation, architecture and music. Apart from the falsity of this classification, and its inconsistency with the definition referred to above, its utility even is not made at all clear. It is almost startling to see described as imitative *par excellence* such an art as poetry, undoubtedly the least imitative of all the fine arts, and that in which idealisation is developed most largely. *Dramatic* poetry may perhaps be considered as eminently imitative; but an art that can dive into the depths of the human heart, and show up its hidden beauties, as poetry does, telling us often what we never heard or dreamed before, is clearly at the *minimum* of imitation. It would have been extraordinary if the encyclopædic mind which propounded a classification of the sciences had not also furnished one of the arts; and, accordingly, we find Comte,* after objecting to the very division now advanced by M. Taine, delivering his own classification, on the principle applied to the sciences—that of decreasing generality, and increasing intensity, involving in the case of the arts, increasing technicality. The order thus established is, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, architecture—an order which corresponds with that of historical growth, and which is so fully demonstrated in the work cited, that the question of its propriety and utility need not be entered upon.

In considering the production of works, M. Taine recognises, of course, the action of the "moral temperature" on the work of art, but he ignores, as already implied, the reaction of the work of art on the "moral temperature." In the case of sculpture, the production of the noblest examples of that art among the Greeks is admirably connected with the surrounding state of society; and the same may be said of the passages relating to the development of Gothic architecture in the middle ages, elegant literature under Louis XIV., and music under the democratic and metaphysical spirit of the present day. But the most complete application of the principle enunciated in starting, is the analysis of the whole movement, which we term the "*Renaissance*," and which it is the object of the second † volume to treat. The careful consideration and study devoted by M. Taine to this, the main part of his subject, merit all praise and respect, though there are many points which, in a detailed review of the book, would have to be demurred to.

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* *Discours sur l'ensemble du Positivisme*, p. 285. Paris, 1848.
† *Philosophie de l'Art en Italie.*

The spirit of this epoch in the history of painting is regarded as a revival, in a great measure, of the spirit which, among the ancient Greeks, inspired the eternal sculptures, the remnants of which are now scattered throughout the museums of Europe; that is, as having in view the representation of the ideal human form alone—*la belle vie corporelle*—and one cannot help remarking how entirely the modern professor seems to sympathise with this object,* as though the greatest possibilities of art lay in the representation of forms perfect to the gaze, and affording the *maximum* of sensuous delight. *Apropos* of this idea of art, we may perhaps be allowed to remark that, in the two civilisations cited as productive of these perfect ideal forms, there was at least a strong tinge of barbarism. M. Taine's sympathy with this view of art explains at once the fact that he speaks disparagingly of modern painting. As he regards the depicting of the human figure only (and at times his remarks obviously refer to the *nude*† human figure) as painting properly so called, he necessarily overlooks the immense development of landscape painting that this century has witnessed. This is a very grave oversight; for though in painting, as elsewhere, "the proper study of mankind is man," a landscape can be treated under a human aspect, and in its relations to man, so that a sentiment may be expressed by a picture of that class as truly as by a delineation of actual human life, though more vaguely. Indeed, in the one instance of Turner, whose name does not occur in M. Taine's three volumes, landscape painting was carried to such a lofty pitch of perfection, as well as endowed with such a high poetic power, that modern painting may almost be said to have rivalled the *Renaissance* in the vastness of its achievements, though in a very different direction, and not in the same luxuriant abundance.

But to return to the *Renaissance*, as represented by its principal artists, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Frà Bartolomeo, Giorgione, Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Correggio, it cannot for a moment be admitted that they were, as M. Taine insists, actuated (with the partial exception of Leonardo) by no object beyond that of creating the most beautiful and gratifying forms. M. Taine says that "For them form is an end, not a means"‡—and an end, too, to which all other considerations are made

* This is indeed the main idea of the third volume—*De l'Idéal dans l'Art.*

† Here again M. Taine lacks consistency, for he does not go so far as to neglect the discussion of draperies, &c.

‡ *Philosophie de l'Art en Italie*, p. 11.

subordinate; but it seems almost impossible to stand before the cartoons of Raphael, or his "Christ Falling under the Cross," or his "Transfiguration," without feeling that the deep meaning of these pictures was felt deeply by their creator, and was intended to be expressed *by means of* the grand forms in which the essential ideas were wrapped. The same remark applies to Michelangelo's marvellous works in painting and sculpture, and to the works of many others of the great spirits of that period. That the love of pageantry and display inherent in the age should have induced these painters to express themselves in the most gorgeous and voluptuous forms is what we naturally expect to find; but can we doubt that every supreme esthetic genius is deeply sensible of the good elements in all antecedent history—of the best phases of universal human nature? And, if this be the case, is it not ungenerous to deny to such men as Raphael the desire to *teach* their fellow-men what they have it in their power to teach, while giving them the *maximum* of the exquisite gratification which works of high art afford? If it is only the fiction of a few over fantastic minds that the great works of the *Renaissance*, especially those devoted to subjects of Bible history, abound in speaking and intentional renderings of moral lessons, then it may be just to classify those productions as *dilettante* works; but if not, the injustice of such a classification is great and glaring. Indeed, M. Taine has himself said enough to deliver at least Michelangelo from this meagre and restricted part in history: in the *Philosophie de l'Art* (page 46 *et seq.*), in discussing the statues of the Medici chapel at Florence, he repeats the lines inscribed by Michelangelo beneath the sleeping figure of "Night"—"To sleep is sweet, and yet more sweet to be of stone, as long as misery and shame endure. To see nothing, to feel nothing, is my happiness; therefore, rouse me not. Ah! speak low!" And he tells us that it was to express that sentiment that the great Buonarotti produced the wondrous form idealised in all particulars. This hardly seems like form being "an end, not a means." And how much more palpable are many of the great religious sentiments of that period, as expressed in works of art without subscriptions! These points, which have been insisted on in detail, involve a wide general question: if the great esthetic lights of old are to be treated as mere fabricators of pretty furniture, and denied the real influence they had, not only on the contemporary mind, but on the general human mind, then it would of course be absurd to claim any greater part for our poets and painters

and musicians now, or for those of the future. Philosophy would be justified in letting them go to their graves satisfied with having given us pleasure and amusement; and, indeed, a premium would be held out for the production of the merely beautiful in art, irrespectively of other considerations. But, if not, then Philosophy must gird up her loins and run before them, to show them how they may do more, how they may touch into virtuous pulsations even the sluggish heart, and lash the vehement into fiery virtuous action, how they may teach their fellow-men not only to love beauty for beauty's sake, but also truth and goodness for the beauty's sake that is in them, if for no higher and better reason.

The defects in M. Taine's programme are not, happily, extended to his style. Whatever may be the absolute worth of these volumes, one thing is certain, that his style there, as elsewhere, is most attractive, and his language bold and poetic;—so that he will at least do good service in placing the question of the philosophy of art before many who have never yet entertained it. He also gives the support of his justly-esteemed name to the opinion that art *has* a philosophy. If it be true that the only aim of art is to gratify, then M. Taine's labour has been, in a measure, one of supererogation—he has done enough, more than enough; but if the right view is that here taken—that science must look to art as a strong and necessary fellow-worker in educating the human race—then the title of M. Taine's work almost mocks our urgent need of a complete esthetic philosophy, and assumes the character of a challenge to some competent writer to take the subject up. It behoves, then, those who have the power to think such a subject out thoroughly, and make their voices heard, to spare no efforts towards disseminating well-defined notions furnishing motives of action to the arts. It is deficiency of motive which is at the root of our present esthetic shortcomings, on some of the details of which we shall presently have occasion to dwell; but M. Taine would establish no great claim on our gratitude by attempting to supply to one grand department of art so sensuous and barbaric a motive as would be involved in the notion of restricting the operations of painting to the depicting of the nude human form, even if modern society had not sapped away all foundations of hope to obtain the necessary models, and opportunities of studying them, without which no school of painters could produce that form in its ideal perfection.

This lack of motive is well handled by Mr. Ruskin in his *Political Economy of Art*—a book of a philosophic turn, con-

taining excellent remarks on England's absurdities of taste and misdirection of wealth in matters, chiefly, where pictorial and architectural art are concerned: these absurdities and misdirections are among the results of lack of motive in art; and the perusal of Mr. Ruskin's remarks in detail naturally directs our thoughts to parallel detailed reflections in the domain of poetry and music, where we are struck by the same wretched incongruities of taste and expenditure. In music, we find, for instance, the trashy songs of Claribel commanding an immense popularity, while admirable composers write really good songs with but little commercial result (not to name the countless great neglected compositions of bygone times): we find such a man as Sterndale Bennett, than who it would be hard to find a greater living musician, devoting the best portion of his life to the instruction of amateur players, while all his great possible works, of which we have a few beautiful samples, must go down into silence with the man—unborn because bread comes to the artist most plentifully from the exercise of a meaner function. We find a great deal of musical vulgarism and *charlatanerie* rampantly successful, while an excellent institution like the Musical Society of London is allowed to be snuffed out with scarcely a protest. In poetry we are called upon to hold up our hands in amazement at the unmitigated rubbish which the public devour, if title-pages and advertisements are to be relied on at all. We see, for example, Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* triumphantly riding through countless decades of editions, while the noble works of Robert Browning, who has been before the public ever since 1833, have but attained to five, and those of that incomparable poetess who shared his name only to six. If we go farther, into the region of prose fiction, at this time a most important branch of literary art, we shall have to wade waist-deep through a slough of filth and impurity such as any one of the least refinement of taste is glad to go by on tip-toe, with garments plucked away from possible soiling, while thousands of educated persons (so called) are wallowing in the same. Look where we will in the region of art, we shall find this widespread want of fine motive, and the want has its correlative in the absence of a criterion of excellence, by which the public could test intelligently the merit of works of art. In a state of society in which no systematic view of human life is generally accepted, where theology and science appear frequently to be at issue, and where codes of religion once efficacious seem no longer to be at all generally binding, the want of a distinct and healthy ideal of life neces-

sarily involves a corresponding lack of direction in art; so that, while we have no dearth of great artists in one department and another, the general public are not sufficiently alive to the considerations, religious or moral, which should form the nucleus of modern art, to give the great body of lesser artists an impulse in the right direction.

But it is not only in the production and reception of works of art, that this long-protracted want of social unity is baneful: the preservation of the products of genius also suffers terribly. While national unities are so much at fault, it is bootless to look for *inter*national unities; and, among the calamitous results of European conflicts, not the least lamentable is the reckless destruction of art-products which has gone on ever since art began to produce anything destructible: as if mischief enough could not be achieved by the hateful power of war, unreplaceable art-treasures which that power has left untouched are, year after year, allowed to perish from the sinful carelessness of those who should nurture them with all tenderness as property held in trust, as doubtless would be done if it were recognised that posterity will call upon us to render a strict account of all that has been transmitted to us from our predecessors. Until politics are subordinated to morals, the interests of humanity are, and must be, systematically neglected, and merged in the interests or supposed interests of conflicting nationalities. An exclusively self-seeking nationality sees no obligation, and but little advantage, in the careful preservation of the art-products of a conquered foe, and *sic transit gloria mundi*. Through recklessness of any considerations irrelevant to the immediate results of conflict, battles are and have been fought over and over again in the midst of all the loveliest emanations from "the supreme Caucasian mind;" and even recently, in time of peace, the master-piece of Venice's greatest painter was sacrificed to the utter neglect of its custodians. That the "Peter Martyr" should have been exposed to the risk which has been its doom is such a hideous trespass against the common interest men have in the fine works of all ages, that it is impossible, even now, to recur to the matter without burning indignation; and yet, in the same city of Venice, there are innumerable fine pictures which may fall a prey to the flames whenever obsolete mediæval mummery may please to flaunt out of church, leaving a train of half-extinguished sparks in its wake. Against the neglect of these two principles of international community of interest and generation-to-generation

responsibility, are directed some of the strongest passages in Mr. Ruskin's book. In the following fine passage, written with the author's almost unrivalled splendour of expression, there is little excess over literal truth:—

"Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks,—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans,—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time: I tell you, Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume: we are the mildew, and the flame, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth, that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illumine. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have not left one stone upon another, and restored its pathlessness to the desert; the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood; it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chant in the galleries."—*Political Economy of Art*, p. 98.

Mr. Ruskin's criticisms and fulminations are not unmingled with suggestions; and to characterise these as Utopian would be but a stale joke; but, even if they are so, that fact is not detrimental to the book; society is not given to making much progress without its Utopias—its ideal perfections of institution towards which to direct its aims.

The writings of Mr. Ruskin have been made the subject of an interesting and useful volume by M. Milsand, whose opinion of the great representative of English esthetics is an exalted one. It is very desirable that the good office performed by M. Milsand for France in the case of Mr. Ruskin should be undertaken for England in the case of M. Taine; but as yet we have kept somewhat behind our neighbours in the acclimatisation of works of this class. Both Mr. Ruskin and M. Taine come under the denomination, not of philosophers, but of philosophical critics; and, as such, they hold a position of great responsibility, being among the leaders of the powerful body who stand between the class of artists and the general public, invested with power to praise and to condemn, to analyse and to interpret—functions which both have

performed ably and honestly. Not so the orthodox art-critic of the period; for, unfortunately, a vast number of unnamed and disembodied voices made to issue from the caverns of the anonymous press, are voices which, if tracked home to their owners, would be detected as only those of ignorant, venal, and vulgar men, set to work at art-criticism because incompetent for other work; and yet these same voices, because named with the name of some journal, command a certain audience, and have a decided influence on the influence of artists. Under the present system, this critical influence can hardly, on the whole, operate favourably, on account of the irresponsible position of the bulk of the larger class of art-writers:—these critical small-fry, who write under the hand-to-mouth impulse of the moment, and whose personal position is not compromised by the most shameful neglect, the most absolute and compendious ignorance, or the most unblushing (because unknown) jobbery.

"During the last five-and-twenty years," says Mr. Palgrave, "the criticism of art in England, with one memorable exception (to which, whether we agree or not with Mr. Ruskin, we are all signally indebted), has been mainly confined to newspapers. Meanwhile, in France, besides more elaborate writings, reviews of the chief exhibitions of the year are now annually collected in a permanent form."—*Essays on Art*, Preface, p. v.

Now, there are many reasons why this fact gives France an advantage over us; and it is with keen satisfaction that those who are sincerely interested in the cause and course of art observe the tendency of late to embody in volumes articles contributed to the anonymous press by journalist-critics of repute—among the most considerable of whom in this country are Mr. Palgrave and Mr. W. M. Rossetti. Such is the infirmity of average human nature, that criticism has a far better chance of being careful and conscientious, if the critic knows that his production is eventually to receive his signature and a permanent form,—so that every fresh volume of reprinted and avowed essays may reasonably be taken as the evidence of so many sincere and careful contributions to anonymous art-criticism. The term "art," as used by Mr. Palgrave, refers not, as when used by us, to the whole of the five arts, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, but to painting and sculpture in particular; so that, wishing to draw attention to the advantage France has over us in regard to works on music also, we must specify an enlargement of his remark to that extent (but to this we shall recur

farther on). The volumes of Messrs. Palgrave and Rossetti carry with them a considerable weight of satisfaction. They betray unmistakably the sincerity of the writers; and as each, moreover, contains evidences that its author is a man of no mean cultivation, we are assured that, during the last few years, the great mass of weak and dishonest criticism has been diluted to the extent of the number of essays making up these volumes, and a good many more—for neither collection is a complete reprint of the author's periodical contributions. As a considerable portion of these volumes is occupied by remarks on pictures exhibited from time to time at the Royal Academy, a detailed discussion of the subject-matter would be misplaced;—involving, as it would, the reintroduction to the critical field of the pictures and sculptures to which the remarks refer. It may be observed, however, that whenever Mr. Rossetti, who must be regarded as one of the chief apostles of the pre-Raphaelite movement, has occasion to criticise the works of representatives of that movement, he does not speak in a spirit of unmingled partisanship, but is "free on the flaws" of the school as well as unstinting in praise. Further, in justly labelling Mr. Frith's pictures as commonplace, he does not withhold from that gentleman the praise due to him for his workmanship. Similarly with Mr. Palgrave, no spirit of one-sided blind adoration is exhibited, and, though his writings are more caustic than those of Mr. Rossetti, it cannot be said that he shows any uncritical or personal *animus* in hunting down such works of art as he deems worthy of persecution. Regarded as historical documents, these volumes will long be valuable on account of the large number of works of art of the present day of which they preserve well-expressed, intelligent, and adequate descriptions and analyses.

In Mr. Palgrave's volume there is an essay worthy of special remark, on the subject of "Sensational Art:" it is but a short article; and, considering the importance of the subject, its shortness is to be regretted. The following remarks are excellent, and exhibit acuteness of discrimination in a great many departments:—

"We have said that sensationalism is the exaggeration of vigour. But by this must not be understood that this phase of art is simply extreme vigour. Even those who are strongly moved by it would not claim for it the great feature of strength—enduring interest. Rather, as sophistry was defined by Plato to be that which, not being philosophy, aimed at seeming to be such—so sensational art pretends to the vigour which is beyond the ability of the artist. Thus, had the

dramatist of the *Colleen Bawn* the intellectual power, we will not say of Shakspeare, but of Shakspeare's contemporaries under Elizabeth and James, he might, so far as the idea of the story was concerned, have given us a fair rival to the plays of Beaumont or Massinger. Lacking this, he was compelled to obtain vigour and vivacity by recurrence to a lower order of sentiment, and to compensate, by physical incident, for the effect which might have been obtained by really vital characterisation. A similar mode of treatment is not uncommon in the writers of the 'muscular' school. When Mr. Kingsley's confidence in the force of his philosophy fails him, he has always a shipwreck or a good run with the hounds at hand to take him through. When the author of *Guy Livingstone* feels a little conscious that the reader may not quite sympathise with his theories on blood, or his references to Homer, he calls our attention to the fact that no one could hit out so straight as his hero. So in the fine arts. With all his melodic genius and spirit, Verdi cannot write an air like 'Batti, batti;' but he can easily put more trombones and trumpets than Mozart into his orchestra."—P. 198.

In treating of sensationalism in sculpture, Mr. Palgrave is not so happy. In the concluding paragraph of the essay in question, we have this:—

"That want of repose which we feel when passing from the Parthenon figures, or the (so-called) Venus of Melos, to the Laocoön, is in a great measure due to the manifest effectism in the later work. Still more marked is the change when we turn to the mighty Buonarroti. Great as Michelangelo was in penetration and vivifying imagination, profound in mastery over the form, and potent in dramatic characterisation, his impetuous nature did not always, or often, allow him to maintain that balance of sobriety, that fine and golden moderation, which sculpture has exacted from her most consummate followers."—P. 200.

Now this is doing but scant justice to the great Italian sculptor; and such a remark would scarcely have issued from Mr. Palgrave, had he fully considered the difference of the two states of society to which the Laocoön and the works of Michelangelo belong. The normal ideal of the antique centred round the human form in its perfection—in its nearest approach to adaptability for the reception of Godhead; and this involved a large element of repose—of the calm supremacy of Olympian natures. The Laocoön group, then, departs considerably from this ideal, representing, as it does, the throes of bodily anguish, the struggle with lower forms, in which man, who should be an approximate demigod, is well-nigh at the point of submission. This terrible struggle with snakes is certainly sensational enough from

any point of view, and especially so from the Greek. But, besides the absence of analogy between this work and the works of Buonarotti, it must be remembered that in his times, notwithstanding the *Renaissance*, a large portion of the artist's powers was devoted to the expression of the more subtle motions of the soul—that the ideal of life was different from that of the antique, and that repose was not the main thing to be sought after in works of art. Between the antique and Buonarotti had come the great reformer Dante, and of his mighty spirit a portion at all events had been breathed on the sculptor, whose works were accordingly removed from calm in proportion as his conceptions were occupied with the supreme office of protestant; and it is a mistake to judge his productions by the criterion of the antique—a criterion which is no more applicable to Buonarotti than it is to the sculptor of a modern English statesman's statue. The principal deficiency in the works of these two able critics, Messrs. Rossetti and Palgrave, is indeed in that part of the critic's function which shows up the inner meanings of works of art, and has therefore a strong intimacy with moral considerations. The best criticism, as before observed, is to be found at the confluence of the two departments of art-literature, that is midway between the philosophy and criticism of art; and the just blending of the two classes of considerations is the most important *desideratum* for the critic. In the volumes of Messrs. Palgrave and Rossetti there is plenty of acute criticism, and occasional touches of inevitable philosophy, but far too little consideration for *moral* beauty; both are too ardent (or rather too exclusive) in the worship of *material* beauty; and it is probably this fact that led Mr. Rossetti to undertake an elaborate apologetic essay on Mr. Swinburne's shamefully shameless productions—over-crusted, as they are, with prettinesses and even beauties of workmanship. Had Mr. Rossetti been thorough enough in his art-morality, it would have been impossible for him to defend the works in question so warmly, even as those of a personal friend. It must not be understood that Mr. Rossetti defends Mr. Swinburne as a moralist, or even that he withholds altogether criticisms and strictures; but the meretricious ornamentation and vicious composite style of the clever young author in question are put forward as essentially high art. Mr. Rossetti does not hesitate to mention Mr. Swinburne in the same category as Tennyson and Browning, and he states freely his opinion that the author of *Poems and Ballads* has produced "such

peals of poetry as deserve to endure while the language lasts."*

The converse of Messrs. Palgrave and Rossetti are obviously the class of critics too exclusively devoted to the development of the inner significance and too neglectful of the appreciation of mere beauty. To this class belong Messrs. Tainsh and Nettleship.

Mr. Nettleship has avowedly written a book entirely devoted to the exposition of Browning's meanings and teachings in certain of his poetical works; and, however profoundly we may sympathise with the critic in his estimate of this great poet's value, and in his evident desire to spread as widely as possible the benign influence of his genius, we cannot assent to the advisability of the method selected for this task. A book that does nothing but comment on the inner meanings of works of art, must always remain unpopular —is sure to be but little read; for those who have not thought it worth while to consult the artist himself, are not the men to wade through a dry-looking series of essays on his moral teachings; and, on the other hand, to the student of the artist, such a book is not greatly valuable, for he is sure to have arrived by his own mental efforts at some definite conclusions, agreeing or disagreeing with those of the commentator. Art appeals essentially and directly to the emotions, whatever may be the reflex action on the intellect. But Mr. Nettleship has set to work in his very laudable task as if the action of art on the intellect were immediate and paramount. In the effort to popularise a poet, the critic must remember before all things, that, while it is of the utmost importance that the poet's moral teaching be of the purest, his works are not generally consulted as text-books of morality, or even as Chinese puzzles from which moral sentiments are to be hunted out. How fine soever a poet's moral thoughts and historical or scientific notions may be, he will never promulgate them to any extent unless he be endowed, and that munificently, with the faculty of beautiful expression and exposition, great with all the delicate heart-winning artifices of fine art. The mass of men read poetry for the pleasure of it; and the critic must therefore show them, if he can, that in such a poet they will find their feet set in more pleasant places than elsewhere—that the man who loves beauty of sound, beauty of sense, will find it there. If, therefore, the critic neglects this part of his function, he

* Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads. A Criticism.* P. 27.

deprives himself of one of his most powerful and indispensable implements. If Mr. Nettleship could, while commenting ably on Browning from various moral and intellectual points of view, have demonstrated that no poet of this age exceeds his hero in beauty of expression, in dramatic power over character and situation, in tenderness of feeling, and in absolute command over the resources of language, he would have done an unquestionably great service;—for there can be no doubt that to those who rightly read the works of Browning there is no more healthy and beneficial artistic literature. As the book stands—a series of essays confined to psychological and ethical exposition—its interest can hardly extend much beyond the small class who are already students of Browning, and who will be glad of the opportunity of comparing notes with another student as able and intelligent as Mr. Nettleship has shown himself to be. Such comparers of notes will doubtless find Mr. Nettleship's comments exceedingly far-fetched at times, nor can they fail to be wearied now and then by his unnecessary prosifications (to coin a word) of beautiful passages of poetry as transparently clear as could be desired. Still, on the whole, they cannot but be glad that the book has been written, if merely as a just tribute to a collection of works of immense merit, which have as yet been denied as wide a recognition as they deserve, though yearly increasing in circulation.

The volume of Mr. Tainsh has not this recommendation of constituting a protest against a neglect in which the public are wronging themselves and the neglected, but it would be invidious to deduct a tittle from Mr. Tainsh's praise because he has selected the same poet-idol as thousands of other cultivated persons have chosen. His book on Tennyson does not, however, betray nearly as much originality of thought as Mr. Nettleship's on Browning does; and though this fact *may* arise from the immense amount of criticism Tennyson has undergone as compared with Browning, we do not think that it *does*. Tennyson's works do not require as much elucidative comment as Browning's do; but there are in the former plenty of passages that a mind such as Mr. Nettleship's would have had valuable suggestions about, and it is impossible to help feeling a little disappointed that the dark places of the Laureate's verse have not been more powerfully lighted up by his commentator than is the case. Nevertheless, we must not complain, for the volume of Mr. Tainsh, though, perhaps, *ultra*-worshipful, is of a very sound and healthy tone. This will be seen from the following passage, in which some

principles are stated, and which, though not strikingly original, is well expressed:—

"The moral soul of a poem must live within a body of beauty. Without beauty there is no art. Over both the choice of subjects and their execution, this canon is inflexible. No other consideration in the choice of a subject, and no other merit in its execution, can atone for the neglect of beauty. Mere accuracy of portraiture is draughtsmanship, not art. The artist is he who, above all men, has an eye for the beautiful, who loves the beautiful, and who can embody the beautiful in some art form. To this body of beauty the penetrating power of the poet's teaching is due. A poem is more potent than a sermon or an essay setting forth the same truth, because, while in the latter the truth still retains, so to say, its solid form, and needs to undergo all the processes of mastication and digestion before it can be taken up into the system; in the former it is dissolved in the nectar of beauty, and woos the lips, and permeates the blood with a thrill of pleasure, that is only known to be more than pleasure from the fact that the frame grows strong and puts out its force into worthy action under its influence. But if the beauty be wanting, the poetic form is but a shell put around the truth, and when the shell is broken there is still the mastication and digestion of a solid truth to be accomplished.

"There is room for poetry that shall contain no soul of moral truth—which shall be but a body of beauty, but which yet shall not lie outside the region of the educational. All beauty, pure and simple, tends to refinement, and all refinement, pure and simple, to goodness; and so the poet, or, in general, the artist, who but sets forth forms of beauty, may yet be aiding the growth of the good. Even so much as this is not needed to justify his work; if he give but pure pleasure, his work is far from vain. But it must be rigidly demanded of the poet who aims to create a body of beauty alone, and who holds back from the attempt to breathe into the body a soul of goodness, that he put no other soul therein. All art must be at least negative in relation to the moral. He who sends out a coarse or a mean thought into the world at all, does ill service to his kind; but the *poet* who does this plays the part of the devil. For the poetic solvent of beauty is not less potent in aiding the permeation of the soul by evil than by good. The solid coarseness or meanness of prose will tempt none whose appetites are not already degraded to its liking; but beauty is nectar whatever be dissolved in it, and the frame may be poisoned, unconsciously, or with half-resistance, because the mind was too simple, or the will too feeble, to shut the lips against the wooing death. In the body of beauty may live an angel of light, or a devil of darkness, and the poet is the magician at whose word the spirit enters. If he leave the body untenanted, it is well, for it *is* a body of beauty; if he beckon in an angel of light, it is noble, and he has done well for his kind; if the devil of darkness

have taken possession at his word, he has earned for his name a place on the scroll of the enemies of our race."—*A Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson*, pp. 13, 14.

These last few lines explain partially why Mr. Tainsh is so worshipful in his admiration of the Laureate, whose teachings are almost always fine and noble; and this fact of supreme importance has, perhaps, led Mr. Tainsh to overrate the poet's powers in one department—that of dramatising—the one point in Tennyson's workmanship which is decidedly weak, compared with the aggregate range of his powers.

The art-critics hitherto referred to are, it will be observed, representatives of a considerable body of writers in this country; but there is one department of art-criticism in which we are lamentably deficient, namely that relating to music, the art second in importance to poetry alone, and which yet boasts not a single English critic who could rise sufficiently above the herd of ignorant journalists to take rank beside such writers as Messrs. Palgrave and Rossetti on the one hand, or Messrs. Nettleship and Tainsh on the other. France is far better off than we are in this respect; and we may note that in one series of publications alone (the *Bibliothèque de Philosophie contemporaine*), there are no less than three works devoted to the consideration of music—those by MM. Beauquier, Selden, and Laugel, whose titles stand at the head of our article. Whatever be the merit of these particular works, it is a decided symptom of a certain degree of recognition of the importance of music to include them in a library of contemporary philosophy. As may be supposed, the three books in question differ widely in spirit as well as in the branch of the subject entered upon; for, in the liberal *bibliothèque* of which they form a part, any philosophy from Positivism to Hegelianism—any religion from strict Protestantism to vague Pantheism—may lift up its voice. Of M. Selden's book, more anon. M. Laugel's is executed for the express purpose of familiarising the public, as untechnically as possible, with the discoveries of Helmholtz in the physical domain of sound as bearing upon music, and is a work exhibiting with some ability certain points of contact between science and art, between the advance of the concrete science of acoustics and progress in the art of music. In such a work we do not look for much originality, but it is of a class far from superfluous, and it may be recommended to the notice of those who are unfamiliar with the subject. The labour proposed to himself by M. Beauquier

is to determine what constitutes the essence of music, and in what consists the beautiful in that art. The first problem is attacked in the present work, the other being reserved for a subsequent publication. M. Beauquier's conclusions, which we have not space to discuss, are obtained by a systematic and careful examination of the subject in its various relationships, technical, physical, and moral. Even if the conclusions were exceptionable, a popular, systematic book such as M. Beauquier's would be a treasure-trove to us; but alas, where shall we look for it? Not, at all events, to Dr. Wylde, whose position of Gresham Professor might justify us in great expectations of him. His volume of lectures does not claim any very great respect, and is remarkable, first for the absurdity of its title — *Music in its Art Mysteries* — and secondly for forming the earliest English volume of essays, of any pretension, devoted to the popular exposition and criticism of music. As already remarked, music has never, among us, been favoured with a great critic, such as poetry, painting, and sculpture can count up a notable list of; and such critics as music has boasted have been almost entirely and exclusively writers of remarks on that art considered quite apart from any connection with the other arts or with social refinement. It is a sign of some vitality that in Dr. Wylde's book the other arts are called into service for purposes of illustration. In treating of "taste in music," he gives three definitions of that "subtle quality of mind,"* as he calls it; and, in support of one of them, he calls in the aid of sculpture to illustrate, fathering upon Sir Joshua Reynolds some bungling remarks which careful search fails to bring to light in the works of that authority, though anyone may find the precise opposite. The definition of taste referred to is—"the effect of the imagination, whose activity, perceiving the idea intended in a design, suffers its perceptions to supply deficiencies, which would else offend the judgment."† For example, he says of the compositions of Meyerbeer that, "whilst they but half satisfy the judgment, they are well adapted to find favour with the ideal and imaginative;"‡ and this is illustrated by the statement that, similarly, the Apollo Belvedere and other *chefs-d'œuvre* satisfy the highly-educated in taste, while "we have the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds for asserting that none of these figures represent the human form *in its full perfection*."‖ What Sir Joshua does say of the Apollo, for instance, is that "*to correct and perfect form is*

* P. 65. † *Ibid.* ‡ P. 67. ‖ P. 66.

added the ornament of grace, dignity of character, and appropriate expression." In the same discourse (the tenth) he quotes and refutes certain strictures on the anatomy of the Apollo; and, in the absence of any other passage bearing the meaning which Dr. Wylde attributes to Sir Joshua, it can only be assumed that the Gresham Professor has mistaken the quoted strictures for Sir Joshua's own. The real community between music and sculpture is that which exists between all the arts, namely the faculty of appealing to man by acting pleasurably on his emotional nature. So far as the imagination is concerned, the parallel is not good, inasmuch as music deals in arbitrary signs only connected with imitation very remotely, while the nature of sculpture is closely knit up with imitation. The effects of music are essentially indefinite, those of sculpture essentially definite; music idealises intangible beauties, sculpture for the most part tangible ones; and, while the most beneficial results of music may be appreciable to a person quite unacquainted with its technicalities, a similar appreciation of sculpture requires some little special *knowledge*, not vividness of *imagination*.

One of the greatest dangers of art-criticism is a blind spirit of hero-worship. Devotion to the works and memory of any great artist is in itself a commendable phase in a man's character, and, when tempered with judgment, may lead to good results, as in the case of Messrs. Nettleship and Tainah. But the same devotion, when not thus tempered, induces injustice to many great men. As an extreme example of blind hero-worship we have selected M. Selden, who would seem to be one of many musical *connoisseurs* and *amateurs* coveting for Mendelssohn the supreme place among the princes of music. It is not enough for them that this indisputably great genius is allowed to rank as a not unworthy fellow-labourer with Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven: "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus:*" he must be *the* musician *par excellence*, and the only complete expression, in his department, of the "genius" of his country.

"Of all the musicians of modern Germany," says M. Selden, "Mendelssohn, beyond dispute represents best the modern musical genius of his country."—*La Musique en Allemagne*, p. 1.

This he does not endeavour to support by any learned comparison of the works of Mendelssohn with those of the other great masters of Germany, to justify which grave omission he pleads that—

"Music, in that it is more expressive than language, and manifests sentiment better (!), can only be analysed from a technical point of view, interesting to those alone who have a thorough knowledge of it. . . . Contrary to the rule, let us seek the value of the work in that of the man,—let us judge the growth on exterior or moral data, that is according to the structure of the soil on which the plant took root and was able to develop itself."—Pp. 3, 4.

Among the lives of musicians, Mendelssohn's stands forth as eminently pure and unselfish in M. Selden's eyes, and perhaps justly; but a gratuitous slur which he casts not only upon other musicians, but upon celebrities in general, is far from just. After dwelling upon Mendelssohn's various accomplishments, he says:—

"What is more uncommon, he had good sense; and the greatness of his genius as an artist did not vitiate his feelings as a private man. In a word, he was not egoistic or ambitious; and to analyse this remarkable phenomenon of an illustrious man who retained his humanity and rectitude in spite of everything, it is necessary to go back to the source of this fair river."—P. 3.

Is it, then, so uncommon to find a man of note retaining his humanity and rectitude? Are geniuses generally so inhuman and wrong-hearted? The position is scarcely tenable: however, with the impression that he has found something very uncommon, M. Selden proceeds to glorify the supreme artist in the person of the (to him) supreme man, so that instead of a genuine esthetic treatise on modern German music, we have a sketch of the antecedents of Mendelssohn, his education, and travels.

Here are some more of the ludicrous effects of extreme hero-worship on M. Selden. After defending Mendelssohn against an imaginary charge of writing merely for effect, he says that to bring such a charge is only to accuse him of doing what Beethoven and Weber did. Speaking of Beethoven, he says:—

"In many of his most approved sonatas, he gives us an adagio in the Italian taste and an allegro only calculated to display the skill of the pianist, and to parade fulness of sounds. Weber does much worse: when he writes for the piano he considers nothing but effect, and in this respect rivals Thalberg and Liszt. . . . I imagine Bach would have acted in the same way, if he had not been an organist before being a pianist, and if, instead of a meagre harpsichord, he had been able to command one of the beautiful instruments of Erard or Pleyel."—P. 114.

Not contented with making these imbecile comparative remarks in the domain of what he considers the actual, he must needs draw upon his imagination. The narrowness of this process is only exceeded by the view that, in Protestant Germany, Protestant Mendelssohn must perforce be the ideal musician, embodying, as he does, Protestant traditions in his music. Orthodox Protestantism is not so small as to place an artist in a lower rank because his faith was not hers; and it is neither sound reasoning nor good taste to introduce that element in appraising the merits of artists. We do not place modern German painting above Italian *Renaissance* on these grounds, nor should we place Mendelssohn above Beethoven on such a plea.

Principles of art are correlative, not with any special religious dogmas, whether Catholic or Protestant, but with the deep-seated and wide principles of religion and morality which underlie the varying faiths making up the history of man's soul-development; and, if there be such a thing as the "genius" of a nation (a somewhat metaphysical expression), it must surely be something including the aggregate tendencies of such nation *in all departments*. Of the great composers, at the head of whom M. Selden and his school would place Mendelssohn, each is great in his own way; each derives his powers from the same parent stock; each speaks to the world after his own fashion; and each must take rank irrespective of this kind of special-pleading. To execute a comparative gauging of Mendelssohn and the other musicians of modern Germany is as futile as it would be to speculate whether Michelangelo or Raphael is the greater artist, and which represents best the "genius" of Italy three hundred years ago. M. Selden's sickly *opuscule* is not, from a literary point of view, worthy of any special notice: it is only as a crucial instance of unmeasured hero-worship, and as the published proclamation of the class, not unrepresented in this country, who are inclined to give an undue eminence to the great successor of Mozart and Beethoven, that we have thought it worth while to introduce it to our readers so prominently.

The books which have furnished the discussion-basis for the present article are not, be it observed, put forward either as having any inherent and necessary connection, or as being more or less worthy of notice than other volumes of the same and other authors. They have been brought together simply as representative books, affording illustrations to such general views upon the wide subject of art-literature as it was desired

to set forth. Doubtless, there are many more contributions to this branch of literature which have as good a claim to notice as some of those most dwelt on; and assuredly both our own literature and that of France possess works of greater importance than any here named. Had our space permitted, many more works might and would have been introduced; and especially, in a longer essay, would it have been desirable to take up some of the already well-discussed works of Mr. Ruskin and M. Taine. These minor works of theirs were chosen as yielding in a small compass the matter that was required for discussion and illustration; and no apology need therefore be made for the omission to dwell on their weightier works, or those of other authors on this weighty subject of art-philosophy and art-criticism.

ART. V.—*Last Leaves; Sketches and Criticisms.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. Edited with a *Memoir* by PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER, M.A. Edinburgh: William Nimmo. 1868.

THOUGH the habit of reviewing on insufficient material is to be deprecated, it is not necessary, when we make our observations on a book which has interested us, that we should be able to stand an examination in all the works of the author we review. Here is a book which has afforded pleasant reading in some holiday hours, and on which — as it awakened many thoughts concerning past impressions of his works and of the school to which he belonged—we are disposed to offer some few remarks of a discursive rather than very seriously critical character. *Last Leaves* is a well-printed, pleasant-looking book, containing a short memoir of Alexander Smith by his friend, Patrick Proctor Alexander, who is known by a volume on *Mill and Carlyle*—the parody on Carlyle being a clever and amusing extravaganza. There is an oval portrait—taken evidently from a photograph of the subject of the memoir—a sturdy, honest face, with beard and moustache, a solid square brow, over eyes which seem to have a "cast" in them, not amounting to disagreeableness, though "there is something about it so very peculiar." We often see a civil engineer or a public official with such a physique and such a walking-stick:—a man decisive, direct, good-humoured, not to be trifled with, putting everything by a touch into its right place. But such a presence is the last kind of personality which the youth Byron-and-Shelley-smitten, who turned down interesting collars in hope of the Muse alighting on them to whisper fairy-like into his ear,—would have attributed to the chief of what was called "The Spasmodic School." Music and passion and self-questioning and the questioning of the universe, are not by the mass of active men thought to be compatible with hard-headedness; and yet there are many instances in which they are seen in close alliance, so close indeed that the poem is never published, and the "questionings are all settled by a happy marriage and a prosperous middle-age." The great unwritten poems no doubt are more than those which are on record, as "the night of time far exceedeth the day." Poetry

is no such speciality as it might appear. Happy he for the most part who can deter himself from turning his poetry into verse, and, above all, who has the fortitude to keep it from the loud acclaim and the fossilising power of the press. Whether this remark applies fairly to "The Life Drama," is more than we should be desirous of affirming. The public of ten years ago did not think this. Men of middle age will remember when, having passed their exultant youth, they were entering on their golden manhood, while, the mind not yet closed to anything new in the way of imaginative literature, there was a sudden floating into the vacant spaces of its upper skies of a group of starry poets.

"Festus," and "Balder," and "The Life Drama," were themes inexhaustible for young scholars, young barristers, and young ladies of taste and sensibility. Whether their writers were real poets, strong poets, poets whose works would last, was the question. There was a great variety of replies. The younger folk were rapturously delighted; and probably many a now sober-minded critic first rushed into the field, and threw down his glove in defence of these lately risen stars. In confessing our own position towards them, we must honestly say that we were not carried off our feet by the rush. Whether we really ever read "The Life Drama" and "Balder" and "The Roman," in any way giving them a fair hearing, we dare not at this distance of time undertake to affirm. We had voted for Tennyson before Tennyson was much heard of. Thin, little, grey first editions in country libraries had won our heart, falling on the receptive tenderness of early youth the silver melodies would not readily turn out to make room for others. The "Ode to a Nightingale," and "To a Grecian Urn," and "Hyperion," had established themselves in the memory and imagination, moving reverently round the granitic and unquestioned monuments of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, and the substantial pile which Wordsworth had almost finished building, and not rudely walking by the shrines of Byron and Shelley, or disturbing that schoolboy reverence for the "grassy barrows" of the elder world, near which we breathed a severer air, and felt impulses more stately, solemn, and subdued. We did not, therefore, throw up our cap to greet the new comers, any more than we received them with a disobliging air. The poet who was "greater than Keats in the very qualities in which Keats is finest," and "whose poems were in no respect inferior to those of the Laureate," did not strike us as being quite *that*. And yet

our impression is, that there was in them much beauty and music and pathos and possible power, for those who, being on the proper level of age, might have "need of such vanity." And therefore we could, without violently wheeling round, see the sudden eclipse of the rising fame, and to some extent join in the good-humoured laugh created by "Firmilian." Here again we are surprised to find how familiar a thing may, in a sense, become to us without our having gone through the labour of careful perusal.

We should be sorry to commit ourselves to the assertion that we ever properly read "Firmilian." This, however, we are very sure of, that it was thought very witty, and that it was a "telling hit" against the "Spasmodic School." Wendell Holmes truly says that "society is a strong infusion of books," and but for the staining power of the infusion of that time we should not have been able to enter with so much interest into the volume now under review. We caught the current temper of the hour; helped, no doubt, to pass the catch-word which did more harm than the criticism; but, not having been seriously compromised, we can now brush away the unfallen tear as we sigh over these fallen "Last Leaves," and see how "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." The brief biography of Alexander Smith is soon told, and another sigh is added by the man who turns aside to see his grave, as he thinks in how small a space is compressed concerning most even able men all we need to know.

He was born at Kilmarnock, on the last day of 1829. His father was a pattern designer, who gave him a good education, and brought him up to his own calling. His power and will to *read* was early developed, and in English literature he was "an unusually well-read man even among men professedly literary." The biographer says that it was proposed to educate him for the ministry, but seems to think it no great cause for regret that he did not become "a parson," for that "there seems no special reason to suppose he would have shone as a pulpit orator." The biographer's very cursory glance at the subject, and his view of the nature of the disqualification, suggests a wonder as to what the conception of such a man may be in regard of a vocation to the Christian ministry.

Alexander Smith did not shine in pattern designing, but no doubt pursued his work steadily, writing poems in the interval of business, and sending them to the "Poets' Corner" of the *Glasgow Citizen*. In time he forwarded a bundle of poems to George Gilfillan, who, whatever may be the depth

or strength of his own gifts, had, as we judged by his criticism of those days met with here and there, a generous, warm, and enthusiastic greeting to give to any young poet who showed reasonable promise of excellence—reminding one of the fervour and nobility of mind with which Christopher North wrote his fine rhapsodies of praise. No wonder that the poet should retain a grateful sense of the critic's kindness in the furtherance of his interests at the commencement of his career. The "Life Drama" appeared first in the pages of *The Critic*, then accessible to Gilfillan and his protegés; it was afterwards separately published, and Alexander Smith "found himself famous."

One of the pleasant accidents of periodical and discursive literature is the amber-like power it has of embalming the "strays" of the world of mind. In this short memoir of the poet, there is an amusing and graphic sketch of "an original," who, at this time and as long as he lived, was the most intimate of the poet's friends. His name was Hugh Macdonald. He was an enthusiastic and vigorous Celt, who never condescended to English (though not for want of acquaintance with it), a factory operative, who by the path of natural history and poetry—that of poetry being represented chiefly by his reverential regard to Burns—emerged into a higher level and mixed with better company than that to which he was born. It is greatly to the credit of Alexander Smith's good sense and general strength that he should be so constant in his attachment to one who in regard to his poetry could use habitually and unhesitatingly such language as the following:—

"I like ye weel, Sandy, and that ye weel ken; but as for yer *poetry* as ye ca't, I mak' but little o't. It *may* be poetry. I'm no sayin' it is na. The *creetics* say it's poetry, an' nae doot *they* suld ken—but it's no *my* kind o' poetry. Jist a blatter o' braw words, to my mind, an' bit whirly-whas they ca' *eemages*. I can mak' neither head nor tail o't."

The biographer says:—

"It became part of the regular programme, at some time or other of the evening, to skilfully lead the conversation up to a discussion of Smith's claims, when Macdonald never failed *in effect* to deliver himself with trenchant emphasis as above, however the tune might be played with lively and ingenious variations. Smith seemed always to enjoy quite as heartily as any one else, what should have been his own discomfiture, and shortly after, the two oddly-assorted companions would go off into the night together."

Macdonald wrote songs and sang them in tunes, largely, "of his own composing;" and in knowledge of the habits of birds and insects, the growth of trees and flowers, and in all that lore which is so useful to the poet, he seems to have been deeply versed—reminding one of that strange being belonging to the Emersonian circle, Thoreau, to whom surely the lines in Emerson's "Wood Notes" must refer—

> "And such I knew, a forest seer,
> A minstrel of the natural year,
> Foreteller of the vernal ides,
> Wise harbinger of spheres and tides;
> A lover true who knew by heart
> Each joy the mountain dales impart;
> It seemed that nature could not raise
> A plant in any secret place,
> In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
> Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
> Under the snow, beneath the rocks,
> In damp fields known to bird and fox;
> But he would come in the very hour
> It opened in its virgin bower,
> As if a sunbeam showed the place,
> And tell its long descended race;
> It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
> It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
> As if by secret sight he knew
> Where in far fields the orchis grew.
> There are many events in the field
> Which are not shown to common eyes;
> But all her shows did nature yield
> To please and win this pilgrim wise.
> He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
> He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
> He found the tawny thrush's broods,
> And the shy hawk did wait for him.
> What others did at distance hear,
> And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
> Was showed to this philosopher,
> And at his bidding seemed to come."

And, as an instance of this, the succeeding characteristic and, to our mind, beautiful touch of poetic life is worth transcribing. "Once as we were pacing quietly along a wooded stretch of the river-side, he broke out suddenly, 'Od, but he's a queer fallow that!' and, catching on the instant our surprise—no soul being visible in the landscape to whom the remark would apply—he added, 'It's that chiel, Tennyson,

I'm speakin' o'.' Hark ye baith noo," and in his very best English manner he went on to quote—

> "Why lingers she to clothe her heart with love,
> Delaying, *as the tender ash delays*
> *To clothe herself when all the woods are green.*"

"'Ye mind it, Sandy! it's i' the 'Princess.' An' noo, look ye, *that's* an ash'—pointing with his staff—'may be ye think it's an elm, Sandy! but it's no an elm, it's an ash, *an deil a leaf on't;* see ye na? an *a' the ither trees are oot.* I didna need ony o' yer Tennysons to tell *me* that—but neither o' *ye* kent it, I reckon. He's nae poet, I'll aye say that; but I'se alloo ye'll no aften find him wrang wi' his flooers, an' his trees, an' things—*he* kens them, Sandy! an' *ye* dinna. But ye're nae poets, neither tane nor t'ither o' ye.'" *Indeed*, the poet of poets to him—Shakspeare, with much reluctance, excepted—was "Rabbie" Burns.

The publication of "The Life Drama," as has been said, raised the poet into instant fame; and, when it is recollected that at the time of its publication he was not more than two-and-twenty, this was, no doubt, a marvellous achievement. In estimating the works of men *as* works, we apply the more abstract standard; but, in estimating a *career*, it is well to pause and remember the circumstances under which the given results are produced. It is true that Alfred Tennyson was young when he first began to publish his verse, but the youthful opportunities of Tennyson far exceeded those of Alexander Smith. An early life of education and leisure in a rural parsonage was passed under the influence of a father, himself a man of great accomplishments and learning.

> "The seven elms—the poplars four,
> That stood beside his father's door,"

grew in the sweet air of the tranquil wolds where "every sound is sweet," where the doves moan in "fiery woodlands," and the brook, with its "matted cress and ribbed sand," winds among anemones and violet-banks—beauties worthily celebrated in his "Ode to Memory," and not exaggerated by the poet's fancy. He had a college education, and in what company and under what glorious influences let the "Memorials of Arthur Hallam," and the wonderful threnody of "In Memoriam," best tell. And yet, when first his silken sail was launched out into the open sea, there were many imperfections seen in the rig of his vessel. "Rusty, Crusty, Christopher," who had an eye for such craft, was able to spy out

as many youthful defects as Captain Cap in "The Pathfinder" saw in the vessels of Lake Ontario. Byron was young when he published his "Hours of Idleness;" but he was high-born and was college-bred when they were written, and when his hours were changed by the rod of Brougham into "Hours of Indignation." So with Shelley. And even from the precociousness of Keats—who was far from being the boy "born over a stable" which the careless phrase would suggest, the "tartarly" *Quarterly* struck out a plentiful mirth—all long since blackened into the merest forgotten tinder. If we remember the town birth, the modest education, the business-ties of Alexander Smith, up to the period when, with no large experience of life in any form, he wrote the "Life Drama," it will greatly modify and guide our appreciation of the native potentialities of the man. That he should not know over-much of details which hide in the woods, bask in the fields, and glance along the streams, is no wonder, if we have seen Glasgow, and remember that he was designing patterns *there*.

That he should have lifted his eyes to the stars and the sun, and heard the "far seas moan as a single shell" in the ear of his imagination, should have heard the winds sweep in the wynds of the manufacturing town, and been haunted by them, and reproduced them with great effect again and again, was what might have been expected from such a youth so born and nurtured. But the critics, alas! knew too much and too little. He must have been a strong youth to overtop the influences that surrounded him, and produce a work which, for a while, constituted a large section of the critics into a "Spasmodic School" of rapture. His biographer interjects a happy quotation:

> "These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die,"

as they did ere long.

There seems to be something in the Scottish genius which gives to it the power of sustaining the shock of sudden fame more manfully than the English genius sustains it. The pleasant account in Allan Cunningham's *Life of Wilkie* of the way in which the youth of twenty-one bore one of the most violent hurricanes of applause which ever threatened to dash a young painter in pieces, is worth comparing with the account now given of the way in which Alexander Smith bore up under the Parnassian tornado. The writer says:—"Some little show of elation might here very well have been excused

to him, but I should be surprised if any one could say he ever saw in him the smallest trace of such a thing." This fact increases the consideration and respect with which we read anything he produced, and will probably induce many a man, who did not succumb to the "Life Drama" when it first appeared, to return to it with a new light upon its pages, now that the drama of the life of its author is concluded, and

> "The monument above his bones,
> And aye-remaining lamps,"

are set up and kindled.

One flash in the brief life of personal enjoyment of the results of fame is recorded. He received his first 100*l*., and, on the strength of it, he went with John Nichol to the Lakes and to London, making various literary acquaintance—Herbert Spencer, Lewes, Helps, Miss Martineau, and others.* He also became, for a week, the guest of the Duke of Argyle, at Inverary Castle. All this was what any reasonable young poet, of the spasmodic or any other school, might fairly call success. If he did not enjoy these two great phases of fame—the applause of the critics and the favourable personal regard of the gifted and the ennobled—there was little of very tangible enjoyment of it to be procured or expected. He had, and we may hope he relished, both.

After this interlude, it was needful that he should turn to consider his future way of life and "means to live." After a little desultory work for the press, he obtained the secretaryship to the Edinburgh University, which he retained till his death. The emolument was small (150*l*. a-year), but

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* We cannot refrain from singling out a highly amusing note connected with his visit to Miss Martineau. "Miss Martineau, it is otherwise well known, is a little infirm of hearing. When the travellers arrived, several ladies were with her, and by the little circle of petticoats they were received with some *empressement*. Mr. Nichol took up the running, and some little conversation proceeded, Smith, in the racing-phrase, *waiting*. Presently he 'came with a rush,' and observed it 'had been a very fine day'—an unimpeachable and excellent remark which brought him instantly into difficulties. Miss Martineau was at once on the *qui vive*. The poet had made a remark probably instinct with fine genius, and worthy of the author of the 'Life Drama.' 'Would Mr. Smith be so good as to repeat what he had said?' Mr. Smith—looking, no doubt, uncommonly like an ass—repeated it in somewhat a higher key. Alas! alas! in vain. The old lady shook her head. 'It was really *so* annoying, but she did not quite catch it; would Mr. Smith be *again* so good?' and her hand was at her eager ear. The unhappy bard, feeling, as he said, in his distress as if suicide might be the thing, shrieked and again shrieked his little piece of information—symptoms of ill-suppressed merriment becoming obvious around him. Finally the old lady's ear-trumpet was produced, and proceeding to shriek through this instrument, of which the delicate use was unknown to him, the bard nearly blew her head off."

it would have sufficed if he had remained single. This he did not do. He married in 1857 a Miss Flora Macdonald, from the Isle of Skye; settled "at Wardie, near Granton;" and there the remainder of his quiet life was passed. His family increased; his few chosen friends went in and out; his remaining poems, tales, and essays appeared one after another. The first splendours of his fame were obscured by the attack of Aytoun, and by the laborious assault on his alleged "plagiarisms," the work of some one with more memory than wit, and who surely has regretted the pains he took since he learned by whom the poems were written—at what age, and under what circumstances. A valuable appendix by the biographer gives a fair consideration to the question, which ought never to have been so strongly agitated; his main point being, that, to subject rigidly any of our great modern poets to the same treatment, would be to expose them to the same frivolous charge. Having said thus much, we become conscious that of Alexander Smith's life there is little more to say. His means needed more and more constant replenishing as his expenses increased. His work—only varied by a yearly visit of a month to Skye—became more and more close and exhausting. The daily routine of his post at the University became yearly more dull and wearisome, till he was disposed to contemplate sheep-farming in Skye as an alternative. Then, like Hugh Miller, as it seems to us, the prey of overwork, he became at length its victim and died—"a kindly Scot," loved and lamented by all who knew him.

The *Last Leaves*, to which the memoir is prefixed, consist of nine essays and two poems, pleasant to read, and over which we now purpose to glance. "Scottish Ballads" is the title of the first of them. A slight historic introduction, picturesquely arranged, shows that the ballads which have been handed down to arrest the ear and cause sometimes the eyes to fill with tears, were not the productions of the troubadour or paid minstrel of the court or the hall, whose works are described as being chiefly of the "begging-letter species," eloquent and witty, but not issuing in any great pecuniary results. They got for the most part as their reward, what the wealthy often give, so says the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*, to those who are personally hired to amuse them, the "funny-bone," and had to subsist on it as they could. The ballads were composed and sung in the beginning by gaberlunzies who roved the country, and sometimes by moss-troopers who reived the farmers of Cumberland, and were

preserved, with many intermixtures and interpolations, by the same class of men, who sang old songs and composed new ones, and were not particular where one began and the other ended; so that, in effect, like the grand Greek verses, they were the product of the mind of a class and of succeeding ages, rather than the single and consummate invention of one genius. The absorbing sense of personal fame, and the jealous guarding of "a name," were not so strong on the spirits of the men of those ages as now. Part of the simplicity and power of the "old masters" of painting is, no doubt, traceable to the humble habit of mind which prevented these violent strivings after personal originality. It was of more importance that a fine picture should be painted than that the man whose name was affixed should be accredited with all the virtue and power of the picture.

Nature worked her will more directly in those days than in these on the minds of inventors of poetry. The dreadful swaddling bands of modern criticism, and the fact that the high places of the field have been so occupied by the great men who sang before criticism became predominant, must greatly prevent that simple, powerful flow of thought and feeling which makes these pathetic songs very affecting to us. But God forbid that we should return to the social conditions out of which this rude simplicity and headlong pathos sprang: the burning "peel," the "ranshackled" homestead, the murdered good-man, mourning widow, and impaled infant, are a high price to pay for a vivid account of a raid in verse; and the weird fairy tales, more entirely pleasing now that our faith is shaken in the fairies and their spells, were dearly bought by the wide-spread superstitions which brought so many twilight thrills of fear, and such midnight sweats of horror and pain. "There is an expression of misery in these ballads which appears frequently in Scottish song, and is in some degree peculiar to the compositions of the nation," says the author. We are content that our poets should be a little tied down, if the mind of the peasant may go free of such groundless shadowy creeds, and the home of the peaceful farmer be spared the sight of the seamed visage, battered "sallet," and cruel lance of "Edom o' Gordon."

In the "Essay on an Old Subject," there is the pensive treatment proper to a consideration of "Old Age." Cicero and Henry Taylor, Wendell Holmes and Bulwer, have had each to come to their turn over this theme, as most of us have who live to "brush out the first grey hair." What has struck us in reading most of the essays of the "pensive"

kind on this subject, is that to a fair estimate of the question there should go an unflinching survey of *all the conditions* of human existence, the whole destiny and duty of man. Estimated by a merely earthly standard, there is no doubt something to be said as to the ameliorations of the condition of old age. There is the calmer judgment, the abated passion. There are the sweet daily habitudes and the fruition which early activities have left. We much question whether they actually fortify the mind to any great extent, unless there be a basis much deeper than can be arrived at by looking on that which now appears. An exquisite frank song of Shakspeare speaks nearer the truth in this matter:—

"Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like wintry weather;
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee."

"We think," said the aged poet, Rogers, "anything beautiful that is young." We have seen and could point to many who seem to have reached a basis on which all the remaining delights of age stand like ivied walls without crumbling or falling, whose heart is as fresh, whose smile as sweetly gay as in youth—but our observation has gone to show that this basis is only reached by descending to a rock not subject to the assaults and mutations of time. The most striking thought and the most important, if it be true, in the essay *On Dreams and Dreaming*, is that the dream represents the real man, that disguises and accidental aids fall off from us in sleeping, and that we stand exposed to ourselves. If we find ourselves cowardly when attacked in dreams, we shall be sure to be cowards when attacked with our eyes open, &c. Probably, something of our real character follows us into our dreams. Our life is largely the

"Stuff that dreams are made of."

But referring to our own character on this theory, we feel a little puzzled. "We are," certainly, at least, "seven." And *which* of the seven is our waking self "it passes the wit of man" to tell. "Methought I was—there is no man can tell what methought I was—and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom." The "hempen home-spun," who was practising

in "a wood, near Athens," for the approaching nuptials of Theseus and Hippolyta, well describes in these words many of our mental night-wanderings. At rare intervals we have what comes nearer to the "clear dream and solemn vision" of Milton. But when dreams are most express and clear, there remain the most bewildering discrepancies. Sometimes we are charging with the Light Brigade, without the least fear, and with a full persuasion that the cannon volleying and thundering vomit forth apple dumplings; while, at other times, we are shrinking in craven terror from the stealthy pursuit of an assassin whom a little boldness would enable us to overmaster. No interpreter follows us out into the open plain of waking thought to tell which of these men is our proper self, and we should be sorry to spend too much time in endeavouring to analyse our character by an instrumentality so variable and vague.

The description of "Mr. Carlyle, at Edinburgh," is graphic and most interesting. To those present at the Rectorial Inaugural Address, the sight must have been as attractive in a personal sense, as the vision imagined by Wordsworth, when wishing to have—

> "Sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Indeed, to the mind's eye, there is not a little resemblance. Mr. Carlyle's horn is a wreathed and strange instrument, and the sounds it emits as unlike ordinary trumpets as the echoing conch of Neptune is like the cornet of Levy. We think with most ease and complacency of Carlyle when we try to imagine him to be not a man at all, but Proteus rather, in some of his most uncouth forms; a shining Arion's dolphin rolling his wet splendours in classic bays; an Ursa Major tramping the northern solitudes in gloomy silence; a whale of the Arctic Seas, now diving, as if harpooned, into the grey profound, and now spouting his "foam fountains," tinged, it might seem, with his very life-blood, under the piercing Hyperborean stars. This essay is a tender and loving description, and not a criticism of Carlyle, and we must not be tempted to offer contributions of criticism where, perhaps, the subject is known widely and well enough. "Winter" is one of those pictures of a "season" which, issuing from a hundred pens, never fails to have a subtle charm, because the seasons as they change "are but the varied year." The subject is old, yet we are never satiated; the red leaf-fall of the coming winter will be as pathetic as

ever; the first snow-flake as full of wonder; its winds as grand; its nights as sublime with stars. And in hundreds of years to come, the prose-poets will be touching off the features of future winters as felicitously, the winds howling as wildly, the streams sealed into a dumbness as deep as now. The question raised in the paper on "Literary Work," is the old and important one of the relation of material to form. To the apprehension of Alexander Smith the form is almost everything:

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

settle down upon a few everlasting truths. "I live. I love. I am happy. I am wretched. I was once young. I must die; are simple and commonplace ideas, which no one can claim as exclusive property; yet out of these has flowed all the poetry the world knows, and all that it ever will know." Into which of these foundation ideas does Milton's description of the rising of the halls of Pandemonium resolve itself? And Shakspeare's reproach of Titania by Oberon? At any rate, the germ is not so precisely *the thing itself* as to leave no room for the ample operation of creative force, and variety of material. An acorn is said to contain the oak, but between the "towering top" of the lord of the forests, ringing with "all throats that gurgle sweet," between its "branchy root," its "hundred rings of years," and the smooth, green, nut-kerneled plaything of a child, there is a wide gulf of difference. The tree destined to withstand the shock of battle and the fury of Baltic blasts, must become not only endlessly varied in mode but in substance. It is this intimate relation of the germinating power and material to the different forms which it may be made to assume, that symbolises the exceeding intricacy of the question of matter or mode in art or literature.

"The Minister Painter" was the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingstone, near Edinburgh; he seems to have fulfilled his functions as a clergyman to the satisfaction of his parishioners, and also to have made as much at one time as 1,800*l.* a-year by the sale of his landscapes. With the moral question of the propriety of blending two such professions, we are not disposed here to meddle.

We have long been interested in Thomson's pictures from an artistic point of view. Living remote from the modern influence of landscape art, he wrought upon the old Sir George Beaumont theory that Nature, if not *actually* like,

ought to be *made* like something between herself and an old fiddle. He seems to have been stranded between the two positions. When out in the open air he tried to make her look like herself; when finishing indoors he was overpowered by the Orphean magic of the old fiddle, and it happened, according to the Scotch song, concerning one who

> "Cam fiddling through the toun,
> And danced awa' wi' the exciseman,"

the fiddle danced off with the best part of what Nature had distilled and measured on to his canvas out of doors. Yet he had great native power as a painter. He has always reminded us more or less of the written landscape of Professor Wilson, with the exception that there was no "heaviness" in the touch of Christopher North; but there was the same aim after a something unutterable—now gloomy, now sunny—the same obscure and generalised touch—the same eloquent struggle without a perfect mastery of details. If any of our readers wish to see a specimen of his work, they will find one which will give them a respect for Thomson's aims in the Gallery at South Kensington.

The essay on "Sydney Dobell" is perhaps the most *significant* in the book. Here we trace an effort of the maligned and branded "Spasmodic School" to recover its influence. One of its chiefs, of course unable and unwilling to defend *himself*, takes up the cause of another, and with considerable judgment. Ten years have gone by since the grand assault was made.

> "The noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea,
> Till all King Arthur's table, man by man
> Had fallen in Lyoness about their lord,
> King Arthur."

But the tumult has died down. The scoff and the sneer are more than half forgotten, and as cautiously as Falstaff—but with more nobility than that "tun of a man," when he ventured to "come up to breathe" on Shrewsbury Field—Sir Lancelot and Sir Bedivere, not so dead as was supposed, look round and whisper to each other, and begin to strap up each other's armour for new warfare. The school—Alexander Smith, at any rate—had behaved wisely in the interim; no clamours or shrieks or revenges had betrayed weakness to bear or to engage.

But the hour comes round at last; and in far less time

than it has taken to "rehabilitate" Cromwell and Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, the Spasmodic School are in a fair way of being set on their feet once more.

We have confessed our leanings in regard to "Balder," "Festus," and the rest, but must acknowledge that, if opportunity serve, we will "make one of a party" to revise our impressions of at least the "Life Drama" and "Balder." The quotations given from the works of Sydney Dobell in this essay have had much to do with this magnanimous resolve; and, whatever may be the result of it, we cannot but express our delight and wonder at the exceeding beauty of two of the fragments quoted here,—one "Amy's Song," the other a ballad, which we will not refrain from quoting entire. Its airy music—its rich yet simple compression of imagery—so ample that a three-volume novel might be written on its suggestions—above all, the sense of mystery and awe which enwrap the listener as its images succeed one another, and seem to pass off into the moonlight or sink into the hills like mist, equals anything of the kind we know. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them." Here it is:—

"The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

"Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads.

"Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

"She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode through the Monday morn.

"His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine;
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

"Year after year where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost,
Where sat a sunshine maid.

"Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

"I lay my hand upon the stile;
The stile is lone and cold;
The burnie that goes babbling by,
Says nought that can be told,

"Yet, stranger, here from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line.

"Step out three steps where Andrew stood;
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear!

"She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
O, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line."

We remember a picture by Dante Rossetti, called "How They Met Themselves," which breathes the same mysterious import—and in Blake and Fuseli there is that something which sends a thrill of the same nature through the frame—but it is in such poetry as this that we perceive the boundary of the two arts and the superiority of words to deal with the impalpable and the unseen. "Essayists Old and New" is one of those essays upon essayists by an essayist, which gives one the sort of feeling we have in a room with mirrors upon opposite walls. It is like what we understand by breeding "in and in." It is like looking at the reflected disc of a microscopic lantern, where the queer creatures are seen preying upon one another, and is as highly amusing. Where an essayist deals with an essayist departed, we can more readily receive his comments. For our own part, the last men we would wish to review are the living essayists. To be perfectly fair and just, to speak what we really feel, and yet to avoid giving pain and provoking hostility which may so soon be repaid in kind—must no doubt be a real difficulty. On the other hand, praise comes awkwardly forth when we remember that we may there also be repaid in kind, and not be quite sure whether we deserve it. Many writers, especially of the essayist class, practically hold the creed of the little Jane Eyre, who, when she was beaten, "struck back again *very*

hard"—and though the battle of the frogs and mice is not so terrific as the battles of the gods—it must have great discomforts for the mice and frogs, however amusing it may be to the spectators. Two poems conclude the volume—one called "A Spring Chanson," with a good deal of beautiful music in it; the other "Edinburgh," an unfinished piece, intended to be a companion to his former subject of "Glasgow," and containing the raw material of a fine poem.

And now we shall have no more opportunity of glancing over anything from the hand of a brave man of considerable genius, who comported himself well under the two trials of success and attack, and went on to the last with even pace, bating "no jot of heart or hope." Such men—whose advantages of early education and surrounding have not been great—do their best work late in life. The hot-house system of college culture soon discovers and develops the possibilities of the seedling. The Tennysons and the Shelleys are early able to use their native gifts, being provided with apparatus well prepared by previous centuries for their service. But the Alexander Smiths, the Gerald Masseys, the David Grays and others have to learn how raw their raw material is, while the John Clares must ever remain at a disadvantage. If, however, health and time be given for development, the nature will often reach its full strength late in life. It would do so more frequently but that the same causes which at first stood in the way of early culture of a superior order, compel them afterwards to waste much energy in the mere procuring of the necessities of life, so that frost and smoke, blast and blight, gnaw and finally destroy many a majestic tree. There is a vast waste in the great workshop of Nature. The Michelangelo statue heaving through the marble into awful life is often arrested by an unsuspected flaw—and genius often

> "Finds its own feather in the fatal dart."

So to some extent it was evidently with the calm and courageous poet and essayist on whose tomb we lay our little wreath of bays with great respect, and as we turn the last leaf of his *Last Leaves*, "sorrowing most of all because we shall see his face no more." Let him sing his own requiem in these verses of "The Spring Chanson":—

> "Sing to the spring—but through the spring I look
> And see, when fields are bare, the woodlands pale,
> And hear a sad un-mated red-breast wail
> In beechen russets by a leaden brook.

"For I am tortured by a boding eye,
That, gazing on the morning's glorious grain,
Beholds late shreds of fiery sunset stain
The marble pallor of a western sky.
Sweet is thy song, oh merle! and sweetly sung
Thy forefathers in our forefathers' ears;
And this—far more than all—the song endears,
In that it knits the old world with the young.
Men live and die, the song remains, and when
I list the passion of thy vernal breath,
Methinks thou singest best to love and death—
To happy lovers and to dying men."

ART. VI.—*The Spanish Gypsy.* A Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT. William Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1868.

WHATEVER may be the ulterior objects of individual artists, there is no doubt that true art of every class has one grand and universal motive — idealisation; and one grand and universal function — expression. At first sight it might appear that, as perfection in each domain is the *ultimatum* necessarily kept in view by every true artist, the relative importance of idealisation and expression is a fixed quantity throughout the esthetic scale; but careful consideration will show that this is not the case, and that, as the arts become more technical in their methods, expression rises in importance, while it increases in difficulty; so that, whereas a poem abounding in beauties of sentiment, thought, situation, or teaching, but deficient in magnificence of style, is a valuable thing, a painting finely conceived but ill-drawn or ill-coloured is simply unbearable. Poetry has this advantage over the other arts—that its language is ordinary language idealised; while music, painting, sculpture and architecture, speak in special languages demanding special culture even for initiation. With literary art, the difficulty is to know precisely how, when, and where prose ends and poetry begins. The essence of the painter's art cannot be shown forth in any degree except pictorially, inasmuch as there is no dispensing with form and colour; but the essence of the poet's art may be shown forth in prose, though in the matter of external form we could not, of course, *confound* prose with poetry. Obviously, this much will not be admitted by those who consider that versification and rhyme constitute the essence of poetry (a class, happily, who are almost obsolete); but whoever admits the starting proposition, that the one grand motive of art is idealisation, must also admit that a work (even in prose) which idealises thought, fact, situation, moral, &c., is poetical to a certain extent. All true works of art, it may be replied, are poetical to a certain extent; and so they doubtless are; but a prose work of art is poetical to this certain extent, not only in motive, but also in expression; for, though versification and some other methods of poetry

are necessarily avoided, the most indispensable of the poet's instruments, idealised language, is largely made use of.

In these days, when the most popular form of art is undoubtedly one which selects prose as its instrument, namely, the novel, it is a very important question what position that form of art holds; and a question of still greater moment is, What constitutes the novel a work of art? Of course, the great bulk of novels are no more works of art than the great bulk of pictures annually exhibited at the Royal Academy, or the great bulk of statues periodically erected to the disfigurement of our unhappy metropolis. But, while there is no dearth of recognised methods by which to judge of the artistic and esthetic merits of a picture or a statue, the same problem in regard to the modern novel is without a ready solvent, because almost undiscussed. There can be no doubt, if we consider the matter closely, that the tenure upon which a supreme novelist holds his fame is analogous to, if not identical with, that on which the poet's position is grounded; but the question is, How far is a novelist to be regarded as a *poet?* since that designation is, and always has been, the most coveted of the distinctions which humanity has to confer.

Of the recognised *technique* of poetry, the greater number of constituents are within the reach of an able artist in prose. without departure from the prose method; but there are two which cannot be used without departure from that method, and which, nevertheless, do not of themselves stamp as a poem a work executed in the poetic form: these are rhyme and metre. There is a third which usually *is not* adopted in prose, the process of "translating to our uses" words already current, by giving them a new and special shade of meaning —a process best characterised as the *polarisation of language.* Now, it is this process which gives the key-note to the most important difference between the prose and poetic methods; for, as the poet leaves to the imagination an immense deal of the *matter* of his work which the artist in prose would detail, so his individual ideas are frequently indicated by a subtle polarisation of a word, where a prose artist would use a periphrasis to convey his meaning. And this polarisation is the most extreme form of the very soul of the poetic, as technically distinguished from the prose, method—that condensed presentation of thought which leaves a large matter impressed on the mind by a very small number of happily-assorted words. Periphrasis being in perfect keeping with the whole method of prose, the prose artist but seldom produces pas-

sages of a few words to be remembered perforce in this way, but usually conveys the choice idea by means of a considerably larger number of happily-assorted words. He is never called upon to polarise language, or to condense it to a greater degree than an ambitious essayist, for instance, would do. Indeed, this artifice of polarisation, though one of the chief technical beauties of poetry, would be a decided fault in prose, and would not be understood by the public, or tolerated by critics of workmanship. Moreover, while it is not difficult to catch the mechanical trick of writing in rhythm or rhyme, to obtain this polarising and condensing faculty is immensely difficult; necessitating, in an habitual prose writer, a radical change in the habit of mind not likely to be compassed successfully by the artificial means of study. It is a faculty implying intense originality in the possessor's manner of thought, and a *minimum* of imitation; but it is possible to have matter written in verse that shall be almost pure prose (even though choice prose), and that simply from its want of condensation.

When we say of a prose author, as we sometimes do, "he is quite a poet," we do not mean that his periods are rhythmic—we make no allusion to the form of his work; but we imply that he thinks and feels as a poet, and that his language is individual and remarkable for chastity, vigour, sweetness, or any other *desideratum* of artists; and conversely, when we say of a verse-monger that he is prosy, we do not mean that his productions lack jingle, or beat, but that he feels commonplace feelings, thinks commonplace thoughts, and utters both in commonplace, unoriginal language. So that what we find in the one and miss in the other, is pointed at in these two popular phrases, as the important and distinctive attribute of the poet—mere method being left quite in the background.

Looking, then, at these considerations, we should say that one would not be exposed to the charge of lax liberality in using the term "poet" in a somewhat larger sense than is usual, and conferring it on a novelist who should produce a work abounding in those touches of well-marked sympathy with all nature, animate and inanimate, which have always been observable in poets—a work not made up of scenes, literally transcribed from life, and merely tossed together, but composed of parts of sufficiently modified relation to meet the exigencies of striking beauty—a work in which the characters are sketched with sufficient idealising force to make them real and vital—a work inculcating noble views

when didactic, and the whole expressed in style at once individual, choice, and assimilative of such of the elements of poetic style as can be utilised in prose without affectation. And here we may fitly remark, that a fine work in prose is eminently suited to the present day, and, when pure and noble, is perhaps calculated to give greater pleasure, and do more good to the average English mind, than an equally pure and noble work in the poetic method, as distinguished by the great attribute of condensation. The greatest school of poetry we have in England now is probably what may be called *the psychological school;* and the productions of this school, however beautiful when coming from consummate hands, frequently make a certain demand on the intellect which must be met before the heart can be effectually come at. When the prose method is adopted, on the other hand, a work is thoroughly self-explanatory; and though the most delicate artistic beauties continue to dawn freshly on each fresh reading of a great work, we generally meet with nothing that staggers even the simplest adult intelligence.

In an age characterised, as this is, by hurry of business and strain of mind in every-day life, this perspicuity in works of art is obviously a great advantage, inasmuch as it readily meets the demand which the overstrained mind makes for relaxation. And this fact, coupled with the absence of a universal and healthy ideal of life, to serve as a criterion by which to judge works of art, accounts for the immense and rank growth of fictitious literature, which has sprung up and fixed itself like a parasite around the great healthy trunk of legitimate fiction. The average quality of modern fiction is so low, that a splendid premium is held out to an author who should take up this most popular form of art, and, without administering irritants to the wide-spread and craving ulcer of sensationalism, succeed in chaining the attention and winning the suffrages of the public by sheer force of true art. If "the good, the beautiful, and the true" can be embodied in a prose work of art with wider effect than in verse, as is unquestionably the case in the present crisis, then the artist who elects to address that wider circle, and attains supremacy, can hardly be called upon to take rank second to any artist, be he who he may, on the mere ground that prose is not verse. Indeed, a supreme prose artist (we prefer to reiterate this term rather than the word "novelist") might even maintain a claim to additional consideration, on the ground that he completely represents the age in special method of expression. The novel is of course no more abso-

lutely a new thing than the poem; but, while the latter has been characteristic of all ages in one form or another, the former is specially characteristic of this age. And what, after all, if the men of 1968 should recognise in the novel of 1868 another of the many shapes to which poetry has been moulded by the respective tendencies of the epochs of human history?

Not for a moment would we disparage great poetry, or overlook the fact that, in the transition to rhythm from the unrhythmic, language seems to acquire a sort of *afflatus* independent of signification. All that it is desired to insist on is that it is neither this *afflatus* nor the musical beauty of sound that distinguishes a poet's productions from those of other minds; but his success in effecting noble idealisations without transgression of the limits within which language may be woven into works of beauty. If any other criterion were set up, we should have a discussion as to the relative merits of poems written in blank verse and those of a more lyric metre; for, on the one hand, there is nowhere so sustained an *afflatus* as in fine blank verse, and, on the other hand, many of the lyrical effects of Shelley and Tennyson are more musical than any blank verse could possibly be, however beautiful. Such a discussion would be obviously absurd; and we submit that there is only one remove from this, in point of absurdity, in attempting to draw a strict line of superiority and inferiority between the prose and poetic methods of esthetic expression.

The mental faculty which enables the artist to idealise, is perhaps best described as *imagination*—the creation of images; and the methods chosen to convey these images outward to the world all come under the head of *expression*, and are, of course, intimately dependent on the idiosyncrasies of individual minds. Doubtless all true artists are born with some strong and special bent, which only requires the necessary circumstances to develop it into a full-blown faculty or power; and this is all that is implied when we say a man is "born a painter," or "born a poet." There are notable instances of men who have been *able* in many departments of human accomplishments, but very few of men who have been *supreme* in more than one. We remember and revere Michelangelo for the supremacy of his sculpture, not for the ability of his very remarkable sonnets, nor for the splendour of his pictures, which fall short of pictorial supremacy even when most sublime, simply because they are sculpturesque rather than picturesque. And, conversely,

Raphael holds the kingly place among painters, because his ideas are given with the utmost magnificence to be compassed pictorially, while his few sculptural and architectural works are only known to those possessed of a certain degree of erudition in art matters. When, therefore, we find an artist attaining perfection in any one walk of art, we cannot desire for his own sake or that of the public, anything better than that he pursue that walk so long as he works at art at all; inasmuch as he runs into imminent risk of failure by divergence into other paths. By "failure" is meant, not failure absolute, for a great artist will not assuredly put forth a work destitute of great qualities, but failure relative to the entire success which the artist attains in the beat his idiosyncrasy has indicated to him. To one who can be supreme in any one manner of art, it is failure to fall short of supremacy in another, whatever degree of excellence he may attain therein. The history of artists shows this principle very clearly; and the obvious deduction is, that the mind gets so thoroughly accustomed to the method of expression which it has selected by natural bent, and dwelt with long enough to get perfection, that it cannot readily accommodate itself to the exigencies of another method. And assuredly perfection in one direction is hardly too little for the occupation of one mind and life. The work of a great mind must always be a great work; and whatever method of expression a true artist may adopt, competent judges are sure to be able to detect the greatness of his ideal, even when he has abandoned the form of expression natural to him, and adopted another which is unfamiliar. But, in order that a work of art may be beneficial in a degree corresponding with the greatness of the mind conceiving it, it must be executed in entire conformity with beauty, which it is not likely to be if the artist steps out of his usual sphere to compass the embodiment of his concept. It must be remembered that it is only the specially-studious few who analyse works of art, and hold with themselves esthetic discussions. But the unreflective many are keenly alive to the influences of beauty supreme; and the greater number of those in whom a work of art bears fruit, unconsciously assimilate particles of truth and purity while drinking in this external beauty, which is so difficult to produce in an alien method, and the love of which is, next to the love of human beings, the most refining of human influences. Perfection in the artist's ideal must always be the first *desideratum;* but the greater perfection with which that ideal can be put into

form, in whatever manner of art, the greater and wider will be the influence, and the more vivid the delight with which all classes will receive the work.

It will perhaps seem invidious to say that, of the vast number of authors who make up the contemporary school of English novelists, only one has attained to a thoroughly high and noble ideal, and a style which is at once individual and truly great from an artistic point of view; and yet, if asked where to go for this combination of qualities, we should be at a loss to know which way to turn unless to the works of George Eliot. The formation of this style may be distinctly traced from the earliest works of the author to complete perfection. In the *Scenes of Clerical Life* the language is decidedly elegant and superior; in *Adam Bede* there is a marked increase of vigour, and a superaddition of proper and comely ornament; but it is not until we come to *The Mill on the Floss* that we find the perfect ease, grace, vigour, and propriety of ornament which characterise the author's fully-developed power. In *Silas Marner* there is a certain great repose that is perhaps more attributable to the subject than to any alteration of style; and in *Romola* the same great powers are merely turned to another use in the treatment of an Italian *Renaissance* subject: there is no radical change of style in it, nor is there in *Felix Holt*, where the artist is again on the old familiar English ground.

But splendid and great as is this style or way of saying things, is that the quality which renders the six novels of George Eliot the most important leavening element in the scantly-leavened mass of modern English fiction? We should say, Most decidedly not; and here we get a conspicuous instance of the subsidiary position which expression holds in relation to idealisation. No; there can be but little doubt that the elements which endear these works to so vast a number of readers are part and parcel of the unlimited sympathy with all animate and inanimate nature, shown in the exquisite sense of the beautiful *minutiæ* of scenery as well as its large effects, on the one hand, and, on the other, in rejoicing with the great and small joys of great and small people, sorrowing over the large and little sorrows of the lofty and lowly, and drawing near with infinite loving pity to the erring, whether in petty weaknesses or great sad crimes. These universal sympathies are what go to make up a noble and wholesome ideal of life, such as all true artists possess individually to a greater or less extent; and this ideal of life, coupled with a fine imagination, brings forth such fruit of

idealisation in art as no other combination of qualities avails for. This large sympathy adequately expressed is the attribute of great poets, and the most endearing of their attributes. It is this that makes Shakspeare the king he is over the hearts of men, and it is this that renders Browning* so precious to those who have had the perseverance to approach and grasp the inmost soul of his works, notwithstanding the frequent veil-like nature of his workmanship. It is this, too, that makes the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning still sweet and grateful on the lips of all who have known her as a poetess, however conscious they may be of the shortcomings and sins of her style. Hence sympathy, however universal, does not make an artist unless there be also the power of expressing it; and, on the other hand, no amount of wordy ability will enable a man to express what is not in him —what he has not felt, at all events, deeply enough to conceive some other person as feeling. But it is very doubtful whether there is such a thing as this great, beautiful sympathy, without the power of expression in some adequate degree. The expression may be perfect, or it may be faulty; and, technically, a man will be judged according to his success in expression; but the strong probability is, that whatever of this greatness of soul is in a man will find its way out in some sort or another, and go to work in the world in form more or less artistic. Sympathy implies expansiveness, and expansiveness implies action—of which artistic exposition is perhaps the most intense form.

In broad contrast with the sensational school, the works of George Eliot are not dependent for their interest on any flimsy effect of plot, or on any base appeals to the morbid appetite for what is horrible and unnatural. When we take up one of her books, we cannot possibly leave it unfinished; but this is not because the chain of circumstances depicted is of a complicated nature, pregnant with *stimulus* of marvels, such as to awaken our curiosity in regard to the *dénouement;* nor, as already implied, simply because every page which we light on is delightful reading. The important point of attachment between the writer and reader is in the fact that the characters are so treated that we actually feel as if they were beings present to our sense, and whom it were good for us to see as far on their way as the artist permits us. We never find ourselves stimulated to a base thought or feeling towards any of the men and women in these books, although George

* The great representative of the Psychological school referred to above.

Eliot shows a keen sense of sarcasm and satire, and paints a fair proportion of erring (and even criminally-erring) characters; and this highly desirable state of the reader's mind arises from the fact that the satire and sarcasm are always genial, while the evil qualities of the personages are placed in such surroundings of circumstance and character, that pity is infallibly awakened where hatred or contempt might have been called forth by a less noble artist.

The passing prosperity of handsome scapegraces is never seized on by George Eliot and depicted as a stable thing: throughout her works glooms the inexorable Nemesis, which all who diverge from the path of strict rectitude must be prepared for. Never does she lose the sense of what should be eternally kept in mind—the fact that an evil done cannot be undone, but leads to innumerable unforeseen consequences; the fact best expressed in her own epigram, "Children may be strangled—deeds never." This Nemesis, too, is not merely depicted as attendant on great crimes; but we are constantly learning how terrible may be the consequences of little lapses from the course of duty—an idea which it is vastly important to impress in art, inasmuch as life never affords sufficiently *piquant* examples, on account of the natural tendency of the mind to forget what when it happens appears unimportant.

Now the many great and noble lessons which George Eliot directly inculcates at times, when her work digresses into the didactic, are such as only the intensely thoughtful could draw from observation of life, simply because the circumstances to be deduced from are either very difficult of observation, or not adaptable for retention in the average memory. But so great and grasping is the power of George Eliot's art, that when a character in one of her works does a great thing, or gains a great victory over self, the circumstance has a value as far transcending the value of mere precept as that of real example does; and, on the other hand, a terrible consequence under her treatment conveys a solemn warning as vivid as most of us ever experience, and without the fearful disadvantage of being too late. This could not be the case unless the characters and scenes were made perfectly real—"complete and all alive;" and again, completeness and life are results which can only be attained by perfect mastery over the method of depicting. All who will read the present article are, doubtless, so familiar with the works in question as to make it quite unnecessary for us to prove, by an elaborate study of those works, our position, that George Eliot has a special and decided faculty for the prose method of expression,

which detracts no jot from the poetry of her works; but which, through past years of honest and noble art-labour, has been developed into a perfection of utterance impossible to improve on.

Hitherto she has kept just on the verge of verse, at the extreme pitch of poetry in prose; and this is, perhaps, one of her greatest merits in workmanship. In writing high-toned and intensely-poetic prose, a besetting difficulty is to avoid breaking into rhythm. To one with a thorough command of language, the mere transit from prose to blank verse would present no difficulty whatever, and would often be a great relief; but the great feat, when under the excitement of working prose artistically, is to keep it thoroughly true to prose principles; and, at the same time, it is absolutely essential that no effort be betrayed in keeping prose prose. Still, George Eliot has done this; and the grand outline and features of her art show nowhere any distortion of struggle or hard repression. At length, however, the rhythmic impulse has got the upper hand, and we have a work from George Eliot in verse. How far are the author and the public to be congratulated on this fact? To come round to the solution of this question, we must pass in brief review the main features of the book.

The narrative outline of the book is this: Duke Silva, a Spanish nobleman, pledged by all ties of birth, position, and creed to defend the Spanish and Christian cause against the Moorish and Moslem, is governor of the frontier town Bedmár, whence, in the public opinion, he ought to sally and attack the Moors. He is betrothed to Fedalma, a maiden of unknown extraction, picked up by the Spaniards, and nurtured by his mother as a Spanish noblewoman; and he awaits in Bedmár the attack of the Moors instead of advancing on them. This policy is publicly thought to be bad, and is attributed to the fact of his heart being within the walls of Bedmár. The Inquisition opposes the union of Silva and Fedalma, who agree upon a secret and immediate marriage. On the eve of the appointed day, Zarca, a gypsy prisoner in Bedmár, gets access to Fedalma, and reveals himself to her as her father—a revelation which he substantiates with proofs—and then persuades her to forego her union with Silva and fly with him (liberating him and his fellow-prisoners), in order to help him carry out a noble project of uniting the Zincali tribes into a nation and settling them in Africa. After Fedalma has deserted Silva, he in his turn deserts his high post in Bedmár for the sake of recovering her; but, finding that

Zarca, now free and a king, is inflexible of purpose, he weakly abandons all ties, and swears to be a Zincalo and remain with the tribe under Zarca's command. While he is in the anomalous position of keeping watch upon the heights near the Zincali camp, Zarca and his chosen gypsies, with the Moors, descend upon Bedmár, slay the Christians, and sack the city. On Silva's return to the city with the Zincali, his strong feelings of race and kin get uppermost at the impending execution of his uncle, Prior Isidor, the instrument of the Inquisition; and, in an impetuous fury, he stabs Zarca, who with his dying breath insists on his murderer's liberation, and commends his mission to his daughter. The poem closes on Fedalma setting sail with a remnant of her tribe, leaving Silva a ruin on the shore.

This chain of circumstances affords what George Eliot always takes care to find—ample material for the setting forth of the inexorable weight of antecedent circumstance, and for the inculcation of the great duty of self-renunciation. Fedalma sacrifices herself uncomplainingly because convinced, like Maggie Tulliver, that her path of duty lies in self-sacrifice. Silva, on the contrary, is unable to submit to the large march of circumstance, and, in his ineffectual struggle to assert his own life, mars the great project of a great soul, flings off his own high responsibilities, and, by his inability to carry out the lower part he has chosen, sets aside the possibility of consummating his desires even at the sacrifice he has elected to make.

Without entering upon a discussion of the *minutiæ* of morality involved in this story, we may remark that the philosophical resources of the plot are made use of to the utmost. The amount of discussion which finds utterance in the pages of *The Spanish Gypsy*, and the valuable series of analyses of mental phenomena which have been effected, are nothing less than startling; and there can be no question that a book of more noble intention or more lofty thought is hard to find, if it be at all discoverable. The highest poetical qualities George Eliot has not before failed of reaching—those qualities summed up under the the head of idealisation—she has here grasped with a hand strong as ever. But is the seeker after the technical beauties of poetry satisfied, when he comes to these pages, in a degree nearly approaching that in which the seeker for the technical beauties of high prose is satisfied in her former works? In this question, we but restate the problem whether *The Spanish Gypsy* is a new birth calling for congratulation, in respect of the method of its execu-

tion. To those who look critically at the external forms of poetry there is something not quite attractive, in the first place, in the composite form which the author has selected for this poem—or rather invented, for it is quite a new thing. *The Spanish Gypsy* opens with descriptive narration in blank verse, which passes into dialogue, interrupted by greater and smaller passages of description and explanation in blank verse, besides a copious supply of lyrics, and very elaborate stage directions in prose. One or two of the dramatic scenes, also, are entirely in prose. Now a first glance at the outline of this poem would lead one conversant with the author's works to the idea that the old method had been adopted—that the work had been produced on the same principles of procedure as her prose works, with the exception of the sense being conveyed rhythmically instead of unrhythmically. But it would be rash to come to such a conclusion without a thorough examination of the work page by page and line by line.

The characteristic of the modern novel method, in contra-distinction to the dramatic method, is that the personages are not made to depend solely on their own utterances and reflective utterances of fellow-characters for the impression which the reader gets of them, but are constantly assisted by a running commentary analytical and explanatory. In a prose work of art, too, we get bits of landscape &c. which are left to the imagination in the drama, and the effects of this and that circumstance are constantly analysed and explained by the narrator, instead of being implied in the general action of the drama, or in subtly condensed touches of dialogue or monologue. Now, although we get all these prose characteristics in *The Spanish Gypsy*, they alone would not be sufficient to stamp the method as the prose method, unless minute examination lent its support to such an imputation. After making a minute examination of the work, we are of opinion that, taken as a whole, and notwithstanding the exquisite touches of true poetic expression scattered through it, it must be considered rather as a highly poetic work elaborated in the prose method, than as a production strictly poetical in all respects.

The Spanish Gypsy would be known anywhere for the production of George Eliot, by virtue of the ideas which go to furnish its fabric; but no distinct individual poetic manner is traceable from page to page, as is the case with Tennyson and Browning, or such poets of less perfection in manner as Mrs. Browning and Edgar Poe. In the following magnificent passage there is a wealth and breadth

of thought, and a certain catholic and historic class of thought, that is but seldom to be found in the works of other artists than George Eliot; but what is there to distinguish the style as hers? Indeed, in the most exquisitely-*expressed* passage, those which have been italicised might, with a shade less breadth of view, have passed for extract from some of the best works of Mrs. Browning:—

"But other futures stir the world's great heart.
Europe is come to her majority,
And enters on the vast inheritance
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors,
The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps
That lay deep buried with the memories
Of old renown.
No more, as once in sunny Avignon,
The poet-scholar spreads the Homeric page,
And gazes sadly, like the deaf at song;
For now the old epic voices ring again
And vibrate with the beat and melody
Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days.
The martyred sage, the Attic orator,
Immortally incarnate, like the gods,
In spiritual bodies, winged words
Holding a universe impalpable,
Find a new audience. For evermore,
With grander resurrection than was feigned
Of Attila's fierce Huns, the soul of Greece
Conquers the bulk of Persia. *The maimed form*
Of calmly-joyous beauty, marble-limbed,
Yet breathing with the thought that shaped its lips,
Looks mild reproach from out its opened grave
At creeds of terror; and the vine-wreathed god
Rising, a stifled question from the silence,
Fronts the pierced Image with the crown of thorns.
The soul of man is widening towards the past:
No longer hanging at the breast of life
Feeding in blindness to his parentage—
Quenching all wonder with Omnipotence,
Praising a name with indolent piety—
He spells the record of his long descent,
More largely conscious of the life that was.
And from the height that shows where morning shone
On far-off summits pale and gloomy now,
The horizon widens round him, and the west
Looks vast with untracked waves whereon his gaze
Follows the flight of the swift-vanished bird
That like the sunken sun is mirrored still
Upon the yearning soul within the eye."—Pp. 6, 7.

We must not be misunderstood as insinuating that George Eliot has plagiarised in the slightest degree the expressions of Mrs. Browning, or of any other poet; but in judging whether a new poem is to be regarded as truly and unmistakably poetic in expression, it is necessary as a preliminary induction to bring together such passages as are most striking; and, having ranged them before him, the critic must decide whether they constitute a manner of expression original as well as beautiful. This method of procedure discovers in *The Spanish Gypsy* the fact that such distinctly poetic style as the author has developed has been the result of the unconsciously assimilative faculty. This is frequently the case with writers of intense poetic feeling, whose mode of expression is other than the poetic mode. A happy thought comes, and is happily expressed; but, when analysed technically, it is found to be expressed as A or B would have expressed it, had his mind been the fortunate nursing-ground of the idea:—not that the actual possessor of the idea has borrowed a single word from A or B; but that antecedent familiarity with A's or B's work has stamped certain forms or lines of speech on a mind which, if occupied by a poetic technical equipment of its own, would not have assimilated such forms or lines. And thus it is that we meet in *The Spanish Gypsy* passages which, without perhaps the slightest resemblance to any special passage by another poet, are so distinctly in the manner which we associate with some well-known name, that, had we met them as detached quotations, we should have said, "Tennyson," "Shakspeare," "Mrs. Browning," "Shelley," as the case might be. Who, for instance, would not take these exquisite lines for the product of the Laureate's mind:—

> "Through all her frame there ran the shock
> Of some sharp-wounding joy, like his who hastes
> And dreads to come too late, and comes in time
> To press a loved hand dying"?—P. 342.

Not only does the ring of the words recall Tennyson, but there is that Tennysonian structure which gives an inevitable rhythmic flow, divide the words into lines how you will. Write the passage thus—

> "Through all her frame
> There ran the shock of some sharp-wounding joy,
> Like his who hastes and dreads to come too late,
> And comes in time to press a loved hand dying"—

and you get scansion as distinct and pure as before, though not quite so stately. Here is a line suggestive of Shelley—

"'Twas Pablo, like the wounded spirit of song."—P. 171.

And, at p. 27, in the lines—

"The pillars tower so large
You cross yourself to scan them lest white Death
Should hide behind their dark"—

we have a remarkable expression, which has always struck us as peculiarly appropriate in Mr. Swinburne's rondel, *Kissing her Hair*. It was not in that rondel that the happy term "white Death" was first used, for it occurs in the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley, in whose *Alastor* we get also "black Death." The names most frequently forced on the mind in connection with matters of expression in *The Spanish Gypsy* are, however, Shakspeare and Mrs. Browning. The following lines are peculiarly suggestive of the great poetess:—

"All deities
Thronging Olympus in fine attitudes;
O'r all hell's heroes whom the poet saw
Tremble like lions, writhe like demigods."—P. 46.

And when we read farther on—

"One pulse of Time makes the base hollow—sends
The towering certainty we built so high
Toppling in fragments meaningless" (p. 82)—

we are forced by identity of metaphor to revert to some lines in *Aurora Leigh*, describing Romney (in far less elegant terms, truly) as a man who

"builds his goodness up so high,
It topples down the other side, and makes
A sort of badness."

Of Shakspearian cuttings from this poem by one of the most Shakspearian of our modern authors, it would be easy to give a long array. Here is one:—

"I thrust myself
Between you and some beckoning intent
That wears a face more smiling than my own."—P. 71.

This next, a lyrical one, is at least Elizabethan:—

"It was in the prime
Of the sweet spring-time.
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note."—P. 62.

And many more distinctly Shakspearian passages will suggest themselves to readers of the work, or of a more considerable extract which we give farther on. Even Milton is not unrepresented, as witness the line—

> "When with obliquely soaring bend altern."—P. 61.

An appraisal of the lyrics of *The Spanish Gypsy* yields a result similar to that obtained by examining the miscellaneous pieces of expression which are pointedly beautiful—that is to say, the lyrics do not support any claim to competency in the matter of individual technical expression. A lyric to be entirely satisfying should combine perfection of music with perfection of sense. In the short space of a lyric we expect to get this combination even from a poet who does not sustain it when working on a larger scale; but, charming as are many of the songs of this volume, hardly any come up to the standard of lyrical excellence which we should demand of a new poet as a diploma-condition. In one instance George Eliot has given us a song as thoroughly exquisite in sense and sound as anything can possibly be. It is this sad, sweet song of Pablo's:—

> "Warm whispering through the slender olive leaves
> Came to me a gentle sound,
> Whispering of a secret found
> In the clear sunshine 'mid the golden sheaves:
> Said it was sleeping for me in the morn,
> Called it gladness, called it joy,
> Drew me on—"Come hither, boy"—
> To where the blue wings rested on the corn.
> I thought the gentle sound had whispered true—
> Thought the little heaven mine—
> Leaned to clutch the thing divine,
> And saw the blue wings melt within the blue."—P. 58.

But in another of Pablo's songs, equally exquisite in thought, and perhaps fuller of pathos, there is a lack of music, rising partly from the somewhat unlyrical construction of the verse, and partly from the slightly stiff manner in which the division of sense involves a division of the lines:—

> "The world is great: the birds all fly from me,
> The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
> All out of reach: my little sister went,
> And I am lonely.

"The world is great: I tried to mount the hill
Above the pines, where the light lies so still,
But it rose higher: little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.

"The world is great: the wind comes rushing by,
I wonder where it comes from; sea-birds cry
And hurt my heart: my little sister went,
And I am lonely.

"The world is great: the people laugh and talk,
And make loud holiday: how fast they walk!
I'm lame, they push me: little Lisa went,
And I am lonely."—P. 171.

Two of the songs, to which attention is invited in the author's prefatory note, are written in trochaic assonant—a metre eminently unsuited for the purposes of an English lyrist. A line composed of four trochees does not in itself furnish a good basis for lyric utterance in our language, however well it may suit the sonorous tongue of the Spaniard. With all their spirit and *vis*, the following verses have no ring of music:—

"At the battle of Clavijo
In the days of King Ramiro,
Help us, Allah! cried the Moslem,
Cried the Spaniard, Heaven's chosen,
God and Santiago!

"Straight out-flushing like the rainbow,
See him come, celestial Baron,
Mounted knight, with red-crossed banner,
Plunging earthward to the battle,
Glorious Santiago!

"As the flame before the swift wind,
See, he fires us, we burn with him!
Flash our swords, dash Pagans backward—
Victory he! pale fear is Allah!
God with Santiago!"—Pp. 206, 207.

The assonant quality is one which would not strike an English reader at first sight. He would look upon the metre as a blank-verse metre, unless near inspection perhaps revealed to him that in every couplet the two vowels of the final foot are identical in each line, while the consonants are independent. In the other trochaic assonant song (the final verse of which, by-the-bye, affords another sample of Elizabethan assimilation), this correspondence is in the quatrain instead of the couplet form: here is the last verse:—

"Beauty has no mortal father,
Holy light her form engendered
Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet and joy remembered—
Child of Light, Fedalma!"—P. 41.

There is one more lyric which we must not omit to quote here; it is this:—

"There was a holy hermit,
Who counted all things loss
For Christ his Master's glory:
He made an ivory cross,
And as he knelt before it
And wept his murdered Lord,
The ivory turned to iron,
The cross became a sword.

"The tears that fell upon it,
They turned to red, red rust;
The tears that fell from off it
Made writing in the dust.
The holy hermit, gazing,
Saw words upon the ground:
'The sword be red for ever
With the blood of false Mahound.'"—Pp. 204, 205.

Splendidly strong as these two verses are—great as is the historical keenness which prompted the thought—we cannot but think that even these bear out the charge of want of music; and indeed, in our opinion, the only song in the book which seriously opposes that charge is the first we quoted.

As great stress was laid, some pages back on the polarising of language as an element of poetic style, it may naturally be asked, what, in that respect, is elicited by searching the pages of *The Spanish Gypsy*, to help us to a conclusion on the style of the volume? To tell the truth, we have only discovered two instances in which any use has been made of this instrument of the poet. In one case, Don Silva is described as "too proudly special for obedience"[*]—a happy term in which the force of the word *special* exceeds by a degree its usual value. In the other case, Prior Isidor, reproaching Don Silva, exclaims—

"O fallen knighthood, penitent of high vows!"—P. 74.

[*] P. 69.

Here, the word penitent is placed in such unusual company as to convey an intensified sarcasm highly artistic in its propriety under the circumstances of the dialogue, throughout which the Prior has been working himself up to a higher and higher pitch of bitter invective.

However, setting aside the question of special polarisations of language, it would be absurd to say that *The Spanish Gypsy* is entirely devoid of individualities of expression such as would help to make up a style. Indeed, there are numerous *minutiæ* of utterance, scattered throughout it, which are unmistakably born and bred in the most original recesses of this most original mind. In this passage, for instance, the italicised words are unquestionably such as would be met in no other author :—

> "And in love's spring all good seems possible:
> No threats, all promise, brooklets ripple full
> And bathe the rushes, *vicious crawling things*
> *Are pretty eggs.*"—P. 70.

The same may be said of the following :—

> "Little shadows danced
> Each a tiny elf
> Happy in large light
> And the thinnest self."—P. 62.

> "Small legs and arms
> With pleasant agitation purposeless
> Go up and down like pretty fruits in gales."—P. 59.

> "Twixt the rails
> The little Pepe showed his two black beads,
> His flat-ringed hair and small Semitic nose
> Complete and tiny as a new-born minnow."—P. 39.

And there are plenty of other instances. But, while those decorations are peculiarly individual and pointed, and would stand out as very attractive gems in the excellent setting of a page of George Eliot's high prose, it does not seem to us that they have sufficient intensity to grace the more exacting setting of verse; and, indeed, striking as the expressions are, they are a little below the dignity blank verse assumes with that inexpressible *afflatus* which we have already mentioned as the inevitable accompaniment of anything like a serious attempt at poetry strictly so called.

While on this subject, we must not fail to remark that at times the execution seems to fall more distinctly short of

poetic dignity. Sometimes the incidents chosen for description are to blame for this, and at others the expressions. In the first scene on the Plaça, the tricks of the juggler seem unduly dwelt on—described at greater length than could be well afforded for such trivial matters; and the monkey's performances occupy a greater space than seems in keeping with the serious nature of the book.*

We are aware that the minute observations we have been making stand a good chance of being included in the category of considerations referred to in *Macmillan's Magazine*, when the writer of the article on *The Spanish Gypsy* talks of *peddling in the lesser things of criticism*; but we must dare the consequences of our procedure, even should they take the form of an implied censure from so distinguished a pen as that of Mr. John Morley, who is obviously the "J. M." of that article.

A little more peddling, then, and we have done. The heterogeneity of method involved in brusque transitions from narration to dramatisation—from stage directions and descriptions in verse, to stage directions and descriptions in prose—the heterogeneity which, while never coming near the soul of the work, has been shown to have entered so far into its flesh and blood, as to show itself in a variety of elements of style assimilated from other authors—may be traced farther in smaller details. We find it still when we examine the grammar. *Bad* grammar is a thing the most aspiring enemy could never hope to find in any composition of George Eliot; but heterogeneous grammar has come to an abundant crop in the work before us, no doubt through unfamiliarity with this class of composition. We find change of person and tense in the dialogues and descriptions coming upon us with unanticipated rapidity, and without apparent reason. In one instance, Fedalma says to Hinda:—

> "*You* would obey then? Part from him for ever?"—P. 258.

And after receiving Hinda's answer, she resumes:—

> "No, Hinda, no!
> *Thou* never shalt be called to part from him."—P. 258.

* The expressions which seem to us undignified are not very numerous. The most glaring we have met with ought perhaps hardly to be mentioned here, as it only occurs in a Boston edition printed from advance sheets. From the words, "he catches birds *no end!*" which stand in the Boston edition, the slang phrase *no end* has been struck out in the English edition, and the passage stands at page 256 as "he catches all the birds."

In the next dialogue, Don Silva first addresses Fedalma in the plural, then in the singular, then again in the plural, thus:—

> "*You* could do nought
> That was not pure and loving."—P. 262.

> "True misery is not begun
> Until I cease to love *thee*."—P. 262.

> "There was no way else
> To find *you* safely."—P. 264.

An instance of sudden change of tense—transition from the past to the historic present—may be found quite close to the opening of the book:—

> "I said the souls *were* five,—besides the dog,
> But there *was* still a sixth, with wrinkled face,
> Grave and disgusted with all merriment
> Not less than Roldan. It *is* Annibal,
> The experienced monkey who *performs* the tricks."—P. 17.

These last few quotations are but specimens of what occurs frequently throughout the volume.

There is yet one symptom of minute heterogeneity that we have to name—the excessive variations in length and style to which the blank verse is subjected. The type of the metrical stock of *The Spanish Gypsy* is the blank line of five iambuses; but with so little strictness is this type adhered to that, making every deduction for legitimate and easy elision, there is an immense residue of irregular lines. Some have six distinct iambuses, some only four, some few less; and many have no distinct form at all. The lines that have caught our attention and arrested us by virtue of their obvious irregularity amount to about seventy; and this without including many that, though they may be scanned by difficult elision, are not such as have an inherent conformity to the type selected. These small irregularities may be defended; but to our thinking they are blemishes of greater importance than they would at first sight appear to be—simply because they frequently arrest attention by their eccentricity at points where there is no other reason for halting. But when all has been said about these minute faults, it must be admitted that it is not on them that the strongest attack on the execution of the work could be mainly based, but on the larger outlines of the method.

To tell a tale in verse in the prose method is fatal in one

respect. Few authors are sufficiently temerarious to carry a work in verse to as great a length as a work in prose; and in reducing to the necessary limits a work in verse which is not thoroughly poetic in method—not thoroughly condensed in expression—the danger is that much will be left out which, if told out in prose, would save the characters from the great fault of shadowiness. Some such fatal error has, we venture to submit, attended the production of *The Spanish Gypsy*, in which the characters are too vague, too mere embodiments of noble thoughts and sentiments: they do not take a living and active place in our minds as do the Marners and Maggies, the Dodsons and Tullivers, and all the persons of George Eliot's other books. Juan is the only character here who is *personally* much more than a ghost—because in the treatment of him the method is more fully dramatic than elsewhere. In the other characters we feel more that we are listening to the noble oratory of the author than that we are in the presence of a group of variously-endowed human beings.

Juan, however, lives distinctly before us, and better recalls the dramatic breadth of Shakspeare than anything in the book: whatever he says is thoroughly characteristic; his various figurings before us furnish a homogeneous series of aspects which make up an evident man—and that a very noble one. His nobility, we may observe in passing, consists chiefly in a pure and disinterested devotion to Fedalma, and a genial kindliness to everyone, together with a cheerful acceptance of the position in life which places him out of all possibility of reward for his devotedness. But it is with the drawing of him, not the nobility, we are now concerned; and this we have described as more truly dramatic than that of the other personages. The work is evidently framed with a view to being as unsuitable for the stage as possible; and it is very intelligible that an artist of a high class should wish to avoid the remote contingency of being made to figure on a degenerate stage such as ours. Still, the drama and the stage are subjectively so intimate in relationship, that a fine drama is usually found to meet the exigencies of the stage. So with Juan—the scenes in which he is introduced are not only fuller of dramatic portraiture, but also more instinct with dramatic life, and that most difficult thing to treat in the drama, motion. Take, for instance, the beautiful scene in which he is among the gypsies, and in which he has been robbed of his various articles of finery by the wild girls. How full it is of motion, as well as deep thought and exquisite portraiture. It is preceded by a passage of blank-verse introduction, which we do not give:—

"JUAN.

Ah you marauding kite—my feather gone!
My belt, my scarf, my buttons and rosettes!
This is to be a brother of Zincali!
The fiery-blooded children of the Sun—
So says chief Zarca—children of the Sun!
Ay, ay, the black and stinging flies he breeds
To plague the decent body of mankind.
Orpheus, professor of the *gai saber*,
Made all the brutes polite, they say, by dint of song.
Pregnant—but as a guide in daily life
Delusive. For if song and music cure
The barbarous trick of thieving, 'tis a cure
That works as slowly as old Doctor Time
In curing folly. Why, the minxes there
Have rhythm in their toes, and music rings
As readily from them as from little bells
Swung by the breeze. Well, I will try the physic.

[*He touches his lute.*

Hem! taken rightly, any single thing,
The Rabbis say, implies all other things.
A knotty task, though, the unravelling
Meum and *Tuum* from a saraband:
It needs a subtle logic, nay, perhaps,
A good large property, to see the thread.

[*He touches the lute again.*

There's more of odd than even in this world,
Else pretty sinners would not be let off
Sooner than ugly; for if honeycombs
Are to be got by stealing, they should go
Where life is bitterest on the tongue. And yet—
Because this minx has pretty ways I wink
At all her tricks, though if a flat-faced lass,
With eyes askew, were half as bold as she,
I would chastise her with a hazel switch.
I'm a plucked peacock—even my voice and wit
Without a tail!—why, any fool detects
The absence of your tail, but twenty fools
May not detect the presence of your wit.

[*He touches his lute again.*

Well, I must coax my tail back cunningly,
For to run after these brown lizards—ah!
I think the lizards lift their ears at this.

[*As he thrums his lute the lads and girls gradually approach: he touches it more briskly, and* HINDA, *advancing, begins to move arms and legs with an initiatory dancing movement, smiling coaxingly at* JUAN. *He suddenly stops, lays down his lute and folds his arms.*

JUAN.

What, you expected a tune to dance to, eh?

HINDA, HITA, TRALLA, and the rest (*clapping their hands*).

Yes, yes, a tune, a tune!

JUAN.

But that is what you cannot have, my sweet brothers and sisters. The tunes are all dead—dead as the tunes of the lark when you have plucked his wings off; dead as the song of the grasshopper when the ass has swallowed him. I can play and sing no more. Hinda has killed my tunes.

[*All cry out in consternation.* HINDA *gives a wail and tries to examine the lute.*

JUAN (*waving her off*).

Understand, Señora Hinda, that the tunes are in me; they are not in the lute till I put them there. And if you cross my humour, I shall be as tuneless as a bag of wool. If the tunes are to be brought to life again, I must have my feather back.

[HINDA *kisses his hands and feet coaxingly.*

No, no, not a note will come for coaxing. The feather, I say, the feather!

[HINDA *sorrowfully takes off the feather and gives it to* JUAN.

Ah! now let us see. Perhaps a tune will come.

[*He plays a measure, and the three girls begin to dance; then he suddenly stops.*

JUAN.

No, the tune will not come; it wants the aigrette (*pointing to it on* HINDA'S *neck*).

[HINDA, *with rather less hesitation, but again sorrowfully, takes off the aigrette, and gives it to him.*

JUAN.

Ha! (*He plays again, but after a rather longer time again stops*) No, no; 'tis the buttons are wanting, Hinda, the buttons. This tune feeds chiefly on buttons,—a hungry tune. It wants one, two, three, four, five, six. Good!

[*After* HINDA *has given up the buttons, and* JUAN *has laid them down one by one, he begins to play again, going on longer than before, so that the dancers become excited by the movement. Then he stops.*

JUAN.

Ah, Hita, it is the belt, and Tralla, the rosettes—both are wanting. I see the tune will not go on without them.

[HITA *and* TRALLA *take off the belt and rosettes, and lay them down quickly, being fired by the dancing, and eager for the music. All the articles lie by* JUAN'S *side on the ground.*

JUAN.

Good, good, my docile wild cats! Now I think the tunes are all alive again. Now you may dance and sing too. Hinda, my little screamer, lead off with the song I taught you, and let us see if the tune will go right on from beginning to end.

[*He plays. The dance begins again,* HINDA *singing. All the other boys and girls join in the chorus, and all at last dance wildly.*

SONG.

All things journey: sun and moon,
Morning, noon, and afternoon,
  Night and all her stars:
'Twixt the east and western bars
  Round they journey,
    Come and go!
  We go with them!
For to roam and ever roam
Is the wild Zincali's home.

Earth is good, the hillside breaks,
By the ashen roots and makes
  Hungry nostrils glad;
Then we run till we are mad,
  Like the horses,
    And we cry,
  None shall catch us!
Swift winds wing us—we are free—
Drink the air—Zincali we!

Falls the snow: the pine-branch split,
Call the fire out, see it flit,
  Through the dry leaves run,
Spread and glow, and make a sun
  In the dark tent:
    O warm dark!
  Warm as conies!
Strong fire loves us, we are warm!
Who shall work Zincali harm?

Onward journey; fires are spent;
Sunward, sunward! lift the tent,
  Run before the rain,
Through the pass, along the plain.
  Hurry, hurry,
    Lift us, wind!
  Like the horses.

For to roam and ever roam
Is the wild Zincali's home.

[*When the dance is at its height,* HINDA *breaks away from the rest, and dances round* JUAN, *who is now standing. As he turns a little to watch her movement, some of the boys skip towards the feather, aigrette, etc., snatch them up, and run away, swiftly followed by* HITA, TRALLA, *and the rest.* HINDA, *as she turns again, sees them, screams, and falls in her whirling; but immediately gets up, and rushes after them, still screaming with rage.*

JUAN.

Santiago! these imps get bolder. Ha, ha! Señora Hinda, this finishe your lesson in ethics. You have seen the advantage of giving up stolen goods. Now you see the ugliness of thieving when practised by others. That fable of mine about the tunes was excellently devised. I feel like an ancient sage instructing our lisping ancestors. My memory will descend as the Orpheus of Gypsies. But I must prepare a rod for those rascals. I'll bastinado them with prickly pears. It seems to me these needles will have a sound moral teaching in them.

[*While* JUAN *takes a knife from his belt, and surveys the prickly pear,* HINDA *returns.*

JUAN.

Pray, Señora, why do you fume? Did you want to steal my ornaments again yourself?

HINDA (*sobbing*).

No; I thought you would give them me back again.

JUAN.

What, did you want the tunes to die again? Do you like finery better than dancing?

HINDA.

Oh, that was a tale! I shall tell tales too, when I want to get anything I can't steal. And I know what I will do. I shall tell the boys I've found some little foxes, and I will never say where they are till they give me back the feather!

[*She runs off again.*

JUAN.

Hem! the disciple seems to seize the mode sooner than the matter. Teaching virtue with this prickly pear may only teach the youngsters to use a new weapon; as your teaching orthodoxy with faggots may only bring up a fashion of roasting. Dios! my remarks grow too pregnant—my wits get a plethora by solitary feeding on the produce of my own wisdom."—Pp. 225—233.

The only thing which mars the beauty of this scene is the introduction of the copious stage directions: any one can see at a glance that these long interpolations, which cannot but be an annoyance to the reader, finely as they are expressed, are frequently quite unnecessary for dramatic purposes, and that the action would have been much more symmetrically rendered if the essence of each of these passages had been thrown by implication into the dialogue, which might easily have been managed. Except for the heterogeneity of method involved in these directions, the scene may be compared with the marvellous episode of the "Rainbow" tavern in *Silas Marner*, to which it is equal in idealising force, though not in variety of character. It would be of great experimental interest to ascertain with how little verbal and structural alteration this scene of Juan and the gypsies might be reduced to the pure prose perfection of the "Rainbow" scene, and what would be the extent of the converse modification in reducing the "Rainbow" episode to a scene on the model of that given above.

The Spanish Gypsy is a work as full of epigrammatic point and splendour as its predecessors; nor is it a whit behind them in wealth of short passages to be laid away in the mind's treasure-house, and kept for use as well as pleasure. We regret that our space will not admit of our giving more than a very limited number of passages such as we refer to; but we cannot draw our remarks to an end without offering one or two samples. Here are four pregnant lines, for instance:—

> "Conscience is harder than our enemies,
> Knows more, accuses with more nicety,
> Nor needs to question Rumour if we fall
> Below the perfect model of our thought."—P. 74.

Again, we may go a very long journey through literature without lighting on such a thought as this:—

> "Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
> By falterers who as for certaintly.
> No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
> The undivided will to seek the good:
> 'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
> A human music from the indifferent air.
> The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
> We feed the high tradition of the world..."—Pp. 153, 154.

Our final quotation shall be one of the finest passages in the book; it is from the last speech of the unhappy Duke Silva, as he takes farewell of Fedalma, about to start for Africa with her Zincali:—

> "I will not leave my name in infamy,
> I will not be perpetual rottenness
> Upon the Spaniard's air. If I must sink
> At last to hell, I will not take my stand
> Among the coward crew who could not bear
> The harm themselves had done, which others bore.
> My young life still may fill a breach,
> And I will take no pardon, not my own,
> Not God's—no pardon idly on my knees;
> But it shall come to me upon my feet
> And in the thick of action, and each deed
> That carried shame and wrong shall be the sting
> That drives me higher up the steep of honour
> In deeds of duteous service to that Spain
> Who nourished me on her expectant breast,
> The heir of highest gifts. I will not fling
> My earthly being down for carrion
> To fill the air with loathing: I will be
> The living prey of some fierce noble death
> That leaps upon me while I move."—P. 348.

To students, and those who have assimilated the code of morality implied in George Eliot's works, this last production must ever be dear for intimate companionship, as affording innumerable new renderings of the great sentiments of the author; but by the *dilettante*, the seeker after technical beauty in poetry, and the stickler for unity of form, it will not be greatly loved. Here and there the *dilettante* will get, if he tries, exquisite touches of true poetry, in the truly poetic method; but even if that method, in its essence of condensation, were closely followed throughout the poem, the fact that narration and dramatisation, verse and prose, are indiscriminately used for similar purposes, constitutes too grave a rupture of what the generality of readers require in respect of form, for the poem to be popular. It is, of course, not desired to erect popularity as the final criterion of excellence in judging of a work of art of such high feeling and subtle intellectuality as *The Spanish Gypsy;* but we may safely say that, had the subject been treated in prose, a large and intelligent class of readers now unappealed to would have come readily within the influence of the work. The subject of *The Spanish Gypsy* could never have been worked

into a tale as popular (and therefore wide in influence for good) as *Adam Bede;* but it might easily have extended its influence as far as that of *Romola* has extended, and the circuit of that influence is no mean one. Had *The Spanish Gypsy,* in fine, been perfect, which it must have been in prose, so complete is the author's mastery over that her special method, its production would have been a matter of widespread gratitude; but being, as it is, imperfect, the general public will probably forget it far sooner than it deserves to be forgotten, and while it is still treasured up in the hearts of those who thoroughly sympathise with the author. Looking at the work in this light, we cannot but call it, on the whole, a failure; yet, so high a value do we set upon it, that we should certainly restrain ourselves from using so harsh an expression, but for one consideration:—we look of course that George Eliot shall produce us many more books yet: in *The Spanish Gypsy* we see no promise of perfection in this lately-assumed method; while in the other method, perfection is at her command: every sincere critic who sees the shortcomings of the present work is therefore bound to protest against the use of the instruments which have been employed in its elaboration. For our own part, we cannot but express the opinion that the abandonment by George Eliot of her own walk of art for the continued production of works in the manner of *The Spanish Gypsy* would be a national calamity.

ART. VII.—*St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. A Revised Text, with Introduction, Notes, and Dissertations.* By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Hulsean Professor of Divinity, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan and Co. 1868.

WE are thankful so soon to receive the second contribution of Dr. Lightfoot's Commentaries on St. Paul. He is one of the few expositors of our time whose labours we can regard with almost unmingled approval. Surpassed by none in the common essentials for the task—such as exact learning, the due appreciation of ancient and modern lights, and patient industry—his excellence is conspicuous in some qualities which may be best expressed by negatives. He is consistently evangelical and catholic, in the best sense of both terms, and does not yield to the laxer tendencies of the age: occupying a post of the highest importance in an English university, he is not in bondage to those extreme hierarchical views which fetter the labours of so many of his brethren. Imbued with the patristic spirit, and versed in patristic literature, he does not make the Fathers his guide in the interpretation of Scripture. Equally familiar with the results of modern Continental criticism and speculation, he uses those results with prudent reserve; and does not overload his pages, and alienate his readers, by the endless exhibition of opinions quoted only to be rejected. Alive to the importance of expounding his text in the light of modern thought, and with reference to ancient opinions, he does not forget that the sacred documents have a fixed and eternal character, a unity and harmony and authority that make them the absolute regulators of religious belief. Finally, he has no sympathy with the tendency to explain away the mystery of inspiration, and read St. Paul as any other writer of antiquity might be read, but reverently discusses the meaning of the sacred writer as expressing the mind of the Holy Ghost. These are an assemblage of qualifications which our readers will know how to estimate; and with this prepossession in favour of our author, it will be both pleasant and profitable to examine his labours at some length.

Like its predecessor, the Commentary on the Galatians, this volume contains ample introductory matter, a compara-

tively brief critical exposition, a number of running essays on prominent difficulties, and copious dissertations at the end. This seems to have become the accepted style in English exegetical monographs; and its value, as such, depends on the right selection and fair proportion of the interspersed essays. In the present instance we should be disposed to take some exception. The dissertations on the Christian Ministry and on Seneca and the Stoical Philosophy, however valuable in themselves, by their disproportionate length disturb the equilibrium of the work, especially as the latter dissertation hangs to the Epistle by a very slender thread. And some topics of discussion are omitted, or at least slightly discussed, which would have added much to the value of the book as a whole; such as the characteristics of the Epistles of the Imprisonment, the crisis in the history of Christianity marked by the passage of the Gospel to Europe, the day of Christ, the characteristics of the Epistle in relation to St. Paul's other writings, and especially the Pauline doctrine of righteousness, which has in it so glorious an exposition. Some of these topics are doubtless reserved for other parts of the author's intended programme, which we trust he will be spared to complete; but some of them could never be so appropriately treated as they would have been in the present work. Let us, however, take the volume as we find it, and pass in brief review the various subjects of deep interest that it treats.

None of St. Paul's Epistles bears so unmistakably the stamp of the scene and circumstances in which it was written —hence an examination of the Epistle to the Philippians must needs make the prisoner in Rome a study. It has been attempted, indeed, to prove that the Letters of the Imprisonment were written during the two years spent in bondage at Cæsarea; but no argument is adduced that has the slightest weight against the plain testimony of the Apostle's words. He was in the neighbourhood of "Cæsar's household;" and Cæsar could be no other than the emperor to whom that appeal had been made which issued in his voyage to Rome. Moreover, the language that describes the spread and triumph of the Gospel through the silent influence of the Apostle's bonds, and the active influence of his preaching, would become utterly unsuitable if referred to Cæsarea; and, lastly, the indications given of the probabilities of a speedy release are altogether inconsistent with such a supposition; for, so far from anticipating his freedom, and a visit to Macedonia, his heart was set, while at Cæsarea, upon Rome as the goal to which for many years his thoughts had aimed.

There is, indeed, an argument that might have been used with some slight plausibility in favour of Cæsarea as against Rome, though we have never seen it so used. It might be urged as a remarkable circumstance, that such a prisoner as St. Paul was, in the midst of such scenes as were passing in Rome, should write letter after letter and never, in the faintest degree, betray an interest in the politics, or the philosophy, or the manners of the metropolis of the world. When, three years before, he sent to the Roman Church the epistle that announced his coming, his tone was that of one profoundly sensible of the grandeur of the contest between the Gospel of Christ and heathenism as intrenched in its mightiest stronghold; as one ambitious, humanly speaking, to measure his own strength as a preacher, or rather the strength of Christ within him, against the very best of man's philosophy, and the very worst of man's corruption, as represented in that centre; and we might have expected that he who sent *to* Rome such a mournful description of the abasement of human wisdom, and such a terrible description of the degradation of human nature, would have written *from* Rome some further confirmation of his record. It is true that his personal contact with the superstition and the infamy of the city was limited. His spirit was not, as at Athens, stirred within him by visiting and beholding all its mysteries of iniquity in their detail. But he was conversant with the broad features of everything that existed or happened around him, and had indirect, if not direct, intelligence of all the exciting transactions of the years of his imprisonment. Yet not a hint occurs throughout the four epistles of comment on Rome and the empire—a circumstance that can be accounted for only by the fact that the Apostle was wholly engrossed by the great object of his life. "This one thing" was in Rome, as everywhere, the law of his being.

To St. Paul, as an individual Christian, this enforced sojourn in Rome would be a sanctified discipline, a very important element in his own probation. It was a time of profound meditation, and more abundant prayers: blessed to the nurture, strengthening and perfection of those graces which finish the Christian character for heaven. To St. Paul as an Apostle, it was a period of two-fold labour, continuing under altered circumstances the work of his life, that of preaching to the Gentiles and confirming the churches. The Philippian epistle belongs to the latter function, but a few words may be devoted to the former.

No one can close the Acts of the Apostles without being

conscious of the thought how precious would have been a supplementary chapter devoted to the Apostle's ministry in Rome. Here, as in many other places, the silence of the Holy Spirit has made tradition garrulous. The number and social importance of his converts has been magnified beyond the bounds of probability: poets, philosophers, statesmen, personages male and female of high degree in the imperial court, have swollen the list of his supposed converts, to such an extent as to make it appear that the ministry of the great "ambassador in bonds" was the most productive portion of his life. In touching contrast with all this is the Apostle's own account of his labours. He does not represent his advent as having moved the whole city. His account of his personal achievements hardly justifies, indeed, the statements of his most temperate commentators. He intimates that he did not disarm the bigotry of the Jewish party: all he could say of them was that they were provoked to "preach Christ of envy" and "to make his bonds more bitter:" magnanimously rejoicing in his own wrong, because his Master's name was made known more widely, however partially and unworthily. Although he proclaimed the Gospel day and night to the soldiers in their uninterrupted succession of guard, and thus preached directly and indirectly to the whole prætorian cohort and the entire palace, he ascribes to his bonds rather than to himself the manifestation of Christ, and is content with one object of glorying alone, that "the Gospel was furthered." So far from achieving an immediate victory over the empire of heathenism in its capital, his sojourn there seems to have given the first impulse to that long series of persecutions which were to intervene before the Roman State submitted to the Cross. "When St. Paul," says Dr. Lightfoot, "appealed from the tribunal of the Jewish procurator to the court of Cæsar, he attracted the notice and challenged the hostility of the greatest power which the world had ever seen. The very emperor to whom the appeal was made bears the ignominy of the first systematic persecution of the Christians; and thus commenced the long struggle which raged for several centuries, and ended in establishing the Gospel on the ruins of the Roman empire. It was doubtless the impulse given to the progress of Christianity by the presence of its greatest preacher in the metropolis, which raised the Church of Rome to a position of prominence, and made it a mark for the wanton attacks of the tyrant. Its very obscurity would have shielded it otherwise. The preaching of Paul was the necessary antecedent to the persecution of Nero."

Whatever might have been the measure of his aggressive labours, St. Paul bore still throughout his imprisonment "the care of all the churches," a burden borne, however, not as his cross, but as his "crown." He was as it were the centre of the Christendom that then was, and his hired house the meeting-place to which converged representatives of all the churches, and especially of those which he himself had planted. Of the questions brought for solution and settled, of the counsels asked and given, of the reports brought in and rejoiced over, we can have but a slight conception. We may imagine the catholic devotions of the "Church in Paul's house" gathered from all communities; and when we read of Epaphras "labouring earnestly in prayer" for his own Colossians, we receive it as a hint of the kind of fervent intercession which was kept up without ceasing, in the Apostle's presence and under his direction. What wonder if, amidst all these preaching and pastoral ministries, time was found for but a few epistles, for those four alone which have come down to us as the permanent memorials of the Romish imprisonment. Of these one only, that to the Ephesians, was the spontaneous offering of St. Paul to the Christian commonwealth: the Church-epistle, the veritable inspired "*De Civitate*," in which the "wise master-builder" leaves to posterity—let modern criticism say what it will—his final delineation of the temple of God. The Epistle to Philemon gives its own beautiful account of itself. The Epistle to the Colossians doubtless owed its origin proximately to the representations given by Epaphras of the dangers threatening his people from Gnostic influences, and to his own earnest appeals to the Apostle. There remains only the Epistle to the Philippians, occasioned by the expressions of their affection sent through Epaphroditus; and this is the last, and worthily the last, of the Apostle's epistles to the Gentile churches as such.

To this, however, our present commentator demurs. He is one of few who are inclined to question the current opinion, and who assign to the Philippian epistle the earliest place among the epistles of the imprisonment. His main argument is derived from a consideration of its style and tone: it is supposed to bear a much greater resemblance to the earlier epistles than the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians do; while these, on the other hand, are much more deeply tinctured with the thoughts and phraseology of the later pastorals. But an argument of this kind loses its force when the space covered by the whole is only two

years. The resemblance to the Romans in many passages of the Philippians is very interesting in itself, as Dr. Lightfoot exhibits it, but is to be accounted for by the similarity of subject and aim; and there is at least an equal resemblance to several forms of expression and allusion contained in the Epistles to Timothy. Moreover, it cannot be sustained that "in the Epistle to the Philippians we have the spent wave of the controversy" of the Apostle with Pharisaic Judaism, and the teaching that perverted his doctrine of grace: the wave bursts gloriously afresh in two at least of the pastoral epistles, and with a music the echoes of which can never die while the "faithful sayings" survive. On the whole, the argumentation cannot be accepted as valid, and the author himself pleads for it with much reserve. It is not sufficient to neutralise the opposite arguments derived from a comparison of the names of St. Paul's associates mentioned in the different epistles, from the length of time required for the communications between Philippi and Rome; and from the circumstances of St. Paul's imprisonment, with his expectation of speedy release.

The exact date of the epistle is a matter of small moment. Whether written first or last among the Roman series, it is certain that the people to whom it was addressed held a place in the Apostle's thoughts and affections which was shared by no other. We find before we have read three paragraphs that the writer's effusion of heart goes beyond even his wonted ardour; and that the Philippian people are united to him by a bond of common remembrances that stir the very depths of his soul. A tone of affection and congratulation, of confidence and hope, of calm assurance of perfect oneness between him and them, reigns throughout the epistle: such a spirit of strong devotion, in short, as would set the most cursory reader to seek a reason both for its existence and its present expression. That reason requires a collation of the epistle with the history of the Acts.

At the very outset St. Paul brings to their remembrance "the first day" of their Christianity: a period full of interest to himself, as marking an eventful crisis in his missionary career; to them, as reminding them of the marvellous commencement of their Christianity; and to the Church generally, as the time when the Gospel of Christ first dawned upon the continent of Europe.

Retracing, in his seclusion at Rome, the epochs of his own diversified career, no event would be more vividly present in his memory than that intervention of the Head of the Church

which forced him in his own despite to leave the ancient seats of revelation and go forth upon the untried waters of the Mediterranean. When he and his companions of the second missionary tour sought to retrace their steps and return by the way that they came, the "Spirit suffered them not." The set time was come when the last-called Apostle must learn the fuller meaning of his commission—"far hence to the Gentiles;" and carry the tidings of the new life into the tents of Japheth. He would remember when he turned his thoughts towards that eventful epoch how the vision of the night interpreted the mysterious violence of the day; and how he and his little company found their way over the waters of the Neapolis, and thence to Philippi. Every incident of that memorable week would be sharply defined in his remembrance: from the opening of his European commission by the riverside, when Lydia became his first-fruits unto Christ; through the turbulent scenes of his encounter with the evil spirit, his imprisonment, his miraculous deliverance, his challenge of the Roman officials, and his expulsion from a city where he left many trophies of his victory, and the rudiments of the first European church, behind him. Never in his life had greater wonders and signs attended his steps, and authenticated his mission; never had more effectual seals asserted the presence of his Master's Spirit.

The Philippian Christians would enter into the Apostle's joy, and rejoice with him on their own account. Their city was one of which they had much reason to be proud; but the Apostle's advent had given them new reason to be thankful for the circumstances that caused its election to be the first depository of the Gospel in Europe. Built by the Macedonian king, whose name it bore, and surrounded by every natural advantage, it commanded by its geographical position the great highway from Asia to Europe. Hence it was strongly fortified, and became the battle-field where the destinies of the Roman empire were decided: the victory was still fresh in remembrance, and had its permanent memorial in the Roman colony that was established there, which made it a miniature likeness of the great Roman people, and the appropriate "first city" for a Gospel that was hastening onwards towards Rome itself. The peculiar character of the city, containing, as it did, a great variety of types of mankind, marked it out for the election of the Holy Spirit. Rejoicing in this, the Philippians might well also rejoice, like the Thessalonians who soon followed them in admission to the Church, in the abundant tokens of the Divine power and grace that had been

vouchsafed to them. Their little church had been founded amidst many miraculous demonstrations; had gradually, steadily, and peacefully grown into importance; and would always retain the high honour of having been the firstborn of the churches of Europe and of the West. The Apostle's "first day" would suggest all this to their thoughts and to their gratitude.

In its relation to the history of the progress of Christianity, the introduction of the Gospel to Philippi "assumes," in Dr. Lightfoot's words, "a prominence quite out of proportion to the importance of the place itself." He dwells at some length on a certain symbolical or representative character in the events which are so minutely described by St. Luke, "symbolical," however, "only as all history—more especially Scriptural history—is symbolical." While the Evangelist wrote down only what he "saw and heard," he was unconsciously depicting in miniature the phenomena of the progress of the Gospel in its wider sphere. It is pleasant in these days of hard and dry criticism to meet with a commentator who is disposed thus to linger on his text, and explore its more hidden suggestions of meaning, and discern symbols and types in what seems to be naked narrative. We, therefore, are quite ready to agree with Dr. Lightfoot, when he points out the marked contrast of the three converts of Acts xvi. in national descent, in social rank, in religious education; the one an Asiatic, the other a Greek, the third a Roman: in the first, the speculative mystic temper of Oriental devotion having found deeper satisfaction in the revealed truths of the Old Testament; the second, manifesting in a very low and degrading form the imaginative Greek religion; the third, if he preserved the characteristic features of her race, exhibiting a type of worship essentially political in tone. "In the history of the Gospel at Philippi, as in the history of the Church at large, is reflected the great maxim of Christianity, the central truth of the Apostle's preaching, that there 'is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus.'" He sees also significance in the order of the conversions: "first the Proselyte, next the Greek, lastly the Roman." And then he goes on to point out the illustration given by these conversions of the two great social revolutions that the Gospel has effected, the noblest social triumphs of Christianity, the amelioration of woman, and the abolition of slavery. "The woman and the slave are the principal figures in the scene of the Apostle's preaching at Philippi." Lastly, he dwells on the typical

character of the conversion of the Philippian Church, as illustrating the Christian sanctification of the general relations of family life. "It has been observed that this is the first recorded instance in St. Paul's history where whole families are gathered into the Lord. Lydia and her household, the gaoler and all belonging to him, are baptized into Christ. Henceforth the worship of households plays an important part in the Divine economy of the Church. As in primeval days the patriarch was the recognised priest of his clan, so in the Christian Church the father of the house is the Divinely appointed centre of religious life to his own family. The family religion is the true starting point, the surest foundation, of the religion of cities and dioceses, of nations and empires. The church in the house of Philemon grows into the church of Colossæ; the church in the house of Nymphas becomes the church of Laodicea; the church in the house of Aquila and Priscilla loses itself in the churches of Ephesus and Rome."

We have included this last sentence in the brief quotation, although we do not agree with what seems to be its meaning. Not, however, to dwell on this, we would suggest that the typical character of Acts xvi., as containing the history of the first European reception of the Gospel, is not by any means exhausted by what has been adduced. No one can fail to see in the first convert the type of the Old Testament leading the inquirer to the New; in the slave with the "Pytho-spirit," the lying dominion of Satan confessing its weakness before the Word of Truth; and in the gaoler the hard violence of the rulers of the world turned by the spirit of peace. We would add, what strikes ourselves as the most impressive lesson of the whole, that in the minute detail of the Evangelist the Holy Spirit places, as it were, side by side two opposite types of human conversion—opposite as to the characters of the subjects, opposite as to the circumstances attending the conversion—one, perfectly one, in the result. The first convert is the type of the human spirit prepared by every preparatory Divine influence for the full occupation of the Holy Spirit of Christ; of multitudes within the fold of the Church, who are trained amidst religious influences, and made ready by preparatory grace when the Redeemer shall come to the door of their hearts to open and admit Him; *His own*, who *receive Him* when He comes to them. Lydia's spirit recognised the name of Jesus as soon as it was preached to her, as if in Him she received the satisfaction of every need. The next convert (for we do not agree with Dr. Lightfoot in making the slave the second figure in the picture) is the type

of a hard and rebellious nature thrown into an agony of sudden fear, and crying for salvation in anguish that would fain take refuge in self-destruction, but pacified and softened and changed by the same name of Jesus. These two persons were diametrically opposite in all things, until their common faith in the one saving name united them in the enjoyment of the Christian salvation, and in the spirit of tenderness and gratitude and devotion to God and His servant the Apostle.

But not only was the introduction of the Gospel to Philippi an era of great importance in the estimation of the Apostle, refreshing his spirit in the remembrance; the subsequent history of this church had been such as to give it almost an unrivalled place in his affections. The Philippians had entered through tribulation into the kingdom of Christ, and constant tribulation had been the means of keeping them faithful. They maintained the purity of their faith, the integrity of their morals, their devotion to Christ, and their loyalty to the Apostle for Christ's sake. The fact that from them alone St. Paul consented to receive supplies for his personal wants, of itself indicates a more intimate relationship between him and them than might be gathered from the mere narrative of the Acts. His communications with them must have been constant, the rather as their city was the natural halting-place for the Apostle's messengers as they passed from place to place, from the Eastern to the Western world. We have notices of two visits that he paid Philippi, in one of which he celebrated with them the last Paschal Feast that he is recorded to have kept. After that visit there is an interval of silence, in which only the opportunity was wanting for the manifestation of their kindness. The intelligence of his captivity and voyage to Rome seems to have quickened their ardour, and Epaphroditus arrived at Rome soon after the Apostle with their gifts. This bearer of their charity was also the representative of their affection to St. Paul and their zeal for Christ; but he failed under the excess of his devotion, and the Apostle sent him back to his people, to whom his ministrations were essential, with a letter which promised them his personal presence soon, and meanwhile bore his whole heart to them.

Before dwelling on the Epistle itself, we must linger for a moment on the subsequent history of the Philippian Church. It is probable that the Apostle paid one visit at least to the Macedonian churches after his release, and we may be sure that the Philippians were not forgotten. But they are not

mentioned again in the canonical writings. With all their early pre-eminence, they are no exception to the general decline which it is the melancholy task of the ecclesiastical historian to record concerning most of the scenes of apostolical activity. After the lapse of a generation, we find them faithful to their former character; receiving and furthering on his way of martyrdom Ignatius, and thereby earning the warm congratulations of Polycarp. The letter of Polycarp, still extant, refers to their special relations with the Apostle, and to the great epistle which was their distinction, but abounds in warnings which indicate the dangers by which they were threatened, and a certain laxity that had already begun to creep in. Tertullian alludes to them as maintaining the Apostle's doctrine, and reading his epistle publicly. But here Philippi, as a Christian community, may almost be said to disappear. The rest may be summed up in Dr. Lightfoot's words:—"Though the see is said to exist to the present day, the city has long been a wilderness: of its destruction or decay no record is left; and among its ruins travellers have hitherto failed to find any Christian remains. Of the church, which stood foremost among all the apostolic communities in faith and love, it may literally be said that not one stone stands upon another. Its whole career is a signal monument of the inscrutable counsels of God. Born into the world with the brightest promise, the Church of Philippi has lived without a history and perished without a memorial."

After what has been already said, it might appear needless to ask what was the Apostle's immediate design in the composition of this epistle. But the question has not yet been fully answered. In answering it we should avoid an error into which most writers fall in their investigation of the specific documents of Holy Writ—that of forgetting the apostolic commission to "write" a certain body of Christian truth for the Church of all ages, and the superintendence of the Divine Spirit through whose secret direction the writer's more immediate aims were taken up into a more general design. In relation to the epistle before us, this supreme guidance of the Spirit of inspiration, shaping particular ends to ultimate issues, receives an impressive illustration. The "things of Christ" are shown to the Church here in new aspects and relations, necessary to supplement and perfect the exhibition of other writings. Views of our Lord's pre-existent glory, humiliation, and heavenly dignity; of His life in the believer, and the believer's life in Him; of His sole sufficiency as the source of justification and sanctifica-

tion; of His resurrection-power in this world and in that which is to come; of the moral perfection which He enables the saint by His strength to acquire; are set forth in this epistle with such fulness and force, and with such novelty of application, as to constrain the reader to forget the Philippians, and to feel that the Apostle is bringing out of his treasury "things new and old" that must be recorded in order to the completeness of his theological system. For ourselves, we hold fast the conviction, and urge it upon all who read, that each of the holy writers, and notably the Apostle Paul, had his own distribution of functions as well as of gifts, and a certain body of teaching which it was his office to bequeath to the Church. Hence all the abundant subordinate detail of a local and personal and transitory character must be regarded as the mere appendage—or it may be the mere vehicle—of the permanent truth that was communicated, not to this church or that, but to the Christian commonwealth and to the world.

With this conviction, our estimate of the Apostle's design in this letter is rather different from what we currently read in the Introductions, and from that of our present author. St. Paul's purpose was generally to confirm the Philippians in their fidelity to Christ; to suppress among them, by the most affecting appeals, the rising spirit of vain glory and division, and to warn them against an Antinomian perversion of the doctrine of grace. These, or rather this—for the three unite in one—being his great design, he blends with it other and subordinate ends;—the expression of his perfect love and undiminished confidence; the communication of such details of his own history and state as would give them joy; the allaying of their anxiety as to his personal safety; the explanation of the so speedy return of Epaphroditus; and lastly, the courteous acknowledgment of their contribution to his need. When the Apostle commenced his letter, we feel assured that all this was included in his mental sketch, and are quite free to admit that the structure of the epistle was even less methodically conducted than the Apostle's wont. There is a beautiful blending or interfusion of what is called the objective with the subjective; and this interpenetration runs through the entire tissue of the epistle. But the strain of the following remarks of Dr. Lightfoot seems needless as well as derogatory to the dignity of the epistle:—

"There, at chap. iii. 1, the letter, as originally conceived, seems drawing to a close. He commences what appears like a parting

injunction: 'Finally, my brethren, farewell (rejoice) in the Lord.' 'To say the same things,' he adds, 'to me is not irksome, while for you it is safe.' He was intending, it would seem, after offering this apology by way of preface, to refer once more to their dimensions, to say a few words in acknowledgment of their gift, and then to close. Here, however, he seems to have been interrupted; circumstances occur, which recall him from these joyful associations to the conflict which awakes him without, and which is the great trial and sorrow of his life. He is informed, we may suppose, of some fresh attempt of the Judaisers in the metropolis to thwart and annoy him. What, if they should interfere at Philippi, as they were doing at Rome, and tamper with the faith and loyalty of his converts? With this thought weighing on his spirit he resumes his letter. He bids the Philippians beware of these dogs, these base artisans, these mutilators of the flesh. This leads him to contrast his teaching with theirs, the true circumcision with the false, the power of faith with the inefficacy of works. But a caution is needed here. Warned off the abyss of formalism, might they not be swept into the vortex of licence? There were those who professed the Apostle's doctrine, but did not follow his example; who availed themselves of his opposition to Judaism, to justify the licentiousness of heathenism; who held that, because 'all things were lawful,' therefore 'all things were expedient;' who would 'even continue in sin that grace might abound.' . . . Thus the doctrinal portion, which has occupied the Apostle since he resumed, is a parenthesis suggested by the circumstances of the moment. At length, he takes up the thread of his subject, where he had dropped it when the letter was interrupted."—P. 68.

Surely there is no necessity for introducing the notion of farewell into the commencing words of chap. iii. The Greek terms do not require it; as is obvious, with regard to the latter of them, from chap. iv. 4, which could not be read "Farewell in the Lord always; again, I say, farewell." And the notion that such a doctrinal chapter as this was introduced as it were parenthetically, and sent to Philippi like an arrow from a "bow drawn at a venture," to obviate a possible danger of the same kind as that which troubled the Roman Church, is not worthy of a commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians. Philippi was hemmed in by virulent Jewish congregations, and was not without its own representatives of the Judaising class. The theory of a cleavage at this point of the epistle has been a favourite one with the critics, especially those of the freer class. By some it has been used to discredit the genuineness of the epistles, by others it has been explained as the result of two letters being combined into one. But a due consideration of the known

peculiarities of the Apostle's style will render these expedients needless. So far from being a parenthesis, this portion of the epistle seems to us to be approached by the writer as the very heart of his communication.

At this point we may consider a question that has always been a fruitful theme of discussion: whether this was the only epistle sent to the Philippians or one of a series. This point is discussed by Dr. Lightfoot in connection with the more general question as to the probability of many of St. Paul's epistles being lost. In common with the majority of expositors he holds that "we can hardly resist the conclusion that in the epistles of our Canon we have only a part—perhaps not a very large part—of the whole correspondence of the Apostle either with churches or with individuals." It is not without reluctance that sound theologians have been forced by the evidence to accept this view: it is hard to entertain the thought that any inspired document has perished, and, rich as is the mass of apostolical literature, the Church would fain lose none of its fragments. But every theory of inspiration must be consistent with historical fact; and there are indications in the extant epistles of St. Paul that he must have written some few which have not escaped the ravages of time. We must be content with the assurance that what is gone has been amply reproduced in what remains: in fact, the instances in which reference is made to lost epistles invariably declare that what went before is now repeated. In the case of the Philippians, it is only by a forced construction of the words "to write the same things to you" that we can escape the same conclusion: viz. that the Apostle had written to them more than once on the great theme he is about to expatiate upon. Dr. Lightfoot avoids this conclusion by supposing that the "same things" refer to the dissensions which had been denounced already; but any unbiassed reader would naturally refer them to what the Apostle was about to say, as dependent upon "rejoice in the Lord." It is certain that the epistle of Polycarp refers to St. Paul's letters in the plural as well as in the singular: from which it might seem to be a fair inference that he knew of the existence of more than one, while he referred to one particularly. As to the fact of their having failed to reach the Canon, that goes up into the higher question, whether it was not the will of the Holy Ghost that a selection only of the apostolical writings should be preserved.

Meanwhile, whatever may be thought on the question of lost epistles, the genuineness of that which we possess is most satisfactorily established; so satisfactorily, indeed, that

modern attacks upon it turn most emphatically, to adopt its own language, to the furtherance of the faith. Dr. Lightfoot's is an admirable summary of the case.

"Internal evidence will appear to most readers to place the genuineness of the Epistle to the Philippians beyond the reach of doubt. This evidence is of two kinds, positive and negative. On the one hand the epistle completely reflects St. Paul's mind and character, even in their finest shades; on the other, it offers no motive which could have led to a forgery. I cannot think that the mere fact of their having been brought forward by men of ability and learning is sufficient to entitle objections of this stamp to a serious refutation. They have not the suggestive character which sometimes marks even the more extravagant theories of this school, and serve only as a warning of the condemnation which unrestrained negative criticism pronounces upon itself. In this epistle, surely, if anywhere, the two complimentary aspects of St. Paul's person and teaching—his strong individuality of character and his equally strong sense of absorption in Christ—the 'I' and the 'yet not I' of his great antithesis—both appear with a force and a definiteness which carry thorough conviction. Hilgenfeld, the present leader of the Tübingen school, refused from the first to subscribe to his master's creed respecting this epistle; and probably few, if any, in the present day would be found to maintain this opinion."

These are noble words, and we can hardly wonder that the author should pass by these desperate efforts of the enemy to undermine the epistle. But in our days, when the views of these men are reproduced in a multitude of ways, it might have been well to expose the method of assault which infidelity condescends to adopt. It is satisfactory to be able to turn to Dr. Davidson's lately published *Introduction to the New Testament*, a work deeply tinctured with the destructive spirit, and therefore in this case the more valuable witness, for a thorough refutation of modern arguments. After quoting the testimonies of Polycarp, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, the Eusebian references—to which he might have added many others—he takes up Baur's arguments, and shows that the traces of Gnosticism found by that critic in the second chapter, are not Gnostic but Pauline; that his charges of poverty of thought and diction rest upon a misconception of the Apostle's meaning; that his objections to individual passages, which he considers in detail, are absolutely baseless; and that his assertion of the un-Pauline nature of certain expressions is without any argument to support it. After thus honestly demolishing his preceptors' views, he makes his apology to them in this

singular fashion: "These few remarks must suffice as a reason for withholding assent from the ingenious view propounded by Baur and Schwegler. Only those who are not real critics themselves, or dogmatise in orthodox mood, will venture to speak of Baur's dissertation on the epistle as the insanity of hypercriticism. Few critics are insane after the same fashion; none certainly who fling epithets against one that has left the abiding mark of his intellect on the criticism of the New Testament." Against this—unfairly Dr. Davidson will say—let us set the following pithy sentence of his earlier and better Introduction: "Baur, with his usual hypercriticism, appeared against the entire epistle. His baseless statements have been amply rebutted by Lünemann. It can never be proved that the epistle moves in the circle of Gnostic ideas and expressions. We do not intend, however, to occupy space with such absurdities as those of Baur and Schwegler, which deserve no refutation. If any one of the Pauline epistles be authentic, that to the Philippians is unquestionably so."

Passing to the less contested, though scarcely less important, exegetical points which the epistle presents, Dr. Lightfoot's volume will amply repay careful gleaning. We shall lightly touch upon some of these points. The note on the synonymous "bishop" and "presbyter," as connected with the dissertation on "The Christian Ministry," may be read with interest, however hackneyed the theme may be. After establishing by quotations that "beyond the fundamental idea of *inspection*, which lies at the root of the term 'bishop,' its usage suggests two subsidiary notions also: (1) Responsibility to a superior power; (2) The introduction of a new order of things," he passes to the term "presbyter:"—

"The earlier history of the word *presbyterus* (elder, presbyter, or priest) is much more closely connected with its Christian sense. If the analogies of the 'bishop' are to be sought chiefly among heathen nations, the name and office of the 'presbyter' are essentially Jewish. Illustrations, indeed, might be found in almost all nations, ancient or modern; in the *gerousia* of Sparta for instance, in the *senatus* of Rome, in the *signoria* of Florence, or in the *aldermen* of our own country and time, where the deliberative body originally took its name from the advanced age of its members. But among the chosen people, we meet at every town with presbyters or elders in church and state from the earliest to the latest times. In the lifetime of the Lawgiver, in the days of the Judges, throughout the Monarchy, during the Captivity, after the Return, and under the Roman domination, the 'elders' appear as an integral part of the governing body of the

country. But it is rather in a special religious development of the office than in these national and civil presbyters that we are to look for the prototype of the Christian minister. Over every Jewish synagogue, whether at home or abroad, a council of 'elders' presided. It was not unnatural, therefore, that when the Christian synagogue took its place by the side of the Jewish, a similar organisation should be adopted, with such modifications as circumstances required; and thus the name familiar under the old dispensation was retained under the new."—P. 94.

Thus the identity of the terms "bishop" and "presbyter" in the language of the apostolic age is absolutely proved by the opening passage of this epistle. It is confirmed also by the tenour of the entire New Testament. St. Paul summons to Miletus the "elders" of the Church of Ephesus, and appeals to them as "bishops." Similarly St. Peter appeals to the "presbyters" of the churches addressed by him, and then urges them to act disinterestedly as "bishops." St. Paul to Timothy describes the qualifications of a "bishop," and then passes to those of the "deacons;" afterwards, however, in the same epistle he alludes to these "bishops" by the name of "presbyters." To Titus, he in a still more marked manner makes the two terms interchangeable. Passing beyond the apostolic circle, we find Clement identifying the two offices. During the second century "the original application of the term 'bishop' seems to have passed not only out of use, but almost out of memory:"

"But in the fourth century, when the fathers of the Church began to examine the apostolic records with a more critical eye, they at once detected the fact. No one states it more clearly than Jerome. 'Among the ancients,' he says, 'bishops and presbyters are the same, for the one is a term of dignity, the other of age. The Apostle plainly shows,' he writes in another place, 'that presbyters are the same as bishops. . . . It is proved most clearly that bishops and presbyters are the same.' Again, in a third passage he says, 'If anyone thinks the opinion that the bishops and presbyters are the same to be not the view of the Scriptures but my own, let him study the words of the Apostle to the Philippians,' and in support of his view he alleges the scriptural proof at great length. But, though more full than other writers, he is hardly more explicit. Of his predecessors the Ambrosian Hilary had discerned the same truth. Of his contemporaries and successors, Chrysostom, Pelagius, Theodore of Mopsuestia, Theodoret, all acknowledge it. Thus in every one of the inland commentaries on the epistles containing the crucial passages, whether Greek or Latin, before the close of the fifth century, this identity is affirmed. In the succeeding ages, bishops and popes accept the verdict of Jerome without question. Even late in the mediæval period, and at the era of the Reformation, the justice of his criticism

or the sanction of his name carries the general suffrages of theologians."—P. 96.

Another excursus is devoted to the question whether the "prætorium" of chap. i. 13 is to be understood, as in the English version, of the palace, or of the body of soldiers, the imperial guards. Dr. Lightfoot decides for the latter, and on what seem to us good grounds. The imperial residence in the Palatine would scarcely have been designated, in the early ages of the empire, by a term that implied a military despotism: in the provinces the prince was an imperator, but this appellation was not current in Rome. Not a single instance of this usage has been produced. The same objections lie against the opinion that the prætorian barracks, attached to the palace, were intended. The camp of the prætorian soldiers could not be alluded to, as the word "prætorian" alone was never used for its designation. The interpretation "imperial guards" is in all respects unobjectionable. "It forms a fit introduction to the words, 'and to all the rest,' which follow. It is explained by St. Paul's position as an imperial prisoner in charge of the præfect of the prætorians. And, lastly, it avoids any conflict with St. Luke's statement that the Apostle dwelt in 'his own hired house:' for it is silent about the locality." This last point seems to us of more importance than the essay assigns to it; as, after all that can be said on the subject, we can hardly suppose that St. Paul's hired house would be found within the precincts of the camp.

We will connect with this, though we leap at once to the other end of the letter, the excellent essay on "Cæsar's Household," a phrase which belongs to the peculiarities of our epistle. This expression has given rise to many a fanciful theory, more or less hostile or favourable to its character. Some have supposed that the Apostle had won over to Christianity persons of high rank, and even relatives of the emperor himself: statesmen and courtiers of the highest name have been arbitrarily numbered among his imaginary converts. On the other hand, the destructive critics have pleaded this expression against the genuineness of the epistle, charging the forger with having, by an anachronism, referred to Clemens and Domitilla, relations of Domitian, who suffered for the faith at the close of the century.

"All such inferences are built on a misconception of the meaning of the term. The 'domus' or 'familia Cæsaris' includes the whole of the imperial household, the meanest slaves as well as the most

powerful courtiers. On the character and constitution of this household we happen to possess more information than perhaps on any other department of social life in Rome. The inscriptions relating thereto are so numerous that a separate section is assigned to them in all good collections. And almost every year is adding to these stores of information by fresh discoveries. In Rome itself, if we may judge by these inscriptions, the 'Domus Augusta' must have formed no inconsiderable fraction of the whole population; but it comprised besides all persons in the emperor's service, whether slaves or freemen, in Italy, and even in the provinces."—P. 169.

The whole of this excursus is singularly interesting, as showing that the connection with Cæsar's household secured, even to the lowest grade, a certain social importance, which made them value their position and retain their collective name, especially about the time of St. Paul's residence in Rome. If, as we may suppose, those who sent their salutations to Philippi were mostly earlier converts, already known to the Philippians, we may look for some of them in the long list saluted at the end of the Epistle to the Romans. Now, among the names that are found in the sepulchral inscriptions so largely disinterred in Rome during the century, are found almost all of those which grace the last chapter of the Roman epistle; some of them, also, in the same combination, such as Philologus and Julia. "At all events, this investigation will not have been useless if it has shown that the names and allusions at the close of the Roman epistle are in keeping with the circumstances of the metropolis in St. Paul's day; for thus it will have supplied an answer to two forms of objection: the one denying the genuineness of the last two chapters of this letter, and the other allowing their genuineness, but detaching the salutations from the rest, and assigning them to another epistle." Whatever tends to realise to our minds the scenes and circumstances of the Roman imprisonment must have great value to the student of St. Paul.

As to Clement, St. Paul's fellow-labourer, generally supposed to have been afterwards transferred to Rome, where he wrote the epistle known as that of Clemens Romanus, Dr. Lightfoot feels compelled to give him up as one of the Apostolical Fathers. Thus he would take from the Philippians one of their prerogatives: and on what appears to be slender evidence. Irenæus says that "Clement had seen the blessed Apostles and had conversed with them, and had the preaching of the Apostles still ringing in his ears and their tradition before his eyes." Now no other Clement is mentioned in the New

Testament; and surely of a man afterwards so eminent it is probable there would be some trace at least. Origen distinctly identifies the author of the sub-apostolic letter with the Clement of our epistle; Eusebius adds his testimony to the same effect, and subsequent writers followed. The date of the letter (probably about A.D. 96) would suggest no insurmountable difficulty; and we shall still cling to the belief that one at least of the writers of the age following the Apostles,—and he the first of them—has his name mentioned and his character vouched for in the New Testament.

We are next arrested by chap. i. 6, a passage which has been so much used in support of the doctrine of final perseverance. Our commentator, like many others, removes all difficulty from it by making the "good work" simply the Philippians' "co-operation with and affection for the Apostle:" a restriction of the meaning which is out of harmony with the tone of the next chapter, when referring to the Divine work in the soul. That meaning is of course included, inasmuch as there is no work of grace within the soul which does not manifest itself by zeal for the Gospel: fellowship *in* the Gospel must needs be fellowship *unto* the Gospel. But the Apostle's fervent congratulations, thanksgivings, and prayers have primary reference to the heavenly operation of grace among the Philippian Christians: that one good work of God which had approved its reality in a thousand ways, the final test and final reward of which were reserved for the day of Christ. The Apostle's confidence concerning their ultimate salvation was the same that he entertained concerning his own; for they were partakers with him of the grace both of doing and suffering. But nowhere throughout his writings does he refer to his own salvation or that of any other as being eternally fixed by the fact of a good work having begun. That beginning is God's pledge of His purpose to finish it, and of the sufficiency of His impartation of grace. Dr. Lightfoot rightly says: "Nevertheless it is God's doing from beginning to end: He inaugurates and He completes. This paradox of all true religion is still more broadly stated in chap. ii. 13, 'Work out *your own* salvation, for it is *God* that *worketh in you* both to will and to work,'" &c. He is perhaps using a sound discretion in not alluding, here or elsewhere, to the controversies that bristle around such texts as these. It is refreshing to read them in their own light, and in that reflected upon them by other passages of Scripture. Polemical exegesis has never much advanced the knowledge of God's word. Still, there is a danger lest the very dread of intro-

ducing it should betray the commentator into the habit of somewhat arbitrarily, or superficially, or onesidedly viewing the text.

Connected with this is the "day of Christ," which is introduced again and again with such emphasis as to be one of the characteristic features of the epistle. Our commentary passes over this expression, referring the reader to the notes on the Thessalonians; in the chronological order of St. Paul's writings of course that would be the place for a consideration of the term, and of its much perverted meaning in St. Paul's theology. But we cannot help feeling the omission here; as the expression "day of Christ" is peculiar to this epistle. In the short note that we have, there is a needless indecision of tone. "As 'the day of Christ' is thus a more appropriate limit than 'the day of your death,' it must not be hastily inferred from this expression that St. Paul confidently expected the Lord's advent during the lifetime of his Philippian converts. On the other hand, some anticipation of its near approach seems to underlie ἄχρις here, as it is implied in St. Paul's language elsewhere, *e.g.* in '*we* that are alive' (1 Thess. iv. 17), and in 'we shall not all sleep'—probably the correct reading—(1 Cor. xv. 51)." Surely the Apostle meant one or the other, not both; or rather, he meant something distinct from either. He did not refer to the Lord's coming to individuals in death; the solemn expression, the "day of Christ," forbids such a supposition, and to entertain it is to rob his references to the great future of much of their grandeur. Neither did he in any of these passages refer to himself and the present living generation as probably to be alive when the Lord should come. Better it is to suppose that the question of the time does not enter his thoughts at all, being not revealed to him, and, as he full well knew, not to be revealed to him. He also was included among those to whom it was said, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons." He writes with absolute indefiniteness; among the living himself, he says, "we which are alive." But the notion, so current among commentators who would degrade inspiration, that St. Paul expected the return of the Lord during his own time, is one that is opposed by the entire strain of his writings, and one which in the second epistle he wrote he took care to obviate, so far at least as in him lay, for ever.

St. Paul's rejoicing because the name of Christ was preached, however unworthily, is another of the peculiarities of this epistle; and has been made the topic of much dis-

cussion. While the English version needlessly emphasises, or seems to emphasise, the Apostle's sentiment, "Yea, I *will* rejoice," there can be no question that he writes as one who constrained himself for a higher object, and under the pressure of a supreme motive, to accept what generally he must have visited with severe reproof. Circumstances unknown to us perhaps tended to the modification of his feeling. In any case, the words are an apostolic echo of our Lord's great maxim of tolerance, "He that is not against Me is for Me," and must not be pressed too far on either side. We shall quote the note on the passage:—

"These antagonists can be none other than the Judaising party, who call down the Apostle's rebuke in a later passage of this letter (iii. 2, *seq.*), and whose opposition is indirectly implied in another epistle written also from Rome (Col. iv. 11). They preach Christ, indeed, but their motives are not single. Their real object is to gain adherents to the law. The mainspring of their activity is a factious opposition to the Apostle—a jealousy of his influence. They value success, not as a triumph over heathendom, but as a triumph over St. Paul. It enhances their satisfaction to think that his sufferings will be made more poignant by their progress. But how, it has been asked, can St. Paul rejoice in the success of such teachers? Is not this satisfaction inconsistent with his principles? Does he not, in the Epistle to the Galatians, for instance, wholly repudiate their doctrine, and even maintain that for those who hold it Christ has died in vain? This apparent incongruity has led some writers to deny any reference to the Judaisers here; while to others it has furnished an argument against the genuineness of the whole epistle. But the two cases are entirely different. In the one, where the alternative is between the liberty of the Gospel and the bondage of ritualism, he unsparingly denounces his Galatian converts for abandoning the former and adopting the latter. Here, on the other hand, the choice is between an imperfect Christianity and an unconverted state; the former, however inadequate, must be a gain upon the latter, and therefore must give joy to a high-minded servant of Christ. In Rome there was room enough for him and for them. He was content therefore that each should look on independently. It was a step in advance to know Christ, even though He were known only 'after the flesh.'"

This is putting it somewhat too broadly. We cannot imagine St. Paul rejoicing at the preaching of a Judaised Christ: terrible was the denunciation which he pronounced elsewhere upon the preacher, whether man or angel. But his thought was that they who preached Christ of contention excited to emulation those who preached Him of love; and he

full well knew which preaching would ultimately have the ascendency. "I shall rejoice," was his secret consolation, "in the issue;" and what he secretly thought he openly expressed, though in language which has sometimes been much misunderstood.

From this point the Apostle's thoughts glide into the sublime declaration of his suspense between life and death. His language seems to share the constraint on his feelings; for it presents one of the few real difficulties of the epistle, no possible interpretation of the words being free from a certain harshness. At the outset, the writer declares his humble confidence of hope that the issue of his present condition will tend to the glorification of his Master, whether the immediate issue be life or death. For to him life was Christ—a declaration that admits of no paraphrase, nor requires it—and to die was gain, as making his life and Christ still more intimately one, and that for ever. Then comes the difficulty. The following words evidently contain something like a retractation, or apology for the expression of personal interest to which the Apostle's soul was sensitive: "I have said that death would be gain to me; but what if my continuance in this flesh should, whether here or elswhere, be the opportunity or means of laborious and fruitful work, then what am I that I should choose? Still (δὲ once more) I am in a strait betwixt the two, and may declare my suspense, though I dare not make my choice." This, in fact, comes very near to Dr. Lightfoot's suggestion, who makes *εἰ* an interrogation, and suppresses the apodosis: "But what if my living in the flesh will bear fruit, &c.? In fact, what to choose I know not." This seems better than the interpretation adopted in our English version: better as a rendering of the Greek, and better as a reproduction of the shade of the Apostle's thought.

The term *συνέχομαι* has scarcely full justice done to it in this or any commentary. It is the expression of a new experience in the Apostle's life, which, from the hour of its great decision, had known no variableness, and been a stranger to uncertainty. The term is never used by him but on this occasion, and derives an infinite pathos from the suggestion of another use of it when the Redeemer was in the conflict between His life and death: "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" St. Paul's position was that of one in brief suspense between life and death. Each side of the alternative exerted an attraction perhaps never known by him in all its strength before: the probability of his sudden martyrdom deepened the desire to be with Christ, always the

secret joy of his heart, into a passion scarcely to be resisted; while the thought of being sundered for ever from the scenes of his apostolical labour made that labour more dear to him than it had ever been. The strong attraction of Paradise disturbed the equanimity of his life, and threw him into a condition which is faintly expressed by the term suspense. And who can doubt that it pleased the Divine Spirit, while he thus expressed his trouble, and cried once more, though in a very different sense, "Who shall deliver me?" to release him from his strait, and give him assurance that he should live and not die, that his bark should float back into the waters of this earthly life, to carry joy to his old congregations, and glad tidings to regions never visited as yet? "I know that I shall remain:" this time his *οἶδα* is rather a prophetic inspiration than as, in Acts xx. 25, an unfulfilled presentiment. The anticipation of being called to rejoice in pouring out his life as a libation does indeed occur in the next chapter; but it must be remembered that his new lease of life was but for a short term, and that the vision of martyrdom was suspended, and not withdrawn. The entire tone of the epistle, after this crisis, has life in it and not death. The Apostle will not only send Timothy, but visit them himself. The time will come, but not yet, when he will say in the fulness of satisfied life and labour, "I have finished my course, and am now ready to be offered up."

In the beautiful description of the ideal which the Apostle had set up for his beloved Philippians, in respect to their relations in the world, Dr. Lightfoot gives to *ἐπέχοντες* the meaning, "holding out;" but a glance at the whole passage, with its introduction and close, forbids the acceptance of this unusual sense of the term. The Apostle deprecates the murmurings and disputings, the sound of which had reached his ears. He then affectingly shows what he desires that his people should be in the midst of the world; how blameless in the judgment of others; how simple and undefiled in their own spirit, unaffected by the evil around; how worthy of the dignity of their relation to God as His sons, and of their relation to the world as the lights in its darkness. He then closes by what must have been the most pathetic of all arguments: "Hold fast the word of life, that my rejoicing over you may not be in vain in the day of Christ." It does not seem to be the Apostle's design to introduce the positive idea of their active and aggressive exhibition of the Word of God to others. The concinnity and perfection of the whole picture is marred by such a turn at the last; which, indeed,

is not needed, inasmuch as the continued indwelling of the word of life must of itself be a silent testimony to the world. In the centre we have the grand contrast: the sons of God in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. On the one hand, the Apostle considers the influence of the world on them, and, with reference to that, desires that they may be without reproach from without, because unsoiled within. On the other hand, he considers their influence on the world, and, with reference to that, desires that they may be lights in contrast with the darkness, undimmed, because for ever fed by the word of life: "Whoso followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have *the light of life*." Thus viewed, the entire passage is one of the marked peculiarities of the epistle, having no parallel elsewhere. But it springs from, and has its roots in, the glorious inculcation of self-renunciation, which is contained in the earlier part of the second chapter.

Here, indeed, is the *crux* of the epistle; its loftiest passage and its greatest difficulty. A good note on verses 3, 4, with their various readings, shows that *ταπεινοφροσύνη* is a word of Christian mintage. "It was one great result of the life of Christ (on which St. Paul dwells here), to raise 'humility' to its proper level; and, if not coined for this purpose, the word now first became current through the influence of Christian ethics." The notes and dissertations that follow on the terms which give this great paragraph its characteristic importance will well repay careful study. The distinction between *μορφὴ* and *σχῆμα* is clearly traced in the language of Greek philosophy. It is proved that "being in the form of God" must be referred to a point of time previous to the incarnation; that the "form of God" must apply to the attributes of the Godhead; being an expression derived from existing theological language, to indicate nothing less than is elsewhere denoted by "Son," "Word," "Image," "Firstborn." "Thus in the passage under consideration, the *form* is contrasted with the *fashion*, as that which is intrinsic and essential with that which is accidental and outward. And the three clauses imply respectively the true Divine nature of our Lord (*μορφὴ θεοῦ*), the true human nature (*μορφὴ δούλου*), and the externals of the human nature (*σχήματι ὡς ἄνθρωπος*)."

The pith of the able essay on the several interpretations assigned to "thought it not robbery," may be given in the following extract, which follows a clear statement of the views held respectively by the Latin and the Greek Fathers:—

"In comparing these two interpretations it will be seen that while the former makes 'thought it not robbery' a continuation and expansion of the idea already contained in 'being in the form of God' —'He existed in the form of God *and so* did not think it usurpation to be equal with God'—the latter treats the words as involving a contrast to this idea, 'He existed in the form of God, *but nevertheless* did not eagerly assert His equality with God.' In short, the two interpretations of the clause, as I have said before, are directly opposed, inasmuch as the one expresses our Lord's *assertion*, the other His *cession*, of the rights pertaining to His Divine majesty.

"And between these two explanations—the one which interprets ἁρπαγμὸν by ἁδικίαν, and the other which interprets it by ἅρμαγμον—our choice must be made. A middle interpretation, however, was maintained by Chrysostom, and has been adopted with more or less distinctness by others, especially in recent times. It agrees very nearly with the first in the sense assigned to ἁρπαγμός, and yet approaches to the second in the general drift of the clause. 'Being in the form of God, He did not consider that He was plundering when He claimed equality with God. He therefore did not look upon His Divine prerogatives as a booty of which He feared to be deprived, and which therefore it was necessary to guard jealously. He reigned not as a tyrant, but as a lawful sovereign. He could therefore divest Himself of the outward splendours of His rank without fear.' As an indirect doctrinal inference from the passage this account is admissible; but as a direct explanation of its bearing it is faulty, because it *understands too much*, requiring links to be supplied which the connection does not suggest, and which interrupt the sequence of thought.

"Of the two explanations, then, between which our choice lies, the context, as I have shown, seems imperatively to require the second; and, if authority count for anything, the list of names by which it is maintained sufficiently refutes the charge of being 'liable to grave suspicion on theological grounds.' We should do wisely, however, to consider its doctrinal bearing, without reference to authority. Now, while the other explanation directly asserts our Lord's divinity, this confessedly does not. Yet, on the other hand, the theological difference is only apparent. For, though we miss the direct assertion in this particular clause, the doctrine still remains. It is involved in the preceding words, 'for the pre-existence in the form of God' means substantially this. It is indirectly applied moreover in this very clause taken in connection with the context. For how could it be a sign of humility in our Lord not to assert His equality with God, if He were not Divine? How could such a claim be considered otherwise than arrogant and blasphemous if He were only a man?"—P. 134.

The passage which has thus excellently been expounded has given birth to as many monographs as any other single passage in St. Paul's writings: a history of the variations of

opinion concerning it would be one of the most interesting pages in the history of Christian exegesis. To the simple-minded expositor, who bears in mind the Apostle's starting-point, the transcendent example of self-renunciation presented by Christ—an example of absolutely unparalleled humility, which, nevertheless, is to be emulated by every Christian—there will be no great difficulty in harmonising the words with the tenour of St. Paul's doctrine concerning the Incarnation, as expressed to the Corinthians in a sentence which is a strict parallel, "He who was rich for our sakes became poor." The interior mystery of the renunciation implied in descending to our nature, and in that nature humbling Himself down to the lowest point of self-abasement, the death of the cross, the Apostle neither here nor elsewhere touches. The depths of that mystery are unfathomable by the human mind. The rival theories of Lutheranism, for instance—the real *emptying* Himself of Divinity for a reason on the one hand, and the *hiding* of His Divinity on the other—find no settlement in the Apostle's words, however anxiously they may be sifted to furnish his warrant for the one or the other. On this, as on all the dread mysteries of Christian faith, they are negative and defensive; sufficient for the rebuke and repulsion of error, but not aiming to state positively what belongs to the "unspeakable" things. Christ was *not* merely in the likeness of God; He was equal with God. He did *not* lay aside the Divine nature and assume the human; the consciousness of His one personality in His two natures, continued with Him through all the processes of His humiliation. He did *not* join Himself to a man, but was found "in the likeness of *men*," as the Second Adam representing the human race. He did *not* lay aside the humanity He assumed, but its servant form only. Well for Christian theology if it were more faithful to the spirit of its highest human teacher.

It is refreshing to turn from the discussions of criticism, which, however necessary, seem strangely out of keeping with the tranquil majesty of the text, to a contemplation of the perfect teaching of this chapter concerning Christian *self*. Nowhere is that doctrine so fully grounded, explained, and illustrated as here, although the exhibition is, as it were, made of incidental hints. Self is not annihilated; neither here nor anywhere else in Scripture is there any enforcement of the extinction or the suppression of the individual I; surrendered to Christ: lost in Him, dead in Him, it rises again in Him, a renewed and sanctified and liberated self; "highly exalted" in the exaltation of Him whose perfect self-sacrifice

led to the dominion over the universe. Self must never in the highest consecration be forgotten: "Work out *your own* salvation with fear and trembling;" and the Christians of Philippi are urged, while discharging their duty to the crooked and perverse nation around them, to keep themselves, as their first duty, undefiled, "holding fast" the word of their own salvation. In their relations to each other, the sublime rule goes not beyond this; that everyone, while, on the one hand, deferring to every other, must "look not on his own things, but *also* on the things of others." Supreme devotion to the "things of Christ" must be the "bond of perfectness" that unites the love of self and the love of others. Hence the sad reproach left on record to the condemnation of the Roman Christians—at least of those of them who were capable of rendering the needed service—that they "all sought their own, not the things of Christ." Hence the affecting commendation given to Timothy and Epaphroditus, who blended their own salvation with the welfare of the Philippians. Hence, lastly, the grand illustration given by the Apostle himself, who is the pattern of all his own precepts; he forgot not his own interests, but lived only "to win Christ;" he rejoiced, if need were, to "be poured out on the sacrifice and service" of the Philippians' faith; while his care of his own soul, and his devotion to the souls of others, were both and alike subordinated to the glory of his Master; "that Christ may be glorified in me, whether by my life or by my death."

The third chapter is carefully expounded, and the parallel passages which illustrate the Apostle's meaning are brought in with great force; there is nothing, however, to call for special notice, save that the chapter itself might have been subjected to a more strict analysis, as one of the paragraphs most elaborate in its structure that the Apostle's writings present. The key-note seems to be struck in verse 3, by an expression the spirit of which, but not the very word, pervades his epistles, "*Glorying* in Christ Jesus," into which the *rejoicing* is here elevated. This glorying passes into fellowship with Christ in His sufferings and His death; and the attainment, not of a fellowship with His righteousness (as is intimated in verse 9, "It is only by becoming one with Christ that Christ's righteousness can become our righteousness"), but of a righteousness acquired through faith in Him—a righteousness from God, and not from the law, and unto or by faith. Righteousness through Christ lies on the way to eternal possession of Christ Himself—the perfection of the glorified

spirit and body at the last day. This topic, so nobly illustrated by his own example, leads to an exhortation to his fellow-Christians—brief, forcible, and stimulating—to "have the same mind in themselves that was also in him." And this passes into an exposure — written with tears — of enemies of the Cross, whose practical Antinomianism is the shameless opposite of the true Christian life, as this is, on the one hand, a present conformity to the laws of a heavenly citizenship, and, on the other, an expectation of the coming of Christ to put forth upon His saints the whole power of His resurrection life. In beautiful contrast with this sad and passionate denunciation is the closing word of exhortation, which carries more fervour of love in it than any other sentence in the Apostle's writings.

After a brief appeal to the two women, whose contentions seem to have been the *amari aliquid* in the Apostle's joy, he closes with some injunctions of the highest strain. We can hardly think that the "God of peace" and the "peace of God" were introduced with any allusion to the disquietudes of the Church. The Apostle has forgotten them, and passes into a higher sphere: all reference to their disputes ends with the enforcement of forbearance, by that which is always the last appeal: "The Lord is at hand." After an exhortation to the attainment of that supreme rest of the soul which springs from the combination of habitual communion with God, with the habitual resort to Him in specific prayer, the Apostle sets before them one of the grandest of his many summaries of moral perfection. This is the "Finally" to which every other "Finally" has led. It seems cold to say "again the Apostle attempts to conclude," as if St. Paul were writing in spasmodic snatches. In the words that follow, he first challenges their meditation for every possible standard of Christian excellence, and then urges upon them the attainment of all: we have that union between the highest ideal and the most perfect practice which is the glory of the Gospel alone. "Speaking roughly, the words may be said to be arranged in a descending scale. The first four describe the character of the actions themselves, the two former being absolute, the two latter relative; the fifth and sixth point to the moral approbation which they conciliate; while the seventh and eighth, in which the form of the expression is changed, are thrown in as an after-thought, that no motive may be omitted." Not exactly an "after-thought;" rather the very reverse. It is the pre-determined climax to which the whole tends: the only terms that make absolutely uni-

versal—by either Gentile or Christian standards—the excellence that the disciples of "Christ that strengthened them" may contemplate and reach.

The commentary sustains well the closing reference to the Philippians' gifts, as bringing out into an exhibition that has always been admired the Christian dependence, and the Christian stoicism of one who lived by the riches of His Saviour's kindness, whether directly bestowed or through His servants, and yet had been taught the secret of the perfect *αὐταρκεια*, or self-sufficiency. All ends where all began, with Christ: Christ the Apostle's life from the dead, strength for all duty and suffering, and hope for the eternal future.

We have referred again and again to the individual peculiarities of this epistle, as it lies before the expositor. But we cannot take leave of the subject without a few remarks on its relation to the Apostle Paul's general system of doctrine. Dr. Lightfoot tells us in his Preface that in passing from the Epistle to the Galatians to the Epistle to the Philippians we pass "from the most dogmatic to the least dogmatic of the Apostle's letters," though he afterwards says that "the Philippian epistle may be taken to exhibit the normal type of the Apostle's teaching, when not determined and limited by individual circumstances, and thus to present the essential substance of the Gospel." If the term "dogmatic" be understood as meaning "polemical or controversial," the statement may be in some sense true that the Philippian epistle is the least dogmatic of all, though even then not without important qualifications. To us it appears that in this document St. Paul presents the essentials of "his Gospel" in a very complete and most attractive form: complete, inasmuch as no vital doctrine to which he elsewhere gives prominence is wanting; attractive, inasmuch as all revolves around the person of Christ, is exhibited in relation to his own individual experience, and is presented to the readers in connection with their privileges and responsibilities.

As it respects the former point. There are some doctrines of the Christian faith which are so supremely important, and enter so pervasively into every department of thought and practice, that we cannot imagine an apostolic document without them; expressed or implied, they must be present. This is a canon of infallible application; applied to the formal epistles attributed to the Apostle Paul they without exception sustain the test. Signally is this the case in the epistle before us. The redemption of mankind through the sacrificial obedience unto death of our Lord Jesus Christ,

both God and man; a sacrifice accepted of God for the human race, and applied to the benefit of one individual by the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God, and the Spirit of Christ; is the theme which fills the central part of the epistle. The relations of the several persons of the Holy Trinity to this economy of redemption are not formally stated; it is not the Apostle's wont formally to state them, but rather to imply them, and to weave them into the tissue of his discourse. But it will be found that this epistle is to the very letter a reflection of the apostolical benediction, which is the consummate practical exhibition of the doctrine of the Trinity. The voluntary sacrifice of Christ is represented as an object of infinite complacency to that God who is elsewhere called His Father; the offering He presented is the expression of His own grace and love to man; the "fellowship of the Spirit," the Holy Spirit of God and of Jesus Christ, is represented as the common result, to the reality of which the Apostle can here, as everywhere, appeal. The atonement of a substitute, reconciling God and man, is not stated in the same phraseology which gives its glory to the Epistles to the Romans, to the Galatians, to the Corinthians, and most of the others: but it is the height of perversity not to acknowledge that the doctrine is in the second and third chapters in all its fulness. As our Representative and Substitute, Christ is formed by the justice of God not in the fashion of *a man*, but in the likeness *of men*: and this, interpreted by plain parallels in the Roman and Corinthian letters, implies no less than His descent from heaven to interpose on our behalf and in our room and stead; and the same fundamental truth is involved in the identity between himself and his Saviour, which St. Paul declares to have been realised by his faith. The expiatory virtue of the cross is declared by His "obedience unto death:" obedience implies a demand and an exaction; that higher and most sacred mediatorial *law*, "under which Christ came," the law that required not merely the performance of the commandments that man had broken, but the satisfaction to God's holy justice that made eternal death the penalty of sin. The reconciliation effected by the death of the cross, is not proclaimed in the customary phraseology of the Apostle; but it is announced with the same distinctness as if it were. It is the sign of that reconciliation that our Representative is crowned with glory and honour; of *this* also "God hath given us assurance in that He hath raised Him from the dead." The fruit of that reconciliation to him who embraces it by faith is the imputa-

tion of God's righteousness, which is Christ's, to faith, and the experience of the power of Christ's resurrection in newness of life and the strength of a sanctification that falters not before the prospect of the highest perfection. Thus justification by faith, and renewal by the "supply of the Spirit of Christ," are taught without the words, but with the same precision as if they were used. The heavenly ministry of Christ, exalted above all principalities and powers, is set forth in its most striking outlines, as the exercise of a power that reduces all enemies to submission, imparts all strength to the Church, and will finally be displayed in the resurrection of the body and the admission of His saints to the fellowship of His own eternal glory, when He shall come again from heaven to earth in the "day of the Lord." With regard to the whole sum of Christian doctrine, as it is for ever associated with the teaching of St. Paul, the Epistle to the Philippians may be said to omit no element, on the one hand, and, on the other, never in the slightest degree to contradict the tenour of that teaching. Like all the Apostle's writings, it takes for granted the whole Gospel narrative of the life and passion and ascension of Christ, without which it has no meaning; and, like every other document from his hand, it requires to be read in the light of his other writings.

Very much may be said as to the points that give special interest and attractiveness to that exhibition of Gospel truth which, after all, is peculiar to the Philippian epistle.

The first and most prominent characteristic is the emphasis attached to union with Christ as a living Person: a union which the Apostle speaks of in language combining the lowliest reverence with the warmest affection, and which, while he represents it as the glory of his own life, he tacitly supposes to be the prerogative of every believer. Christ's person, rather than his doctrine, seems to be uppermost in his thoughts. In Christ "he lives and moves and has his being." Let the reader examine the epistle in this light, and he will perceive with what truth this is asserted to be a characteristic of it. To St. Paul life, and all that life means in its source, and strength, and joy, and hope, is represented by that one word *Christ*. Fellowship with his Master's sufferings and death is one pole, fellowship with his Master's resurrection and glory the other, of his whole being. To know Him is the sum of all knowledge; to win Him is the secret of all riches; to be united to Him for all eternity is the goal and the glory of his existence. Now *Christ is in him*, as his secret strength and the inspiration of his holiness; now *he is in Christ*, as

the sphere in which all the actions of his life are performed. That very expression *in the Lord*, with its several variations, becomes nothing less than a watchword of the whole epistle, occurring oftener than in the whole of his other writings.

And to what does this fact lead our reflections? We do not gather from it that the Apostle regarded religion as a personal sentiment, nourished and sustained by habitual meditation, towards the human person of the Redeemer as exhibited in the Gospels. Nothing was farther from his theory of the Christian life than an undue devotion to the humanity of Jesus, as that may in thought be isolated to the imagination and feeling. Christ "after the flesh" he had known; but that he had from the very beginning passed beyond the sphere of that lower knowledge he speaks of as his boast. Hence there is scarcely a single allusion to the infinitely various aspects of our Lord's human and earthly ministry to be found in all his writings. He must have been familiar with them; and it is probable that they filled his conversation and ministry. But in his perfect and final exhibitions of the Christian faith they never occur: the only references to the events of Christ's life among men that we find, are introduced for the sake of demonstrating the reality of the facts on which the doctrines of Christianity are based. Nor can we infer from this fact that St. Paul gives his authority to the sentimental notion, always existing in the Church, but now specially current, that doctrine is of no importance in comparison with communion of spirit with the person of Christ. That *ideal* being whom so many Christians "ignorantly worship" as their Lord, is too often an "unknown Christ." The intense personal sympathy and fellowship with Jesus that breathes through this epistle is not added as a final view of Christian religion that supersedes others; but is given, so to speak, as their complement and perfection. Not Jesus without "the truth as it is in Jesus;" but the system of His doctrine so entirely embraced by faith as to give it, in all its parts, His own "spirit and life." The great lesson, however, which this epistle does teach us in this its most affecting characteristic is, that the religion of the Gospel rests upon devotion to a Head who is Divine; to One who, while still human in His tenderness and sympathy, and whose eternal existence is that of one person in two natures, for ever mystically united, is *God over all*, and clothed with the prerogative that God alone enjoys towards His creatures, that of being the source and the rule and the end of their whole existence. Such language as that which

is used in this epistle, and such a spirit as that which pervades it, are utterly inconsistent with any possible sentiment that religion could allow the human heart towards any creature, though enforcing the highest claim to gratitude which one creature may deserve of another. Here is the Apostle's response to the Lord's own claim, who demands for Himself, in St. John's Gospel, that supreme love and consecration which none but a Creator can exact. He gives that response in all his epistles; but in none with such affecting fulness as in the Epistle to the Philippians.

Another feature of interest that is stamped upon this letter has been again and again referred to, but deserves to be more fully stated; it is the Apostle's exhibition of his own experience in teaching and enforcing the cardinal truths of the Gospel. Here we have one of the habits of his life most remarkably illustrated. That it was the habit of his life is evident from the entire current of the New Testament, so far as it introduces St. Paul; from the speeches in the Acts through the entire course of his epistles down to his valedictory testament to Timothy and Titus. At all times and on all occasions, he speaks and writes as one who was chosen to be a "pattern" of the dealings of Christ with the sinner, and not less a "pattern" to the believers saved by grace. In speaking to the multitudes in Jerusalem and to King Agrippa in Cæsarea, and doubtless on many other occasions, he argued the power and mercy of the exalted Christ from his own subjugation and pardon; in the Epistle to the Romans, he is the wretched man that pours out his exceeding bitter cry for deliverance, and then rejoices in the redemption of Christ. Always he "transfers" the subject of his teaching to himself. But nowhere is this so emphatically and elaborately carried out as in the epistle before us. The whole epistle abounds with the Apostle's personal "I" beyond any other. But it is in the third and fourth chapters that it may be said to rule his teaching and give it its form. In the first place, he makes himself the representative of what the law could do in the strength of the flesh, and of what it could not do through the weakness of the flesh. Thus he is as it were the representative of human nature, stripped before the cross of all its glorying, and reduced to its utter impotence and nothingness. We hear the voice of perfect humility, self-abasement, and self-despair. Secondly, still "transferring" the grand subject to himself, not however "in an allegory," but as an exemplary illustration to encourage every one, he traces his own

awakening desire for a better righteousness than he could ever attain, his union with Christ as the Redeemer in Whose death he died, and in Whose life he lived, his supreme contempt of all things in comparison of the knowledge of Christ, his ardent pursuit of spiritual perfection in Christ here, to be followed by a perfect consummation of soul and body with Christ for ever. Here also he is a representative; and while describing his own life from the dead, bids everyone who reads to awake and arise and receive Christ's life. The way to a full conscious salvation through faith in Another who is yet not another, "Not I, yet I," is never in all the New Testament more winningly set forth. The "great cost" at which this freedom is obtained is indeed enforced with the same strength that describes in the Romans the agony of penitent death to sin; but, at the same time, the infinite gain of "winning Christ" is so persuasively exhibited in his own experience as to move mightily upon every heart that is touched by the same Holy Spirit. And then, thirdly, St. Paul does not shrink from making himself, more prominently here than anywhere else, the pattern and norm of Christian holiness: on the one hand, he would have all who hear him walk as he set the example of a conversation maintained in heaven while manifested on earth, avoiding the error of the earthly-minded as the beacon of his own holiness detected it; on the other hand, he closes the grandest representation of consummate holiness in aspiration by bidding the Philippians, and all men, *do* what had been seen, and should ever be recorded as in him, in his life and example. These three points sum up the whole of the wonderful realisation of Christianity in himself and his own person that this epistle presents. The same spirit, however, pervades all, from the first paragraph, in which he rejoices over the Philippians as partakers in *his* spirit, down to the final testimony of his own initiation into the mystery of a tranquil independence of all things external, while Christ was the strength of his soul.

It remains only to mention, what may be regarded as a characteristic of this epistle, though common to it in some sense with the entire New Testament: its calm assertion of the Christian privilege to aspire after and attain a finished holiness. While this is the common teaching of the Word of God, it has a peculiar impressiveness as here set forth. Whether the Apostle is speaking of himself or of the persons to whom he writes, he states the present attainableness of a state of perfect victory over sin, and conformity to the will of God. This he makes the one grand end and design of all his

teaching, and of all the teaching of Divine truth. In harmony with the Supreme Teacher, he makes the Christian life a complete superstructure upon a sure foundation: perfect Christian morality is based upon Christian doctrine, never separated from it, and is its consummation and crown. They who can rejoice in Christ Jesus as the ground of their acceptance before God, have the strength of a perfect obedience given to them. The indwelling and inworking of the Spirit of God is to them the pledge and assurance of a salvation *wrought out* into all its holy developments. They have perfect victory over sin assured to them, and may be sincere and without offence towards God, filled with the fruits of righteousness, as in the prospect and preparation of the day of Christ. The same freedom from spot and reproach is declared to be their character in the very midst of a wicked world. They are the citizens of a heavenly commonwealth; and may so live as to expect the return of Christ with joy. Habitual prayer gives them habitual peace; and withdraws them from the tumult and sin of the world into a sanctuary where the God of peace defends them. There is nothing in the whole compass of excellence in all its standards—nothing true, nothing venerable, nothing just, nothing pure—that they may not contemplate with desire and reproduce in their practice. All these amazing ideals of Christian perfectness are guaranteed and realised by the "riches of God in glory by Christ Jesus." It is not, however, the meaning of any one passage in the epistle, but its pervading strain, that describes the high privileges of those who are joined to Christ. Beyond all his other writings, this one is dedicated to the exaltation of the standard of Christian attainment. Its atmosphere is the highest and purest that revelation reaches. While grace and mercy reign, as it were, in the others, in this peace is the ruling element: the peace that passeth understanding, the peace of consciences quieted in Christ, of hearts set alone on holiness, and of wills perfectly one with the will of God.

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Introduction to the Study of the New Testament: Critical, Exegetical, and Theological. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. Longmans. 1868.

"During the last thirty years the progress of biblical criticism has been marked by great changes. Conservative views of dogma have been disturbed, the New Testament records have been narrowly scrutinised, and the evidence on which their credibility rests has been subjected to a severe test. . . . Any attempt to repress the spirit of inquiry thus roused is scarcely consistent with a love of truth: and all who are anxious that the truth should be known will submit the pages of the New Testament without fear to a full investigation." Accordingly, Dr. Davidson discards his former edition of this work, or rather his former Introduction altogether, and gives here the produce of twenty years' labour in concentrating upon the New Testament the latest rays of critical light. Such is the difference between the two works,—so misleading, according to the author's present views, was the former, and so vitally important to the right understanding of Christianity the present,—that we cannot but wonder at his declining to engage in these labours "while his earlier Introduction remained unexhausted." Passing by that, however, and contenting ourselves with expressing our preference for the former work, we take these volumes as we find them, and shall in a few brief pages characterise their results, limiting ourselves for the present to Vol. I. and the Pauline Epistles.

The general result is to condense the authentic New Testament into a very small compass, and its theology into still smaller. For this we are prepared by the following words: "True critics regret to see that religion is often confounded with a system of theological dogmas. If the two things were clearly distinguished, as they ought to be, a cessation of that bitterness which theologians often show to one another might be reasonably expected. Not that a religion can exist apart from *some* theology. Still the amount of theology needed to constitute a religion may be indefinitely small. If men could see that the Spirit of God neither dwelt exclusively in Apostles, nor rendered them infallible, however highly gifted they may have been, the sacred records would be less distorted, and different values would be assigned to the several parts of the volume, according to their nature. When those records are held to be absolutely correct in all matters, whether

historical or speculative, scientific or doctrinal, they acquire a supernatural or fictitious pre-eminence, similar to that which is conferred on the Pope by the theory of papal infallibility; they are called God's Word throughout, which they never claim to be, and thus free inquiry into their credibility is at once checked or suppressed. God's Word is in the Scriptures; all Scripture is not the Word of God. The writers were inspired in various degrees, and are therefore not all equally trustworthy guides to belief and conduct." These sentences are, to say the least, directly contrary to the testimony of the holy oracles themselves; these declare that "all scripture" was given by inspiration, and make no distinction between the degrees of inspiration. They do not assign it as the probation of every man to find out what is and what is not the Word of God. The dicta which Dr. Davidson here so oracularly reproduces takes away, as is obvious to every candid mind, the *sacred* character of the Scriptures as a whole, while they virtually admit an authoritative teaching in them somewhere, if we are only fortunate enough to find it. This we cannot understand. The theory of those who go a little further, and reduce all these writings to the common level, leaving religion entirely to the subjective appropriation and assimilation of every individual mind, seems to us infinitely more consistent. We cannot believe that the Father of lights, and the Spirit who guides unto all truth, could have set before the Christian world such a composite as this, could have given all men the grains of wheat in the midst of a vast mass of chaff, leaving them in matters of such infinite moment the individual task of finding the grains for themselves.

Moreover, a guide who proposes to aid the "Critical, Exegetical, and Theological" understanding of the New Testament, proclaims his own disqualifications when he declares that "it is unnecessary for him to draw out the meaning which he attaches to such terms as sacrifice, mediation, inspiration, revelation." We do not imply that he has no idea of the meaning of these terms, but it is one which, though "a large number of great names may be cited for it, and which is strengthened by the authority of many among the profoundest of Christian teachers," he cannot, or dare not, shape into words. We cannot but think that the views over which this veil is thrown are such as would by their indefinitiveness reduce Dr. Davidson from the chair of the teacher to the humbler but still honourable ranks of the learners. One of these last he is, and no more: a sincere, persevering, indefatigable student, "ever learning," but not as yet "able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Half of this book shows that he holds so much faith in Christ and the Apostles that his favourite German and Dutch guides would disdain to reckon him as ranking among themselves: whilst the other half shows that he can no longer have any authority among our own "traditional" schools. This midway position is a very unsatisfactory one for the author of an "Introduction" making so large a pretension. The times demand teachers giving us "no uncertain sound." The doctrines of "revelation, inspiration, mediation, sacrifice," must be settled in the antechamber of New Testament exegesis, or we

cannot enter with any confidence; the words of the Master may be applied to each of them, "He that is not with Me is against Me." Dr. Davidson's honesty of purpose, extensive learning, clearness of style, ability of synthesis, and earlier services to biblical study, make us heartily wish that the last twenty years had confirmed him in the faith of his earlier days. As it is, we cannot accept or recommend him as a guide in the critical interpretation of the New Testament.

These remarks will render it needless to do more than lightly indicate the results arrived at in these volumes on the several books in the author's order; or, in other words, show what is the present stage of his convictions as to the value of the New Testament writings. The order of the books seems to be that in which they are supposed to have been written.

St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians lead the way. They are at first pronounced and proved to be authentic, or, as we should say, genuine; but the yielding spirit appears here at the outset: "With such belief we hesitate to reject the authenticity of the Thessalonian letters, though they may disagree in certain particulars with some of Paul's larger and later ones." "We are far from thinking that they could not have been written soon after the apostle's death by another in his name." The second of these epistles is made to take the place of the first; and thus the New Testament documents begin with the announcement of antichrist, "a doctrine which had its origin in Judaism, especially in the book of Daniel. The appearance of a personal enemy to Messiah, the incarnation of all evil, was a rabbinical belief." According to Dr. Davidson, "The man of sin is an ideal personage of the first and second centuries, embodying certain conceptions, whose complexion changed with the current of events,—the concentrated essence to that enmity of Christ, which the imagination of the early Christians grouped round a person, however variously his origin was conceived of. Or he is represented by false teachers, who left the bosom of the church, and undermined the personality of Christ by Docetic views. The antichristian power fluctuated between a plurality of persons and one, according to the conceptions of different periods." He is not, then, to precede the coming of the Lord; no being, no system is described; preterists and futurists are equally in error; the passage contains "*no prophecy*, but rather the writer's notions on a subject which *did not concern the proper faith and duty of mankind*. These notions were shaped by the floating belief of his day, and have *nothing beyond a historical interest*. They belong to the past of Christianity,—to its infantine state, when it was emerging out of Judaism, and assuming that independent position to which *no man contributed so much as the apostle of the Gentiles*." The italics are our own; and mark our sense of the value of an Introduction which begins in this style. What is prophecy? what, if not antichrist, concerns the faith and duty of mankind? Did the Founder of Christianity, did the Holy Spirit, leave it to any man to extricate Christianity from Judaism? "Inspiration did not lift men above error.

They were still peccable men, but possessing the Spirit of God in a remarkable degree, and gifted with peculiar insight into His mind." What has their peccability to do with this subject? and why should prophecy be denied to men who had this remarkable insight into the mind of God? why, finally, should so much vacillation be shown when the conclusion of the whole is, "The established authorship will hold its place among New Testament critics, notwithstanding the assaults it has encountered"?

We cannot, however, find space to continue this kind of annotation, and must proceed more cursorily. The two epistles to the Corinthians are accepted, their integrity and value are satisfactorily vindicated, if we except a few most impertinent observations, such as the following: "He bases his argument for a general resurrection on Christ's rising from the dead, showing with what intensity of belief he held the latter: all faith he holds to be vain unless Christ rose from the dead. His reasoning is of the passionate, ardent kind, so conspicuous in the epistle to the Romans, in which the heart *controls the head*. Whatever he thought of its conclusiveness, it has its value, &c." "It is also observable that the death of Adam and of all mankind in him are not spoken of (ch. xv. 21) as the consequence of his sin, but of an earthly nature." Can it be that this inconsistency with Rom. v. proves that "the writer was inexact in his illustrations, and that on *abstruse points he had no definite knowledge*"? "The letter (2 Cor.) is a spontaneous effusion, dictated in haste, unrevised, often irregular, uneven, inelegant, *sometimes inflated*, yet having remarkable *delicacy and propriety*; weighty, striking, severe." Is the commentator who thus speaks of the apostle unconsciously describing his own style? The epistle to the Galatians is of course accepted, and gives occasion for some wholesale attacks on popular theology. "Faith justifies, not faith in One who fulfilled the law *in our stead*, or *satisfied Divine justice*, but of One who mirrored in Himself the Father's love to humanity, introduced a religion of the spirit and of freedom, and gave that marvellous proof of self-sacrifice which becomes the attractive power of the soul—its mainspring and life." Is it fair to co-ordinate the two expressions above (italicised by the author) as belonging to Christian theology? and is this description of the atonement at all in harmony with the *Epistle to the Galatians*? It seems nothing less than recklessness to make *this* epistle support the burden of such a definition. Better far would it have been here, as elsewhere, to brand the apostle as making the apostle's "heart control his head." The epistle to the Romans is aptly vindicated: as an Introduction, the treatment is masterly; although the rejection of ch. xvi. involves more difficulties by far than its acceptance occasions. The analysis of the epistle is very good, but the theological commentary we can dispense with. The epistle to Philemon is accepted, and thoroughly well handled. The epistle to the Colossians is accepted as written from Rome, and ably vindicated from the Tübingen critics, and their allegations of Gnosticism. The same may be said of that to the Philippians; and

there the genuine Pauline documents end. We are thankful that so much is left to us. It is truly a precious heritage, and contains absolutely the whole Gospel, with no vital element wanting. If only the whole of these eight epistles were admitted as authoritative, and accepted in their plain meaning as written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, with more than a merely "remarkable insight into the mind of the Spirit of God," we might stake all on them. But we are not content to lose the other half of the apostle's writings; and as to those that our critic has spared, while Baur and Scholten would give him small thanks for his liberality, our gratitude is limited by the restrictions he everywhere throws around them.

Let us, however, follow the fate of the remaining epistles, which we more firmly hold to be St. Paul's. The epistle to the Ephesians—so precious to every Christian heart—is of course rudely handled. The arguments against St. Paul's authorship are pressed to the uttermost: some of them are very plausible; but, after once more considering them well, as they are arranged here in considerable force, we are convinced still that they may all be met by the theory of a certain encyclical character which stamped this epistle, and which accounts for its seeming lack of personal allusion, and its general impersonality as referred to the persons addressed. The resemblance to the Colossian epistle is no argument; St. Paul's poverty of diction in this epistle has yet to be proved; "unapostolic phrases" begs the whole question: for the rest we will quote a few sentences, and leave them to refute themselves. "Here the addition, '*not of works*, lest any man should boast, *for we are His workmanship*, created in Christ Jesus unto good works,' is strange and inappropriate." "The Christians of Asia Minor had no tendency to drunken excesses, but rather to ascetic abstinence, and the advice given to Timothy might perhaps have been more suitable, 'Drink a little wine.' In any case the exhortation is a singular one in the mouth of Paul, writing to persons whom he builds up in the glorious doctrines of a catholic church, pure and unspotted." "The writer has peculiar ideas about evil spirits." "The apostle Paul nowhere expresses the idea that the natural state of mankind—that which belongs to them by birth and development—is one in which they are subject to the wrath of God." "Instead of saying 'faith which worketh by love' (Gal. v. 6), the writer has 'love with faith'; the closing benediction in which both terms stand does not savour of Paul, because it is not addressed to the readers directly, and has the difficult word rendered 'in sincerity' in the English version." These might be much extended; we will leave the reader to his amazement at the last: "A poverty of meaning is often observable beneath a superfluity of terms. It is not necessary to read far to perceive verbosity. 'In whom we have boldness and access *with confidence*, by the faith *of Him*;' 'that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace, *in His kindness* towards us by Christ Jesus;' 'Ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the *breadth and length* and depth and height; *and to know* the love of God which

passes all knowledge;' 'if it be that ye *have heard Him*, and have been taught by Him, as the truth is in Jesus, &c. &c.;' the comparison of the Christian to a soldier, and the different parts of his armour to various graces or gifts, is spun out in rhetorical fashion, and bears no Pauline stamp."

Was, then, the epistle written by an imitator of St. Paul? This is the theory of our author, with all its consequences. "What then? Was the writer *a successful forger?* Did he commit a pious fraud? So they love to speak, who cannot or will not transport themselves into early Christian times. Forgery is a term of modern origin and meaning, wholly inapplicable to the pseudonymous Christian writings which appeared in the first and second centuries. The gifted author of this epistle had no wish to deceive or impose upon others, but wrote in the name of Paul to procure general acceptance for his work. As the spiritual instincts of the early Christians were better than their critical judgment, they rightly gave the latter a place in their canon." It is amazing that criticism in the hands of a thoughtful man can descend so low as this. Let the reader, bearing this theory and the words of it in mind, take up the epistle and read it: he will at once see what an infatuation possesses these blinded theorists. But, small as our space is, we must yet give Dr. Davidson's conclusion, in which he bestows upon the pious forger of his own imagination the patronage of his high approbation: "The disciple who wrote it was worthy of the master—a gifted and thoughtful Christian—far-seeing, comprehensive in the range of his ideas, with an inspiration resembling the Pauline. If he suffers by comparison, the wonder is that he sinks so little beside the surpassing greatness of the original. Compared with the epistle to the Colossians, his production is certainly inferior both in thought and diction; viewed by itself, it claims a high place among the canonical epistles. The school of Paul produced none equal to himself; for we can hardly assign the author of the fourth gospel to that school; but there rose out of it apostolic men of enlarged sympathies, some choice spirits on whom the mantle of their departed Father fell, reminding us of the prototype. Had there been more of them, they might have carried on the work of Paul with zeal, and built up churches able to resist adverse influences; but they were few and wrote little." Yet this one wrote, "Putting away lying, speak every man truth to his neighbour."

The Pastoral Epistles have the same kind of treatment bestowed on them. Into the argument against their genuineness, and the concomitant question of St. Paul's double imprisonment, we cannot now enter: the question will rise again in these pages. But we may give here the kind of alternative to which negative criticism drives our author: "The result of our examination of the internal evidence is, that the epistles were known prior to A.D. 150, probably 140. Before the middle of the second century they were accepted as Paul's. There is a gap between A.D. 64 and 140 which we cannot fill up. From A.D. 70 till 130 there is no evidence respecting them. During

that time they may have been written, and accepted as Paul's without opposition, not only because the age was uncritical, but because they were justly thought to be useful and edifying letters with a Pauline stamp." After all, Dr. Davidson says, their authenticity must turn upon internal evidence, and we will give a few notes of the evidence on which he assigns these inestimable legacies of St. Paul to the church to one of his "pious forgers."

St. Paul, it is supposed, would not speak as here represented. "Apocryphal authors, who personate another, generally take occasion to throw in characteristic personal traits of him in whose name they write. This is exemplified by the author of the second epistle of Peter, who represents himself as a witness of the transfiguration scene." Hence the blessed apostle's references to his former character, and his assumption of the place of the "chief sinner"; his affecting declaration that his departure was at hand, and his "self-glorifying" certainly accompanying the words, "I have finished my course," are the words of a wretched impostor. We lose at a stroke some of the sublimest lessons of one to whom we owe so much; and the glory of the apostle's end is gone. All the multitude of personal allusions, "Hoping to come shortly," "Be diligent to come to me," "before winter," are all traits of forgery, and—Dr. Davidson may say what he will—deliberate forgery, the references to Timothy's ancestry, the exhortation to "the youthful lusts," the advice to take a little wine, are all thought to be inconsistent with the apostle's dignity, with Timothy's excellence. It is supposed that the words, "Consider what I say, and *the Lord give thee understanding in all things*," "remember that Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead, according to my gospel," "do the work of an evangelist," treat Timothy like a catechumen and a novice. "The portrait of Timothy is evidently an artificial one, the writer addressing him in the style of a schoolmaster, not of a well-tried friend." The exhortations to Titus are pressed into the same service: the author has too entirely surrendered his mind to a preconception to see how ridiculous he makes himself by mocking these typical exhortations to young ministers of all ages, and robbing the last epistles of St. Paul of their naturalness, their fidelity to human nature, and their value as showing the Holy Spirit's provision for the supervision of the Christian ministry when the apostolical oversight should be withdrawn.

Let the reader judge with the three epistles before him how far there is truth or propriety in the arguments which are dimly represented by the following sentences: "The general tone and character of the epistles are different from Paul's. The precepts and directions are ethical and outward, *relating to conduct*. The very health of Timothy is attended to. Regulations about churches, their organisation and their office-bearers, are such as might have been left to the judgment of Timothy and Titus themselves. Good works are much more prominent than the central doctrines (!) which the apostle always insisted upon. Everyone perceives a practical tendency in the letters which is

wholesome enough, but too commonplace to proceed from Paul, because it is neither based *on high motives*, nor does it spring from *faith in Christ*." Does Dr. Davidson think that the youngest student of the New Testament will tolerate this, with St. Paul's *faithful sayings* concerning faith in Christ's regenerating grace, being the doctrine that is according to godliness, ringing in his ears? And what loose writing from a veteran writer is this: "The ethical tone of the epistles savours of a good man who does not think deeply, or act under an abiding impression of Christ crucified, but takes *an ordinary view* of the doctrines and *duties of Christianity*. The pervading spirit is flat, sober, sensible, without vigour, point, depth, or spiritual richness." "Faith has lost its importance by being so constantly put with love and other virtues." St. Paul expressly enjoins that the gospel of a free salvation, not dependent on good works, should be preached *in order that* they who believe might be careful to maintain good works. Now read Dr. Davidson: "In these passages the substance of Christianity is said to be good works. Instead of *faith* having the specific importance which Paul gives it, the general idea of *godliness* or *piety* is put in its place, an impression very frequent in these epistles." Nor could a better be found in them! "Thus Paulinism is flattened into ethical precepts, losing its incisive power and prominence." Paulinism is "*filed* off into practical precepts; while faith, its cardinal principle, is dethroned."

The same captious spirit—expressing itself with a tone of vulgarity which, as Dr. Davidson says of the un-Paulinism of the Pastorals, is difficult to describe, but surely felt—pursues these three letters to the close. Alexander the coppersmith, and the prediction of his reward, of course is brought up as a witness. St. Paul's obtaining mercy *because* he was ignorant and unbelieving is an anti-Pauline idea, though we find it much like Paul's Master's prayer. The apostle could never have promised the childbearing women who were faithful the reward of salvation as an equivalent for their being debarred from teaching; and here we are of the same opinion, though we need no appeal to 1 Cor. and we cannot see anything "un-Pauline" in the harsh judgment on the Cretans. If St. Paul did really mean doctrines coming from devils in 1 Tim. ii. 1, we should not call that an "un-Pauline sentiment." Nor is the connection between baptism and regeneration in Titus iii. 5, when rightly understood. Admitting, as the author does, that the idea of Christ's abolishing death and bringing immortality to light is strictly Pauline, we do not stumble, as he does, at the addition of "by the gospel." Nor can we sympathise with Dr. Davidson's dissatisfaction with the doxologies, the sublime doxologies, of St. Timothy. It is not at all unlike St. Paul's manner to accumulate predicates; and we have no objection to the Gnosticism that sets forth the majesty of God as "inhabiting unapproachable light," or as "King of the ages or of eternity." As to the terms "only God," "only Potentate," "the blessed God," if it be true that the apostle has never used them before, we are quite content to accept them at the end. The appearing

of our Lord Jesus, as shown in His times by God the Father—in other words, the reference of Christ's return to the will of His Father—may serve as an offence in an argument like this, but nowhere else.

The reader will expect that the great testimony to inspiration will suffer for its plainness of speech. Accordingly we read: "Here the Old Testament in all its parts is expressly raised to a high practical value, immediately after it is declared the basis of Christian piety ('able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus'). The importance thus attached to the single books of the Old Testament, as well as to the whole collection, is not a Pauline idea. It may be conceded that Paul believed in the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament, since his reasoning appears at times to countenance that notion (Gal. iii. 16), but that he would assert every book and portion of the collection to be 'inspired of God' is improbable. A reason may be found for the stress laid upon the Old Testament. The Gnostics undervalued it, mainly too on a Pauline basis. Hence the writer gives an emphatic testimony in its favour, asserting not only the inspiration, but practical use of every writing in the volume." We are glad to receive this testimony. Like many other of Dr. Davidson's admissions, it has immense force. The pious enthusiast who copied the apostle, the disciple in his school who used his name to secure acceptance for his own teaching, and whose labours an uncritical age accepted as St. Paul's, must have known well what the churches supposed St. Paul to teach; and it appears that he did not shrink from representing the apostle as teaching the full inspiration of all the Old Testament scriptures.

Dr. Davidson dwells much on proofs of a post-apostolic origin. Amongst these are the prescriptions concerning the ecclesiastical widows, an ordinance of the second century; but deaconesses were known in the first, and so also it seems the widows were. The injunction about the bishop's having one wife does not necessarily "savour of a time when second marriages of ecclesiastics were in disrepute." The argument for three orders, and therefore for a later date, has little force. The elders to be ordained are spoken of as bishops when their character is prescribed, though it is a peculiarity that they are mentioned in the singular number. We quite agree that the apostle's repeated reference to "wholesome doctrine" and "sound words" implies a "system of theoretical opinions which was a touchstone to try errors, and that the antagonism of orthodoxy and heterodoxy had begun." When we consider that the apostle is now writing at the close of his life, and that he avowedly is leaving final instructions, and uttering his final protests against error, it will not seem wonderful that he should guard the sanctuary of the faith in strong terms, and insist much upon the unity of truth, as committed to the Church's trust. The following are sound words when used in our own cause: "Faith having thus become fixed dogma, implies a community bound together by fixed ties. Accordingly the idea of the Church finds expression in the epistles. The consciousness of ecclesiastical unity

appears. A growing importance is attached to ecclesiastical organisation. The bishops, elders, deacons, deaconesses, ecclesiastical widows, are described, and their qualifications noted. The constitution and consolidation of the Church are important in the eyes of the writer, whereas the apostle thought little of ecclesiastical arrangements in his zeal for higher subjects. The fact points to a time when concentration began to be thought of by the Christians who had been taught by apostles or their disciples; when the idea of one Catholic Church took possession of the mind, as a bulwark against the dangers that threatened to break up and destroy Christian union. It was necessary to build up a Church having overseers who should transmit the true doctrine to others, and guard it against Gnostic errors. So in 1 Tim. iii. 15 the Church is termed the pillar and ground of truth, an un-Pauline idea, for in the first epistle to the Corinthians Jesus Christ is said to be the foundation, not the Church. This Church, as the firm foundation of God (2 Tim. ii. 19) has a two-fold inscription, as pillars and foundation-stones commonly have; one, 'The Lord knows them that are His,' *i.e.* none can belong to it who is not chosen by Christ; the other, 'Let every Christian depart from iniquity,' to which false doctrine necessarily leads. But though the Church forms an inclosure, it is not so select or separate from the world as to exclude distinctions of members belonging to it, or even false teachers. There are in it a variety of vessels, honourable and dishonourable. If a man purge himself from vessels of dishonour, from false teachers and their errors, he becomes a vessel of honour. This is a mild view of errorists, not that hatred of heretics which the Church showed at a later period. Such as oppose themselves are to be instructed with meekness, if perchance God may give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth. A heretic is not to be rejected till he has disregarded repeated admonitions, and then he is self-condemned. All directions respecting the arrangements of the Church, as well as those about heretics, tend to realise unity, enforcing the principle, the basis of the Church is unity of faith."

The next quarrel with the Pastoral Epistles, strange to say, is based upon the exhibition they give of the universality of the Divine favour: this being dwelt upon specifically in opposition to Gnostic limitation. The word "mediator" is supposed to be taken from the epistle to the Hebrews; and it is roundly asserted that St. Paul never applies it to Christ. The great "mystery of godliness" is thus dwelt upon: "It is probable that it was taken from some early confession of faith. The writer does not state the subject as he should do; and there is accordingly a Christological gap just where something definite about the person of Christ is expected. In 1 Tim. ii. 5, the *humanity* of Christ is emphatically" stated. But the assertion "was manifested in the flesh" does not suit a mere man. It can only refer to a superhuman being. Hence the subject of the mystery of godliness—of that Christian godliness long hidden from the world but at length revealed—is the Logos or Word. The entire passage savours of a later author than Paul, in whose time confessions of faith did not appear. It was

Gnosticism that called them forth. If this was so, "the good confession" (1 Tim. vi. 12, 13) which Timothy made before many witnesses, also points to a post-apostolic period, for public and solemn confessions of faith were unknown in Paul's day. The strongest arguments, however, are those which have to do with the phraseology and construction; these are put in great force; but, with regard to most of them, we may use the author's own defence of St. Paul against those who press such arguments too far: "we cannot attach great weight to the argument that brings up want of logical connection in these epistles, digression, departure from the leading object, and imperfect transitions from one thing to another, though such phenomena do occur, because they are not altogether foreign to the apostle's authentic epistles; and the aged prisoner in critical circumstances was not in a mood to attend to his periods or style. A professor seated in his library, with critical eye and taste, will find much that does not square with logic or good construction of sentences." The endless variety of the apostle's style, and the fertility of his expression, need no apology, however, or patronage from the professor of any university.

After all, is it not better to accept some of the difficulties which we confess to exist, and seek to explain them (here "he that seeketh, findeth"), than to rush to such a conclusion as this? "We are contented to rest in the result, that the writer was a Pauline Christian who lived, probably, at Rome in the first part of the second century, and wished to speak against the Gnostic views of that time from a practical more than a theoretical point of view. Like many others of his day, he chose the name of an apostle to give currency to his sentiments. Being impressed with the idea that a united church with sound doctrine was the best safeguard against heresy, he chose Timothy and Titus as the superintendents of churches, to whom Paul might address directions about ecclesiastical organisation and heretical views. In all this, then, was no dishonesty, because the intention was good; the device was a harmless one. Though it misled many, the object of the author was gained. The age was very far from being able to estimate evidence. The orthodox Church was not critical, neither was it averse to receive publications favourable to itself. Heretics were more critical, though more liable to caprice. The epistles must have commended themselves immediately as Paul's; for, though he was long dead, the writings afterwards pronounced canonical were not yet separated from the uncanonical, and comparatively few knew of the existence of a fresh work for several years. Besides, they present a form of Paulinism, though a later one. If it be parallel to the characteristic tendency of the fourth gospel, the first readers lived in the same atmosphere, and were therefore less liable to perceive the departure of it from Paul's own doctrines. The doctrinal system of the epistles differs both from genuine Paulinism, and from the Johannine type; but it is nearer the latter than the former. Christianity in conflict with persecutions and heretics is the power which obtains

the victory over the world—the absolute and only truth in whose maintenance all proper means should be applied—such is the common ground of the Pastoral Letters and Fourth Gospel. But the former want the mystic element of the latter. They have not its peculiar Gnosticism, being practical, not theoretical. A development of Paulinism, not the final one of the Gospel, they reflect Hellenic culture feebly, and lack an Alexandrian philosophy."

Here we must suspend our observations for the present; the remainder of the two volumes will furnish directly or indirectly matter of comment on a future occasion. Meanwhile, we have said enough to show what kind of system our common Christianity is when it is disguised by such writers as Dr. Davidson under the mask of "Paulinism."

The Christian Doctrine of Sin. By Dr. Julius Müller. Translated by Rev. W. Urwick, M.A. Edinburgh: Clark. 1868.

This work—majestic in its conception and thorough in its execution—has long been very influential in German theology, but not till now accessible to the English public in a readable translation. Those who take the pains to master it, which will require more readings than one, will find it a noble attempt to reconcile the highest effort of speculation in the pursuit of theological truth with the most reverent acceptance of the infallible determinations of Scripture. In Germany, where speculative theology is too often divorced from the Bible, Müller's work has been for many years a notable obstructive to the spread of vital error and a refuge for distracted minds. Among ourselves tendencies in philosophy have lately been manifested which we trust will give it in its English dress the same or a similar function, while those who read it apart from its philosophy, and as an exponent and defence of the evangelical doctrine concerning sin, will not spend upon it in vain the deep thought which it requires. We shall welcome this new and admirable translation by selecting a few extracts that will serve to illustrate its value.

As to the vital importance of the doctrine of sin, we read the following striking words in the original preface:—"From the time when the author sat at the feet of the beloved and revered Neander, the conviction has been deeply rooted in his mind that Christianity is a practical thing; that everything in it is connected more or less with the great facts of SIN and of REDEMPTION; and that the plan of redemption, which is the essence of Christianity, cannot be rightly understood till the doctrine of sin is adequately recognised and established. Here certainly, if anywhere, Christian theology must fight *pro aris et focis*, repelling deistical and pantheistic evaporations of its teaching."

He who reads this work will have to accompany a profound thinker into regions of thought which deal with the uttermost mysteries of human life and destiny, where the limitation of the human faculties is oppressively felt on every side. It is well, therefore, to be assured

that an external standard and appeal will be always present and always final. We may dismiss our apprehensions of danger from speculative theology when we read as follows at the outset:—"The scientific exposition of any doctrine from the springs of Christian consciousness stands in this twofold relation to the New Testament: it is, on the one hand, a further development of the germ of doctrine therein contained, and, on the other, it finds therein its criterion and corrective. . . . Holy Scripture, as a whole, and in its main teachings, will ever abide as the touchstone of Christian thinking, the standard by which the Christian philosopher will measure all conclusions: never will he assume the truth of these until he is satisfied that they are ratified by Holy Scripture, or at least are in harmony with it. Christian consciousness is indeed the inner and immediate spring from which he draws; but this consciousness itself requires a rule and standard such as Scripture, because, though genuine in the living members of the Christian fellowship, and in them alone, it possesses no immunity against the admixture of foreign and disturbing elements."

The work is divided into five books. The first deals with the Reality of Sin, its Nature and Imputation; the second examines the principal Theories in explanation of it; the third is occupied with the Possibility of Sin, in the relation of this tremendous question to Human Freedom and the Attributes of God; the fourth comes down to the lower level of the Spread of Sin, as a universal corruption witnessed by facts and scripturally explained as hereditary corruption; the fifth dwells on Sin as exhibited in individuals, in its history and aggravation.

The first book, on "The phenomena of EVIL, the presence of an element of disturbance and discord in a sphere where the demand for harmony and unity is felt with peculiar emphasis," sets out with the fact that this evil is different from the other calamities of life, is alien to our nature, and points to a *moral law*, having unconditional authority as being *universal, equal for all*, and *unchangeable*. "The internal perception of the moral law, as a rule unconditionally binding, is so essential a part of human consciousness, that were it wholly wanting in anyone, we should be compelled to doubt the completeness of his humanity. It never is wholly absent: indeed, it is a fact of great significance, a wonderful witness to the original nobility of the human spirit." This moral law is "exclusively referred to beings possessed of *will*, and that will *free*. Here arise three questions, which are fully answered: 1. Is *all* evil a violation of the moral law? 2. Is that alone evil which violates the moral law? 3. May not the law and our consciousness of it be the *consequence* of evil? *Evil* is not only violation of the moral law, but the disobedience of a self-conscious and self-determining personality against God; and this makes it *sin*. This sin, however, is rooted in selfishness, as the opposite of that love which is the supreme motive of obedience in Scripture. A few sentences will indicate the value of the chapter which exhibits this. "Herein consists his love to God, that he surrenders himself to God's disposal; and this self-surrender to God is, as the word intimates, a true giving

on man's part, and a true receiving on God's. Herein is the mystery of this love, inexplicable indeed, yet manifest to every Christian heart, that God can never by His almighty power compel to that which is the very highest gift in the life of His creatures—love to Himself; but that He receives it as the free gift of His creature; that He is only able to allure men to give it to Him in a free act of their own, by the power of His own boundless love" (1 John iv. 19). "Individuality, in its highest form of personality, is essential to love; and love is only possible between personal beings." And then follows a paragraph which we must quote in full, as essential to the subsequent development of the true principle of sin.

"There is nothing, therefore, which we should more jealously defend from every rash attempt to annul the distinction between God and the creature, than the clear perception of the imperishable nature of love, which unites both. So far from the man's individuality being lost in perfect love to God, it is elevated to its full truth, and revealed in its eternal significance, as alike the subject and the object of a love between God and His creature; when man thus gives himself up to God, he then for the first time, in the truest sense, gains possession of himself, for 'he who loses his life, the same shall find it.' "What true love covets is not abstract identity, not a dissolution into the Divine Being, but perfect and undisturbed *fellowship with God*, just as it is promised in Holy Scripture as the highest blessing, not to become God, but 'to see God, face to face' (1 Cor. xiii. 12; 2 Cor. v. 7; 1 John iii. 2; Matt. v. 8). It is a wanton confounding of living and free unity with sameness of nature, to adduce the expression by which the Apostle Paul describes the final goal of the Divine development of man—'that God may be all in all' (1 Cor. xv. 28)—as if it proved the final dissolving of all personal existences into God. The expression really proves the very opposite; for how could God be 'all in all,' how could He penetrate and fill all beings with His Spirit, so that every act of their resolve would be a guidance from Him, if this 'all'—all these beings—no longer existed, but He Himself alone, and none other beside Him (*præter Deum*)? And what would the Divine development of our race in the history of the world be but a meaningless game, cruel as it was aimless, the most terrible mockery on God's part of His own creation? Could there be a more glaring perversion of God's love to man than the belief that, instead of accomplishing its design in its true sense, it consumes and annihilates it? For vague, mystical, and meaningless expressions about 'the dissolution of individual personality into the Divine essence,' and the like, if we are to understand anything at all by them, can only refer to absolute annihilation.

"Were love to God involuntary in man, a fixing of his affections apart from the direction of his will, it could not be the principle of morality, for morality rests in and proceeds from will. If, however, our description of the nature of love be correct and true, we have no need to prove that we are right in regarding it as a sentiment, which is

dependent upon man's free will. It would never enter our thoughts to doubt that the more perfect love is, the more fully does it embody the deepest stirrings and impulses of the soul, and the inmost desires of the heart. Neither could we suppose that the beginning of this love in us could be the result of an isolated resolve. It can be a matter of command and exhortation only so far as its rise and progress in the soul depends upon a persevering desire and effort upon man's part. And if this holy love can be begun in sinful man, estranged from God, only by the agency of His Spirit, we must at the same time remember that there is a yielding to this influence on man's part which proceeds from the innermost centre of his will."

Hence the antithesis to moral good is *estrangement from God:* not man's original state, but the degenerate turning to the creature, which is really the *love of self*. The exposition of this real principle of sin, as a state and an act, with its development in all forms of life, occupies the remainder of the first part of the first book. The second part enters on the question of *guilt*. "When the *moral* judgment disapproves, there is always implied the presence of personal guilt:" guilt being the attribution to self of the authorship of sin, "not only *in* us, but *of* us;" and, secondly, involving a *condemnatory judgment* of consciousness concerning self. This self-condemnation is negative—a sense of unworthiness of any revelation of God but that of wrath; and positive, a sense of obligation to render satisfaction. A clear and full exposition follows of the language which the Old and New Testaments use to express this double sense of guilt. This, again, introduces a discussion of theological distinctions on the same subject, which leads to the doctrine of repentance, as something more than the sense of guilt: "Repentance is not only a passive feeling, it is an inward act; not a mere verdict of conscience, but an act of will. It differs from the bare consciousness of guilt by involving an actual and free surrender to this inward punishment as deserved." "Both sorrow for sin, and the longing after a life well-pleasing to God, are included in the conceptions of Scriptural repentance." The tremendous question which man's personal independence as an agent in sin raises, in reference to his dependent relation—in other words, "Is God the author of sin?"—occupies the remainder of the book. After a philosophical struggle with this question, which will not admit of analysis within our limits, the author finds his way to the testimony of Scripture. "Nothing so conclusively proves how firmly and deeply the recognition of man's consciousness of guilt and the exclusion of sin from Divine causation has rooted itself in the Christian system, as does the inseparable connection of these truths with the main points of Christian doctrine, the judgment of God, and redemption." The former of these doctrines—the judgment—is discussed fully, as involving the grounds of punishment and chastisement. The following words are full of significance:

"Considering the moral necessity of punishment as here described, we cannot but regard it as one of the most prominent symptoms of a fatal disease which is eating into the very heart of our national life,

that our people, so far at least as they are represented by the prevailing views of our educated classes, no longer believe in punishment as properly the desert of sin and crime. Whoever considers the discussions of our representative assemblies upon capital punishment, political offences, social misdemeanours, and the like, will find them marked by this weakening of the moral consciousness. No one is surer of the applause of the majority than the man who discovers some new method of evading justice under the pretext of humanity, or even presumes to be a law-giver and judge of human weakness, so as to secure impunity from the law, and, if possible, from public opinion too, for the villain and the criminal. This moral corruption most commonly assumes the form of a more or less refined determinism. The real author of the deed is not the criminal, but his circumstances or his bad training, or the want of proper social regulations which should enable him to procure the means of life without resorting to crime. Crime is misfortune rather than guilt, and it seems accordingly very unkind to inflict upon him who has had the misfortune to commit an assassination the additional and 'still greater evil of his death.' We then find among keener thinkers the logical consequence of this opinion a decided moral scepticism, which regards the moral law as a matter of arbitrary contrivance and agreement. Thus is illustrated the truth of the old maxim, that the man who alienates himself from God soon becomes a traitor to his own conscience. In forming a moral judgment of the evil doer, that is the true humanity which recognises the murder, who makes himself amenable to the law with the clear consciousness that he thereby of right forfeits his life, as beyond comparison higher than the law-giver or the judge who will not venture to inflict the punishment of death, because he is to pity, not to punish. The former has violated the law, but he is willing to pay the heaviest penalty he can as a member of society for the greatest crime; the latter destroys as far as in him lies the authority of the law."

Redemption also overthrows the idea of "the divinely ordained necessity of sin." "If we more closely examine the way in which grace develops itself in redemption, we distinguish two departments in the work: the one objective, namely, the propitiatory sacrifice of the Redeemer; the other subjective, namely, the principle of the forgiveness of sins. By denying the reality of guilt, our conception of forgiveness, as denoting the removal of guilt and the punishment it involves, loses all its reality. . . . Forgiveness has for its objective basis propitiation by the death of the Redeemer. The need of this propitiation cannot be perceived while the moral act of man is regarded as a thing merely outward and temporary, and while the interruption of his fellowship with God is made to consist in the evil now happening, not in that which has already taken place. . . . If mankind are to be restored to fellowship with God, there must be an expiation which Christ alone can accomplish, because He alone among men is perfectly sinless, and He alone as the incarnate Son of God, and the Founder of a new kingdom, universal in its range, stands in an all-embracing relation to

humanity. By the power of His love uniting Himself most intimately with the race that needed expiation, He fits Himself as the substitute for man to suffer that death to which He was not Himself liable. And now only, now that this side of the connection between our present state and our past sinfulness—which we may call its ideal side—is obviated, can the other side—the real—be also removed. For the Holy Spirit, as the source of the new life, could not be given to mankind, while sin still lay upon them unexpiated, and while Christ had not entered into His glory through His atoning death (John vii. 39). But if, on the contrary, only present sins, and not those which are past, have power to separate man from God, there was no necessity laid upon Him to render satisfaction to the violated law, and the crucifixion of Christ was superfluous. Hence, in that *locus classicus* for the doctrine of expiation, Rom. iii. 24, 25, the propitiation of Christ is specially applied to the *προγεγονότα ἁμαρτήματα*, in order to maintain the holiness of the Divine government, which might seem to be doubtful on account of the 'overlooking.'"

The second book examines the principal theories which have been adopted in explanation of sin. Its derivation from the metaphysical imperfection of man; the doctrine of evil as mere privation, with the form this theory assumed in Augustine and the Fathers; the reference of sin to man's sensuous nature, a theory which has assumed many forms in various ages, and the treatment of which in this volume, with its Scriptural refutation, is extremely valuable; the derivation of sin from the contrasts of individual life; with the ancient and modern dualistic theories,—are discussed with such fulness as to make this book the most valuable, as a contribution to historical theology, in the whole work.

The third book treats of the inscrutable question of the *Possibility of Sin;* its great subject is the *Freedom of the Will.* "If there be any such principle as we require, which shall serve at once as the basis of our consciousness of guilt, and as a barrier against attributing sin to the Divine causality, it must certainly be the WILL; and the independence which must attach to its power of causation, if it is to meet the case, is clearly what we are wont to call its FREEDOM. If freedom be the highest assertion of the *ego* or self, and if sin (as our inquiry in the first book showed) be in its essence selfishness, what else must sin be but an abuse of freedom? Our inquiry accordingly must now be directed to the freedom of the human will, the true conception of it, its inner power, and its connection with evil." After a long discussion of this subject, the question reaches at last the point concerning the difficulty of evil *in its relation to God*, and thus leads to *the true idea of God*, and so onwards to the question of the *absolute*, or the Divine personality as distinct from human personality. The general result of this most abstruse argumentation—which has too much reference to German polemics to allow abridgment here—is a thorough corrective of the hasty philosophising of our day as to the *unknowableness of God.* One sentence from the relation of sin to the Divine attributes will give

the pith of the whole:—"A true conception of the absoluteness of God, which is possible to us only when the absolute essence is regarded as an absolute Person, will suffice to answer those dialectic questions that would embarrass the doctrine of freedom as inconsistent with the Divine Omnipotence. But, it may be asked, is it not in any case better and more in keeping with our ideas of perfection, that all existences which God could possibly create should actually be produced by Him? Is there not a moral, if not a metaphysical necessity, that God should prefer the more perfect to the less perfect, and therefore excluding the possibility of any other procedure? We reply, if God is in Himself the Perfect One—self-caused and self-sufficient—it is a contradiction to suppose that a higher perfection could ensue from the production of any other being. Whatever be the design of the world in its creation, development, and consummation, it certainly cannot be this. And for this very reason it is possible that in the world's development the greatest disorder and discord should appear in undeniable reality, without in the least destroying or (what amounts in this case to the same thing) lessening the Divine perfections. We have already seen that this idea of the Absolute does not allow of any transition from God to the world, save that of *free love*. This free love is the highest principle directing the exercise of God's omnipotence. It is an old canon that the Divine attributes should not be separated from each other, and we are not therefore to regard human freedom in the light of God's omnipotence alone as an abstract thought, but only in the light of God's omnipotence when blended with His love."

Book IV. is occupied with the *spread of sin:* in other words, the universality of corruption in human nature, including the doctrines that connect themselves with *hereditary* guilt and depravity. The Fall is satisfactorily, though somewhat mystically stated; and the doctrine of individual isolation in sin refuted. "In the life of every man there must be a moment when the first actual sin was committed: and yet this personal fall does not present itself to him as the entrance of a wholly new element into the life of the child, but rather as the development and manifestation of a hidden power, the awakening of a force hitherto slumbering within." After wrestling with the important question of the hereditary *guilt* which accompanies the universal corruption, the author carries us to a region where we can hardly follow him: "Really to remove the difficulty, we must prove that underneath the *alienum* of the phenomenon there lies a *proprium;* we must demonstrate that the will, whose self-perversion in the Fall caused the depravity which actually precedes all actual sin in Adam's posterity, is at the same time *our own* will, and though dependent in its decisions upon that natural depravity from the very outset of our individual life, is also dependent on its own self-determination." All the theories of the schools are examined, and their defects marked; the Scripture testimony is defended, and then the origin of inborn sinfulness is referred to an *extra-temporal existence* influencing creating personality in time," the idea of a primitive fall preceding individual

life common to all, and yet in every case personally free." Here a mystery is reached upon which, we are persuaded, man's intellect was never intended to exert its powers. To trace sin to an individual pre-temporal fall, is to forsake Scripture altogether. It is therefore with relief that we come back to the clear and, on the whole, accurate statement of the Fall and its consequences.

The last book deals with the aggravation of sin in individual life, or the history of sin in the soul, as, on the one hand, leading to utter obduracy, and, on the other, arrested by the work of grace. Here we have, as might be supposed, a view of the suppression of evil which falls short of scriptural teaching, and a view of the remissibility of sin in the other world that seems to go beyond it. Not that the author adopts the theory of universal restoration. "Christ's words inspire the glorious hope—not in the unbelieving, for they despise Christ's word, but in the Christian—that in the world to come, in far distant days, they who here harden their hearts against God's Revelation, and can expect only a verdict of condemnation in the day of judgment, shall find forgiveness and salvation." But Christ's words explicitly deny the universality of the restoration. Divine love draws all to itself who do not resist its holy influence; but the stiffnecked and disobedient, who perseveringly bind themselves to that which ought not to be—to evil—are cast away like dross by the great "Refiner and Purifier of the world."

But here we must abruptly close this brief notice of a work which, while it must in some parts bewilder all, and in some alienate many, is a most valuable theological treatise. We cordially thank Messrs. Clark and Mr. Urwick for bringing it within our reach, and recommend divinity students to read it, especially the second, third, and fifth books, again and again.

The Doctrine of the Atonement, as Taught by Christ Himself; or, the Sayings of Jesus on the Atonement, Exegetically Expounded and Classified. By the Rev. Charles Smeaton, Professor of Exegetical Theology, New College, Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark. 1868.

This excellent volume is the first portion of a work intended to exhibit the entire New Testament teaching on the subject of the Atonement. We are glad that the author has published this instalment: whatever may follow, it will always have the value of an independent work, occupying a ground which can scarcely be said to have been taken possession of in England, and therefore a real addition to our theological literature. Our Lord's own teaching on the Atonement has been brought out at large in several treatises written by Continental writers, but we remember none in our own tongue. Mr. Smeaton has read and digested the latest literature of the foreign; in particular, we are glad to see that he has paid a due tribute to the theologians of Holland, who, whether as assailants or as advocates of the truth, are at present in the van of the conflict. German and

French writers are familiar enough; it is something new to find the Dutch critics and expositors at home in English pages. But Mr. Smeaton is not a pupil of any foreign school: a single page of his volume will show that he is a British theologian, whose views on the vital question of his work have a clearness and evangelical unction that it is hard to find over the Channel.

We quote the following words with peculiar pleasure, as logically conveying a truth which is too often lost sight of, that our Lord's own words are the sure, the eternal, text of the doctrine of His sacrificial death: "The number of these sayings, it is true, is smaller than we could wish; but the amount of information they convey is not measured by their number, but by their variety, by their fulness, and by their range of meaning. They are not to be numbered, but weighed, to be traced in their wide ramifications, not counted in a series. The comprehensiveness, the force, the pregnancy of meaning which these sayings, taken together, involve, are of more consideration than the frequency with which our Lord touched on the theme. They will be found to contain, by implication, if not in express terms, almost every blessing that is connected with the Atonement; and the apostles, who are commonly spoken of as expanding the doctrine, will be found not so much to develop it as to apply it to the manifold phases of opinion and practice encountered by them in the churches. Thus the legalism of the Jewish converts required one application of it in Galatia, and the incipient Gnosticism in Colossia and Asia Minor, another and a different. We cannot, in this work, investigate all the applications of it interwoven in the epistles, so as to exhibit on every side this grand doctrine, which, in truth, makes Christianity what it is, a gospel for sinners. We single out, at present, for separate investigation, the sayings of Christ Himself,—a field that demands an accurate survey. No one could say beforehand what would be the peculiar nature of Christ's testimony to His sacrifice, nor in what precise form it would be presented to His hearers' minds. His allusions to it are for the most part fitted in to some part in history, to some type belonging to the old economy, or to some peculiar title or designation which He appropriated to Himself, and which often had its root in prophecy. They are all pointed and sententious; they are such as are easily recalled, and they seize hold of the mind by some allusion to ordinary things. He spoke of the Atonement according to the docility and freedom from prejudice, or according to the love of truth and capacity to receive it, on the part of those who came to hear Him."

When we glance at the eight-and-forty sections of this work, each of which gives some new aspect of our Lord's teaching concerning His death, we might be disposed to think our author's explanation of the reasons of their paucity needless. But when we take out of the long list those few passages which absolutely announce the vicarious character of His coming death, we feel that *their* number demands some satisfactory account; and we are quite satisfied with that which is here given. The Atonement must first be offered, before it could be

unfolded in all its bearings; and until that sacrifice was accomplished, not only was the Lord Himself straitened, but His doctrine also. We cannot but think, in relation to this subject, that the design of this work would have been better answered by distributing the sayings under three heads: 1. Those containing explicit incontrovertible declarations that He came to "give His life a ransom," with several impressive variations on this eternal truth. 2. Those which imply the same truth, when connected with the tenour of His discourse and the light thrown upon them by His other words, as, for instance, that "His flesh was the living bread;" and 3. That rich assemblage of sayings which, when interpreted in the Pentecostal light and by apostolical teaching, are found to contain the same doctrine. This arrangement would, of course, have added to the difficulties of the treatise; but the advantage accruing would have been great. The arrangement actually adopted, however, has the advantage of carrying us along through a long and rich series of independent expositions.

Essays on a Liberal Education. Edited by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1867.

This collection of essays, from the pens of some of the most distinguished scholars of the day, many of whom have been engaged for a long time in the work of education, aims to be the herald of a reform, if not of an actual revolution, in the material and method of teaching in our great public schools. That some change is desirable, and even imperative, has long been acknowledged by those whose attention has been drawn to the anomalies of a so-called classical education. In private schools, and in some of the old foundations which have been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of an enlightened and liberal administration, the traditions of the past have been revised, and provision has been made for the study of modern languages and physical science, as well as for a strictly commercial training. Parents who have not aspired after a professional life for their sons have been naturally anxious that their course of study should embrace the English language and those sciences which are of more direct practical utility than the power of constructing the most faultless Latin elegiacs and Greek iambics. Hence, the middle-class schools of England are, in many cases, everything that could be desired, fitting their students not only for active business life, but for higher grades, if such should be their destiny. But the great public schools have stuck persistently to their traditions. At Eton, it is true, the study of modern languages is encouraged by the judicious liberality of the late Prince Consort, and some advance in this direction was made by Dr. Arnold, at Rugby; but, in the main, Latin and Greek are regarded as the "whole duty" of the scholar, whether he be intended for commerce, law, divinity, statesmanship, or the less definable pursuits of the country gentleman. A faultless Latinity is the

goal of the tutor's energies, though now and then at the cost of an almost total ignorance of English history and literature, and of the English language itself. Bad spelling, bad grammar, bad English style are not enough taken into account in the Oxford matriculations and pass-examinations, though there are prizes in the university for English prose and for verse. We have heard the story how the head-master of one of the great grammar-schools—a Fellow of Oxford—used to insist that a lapse in the Decalogue was a venial sin; but a false quantity in Latin or Greek a crime against society, never to be forgiven.

The volume before us contains some essays, of somewhat unequal merit, bearing on this question. The first, which is by Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, M.A., is *On the History of Classical Education.* It originated in the relations in which the Greek and Latin languages have stood "to the whole higher life, intellectual and moral, literary and scientific, civil and religious, of Western Europe." After Alexander, the Greek tongue spread through the East, and "became the means of blending Oriental with Western modes of thought." The mother-tongue of Christianity was Greek. For the first three centuries, according to Milman, the churches were "Greek religious colonies." Their liturgy, their Scriptures, their language were Greek. The first Seven Councils were carried on in Greek. The Fathers encouraged the study of heathen writers, and when Julian forbade the institution of public schools in which Pagan authors might be read, the bishops protested against the decree. Latin was the means of transferring the Greek culture to Western Europe. The Roman conquests impressed the imperial language upon Spain and Gaul. The pandects and decretals became the study of the schools. A Latin version of the Scriptures was adopted: the ritual, the hymns of the Church, were Latin, and the first step to promotion in the Church was to study the Latin tongue. Thus Latin became the groundwork of education in the middle ages, not because of the beauty of its literature, but because it was the common means employed in business, philosophy, and religion.

The Latin then used was not the Latin of the classic ages: it was that of the schools. In the Library of Paris, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, "there was not a copy of Cicero, nor any poet but Ovid and Lucan." The study of the ancient heathen writers was discouraged, and even forbidden. A reaction in favour of the classical authors began in Italy. Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch set themselves to revive a purer task, and triumphed over the Latinity of the schoolmen. Erasmus, Reuchlin, and Agricola laid the foundations of classical study in Germany. In Luther's celebrated Letter to the Burgomasters, moving them to found and maintain Christian schools, he says: "As we hold the Gospels dear, then, so let us hold the languages fast. If we do not keep the tongues we shall not keep the Gospel." Melanchthon was an ardent advocate of classical study, and of grammar. The Jesuits were not slow in giving prominence to such studies in their schools. Protestant parents sent their children to

Jesuit teachers, because of the reputation which they had gained. A century later the Port Royalists were their only rivals.

In England the classical languages had to contend for a time with the rival claims of Norman and Saxon. At an early period book learning was despised by the aristocracy. As late as the reign of Edward the Sixth "there were Peers of Parliament unable to read." The great classic revival at Oxford under Colet, Lincoln, Lilly, and others, and at Cambridge, under Croke, Smith, and Cheke, was brought about through the intercourse which the University leaders held with German and Italian scholars. This revival led to the endowment of more grammar-schools in thirty years than had been instituted in England during the previous three hundred years. The statutes of these schools were all modulated after one type, that of Dean Colet's school, the head-master of which was to be "learned in good and clean Latin literature, and also in Greek, if such may be gotten." These statutes are still in force, and hence it is that for three centuries grammar and the classics "have been accepted in practice as constituting, with religion, the whole course of liberal school education in England." In some cases the old purely classical teaching has been supplemented by mathematics and modern languages, but, as a rule, *the great public schools of England do not systematically teach English.*

The folly of maintaining such a state of things is very ably argued by Mr. Henry Sedgwick in his essay, the second in the collection, *On the Theory of Classical Education.* He is no iconoclast, but is ready to acknowledge that the present and time-honoured system is supplying actual needs of the age, and doing good work, which the existing society wants to be done. But he shows that classical education does not meet all the requirements of the age, and that the grounds on which it rests its almost exclusive claims are not so tenable as they seem to be. These grounds are, generally, that Latin and Greek are of professional utility, that they form the best introduction to the study of philology, that they involve the best instruction in the universal principles of grammar, and that they are indispensable to a real knowledge of English and other living tongues. Each of these positions is unquestionable, and not less so is the assumption that an acquaintance with Greek and Latin literature is of great value on intellectual and æsthetic grounds, as compared with the advantages of other studies. A purely classical education, however, is obviously "inferior as a preparation for the business of life." Alone it certainly does not develop the faculty of external observation, nor does it afford that healthful mental exercise which more varied studies would furnish. Education should not only discipline the mind, but stimulate it; and no one can deny "the superior efficacy of natural science" in this department of culture. Instruction in the English language and literature, and in natural science, "ought to form recognised and substantive parts of our school system."

The remaining essays deal more particularly with detail. Professor Seeley contributes a paper *On Liberal Education in Universities,* in

which he vigorously assails the *tripos* system, and argues in favour of the *teaching* over the *examining* method. Mr. E. E. Bowen's paper *On Teaching by Means of Grammar* enunciates some principles for which school-boys ought to be very grateful. He objects to the sight of a boy trying "to master a set of clumsy rules, of which he will never use the half, and never understand the quarter." His scheme for training a boy in Latin is to plunge him at once into the Delectus, thus making accidence and syntax "a result instead of a basis." Grammar, he contends, as a means of learning the dead languages, "is more an encumbrance than a help." As an end, it is valuable. Mr. F. W. Farrar contributes an essay *On Greek and Latin Verse Composition*, in which he advocates "the immediate and total abandonment of Greek and Latin verse-writing as a necessary or general element in liberal education," and proposes that the time hitherto devoted to this accomplishment shall be spent in the study of comparative philology, history, modern languages, Hebrew, English language and literature, and natural science. He thinks it is astonishing that verse-making has held its place in our universities and public schools with such tenacity. It has never been systematically applied to the teaching of any other language than Latin and Greek. Very few distinguished names can be quoted in its favour; while Cowley, Milton, Bacon, Locke, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Thirlwall, Ruskin, Mill, and a host of others "are unanimous in speaking of it with indifference or contempt." Mr. Farrar has had a large experience in tuition, and is worthy of respectful attention. His exaggerated opinion is that, as an end, verse-making is "confessedly insignificant;" and, as a means, "notoriously unsuccessful." He speaks from what he calls "the pent-up bitterness of twelve years' experience." It is no argument in favour of verse-making at public schools that they must follow the direction of the universities; that direction must be modified by the force of public opinion. Besides, three-fifths of the boys who are educated at the public schools do not proceed to the university at all. That verse-writing is either a valuable or an expeditious method of learning Latin or Greek is a fallacy. The teaching of the *quantity* of words can be more readily secured by reading aloud than by years of drill in verse-making. And as to such a habit improving the taste and style of a student, it is notorious that the practice of composing in foreign idioms is fatal to purity of style. Keats, the most classical of our poets, could not read a line of Greek; and the Greeks themselves, who were the greatest masters of style, knew no language but their own. Very pertinent is Mr. Farrar's quotation from Burns, respecting

> "The days when mankind were but callans
> At grammar, logic, and sic talens,
> They took nae pains their speech to balance,
> Nor rules to gie;
> But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans,
> Like you or me."

We must pass over the valuable and practical essay of Mr. J. M. Wilson, *On Teaching Natural Science in Schools*, as well as that of

Mr. J. W. Hales, *On the Teaching of English*. Mr. W. Johnson's paper *On the Education of the Reasoning Faculties*, bears upon a point worthy of the closest attention of all who are interested in public instruction; and the closing paper, by Lord Houghton, *On the Present Social Results of Classical Education*, is a forcible argument in favour of every position taken by the preceding essayists. It is notorious that, in a vast majority of cases, the knowledge of the ancient languages which has been gained at an enormous expenditure of time, energy, and money, by students at our public schools and universities is abandoned by them on leaving their *Alma Mater*, "without compunction or reproach." Even the clergy, with the exception of those who give themselves to the scholastic profession, seldom maintain any further acquaintance with the ancient tongues than what is necessary for the reading of the Greek Testament, or an occasional dip into one of the Fathers. Are such results, combined with all the boasted value of classical studies as a mental discipline, worthy of the sacrifice of time, of intelligence, and of parental expenditure involved in our present system of teaching? Divergent as opinions may be on the general question, few will fail to sympathise with Lord Houghton in the sentiment with which he closes his essay. "Is it impossible to make a satisfactory compromise between the just exigencies of our age and the honourable traditions of past generations, one more compromise in a country and among a people who wisely have made so many?"

I. *Once A Week*, 4th January, 1868. London: Bradbury, Evans and Co.
II. *Good Words* for January and March, 1868. London: Alexander Strahan and Co.
III. *Macmillan's Magazine* for February and May, 1868. London: Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Tennyson's admirers, like those of all other men of fame, may be broadly divided into two classes—the intelligent and the unintelligent—the discriminative and the blind hero-worshipful—the latter of course being the numerically preponderant division. The latter of these classes has had ample reason during the present year for satisfaction, while the intelligent and discriminating must have been both gratified and grieved. To the mere hero-worshipful the great satisfactory fact is one of statistics—viz. that the first five months of this year saw no less than five poems by the Laureate, issued in various magazines, so as to keep up a highly desirable chronic irritation of the Tennyson-reading faculties; and a minor cause of satisfaction—more felt, however, than expressed by those who are bound to admire whether or not they understand—rests in the fact that four out of the five poems have, to say the least, been perfectly clear and easy of apprehension. On the other hand, the intelligent class must have been utterly scandalised by the wanton display of weakness of the first four

poems, while ready, now that *Lucretius* has been put forth, to forgive and forget all other failings for the present, in consideration of the supreme strength of that effort. An intelligent reader, taking up Mr. Tennyson's publications for the present year, without previous knowledge of his works, would find some difficulty in believing that any community of authorship existed between *Lucretius* and any of the others, except perhaps some of the riches and lines in *Wages;* and it is only to those that know from the study of his whole works, including early editions and unacknowledged or rejected pieces, how badly Mr. Tennyson is capable of writing, that such escapades as *The Victim*, *On a Spiteful Letter*, and "1865—1866," would present any evidence of authenticity as works by the author of *Lucretius*.

A distinguished contemporary newspaper* observes:—"Mr. Tennyson's recent contributions to the magazines have been of a very slight and occasional kind—brief, unconsidered, of no pretension. They are such sketches as an artist makes idly upon any scrap of paper that happens to lie before him, while his thoughts are rallying into order: his hand feels their movement and moves accordingly, but with little intention and little force. But, though this has been the clear explanation of the verses, they have been subjected to as much scrutiny, to observation as severe, as if they had been offered as the ripest and fullest fruits of the Laureate's mind; a way of dealing with them which of course gave his dullest critic a considerable advantage over him."

Now this is a piece of special pleading as absurd as one would meet with in any law-court. There is no analogy whatever between a lyric and a sketch which "an artist makes idly upon any scrap of paper." In the first place, such sketches almost invariably represent some fragment of a subject occupying the artist's mind—such as a bull's head, if he be a cattle-painter—a trunk of a tree or a group of stones, or a piece of a ruin, if he be a landscape-painter, and so on; whereas no poet thinks of publishing a lyric breaking off in the middle of the second verse, or otherwise failing of a certain external completeness. Again, the artist sketches are for himself, while these lyrics are given to the public; and whether Mr. Tennyson meant them to be regarded as beneath criticism or not, there certainly were pains enough taken to advertise them. No! the clear explanation is probably a mercantile one. Doubtless the publishers are glad to pay Mr. Tennyson very handsomely for the verses, and doubtless Mr. Tennyson is pleased to receive as much for the work of a few minutes as a nameless and unlaurelled worker in literary fields would have to devote the sweat of his brow for weeks to the gaining of.

However, leaving the disagreeable subject of the Laureate's weakness, let us turn to this new poem, presenting him to us in his strongest and noblest aspect.

Lucretius has, of course, been read by all who will read the present notice, so that, assuming all to be familiar with the story, the skeleton

* *Pall Mall Gazette*, 29th April, 1868.

upon which the artist's vivid modelling has placed muscular, nervous, and vascular systems, we may pass at once to the indication of the points which stand out as specially praiseworthy, as well as of the few matters to be taken exception to.

First and foremost of the beauties of the poem, then, is the conception of the manner of Lucretius's death. History, or rather tradition (and that of a very meagre and misty class), tells us that he put an end to his life, being maniacal, through the administration of a love-philtre. Now, here was matter for a splendid sensation description of a madly-jealous mistress attempting to work on a passion supposed to be errant; and a juxtaposition of hero and heroine might have been arranged within the limits of decency as commonly conceived, so as to gratify the warmest imagination, and pander to the most glowing desire for unhealthy, hot excitation. The "animal heat and dire insanity" caused by the love-potion might have been so exhibited in Lucretius as to present a scene of "thrilling interest," and all but anacreontic warmth of colour. But, instead of this, or any approach to such a treatment, we have the wife Lucilia quietly set aside after the first few lines of narrative, in which we are told of the administration of the philtre, and Lucretius is left alone to sustain the action of almost the entire poem in passing under shifting phases of disgust and horror at his own feelings, retrospect of his work, speculation on many things, and final determination — not frenzied, but calm and well-considered—to put an end to an existence animalised by passions to which he has been an habitual stranger. The varied but sequential aspects of mind through which this end is attained, are brought out, not only with the hand of a well-versed psychologist, but also with that of a consummate artist; that is to say, the whole is placed before us by one who not only possesses the keenness to detect the finest elements of thought and feeling in the possibilities of the story, but has also the power of drawing the thread of mental incidents conspicuously along, in clear and beautiful phrases. The blank verse throughout the monologue of Lucretius is of the finest and richest quality that Mr. Tennyson has produced; and it would be hard to award a much higher praise. The burst of stormy description with which Lucretius opens is finely consonant with the inner storm that is working his ruin:—

> "Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
> Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt,
> Methought I never saw so fierce a fork,
> Struck out the streaming mountain side, and show'd
> A riotous confluence of watercourses
> Blanching and bellowing in a hollow of it,
> Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry."

From the storm of elements he passes to describe the storm of dreams from which he has thrice awoke. The first was characteristic of the thoughts of his healthy mind:—

> " For it seem'd
> A void was made in Nature ; all her bonds
> Crack'd, and I saw the flaring atom-streams
> And torrents of her myriad universe,
> Ruining along the illimitable inane,
> Fly on to clash together again, and make
> Another and another frame of things
> For ever : that was mine, my dream, I knew it—
> Of and belonging to me . . ."

But the others were terrible with thoughts of lust and its accompanying calamities. The consideration of these leads the poet to question Venus whether she is taking vengeance on him for slighting her ; and from her he passes to the general question whether the gods trouble themselves about men and their affairs, thus working round to the immediate question whether *his individual state* is matter of concern to them. He decides that it is not ; and he must thus bear the full weight of horror himself. He seems to seek relief in looking forth on nature, for he cries out—

> " Can I not fling this horror off me again,
> Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
> Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm
> At random ravage ? and how easily
> The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
> Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
> A mountain o'er a mountain, ay, and within
> All hollow as the hopes and fears of men."

But, instead of finding any alleviation, the horror culminates here, for, without apparent warning, the " prodigies of myriad nakedness, and twisted shapes of lusty, unspeakable, abominable," hitherto existent only in thought, become fixed on the landscape.

> " For look ! what is it ? there ? yon arbutus
> Totters ; a noiseless riot underneath
> Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering—
> The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun ;
> And here an Oread, and this way she runs
> Before the rest—a satyr, a satyr, see—
> Follows ; but him I proved impossible ;
> Troy-natured is no nature : yet he draws
> Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
> Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
> That ever butted his rough brother-brute
> For lust or lusty blood or provender :
> I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him, and she
> Loathes him as hell ; such a precipitate heel,
> Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
> Whirls her to me ; but will she fling herself
> Shameless upon me ? Catch her, goatfoot : nay,
> Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
> And cavern shadowing laurels, hide ! do I wish—
> What ? that the bush were leafless ? or to whelm
> All of them in one massacre ? "

The vivid, relentless horror of this vision of licence and animalism, taking actual shape before the poet's eye, crushes out all idea of prolonging an existence spoiled and loathsome. According to the code of morality binding upon Lucretius, this was a noble and manly resolve —this at least was not beastlike—and, the resolve taken, Lucretius can be himself once more, and end his monologue on the grand key-note of magnanimity dominant throughout his writings. In the final phrases, we get some of the most majestic thoughts to be found throughout Mr. Tennyson's works, and also some of the most majestic *lines* considered from the technically-critical point of view. Take, for example, this passage in allusion to the poem of Lucretius *De Rerum Naturâ*.

> "My golden work in which I told a truth
> That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
> And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
> The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
> Shall stand: ay, surely."

Throughout the whole of the speech of Lucretius (which, be it observed, is 245 lines out of 277), there is, perhaps, only one line which is seriously objectionable, namely, where he talks of man's existence as—

> "*Poor little life that toddles half an hour,*
> Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end."

The idea of helpless infancy as applied to human life, and as coming from Lucretius, is dramatically good; but the expression "toddles half an hour" is too trivial and inelegant for propriety in so austere and grand an *entourage*.

But there is another fault, which must be noticed, and which is of vastly greater importance; the whole of the seven concluding lines of the poem. Lucilia having been set aside, as stated already, the mind no longer reverts to her, and it would have been artistic had Mr. Tennyson allowed us to keep our eyes entirely upon the splendid spectacle of the dying Lucretius to the end. Unfortunately, however, Lucilia is brought back in these lines of narrative, and our attention is at once occupied with the uninteresting details of how she

> "Ran in,
> Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
> As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
> That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
> Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd."

This is lamentably prosaic and out of place; and having once fallen out of the lofty view of thought and expression antecedently characteristic of the poem, Mr. Tennyson appears to have been incapable of rising again to the exigencies of the occasion when the speech is given to Lucretius once more; for, when the dying lips are again unlocked, it is only to utter the poor trite words—

> "Care not thou!
> What matters? All is over: fare thee well!"

However, these imperfections are as nothing when placed beside the splendours and perfections of the work, and it is a matter of hearty congratulation, at a time when Swinburne is read and apparently relished, that though the art-critic has one or two technical points to demur to, the moralist can find no weak or erring point in *Lucretius*, the thought of which is "perfect, white and clean" from end to end.* Fine thought poorly expressed in poetry is of no avail; and while it is not unreasonable to expect fine thought *perfectly* expressed from the author of *Morte d'Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *Godiva*, and such larger works as *In Memoriam*, yet an imperfection or two are but as motes in the broad sunlight of fame that encompasses so fresh, healthy, and beautiful a new birth as *Lucretius*.

Supplemental Hymns for Public Worship. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1868.

We confess ourselves disappointed in this little volume. Perhaps our estimate of Mr. Allon had led us to raise our expectations too high. "It assumes the use of those classic hymns which, because of their great excellence, are found in almost every Hymnal:" and yet it contains a number of the most classic and excellent, and, we must add, best known, of Charles Wesley's hymns. It contains, besides, too many "hymns of recent production," which, in our judgment, are never likely to become classic. Nevertheless, the majority of the compositions here published are of superior beauty and excellence. The number of hymns, including a few of one verse, is two hundred and thirty-nine.

Man's Origin and Destiny Sketched from the Platform of the Sciences, in a Course of Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, in the Winter of 1865-6. By J. P. Lesley. London: Trübner and Co. 1868.

"Let no man doubt his own genius," says our author; and he is true to his principle. Mr. Lesley does not doubt Mr. Lesley's genius.

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* We seem to have had a narrow escape of a very considerable blemish in one of the most difficult and at once most successful passages in the poem—the description of the nymph and satyr quoted above. Here it required the most careful and accomplished hand to avoid some impropriety of expression, destructive of the pure unity of Lucretius' character. We have before us a Canadian reprint of "Lucretius," in which occurs—

> "And here an Oread (*how the sun delights*
> *To glance and shift about her slippery sides,*
> *And rosy knees, and supple roundedness,*
> *And budded bosom peak*) who this way runs,"

instead of—

> "And here an Oread, and this way she runs."

And the story goes that Mr. Tennyson was persuaded to excise the lines from the English edition, after it was too late to do so for the Americans, who certainly are the sufferers, for the lines bear the "stamp, image, and superscription" of a school very different from the Laureate's.

The well-known Bristol ethnologist, Dr. Prichard—whose name Mr. Lesley invariably misspells—is "an old fogy," in Mr. Lesley's pages, with "a facetious reputation." "The British School of Geologists," till within the last few years, was, as Mr. Lesley tells us, the school of "bigotry." "What," asks Mr. Lesley, "is the school of Gaussen and Hengstenberg among theologians but a sect of Christianity—dropping backward and downward on to the ground of literal fetichism—converting the literature of all the Hebrew ages, from David and Solomon to James and John, into a gilt-edged quarto bound in calf, putting a more fatal stop to the progress of the Christian Church towards its millennial purity than ever did the golden calf which arrested the progress of Israel into their promised land!" But Mr. Lesley himself—the enlightened modern; the child of free thought, never hoodwinked by prepossessions or phantasies; the incarnation of that large-eyed, tranquil, sublime, and ever-waking spirit of a true philosophy which is by-and-by to beautify the earth!—who will not be wise when he teaches? It is truly amazing, the confidence with which men like Mr. Lesley will come forward, and in one and the same breath decry a host of other men as knaves and fools, and claim for themselves the patent of intelligence and honesty. The quotations just given from our author are far from being the choicest specimens of his manner. Here is another, which may serve to represent a considerable number of similar passages. Speaking of the early records of the Book of Genesis, Mr. Lesley writes:—"Men of science . . . believe them to be old Jew legends, so palpably heathenish and contrary to all that we now know, that it is not worth while to try to show their absurdity. . . . They are no part of Christian theology; they have been foisted into the body of Christian divinity to save the brains of the silly, to sustain the tyranny of the clergy, and to excuse the vices of the laity. . . . There is no alliance possible between Jewish theology and modern science. They are irreconcilable enemies. Geology in its present advancement cannot be brought more easily into harmony with the Mosaic cosmogony than with the Gnostic, the Vedic, or the Scandinavian. It has escaped fully and finally from its subjection to the creed. Sindbad has made the little red man of the sea, who sat so long on his shoulders, tipsy with new wine, tossed him to the ground, and crushed his wicked old head with a stone." Bravo, Mr. Lesley! Let us congratulate you, if not on your deliverance from peril of morals and freedom, at least on the salvation of your brains. Safe out of such a jeopardy, we can comprehend the almost preternatural keenness with which you can distinguish truth from error, wisdom from absurdity, and singleness of mind from every species of deceit, imposture, and charlatanism.

No wonder that with you, "the highest type of the religious idea is Pantheism;" that "God," as He is now understood, "is a product of philanthropy;" that Christianity, while it is "a recent device of the Deity," is "but the ancient worship of the dead, sublimated, glorified, intensified, made more concrete in its objects and details;"

that there is "no trace of *our* idea of Deity in the earliest history of mankind;" and that all the early records of the Pentateuch are stories, fables, and myths, due in many cases to crude and "semi-savage ideas which men in the beginning had of the Divine Being." Now, with respect to God and Christianity, we will leave Mr. Lesley in the hands of those who think his opinions on these subjects worth refuting. Just a word on his reiterated sneers at the Mosaic cosmogony and at other portions of the more ancient Old Testament Scriptures. Is Mr. Lesley aware that there is a multitude of persons in the world, not simply weak "clergymen," who write Harmonies of the Bible and science which are no Harmonies, but men of mind and culture, clergy and laity, who having a knowledge of the natural sciences quite as large and exact as Mr. Lesley's, and being no way his inferiors either in intellectual discipline, in power of reasoning, or in natural acuteness and grasp of thought, do yet honestly and in their sober senses receive the first few chapters of Genesis, in common with other Scriptures, as the true sayings of the Everlasting God? And that they so receive them, in part at least, on precisely similar grounds to those which support Mr. Lesley's belief in the facts of geology, or in any phenomena or conditions of the past of which his intelligence is certified? If Mr. Lesley does not know all this, he ought to know it; and if he does know it, he ought to have written with a little more modesty and self-restraint. Surely, these scientific believers in Moses are not all rogues and simpletons. They may not be able precisely to adjust the relations between the facts of science and the language of their sacred documents, but with such evidence of the divinity of the documents as they have before them—evidence so vast, so various, so weighty—it would be treason to science itself, we will not say to surrender the documents to the difficulty, but even for a moment seriously to question the certainty that they will in the end be brought into perfect agreement with the scientific facts. Mr. Lesley says that years ago "the theologians," as he calls them, "had the geologists upon the hip" over the fossil remains of man. "If the earth is so old, they triumphantly clamoured, why does not man share in its antiquity? Show us a fossil human bone; a fragment of his skull; a single tooth will satisfy us; if it be imbedded fairly in one of your fossiliferous rocks." And to this demand, Mr. Lesley approvingly tells us, "there was but one reply; 'Wait!'" We thank Mr. Lesley for that word. It is the very one which the theologians are now using. Why should not the theological "Wait" be as good as the geological? We have a private opinion that it is a great deal better. At any rate, it is every whit as good. And, in general, while on the one side we would do our best, in the interest of the Bible and of Christianity, to protect scientific facts from the mauling of ignorance and passion; on the other, we claim it, in the name of all true science, that primæval records, such as those of the Hebrew-Christian Scriptures, shall not be flippantly flung into the waste-paper basket of the ages. Mr. Lesley does this, and, as humble disciples of science,

we lament his rashness. "Man's Origin and Destiny" is a clever, smart, dashing, random, and conceited book, the publication of which, we trust, Mr. Lealey will live many useful years to be ashamed of and deplore. Perhaps the most curious part of the whole is the lecture on Arkite symbolism, with which the work closes—a lecture, the literary rhapsody and hallucination of which illustrate very strikingly the old doctrine, that scepticism and credulity are twin-brothers, and are always ready to play into one another's hands. The author of this lecture ought to believe in fairies and the evil eye.

Our Class-Meetings. An Inquiry into their Scriptural Authority and Practical Working. By the Rev. George Alley. Dublin: Moffat and Co. London: Hamiltons. 1868.

Although we regard this volume as being rather encumbered than strengthened by the discussion as to the visibility of the Church in the second chapter, and think that it might with advantage be otherwise abridged here and there; and although the style, in particular, would be much the better for a careful revision; yet we welcome it heartily, as by far the most complete book on the Class-Meeting which Methodism has yet sent forth, and as containing a conclusive, and almost exhaustive, exposition and defence of that which is a characteristic and vitalising element in the Wesleyan economy.

Aids to the Spiritual Life, Day by Day. By Rev. John Bate, author of "Cyclopædia of Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths," &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1868.

This seems to us to be Mr. Bates' best book, as it is his most original. Each "subject for meditation" occupies one page, and there is one for each day in the year. The subjects are well selected; and the meditations are carefully thought out and succinctly expressed. The idea is happy, the execution good, and the book cannot fail to be profitable to the Christian reader.

Bible Animals. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., &c. London: Longmans. Parts I. to. IX.

Mr. Wood's high name is a guarantee for the descriptive writing; and the illustrations are numerous and admirable. The price for each number is only one shilling. Need we say more by way of recommendation?

Paul Gerhardt's Spiritual Songs. Translated by John Kelly. London: Strahan. 1867.

A loving, but not very successful, attempt to translate for the first time into English, or to retranslate, a number of Gerhardt's pre-

cious German Hymns. Mr. Kelly's spirit is in admirable keeping with the demands of his task, and many of his renderings answer well both to the meaning and the form of the original. But a poetical translation of true poetry should be itself poetry; and Mr. Kelly does not always give us this. Take, for example, the fourth and last stanzas in the translation of the well-known paraphrase of Psalm xxxvii. 5.

For means it fails Thee never,
Thou always find'st a way,
Thy doings blessing ever,
Thy path like brightest day.
Thy work can no one hinder,
Thy labour cannot rest,
If Thou design'st Thy tender
Children should be blessed.

O Lord, no longer lengthen
Our time of misery,
Our hands and feet now strengthen,
And until death may we
By Thee be watch'd and car'd for,
In faithfulness and love,
So come we where prepar'd for
Us is our bless'd abode.

It is dangerous for a translator of German hymns to follow in the wake of Wesley. Mr. Kelly has done so here, and we cannot congratulate him on his enterprise. Wesley never made Gerhardt, or any other German hymnologist, speak after the fashion of the lines just quoted. Be the blemishes of this little volume what they may, however, its contents are immeasurably superior to most of the fashionable religious poetry current among us: and there are thousands of sorrowful hearts which it may help at once to comfort and to bless.

The Story of a Blind Inventor; being some Account of the Life and Labours of Dr. James Gale, M.A., F.G.S., F.C.S. By John Plummer. London: William Tweedie.

This is the story of a life happily not yet terminated. Its claim to be thus prematurely published is its connection with a discovery which it is believed will be of great public utility, that, namely, of the method of rendering gunpowder non-explosive for keeping in store, without destroying or impairing its explosive qualities. Many of our readers will remember accounts of this method which appeared in the newspapers a year or two ago, and of the successful experiments with it which were made by the inventor himself in the presence of her Majesty and of the Prince and Princess of Wales. That it should have fallen to the lot of a blind man to discover so valuable a secret was felt to invest the discovery with a special interest, and a desire was very generally created to know something of the personal history of the inventor. This desire Mr. Plummer has sought to gratify. He believes also that "the history not only offers a bright and encouraging example of the power and value of self-help, but also tends to afford

considerable encouragement to those engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, by showing how perseverance and energy can vanquish the most formidable obstacles, converting impediments into so many stepping-stones towards success."

We should have been glad if we could have commended the literary character of the work. But it is too diffuse; too sentimental; too much burdened with moralising and with scraps of poetry; shows too much striving after effect, and too evident an attempt at book-making. The "Story," nevertheless, is readable and instructive, and will no doubt command an extensive sale.

Wesleyan Methodist Map of the Second London and Kent Districts.

The Methodist Conference divides the island into districts or dioceses, each of which has its District Committee or Diocesan Synod, consisting of ministers and laymen, two laymen for each *circuit*, besides a number of District lay officials. The number of districts in England and Wales is thirty-one. Scotland, in which Methodism has at length *begun* to take hold, is the thirty-second district. This is exclusive of Ireland, which is under the administration of a separate branch Conference. A Methodist minister is preparing a series of maps, in which, district by district, the circuits of Methodism are defined. The towns and villages of the country are accurately set down, with the main roads and railways, and wherever there is a Methodist preaching station this is shown by a definite symbol, and whether there is a chapel only, or also a chapel and a school. The chief places or heads of the circuits are specifically indicated, and the boundaries of the circuits are accurately laid down. All this must be very interesting, and very instructive and suggestive, not only to Methodists, but also perhaps more so to ecclesiastical students and inquirers of other denominations. We have before us the first map of the series, in which the Second London District, that is the South-Western, Metropolitan, and Sub-Metropolitan District or Diocese, of which the W.S.W. half of London, with its constituent circuits, is understood to be the head, and the Kent District, including two-thirds of the County of Kent, are mapped out. The region included in the two districts conjointly, consists of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and part of Berkshire, besides the W.S.W. section of Middlesex. A lecture might well be delivered on the reasons why Methodist circuits flourish, and Methodist chapels cluster thick, in some portions of this map, while in other parts, Methodism, it is evident, is hardly known. The questions of land-tenure, and of the people's occupation, whether that of artisans and manufacturing operatives, or of serf-like sons of the soil, comes in here. Where Methodism is precluded from obtaining a footing, it will be found that the farmers are the most helplessly dependent on their landlords, the peasantry are the most depressed and ignorant, morality is at the lowest ebb, and yet often the per-centage of church-going villagers is high. Poor-rates are very heavy in such regions.

We trust that the Rev. E. H. Tindall, the editor, will receive full encouragement.

The Statesman's Year Book: a Statistical, Mercantile, and Historical Account of the States and Sovereigns of the Civilised World. A Manual for Politicians and Merchants. For the Year 1868. By Frederick Martin. Macmillans.

Not only every politician and merchant, but every well-informed gentleman, and every public teacher, ought to possess this most meritorious and interesting digest. For the present year it is especially valuable, because it gives, clearly and completely, all the changes which have been introduced by the new order of things into Germany. Here are exhibited, in "Comparative Tables," the parliaments of the world, the budgets of the principal states, the debts of the principal states, the commerce of the principal countries, the distribution of British commerce, the import markets of Great Britain, the export markets of Great Britain, the sovereigns of Europe in 1868. The states of Europe pass in review, a succinct but capital account being given of the reigning family, the constitution and government, church and education, revenue and expenditure, army and navy, population, trade and industry, railways, colonies, money, weights and measures, and of statistical and other books of reference. The mysteries of Germany, North Germany, South Germany, and the Zollverein are all explained. In the account of Great Britain, covering nearly ninety pages, besides the other particulars, such as have been indicated already, a good account is given of the imports and exports, shipping, cotton trade, mines and minerals, and foreign possessions. In the second part Mr. Martin "does" on the same plan the principal States of America, Africa, Asia, and Australasia. It is a most able and an invaluable summary.

The Great Architect: His Plan of Salvation in the Temple of Dead Stones and Living Stones, God and Man. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

This is an exceedingly trashy book; rambling, incoherent, and purposeless. If there are any good thoughts in it, apart from the very words of Scripture, of which it in considerable part consists, they are "like two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff." The theology of the book, also, is childish and revolting. Here is a sample:—"Then the Father and the Son take counsel together. The Father in His infinite love proposes to His Son to undertake man's redemption, promising as the reward of victory, a glory and happiness greater than He had yet enjoyed; and the Son, imbued with equal love, and for the joy that was set before Him, despising the shame, echoes the offer with, 'Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God.' I, your Son, will Myself put on man's

nature. 'The first Adam I have made has fallen, and forfeited for his race the possibility of immortal happiness on earth; I will be the second Adam, and, as man, strive to render that perfect obedience which shall restore the race to your favour.'" Is the author an Arian, a Tritheist, or a Mormon?

Satan's Devices Exposed. By the Rev. Samuel Weir, Author of "Onward to God." Pp. 230. Dublin: Moffatt and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; and sold at 66, Paternoster Row.

The author is evidently a right-hearted man, whose object is to glorify God and save souls. The several parts of the subject are illustrated by examples drawn from sacred and secular history. These are appropriate and effectively put. Mr. Weir is evidently a devout student of the Scriptures, and has made good use of his general reading. This little book is prettily got up, printed on toned paper, and neatly bound in gilt cloth. It would be a suitable present to the young.

Verba Nominalia; or, Words Derived from Proper Names. By R. S. Charnock, Ph. Dr. London: Trübner and Co. 1866.

We have only recently become acquainted with this expensive and very poor book. Dr. Charnock professes to write an etymological and descriptive dictionary of such words—nouns, adjectives, verbs—of the English language as have their origin in names of persons or places. And after a manner he does this. Most words falling within his province will be found in the volume; though some familiar ones are omitted, such as cowry, emery, saunter, &c. The treatment of the words, however, is unpardonably loose and vague. Authorities, even when they are close at hand, are seldom given; scarcely any attempt is made to indicate the orthoepical and orthographical processes by which the original names have come to wear the disguise under which in a multitude of instances they are now found; and, altogether, there is an utter absence through the work of that historical and critical precision, without which a book of this class is little more than so much waste paper. Nor is the quality of Dr. Charnock's production our only quarrel with it. By *Verba Nominalia*—to use Dr. Charnock's term—we understand words which though once purely personal or geographical, have wholly ceased to be such—the language employing them being unconscious of any difference which marks them off from other words having no such original. In this sense copper and sherry, muslin and phaeton, hector and tantalise, are true *Verba Nominalia*. Dr. Charnock, however, sweeps a much wider field. We ought not, perhaps, to complain that modern scientific terms, manufactured from proper names, stand thickly on the author's pages. We must put up, we suppose, with "Smithia," "Jonesia,"

and their legion of stupid brothers, botanical or otherwise; though these are not *Verba Nominalia* of the same description with "Ammonite," which Dr. Charnock includes in his list, or "Bellerophon," which he omits. But what will the reader think, when he finds words like Christianity and Arianism, Maccabees and Mercator's Chart, London Clay and Venus's Looking-Glass, Eau de Cologne and Welsh Rabbit, in Dr. Charnock's book? But where are Confucianism, and Southcottists, and Herodian, and Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and Faroe Limestone, and Tom Thumb Nasturtium, and Worcester Sauce, and Blair's Gout Pills? These have quite as much title to be inserted as those just quoted: and if a dictionary of *Verba Nominalia* is to include all terms whatever, beginning with religion and running on to quack medicines and slang, which are either formed directly from proper names or containing such names as elements in their composition, there is absolutely no end, and instead of Dr. Charnock's thin octavo, the world must suffer an encyclopædia, the reader of which will be only less foolish than the writer of it. There are points of interest in Dr. Charnock's work. Now and then an article may be stumbled upon which exhibits some care and research. But as a whole, we have seldom met with a cruder, feebler, or more conspicuously injudicious book.

The Reign of Terror: a Narrative of Facts Concerning Ex-Governor Eyre, George William Gordon, and the Jamaica Atrocities. By Henry Bleby, Author of "The Death Struggles of Scenery," "Scenes in the Caribbean Sea," &c., &c. London. 1868.

This comes to us for review, but with no publisher's name. We presume that it is to be obtained by application to Mr. Bleby himself. We shall keep it by us, as the testimony and the judgment of a thoroughly well-informed and very experienced Wesleyan (not Baptist) missionary, in regard to what Mr. Roundell, a barrister and Government official, the Secretary to the Royal Commission to Jamaica, has spoken of as "the hell-like saturnalia of martial law" in that unhappy island. Mr. Bleby vindicates Mr. Gordon, and proves that Governor Eyre's measures were taken under the influence of panic and prejudice, for which there was no foundation. There never was a deliberate black conspiracy, though there was a savage outbreak. And this outbreak was confined to one parish, and was provoked by legal oppression, such as could never be known in England, notwithstanding the "justices' justice" which we still too often hear of, it may be in Dorsetshire, or in Kent, or in Shropshire. Among the victims in Jamaica were some peaceful members of the Methodist Church. Most harrowing are the details given in regard to these poor unoffending Methodists at page 80 of this pamphlet. "Few persons," says Mr. Bleby truly, "have a correct idea of the facts associated with the outbreak, or of the atrocities which were practised during martial law.

The writer feels it to be due to the murdered members of the church he belongs to, whose blood still cries from the ground; to the black and coloured inhabitants of the British West India colonies, who are a meek, long-suffering, and forgiving race, and not the monsters of cruelty and vengeance they have been represented; to the missionary churches of the West Indies; and, above all, to the cause of truth and righteousness, to give the religious public such a brief consecutive narrative as may help those who are candid and right-minded to arrive at right conclusions concerning the tragedy, and the several persons who were prominently concerned therein." The following are Mr. Bleby's last sentences:—

"It is a pleasing fact that a new system of administration has been inaugurated in misgoverned Jamaica, which bids fair to produce a better and more equitable state of things than that which for so many years has existed in that colony. Some of the reforms which Mr. Gordon advocated, and laboured long to accomplish, are now in progress. The present Governor, Sir J. P. Grant, armed with powers almost despotic, is repealing and altering oppressive laws, rendering the burden of taxation more equal amongst the rich and poor, cutting down the enormous expense of the Church establishment, and providing for such a fair and impartial administration of the laws as shall obviate just ground of complaint; and we trust the day is not far distant, when the peasantry of Jamaica, released from the oppressions by which they have been ground to the earth, will be amongst the most prosperous and happy classes of her Majesty's subjects."

The Holy Child Jesus; or, the Early Life of Christ Viewed in Connection with the History, Chronology, and Archæology of the Times. By the Rev. Thornley Smith, Author of "The History of Joseph," &c. Wesleyan Conference Office: 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row. 1868.

This is a plain book for young people. But it is a truly valuable little volume, full of the results of extensive reading and mature thought. Many a veteran divine and many an aged Christian will feel grateful to Mr. Smith, for such an introduction to the life of Christ.

Parochial and Plain Sermons. By John Henry Newman, B.D., formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. In 8 vols. Vols. III. and IV., New Edition. Rivingtons, 1868.

This issue of some of the most famous sermons of the age still continues; and, as yet, the strength of the writer seems hardly to diminish. It is in his analysis of character and its lessons; in his subtle penetration into the play of motives; and in his power of depicting of

the mysterious meaning and working of the soul's individuality and personality, that Newman appears to greatest advantage as a preacher. His doctrine of faith, even in these sermons, has an element of deadly error in it, and verges on that Papal heresy by which credulous acceptance of human authority, as if it were Divine, is represented as Christian faith, and the monstrous and self-stultifying inference is suggested that the weaker and emptier the evidence is in which a man believes, the truer and more Christianly religious is his faith. The fatuous and paganish superstitions of his school respecting baptismal regeneration and sacramental sanctification are here also in full vigour.

Memorials of the Life of Peter Bohler, Bishop of the Church of the United Brethren. By the Rev. J. P. Lockwood. With an Introduction by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. Wesleyan Conference Office. 1868.

THIS is another excellent small volume from the "Conference Office." Mr. Lockwood has told us as much as diligent research had enabled him to discover of the history of the man from whom the Wesley Brothers derived much of their evangelical illumination. The value of these memorials is greatly enhanced by Mr. Jackson's "Introduction Concerning Mr. Wesley's Early Religious Life," to which we have before had occasion to refer in this Journal.

WE have received several volumes of interest and importance, of which we must postpone our notice. Among these are Dr. Rule's admirable *History of the Inquisition* (Wesleyan Conference Office); Peirce's *Principles and Polity of Wesleyan Methodism*, with Preface by Dr. Osborn; Skeats' *History of the Free Churches of England* (Miall); Bateman's *Life of the Rev. H. V. Elliott* (Macmillan); De Liefde's charming story of *The Beggars; or, The Founders of the Dutch Republic* (Hodder and Stoughton); the Rev. Edward White's valuable and suggestive volume of Sermons, entitled, *The Mystery of Growth and other Discourses* (Elliot Stock); J. M. Morris's cheap and good shilling's worth of *Sermons for all Classes* (Stock); Dr. Lee's *Increase of Faith* (Blackwood), Second Edition; and Withington's *Safe Steps in Perilous Times* (Hamilton), 1868.

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