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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Madge, late Minister of Essex-street Chapel, London.* By the Rev. WILLIAM JAMES. London: Longmans. 1871.

IT is the opinion of an eminent Unitarian writer in America, that the service which Unitarianism as a sect was to render to the Christian religion has been almost consummated, and that it has now only the choice of going forward into Deism or of stepping back into the main body of the Christian host. We can hardly judge how far the Unitarians of England may be disposed to accept a view so discouraging and so humiliating to their denominational pride; for though, generally speaking, they seem to believe that it is not their destiny to propagate Unitarianism on any large scale, so as to make it the prevailing Christianity of the future, they are still very confident of a mission to purge away the corruptions of Orthodoxy. Mr. Martineau recognises the greatness of a faith which can win a wide success or make a rapid conquest over submissive minds, but he sees "a still higher greatness in a faith that where God ordains can stand up, and do without success." Yet he is confident, in the midst of all the evidences of failure, that it is the mission of Unitarianism, as the fruit of a progressive eclectic enlightenment, to decompose all the creeds of Christendom, to resolve them into new combinations, and to compact them into a unity grand as God's own Word and equally exclusive of all falsehood and unreality. We have a right to expect that a system of opinion with such a destiny before it should be sure of its own ground, as well as clear and consistent in its great principles, and, above all, that it should have some fixed and accepted theory of the

Supreme Object of worship to present to our judgment, as that in which all its disciples are themselves agreed. For we can hardly believe that individualism, a protest against errors, and the principles of natural ethics, are ever destined to work a revolution in Christendom, or to build up the religion of Christ in any harmonious or enduring form; much less that this honour is reserved for a mere gospel of geniality and good-fellowship, which finds points of sympathy with every form of thought and speculation. Perhaps there is no Christian sect which has passed through such vicissitudes of opinion, none so passively receptive of ideas from every quarter, and none so unstable in its positive dogmas, as Unitarianism; and, in more recent times, the theory seems to have gained ground among its advocates, that the Church of God ought to be a sort of open enclosure into which every passing speculator might fling his mental tares.

The history of Unitarian opinion is most instructive. Not to speak of the subtle Alexandrian Arianism of the fourth century, or of the hard, common-sense Socinianism of the sixteenth, let us mark the successive changes of opinion, from the cold, hard materialism of Priestley in the eighteenth century, down through the Biblico-historical Unitarianism of Channing in the nineteenth, followed by the Deistic humanitarianism of Theodore Parker, and the refined spiritualism of Taylor and Martineau, concealing their infinitesimal dogmas in a cloud of sentimentalism and æsthetics. It is quite evident that the old conservative school, which held so hard by the pretence of a Biblical basis, and tried to fight out its battle with grammar and lexicon, while it rested so securely upon a shallow sensational philosophy, has almost disappeared. It is of this school that Albert Réville, a French rationalist, whose work upon the *History of the Doctrine of the Deity of Jesus Christ* has just been translated into English by a Unitarian lady, has made the remark: "The Socinian doctrine, apart from its criticism of Orthodoxy, was somewhat prosaic, not unlike the vulgar rationalism of another period, and out of harmony with modern views." But it is very doubtful whether the new so-called spiritual school by which it has been superseded is any decided improvement from our Orthodox point of view; for one section of it nears the stage of a vapid pantheism, destroys the solid groundwork of supernatural fact, while it claims to receive it in its more spiritual meaning, and covers everything with the flattering beauty

of poetry and sentiment. There is a strong disposition on the part of this school to seek alliance with Broad Churchmen; but, however defective the latter may be in their appreciation of the specially meritorious ground of our acceptance with God, they still hold to the person of Christ, as the source of spiritual life and influence. Christ, as the present fountain of life, is very different from Christ representing a mere class of ideas, motives, and philosophical speculations. Another section of this spiritual school, reaching toward something warmer and more evangelical than the old-fashioned Unitarianism, is trying—at least in America—to grapple with the great questions of sin, redemption, incarnation, and the Church, and is borrowing the aids of liturgies, sacraments, architecture, music, altars, and crosses, to attract popular sympathy. A clergyman of New England, representing this tendency, has very expressively said: "No sect or body of men that received Christianity only as an abstract system of faith and morals, and its founder only as an historical person, leaving out the living Christ as the ever-present medium of the Divine energy, has ever won for itself a place in history as one of the great motive forces of human progress." But, after all, making due allowance for this hopeful tendency, there is reason to believe that the old Orthodox faith is equally distasteful to both schools of Unitarian thought, that there is no real change of position, and that both sections assign to reason the chair of authority, and summon Revelation to its bar that her doctrines may be received or rejected, as they disagree or agree with its dictates. The change from Locke to Cousin in philosophy has not improved their relation to evangelical Christianity. It is evident, however, that the dominant Unitarianism of the moment—at least, in England—is in a transition state. It seems disposed to drop the Unitarian title altogether, and tries to hide its nakedness under the name of "Liberal Christianity;" but we are now less able than ever to grasp its floating myths, or make them sensible to the touch, and we await their consolidation into some atom of an idea that may come within the range of actual inspection. Without fixed laws, without first principles, without any system of doctrines upon which even a general agreement can be secured, while it refuses all definitions and propositions by which it may be logically assailed, it is incapable, on this very ground, of being brought into any association for its promulgation and defence. Dr. Vance Smith imagines, we presume, that the mission of Unitarianism, as a sect,

would be ended, if the Church of England had bases broad enough to allow a standing-place to the disciples of Priestley and Channing; and he is evidently of opinion, even in an age the most earnest since the Reformation, that it would be possible to include a perfect imbroglio of faiths within a single establishment without the recurrence of controversies and disruptions. But human nature and true Christianity must be greatly changed before such a consummation can be reached. If men can be induced not to tell what they believe, never to discuss questions of opinion, and to abstain from even a whisper, distinct and categorical, as to who Christ really was, and what He came to do on earth, to exercise, in short, a prudent, intellectual reserve, and lose themselves in the rapture of an emotional brotherhood, the millennium may be regarded as near at hand; but it will in that case have come on principles far different from any that human imagination could have conceived, or that even the most eccentric interpretation of Scripture could be supposed to sanction. The dream of Dr. Smith is only another proof that Unitarianism has no resting-place, and can have no future; its historical connection with the Church Universal has been long discarded, and its successive transformations bring it no nearer the success which it has almost ceased to desire.

We confess that it is a somewhat refreshing experience to meet with a representative of the old common-sense Unitarianism, against which our fathers fought with such skill and determination, in the person of the Rev. Thomas Madge, the well-known and eloquent minister of the Essex-street Chapel, London. He stood for thirty-four years in the pulpit which was successively occupied by such lights of Unitarianism as Theophilus Lindsey and Thomas Belsham; and, though these men far excelled him in polemic ability and general intellectual energy, he was almost unsurpassed in his denomination for a certain clearness and persuasiveness of pulpit address, which was greatly enhanced by the effect of a voice of marvellous sweetness and power. He represented almost an extinct species in English Unitarianism, for he was a disciple of Channing, very conservative in his views, though, we believe, he regarded with a far too easy tolerance the rationalistic excesses of some of his brethren in the ministry. We supply a brief notice of his life, which was rather devoid of incident, mainly because it suggests for consideration a number of important questions in relation to the whole history, operations, and tendency of the sect

which he served so faithfully during an active ministry of more than fifty years.

The Rev. Thomas Madge was born at Plymouth, in the year 1786, and died so lately as August 1870, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His father, who belonged to the Church of England, died when he was quite young, and he was then taken from his mother and adopted by a relation, Mr. Thomas Hugo, a medical gentleman who resided at Crediton, in Devonshire. He was educated at the grammar school of the town, of which the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot, father of the present Dr. Lightfoot, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, was master. Young Madge was originally designed for the medical profession; but in the year 1803 he was so deeply impressed by the preaching of the Rev. John Rowe, a Unitarian minister of Bristol, who was officiating for the day in the Unitarian chapel at Crediton, that he resolved to abandon medicine and devote himself to theology in connection with the Unitarian body. It is a striking fact that nearly all the most eminent ministers of this sect were trained under orthodoxy—the only exception being Mr. Martineau—for Priestley, Belsham, Disney, Lindsey, and Channing came of Trinitarian parents, and derived none of their culture and training from Unitarianism. It has been remarked of the more conservative Unitarians of America, like Channing and Buckminster, that though the spirit of the old Puritan institutions of New England was declining at the time when they were preparing for the ministry, still they carried some lingering reverence for the Bible into Unitarianism, and remained at the end of their career where they took their stand at the beginning, anchored in the stream of thought by their early training. But a new generation afterwards sprang up, who had never known Orthodoxy, except as something to be hated and despised, and they were rapidly swept away by the rising tides of German speculation. It is only in a generation trained under Unitarian masters that we can see the matured and proper fruits of the system.

The change in Mr. Madge's religious opinions, as well as in his choice of a profession, was somewhat disappointing to Mr. Hugo, who was a member of the Church of England, but no theological or political differences ever marred the cordiality of their subsequent relations. Young Madge was now sent to an academical institution in Exeter, and was afterwards transferred, in 1805, to the college at York, where he remained for four years, and had his entire course of study completed

in 1809. There was nothing remarkable in his progress, as he was never a hard student. His biographer says he never had any profound knowledge of languages, and philology was less to his taste than metaphysics, morals, and politics. Mr. Madge having left college in 1809, accepted a call to the pastorate of Bury St. Edmunds in the beginning of 1810. It was one of the many Presbyterian congregations in England which had lapsed from orthodoxy into Unitarianism. We may observe, in passing, that the loss was not so great, after all, as there is some comfort in the remark of Andrew Fuller,—"We do not mind the places being Socinian so long as the people have left them." There he made the acquaintance of Henry Crabb Robinson, of the *Diary*, whose relatives were members of the congregation, and the intimacy was kept up in London till the end of Robinson's life. He remained barely two years in this place, and removed in 1811 to Norwich, which was then "the abode of men and women who were well known for their literary and scientific tastes," but still more celebrated as the scene of the ministry of Dr. John Taylor, the opponent of Jonathan Edwards. It was here that Mr. Madge developed his somewhat considerable pulpit power. He had at first marred the effect of his exceedingly harmonious utterances by undue rapidity; so much so, that an elderly gentleman's comment upon his sermon, "My people do not consider," was, "My young friend, you do not give us time to consider." We may allow Mr. James, his biographer, to testify to Mr. Madge's fully developed talent as a speaker: "As scholars and theologians, Belsham and Lindsey were superior to him; but he had more popular talent, more imagination, a greater power of moving the affections; his clear, sweet voice, distinct enunciation, calmness and refinement of manner, gave a peculiar charm to his services, and admirably qualified him to minister to thoughtful and cultivated hearers." Mr. Madge was married in 1819 to Miss Travers, the daughter of Benjamin Travers, Esq., of Clapton. About this time he wrote a long letter on the doctrine of Future Punishment, but it contained nothing beyond the moral argument of John Foster. He had the pleasure of an introduction to Wordsworth, the poet, with whom, in his visits to the Lake district, he was for many years privileged to enjoy frequent and friendly intercourse.

In the year 1825, Mr. Madge became pastor of Essex-street Chapel, London, as assistant and successor to the Rev. Thomas Belsham, who was then rapidly declining in health. He bore the entire responsibility of his charge from the first,

and devoted himself with becoming industry and zeal to his pastoral work, during a period of more than thirty years. We can well conceive the change from the frigid discourses of Belsham to the more animated and moving addresses of his youthful successor; we remember the remark of Dr. Arnold upon the works of Belsham: "My dislike to them arises more from what appears to me their totally un-Christian tone, meaning particularly their want of devotion, reverence, love of holiness, and dread of sin, which breathes through the Apostolic writings, than from the mere opinions contained in them, utterly erroneous as I believe them to be." Belsham did certainly well represent the icy atmosphere of "the frozen zone of Christianity"—the name applied by Mrs. Barbauld to her own sect—and we can well conceive that a change to a more genial ministry would be welcomed by the Essex-street congregation. Mr. Madge had a son named Travers Madge, who was originally intended for the ministry, but he turned aside to orthodox opinions and a secular calling. He became an ardent philanthropist, and died young. The Rev. Brooke Herford has published his memoir. It is interesting to know that, after Mr. Madge had retired from the active labours of the ministry in 1859, he launched with ardour into the controversy regarding the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, which he vindicated against the assault of the Rev. J. J. Tayler, one of the Unitarian professors in Manchester New College, London. In the summer of 1867, a lameness began to trouble Mr. Madge, which was the sign of a paralytic attack, and incapacitated him for much exercise or walking. However, he lingered on till 1870. Mr. James says, as his end approached, "the sense of God's goodness was his daily consolation." "As with some of the most holy souls there has been a spiritual reserve, a tendency to be silent with reference to the inner life, and the experience of the heart, so it was with him. He was not disposed to talk much of his religious feelings; but never was there a more resigned and submissive mind, or a more sure reliance in God through Christ than he exhibited." Mr. James does not give us any of his last words, except the word "yes," in reply to the question whether he regarded the Unitarian view of Christianity as the nearest approach to the mind of Christ and to the doctrine of the Gospel. This was a question about his opinions. Mr. Madge shortly before death said he was looking for and even desiring the change that was near. He died on the 29th of August, and was buried in Abney Park Cemetery on the 3rd September, 1870.

We cannot say that we have been greatly interested or edified by this tastefully written memoir of a most respectable and eloquent man. The correspondence is exceedingly meagre, and throws no light upon anything. Indeed so far as the memoir itself is concerned, it tells us nothing of the history of English Unitarianism or of the various schools of Unitarian thought; nor does it even inform us of Mr. Madge's own religious views, though the scraps of his sermons which are printed by Mr. James undoubtedly testify that he was a Unitarian of the old school, holding fast by the supernatural in miracle and revelation, and believing in the supernatural mission of Christ. But they give us no intimation of his views upon the person of the Redeemer, as to whether He was a man or more than a man. It is really surprising that our biographer should give us no account of the history, position, and prospects of the body with which Mr. Madge was so long identified, and we can only account for the omission by the fact that there was nothing particularly encouraging to tell.

It is not our object in the present article to supply what this memoir totally omits, viz. a record or analysis of the changing phases of Unitarian speculation, but rather to ascertain how far Unitarianism has in any degree accomplished any one of the many ends for which a Church exists in the world. This is an age which judges every institution by certain quotable results, and Unitarians can hardly object to give an account of their work as a denomination. We have a right, then, to demand what they have done to stimulate the love of Truth and to urge the progress of the human mind in the study of Divine things; what original contributions they have made to scientific theology, or to Biblical interpretation; what they have done to create a devotional literature; what efforts they have made, from their presumedly superior stand-point, to confront the versatile infidelity of the age; what they have done to diffuse Christianity—in their own form presumedly the purest—both at home and abroad; what noble triumphs of principle and Christian manliness they have presented to the world; what impetus they have given to the great moral and social reforms of the age; and, above all, how far they have added strength and stimulus to the zeal which aims at nothing short of the subjugation of the world to Christ. This will form the scope of our inquiry. Unitarians can hardly object to any fairly conducted examination of their claims, inasmuch as they are always boasting of their superior position and opportunities, and particularly of

"their relation to the higher intellectual, moral, and philanthropic tendencies of our day." If they have failed, it is not because the spirit of the time is adverse to freedom of thought or scientific inquiry; or because the age is so miserably sectarian that it punishes with severity any attempt to escape out of the old ruts of opinion; or because the law is persecuting, which it is not, for it allows Unitarians to hold goods they have not honestly come by; or because the spirit of the period is dark and fanatical, for there never was a period so enlightened and gladsome in its general spirit, or more bountiful and effusive in the works of Divine charity.

We are reminded at the outset that Unitarians have great love for the truth; that they will go anywhere to find it; that their free habit of discussion gives them peculiar facilities for its discovery; and that their freedom from dogmatic prejudices enables them to search with effect the whole field of knowledge. We join issue upon every one of these statements. It surely stands to reason that a Church which holds salvation to be in no way dependent upon the opinions we receive is far less likely to value truth, or to pursue it for its own sake, than the Church which holds opinions to be essential to salvation. Dr. Priestley maintained that the laying more stress upon opinions had a tendency to check free inquiry, but Belsham denounced the idea as unphilosophical and erroneous. Dr. Priestley said that Unitarianism had its principal success among those indifferent to religion, and he commended this very indifference because it was so favourable to men judging correctly concerning particular tenets of religion, though, with a curious inconsistency, he also censured it as unfavourable to the zealous propagation of truth. The reasoning of Dr. Priestley resembles that of Greg in his *Creed of Christendom*, where he maintains that a man is incapacitated for the investigation of truth by a regard for the prospects of his soul. But surely if indifference to the result be an essential condition to a course of correct reasoning, such an employment of the intellectual faculties must be unsuited to the highest and best natures, for these are least likely to be indifferent. According to this view, no physician should prescribe for a patient unless he is perfectly indifferent whether the patient recovers or dies; and no philanthropist ought ever to be listened to upon any plan for the public good, because he evidently wishes the success of his plan, and this very wish must of necessity bias his judgment in framing it. Can it be possible that the love of truth should be confined to those indifferent

to religion? It is maintained, however, that the Gospel is open to improvement, like everything else, from age to age; that the doctrines of Christianity are dark and obscure; that the spirit is more than the letter, and is not so much attachment to doctrinal opinions but love or charity. Statements of this nature argue no great love of truth. How can we believe in their attachment to truth, when we see Unitarians publish works quite inconsistent with all their leading principles? They publish the works of Priestley, though they reject his materialism and necessitarianism; a Unitarian lady translates a rationalistic work by a French Protestant, Albert Réville, though he rejects miracles and prophecy, denies the resurrection of Christ, and impugns the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel; another Unitarian lady is the first translator of Strauss's *Leben Jesu* into English, and the whole Unitarian body of England allow a professor, the Rev. J. J. Tayler, to sit in their Chair of Theology, who denies the resurrection of Christ. This easy tolerance of error is so far from arguing a love of truth that it is fitted to destroy all the perception of its importance and all our notions of the claims of conscience. But Unitarianism believes in the progress of religious truth, and is far better fitted than orthodoxy to promote that progress. We admit that theology is progressive. We admit that our apparatus and skill and attainments are progressive; but Unitarians speak as if the matter or subject of the science were equally progressive. We know that anatomy is in a high degree a progressive science, demanding an ever keener eye, and a more delicate hand to guide its dissecting-knife; but the materials it deals with are unchanged, being the bones and flesh of the human frame. The question is, are the materials of the science of theology fixed or variable? Where are they to be found? In the written Word of God, or in the human reason, or in the Christian consciousness? And to what standard or test is the theologian to bring his spiritual intuitions, or the logical propositions in which he embodies them? These are questions to be answered. The Unitarian treats the whole Christian system as something unsettled, but how the unsettlement of Christian dogmas can contribute to the advancement of truth we are at a loss to conceive. He holds theology in special dislike on the ground that divines usually go to the Bible to find their systems there instead of deducing their systems from the Bible. But, unless we are mistaken, the Bible was there before the systems, and how the first system-builder went to

it with a system regularly made out we fail to perceive. One systematic divine might borrow from another, back to the very earliest period; but at last we come upon a man who had a Bible and no system, and how his theological ideas were twisted, constrained or distorted by system, we cannot see. Still, Christianity never existed without doctrines, without a body of dogmas; and if Mr. Madge could have been placed in that early century which his biographer has discovered as without creeds or theological systems, he might certainly be far enough away from the human medium of future theologians, but he could not avoid the introduction of a new medium of his own, equally human. Writers like Mr. Martineau are very eloquent upon the distinction between dead intellectual formulas and living truths; but it is hard to extract any definite or intelligible truth from this kind of rhetoric, for the difficulty is to find any living truth apart from a dogmatic form. Where is the living spirit to be found but in the dogma? The commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," is a dogma; where is the living spirit here but in the dogma? After all, what is there so terrible in dogma or dogmatic theology? It is simply a plain logical inference from Scripture words, not a mere articulated skeleton formed by the juxtaposition of texts, but a living body of inter-dependent truths. Unitarians imagine that Christianity would be greatly improved by the destruction of creeds and systems; but M. Scherer, a very liberal theologian in sympathy with themselves, has asserted that the strength of Christianity lies in these very dogmas and adjuncts which Unitarians are so anxious to eliminate. Doctrine is inseparable from religion; doctrine is at the base of faith. To deny this is to hand everything over to scepticism, and, with all their boasted love of truth, Unitarians will hardly contemplate a consummation so serious without grave apprehension.

But we now come to a question of fact,—Where is the new truth which Unitarians have discovered, or are in process of discovering? This is the essential point in an inquiry of this character. We believe, notwithstanding all their boasts of progress, that the ruts of the old Socinian wheels are far too deep for any modern Unitarian chariot to avoid falling into them, and whatever has gone beyond Socinianism has fallen over into Deism or Rationalism. What was the great achievement of Priestley, Belsham, and Lindsey? The destruction of Arianism, and the building up of Socinianism on its ruins. And what advance have the Martineaus,

Beards and Vance Smiths made upon this old Socinianism? Simply this—that while they believe in Christ's humanity, they deny the miraculous conception, and believe Him to be the son of Joseph as well as Mary; and while Socinus believed in Christ's "transferred Divinity," and in the propriety of Christ-worship, they break with the whole historic Church on this point, as well as with the New Testament ideas and example, and decline to worship one who is, in their view, essentially a creature. And is this all the progress they have made in the doctrine of the person of Christ? Do they imagine that Trinitarians will be more likely to accept the Socinian than the Arian view, or be more ready to believe that the efficacy of redemption—the universal and exclusive power over the salvation of men—should be ascribed to a mere man, who had no existence before his human birth, and, as all Socinians must believe, exerted no agency or influence on his followers subsequent to the hour of his ascension? Undoubtedly the Socinian view is surrounded by fewer difficulties and inconsistencies than the Arian, though we believe they are both equally unscriptural; but the Unitarianism of Ireland and of America is not Socinian, and we would like to know whether we are to regard the English party, or the Irish and American parties, as in the van of theological progress? Which are we to follow? Surely, Unitarianism ought to have some settled dogma on the person of Christ to offer for our acceptance, before it can ask us to throw ourselves loose from our old orthodox moorings. Mr. Ellis, in his *Half Century of the Unitarian Controversy*, said that modern Unitarians in America entertained more exalted views of Christ than their predecessors; but the process has been exactly reversed in England, where the fathers held more exalted views than their present representatives. But let us take either school: what additions have either of them made to the sum of scientific theology? None whatever. They are just where Arius or Socinus left them; and yet they talk of progress in theology! The Arian idea of a super-angelic Being, invested with the delegated prerogatives of Deity, involves a far greater violation of reason than to suppose Christ equal with God. We cannot conceive how essentially Divine prerogatives can be delegated at all, or how there can be a true God without the Godhead; a Divine person without a Divine nature; all the attributes of Deity without that essence in which alone they can inhere; a finite creature become capable of infinite perfections, what is peculiar to God be made the property of a creature, who

may receive what cannot be bestowed, and participate of what is incommunicable. We know of nothing, and the Scripture tells us of nothing, between the finite and the infinite, the creature and the Creator; nor can we conceive of a being that is not both these filling the awful vacuum between. Thus, Arianism is a Ditheism, opposed to Scripture, reason, and common sense. But if we take Socinianism as the school that is to guide us in the path of progressive truth, we may well ask, What has it done for the doctrine of Christ's humanity? What has it done to unfold the sacred individuality of Christ in its unique glory, as that is seen in the successive events of His human life? Where is the Socinian Christology? The Divinity of Christ is alleged to have so overshadowed His humanity, in the Orthodox theology, that the latter has been cast almost entirely into the shade. But the Socinians have laboured under no such misconception or disadvantage; yet where is their Christology? Where is their *Ecce Homo*, to illustrate the humanity of Christ? Never has the thinking world been more attracted to Christ, the founder of Christianity, as the problem of history as well as of theology, than in the present age; and vast already is the Christological literature, becoming ever richer in historical and hermeneutical research, which the Church of God is gathering round the person of our adorable Redeemer. But what contribution has Unitarianism made to this grand study? None whatever. It is the Trinitarian scholarship of Germany, France, and England, which is re-writing the life of Christ, and vindicating His true humanity from the false and romantic conceptions of modern infidels. We have had innumerable biographers already, such, however, is the hidden wealth of the four Gospels that their fulness has never yet been exhausted, and there is still room for Unitarian service in this beautiful field of inquiry. But we have a very grave charge to bring against all the schools of Unitarian thought; it is not that they have no fixed ideas of Christ's nature, but that they seem to attach no consequence whatever to the decision of the question—whether Christ was a man or more than a man. It has ceased to be a controversy among themselves; and yet if Jesus Christ was the founder of Christianity—or, let us say, of Unitarianism—it is their evident duty, as it ought to be their congenial delight, to discover the whole truth of the Word of God concerning the precise position He holds in the scale of being. Such theological or literary apathy has had no parallel in the history of Christian sects. After all, the position of Christ in the

Unitarian creed of the present hour is an exceedingly low one; for He is merely "the pattern saint of the New Testament, the holy youth of the Divine family, the perfect schoolmaster." And yet, if He be nothing but a human teacher—and He is nothing higher in the creed of Martineau and Beard—we can be no more Christians than we can be Platonists or Aristotelians; for, as Mansel remarks:—"He belongs to a past that cannot repeat itself; His modes of thought are not ours; His difficulties are not ours; His needs are not ours. He may be our teacher, but not our master." Unitarians would do well to ponder the weighty words of the same bright philosopher:—"No man has a right to say, I will accept Christ as I like, and reject Him as I like; I will follow the holy example; I will turn away from the atoning sacrifice; I will listen to His teaching; I will have nothing to do with His mediation."

We may also turn to other doctrines held or denied by Unitarians, and ask, what advance have they made either in strengthening their assault upon orthodox dogmas, or in vindicating their own shallow conceptions of Divine Truth? Have they made any progress in the manner of their assault upon the doctrine of the Trinity? It was unphilosophical and illogical for Dr. Channing to determine, by the application of abstract *à priori* reasoning a pure historical question of fact, whether or not the doctrine is a doctrine of Christianity. Modern Unitarians have never got beyond his position. They use arithmetic, mechanics, psychology, common sense, to prove the absurdity of the doctrine; but it must be disappointing to Unitarians to find that the best philosophy of the period is against them, and that the ascendant school of metaphysics to-day is unequivocally Trinitarian. Surely, if the doctrine be so repugnant to human reason, the philosophers would be against it. Sir William Hamilton says: "It is not true that the doctrine of the Trinity is contrary to reason, if we understand by this term the general reason of men, for we shall find that the doctrine in some form has entered into all the ancient religions of mankind." Mansel also: "How can One be many, or the many one? The objection lies equally against any attempt to represent the Divine nature and attributes as infinite. How can there be a variety of attributes, each infinite in its kind, and yet altogether constituting one Infinite? Or how, on the other hand, can the Infinite be conceived as existing without diversity at all?" In fact, the last results of speculation everywhere prove that there is in the intuitions of the human reason much that

answers to, and seems to bespeak, this great truth in Christian theology, which is the great security against the bottomless abyss of Pantheism. Surely, when Unitarians find a man so much in sympathy with some of their ideas as Coleridge declare, "The article of Trinity is religion, is reason, and its universal formula"—and another, whom they greatly admire, F. W. Robertson, declare it to be "the sum of all that knowledge which has yet been gained by man"—and their own Bancroft affirm that "the truth of the Triune God dwells in every system of thought that can pretend to vitality," and describe Arianism as an attempt to Paganise Christianity, they may well allow a doctrine which for eighteen hundred years has been an intuition of the faith, constituting, as Neander says, from the first, the fundamental consciousness of the Church, to stand in the creeds of Christendom without any further attempt to assail it with the weapons of their weak and shallow philosophy.

We fear that the doctrine of the Fall is dying out of the Unitarian creed altogether. Is this a sign of progress? Some of the more conservative minds hold by a certain moral disadvantage which man encounters on entering the world, and which is held to diminish his responsibility. God requires so much less of virtue or filial service of each individual as each has lost of the general rectitude of humanity; but in that case we have only to lose the whole of that rectitude in order to escape the whole of the Divine requirements, and consequently to be without sin. In fact, Unitarianism has no doctrine on this subject, and seems to have given up the attempt to find one. This is not a sign of progress. Again, it has no positive dogma on the Atonement, the most important of all Scriptural doctrines, and the most extensively revealed. It does not hold the opinions of some others, but it has no opinions of its own. The sacrificial death of Christ is sometimes spoken of as "an element in his redeeming work," but then its influence is entirely "through the heart and life of man." The mystery to be explained is, how the death of Christ has any efficacy in forgiveness by looking manward and not Godward; but to us it seems not only inexplicable, but contradictory. In truth, upon all doctrinal points, Unitarianism is only clear in what it opposes, but mystic, hesitating, and undecided in everything it substitutes in its place. Where, then, are the signs of progress in Unitarian theology? Where are the new truths, the new articles it has added to the creed of the Churches? It has attempted to take away article after article, but it has added

none. The resurrection of Christ—a fact on which the whole credit of the Gospel is staked, without which the whole superstructure of our religion falls to the ground, apart from which the founders of Christianity are, by their own confession, proved either to have been the victims of credulity or wilful deceivers—is allowed to become an open question; and, if we can rightly understand Mr. James, an attempt to make a belief in the Divine mission of Christ a condition of membership in the British and Foreign Unitarian Association was defeated by a triumphant majority (p. 279). And yet this Unitarianism is destined to lead out the exodus of the human mind from the old haunts of orthodoxy, and to cover the world with the knowledge of the religion of Christ!

Perhaps, however, if no high place can be asserted for Unitarianism in the field of scientific theology, it may be shown to have reserved all its strength and ability for the department of Biblical interpretation. If we are to believe their own accounts, the orthodox party are debarred, by their creeds and systems, from the free and fearless enjoyment of Scripture, for they have always been so busily engaged in the construction of systems of divinity as to find no time for the exposition of Scripture. We are entitled, therefore, to expect that those who give themselves no concern about theology will have ample leisure for pursuing Biblical studies, and will be preeminently fruitful in commentaries.

The question is, then, Who are the great commentators on Scripture? We may well ask the Unitarian, Where is the long list of your commentators—your Calvins, Bengels, Meyers, Henrys, Hengstenbergs, Browns, Doddridges; your Ellicotts, Lightfoots, Alfords, Westcotts, Websters, Wordsworths, Eadies, and Hodges? How happens it that we, who are committed on all the great points of theology, are not afraid to expound the Bible, and you, who are committed to nothing, attempt no commentaries at all? The works of Turrettine—the most elaborate system-builder that ever lived—contain more exegetical discussion than all the Unitarian treatises published during the past century. Did anyone ever find in an English house, a complete Unitarian commentary on the Scriptures? We have met with a few rare and worthless commentaries on individual books of Scripture, but they have attempted nothing on a large scale. Is it because they do not think it worth their while to expend scholarship upon a work of such uncertain origin? For we are reminded that Unitarianism denies the authenticity of a large portion of Scripture that is subversive of its tenets,

while it misinterprets much that it admits to be genuine, and lowers the standard of inspiration in comparison with reason. Albert Réville, the Rationalist, ridicules Socinian exegesis, pointing the finger of scorn in particular at that marvel of exposition on John i. 1, "In the beginning—of the Evangelical history;" and Dr. Arnold thought that Unitarianism never was popular in Germany because it had such monstrous principles of interpretation. If we may judge by their controversial treatises, they have cultivated the art of seeing in any form of words almost anything they wish to find in them, and of not seeing what they do not wish to see. Imagine the whole Bible expounded in this manner! It was Coleridge who said that, "in order to make itself endurable on Scriptural grounds, Socinianism must so weaken the text and authority of Scripture as to leave in Scripture no binding proof of anything."

The Unitarians usually express a deep concern for abounding infidelity, and maintain their superior ability to grapple with it. It is true that they have always been more or less working at the Evidences, but we suspect rather to maintain any lingering remnants of belief among their own followers than to make proselytes from the Deists and Sceptics around them. They seem to think that they are in a much better position to conciliate infidels by the alleged simplicity of their system than orthodox apologists, who are burdened with a mass of unbelievable dogma; but it surely stands to reason that a system like the Unitarian, which so readily and so naturally runs into Deism, cannot be itself so well adapted for its cure. Christian biography has hundreds of instances of infidels being converted to orthodoxy, but we question whether there is a single well-authenticated case of conversion to Unitarianism. But the fact is, the conciliatory attitude which it has always assumed toward all phases of opinion hostile to orthodoxy has had the effect of hardening sceptics in their blank and unhappy nihilism. Mr. Martineau had but little sympathy for Neander's *Leben Jesu* when he said that it offered but a mild resistance to Strauss's extraordinary work; and Albert Réville, whom we have so often quoted, while saying that Socinianism in England could only lead to Deism, actually ranks among the Unitarians themselves such remarkable sceptics as Voltaire and Rousseau, who believed in Christ as a man, and never refused to acknowledge the Divine character, in a certain sense, of His mission and His morality. We cannot believe that Unitarian Lardners, any more than Trinitarian Butlers, Watsons, or

Paleys, had everything to do in dispersing the black cloud of eighteenth century infidelity, for we follow Dr. Farrar, the Bampton lecturer, in the opinion that Wesley had more to do with it even than Butler.

But we must now take another step forward in the field of inquiry. Unitarians believe that their principles are eminently calculated to foster a sincere and deep-toned religiousness; and Dr. Channing was not slow to claim for it a vast superiority over other systems "in its fitness to promote true, deep, and living piety." It was not long before his day when Dr. Priestley took a somewhat different view of Unitarian tendencies; for he said "that a great number of the Unitarians were only men of good sense and without much practical religion"—an observation which suggests the remark of Dr. Arnold to Jacob Abbott, of Boston, asking whether the American Unitarians "were men of hard minds and indifferent to religion." It has certainly always been the impression of Evangelical Christians that Socinianism is the Medusa head which turns everything into stone, and that, as soon as it touches the theology of any people, their noblest and purest moral life withers under its chilling breath. How does it happen that all the great revivals of religion—and Mr. Martineau does not deny the reality or depth of the Wesleyan revival in the last century—sprang up under Trinitarian rather than Unitarian doctrines? Dr. Priestley himself admitted that "the principles of Calvinism"—by which he understood Evangelical Christianity—"were generally favourable to devotion;" but we have the testimony of Mr. Martineau himself on this point in a passage of remarkable beauty and power which has been often quoted to his credit. He says:—

"I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavourably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers out of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books and the authors in chief favour with them. In Biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal; and in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the

lines of Charles Wesley or Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold."

The question naturally arises, how can Mr. Martineau account for such remarkable effects upon himself, consistently with his Unitarian principles? Where are the charming biographies of Unitarianism, like those of Colonel Gardiner, Robert M. M'Cheyne, Hedley Vicars, and Samuel Budgett? Why has Unitarianism produced nothing like *The Imitation of Christ*, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, Owen on *Spiritual Mindedness*, Beveridge's *Private Thoughts*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Howe's *Living Temple*, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and James's *Anxious Inquirer*? What does it contribute to that enormous literature of Tract Society and Sunday periodicals which now floods the whole country? Does it publish anything not purely controversial? Why should it allow the Broad Churchman to excel it in the illustration of the Christian life? Mr. Martineau himself has published a very interesting and eloquent volume entitled *Endeavours After the Christian Life;* but we rise from its perusal with a disappointed heart. The beautiful and fascinating illusions of his writing solve nothing, illuminate nothing, alleviate nothing; they are gaudy clouds and vapours which hide nothing in their bosom but chill and gloom. We have always been struck by the fact that in America so many eminent Unitarians gave up the pulpit altogether, as if there were something in the system which hardly affords scope for the nobler order of minds. Everett, Sparks, Emerson, Ripley and Bancroft, were all once Unitarian ministers, but they took to politics and literature. Is there any better test of living piety than the direction it gives to human sympathies? There is a terrible passage in one of Mr. Maurice's *Theological Essays*, in which he addresses the Unitarians thus:—"How is it you have no power over the hearts and minds of men, if you have the only true conception of the love of God? How is it that in the last age you were in sympathy with all our feeble and worldly tone of mind, and thought we were right in mocking at spiritual powers, and in not proclaiming a Gospel to the poor? Why did you talk just as we talked, in sleepy language to sleepy congregations, of a God who was willing to forgive if man repented, when, what they wanted to know, was how they could repent, who could give them repentance, and what they had to repent of? But, you say, spiritual power is more widely asserted now than in Wesley's time. But why are you still powerless? Why cannot you

stir the hearts of people by your message more than your fathers did?" The sympathies of Unitarians have always turned to the eighteenth century, because it propagated good sense and toleration, and asserted the rights of men. But it was, notwithstanding, not an age to love, for it was without spiritual insight, it placed morality in the stead of God, it set itself deliberately to sap the foundations of religious belief, and ended in abandoning the Churches to the worship of reason. Unitarians have a kind word now for Wesley and his followers a hundred years ago; but as soon as Baboo Chunder Sen comes from India, they stretch out their hands to the Deist and reserve all their rancour for the believers.

But we will now suppose that Unitarianism has got in its possession the purest form of Christianity; the question then arises, what has it done to propagate it at home and abroad? For we cannot suppose that God intended that Christianity, in its purest form, should be confined to a few civilised centres in European countries, and should exist even there in the most feeble and attenuated form. Who, then, are the men who have attempted to evangelise the world? To what form of faith, Unitarian or Trinitarian, do the 3,000 missionaries in foreign lands belong? Where are the Unitarian missions to the heathen, or to the Jews, or to the Mahommedans? Where do we find the Unitarian missionary risking his life in Africa, or Syria, or the Feejee Islands, among savages? Which of them is found a pilgrim of light among dark nations? The answer is very disappointing. Mr. James admits that Unitarians have not been prominent in sustaining foreign missions, and the reason he assigns is none whatever:—"This has not arisen from any want of interest in the conversion of the heathen to Christianity, but is to be attributed rather to the fact that the energies and resources of Unitarian Churches have been employed in their own country for the promotion of theological reform." This is accounting for a fact by saying that the fact exists. The question is, why should Unitarians, who, according to their numbers, are the wealthiest people in the community, stay at home to reform theology, while they have ample means, at the same time, to carry on missions abroad? Unitarians will hardly affirm that the orthodox Churches fail to expend "their energies and resources" at home; yet they are both able and eager to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth. How is it that, the purer Christianity becomes, the less has it power to propagate itself, and its disciples the less disposition to spread it abroad? This is the mystery. And how

is it that, as soon as Neology, which Unitarians so much admire, began to disappear from Germany, and to give place to a warm Evangelical theology, domestic and foreign missions immediately sprang up, and not till then? Was it not from the bosom of English Evangelical Christianity that the men came forth who abolished the slave-trade and slavery, who established the Bible Society and other kindred associations, and created the multitudinous philanthropic schemes who are now purifying and healing our social life, and that gave power and prominence to the great missionary enterprises of British Protestantism? Mr. James needs, however, to be reminded, that there was a time when foreign missions were scouted by Unitarians. When Andrew Fuller was standing up to defend Indian missions against Major Scott Waring and his allies, the Socinian publications of the day, friends of reason and toleration as they were, were fierce in their demands for the withdrawal of every English missionary from India. But foreign missions have since become powerful; a large amount of heroism runs in missionary channels; and the names of Martyn, Brainerd, Williams, Carey, Ellis, Duff, Livingstone, and Burns, are held in mighty reverence in all Christian quarters.

But if Unitarians are remiss or apathetic on the subject of foreign missions, we may surely expect that all their abounding energies and resources will be employed with effect in the sphere of moral and social reforms at home. We are now touching ground where the Unitarian feels more confident of challenging a verdict in his favour. We can hardly recollect an address of any kind delivered by any Unitarian for years past that did not assume philanthropy as at least one of the strong points of the denomination. We will then ask—when did Unitarians first discover a taste for social reforms? There were no reforms of any kind in that eighteenth century, which was so very much in their hands, till their power was almost wholly gone; and when they came at last, it was through Trinitarian and not Unitarian instrumentality. Wilberforce attacked the slave-trade; Howard reformed the prisons; Raikes founded the Sabbath-schools. The Unitarians were then narrow and exclusive, and had little effect on the masses, who were left to go to ruin, if not with supercilious scorn, at least with genteel indifference. There was no Unitarian Gospel then preached to the poor. Mr. James says, "that Mr. Madge had a deep and immovable conviction of the adaptation of the Unitarian view of Christianity to the masses of the people," and very properly thought,

perhaps, that Christianity should lie at the root of all social reforms. We can only judge of this adaptation by results. Should we not expect that the masses would be attracted to Unitarianism and throng its temples? Mr. Madge believed that it would be received by the poor, if expounded in conformity with their aptitudes and wants; but why has it not been so expounded? Is it want of zeal, or want of conviction, or want of adaptation, that accounts for the fact that the masses are still outside Unitarian chapels? And if a man so eloquent as Mr. Madge could not fill his church or gather in the masses, surely the defect must be in the system. Mr. James describes the Domestic Mission of the Unitarians—the only mission in which they have any concern—as originating so lately as the year 1831, when Dr. Joseph Tuckerman,* of Boston, New England, induced them to undertake what he called a "Ministry at large." Thus, they were late in the field; and if they have taken any considerable share in the various departments of social reform, since that period, they have been well sustained by the philanthropic spirit of the whole British community.

We now come to inquire what Unitarianism has done to promote a spirit of Christian manliness, what great triumphs of principle it has won for Christianity, and what sacrifices it has borne in its allegiance to truth. There are no attributes they are so ready to claim for themselves as honesty, candour, and fearlessness in the pursuit of truth; and, indeed, from the general strain of Unitarian writing, one might suppose that they had an all but exclusive share of these high qualities. We fear, however, that in the strategies of controversy they are not morally superior to their neighbours. Their use of Evangelical phraseology is exceedingly uncandid and unfair; for, under the mask of expressions endeared to Christian experience, they attempt to subvert the very foundations of Christian hope. Thus, they believe in *an* inspiration, but not *the* inspiration of Scripture: in *a* depravity, but not *the* depravity of human nature; in *a* divinity, but not *the* Divinity of Christ; and in *an* atonement, but not *the* atonement for sin. Thus, the title of one production is, *The Divinity and*

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* This Dr. Tuckerman, though reckoned among the Unitarians of America, was a decidedly Evangelical divine, as his sermons prove. Dr. Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit* show how many of those who were perfectly orthodox in their creed allowed themselves to remain in the Unitarian fellowship during all their career. For example, Packard, Pierce, Mayhew, Lathrop, Howard, and Gay. Thus, the founder of the Domestic Mission was not even a Unitarian!

Atonement of Jesus Christ Scripturally expounded—and the object is to show that Christ was neither a Divine Person, nor had offered up any atonement. The writer gives nine reasons for believing in Christ's Divinity, but exactly in a sense that would equally prove the divinity of the Apostle John, or Paul or James. Another speaks of Christians "partaking of salvation by being grafted into Christ the spiritual vine." Does not the use of orthodox phraseology give evidence of their inability to fight their battle under Unitarian colours? After all, it is a poor excuse to allege for palming off a forged note, that if the unsuspecting victim had scanned it more closely, he would have discovered it was not genuine. Unitarians are only following Deists in the employment of such an unworthy *ruse;* for, whether it was dictated by a pusillanimous fear of public opinion, or was the instinctive resort of low and unmanly natures, it was the custom of Morgan to speak of "our holy religion," "the Sacred Gospels," "the revelation of the Saviour;" of Woolston and Collins to speak of "the spiritual truth of the miracles and prophecies;" and Gibbon himself said that "the chief cause" of the triumphs of Christianity was to be sought in the sanction and concurrence of a Divine, overruling Providence. But let us now see whether the loud, continuous, and self-complacent eulogies Unitarians are in the habit of pronouncing upon honesty and the natural virtues receive any practical justification at least in the facts of their own history. Mr. James makes honourable mention of one Timothy Kenrick, principal of the Exeter Academy, as distinguished by his "aversion to all dishonourable concealment and accommodation with respect to Christian doctrine," and he describes Mr. Madge as on one occasion introducing very happily at the end of a sermon a beautiful passage from Milton on the duty and honour of bearing open testimony to the truth. Now, it is a curious fact that Unitarians, so far from being fearless in the expression of their opinions, have usually managed to keep silence till declaration became compulsory. Why did the American Unitarians before 1815 regard the imputation of Arianism as a slander, till the publication of Lindsey's *Memoirs* by Belsham, giving extracts of letters from American Unitarians, made denial any longer impossible? Why were the Boston leaders so anxious to keep the few copies of the *Memoirs* imported out of the sight of all but a few select friends for a period of nearly three years? And when at length Arianism was boldly avowed for the very first time, was not Belsham afterwards justi-

fied in taunting them for "their mean and temporising policy?" So it has been all through their history.

We admit that they are no longer afraid to avow their opinions, but they have now no motive for concealment. Mr. Madge commiserated the position of Church of England clergymen who signed articles they did not believe, and considered himself justified in lamenting such transparent dishonesty; but surely it is not a whit less dishonest for Unitarians to grasp endowments given two centuries ago for the support of doctrines which these very endowments are now employed to impugn. Isaac Taylor might well say:—"Fifteen shillings in every pound must burn the Unitarian minister's palm as he takes them, if he be a man of keen sensibility. The thirty, sixty, hundred pounds per annum, which, if it be not the whole of his salary, is that on which his continuance in his place absolutely depends, had been destined by the Puritanic donor for the maintenance of a doctrine which the man who receives it is always labouring to impugn." Did the English Unitarians not fight with the greatest determination to keep in their hands the exclusive management of Lady Hewley's charity, though she was a decided Calvinist, and bequeathed her money for orthodox uses? Did they not accept trusts and thrust themselves into trusts they could not fulfil? Mr. Madge is very emphatic upon the sacrifices to principle which conscientious Unitarians are obliged now to make by adhering to an unpopular creed. He speaks of "sacrificing the honours and emoluments of the patronised and endowed sect," and says that Unitarians "have no outward inducements to attract to their opinions, and that those who adopt them must do so to their own injury and disadvantage." But surely there are others besides Unitarians who remain outside the Established Church because conscience will not allow them to conform. There are many Trinitarians to whom the most munificent rewards of conformity would be open, while their life has been one of continued and painful self-denial from obedience to conscientious scruples. But it is a far greater sacrifice in the case of Independents, Baptists, or Methodists, because between them and Episcopacy the differences are all but infinitesimal compared with the portentous differences that divide Unitarians and Churchmen. Mr. Madge may complain of injury and disadvantage, but Methodists have borne more mockery and ridicule and abuse during the last hundred years than the Unitarians ever did. And if sacrifices are to be made, are they not to be borne without complaint? Do we not expect

them from the followers of Christ? Did not our forefathers continue Dissenters rather than use services which seemed to savour of superstition? We wonder, indeed, at the presumption and audacity with which English Unitarians, above all others, claim relationship with the noble Two Thousand of 1662, who abandoned their livings rather than subscribe to what they did not believe. The great secessions, which have made such a mark in Church history as the glorious triumphs of faith and freedom, have never been Unitarian. Toward the end of the last century 250 clergymen of the Church of England, denying or doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, sought relief to their consciences by getting Parliament to relax the law of subscription. Parliament refused, as it refused twenty-eight years ago, to recognise the freedom of the Church of Scotland, but no secession followed. Not one came out but the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, who had himself concealed his Unitarianism for eleven years; and even Dr. Priestley would have advised him against withdrawal, as by remaining within he could frame the services of the Church at his pleasure. Secessions have not been in the Unitarian way. There was a secession in the north of Ireland, forty years ago, from the old Synod of Ulster, but the seceders, with some exceptions, carried the churches and the endowments with them, and the Dissenters' Chapels Act sealed the robbery.

We have now traversed the entire field of inquiry, and no unprejudiced mind can, we think, have the slightest difficulty in understanding from it the causes of Unitarian failure. It is only fair, however, to receive their own explanations upon this point. It is forty years since Isaac Taylor, in his essay on *Unitarianism in England*, showed from their own admissions that their system was in a miserably low and languishing condition, that its chapels, with the exception of a few in the larger towns, were almost deserted, and that, perhaps, one-half of the insignificant stipends paid to their ministers proceeded from the perversion of old testamentary grants. Matters have not certainly improved since that period, though learning, taste, culture, wealth, and social position still belong to Unitarianism, but not now in preponderance. How comes it to pass, as an able writer asks, that Unitarianism, the darling child of mental progress, meets with such a sorry reception from its sire, while Evangelism, burdened as it is with its antiquated prejudices, is keeping pace with the improved spirit of the time? We have many explanations from Unitarian writers. Dr. Osgood attributes failure to an "unbounded denominational pride;" another to

"our predominant intellectual attitude;" another to "our coldness and gentility;" another to "indifference to English Presbyterian traditions;" and another to "the want of zeal." But, after all, what we want to know is, how is this want of zeal, this indifference to traditions, this coldness and gentility, to be accounted for? Mr. Madge informs us, again and again, that "the Unitarian idea of God and Christ is fitted to satisfy the mind, to interest the imagination and the heart, and to draw out all our kind, and good, and grateful affections." Another Unitarian writer discovers the cause of decay in "liberal opinions suffered to degenerate into coldness and indifference."

Mr. Madge resolves everything into the want of zeal, but he ought rather to have accounted for the want of zeal. If we are not mistaken, it has always been the tendency of Unitarian divines to decry enthusiasm and fanaticism, which, in this case, are only different names for zeal. Mr. Madge further traces the unpopularity of his system to "that disinclination to zealous, active, and well-combined efforts, which is so strikingly characteristic of Unitarians as a body." But surely our Blessed Lord intended the propagation of His cause by exactly such efforts, and Unitarians have still to explain the cause of their disinclination. We are told that "Unitarians do not expect supernatural assistance," and "to what, therefore, are they to look for the general diffusion and final establishment of their principles but to their own exertions?" Passing by the Deistic impiety of this utterance, is it not strange that those orthodox Christians who do expect supernatural assistance are the very people who work, as if all success depended upon their own exertions, while those who depend upon nothing but their own efforts, do nothing whatever? Mr. Madge's biographer ventures another explanation of Unitarian failure:—"The Unitarians of England have been prevented by their desire for freedom and their love of independent thought and individual action from securing the energy and power for the propagation of their religious opinions which are seen in other Churches." This is a most extraordinary account of things. It is a grave reflection upon Divine wisdom to say that the desire for freedom and the love of independence, which Unitarians have always held to be entirely good in their nature and tendency, as well as designed by the Great Founder as actuating principles in the Church through all ages, should become a most formidable hindrance to the progress of Christianity. It is a curious fact that the freedom and independence which

Unitarians make the grand end of everything, the Bible lays no stress upon; indeed, says nothing directly about it. But Unitarians are bound to account for the fact that the faith that is confined within the narrowest limits, and the most dogmatic of creeds, is found to be an infinitely more potent agent in effecting the conversion of souls and the spread of truth than the most beautiful liberalism destitute of all definite conceptions of truth. Unitarians are always speaking in tones of querulous antagonism of the unpopularity of their doctrines; but do they ever reflect with what class they are most unpopular? Not with free-thinking, or indifferent, or hard-minded people, but with the piously disposed, who value religion, and cannot live without its influences and hopes.

We believe the cause of the decline of Unitarianism is simply the want of spiritual vitality. Life has come to everything in our day, even to corrupt systems. Tractarianism has life animating its mechanical ritualism. Romanism is giving signs of quickening power within which may lead to vast results. Orthodoxy was never fuller of life, mental energy, and practical activity. But Unitarianism is nearly as dry and parched as in the middle of the eighteenth century, not much more vital, spiritual, or energetic. The want of vitality is to be accounted for, not merely by the doctrines it chooses to reject, but by the frightful fact that Christ is dead in its theology. We remember the words of Dr. Arnold—"My great objection to Unitarianism in its present form in England, where it is professed sincerely, is that it makes Christ virtually dead; our relation to Him is past instead of present." Again, Unitarianism has no motive force; it has a code of morals, much more perfect than any heathen code; but it has little more to animate to obedience than the heathen codes themselves. Christianity stands apart from all heathen systems on this point, that it brings to bear upon the springs of conscience and feeling a power that overcomes all opposition, and necessitates a firm and loyal obedience. The Apostle John said,—"Who is he that overcometht he world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" And why should such a belief exercise such a mighty influence? "Because this is He that came by water and blood"—the blood cleansing away guilt, and the water purging away sin. No system of religion that leaves out "the water and the blood" can possibly exist in power, and it is inevitably doomed to extinction.

It might be expected that the failure of Unitarianism to

build up a great denomination would have a disheartening effect upon its disciples. There is one consolation, however, which never forsakes them in the moments of their greatest discouragement, and that is that Unitarianism has been the religion of some of the greatest intellects that ever lived, and that a system which appeals so powerfully to the reason of man, can never utterly die out of the world. This is a claim so constantly asserted as to merit some slight examination. It has been the custom to speak of Unitarianism as a sort of intellectual nobility: a custom which has led people to think that the worship of mind is much more apparent in the system than the worship of the true God. "Look," says an American divine, "all the great men of the past are ours—Locke, Milton, Newton, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Barbauld, Rammohun Roy; and many of the leading minds of the present day, such as Bancroft, Prescott, Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Sir John Bowring, and others." And other divines have swelled the list with the names of Clarke, Watts, Doddridge, Leland, Grotius, Blanco White, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, and, last of all, Baboo Chunder Sen. Now we protest against the fulness of this list, first, because it contains the names of some decided Trinitarians, and because it is made out on the principle of regarding every man as a Unitarian who rejects the doctrine of the Trinity. It would be easy thus to multiply names by including all the Deistic freethinkers, past and present, including Paine himself, who begins his *Age of Reason* with the sentence, "I believe in one God and no more." We wonder by what right Miss Harriet Martineau appears in a list of Unitarian writers, for in 1851 she published a collection of letters between herself and Mr. H. G. Atkinson, on *The Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, which are nakedly atheistic. Charlotte Brontë greatly lamented her downfall. George Eliot, the author of *Adam Bede*, may be a Unitarian of a sort; but she was the first translator of Strauss's *Life of Jesus* into English, the object of which was the annihilation of Christ's historic personality. Blanco White may have been a Unitarian at one time, but at death he was an infidel, the only vague remnant of belief that he clung to being a faith in mere immortality. Coleridge was once undoubtedly a Socinian minister, and his first two sermons, be it known, were on the "Hair-Powder Tax" and the "Poor Laws;" but he gave up his Socinianism, and protested against it all his life as "not a religion at all, but a theory, and a very pernicious and a very unsatisfactory

theory." Rammohun Roy, the Hindoo Brahmin, whose conversion to Unitarianism was the subject of discussion in the days of our grandfathers, was a strange kind of convert. He put Paine's *Age of Reason* into the hands of an anxious inquirer; he drew an unfavourable contrast between Christianity and Mahommedanism, and shortly before his death he stood at the head of a sect or society in India in which the Hindoo Vedas were read instead of the Bible. He seems to have been a simple Deist. Hazlitt, the celebrated critic and historian, was the son of a Unitarian minister, but was rather a Deist than a Unitarian, speaking of the Old Testament saints in much the same tone and spirit as Paine and Voltaire. Charles Lamb was an occasional hearer of Belsham, but disliked clergymen and wished Deists and Atheists to continue as they were. Bancroft, the American historian, has, at least in spirit, left the Unitarians. Once their idol, he offended them deeply because he praised orthodox Evangelism as a great moral system, and was led, in his historical reading, to contrast the moral influences of an Evangelical faith and the high spiritual hopes it engendered with the heartless and inefficacious creed of his early years. Emerson was once a Unitarian minister, but has long since given up the belief in a personal God, and, unlike the Pantheists, who sink man and nature in God, he sinks God and nature in man. He has left the Churches and Christianity far behind him, and betaken himself to the communion of nature.

But we have the most decided evidence that many of the names in this list are those of orthodox Christians. The friendly correspondence which Grotius carried on with the Socinian Crell excited some doubts of his orthodoxy in his own life-time; but, to repel these doubts, he prefixed to an edition of his tract *De Satisfactione Christi* a letter to Vossius in which he expressly asserts his belief in the Trinity; and, in his treatise *De Veritate Religionis Christianæ*, he vindicates Christians from the charge of worshipping three gods against the Jews, on their own principles, and from their own writings. We know that Dr. Lardner claimed Dr. Watts as having in his latter years abandoned the cause of orthodoxy on the ground of some philosophical speculations on the doctrine of the Trinity; but Milner's *Life of Watts* is decisive upon the point that he never left the position assumed in his hymn:—

> "Glory to God the Trinity,
> Whose name has mysteries unknown;
> In essence one, in persons three,
> A social nature, yet alone."

The breath of suspicion has even tarnished the name of Dr. Doddridge, because of his intimacy with Lardner and Kippis, and other avowed or suspected Arians. He had a perilous sort of Catholicity, which displeased all denominations. The Episcopalians disliked his associating with "honest crazy Whitefield;" and the "rational Dissenters" regretted that his mind was not cast in a Socinian mould. Judging from his earlier letters, there might have been some tendency to Socinianism; but, as he grew older, his creed became more definite, and his attachment to Evangelical Christianity more decided and warm. Leland, the well-known writer on the Deistical controversy, has also been claimed by the Unitarians, but without the slightest reason, as Dr. Reid has shown by extracts from his sermons.* Dr. Samuel Clarke has been claimed with more justice; but, though inclined to modify the doctrine of the Trinity, he believed that "with the Father and the Son there has existed from the beginning a third Divine Person, which is the Spirit of the Father and the Son." The Chevalier De Ramsay, who was witness to his last sentiments, assures us that he very much repented having published his work on the Trinity.† It gives one a shock of surprise to find the Unitarians claiming the greatest of female poets, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning; but she is evidently claimed on the ground of the seemingly irreverent use she makes in *Aurora Leigh* of the names of the Persons of the Trinity. But in that poem itself the Divinity of Christ is proclaimed in unequivocal and emphatic terms, and, to use the words of one of her critics]: "She is a Christian poetess, in the sense of finding, like Cowper, the whole hope of humanity bound up in Christ, and taking all the children of her mind to Him, that He may lay His hand on them and bless them."

The great Milton is another authority on which Unitarians delight to rest with confidence. No one ever suspected him of holding other than Evangelical principles till the discovery of his Latin treatise on *Christian Doctrine* in 1825; for, during his life, he held communion, as far as he did at all, only with Trinitarians; he published in his work on the *Reformation in England*, a bold prayer to "the one-tripersonal Godhead," and, in the very last of his writings, he declares that "the doctrine of the Trinity is a plain doctrine of Scripture." If we believe that he wrote this work at the

* Reid's *History of the Irish Presbyterian Church*, Vol. III., p. 319.
† Whitaker's *Origin of Arianism*, pp. 458-470.

end of his life, then we are compelled to the conclusion that Milton, who was always a martyr to the free and bold expression of his opinions, had a revealed and a concealed belief, a poetic and a prose faith, a Latin and an English creed, a contemporaneous and a posthumous opinion, widely differing concerning the most important dogma of the Christian faith. We have marked eighteen Trinitarian passages in the *Paradise Lost*, which was published, as we know, in 1667, seven years before his death; and yet, if we allow the Unitarian claim, we sacrifice at the shrine of denominational partisanship the grand consistency of the great man's life. Some writers have impeached the authenticity of the treatise on the ground of its internal style and of deficient external evidence. But, so far as we are concerned, the conjecture that *Christian Doctrine* was the production of his yet unsettled and wayward youth, and was withheld from the public because its author ultimately changed his views on the great doctrine maintained therein, or, at least, saw reason to doubt the correctness of his views, is the most reasonable that the case allows. But it is, after all, only upon one point, and only to a certain extent upon that point, that this treatise opposes the views of Trinitarian Christians. For he maintains the doctrines of pure Westminster Calvinism in this work, viz., original sin and its imputation to all mankind, election, predestination, the imputation of Christ's righteousness, the perseverance of saints—in short, all that enters into, and constitutes, the system of modern Calvinism. Besides, his teaching on the subject of the Trinity is opposed to the views of any body of Unitarians now existing. The author does not believe in a Tri-unity of three persons in one Godhead, but in three distinct and separate beings, each of whom is God, and possessed of all Divine attributes, prerogatives, powers, and worship. The Son was created or generated by the Father, and is inferior to Him, and the Spirit, who was also created, is inferior to both. He says: "This incarnation of Christ, whereby He, being God, took upon Him the human nature, and was made flesh, without thereby ceasing to be numerically the same as before, is generally considered by theologians as, next to the Trinity in Unity, the greatest mystery of our religion" (p. 388). Again: "There is then in Christ a mutual hypostatic union of two natures, that is, of two essences, of two substances, and consequently of two persons; nor does this union prevent the respective properties of each from remaining individually distinct." Again, in pp. 102, 106, in refe-

rence to the Socinian view which denies Christ's pre-existence, he says:—"This point also appears certain, notwithstanding the arguments of some of the moderns to the contrary, that the Son existed in the beginning, under the name of the *Logos* or Word, and was the first of the whole creation, by whom afterwards all other things were made, both in heaven and in earth." How widely different, then, the teaching of Milton from that of Unitarians of every class, and how different his doctrine of redemption:—"Redemption is that act whereby Christ, being sent in the fulness of time, redeemed all believers at the price of His own blood, by His own voluntary act, conformably to the eternal counsel and grace of God the Father" (p. 389). It will thus be seen with how little ground the Unitarians can claim the author of *Christian Doctrine*, even supposing the work to represent the matured convictions of his advanced years, and not the crude speculations of his unsettled youth.

But Sir Isaac Newton is also claimed with much confidence by the Unitarians. We admit that there is some measure of uncertainty about his theological opinions, though we cannot agree with a reviewer in holding that "it would be difficult to bring him so near to orthodoxy as to Arianism." Sir David Brewster certainly left it to be inferred that he did not any longer dispute the heterodoxy of Newton's creed; but we suspect his views ran very much in the same channel as those of Milton in his posthumous treatise. There is undoubtedly a contest of evidence upon the point. In a letter to James Pearce, quoted by Belsham in his *Calm Inquiry*, Newton says:—"Your letter a little surprised me, to find myself supposed to be a Socinian or Unitarian. I never was, nor am now, under the least imputation of such doctrines." "I hope you will do me the favour to be one of the examiners of my papers; till which time you will do kindly to stop so false a report." In his work against the genuineness of 1 John v. 7, he declares clearly enough that he is not a Socinian; and in a letter to Le Clerc he says:—"In the Eastern nations, and for a long time in the Western, the faith subsisted without this verse; and it is rather dangerous to religion to make it now lean on a bruised reed." The faith in question, of which this verse was supposed to make a part of the evidence, was faith in the Holy Trinity. It is true that among his private papers there is an articulate account of Newton's creed in twelve articles; but it too closely resembles those Unitarian catechisms "which are drawn up in the very words of Scripture," and which any Trinitarian may *ex animo*

subscribe, so far as they go, that we learn nothing of his views on the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, or the personality of the Holy Ghost.

The philosopher Locke is also claimed as an ornament of Unitarianism. He certainly wrote a curious thing, with the title *Adversaria Theologica*, in which he sets down, on opposite sides of the page, proofs for and against certain accepted doctrines of the Church, including the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ. He seems to lean much to Biddle. Certainly, it would have been more to his credit as a candid and honest man, if he had not twice subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, and had been less ambiguous in his correspondence with eminent divines in the avowal of his opinions. He lived and died in communion with the Church of England. Bayle did not believe him to be a Socinian. He believed in the personality of the Holy Ghost, and in writing to Limborch in reference to Dr. Allix's work on the Trinity, he said, "I have not been in the habit of expecting any aid in this case from the Jews and Rabbins, but light is delightful from whatever source it may shine." The light in question was distinctly Trinitarian. He acknowledged the doctrine of Christ's satisfaction for sins, and in his last moments he thanked God "for the love shown to man in justifying him by faith in Jesus Christ;" language which is never heard from Unitarian lips.

But even suppose that the Unitarians could substantiate their claims to all these master-minds of the human race, how do we account for the fact that Unitarianism should have so commended itself to their understandings? In the first place, we maintain that, with regard to many thinkers, Unitarianism is a mere halting-place, either downward to Deism, as in the case of F. W. Newman, or upward to Evangelical Christianity, as in the case of Thomas Scott, the commentator, who was for a long while a Socinian, of John Foster, who, when under thirty years, would have liked an Arian congregation, and of Robert Hall, who was for a time entangled with Priestley's materialistic speculations. But no one would surely think of claiming them now as Arians because they had passed through an ordeal of Arian speculation. But if it be further asked, why so many distinguished men hold Unitarian opinions, shall we not ask another question, equally pregnant,—why so many men of genius are infidels and reject Christianity altogether? Yet this is one of the melancholy facts of our times. Does it not arise from the pride of intellect—from the haughty scorn for a religion

of mystery and marvel that far transcends the axioms of mere philosophy? So it has always been. The Apostle Paul had many disciples at Rome and Athens, yet could not count a philosopher among the number, and well might he say: "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many noble are called."

In bringing these observations to a close, we shall simply express our conviction that positive truth, in all its breadth and amplitude, can alone, under the power of the Divine Spirit, cure the infidelity of our time, or consume all the elements of religious error. There is much in the public opinion of to-day that, in the name of charity and catholicity, would recommend a spirit of doctrinal indifference, but we know too well how fatal such a spirit has always been to that zeal, according to knowledge, which contributes so powerfully to the health and vigour of a Christian organisation. If the Church is ever to carry out her great mission to the world, it will only be by holding fast to the Gospel, with its unchangeable doctrines, as the key that opens all doors, and, above all, to her Blessed Lord, as not only the centre of mediation, but the divinely creative pattern that moulds in us what we behold in Him. Weary thinkers will be sure to find in His Gospel a refuge from the oppression of those intellectual contradictions which have been for ages the torture of speculation, because they will be enabled to repose in the perfect peace that flows from the Cross amidst all difficulties whatever. It is the opinion of a late Bampton Lecturer that the historic periodicity of error may at least have spent itself, and that the world has seen the incipient development of the last great form of infidel speculation. If this be so, there is the louder call to the Churches of the Reformation for combined action and systematic effort in defence of the common faith, and for such a course of thorough theological training as will qualify their ministers for the great and final struggle which is so near at hand. Falsehood may have its hour, but it has no future; and age after age shall see the gradual extinction of systems that have no root in the Word of God, or in the progressive history of the Church, or even in the facts of human nature itself.

ART. II.—1. *Waverley Novels.* Centenary Edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1870—72.

2. *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Edited, with a Critical Memoir, by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Illustrated by THOMAS SECCOMBE. London: E. Moxon, Son, and Co., Dover Street, and 1, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.

3. *Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D. With *Abbotsford Notanda.* By ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D. Edited by W. CHAMBERS. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1871.

4. *The Life of Sir Walter Scott.* Reprinted with Corrections and Additions from the *Quarterly Review.* By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A., Chaplain-General to the Forces. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1871.

WHEN a hundred years have gone by since a man's birth, he has generally been long enough laid to rest beneath the turf to admit of a just and dispassionate estimate being formed of his life's work; and if the dead man attains the lively honours of a centenary celebration, it is pretty sure proof that that man's life-work gave good evidence of a genius of no mean calibre. A centenary celebration is not likely to take its rise from any factitious admiration. It will arise from an admiration that has had time to spread, and solidify, and arrive at a rational understanding of itself, during a generation or two at all events; and posterity is pretty sure to abide by the indications of such a well-developed sense of value. And yet it is by no means to be understood that if a man's hundredth birthday passes away without any marked stir among those who admire genius, that man was no genius, or only a very small one. The hundredth birthday of Wordsworth passed away over a year ago, and there was no great stir made about it. Truly the grand, patient, sweet-throated intellectual giant had been dead but twenty years, and men had scarcely awoke to the depths of his moral rectitude and the clearness of his intellectual insight; to the majesty of his literary career in its outline, and to the exquisitely delicate pathos of his lyric muse. But how do we see him now, in

the mind's eye, if we may connect a man's subtle "transmitted effluence" with his recorded personality? Surely we see him with something of the sidelong gait and contemplative mien, plodding on grandly, patiently, into decade after decade, persuading and still persuading the unpersuaded, calling to witness his noble influence on many a good poet of later birth, and a solid influence for good on society generally, till he arrives at his second centenary, and gets the celebration he missed this time! Let us not strain our sight further after him, but turn back and note that his was not a fame to grow quickly to its maturity, any more than Shakespeare's was; whereas the man whose hundredth birthday has recently been the occasion for so much genuine enthusiasm, all over the English-speaking world, was one whose fame naturally partook of the robust, prolific quality of his genius. The elements of his genius were too simple and sane to be beyond his age; and what he was to his contemporaries he may well be to us and to our children's children—the wizard (for that popular title is very significant) who can conjure up before us, now as in his lifetime, the living images of a thousand beings who are human and complete, whose lives are manly and womanly, and possess a wholesome interest for us all, however far we may have advanced, socially, intellectually, or morally, beyond the times which those beings represent. He always entertains us, and he always does it wholesomely. To point a moral is not quite in his line; but none the less his works have, one and all, the best possible moral—that which exists in perfect sanity: "perfect sanity," says the poet, "shows the master;" and no one ever was more bountifully gifted with sanity than was Walter Scott.

It is no doubt this invaluable quality of sanity that has most largely co-operated with Scott's faculty to entertain, in chaining the attention, not only of the cultivated and the polite, but of the large masses of people for whom shilling and sixpenny editions of his books have been published. In these days of steady democratic encroachment, it is no unimportant question what an author's relations are with Democracy, and it is a noteworthy fact that, albeit Sir Walter Scott's works are only second to Shakespeare's as an embodiment of feudal manners and traditions, Democracy, here and over the Atlantic, has practically recognised him in an unstinted purchase and perusal of his works, while the great mouthpiece of American Democracy, Walt Whitman, has declared for him in terms of no small admiration. And, be it borne in mind, this writer professedly regards all subjects from

a democratic American point of view. In ending some remarks on the British literature which it is, in his opinion, desirable for the democratic youth of America to be familiar with, he says: "I cannot dismiss English, or British, imaginative literature without the cheerful name of Walter Scott. In my opinion he deserves to stand next to Shakespeare. Both are, in their best and absolute quality, Continental, not British—both teeming, luxuriant, true to their lands and origin, namely, feudality, yet ascending into universalism. Then, I should say, both deserve to be finally considered and construed as shining suns, whom it were ungracious to pick spots upon."*

We cordially agree with the Epoist of Democracy that both Shakespeare and Scott are benefactors too great for us to "pick spots upon" without much ingratitude, though we can scarcely subscribe to any classification of British literature that would place the works of Walter Scott above all else with the exception of the Shakespearean dramas, because to depict and embody Feudalism completely is not the *whole* mission of either. On this occasion, however, we care less to abate one jot of honour, accorded in any quarter to the great novelist, than to examine the relative positions of him and the supreme dramatist in regard to Democracy. How is it that, embodying Feudalism as these two men do, they should be regarded in different lights as far as Democracy is concerned? For while on this same theme of British literature, Walt Whitman, after saying Shakespeare always seems to him "of astral genius, first-class, *entirely fit for Feudalism*," and after admitting that "his contributions, especially to the literature of the passions, are immense, for ever dear to humanity," proceeds to work out the sinister suggestion of the words marked in italics above:—

"There is much in him," he continues, "that is offensive to Democracy. He is not only the tally of Feudalism, but, I should say, Shakespeare is incarnated, uncompromising Feudalism in literature. Then one seems to detect something in him—I hardly know how to describe it—even amid the dazzle of his genius; and, in inferior manifestations, it is found in nearly all leading British authors. (Perhaps we will have to import the words, Snob, Snobbish, &c., after all.) While, of the great poems of Asian antiquity, the Indian epics, the Book of Job, the Ionian Iliad, the unsurpassedly simple, loving, perfect idylls of the life and death of Christ in the New Testament (indeed, Homer and the Biblical utterances intertwine familiarly with us in the

* *Democratic Vistas.* Washington D.C. See pp. 80—82.

main), and along down, of the most of the characteristic imaginative or romantic relics of the Continent, as the *Cid*, Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, &c., I should say they substantially adjust themselves to us, and, far off as they are, accord curiously with our bed and board, to-day, in 1870, in Brooklyn, Washington, Canada, Ohio, Texas, California—and with our notions, both of seriousness and of fun, and our standards of heroism, manliness, and even the Democratic requirements—those requirements are not only not fulfilled in the Shakespearean productions, but are insulted on every page."

Now it would have been just as well if the poet of Democracy (and we speak it with all respect for one whose genius is of a high order) had "taken the sense of his constituents" with a little less personal bias than one discovers in the above, and also if he had been a little more consistent with himself. Here is a picking of spots on one of his two shining suns that is very far from gracious, to say the least. Shakespeare a snob!—and one who insults the requirements of Democracy on every page! Why, what requirements are they (by the bye, it would have been just as well to specify them) which are insulted on every page of Shakespeare, and not insulted by Scott? Does Democracy require that the various manifestations of social development, that have come in the evolution of its very self, shall be falsified by the chronicling genius of the great literati who represent those various manifestations? How is it to be insulted by the works representing Feudalism, and *not* insulted by those works of the antique world which accept and represent states of society much farther removed from Democracy than Feudalism itself is? And what embodiment of feudal manners and tradition did Shakespeare accomplish when those manners were the undisputed order of the day, that Scott did not rehabilitate when it was already something of a reproach to a man to be espousing the cause of the mediæval institutions in an uncompromising sense? To predicate of a man that he "ascended into universalism," and to say of him in the same breath that he is "incarnated uncompromising" anything, must of necessity be an inconsistency of the grossest kind; but it is right to remember that Walt Whitman, speaking elsewhere in the person of the average man of to-day, delivers the notable utterance (fraught with a certain sublimity)—

> "Do I contradict myself?
> Very well, then, I contradict myself;
> (I am large—I contain multitudes.)"

This is a fact. He constantly contradicts himself; but he

does, through his very largeness of sympathy, "contain multitudes" in an almost literal sense; and it is strange that there should not have been one among those multitudes to tell him how another one was wrongfully absenting himself while the dictum on Shakespeare was being uttered,—that one, namely, which, throughout Walt Whitman's works, exhibits an almost unsurpassable sympathy with all phases of human existence, all states of human society. How is it he can find no sufficient sympathy with the matchless state and pageantry of plays executed in, and properly recording, a noble and important age of state and pageantry, especially when this, the mere body of the works, is informed by a soul "ascending into universalism," and rendering the works "forever dear to humanity?" As if it were "uncompromising Feudalism" that the whole civilised world is swayed by in Shakespeare, or delighted by in Scott, and not this very "universalism" into which both ascend!

If it is the *rôle* of Democracy to remain for ever the vulgar rowdyish thing that it is for the most part now, regarded from the outside, and to succeed in finally repressing the noble elements of sane manhood and womanhood that underlie and upbear the exterior, if it is to do all in its power (and how much that is!) to become utterly gross, grovelling, unspiritual, to repress the imagination and give the appetites "complete abandonment," then, indeed, farewell to that insulting bard (held at present to be a bard for all time) who dared to limn upon the same canvas the sublime beauty and the terrible results of gigantic, overwhelming human passions, and to put in his draperies and accessories from the models walking thickly about him, and natural to the state of society wherein he and they lived and moved. Farewell, also, to Walter Scott, who must infallibly cease to amuse when Shakespeare gets to be *generally* insulting. There is no doubt that, to the lower orders, who at present mainly represent Democracy, Scott is in this day dearer than Shakespeare, merely because he is more simply and absolutely entertaining; and entertainment in literature is what the masses mainly crave. But we do not believe that any of those who are practically the integers of Democracy feel insulted by the pageantry that gives garments to Shakespeare's "universalisms:" it may be presumptuous to contradict so great an authority on this point; but, seeing that all that is noble and wholesome in Scott exists to a far greater extent in Shakespeare, and that the dramatist pierces to depths and soars into heights unattempted, nay, undreamed of, by the

novelist, we are constrained to think better than Walt Whitman would have us think of those seething, striving, struggling masses of humanity for whom the mastery of the world (self mastery) is being sketched out on both sides of the Atlantic. Whether they know and feel it or not, Shakespeare has passed into their being; they speak and think Shakespeare times out of number, when they may fancy they are speaking and thinking on their own account; and those who have influence with them must see to it that so grand a power be not brought into disrepute by any unguarded expressions. We repeat we do not believe in the offensiveness of Shakespeare to any sane person, of whatever order of intellect, or in the offensiveness of any element in his works to any sane theory of Democracy. At all events, if we are eventually to have a Democratic world (and it is likely enough), Democracy must either learn to be offended by no "astral genius" on account of the truth and completeness with which he represents any foregone state of society, or else it must be content to grovel on from ignorance to ignorance, and from vileness to vileness, until man be man no more as far as any coherence of society is concerned, and Democracy be the standing *pieuvre* of a feeble remnant of the intellectual and cultivated.

However, as yet, the symptoms are favourable, and, to return to the main theme, we have just seen our feudal Baronet's hundredth birthday enthusiastically celebrated all over the English-speaking world: he has not yet been found "snobbish" and insulting; and we may enjoy his wizardry for the present undisturbed by any notion that "our future masters," or any of their leaders, are plotting against the immortality of his fame.

Let us therefore look once more—for so many critics have on so many occasions looked, carefully, respectfully, even enthusiastically—at the nature and scope of that wizardry, at the main results of that sane and delight-giving imagination, at the noble manliness of those works and that life that English-speaking men and women have found worthy of honour after the lapse of thirty-nine years since the life's close, and a hundred since its opening. And here we must insist that the discussion of the great novelist in connection with the great dramatist, which we have entered into above, is by no means the unconsidered freak of a litigious moment in view of the position taken up by the mouthpiece of Democracy: on the contrary, to try by comparison with Shakespeare any man who deals in the setting up of fictitious personages and the working out of fictitious circumstances,

seems the most proper course possible, whether the man's method be drama, romance, or what not. The part of the dramatist is the same as that of the novelist in essentials, the delineation of human character and human life; and Scott was to his time what Shakespeare was to his, the man who contributed infinitely most to the rational entertainment of his fellow men. How far the Waverley Novels—for they, beyond a question, of all Scott's many works, represent the man, and are his capital achievement—how far these novels are to be regarded as the "sempiternal heritage" humanity owns in the Shakespearean dramas, it is beyond the present generation to consider with much profit; but it is not easy to conceive of a state of society in which these admirable works in fiction shall be no longer acceptable. We cannot conscientiously say we regard them even now as the greatest works in fiction this country has produced. We could lay hand on half-a-dozen or more compositions in this department of literature that seem to us to soar far beyond that region in which Scott worked so manfully,—a region wherein the profounder depths of human passion and the more earnest aspects of social questions had no great place apportioned to them. We could lay hand on novels written later than the Waverley series, showing a nearer approximation than Scott showed to the supreme intelligence, and flesh-like modelling, and impetuous ideal realism of Shakespeare, to his mastery of hand in setting on an action, to his sweeping dignity as representing a given state of society, and to his keen and absolute insight into the secrets of the human soul—novels, too, which we consider higher in artistic form and general expression than Scott's, besides approximating, more nearly than his do, those nobler qualities of art summed up in the name of Shakespeare. But although these few novels that we deem individually greater than any one work of Scott's be not far to seek, we should search, without hope of success, through the whole world of fictitious literature for an artist whose single hand did as much for his department of art as was performed by the hand of the Scottish Baronet. With all the faults which were his—and be it borne in mind that the existence of faults is a matter of course when a man's genius is at once prolific and masterful—with all the faults of construction and conception to be found in the Waverley Novels, the best of them served show that fiction, under the hands of a fresh and original worker, was capable of results altogether new in kind; and no one has since extended the capacities of fiction as much as Scott did.

It would be very interesting, if one had time and space adequate to the task, to trace back the genealogy of the Scott romance, noting the various modifications British fiction underwent from the times of the inimitable Defoe and of those Dioscuri of early British novel-writing, Samuel Richardson and Henry Fielding. And such a genealogy would become specially interesting at that late point when the influence of Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen came to be discriminated. To do this thoroughly, however, would be beyond our present scope; and we must be content to recall the generous tributes which the modest monarch of romance accorded to his lady contemporaries. That delightful humility and openheartedness that kept Scott from all literary contentions, through his whole career, showed well in his frank acknowledgment that *Waverley* and the other Scottish tales took their origin from the admirable tales of Irish life previously published by Miss Edgeworth. And, just as he never dreamed of shirking the acknowledgment of an obligation, so he never strove to exalt himself above his contemporaries, whether they were in reality above or below him in the ranks of genius. Byron, he admitted, "beat him out of the field in the description of the strong passions, and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart; and so," says the poet and novelist, "I gave up poetry for the time." And he was not far off a like modesty of estimate concerning his novels when he wrote in his diary that "Edgeworth, Ferrier, and Austen had all given portraits of real society far superior to anything that *vain man* had produced of a like nature." What he adds specifically of Jane Austen—the occasion of the entry being the death of that inestimable artist—is particularly worthy of note, as well as amusing, so far as it relates to himself:—"That young lady," he says, "had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any one going; but the exquisite touch, which renders commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me." Denied to him or not, the "exquisite touch" in question certainly was no part of Scott's craft, which lay in the delineation of characters more or less remarkable, the awakening and maintenance of a great interest in the career of such characters, and the throwing together of circumstances intrinsically romantic, stirring, or noteworthy; outside the limits of the hum-drum experience of every day, but well within the bounds of probability, except in such rare instances

of feeble work as *The Monastery*. A commonplace person who is also interesting, and that in commonplace circumstances, is not to be found in Scott's works: it is true that most of his "heroines" are commonplace enough; but then they are not rendered particularly interesting, as a rule, except from the light reflected on them by their circumstances or by their relations with the chief actors of the other sex.

The art so exquisitely practised by Jane Austen, within strait enough intellectual limits, and without any deep perceptions of human passion or any wide knowledge of the human heart—the art of making ordinary people in ordinary circumstances intensely interesting, reached its noblest height in George Eliot's *Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*,* wherein absolute simplicity of character and event is seen through the wide intellectuality and profound soul-lore of a strong spirit and a great artist. But this art, "denied," as Scott said, to him, will never countervail, for the uses of our youths and maidens, at all events, the art which was *not* denied to Scott. Such work as Jane Austen's and George Eliot's will grow in use and influence, and will probably reach lower and lower down the grades of society as education spreads itself; but such work cannot displace the simple healthful interest in lives of adventure, and all young people feel gratified in reading the Waverley Novels, unencumbered as those books are by any didactic or other purpose ulterior to the original nature of romance; and so we cannot regret that it was "denied" to Scott to do what others have done so well, while it was permitted to him to do so magnificently what no one else has yet approached him in.

But if Scott was unable to render the commonplace in character and event vitally interesting by the "exquisite touch" we have referred to, neither did he obtain a factitious interest by cynical raids on human weakness, or gross exaggeration of human peculiarities; and thus he kept clear of the pitfalls that have since snared Thackeray on the one hand, and Dickens on the other. Thackeray's supreme power to chisel a statuesque story, as in *Esmond*, we might not find amiss in some of Scott's looser tales, any more than an infusion of Scott's largeness of heart might well be coveted as an antidote for the cynic obliquity of gaze that led to much that is not admirable in Thackeray. But from Dickens we covet not a single quality for his great predecessor, who, with a more exquisite humour, never became coarse, and with an

* *Scenes of Clerical Life.*

equal power to draw remarkable persons, never produced a single character that can fairly be stigmatised as a caricature. The nearest approach to a caricature that the Waverley portrait gallery affords is, perhaps, Dominie Sampson; and he certainly stops short of being that hollow embodiment of ridiculous traits that he would have been if Dickens had had the making of him. Awkward, eccentric, and ludicrous, and rendered often doubly so under the sprightly satirical flashes of Miss Julia Mannering, he is yet kept thoroughly real and true to his humanity by that noble, simple devotedness to his patron and his patron's memory and race: we can never find it in our hearts to laugh at his straining to his breast the brawny young Scot whom he persistently designates as "little Harry Bertram;" and everything about his inner being is so thoroughly worthy of respect, that his uncouth sayings and doings are overlooked with a smile, even when there is no sufficient pathos to carry the reader above smiling point, as he is carried at the recognition between the Dominie and Harry Bertram. Similarly, the crazy litigant in *Redgauntlet*, poor Peter Peebles, plaintiff in "the great cause of Peebles against Plainstanes," remains true to his appointed part of pursuing a hopelessly burdened cause, from one year to another, through poverty, and distress, and madness, firmly enthusiastic as to the rectitude and importance of his plea; and this is not managed by the endless cumulation of ridiculous incidents and distorted scraps of laughable speech, but by that fluent *insouciant* speaking and acting to the point, in every circumstance of the fiction, that distinguishes Scott's personages, in all ranks and relations of life, from the laboriously worked up creatures of Dickens's brain.

For a popular and at the same time healthful beguiler of the leisure hours, Scott lacked no single quality, and as far transcended the much admired caricaturist just named in these particulars as he did in the weighty consideration of quality of art. First among Scott's qualifications for popularity, we may note that he possessed the power to make an action deeply interesting without any of those factitious complications resorted to by later and feebler hands; and so much was this the case that he frequently, with the greatest *naïveté*, allowed his mystery or coil, the unravelling of which furnished the ostensible interest of the plot, to be quite transparent to the reader long before being professedly cleared up. It is delightful to note how, when a disguise is no longer necessary, he calmly assumes that the reader saw through it all the time, and does not even take the trouble to invent any particular

clearing up of the circumstances for his benefit. We take no whit less interest in the establishment of the identity of Harry Bertram and Lord Geraldin because there are no particular points at which those lost heirs are discovered by the reader under their disguises of Vanbeest Brown and Lovell; and yet there have been but few workers in fiction who could afford to let us so much into the secret of their heroes' aliases as Scott did with these and such-like characters.

But beside this power to keep up the interest in a genuine and straightforward manner, we find in the Waverley Novels an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of all kinds of people in all kinds of places and periods, that is astonishing in a high degree, notwithstanding the circumstances of education and growing up that fostered the artist's taste in that direction; and works in fiction representing social phases are naturally and properly popular when they have other good qualities. Those works now under consideration command popularity in a special degree as novels of manners (to use a somewhat inadequate expression), because, though the author's conception of an ideal social state was evidently and unquestionably Feudalism, he maintains in the most pointed manner the respect of the higher classes to the lower classes as well as the converse bearing of the lower to the higher. In those novels, particularly, which deal with Scottish and Border life, the conception of the value and importance of the "dependent" classes is strongly and clearly set forth; and those Scottish tales are beyond a question the best of the series taken all round, whether we judge them on the ground of what the writer drew directly from the life of the persons among whom he moved with his keen observation and prodigious memory, or of what he reconstructed from hints thrown off by some old person whom he encountered, or of what he filled in mainly by the power of his rich imagination. Most of them also, though clearly novels of manners, rise to the higher importance of what it has generally been deemed Scott's peculiar glory to have constituted, historic romance—inasmuch as whether he depicted the actors in the gradually lessening struggle between Jacobitism and Hanoverianism, or those who were pitted against each other as Cavaliers and Roundheads, or the heroes of the old Crusading times, he always endeavoured to give us faithfully the real bent and purpose of national movements, as well as the mere manners and customs of the people. And he was generally pretty successful, though it must be admitted that the *Tales*

of the Crusaders are infinitely less vigorous than such works as *Old Mortality*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and the three tales representing three generations of Scotch society,—*Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary*, which tales taken all in all are probably the most completely excellent of Sir Walter's voluminous works in poetry, romance, history, biography, criticism, and translation from foreign tongues.

The importance which Scott gave in his romances to persons occupying a subordinate rank in life is subject sufficient for an elaborate critical study: it is not only that his books teem with masterly portraits, from the rough occasional sketch to the finished picture, taken from the yeomanry, peasantry, domestic and vagrant classes; not only that these are touched with a profound respect for their common humanity with the artist, such as is good for this Dickens-worshipping age to contemplate and set beside the irreverent travesties of human nature known as Chadband, Uriah Heep, Pecksniff, and so on; but beside and beyond all this, we have numerous instances of the very best workmanship in a book being bestowed on one of these characters of what, to Scott's feudal mind, was a distinctly inferior rank, and several instances in which one of them is made of vital importance in the development of the story. Meg Merrilies, Edie Ochiltree, Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, Cristal Nixon (with his insidious emissary, Little Benjie), poor daft Davie Gellatly, are but a few examples of a goodly company of graphically and powerfully drawn characters outside the pale of gentility; and two of these, Meg Merrilies and Edie Ochiltree, are among the most complete and remarkable characters created by Scott or any other man. Indeed, Meg Merrilies is far more the heroine of *Guy Mannering* than either of the young ladies of the book is, and than the Colonel or any other male character is the hero; and Edie Ochiltree is superior even to the delightful "Antiquary" himself; while both Gipsy Meg and Gaberlunzie Edie, as well as the other "minor persons" named above, and a great number in other books, are so far instrumental in carrying on the respective actions that it would be utter ruin to the tales to drop those persons out.

The venerable sneerer, Thomas Carlyle, whose celebrated essay on Scott seems to have been written with a sincere desire to repress the caustic, cynical, often farcical tone that is natural to him, remarked, with much truth, that the characters of the great novelist seemed to have been modelled from the clothes inwards, instead of from the heart outwards, as in the case of Shakespeare's characters. This keen sword-

sweep was probably meant to shear away more laurels from the brow of Sir Walter than posterity will consent to have taken from him, even on so respectable a dictum; for though it may be perfectly clear that the descriptive method of Scott commenced with the exteriors of his personages, it is by no means clear that that was a very important inversion of the Shakespearean order of things, unless it could be shown that the novelist never arrived at the heart after all in his progress inwards. That he did get to the heart sometimes even Mr. Carlyle will not, we imagine, deny; and considering the nobility of heart discernible in such personages as Meg Merrilies and Edie Ochiltree, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, and the Baron of Bradwardine, Jeanie Deans and Dominie Sampson, we need not mind admitting that even they were created "from the clothes inwards." Indeed, the characters of Scott are just as good as they could possibly be, within the limits of his apparent knowledge of the human heart and the motives of men and women: his *method* of creation is first-rate, although what he describes as a rule indicates that he was more concerned with the surface of human nature than he was with its depths.

The zest which Scott showed, not only in his literary career, but in his boyish and youthful pastimes, for historic and antiquarian research, betrayed, no doubt, a natural bent of his mind. He reverenced the past more deeply than he did the present, so far as its institutions were concerned; and yet, notwithstanding his one great *faux pas* of the business speculation, he clearly reverenced his own manhood and the common manhood of his times as profoundly as any man need reverence them in order to be sane and healthful in life and thought. His passion for what was comparatively remote —for a passion it certainly amounted to—by no means invalidated his belief in the "living present," or prevented his performing the part of a great and good man; and it was probably the glow of enthusiasm that he always experienced in free, liberal movement, and manly, physical action, that prevented his antiquarian passion from degenerating into the mere rattle among dry bones that the ordinary antiquarianism, practised by narrow-minded people, amounts to. He seems to have discerned more romance in the life of people a few generations back than he could find going on around him, although *St. Ronan's Well* is a capital proof that, when he chose to treat contemporary life and character, he could do little short of his best in that field. Still, although *St. Ronan's Well* will long take rank among the best novels ever

written, its subject and character are exceptional for Scott, whose taste for historical inquiry directed the selection of the materials whereof most of his work, whether verse or prose, is woven. This taste is a very respectable one, after all; and it did not lead Scott to any performance that really merited the savage raillery of the youthful Byron, or even the half-covert taunt of Mrs. Browning in *Aurora Leigh*.

What the present standing of Scott would be if the Waverley Novels could be cancelled it were bootless to inquire. Certainly he has still a great popularity as a poet—at least among young people; and this is clearly well merited, whether it is kept up by the name of the novelist, or arises from the genuine attractions of his verse for the youthful mind. But even making the further useless supposition, that the poetical works also were cancelled, there still remains a large mass of literary work, sufficient to furnish forth a reputation that is not easily measured under existing circumstances. Probably the collection of poems is of next importance to the series of prose fictions; and yet, setting aside both, it must be long before men care to lay by their gratitude for labours resulting in such things as the superb collection of Border Ballads that first brought Scott into general repute, and foreshadowed his subsequent course so remarkably: although he figured there more notably as editor, critic, and seeker, than as original poet. It will be long, also, before men forget what they owe him as editor of Dryden and Swift, as biographer of the British Novelists, and as historian of France in the time of Napoleon I.—albeit his life of that personage scarcely shows, with all its elaborate research and keen insight, the elasticity characteristic of most of his works done before the bursting of his commercial bubble. And, however small they may be compared with his novels, there are numerous other works in history and biography, not to name criticism and review, that would justly entitle a man to consideration, independently of so capital an achievement as the series of fictions that went on plentifully appearing during twenty years.

Concerning the various miscellaneous works glanced at above, there is no need to make any more detailed mention; but, in connection with the high art of poetry, we cannot properly dismiss the name of Walter Scott without some kind of estimate. To any one disposed to shirk disagreeable responsibilities, there is some temptation to slur over this part of the subject of Scott's works, at a time when one would gladly say all that can be said in honour of the man, and

nothing to derogate from the popular estimate of him. For if truth were told by every one on whom it falls to speak of Scott's poetry, there could be but little question that he has been, and still is, overrated as a poet. We suspect that Mr. William Rossetti felt more than he expressed of this when he wrote the excellent "Critical Memoir" prefixed to Moxon's "popular edition" of Scott's poems. It would not have been in correct taste to depreciate very pointedly the author he was editing; and yet we can imagine that an enthusiastic admirer of the good qualities of Scott's poetry (and Mr. Rossetti is capable of much genuine enthusiasm) would have written in a clearer strain of praise than the following:—

"As regards the merits of Walter Scott as a poet, it is difficult for some critics to be sufficiently affluent of praise, and for others to be sufficiently chary. When one has said that he is exceedingly spirited, one has expressed the most salient and the finest of his excellences: only we must remember that a narrative and romantic poet cannot be thus spirited without having other admirable gifts whence the spirit ensues, and whereby it is sustained—virility, knowledge of life, character, and circumstance, quick sympathy with man and nature, flow of invention, variety of presentment, a heart that vibrates to the noble and the right—much picturesqueness, some beauty. On the other hand, it is not untrue to say that Scott, though continually spirited, is also very frequently tame—and not free from tameness even in his distinctively spirited passages. His phrases, when you pause upon them, are full of commonplace. The reason of this is that Scott was very little of a literary-poetic artist: greatness of expression—the heights and depths of language and of sound—were not much in his way. He respected his subject much more than he respected his art: after consulting and satisfying his own taste and that of his public, the thing had to do well enough. Scott has always been the poet of youthful and high-hearted readers: there seems to be no reason why he should not continue indefinitely to meet their requirements; and certainly they will be considerable losers if ever, in the lapse of time and shifting of poetic models, his compositions should pass out of ready currency. He is not, and never can be, the poet of literary readers; the student and the artist remember him as a cherished enchantment of their youth, and do not recur to him. Neither the inner recesses of thought nor the high places of art thrill to his appeal; but it is highly possible for the critical tendency and estimate to be too exclusively literary; the poetry of Scott is mainly amenable to a different sort of test, and to that it responds not only adequately, but triumphantly."—Pp. xix. xx.

This last is a very frank admission from one who takes a high rank as a professed critic. We think, however, that the thing is more than possible: it seems to us a clear fact that

criticism in the present day, taken all round, is bent upon setting up its own criteria (which are generally of the narrowest), in defiance of all the world; and Mr. Rossetti has set a good fashion in the critical passages of the memoir quoted above, by going earnestly to work to set down the causes of a valuation with which he clearly disagrees. Of course it can never be admitted that criticism, which is really, at its best, a high literary function, is to vail its crest abjectly before the power of a blind popular admiration: else we shall have to confess that the critical few are all wrong about that wishy-washy stuff that Mr. F. Martin Tupper calls *Proverbial Philosophy*, and that the people who buy the waggon-loads of copies sown through the land are the correct estimators of the book's value. The business of the critic, however, is to understand such a phenomenon, not to lie prone before it; and he would explain that, as there are still a great many harmless old women spread abroad in the world, and as they naturally love harmless twaddle, which Mr. Tupper provides in the most liberal measure, the large circulation of the *Proverbial Philosophy* is almost a matter of course. Similarly Mr. Rossetti has done his part in discriminating the class of readers that still support the publishers of Scott's poetical works—not, be it noted, foolish old women who love twaddle, but healthy youths and maidens, who love romance and adventure, told with a certain ring of music and rhythm that is one of the simpler elements of poetry, and reflected through the mind of a man who was of the very keenest in those affinities with energetic life and nature which are uppermost in the youthful organisation.

Mr. Rossetti is no less acute when he regards the popularity of Scott's poetry in the first years of its appearance—a popularity which clearly spread itself far beyond the youthful of both sexes. The following paragraph, which we may well use for the purpose of recalling the series of Scott's poetical labours, is an excellent sample of Mr. Rossetti's method of blending dry record of facts with lucid analysis of causes:—

"With the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* Walter Scott became a distinguished man: it was the best possible preparation for his fame as a poet in his own right, and on an extensive scale. It was first succeeded by an edition of *Sir Tristrem*, a poem written about A.D. 1280, and ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer (of Ercildoune): Scott added to the composition some completing lines of his own. In January 1805, he published the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the first draught of which, in its present shape, had been written in the autumn of 1802:

it was received with a tumult of applause, easily accounted for, not only by its very considerable excellences of poetic work, but especially by the novelty of its scene and treatment, and its romantic attraction. Scott was, indeed, the first man of that epoch to make poetry the rage. Altogether, nearly 44,000 copies of the *Lay* had sold before the issue of the annotated edition of 1830. Readers were delighted to find some new source of interest opened up to them in poetry; jaded with the old subjects and the old methods—with whatsoever was recognised and right, respectable and conventional, the old clothes now threadbare, and the old viands now destructive of appetite—they got at last something fresh, full of stimulation in itself, and in the evidence which it everywhere presented of a lively, hearty, buoyant, and rejoicing nature, open to all impressions of the strength and sentiment of the past, and reproducing them in forms eminently quick-blooded. *Marmion*, issued in 1808, confirmed Scott's renown as a poet, and deserved to do so; at portions of it, Scott, though mostly not a careful writer, worked with earnest application. He received £1,000 for the poem from its publishers. His fame rose still higher, and attained its culmination with the publication, in May 1810, of the *Lady of the Lake*—which readers of the present day will be apt, however, to pronounce the least valuable work of the three. 20,000 copies sold in a few months. Its pictures of Highland scenery, valour, and manners, naturally made it immensely attractive at the time, and produced a huge effect in popularising the Highlands among tourists of an adventurous or sentimental turn. The *Vision of Don Roderick* followed in 1811. It was obviously little adapted to enhance the purely poetic reputation of its author; but the public circumstances of the time favoured its success. *Rokeby*, written in three months and a half, at the close of 1812, and published in 1813, was again received with great applause; yet so far sobered down as to show that the *furore* for Scott was now already on the wane, not to speak of its own general tameness and marked inferiority. The *Lord of the Isles* was written in 1814: it was better than *Rokeby*, but its reception again told the same tale of receding popularity, although a sale of 15,000 copies could not, at the lowest, be called less than very tolerable. His two other leading poems were published anonymously, with a view to testing the genuine state of public feeling: the *Bridal of Triermain* in the same year that the *Lord of the Isles* was composed, 1814, and *Harold the Dauntless* in 1817. There was, moreover, the *Field of Waterloo*, 1815, the authorship of which was avowed. As to the *Bridal of Triermain*, a rather peculiar arrangement was adopted. The subject had been suggested to Scott by William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder; and an agreement was made with this legal dignitary that the poem, on appearing in print, should not be disowned by him. Two large editions sold off, and a third was called for; both parties to the quasi-deception then thought it had lasted long enough, and Scott proclaimed himself the author. A more potent despot was now ruling the world of poetry: Byron had finally eclipsed Scott by the publication of *Childe Harold* in 1812; and Scott's own numerous imitators

had cheapened his wares, and made them almost as commonplace as they had a few years before been new in style."—Pp. xiii. xiv.

For posterity, it has been most fortunate that the immense popularity following the issue of such a work as the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* wrought its own cure, by inducing imitators, and by awakening an interest in poetry, available for poetry of a far higher order; for, had Scott had any sufficient inducement to continue verse-writing, we might never have got the novels from him; and, among his larger poetical works, there is none that we could conscientiously point to as a thoroughly great work. *Marmion* is by far the best of them, and infinitely superior to the *Lay*, which we cannot but regard as a poor thing, deficient in the best qualities of Scott's poetry. We do not, however, consider that his finest poems are to be found among his *principal* pieces in that kind: his best ballads are great ballads for all times; but these reproductions of the mediæval romance are by no means on the same level of excellence.

It must never be forgotten that this man, of whom Washington Irving said that "his works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilised world, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived," was less set apart from the duties and amenities of extra-literary life than any man who ever seriously played the part of author. The whole of those voluminous works we have been discussing were produced without the least degree of negligence in regard to professional avocations, by no means of the lightest, and throughout the course of a life of no common devotion to social and hospitable duties and pleasures. The excellent biography, which Scott's son-in-law has left us, shows us an amount of occupation, of one and another beneficent kind, that is truly prodigious; and we cannot easily overrate the largeness of the life of a man who, at the close of such a social career as Scott's, could also say with truth that he had been the most voluminous author of his day, and that, to his own great comfort at the end, he had "tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles." Of his business relations and their disastrous issues, we do not care to speak on our own part: they have been well discussed, and it is pretty generally understood that some blame attached to the great man, though there is nothing to reflect seriously on his character for honesty and generosity.

The centenary, regarded from a literary point of view, has produced absolutely nothing of capital importance, as augmenting our knowledge of Scott's life and its work; and yet there are three small contributions to Scott literature that we have thought it just to cite with reference to the recent celebrations,—Mr. Rossetti's *Memoir*, Mr. Gleig's *Life*, and the *Abbotsford Notanda* of Dr. Carruthers appended to the new edition of Chambers's *Life*. Of these productions, the two last named are merely reprints; so that, beyond the issue of the beautiful and cheap edition of the Waverley Novels, designated as the "Centenary Edition," the preservation of Mr. Gleig's and Dr. Carruthers's contributions in a permanent form, and the publication of Mr. Rossetti's edition of the poems, the centenary has done nothing that it is worth the while of bibliographers to record.

The *Abbotsford Notanda*, reprinted from *Chambers's Journal* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, are interesting, chiefly as giving particulars of the long and friendly intercourse between Scott and his factor and amanuensis, William Laidlaw,—an intercourse that is nothing but creditable to both parties. Dr. Carruthers admits that "Lockhart has done justice to his (Laidlaw's) gentle, unassuming character and merits, and to his familiar intercourse with the Great Minstrel. Still," he adds, and adds justly, "there are domestic details and incidents unrecorded, such as we should rejoice to have of Shakespeare at New Place, with his one hundred and seven acres of land in the neighbourhood, or from Horace addressing the bailiff on his Sabine farm. Such personal memorials of great men, if genuine and correct, are seldom complained of, as Gibbon has observed, for their minuteness or prolixity."

Besides interesting details of Scott's connection with this worthy person, who was the author of the beautiful and well-known Scottish ballad, *Lucy's Flittin'*, there are many incidents and reminiscences in other connections. One of the best of these is a tale relating to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, which we do not remember having seen elsewhere, and which we quote as being very characteristic and amusing. Dr. Carruthers says he recollects "a gentleman asking Laidlaw about" this anecdote, and then gives it as follows:—

"Hogg had sagacity enough to detect the authorship of the Waverley Novels long before the secret was divulged, and had the volumes as they appeared bound, and lettered on the back, 'Scott's Novels.' His friend discovered this one day when visiting Hogg at

Altrive, and, in a dry, humorous tone of voice, remarked: 'Jamie, your bookseller must be a stupid fellow to spell *Scots* with two *t*'s.' Hogg is said to have rejoined: "Ah, Watty, I am ower auld a cat to draw that strae before.' Laidlaw laughed immoderately at the story, but observed: 'Jamie never came lower down than *Walter*.' Lockhart, however, appears to think he did occasionally venture on such a descent."—P. 132.

Mr. Gleig's *Life of Scott*, which first appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, is valuable as a well written abstract of the work by Lockhart, which is far too voluminous for such readers as want to be well acquainted with the leading facts of the eventful life in question, but cannot afford the time necessary for the perusal of Lockhart's capital book. It is not an easy thing to combine grace and accuracy in an abstract of that *Life* amounting to no more than a hundred and forty light pages, preface and illustrations and all told; and Mr. Gleig has made his article into a very readable and close record of facts, pretty free from inaccuracies. It is not, however, easily intelligible how such a correct piece of work as this should be made to include one or two mis-statements that certainly do appear in it. For example, we are told at page 68, in connection with Scott's fondness for field-sports, that "an otter hunt also, when it came in his way, had special charms for him, as his description of one in *Guy Mannering* shows;" whereas there is no such description. In recounting Bertram's stay with Dandy Dinmont, Scott describes a fox-hunt and a salmon-spearing, and recounts briefly an incident connected with a badger-baiting, but entirely slights the sport of otter-hunting by simply stating in ten words, that "an otter-hunt the next day . . . consumed the time merrily." Still more unaccountable is the statement made at page 43, after the account of Scott's unachieved *affaire de cœur*,—that "the heroines in the *Lay*, *Rokeby*, and *Redgauntlet*, are all built upon one model. They are all deeply loved, like Margaret Stuart of Invermay,* where they can make no return; they are but paintings from the same original." The heroine in the *Lay* is loved by one man only: him she loves all through the story, and him she marries happily. In *Redgauntlet*, the fancy that the heroine inspires in her own brother, who does not know she is his sister, is depicted as being happily enough removed when the relationship is discovered; and young Redgauntlet certainly never loved her "deeply," except in a sense in which she

* The young lady whom Scott loved without her being able to return his love: she loved another.

was able to reciprocate his affection with equal depth, after marrying his friend Alan Fairford. Such being the case, we could not accept this account of the genesis of the characters in question, on any authority whatever, even that of the artist himself.

On the other hand, beside general excellence, some of the details of Mr. Gleig's book are as well put as they could possibly be. He tells us, for instance, that before Scott "could put two letters together, ballads, romances, and legends, were poured through the ear into his mind; and these, stored up in a memory portentously tenacious, *became the elements out of which his moral and intellectual nature grew into shape.*" And again, concerning the place among men into which Scott was "introduced by the accident of birth," Mr. Gleig writes happily enough:—

"The stand-point which it gave him was neither among the very high nor the very low, but in that middle-class which constitutes the backbone of society both in Scotland and England. Had fancy been with him less exuberant than it was, or the incidents of his early training different, he would have probably accepted it for what it was worth, and made the most of it. As the case stood, the present condition of his family, though in every respect that of gentle-folks, was thrust out of view, in order that he might connect it with times when social precedence was given to those who could ride abroad followed by the largest body of armed retainers, and were most prompt to use them for the good or ill of their neighbours. For, shrewd and acute as in common affairs he seemed to be, and innocent of those eccentricities with which genius is often allied, imagination was in Sir Walter Scott the dominant faculty to an extent rarely cognisable elsewhere in sane men. From the dawn of his powers to their extinction, it may be predicated of him that he lived two lives: one in the world of living men, another in a world which he created for himself; and it is not too much to say that, so far as his own consciousness was concerned, the latter had in it a great deal more of reality than the former."—Pp. 3, 4.

It is the preponderance of this second life over the other that Mr. Gleig regards, not precisely as *justifying* Scott's recklessness in his simultaneous trade speculations and private expenditures, but as depriving it of all baseness of character; and we are but too willing to accept this view, for, as Mr. Gleig elsewhere observes, Scott's "merits, as well moral as intellectual, were of so transcendent a nature that they cast quite into the shade errors which had their root neither in vice nor in meanness, but in an imagination preternaturally gigantic."

On the same curious complexity of character referred to above Mr. Gleig has also the following paragraph:—

"At Ashestiel, and still more after he became lord of Abbotsford, whether within doors or without, he lived in imagination the life of a feudal baron; carousing, chatting, hunting freely with his retainers, and not only ready, but eager, to lead them to battle. It was only when in Edinburgh, or compelled to give his attention to accounts which seldom came straight, and bills that must be taken up, that he fell back into the condition of an ordinary mortal; and it is not going too far to say that, as he never submitted to this humiliation except with impatience and disgust, so he escaped from it, be the circumstances what they might, with the utmost despatch possible."—P. 70.

We could with pleasure have followed the whole of Scott's career by passing in review over the pages of Mr. Gleig's excellent little book, but our limits preclude such a review, or even one of Mr. Rossetti's still closer and briefer abstract, from which we have already quoted, and which is at least as well done, and, while it gives fewer details, has a higher critical tone.

We are not aware that America has been any more active than this country has in the production of noteworthy Scott centenary literature. There was, however, in the tone of the celebration over there, a hearty enthusiasm which we cannot but admire, and which teaches us, while we warm towards our cousins in sympathy, how powerful a popular and noble-minded *literatus* can be in knitting men together and pushing them on one step further towards the lovely reign of "Peace on earth." When we picture that turbulent, money-getting, sinfullest of cities, New York, turned out holiday-making with the same enthusiastic sentiment uppermost as was uppermost among ourselves on the 15th of August, 1871, how can we imagine such a hideous event as an Anglo-American war?

The following account of the festivities at New York, when the corner-stone of the Scott Monument was laid there, is but a newspaper paragraph; but to us it seems well worthy of preservation in connection with the present subject:—

"New York, Aug. 15.—The Scott centennial is being celebrated here with great enthusiasm. The streets and avenues and British steamers in port are decorated with flags. The members of the Scottish societies participating in laying the corner-stone of the Scott monument have just assembled at the Caledonian Club Room, in Sullivan Street, where they were joined by delegations from Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Scranton, all attired in Scottish regalia, kilts and feathers. There were over one hundred different costumes, all the Scottish clans being represented. There were over five hundred men, including the military, societies from other cities, and Scottish citizens of New York. Among the participants from abroad were the Caledonian clubs from Brooklyn, Boston, Hartford,

Philadelphia, Newark, Hudson county, Scranton, Pittsburgh, and Auburn. Shortly after two o'clock, the club formed, and the order to march was given. The society was preceded by Robertson's band and a score of pipers in kilts, who carried the original Scottish bagpipes, and played spirited native airs. These men were loudly applauded along the route. The Caledonian Club was under the command of Chieftains Watt and Mason, assisted by other prominent officers. The organisation numbered over four hundred men. Company G of the 79th Regiment of Highlanders, with volunteers from other companies of the regiment, in all about three hundred, escorted the procession through Houston Street up Broadway and Fifth Avenue to Thirty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, where the entire body took street cars for Central Park. The procession was received at the park by the St. Andrew's Society and the Thistle Club, and was escorted to the site chosen for the monument, around which thousands of people had already gathered.

"Dr. Thompson offered an introductory prayer, after which Richard Irwin, president of the Monument Committee, delivered a brief address, reciting the origin and principal events in the movement among the Scottish residents of this city, by which the statue was secured. William Wood then gave quite an extended review of the life and works of Sir Walter Scott, paying high tribute to his noble character and deeds, and commending their study to every one. The corner-stone of the monument was then laid, and presented to the city of New York by Mr. Irwin, Mayor Hall responding in the name of the city, and pledging its holiest care of the private memorial upon this public site."

The enthusiasm of Boston showed its best at the meeting of the chief "society" of America, the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which Scott became a member in 1822. The president of the society, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, delivered an address in his usual eloquent style, recalling the main features of Scott's life and works, and Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Emerson were also among those who addressed the meeting. Of the "resolutions" adopted by the meeting, the following serves peculiarly well to strengthen the impressions conveyed by the New York enthusiasm :—

"Resolved,—That our warmest sympathies are with all at Abbotsford, or elsewhere, who are engaged in this just tribute to the genius of one whose power over the human heart no distance of time or place can extinguish; and whose memory is cherished on every hill-side and in every valley of New England, as gratefully as by those who are privileged to tread his native heather."

But one of the highest utterances we have seen on this subject is the letter addressed to Mr. Winthrop by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (the delightful "Autocrat at the Breakfast-

table"), who was prevented from being present at the meeting; and we cannot forbear to give our readers the benefit of a letter worthy of any of our best letter-writers, and yet rather American than European in its peculiar eloquence. It is a long letter, and nevertheless it does not seem to contain a single word but does credit to the writer, the subject, and the occasion:—

"DEAR MR. WINTHROP,— "*Boston, August* 14, 1871.

"I know what I am losing by my enforced absence from the meeting of our society on the hundredth birth-day anniversary of the great historical romancer. The mere fact of coming together with a single thought in our minds and a single feeling in our hearts would make the occasion most interesting were we only to sit an hour in silence, like an assembly of worshipping Friends.

"But I feel sure there will be much that I shall be glad to listen to from lips that will speak for us better than most of us could hope to speak for ourselves. And yet I cannot envy those who have so much to say and so brief a space to say it in. A large and beneficent life is not to be summed up in a few phrases. The glow of enthusiasm which burns in an eloquent eulogy but feebly represents the gratitude we owe to a great writer. He who has hung the halls and corridors, the chambers and the crypts of this house of many mansions, wherein dwells our consciousness, with pictures beautiful, ennobling, imperishable; he who has brought into our homes the friends whose features death cannot change, who will be dear to our children as they are to us, and were to our fathers and mothers—visitors who always come when called for and never stay too long—has made us all his bankrupt debtors, and our best thanks are but as a penny in the pound of payment.

"The benefactor of whom we are all thinking to-day was a singer and a story-teller. There are no names dearer to the hearts of men than these. To these it is that our life of care and toil owes largely that ideal element which floats over its realities like the vaporous mists of morning and evening, and like them turns the common light of day into almost celestial splendour. Without their voice the fame of how many saints and heroes would be buried with their ashes! The memory of nations perishes *carent quia vate sacro*. How rough would look the Caledonian thistle, bristling with its sharp theologies, had not Burns and Scott crowned it with the purple bloom of song and story! These are the records that outlast monumental brasses and memorial stones. No wonder men love the singer in the amber of whose phrase they and their transitory tribe may outlive the flora and the fauna of their geological era! The birth-place of Homer was the Ether-controversy of antiquity, and there was a sharper rivalry to claim the blind minstrel than there is, or is like to be, to find the father of painless surgery.

"And how can we separate the names of Poem and Story from all that is most sacred, most Divine in the traditions of our race? Was he not a poet who sang 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and are there any sweeter passages in romance than those which tell the love-meeting of

Isaac and Rebecca, the friendship of David and Jonathan, the affection of Ruth and Naomi?

"If I were speaking instead of writing, I should know with what words to round my paragraphs. But I will not crowd my page with those names which in the fictions of the great story-teller represent more real life than many whom we count as living can pretend to. Their simple recital would of itself alone be eloquence, for each one of them would, like a flying spark, fire a long train of brilliant associations. The far-reaching procession rises before me,—Gael and Sassenach, Hebrew and Saracen, monarch and courtier, noble and serf, knight and squire, chieftain and clansman, Cavalier and Roundhead, lover and maiden, priest and pedant,—but why lengthen the catalogue, every word of which recalls some breathing and real creation of the mighty minstrel's brain?

"I will not try to conjure with the names which will be on thousands of lips to-day in speech and song. I hope they will be spoken by others of our number, and I only wish I were with you to hear them. This note conveys my regrets, but tries in vain to express the feelings which the inspiring subject suggests as they come to me sitting here alone. Possibly, if I could have shared the sympathies of your meeting, I might have found some form of utterance less unequal to the occasion; but it is a pleasure to know that the fitting words will not be wanting from others, though I cannot be with you to hear them. "Believe me always faithfully yours,

"O. W. Holmes."

The words, "a large and beneficent life is not to be summed up in a few phrases," may well give us all a lesson on appraising the works of other men—might give even to Mr. Carlyle, were he of the nature to take lessons, a warning to avoid the air of finality adopted in so much criticism that is eloquent and specious (and we will not say "hollow"). How much more gracious is the tone of the "Autocrat's" letter than the attempted limitations and restrictions of Mr. Carlyle's fine essay, and, still more, than the not altogether unfeeling, but somewhat patronising paragraph, with which that "venerable person," as he has been called, bids farewell to "Sir Walter." The being of Walter Scott did not end with the death-bed in the Abbotsford dining-room and the grave in Dryburgh Abbey; and though forty years have gone past since the denizens of the Edinburgh pavements could hope to see his "honest, shaggy, Scotch face" borne along triumphantly towards them, above those athletic shoulders, it was but the *youth* of his existence in men's minds that ended with the end of such hopes: the *manhood* still goes on strengthening and spreading in influence: nor is it for the best men among us to predict a term for its growth.

ART. III.—1. *Les Questions Sociales.* Par MAX. MARIE. Paris. 1870.

2. Siege Literature:—
   (i.) *Tablettes d'un Mobile.* Par LEON DE VILLIERS and GEORGES DE TARGES. Paris. 1871.
   (ii.) *Etudes sur le Siége de Paris.* Par SALICIS, Capitaine de Frégate. Paris. 1871.
   (iii.) *Paris Assiégé.* Par JULES CLARETIE. Paris: Lemerre. 1871.
   (iv.) *Poèmes de Guerre,* 1870—71. Par EMILE BERGERAT. 2nd Edition. Paris: Lemerre. 1871.
   (v.) *Poèmes Divers.* Par JOSEPHIN SOULARY, ARMAND RENAUD, CATULLE MENDES, ALBERT GLATIGNY, ANDRE THEURIET, FRANCOIS COPPEE, AUGUSTE LACAUSSADE, LECONTE DE LISLE. Paris: Lemerre. 1871.

3. *Libres Paroles d'un Assiégé, Ecrits et Discours d'un républicain Protestant, pendant le Siége de Paris.* Par ATHANASE COQUEREL, fils. Paris: Cherbuliez. 1871.

4. *Que Penser et que Faire?* Par L. RUPERT. Paris: Palmé, Editeur des *Bollandistes.* 1871.

5. *Philosophie de l'Internationale, à mes Pères les Travailleurs.* Par A. DELAPORTE. Paris: Palmé. 1871.

6. *Les Causes de la Guerre, Solution de la Crise actuelle.* Par EVARISTE BAVOUX. Paris. 1871.

7. *De la Décentralisation.* Par M. le Comte DE GALEMBERT. Tours: Mars, 1871.

8. *L'Ouvrière.* Par JULES SIMON. 8th Edition. Paris: Hachette. 1869.

9. *Les Leçons du* 18 *Mars, les Faits et les Idées.* Par EDMOND DE PRESSENSE. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1871.

10. *La France devant l'Europe.* Par JULES MICHELET. 2nd Edition. Florence: Février, 1871.

11. *Histoire intime de la Révolution du* 18 *Mars.* Par PHILIBERT AUDEBRAND. Paris: Dentu. 1871.

12. *Le Testament d'un Latin.* Par Louis Rambaud. Paris: Charpentier. 1872.
13. *L'Histoire du Plébiscite.* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: Hetzel. 1872.

The state of France is far worse than outsiders, who console themselves for her unprecedented downfall with the notion that she is "exceptionally elastic, and possesses immense recuperative power," are capable of understanding. And the great danger is that, while almost all Frenchmen confess that this is so, no two parties can agree about the remedy. The wide gulf between the Roman and the Revolutionary parties, for instance, renders it, in the opinion of many, a dangerous experiment to transfer to France the military system of Prussia. They argue that every party in France fights ("turns out into the street") as soon as it feels strong enough; and that when peasants, workmen, and all are regularly drilled and armed, the battle which raged last spring around the walls and in the streets of Paris will be renewed on a vastly larger scale. How far the "International" is leavening the country folks, or whether it is leavening them at all, is uncertain. Indeed, some observers say that "the Catholic reaction," which has shown itself so markedly in the upper and middle classes, which keeps a French ambassador at the Vatican, and sends none to the King of Italy, is also working lower down in society. Anyhow, there are, and long must be, the two hostile camps: that of free thought, unhappily irreligious, except in the case of the very few Protestants; and that of implicit obedience. This severance runs through the whole of life; it affects education, the social relations, the foreign policy. It has, moreover, a tendency to get wider; and, to counteract it, there is nothing but that shadowy idea of country which, scarcely older than the First Revolution, has never even succeeded in overcoming old provincial distinctions —in making a Breton feel thoroughly the countryman of a Champenois, or a Gascon of a Norman.

For, unhappily, French history has bequeathed to all parties many legacies of hatred. We know something, but comparatively little, of this feeling. Our civil wars were fought out, certainly not without bitterness, yet assuredly without that fierce cruelty which has marked the like events in France. Ireland may teach us that even well-meaning kindness fails to do away with the rankling of old wrongs; and in France the war of parties, civil as well as religious, has often been fiercer than any struggle between "Celt and

Saxon." Every party in France has much to forgive; and the writers who cater for each seem determined that, even at such a crisis as this, none of them shall forget the past. This is what makes the chief danger for the country: when Communal and Versaillese fought like fiends, while the Prussians were at St. Denis, about matters which a little mutual concession might have set right, what may not be expected from men so widely severed on all important points as Atheists and Ultramontanes? Religion and politics have in France always been bound up together; hence the failure of the old Huguenot movement when it became political; and hence the main strength of the "reaction;" it is supposed by thousands, who care nothing for religion, to go along with a due regard for property and civil order.

How can there be peace in a country in which two violently hostile principles stand face to face without any of the checks which an old-established government imposes on disunion? We forget that, in spite of every change, the Roman Catholic is still the established religion of France, and that priestly education certainly does not tend to uproot prejudices, or to widen sympathies. Here is a case in point. When General Trochu declared that *English luxury and Italian corruption* had been the bane of his country, he was inveighing not (as some of our Liberal papers have interpreted him) against that pride of purse and fondness for material comfort which have grown so fast during the Empire, but (in the opinion of those who know him best) against a luxury which was bad, not so much in itself, as because it was borrowed from heretical England. And he made Italy, forsooth, answerable for French corruption, not because Italians are exceptionally corrupt, but because Italy had at last determined to assert her title to her real capital. The fatalism of Corsican adventurers and the frivolous bigotry of Spanish ladies have had a great deal more to do, however, than either Italy or England with the downfall of France. M. Trochu meant nothing more than that his country was not Catholic enough, and so he sought his reasons for her shortcomings among nations which are heretical either in opinion or in politics. He himself is a sample of priestly training at its best, upright, honourable, but with scarcely a trace of what we call self-reliance (*esprit d'initiative*), of that well-grounded confidence which makes a man regardless of precedents and rules when he is doing what he knows to be his duty. Every one feels that he never rose to the level of his position, that the weight of unpopularity which he managed to draw down upon himself was not undeserved, and that in

his place Washington or Wellington—aye, scores of lesser men —would have used to far different purpose the immense resources at his disposal. And M. Trochu failed because Romanist education (which has almost wholly shaped all French education) succeeds rather in producing a thing than a person, rather an instrument than an agent, a power for others to use, and not an independent conscience, working in a clear head and upright heart. And almost all the other systems in the country are as bad. Socialism, which kills individuality, and makes every man nothing but a portion of a huge machine, is based on the very same principles, and has always shown the same blindness to toleration. Between those who would force men to deny their Maker and those who insist on their believing in infallibility, there is not much to choose: *tamquam cadaver* is only too suitable a motto for either.

Such a system works great results when it is worked by one, or when those who control it are well agreed, and have a high ideal; so it was with the early Jesuits; so it was with the men of the Old Revolution. But as soon as the motive power was withdrawn, or frittered away among several leaders, or weakened by the natural effect of human selfishness, the weak points of the system became apparent, and the lack of individuality which makes French writers speak of their nation as a *race moutonnière* made itself woefully felt.

Are we to say, then, that France has reached the term of her development; that, having shown the world what systematising can do, she is now to give way to races which care less for system and more for individual energy? No one can tell; the future is so uncertain that speculations upon it must necessarily be futile. A France one in thought, even if that thought were Ultramontane, and therefore (we believe) in the end self-destructive, would, for the time, be immensely powerful. But France is not and cannot be one in thought; the only question is, will she ever gain that practical idea of toleration which has at last grown up in England?

It is because they feel this natural incapacity for toleration that Frenchmen of all opinions like a "strong government," and habitually wish to have many matters settled by government which we leave to individuals. Almost the only exceptions are the Protestants on the one hand, and on the other the sober-minded workmen, like poor Clément, bold enough to adopt the name Socialist, yet keeping free from all the outrageous notions which we usually couple with the name. That these men have considerable influence is evident, when we reflect calmly on the history of the Commune. Ignoring

this influence was one grand mistake of M. Thiers' Government: itself a mere stop-gap, existing only for the purpose of making peace with the invader, it refused to treat with or in any way to recognise a power which had nearly all Paris at its back, and which was able to persuade a quarter of a million of men to risk life and everything for its sake. It persisted in shutting its eyes to the fact that the Communals were not all "a set of cut-throats, the scum of half the prisons of Europe;" and, by herding together the innocent and the guilty in Versailles and at Brest and L'Orient, it has been doing its best to make the working man the creature it has described him to be. When a man like Hector Horeau, the real designer (the French say) of our Crystal Palace, the inventor of the system of building with glass and iron, is hurried off to Brest because at the end of last May he is found working at a plan for a large public room, people begin to think there is no use in abstaining from excesses in time of civil commotion. Horeau, a dreamy architect, took his order for the said room without inquiring what was the authority which set him at work; and he fared almost as badly as if he had been taken behind a barricade. Another case, against which even the heartless *Figaro* protests, is the sending off to the galleys the man who kept the largest Paris gymnasium, "where all the wits of the city had gone 'through their training.'" His offence was that he lent his room for public meetings, doubtless under the impression that, if he did not lend it, it would be taken without leave. But the fact of its having been lent was enough to ensure his being sent off among the first batches despatched to Brest.

Conduct like this is clearly fatal to a lasting peace. The workmen will feel that moderation did no good, that the opposite party are undiscriminating as well as implacable; and many who last year held back from the wild work at the last will next time fight it out to the bitter end.

This tendency to reproduce nowadays feelings befitting the age of Jacqueries brings an element of hopelessness into all discussions about the future of France. In that country the line between gentle and simple has always been more sharply drawn than among us; the Revolution marked it even more strongly than before, and this has several times produced evil results: thus, the fact that the Reformation was chiefly embraced by the gentry,—the only class enlightened enough to care for it,—was no doubt the main reason why it never took root among the people;* the circumstance that the

* Except of course in the South, where the Camisards were the descendants of the Albigenses, an alien population never wholly Romanised.

opponents of absolute rule in the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign were almost all noblesse gave France a purposeless Fronde trouble instead of a national rising like that which secured the liberties of England. And now, the imitators of the old noblesse are even more bitter than of yore against those who live by the sweat of their brow. And this bitterness is all the more to be regretted, because, as we said, the great mass of working men was, even during the late lamentable struggle, not indisposed to moderation. How little the "Socialism" of the more thinking workmen resembled the bugbear which the "party of order" has set up is seen from M. Marie's remarkable work on Social Questions. While he does not shirk the name, but, on the contrary, asserts that the principles of Socialism are as sure, and, being purely scientific, as free from all religious tincture, as those of geometry, he asserts strongly that liberty means non-communism as well as non-despotism, that social distinctions are a fact which the most thorough tyranny has never been able to crush out. His Socialism recognises the family, and scouts the idea of those *haras humains* which St. Simon Fourier and Cabet have wished to substitute for it. It loudly affirms that *property is not theft;* and, while it would apply itself to keep down the rate of interest (which Proudhon calls "the feudal exactions of modern times"), it rejects Mr. Odger's modified form of Proudhonism, which allows a man his acquired property, while denying his right to inherited accumulations. In the right of leaving our property to our heirs it sees the mainspring of human exertion; it would ever extend this right, in order to hinder the fortune-hunting (*captation*, mostly by the religious orders) which goes on so much in France. M. Marie's Socialism, then, is no enemy to Capital; it holds Capital and Labour to be allies who never can be parted without evil to both. Every hour's work done increases the stock of capital in the world, and this stock can never be superabundant; for, when we get capital enough, we may buy Siberia, soil and subsoil, and carry it away bodily in order to form a new continent among the shoals of the Pacific. Talk of that kind shows that M. Marie is not insensible to those dreams with which the *ouvrier* enlightens the at gloom of his Paris garret or St. Quentin cellar. He laughs Cabet's "city of the sun," where all things are to be in common, and where even the rudimentary difficulties which led to the institution of deacons seem to have been unforeseen. "Will there be no favouritism," he asks, "among the Solarians? and what will be the way of ascertaining that every one has

earned his day's rations before he applies for them?" He is very severe on workmen for talking of Socialism while they mutilate young trees or run through standing corn. But his own views will be deemed by many of us almost as Utopian as those of Cabet. For instance, he emphatically recognises the *droit du travail*, seeing that "by asking for work a workman is not merely seeking to live but to *enrich society*." As to wages, that must be left to demand and supply—a liberty which seems somewhat inconsistent with the *droit du travail*; the only case in which government clearly ought to interfere being that of monopolies protected by government—such as railways, gas-works, omnibus companies, &c. As for creating a herd of small employers, such a measure only harms the working-man, for "*le fonctionnarisme est purement consommateur de travail tandis que le travail en est régénérateur.*" More Utopian than this right to work is M. Marie's view of the right to maintenance in old age. "A man who has never put a sou into a savings-bank has a perfect right to maintenance, for he is pretty sure to have produced much more than he has consumed." As to children, again, he is as anti-Malthusian as possible. "You say that it is Pierre's own look-out, he ought not to have married if he can't keep his children. That's not reasoning: the man will work his heart out to keep his children alive; the loss is yours, for I tell you *l'enfant est une richesse, et si vous la laissez perdre, c'est que vous n'avez pas même l'intelligence de votre intérêt.*" The scorn with which he speaks of the French children's (foundling and other) hospitals, where the mortality is ninety p.c., is most scathing.

"*On conserve son cheval, sa vache; on assiste les enfants.* And amongst these children, so miserably helped that they often grow up mere walking skeletons, there might be an undeveloped Watt, or Franklin, or Volta. . .Would it not be pure economy to save so much working power? The cost of maintaining these gutter children up to thirteen—what would it be, compared with the increased expenses which France has borne since 1852? Moreover it would *solve the social difficulty*; and your advances would be repaid within twenty years by the national wealth created by the labour of those who would have grown up to work instead of dying off or growing up to be mere jail-birds . . . Then, when you've seen that all the children are well fed and tended, you'll have a right to insist on the father's sending them to school, not working them too young, and never letting them hold out their hands to beg."

This is visionary enough. The present system does not answer; it does not keep back the self-indulgent from breeding families of predestined paupers; it strengthens the selfish in that niggardly saving of which the results are neither

lasting nor lovely. It divides the poor into two classes, both of whom the highest wisdom pronounces to be in the wrong—the reckless, who are content to look for help from public or private charity, and the cautious, who look solely "to the main chance." Will M. Marie's plan remedy matters, and how does he propose to regulate his help? For instance, he would not withhold it from unmarried mothers; how then would he hinder its being made a premium on vice? France has got on hitherto without a poor law; a system like this seems to promise the worst evils of our old poor law with all its degrading abominations.

Like most of his countrymen, M. Marie trusts for his great motive power to "the recognition of universal solidarity;" if one member suffers all (insensibly or not) suffer with it; for every death there ought to be a public mourning. And it is not to the government, but to "society" that he looks for the carrying out of his views; let government only be neutral, and confine itself to its duty of keeping the peace and preserving the State in safety. This is strange, for complete supervision seems of the very essence of all such social arrangements. But we are not surprised at much that is strange in a Socialist catechism; on some points, however, wo heartily agree with the author. The law does not give security enough against fraud, and this is a great bar to enterprise. The government of modern France is on far too military a pattern, French tribunals are too much like councils of war; it would it seem as if "the country was always in danger" from internal foes; and all this is a terrible check to trade and industry. The mediæval type is far too carefully preserved, even in the way in which taxation falls. All this is true; and we also thoroughly agree with M. Marie's exposure of the sophism that luxury is useful, because it is good for trade and prevents the too great accumulation of property. We agree with him in much that he says about the strength of the Romanist system in France, so ground into the manners and very language of the people. Indeed, his work is worth reading, if only because it is so wholly different from Lamennais' *l'Esclavage moderne*, and Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail*, and other works of the kind. Still it is visionary enough; and what we want to call attention to is that, for Utopian schemes thus crudely put forth, men of substance and position, and workmen (like Assi) of great talent and power of application, and steady fathers of families, to whom civil war can bring nothing but harm, are content to throw up their prospects and to fight to the

death. The immense faith of these men is one of the strangest facts of the whole strange and complex phenomenon which France presents—a faith comparable in some ways with that of the old martyrs, which not Cayenne, nor all the prisons, nor all the proscriptions have ever been able to check. Can it not be regulated? Can it not be utilised? Is there no one to direct it to objects which will not necessarily disappoint those who follow them? But our object is not to seek remedies for so patent and pitiable a state of disunion, or to see if books like that of M. Marie can be reconciled with books, written to order in the interests of society as it was, like About's *A, B, C du Travailleur*. We have simply to set forth facts; and first there is the great fact of Socialism, under very distinct forms, from calm and comparatively common-sense proposals like those of M. Marie to the wild treatises of Cabet, but always earnest and in earnest, proving its earnestness in the ditch, at the fort, or on the barricade. What other counterbalancing force is there in Paris? Is there any which warrants the belief that what M. Marie calls moralisation, that regeneration which all her writers speak of as necessary—can be brought about without recourse to theories which involve social ruin? Has she any large party fully in earnest, yet sober-minded enough to reject the false and accept the true in such plans as M. Marie's? We ought to get some notion from the literature of the first siege; in that, if anywhere, the nation's heart ought to show itself. Unhappily, a glance at the little books most popular during the winter of 1870-71 is not encouraging. We must not misunderstand their light tone; the French are naturally fond of a cynical banter which is perplexing to an Englishman, it relieves them of the necessity of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves. Yet, all allowance made, the siege literature is disappointing, especially the siege poetry, which should let us into the real feelings of a people. It is utterly unworthy of what was one of the grandest positions which history records.

The prose books, of which our list contains only a sample, have naturally lost much of their interest for us who have read the copious records of our own correspondents. The *Tablettes d'un Mobile* is a lively picture of the siege, by two men who seem, between them, to have witnessed almost every operation of importance; facts like the following are curious, but they do not do much towards solving the problem of which we spoke:—"This evening some Breton mobiles stopped on the Boulevard before an odious caricature of the Pope, and I saw big tears flowing from their eyes. It was a touching scene,

and I was rejoiced when a gentleman (M. de Gallard), happening to pass, bought the whole lot of caricatures and tore them in pieces." Strange to find bigoted Bretons and children of *Père Duchesne* fighting side by side, but not strange to find their efforts fruitless in a defence which Capt. Salicis justly characterises as "*décousu, contradictoire, incompréhensible.*" He, a clever artillery officer, proves that if (instead of cowering in fatalist inaction inside *the circle of fire*) the Parisians had built *converging batteries*, and had made a grand attack under shelter of such fire as their immense stock of guns would have enabled them to throw, they must have succeeded. They failed because their leaders were wedded to routine, and also because they were afraid to handle the resources at their command. It was the old story. The French lost India through the petty personal jealousies of soldiers and civilians; they lost Paris because their chiefs, then as ever, put private pique before the interests of their country. Clanship has long been extinct in France, but the feelings which led a clan to march off the field without striking a blow still unhappily survive. Capt. Salicis is right in characterising the defence of Paris as "*un chaos informe que le grand souffle n'a pu pénetrer, et dans lequel bravoure traditionelle, héroisme civique, fortune publique, tout est devoré.*" All lost, including, we fear, that national spirit for which we look in vain in the sad record of mistakes set forth and criticised with fierce mutual recrimination. For instance, M. Claretie cannot visit the Tuileries without talking of the Empress's boudoir as *mélange de poudre de riz et de superstition; de petits fragments d'os sacrés entre deux pots de cold cream.* By-and-by the same author, in his *Guide à travers les Ruines*, is one of the most eager calumniators of the Commune. He has a malicious word for everybody; the German Emperor he styles an armed anachronism. Yet he bears witness, like every one else, to the immense joy of the Germans when, after Sedan, they thought peace must come; poor fellows, they longed to get home, and no doubt a great many of them were by no means pleased with the change which made the French people their enemies instead of the Emperor. This love of peace was strangely mingled with a love of plunder, with which the French, those adroit plunderers, should certainly have been the last to reproach them.

But a mere diary of the war, however lively, can contain little of which we have not already had enough in all conscience. The only point on which M. Claretie throws light is *the refusal of the Government of the 4th of September to*

keep its promise of electing the Commune. This breach of faith led to all the subsequent misery. The Commune would have vastly strengthened the Government of Defence; a Parisian municipal council sitting during the siege would have been as morally great as the Venetian Assembly deliberating under Manin while the Austrians were pouring in shot and shell. As it was, France was cut in two: Paris was always looking in vain for help from the provinces; the provinces were always expecting the grand sortie, which never came off.

And now to turn to the poetry of the siege. It is not very encouraging to find that the war produced no better Tyrtæus than Bergerat and Coppée. And yet the former, in his little poem, *A Châteaudun*, rises to rhetorical, if not to poetic fervour: *facit indignatio versus.* These lines, if they have no other merit, hit a real blot in the French character as exhibited in the late war:—

"Dites: de quelle république,
De quel roi tenez-vous ce cœur,
De dénoncer d'un geste oblique
Les vaincus cachés au vainqueur?"

And M. Bergerat is justly indignant with those who learnt—

"L'art de préserver leur étable,
En y refusant des blessés."

This charge (which stands on a very different footing from the enforced supply of forage and the other like offences lately tried at Versailles) has been so often repeated on all hands, that we are reluctantly compelled to believe there is some truth in it.

The poems which we have named will give a fair sample of what we have called the siege poetry. It is curious, from the circumstances under which it was written and recited (for most of the poems were recited on anniversary nights in one or other of the theatres), but, apart from this, it has wonderfully little value. An Englishman finds it hard to understand how such trifles as most of these "poems" could be popular—how it could enter into the brain of any thinking man to write them—while the Prussians were thundering away outside, and while cold and famine were taking their nightly tale of victims in the trenches and within the city. To say "the Parisians needed to be amused," is only to mark them as distinct from most human beings under like circumstances. What is not trifling—often indecent trifling—is for the most part wild bombast, Hugo-ish, no doubt, but as unlike Victor Hugo in his ordinary moods as Dickens's poorest imitators are unlike

Dickens in *Pickwick*. The only poems which at all rise above mediocrity are two: M. Bergerat's *Les Cuirassiers de Reichshoffen*, a somewhat turgid description of an affair which spoke more for the courage of the French men and officers than for the conduct of their generals, and M. Glatigny's furious invective against Normandy for submitting to the German occupation.

Men change as well as circumstances. M. Theuriet, for instance, tells us how the peasants of the Argonne threw rocks on an invading regiment in 1792, and exterminated it. Along the whole frontier no such peasants were found last year. But M. Glatigny, indignant with the men of Evreux and Rouen for buying their safety, says they were worthy sons of those who held the torch to Joan of Arc's faggots. The people, he asserts, were eager to fight; but they were disarmed, and the regular troops were purposely led astray.

> "O lâches villes,
> Prêtres fourbes, préfets couards, mains serviles,
> Arrachant les fusils des mains des habitants,
> Ouvrant à l'ennemi la porte à deux battants!
> Cela s'est fait, c'était d'avance comploté."

Whether any more general resistance on the part of French towns would have resulted in anything beyond greater devastation than what may be seen at Mézières, or Châteaudun, or Strasburg, it is hard to say. Military authorities tell us that no guerilla war ever succeeded unless the people were helped in their rising by a strong regular army. They quote the instance of Spain, which is hardly apposite, for English help came before the Spanish had had time to do much; and the finest success of the war was the capitulation of Baylen, in August 1808, which was a wholly Spanish affair.

But we do not think it is a question of success or failure in guerrilla war; if the French nation had had the spirit which inspired the Spaniards in the beginning of the century, a guerilla war would not have been needed, for the enemy could never have got such a firm hold of the country. The truth is the heart of the country (as is so well shown in the *Histoire du Plébiscite*) was not in the struggle; to the great masses it was a matter between the Emperor and the King of Prussia; and, if these masses had been able to make their voice heard, the cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" would have silenced M. Gambetta's attempts to rouse his poor mobiles to enthusiasm.

Before Paris there was a great deal of merely dilettante fight-

ing. Unfortunately, Trochu was anything but the right man in the right place, and a more sanguine commander might have done a great deal more with such resources as he had; but still a good part of the outcry of the Parisians, that they were not allowed to fight, was not heard till after the capitulation, after Paris had begun to be ashamed at not having succeeded, with an unlimited force, in beating off or breaking through the comparatively small army of the besiegers. How deep this sense of shame was, how it rankled, has been proved only too well by subsequent events. It was this which mainly urged the Commune to its excesses, which added fury both to the attack and to the defence of Paris last May. The working men felt bound to show how they could have fought against the Prussians, had they been permitted to do so; the soldiers were determined that, if they could not beat the invaders, at any rate they could beat somebody.

So much for the first siege; *Plus de Sang*, by Coppée, is the only poem in our collection which refers to the second siege.

> "La paix, faites le paix! et puis pardon, clémence;
> Oublions à jamais cet instant de démence!
> Vite à nos marteaux! Travaillons,
> Travaillons, en disant: c'était un mauvais rêve."

How sad to think that this appeal was not listened to, that the Versailles victory was sullied by unexampled cruelties, followed by the torture of needlessly protracted trials.

Our verdict on the whole must be, inelegant trifling. Most of the pieces are marred by that bombastic straining after effect which is the snare of the romantic school, and between which and the coldness of Racine, with his incredible bathos about every fiftieth line, French writers never seem to find a medium. We had certainly a right to expect that the war and the siege would have brought out at least one poet: that a French Körner would have been found to urge his countrymen to endurance, if not to spur them on to victory. But it would seem as if the Second Empire had destroyed the poetry of the nation as well as depraved its moral sense. "The reign of material prosperity," like the quails after which the Israelites lusted, brought leanness into French souls, killed out the higher life, and forced the few who protested against it to accompany their protest with such strange grimaces that respect for their genius was lost in astonishment at their extravagance. This has been the case with Victor Hugo; and his influence has told mischievously on all who have written about the siege.

The only poem which we can fully acquit of unseasonable trifling or wild bombast is that (we think by Felix Franck) which was quoted last November in several of our papers, at the time of the *levée en masse*. Of this every line tells, and (the occasion considered) no word is overstrained. Some of our readers will remember it from the following lines:—

> "Ecoute; quel est ce son qui roule dans les airs?
> C'est l'âme de la France,
> C'est la cœur de la Gaule qui confronte son bourreau,
> Criant 'Liberté!'
> Ecoute; c'est une impulse suprème.
> C'est la Patrie debout dans son armoire meurtrie
> Qui lance de ses lèvres sanglantes ce défi,
> Cette mélange de larmes, d'amour, d'espérances,
> Cette prière des Français qui meurent: 'Vive la France!'"

There is the true *afflatus* in that; but, unlike the *Marseillaise* or the *Chant des Girondins*, it never became popular. As far as we have been able to find, the French had no one even answering to Herwegh, whose wild songs consoled the losing side in the German struggle of 1848.

Poor as it is, however, the siege poetry must not be passed over by the student of these sad times; it is an index of the French mind which he cannot afford to neglect. Very different from these poetasters is Athanase Coquerel the younger, whose lectures in the Salle Saint-André stand next on our list. While actresses were reciting the rubbish of M. Mendès and his fellows, M. Coquerel went on lecturing as usual: only after the downfall of the Empire he freely mixed politics with his discourses. His little book will assuredly destroy those illusions about the ex-Emperor which still mislead some few even of thinking Englishmen. M. Coquerel testifies over and over again to the shameful tyranny which was exercised over the Protestants under what some of us regarded as a *regime* of perfect toleration. In his explanation of the unexampled collapse of last winter he points out (what has been remarked by more than one English writer) that France now feels the want of that "Puritan element" which by so many persecutions she has only too successfully eliminated. It must be specially humiliating for a thoroughly patriotic Frenchman to make the following avowal:—

> "I know Germany and I know France, and except in these two points —our greater generosity and our superior greatness of soul—shown in our greater respect for other people's rights—we are, taken as a whole, *inferior to those invaders*, of the cruelty of whose systematic devastations

I have been speaking. We are inferior to them along the whole socia scale, which begins in strict training and ends in high religious feeling. We fail in due respect for family life, for woman, for our word; we fail in public and private probity. In view of the regeneration which is necessary to our existence as a people, we lack moral sense. We must have austerity and self-denial, not (as we had them gloriously enough) during a five months' siege, but at all times. There is a gap in the moral fabric of our nation; the element of stern morality which the Huguenots represented, and which France got rid of by massacres and proscriptions, has left a void which nothing can fill, and which makes itself felt at every crisis in our history."

This passage contains the pith of a sermon, preached last March, on Zech. iv. 6, 7, on "The Regeneration of a People." France has two, and only two alternatives (says M. Coquerel), a rapid and energetic regeneration—moral, social, and religious, as well as political—or utter ruin. If her regeneration does not begin from to-day she will perish in a long and bloody struggle, in which fresh foreign wars will enhance the horrors of civil convulsion. Everything has to be done—"the whole head is sick, the whole heart faint, and from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness in us." And nothing can do the work but God's Spirit, which is pre-eminently the *Spirit of holiness*. And instead of holiness, which we have come to look on as a mediæval sort of tradition, it will not do for us to substitute morality, or duty, or discipline. We sadly want all these; but we shall never get them unless we aim above them, unless we hunger and thirst after that righteousness they who hunger after which are blessed, for they shall be filled.

But M. Coquerel is strongly practical: God's Spirit is the spirit of truth and light, and these come by education, in which the French (says he) are lamentably below almost every other nation. "In evil days like these, a true man must not shrink from speaking the whole truth for the good of his country. The mischief, then, which is killing France, which is paralysing the rich gifts of our people, is the influence of Catholicism and of the Roman clergy." He then fearlessly points out the evil effects of Roman Catholic education, which has narrowed for the many the limits of thought, and has driven the few into scepticism; and he insists on the need of schools, lectures, classes, undenominational education under all forms, as the chief thing needful. "In a state which is striving to be born again, there must be no idlers. I would have us 'requisition' the men and women of leisure, and make them teach whatever they have the power to teach. If you say you can't teach,

all the more reason you should learn, I reply. If you won't, I say you are bad citizens, selfish, and un-French." Most remarkable is the prophetic way in which, in prospect of the downfall of the Commune, M. Coquerel cries out for mildness: "If amongst these men's pretensions there is one particle of justice or of truth, the day will come when we shall have to settle accounts with it. . . We had best study the state of men's minds and the state of society, not with angry and revengeful feelings, but calmly and zealously, and in the spirit of humanity and justice. . . Christ would have shown these men that He shared their sorrows, sympathised in their just complaints, felt a far stronger hatred against injustice, and wrong, and hypocrisy! And this is what we must do; for surely we had enough of the reign of force."

Nor must we expect (says M. Coquerel) that any speedy cure of either our moral or our material maladies is possible. In spite of all that is said about elasticity of character and fertility of resources, the work must be a long one, and it can only be done by a change on the part of each individual. "It is hopeless to make up a regenerate France out of unregenerate souls. To those who reckon on living selfish lives, or living for their personal interests, their petty ambitions, their pleasures and vanities, we say: you are not up to the level of the work that has to be done; go, if you will not change, to some other land. As the Jews who were rebuilding their wall said to the aliens, we say to you, you have no part nor lot in our Jerusalem." We make no apology for these long extracts from M. Coquerel: we should like also to put his other sermon, on "The Dry Bones," Ezek. xxxvii., before our readers; for not only is he a man of mark among his co-religionists, but what he says recommends itself specially to us to whom every phase of French Protestantism is always deeply interesting. He is, too, one of whom we would fain speak kindly, as of a fearless supporter of the right of free thought among a people by whom that right is scarcely understood. He is one to whom we instinctively apply St. Paul's words, and wish that he was not only almost but altogether such as we are, that he could combine dogmatic truth with Christian liberty. Are not late events a proof to him that something more is needed than free thought; that he, and a large section of French Protestants along with him, fail unhappily for want of sanctions, for want of that Foundation which has been laid, and the want of which nothing else can supply?

It is a sad omen for the future of France when a man like this, whose abhorrence of the insurgents comes out on every

page, is forced to confess that he heard with his own ears men of culture and high position and delicate ladies crying out that shooting was not bad enough for the wretches, that new modes of killing them must be invented, and that the only true way was, once for all, to slay the cubs (*les louveteaux*) with their parents, and so at one stroke get rid of the whole race. Is he not right in pointing out that a terrible Nemesis must follow such a vengeance as that? Or shall we say with M. Rupert that, if plain-song is well taught throughout France, and practised by congregational choirs ranged in the old way, the men on one side of the church, the women on the other, things will come right of themselves, now that (above all) there is a declaredly infallible Pope to appeal to in every social and political difficulty? Out of a bundle of Legitimist and Ultramontane books, we have selected M. Rupert's as a typical work. His unbounded faith in the Roman system is merely the exaggeration of what is held by three-fifths of the Versailles Assembly. The memory of the ex-Emperor is odious to him, as of the man who carried out his uncle's plan of degrading the Church and of weakening her staunch friend Austria. Napoleon's alliance with England was only forced on him, we are told, by the coldness of Russia; when one heretical nation rejected him, he passed Austria by and went to another. Russia and the International (that parody on the Gospel, which knows nothing of barbarian, Scythian, bond or free) are the two dangers for modern Europe. If France is taught to believe that Louis Napoleon, the man of the Revolution, and not the Revolution which produced him, is answerable for her present state, the old evils will only be perpetuated. France must get back into the old path, and then she will share in the certain triumph of the Church. "Prussia's mission" was to chastise France and to purify her by suffering; but the time will soon come when all the world will say "Prussia's existence is inconsistent with European order." Of course, with the re-establishment of the most Christian monarchy, many changes will come about; the liberty of the press (quite opposed to the *Syllabus*) will be at an end. And here M. Rupert certainly has a great deal to justify him: the idiotic conceit and systematic lying of the French papers, throughout the earlier part of the Prussian war may well tempt a man to wish that the reign of journalism was at an end. All that can be said is, that it was not freedom but repression which had brought newspaper writing to such a contemptible state; and the effects of twenty years of repression are not done away with in a day.

Legitimist as he is, M. Rupert writes very sensibly about the army, laying his finger at once on that strange inconsistency which, in the country of equality, fosters a clumsy inequality between the two kinds of officers—those who rise from the ranks, and those who are trained in the military schools. This inequality, he justly remarks, does not exist in aristocratic Prussia, where all who seek to be officers have to fare alike. At the same time he goes off into the wildest outcry because the ex-Emperor introduced into his army "the abominable order of Freemasons." This is the character of the book, as it is the character of the Roman system—a mixture of clear-sightedness and absurdity. But in this strange mixture there is one chapter which will commend itself to all our readers—that on "*Marriages and Population.*" The bold way in which M. Rupert shows the infamy of the system which the Contagious Diseases Act seeks to introduce among us,* *as well as its uselessness*, makes us almost pardon his strange plan of accounting for the superior *surface* morality of France as compared with Protestant countries by the *sentiment d'honnêteté* kept up by the Catholic (i.e., as he limits it, the only Christian) spirit.

M. Rupert is indignant not only against legalised vice, but also against *la plaie du Malthusianisme:* "the violation of natural order is worse even than a blind obedience to natural instincts." In his regenerated France large families are to be an honour instead of a reproach; and the mother of twelve children, far from being pointed at with scorn, is to set her husband free from all taxation. M. Rupert has the immense courage to recognise that what he calls a false application of Catholic principles has told much in diminishing the French population. "We have forgotten (he says, in a passage worthy of a 'muscular Christian') that every work of God is good; we are like doctors who cure every malady by blood-letting, when we thus invite man to raise the edifice of grace on the ruins of nature." M. Rupert is scandalised that vitality, as shown in the growth of population, is nearly four times greater in "a nation which professes error than in us who have the happiness to know the truth:" he has clearly not read the many treatises which prove that numbers are no evidence of strength, that the populations which multiply the most rapidly are those like the poorer Irish and Mexicans. However, we are thankful for his protest against small families on the French principle, though surely his plan for

* Father Hyacinthe speaks in yet bolder terms of the curse of "legalised vice."

giving Government offices, *cæteris paribus*, to young men according to their moral character, is as Utopian as anything in Socialism. He accuses the Imperial Government, which latterly, at any rate, was sadly priest-ridden, of not patronising the *clericaux* (young men brought up under clerical influence); and his remedy is simply to put the whole State patronage into the hands of the priests, who alone can be true judges of morals.

His chapter on luxury is also instructive. Of this crying sin, the manifold evils of which have become apparent (for the time) to almost every one in France, the fault is, he well says—and M. Rambaud from another point of view says the same—not in this or that great personage, but in the French character. Governments doubtless have pandered to it, but the taste for luxury is national. How true this is travellers in France last May can readily testify. While Frenchman was arrayed against Frenchman in a strife which made every thinking foreigner sick at heart; while the Germans were at St. Denis, and of the enormous burden of war indemnity not a fraction had been paid, the Versailles newspapers were full of the advertisements of *modistes*, stating that, though Paris was closed, their temporary establishments in St. Germain, St. Denis, or elsewhere, were in full force. New bonnets must be ready for the *mois de Marie*, no matter how deep the national mourning; money must be found for new dresses, no matter how pressing the national needs.

M. Rupert, and others of his class, deserve to be studied by those who speculate on the means of restoring France. Socialism, even in hands like M. Marie's, wholly ignores the weaknesses of humanity, deals with man as with a perfect machine. Romanism, fully recognising those weaknesses, seeks to manipulate them to its own profit. Toleration seems hopeless; for the French are not Anglo-Saxons, and the two parties, who look on their own as the only way for social or moral or political salvation, are almost equally matched, and beside them all other parties are insignificant.*

We have not much space to devote to the other books on our list. It is better to let them speak, than to attempt political or other prophecies; at any rate by so doing we get the views of the different parties on questions on which it is impossible for any foreigner to form a just opinion. The calm wide glance of the outsider is useless when it is chaos that he is called

* The hopelessness of toleration is shown by the appointment of the fanatical Bishop of Tours, to the see of Paris, as well as by the attempt to give a political significance to (and on that ground to repress) M. Michaud's tardy protest against infallibility.

upon to inspect. One thing should be remembered by all who speculate on the future: Rome possesses the immense advantage of knowing what she wants, and of having ready to hand a complete organisation. What enabled her to survive the Reformation was that the Reformed Churches uniformly went in for State interference; she has found her account in never voluntarily submitting to this. M. Rupert, in his remarks on the division of property and the evils of accumulated estates, seems to show that Rome is now, as in '48, turning to the *prolétariat*. If she does this, flinging Austrian and other dynastic trammels to the wind, and standing forth (as she did in the Dark Ages) as the champion of poor against rich, the conditions of the social problem may be strangely altered. Will she ever be able to overcome the profound distrust entertained of her by men like Garibaldi?—that distrust which finds its expression in Mr. Swinburne's lines

> "The dove of thy worship 's a raven,
> And a leopard thy life-giving lamb."

When Mr. Disraeli says that the Tories are really a great deal more democratic (or demos-loving) than the Liberals, he does not find many working men to believe him; and we fancy that even amongst the peasants the priests' influence in France is waning. It rests mainly on selfish fear of the after world, or that desire *faire son salut* which is so opposite to the spirit of St. Paul; and this wrong foundation is a weakness which all the abuse that M. Delaporte lavishes on the International cannot remedy.

Christianity has taught us how society is to be reformed, even as the corrupt society of the old Roman world was, by the reformation of the individual. But this every one knows is a slow work, needing much patient effort; whereas the effect of catastrophes soon passes away, and those who suffered quickly relapse into their old thoughtlessness. The moment Paris was taken by the Versaillese, the orgies of profligacy recommenced in a way which scandalised even Versaillist writers like Edouard Hervé: "*alibi prælia et vulnera alibi balnea popinæque*," is his apposite quotation from Tacitus: not much hope of moral growth in such a society as that. This is always the evil of man's wrath; it worketh not the righteousness of God. Its working kills off the noble-minded, even if misguided, men who had the "courage of their convictions;" it leaves the scum, the dross, to preponderate all the more now that the good has been taken away.

On the whole we cannot but doubt that the present great need of France is social reform. The family, as well as the

workshop, is out of order: there is a canker at the root of society. The working man may not be as bigoted in his Atheism as M. Delaporte assures us the members of the International are bound to be; he may not be so selfishly degraded as M. Jules Simon says he is; but his enlightenment is miserably one-sided, his ideas of comfort and decency are very low, and his undoubted grievances give doggedness to his rooted dislike of all above him. It is not encouraging to contemplate the effects of a possible "triumph of labour" in the persons of the Rouen operatives, fuddled with the peppered potato-brandy (*la cruelle*) which they have drunk since cider grew too dear, or of the Amiens men who consume among them 80,000 *petits verres* a day, or of the St. Quentiners, among whom the state of morals seems to be worse than even in the worst parts of Paris.

"Women's work," says M. Simon, "is the ruin of the workman's family; how can we cure it?" Any direct cure he looks on as hopeless. Luxury, and the loose life of the upper classes, and the gutter literature which has consecrated to "Anonyma" a whole set of plays and novels, have no doubt had a powerful influence. To raise wages (even where it is possible), is a doubtful boon; in France as in England, some of the saddest degradation exists among the recipients of very high wages. To encourage marriages (as is done by the Society of Saint François Régis, and others acting on our old system of "dowries") is often only a premium on temporary hypocrisy. Communist theories for fixing wages and regulating the relations of labour and capital, M. Simon, of course, rejects. Charitable societies, he finds, do more harm than good: "nearly fifty per cent. of French workmen are helped by one or other of them; while a competent authority has said that the *assistance publique* has never once in sixty years lifted a poor man out of wretchedness, while it has made hundreds of hereditary paupers. Charities seem to help the individual, they don't really help society." Benefit societies, savings banks, good schools and plenty of them—from all these M. Simon expects great results; but his chief hope is from improvement in the dwellings of the poor. His account of what M. Jean Dollfus has done in this way at Mulhouse, and M. Scrive at Marcq, near Lille, and others elsewhere, is most interesting. But these are isolated works, many of them in what is now Germany; and what France now calls for is some grand *idée moralisatrice*, which shall bring about not only political union, but also that moral and social improvement without which such union must be delusive. Christianity contains an idea

mighty to convert; but unhappily the French have grown to think of Christianity as identical with Romanism; and no apostle arises to lead them from all their idols, whether of den, or cave, or market-place, whether Socialist, or Romanist, or Bonapartist, to that true love of God which alone can bring about personal (and thereby national) regeneration.

The literature which we have examined—almost exclusively that of various sections of the "party of order"—is, in the main, so poor as almost to argue shallowness of convictions. That of the Bonapartists, of which M. Bavaux's work is a type, is pretentious, but evidently insincere. That of the Commune, far the most spirited of all, is stuffed with the old platitudes, and with those phrases about brotherhood and goodwill which Christians agree to look upon as offensive when they do not come in sermons. The subject which we set before us is so vast that it is impossible to do more than work out a very small part of it. We have shown that, to judge from its literature, the lesson of the siege seems to have been lost—it neither sobered the nation, nor did it awaken any of the noble thoughts which we might have looked for from such an event. Nor did it unite the nation; rather it widened the old divisions: and now every sect comes with its panacea, and each is more certain than ever that it alone has the secret of cure. France has long suffered from a disease which is worse than the grossest superstition—theoretical unbelief condescending to religious forms "for the sake of society," or under pressure of the fear of death; and the consequent corruption has eaten so deeply down that, with her best working men wild, godless enthusiasts, her best peasants selfish and ignorant to a degree, her best nobles priest-led votaries of Legitimism, her state is one on which no man will care to base a prediction.

Nations have passed from such a condition to hopeless disintegration: nations have, by a strong effort, lifted themselves out of even a lower depth than that in which, to outward appearance, she is lying; but we fail to see any warrant for the hope that her regeneration, if God wills that it should come at all, can come speedily. Her state is best typified in the remarkable lines of Léon Gaudet, written five years ago:—

"Jeune homme tu nous viens dans un temps misérable.
Nous n'avons rien gardé des antiques vertus. . . .
As-tu, jeune insensé, quelque idéal dans l'âme?
Portes tu dans ton cœur quelque amour quelque foi?

Tourne bride et va-t'en. Notre contact infâme
T'aurait bientôt souillé. Tourne bride, crois moi,
Le saint enthousiasme est mort sous les risées,
A nous rendre meilleurs nul n'a pu réussir,
Et nous n'espérons plus les célestes rosées,
Et nous n'attendons plus le Messie à venir."

And now a few words to guard against possible misinterpretation. We have no sympathy with the Commune: but we can understand how it rose, and how it held its ground with such fearful tenacity against men like Favre, Ferry, and Picard, and, we must add, Thiers. The worst of it is, the issue of last year's struggle settles nothing: thousands of Frenchmen have died; 27,000 are still in the hulks, and society is as unsettled as ever. There is among the workers the same deep distrust of a Government which cannot get rid of the jobbery while improving on the cruelty of its predecessors. There is, among the literary class, the same cynical contempt for morality; witness Ernest Feydeau's sober repetition, in the *Gaulois*, of the proposal to open gambling-houses throughout France. This brilliant author "proves" that in this way the war expenses will be cleared off in a short time, "and that at the cost of the foreigner." Meanwhile, plays of the old stamp are being brought out as shamelessly as ever; wretchedness (of which there is plenty) hides its face; the boulevards are *almost* as crowded as ever with more or less elegant triflers. As a thoughtful Frenchman said to us the other day:—"Paris was to have been purged by the war; but, just as in Philoctetes' day, the war seems to have taken away the wheat and left us the chaff." When Rossel is sentenced to death, and the amiable and gifted Reclus is condemned to transportation for life; while Marquis Gallifet gets promotion, and M. Thiers fits up a château for the Pope and openly favours the grand gambling project, no wonder men cannot trust the existing state of things.

National regeneration is slow as well as painful: it can neither be helped on by the barricade-work, which, in France, has too often done duty for Liberal effort, nor by the cruel reaction which has always marked the triumph of "the friends of order." The French character, always in extremes, makes the work of regeneration exceptionally hard: it is a work in which all must unite, and it is almost hopeless to get all parties to act together, when the Republican's love of country, for instance, is bound up with his hatred of *les ruraux*, and the Legitimist's patriotism is part and parcel of his irreconcilable enmity to "the godless Jacobins." It has always

been so: the excesses of successive Jacqueries were avenged by excesses equally atrocious; the French religious wars have become a byword, owing to the uncompromising cruelty shown by both sides. Add to this that peculiar disposition which makes Frenchmen submit to the gendarme system, and its complement *mouchardism*, and it is clear that the work of rising out of the pit in which France has been lying for at least a generation will be, at best, a gradual work. It is a work which demands a great amount of self-sacrifice: and this is what M. de Pressensé calls for. He points out that there are two kinds of "Socialism"—the Utopian, which (if it could by possibility succeed) would destroy all individuality, and set up a tyranny more crushing than any which the world has yet seen; and the "true Socialism," comparable with Bishop Butler's "higher self," which will recognise the claims of labour and the duties of wealth, and that joint fellowship (*solidarité*) of all men which is the active principle of Christianity. *Ne pas vivre pour soi* is the lesson which the sad drama of the Commune and the miserable result of the war alike teach (p. 277). And, while reprobating, as strongly as we ourselves do, the murder of the hostages, M. de Pressensé thoroughly agrees with the dying words of the unhappy enthusiast, Millière—"*Vive l'humanité.*"

The Commune was a mistake ("ill-timed and unpatriotic," even in the view of its French apologist in the *Fortnightly*). In the absence of any man of commanding genius it soon lost control of the ruffians who swelled its ranks. Systematically cruel, indeed, it was not; the outrages were the work of those who had thrown off its control. But their being able to perpetrate them, their daring to think of them, is its severest condemnation. We do not believe in the wholesale plans for burning Paris any more than we believed that the miserable women whom the Versailles soldiers killed like rats were *pétroleuses* organised by the Commune, or indeed *pétroleuses* at all: it was necessary to extemporise accusations in order to cloak the atrocities which marked "the capture of Paris by the Bretons;" but nevertheless, on the Commune rests proximately the weight of the whole matter. Had not its *original chiefs* (and there is a grand difference between Beslay and his friends, and those who came to the front in the final scramble) been as stubborn as they were visionary, the priest-ridden assembly would not have been able to force on a civil war. We say *proximately*, for the real ground of the mischief lies deeper down. M. de Pressensé has probed it, and his conclusion is *les classes riches et instruites n'ont pas rempli leurs*

devoirs envers les classes ouvrières. His words (let us remember) have a lesson for us, among whom (happily) the duties of class to class are so much better understood and fulfilled than in France. What he calls "the sacred mission of the upper classes" has its counterpart here; and, although the phrase has been repeated *ad nauseam*, the reality is still far to seek.

A nation's strength is in the hearty union of all classes for the common weal, not in the increase of wealth. France, two years ago, was at her apogee, if we measure by material prosperity. France fell shamefully, at a time when "almost every one of the moneyed classes had doubled his income within the last fifteen years," because, instead of union between rich and poor, between Republican and Monarchist, there were hatred and distrust, which in the day of trial proved themselves far stronger than patriotism.

Of the remaining books on our list we have not space to say much. M. Audebert gives a lively but wholly one-sided account of the doings of the Commune. He, too, sees that something more than violent repression is needed, if society is to settle into a permanent shape, and his remedy is wholesale colonisation. France has Algeria, Cochin-China, and Cayenne, why not send out thither thousands of pauper families? The curse of the country has been pauperism; get rid of it in this way. The idea is very French; but before condemning it, we must remember that the French North American colonies were partly peopled by unwilling emigrants caught and sent out by Louis XV.'s ministers. Better even family life in Cayenne than a prison or the hulks at home.

In fact, the protectionist schemes of the Thiers Government are hardly less suicidal than the policy which keeps such a large portion of the working class in confinement, and which has driven so many more into exile. The death-rate among these men must be very high; the *Times* has told us that their families are literally starving in Belleville, while many of them are almost starving in London. The insane folly which sold the Emperor's table linen may perhaps persuade itself that this is an effectual way of killing out the breed of revolutionists: but the statesmanship which can sacrifice in this reckless style a large part of the nation's vitality is on a par with that which thinks that to make Paris the gambling-house of Europe is a clever way of paying off the German debt.

Meanwhile, we wait in vain for some indications of a sounder policy. One party only is consistent—that which persists in thinking that the Count of Chambord can be

brought in; and the power and compactness of Ultramontanism countenances what would else be a wild extravagance. Of course, by such politicians national education is put quite in the background; and the appointment to the See of Paris of a fanatic whose one idea at Tours was to re-establish fetichism at his new "shrine of St. Martin," augurs ill for the small and unhappily diminishing Gallican party. As for M. Thiers, he is strong in the weakness of his opponents, whom he plays off against each other; but his only idea seems to be to "wait for something to turn up"—that something being a Russian alliance, if it can in any way be compassed. He has treated with strange coldness the patriotic proposal of certain of the ladies of France—a proposal which, if properly "taken up," might have been of some service; and he has completed the ruin of Paris by his unscientific dealings with the currency.

"The pity of it," we may well say with Iago. For, by her heroic resistance at the last, France had won all hearts. M. Michelet may well be proud of the young heroes who, taken from the workshop and the plough, and the counting-house, made head against the hosts of well-trained invaders. But it is sad to find that his dreams of a happy future and of a permanent settlement of the great labour question have proved so utterly baseless. "*Nous voici légers, purgés. Nous avons évacué Bonaparte et ses généraux. Nous avons mis bas un grand bagage de vices coûteux qui regnaient hier.*" Alas, the vices are there as unblushing, if not so costly, as before: the old routine has begun again; and, as for labour and capital, instead of having come to a final understanding, they are more than ever at daggers drawn.

M. Michelet winds up by asserting, in his dithyrambic Carlylese, that the regeneration of France (which he says will be the fruit of the war—a fruit well worth even that cost) *will save Europe:* but if Europe can be saved in no other way, her case is a sad one; for (we write it with deep regret of a nation whose fine qualities we esteem) the regeneration of France sometimes seems to us further off than ever. "She will do anything (says a recent writer) to set herself free, except give up one folly;" and verily the style of her siege literature, as well as her present contemptible policy and wretched party squabbles, makes us ask, "Is such a nation capable of what her writers call a *renaissance?*" Mr. Buckle was right when he said (Vol. ii. 133), "losses by invasion are sure to be retrieved, if the people who incur them are inured to those habits of self-government and to that feeling of self-reliance which are the spring and source of all real greatness. . . . .

Without these the slightest blow may be fatal. No people can be degraded except by their own acts: the foreign spoiler works mischief; he cannot cause shame."

The mischief is done; how it was suffered—how the nation drifted into a war as contrary to the wishes as it was to the interests of the vast majority, M. Châtrian tells (in a story which is being reproduced in our *Cornhill*) as only he can tell such a sad tale. What is to be the end, a shameful fall, or a slow working up to better things, we cannot pretend to foresee. We are sick of platitudes like that which even De Tocqueville adopts about the Latin race while setting the state above the individual, the Germanic race does exactly the opposite. Rather we should say the Latin race ruins each successive government by the incurable self-seeking of individuals. It is no doubt the more *routinière* of the two; but the freedom of individual action on which Germanic races insist is not only compatible with, but seems to excite a noble self-denial and an active devotion to the public good, of which Frenchmen, despite their talk, give very few practical instances.

M. Rambaud may go too far in his pessimism — his book is a sort of epitaph on this same Latin race, which he thinks worked out, "sunk into that dying state which we call *décadence*"—but he is certainly right when, instead of laying all the present misery at the ex-Emperor's door, he shows how weak must be the national character which could make such an Emperor and such a system possible. His book is a remarkable expression of the hopelessness of a thoughtful mind. The chapter "On the Future of those People who have not the Faculty of being Free," takes the very gloomiest view of things, though he assures us his book was finished before the war began. We cannot wholly go along with him: nations have risen, sometimes under the life-giving influence of new ideas, sometimes under the stimulus given by single-handed effort against great odds. Our own country rose—slowly but steadily, from the slough of the later Caroline and earlier Georgian epoch, owing to both these causes combined. Imperial Rome fell, though it had the divine idea of Christianity to vivify it: it died when its work of carrying the Truth to the barbarians was sufficiently accomplished.

Will France live or die? The question is one of immense importance to her neighbours and to the whole civilised world.

ART. IV.—1. *The Newspaper Press, its Origin, Progress, and Present Position.* By JAMES GRANT. London: Tinsley and Son. 1871.

2. *The History of British Journalism.* By ALEXANDER ANDREWS. London: Bentley and Son. 1859.

3. *The Law Relating to Works of Literature and Art, and the Law of Libel.* By JOHN SHORT, LL.B. London: Horace Cox. 1871.

4. *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.* By Sir THOS. ERSKINE MAY. London: Longman and Co. 2 vols. 1865.

GIVEN a good subject, and an experienced writer who has had a long practical acquaintance with it, and the issue should be a good book. These conditions existed when Mr. Grant undertook to be the historian of the newspaper press. Nevertheless the result is most deplorable. Few nobler themes than the rise and progress of the Fourth Estate could engage the attention of a man of letters. Five and forty years' intimate connection therewith might have qualified a less fertile writer than the late editor of the publicans' organ and the author of *Heaven our Home*. Yet he has published a work so untrustworthy in its facts, so slovenly in its style, that we are lost in astonishment at the perverse ingenuity which was capable of producing a book so bad. Literati of all sorts and conditions, from Mr. Disraeli downwards, have had to contradict the misstatements with which it abounds. Many of Mr. Grant's historical inaccuracies might have been avoided by an hour's search in the British Museum Library, which lies within ten minutes' walk of his own house. The very lowest of the penny-a-liners whom he derides might have given him useful hints in the art of writing English. That Mr. Grant's two portly volumes contain nothing new or true we do not affirm. It would be strange if a gentleman who has been a journalist for the best part of half a century, and who has written leaders by the thousand, had nothing fresh to say of his craft. But the old sarcasm that what is new is not true, and what is true is not new, applies so largely to his revelations that we quote his fresh materials with fear and trembling, and in no case will we guarantee the authenticity of his statements. Unfortunately two more volumes

have yet to appear. If Mr. Grant cannot be dissuaded from publishing them, he would do wisely to hand over his materials to the humblest provincial sub-editor he can find. Even the "reader" of the *Eatanswill Gazette* would be able to improve Mr. Grant's style by simply observing the most fundamental rules of syntax.

Three hundred years ago not only had the newspaper press no existence, but printing was entirely under the control of the Government. The censorship of the press, which before the Reformation had been exercised by the Church, was after that event assumed by the Crown. It became a part of the prerogative. Being so, the sovereign felt it his duty to grant patents and monopolies, which had a still further repressive influence. Elizabeth interdicted printing in all places save London, Oxford, and Cambridge. But, as Sir Erskine May remarks in the ninth chapter of his *Constitutional History of England*, "the minds of men had been too deeply stirred to submit to ignorance or lethargy. They thirsted after knowledge, and it reached them through the subtle agency of the press. The theological controversies of the sixteenth century, and the political conflicts of the seventeenth, gave birth to new forms of literature. The heavy folio written for the learned was succeeded by the tract and flying-sheet, to be read by the multitude. At length the printed sheet, continued periodically, assumed the shape of a news-letter or newspaper." It would be more correct to say that the news-letter was the parent of the newspaper. Nathaniel Butter, who published the first newspaper in 1622, had previously been a writer of news-letters. These he had sent in manuscript to noblemen and gentlemen of fortune while they were in the country, and who were ready to pay a large sum in order to be kept duly posted up in town talk and the gossip of the Court. Butter carried on the business for many years before he formed the idea of printing and publishing the letters regularly. This happy thought was for him a lucrative one—so lucrative that he soon had to encounter the competition of rivals. The abolition of the Star Chamber in 1644 gave a great impetus to journalism, and from that time innumerable *Mercuries* continued to make their appearance. Of these Marchmont Needham was the most prolific author. At first an usher at Merchant Taylors' School, he, in 1643, being then only 23 years old, started the celebrated Republican print, *Mercurius Britannicus*, which he continued every Monday until the close of 1646. Anthony à Wood not unnaturally fell foul of Needham, and declared of him that, "siding with the rout and

scum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble in his intelligence called *Mercurius Britannicus*, wherein his endeavours were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the King himself, to the beast with many heads." Needham had trouble in store for him. In 1637, Archbishop Laud had procured a decree limiting the number of master printers to twenty, and visiting with the pillory and the scourge any one who printed without a licence. This provision seems to have disposed of Butter for a time. But Needham was brought to punishment for another offence, a seditious libel. He made an abject apology to the King, and on procuring his liberty came out a furious Royalist. For two years he published the *Mercurius Fragmaticus*, until the downfall of the Monarchy rendered him susceptible to the influence of Bradshaw, and brought him back to the popular winning side. On June 13, 1650, he began to publish his *Mercurius Politicus*, which continued for ten years to support the Commonwealth. This Journal was in some sort an official publication, for it was declared to be published by authority, and an entry in the journals of the House of Commons confirms him in the office of "Writer of the Publick Intelligence." From that office he was dismissed on the Restoration.

This censorship of the press was not confined to the Stuarts. Parliament assumed the office in 1647, and one Gilbert Mabbot was appointed licenser. Two years later he very honourably resigned his office, thinking that the system was unjust, arbitrary, and impolitic. It was also ineffectual, as he himself complained that "many thousands of scandalous and malignant pamphlets" had been published with his name attached thereto, as though he had licensed them, whereas he had never seen them until after they were published. The Commonwealth laid but a light hand on the press. The Restoration brought a revival of rigour. By the 13 and 14 Chas. II. c. 33, printing was placed entirely under the control of the Government. "The severe provisions of the Act," says Sir Erskine May, "were used with terrible vindictiveness. Authors and printers of obnoxious works were hung, quartered, and mutilated, exposed in the pillory and flogged, or fined and imprisoned, according to the temper of their judge; their productions were burnt by the common hangman. Freedom of opinion was under interdict; even news could not be furnished. Nay, when the Licensing Act had been suffered to expire for a while, the twelve judges, under Chief Justice Scroggs, declared it to be criminal at common law to

publish any public news, whether true or false, without the King's licence." The natural result followed. Forbidden to take any interest in public events, or affairs of State, England under the Restoration gave itself up to licentious ribaldry. Journalism being suppressed, the drama became scandalously profligate. When Dutch William came to the throne he was too wise to enforce the monstrous legal dicta of Scroggs and Jeffreys. He started newspapers on his own account. They were called the *Orange Intelligencer* and the *Orange Gazette*. But the power which had departed from the Church, and which had been surrendered by the Crown, was now claimed by Parliament. The expiring Licensing Act was in 1692 revived for another year. The Lords passed a new one in 1695, but the Commons rejected it. In 1697, the *Flying Post* having criticised the Ministerial schemes for restoring public credit, Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Moore introduced a Bill to prevent the printing of unlicensed news. It was read a first time, but rejected on a second reading, April 3. This event was followed by a large increase in the number of newspapers. In the reign of "Great Anna" newspapers undertook their present office, that of purveyors of news and critics of opinions.

In the end the nation gained by this freedom of expression, but for the time it was a questionable advantage. All men, as Sir Erskine May remarks, were politicians, and every party had its chosen writers. The influence of the press was widely extended: but in becoming an instrument of party, it compromised its character and long retarded the recognition of its freedom. Party rancour too often betrayed itself in outrageous license and calumny; and the war which rulers had hitherto waged against the press was now taken up by parties. Parliament was merciless, and would gladly have revived the Licensing Act, but the nation being unprepared for so retrograde a step, a new device was put in practice, one which restrained the augmenting influence of journalism, and in time brought a considerable sum into the imperial exchequer. A stamp duty was levied on newspapers, and a duty on advertisements. The latter duty was at first charged according to the number of lines, but was afterwards fixed at 3*s*. 6*d*. in England and 2*s*. 6*d*. in Ireland for every advertisement, was later (in 1833) reduced to 1*s*. 6*d*. and 1*s*., and was not finally abolished until 1853. The stamp duty was first imposed in 1712. In 1836 the duty was reduced from 4*d*. to 1*d*., and it was abolished at the same time as the advertisement duty. As advertising was an almost unknown art 160 years ago, the tax on advertisements was not at first

a matter of much concern to journalists, but the stamp duty was a very serious blow. At that time there was a large number of penny, halfpenny, and even some farthing newspapers, much smaller than the *Daily News* and the *Echo* of the present time, yet pretty largely circulated. The addition to the price of 50 per cent. in the first case, and 100 per cent. in the second, necessarily reduced the number of their purchasers. Many of the journals could not survive the new impost, and perished. This was the very result which Parliament had in view. Swift prophesied that the stamp would prove the ruin of Grub-street. Addison wittily spoke of the untimely fate of the little journals as "the fall of the leaf." The pun was appropriate, for these papers generally consisted of but one leaf. Nor did Grub-street suffer alone. Even thus early the newsboy was an institution, and an attempt was made to soften the hard heart of Parliament by representing the sad condition into which the news hawkers must fall. Hundreds of families, it was said, get their living by selling cheap newspapers. Among them were "many blind creatures, of whom divers of them who are industrious and have but a penny or three halfpence for a stock to begin with in a morning, will before night advance it to eighteen pence or two shillings, which greatly tends to the support and comfort of such poor and blind creatures who sell them about the street." But an assembly which was devoured by party spirit was not likely to be influenced by any regard for such humble folk as these.

Of all the industrious journalists who ever lived, none exceeded in industry Daniel Defoe. It is to be regretted that industry is not the only quality which he displayed in his profession. Recently, Mr. William Lee has published incontrovertible evidence to show that Defoe was not strictly honest. A thorough Liberal at heart, he consented at the request of some of the principal men of his party to undertake the editorship of a Tory newspaper, in order that he might bring Toryism into contempt by diluted writing and feeble articles. He joined himself also to a man named Mist, who had started *Mist's Journal* in order to support the cause of the Pretender. With Lord Sunderland's approval, Defoe sub-edited the newspaper, and thus became possessed of many important secrets, which he conveyed to the Ministers. At the same time he was able to "take out the sting" from what might otherwise have been an injurious publication. It is scarcely for the contemporaries of Constable Talbot and Nagle to condemn the procedure very severely. If in these

comparatively safe and quiet times a British Minister may accept the services of a man who entices other persons to belong to a secret society in order that he may betray them, much more might a British Minister avail himself of the information which Defoe could give him in such troublous times as the first quarter of the 18th century. If Defoe extracted the sting from some of the journals of his day, there were others which were very scorpions, so venomous was their language. One of the greatest offenders was Dean Swift. Most of the ablest writers of the day, notably Addison and Steele, were on the side of the Whigs. To answer their *Tatler* the *Examiner* was started. At first it was edited by Dr. William King, with the assistance of Bolingbroke, Prior, Atterbury, and Dr. Freind. But guns of a heavier metal were wanted, and Harley called Swift to his aid. His heavy firing, says Mr. Andrews, could not silence the sharp musketry of the other party, and he relinquished his post at the forty-seventh number, having assumed it at the fourteenth. He was succeeded, strange to say, by a lady, Mrs. Manley, who thus preceded by a century and a half the "women's rights" advocates of the present day. The *Examiner* was severely criticised by Addison. He referred to the fact that the paper was said to be written by the most celebrated wits and politicians of the day, and went on to say, "Who would not have expected that at least the rules of decency and candour would be observed in such a performance? But instead of this you saw all the great men who had done eminent service to their country but a few years before, drafted out one by one and baited in their turn. No sanctity of character or privilege of sex exempted persons from this barbarous usage. Several of our prelates were the standing marks of public raillery, and many ladies of the first quality branded by name for matters of fact, which, as they were false, were not heeded, and if they had been true, were innocent. The dead themselves were not spared." It was not Swift, however, but Steele who suffered penalty. Perhaps it would be too much to say that the doves were punished while the vultures escaped. There was very little of the dove in any of the journalists of that time. But that Steele should have been expelled the House of Commons at the instigation of a Minister who did not scruple to make use of Swift, shows to what lengths party spirit went at that time. Swift turned against his own profession. There is little doubt that he it was who suggested the stamp duty which destroyed shoals of little halfpenny papers, and brought dismay and ruin to Grub-

street. The Fourth Estate owes little to the "witty Dean of St. Patrick's." Yet he took a truer measure of it than another notable man who treated it far better. The author of *Gulliver's Travels* saw the power which it possessed even when as yet latent and undeveloped, and for that very reason sought to fetter it. Sir Robert Walpole despised the press, and therefore let it alone. "Nor do I often read the papers of either party, except when I am informed by some who have more inclination for such studies than myself that they have risen by some accident above their common level," was the remark of the Minister at the very time that his opponents were conspiring to effect his overthrow. His opinion of journalists was scarcely higher than his opinion of patriots, of whom he said, "Patriots spring up like mushrooms, and I could raise fifty of them within the four and twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night." All politicians were not of Walpole's way of thinking. Smollett said, "A late nobleman who had been a member of several administrations remarked to me that one good writer was of more importance to the Government than twenty place-men in the House of Commons." This was but a modest estimate. Another public man made a truer one when he said, "The sentiments of some of these scribblers have more weight with the multitude than the opinion of the best politician in the kingdom." These words were speedily to have a fulfilment which not even the utterer of them foresaw.

The first ten years of the reign of George III. witnessed two of the most memorable incidents in the history of British Journalism—the publication of the *North Briton* and the *Letters of "Junius."* Judged by the present standard of journalism, their reputation will excite surprise. Before Wilkes's time it had been the custom for journalists to veil their sarcasms by using fictitious names, or only the initials of the men they attacked. Wilkes abandoned this precaution, and openly, and without disguise, held up to hatred and contempt the most prominent men of his time. If the repudiation of a flimsy drapery had been accompanied by some mitigation in the coarseness and ferocity of the attacks, the change would have been an improvement. But the "ingenious art" of printing had not yet "softened men's manners:" they were still fierce and brutal. For proof of this we need only refer, so far as regards the more polished writings of "Junius," to the eleventh and twenty-third of the famous *Letters*. The reference to the Duke of Grafton's arrangements with his mistress, and to the Duke of Bedford's loss of

his son, would be thought intolerable in these more polished days. Yet the bitter personalities of a hundred years ago long survived both Wilkes and "Junius." Theodore Hook made the *John Bull* scandalously famous for them, and only a quarter of a century ago the "Thunderer" was using language in the *Times* which would now be deemed worthy only of the "Hole in the Wall." There were many attacks upon the liberty of the press at that time, but it cannot be said that they were unprovoked. The liberty was often perverted into licentiousness; and the student of "Junius" is astonished at a reputation which seems to have been acquired by the display of qualities that would now ruin any journal circulating among the middle and upper classes. But as the stability and the security of a nation have often been attained only after many years of armed conflict with its neighbours, during which many cruel and barbarous deeds have been done, so has it been with the public press. When fighting for its very existence, it could not afford to be very choice in its selection of its weapons, or its allies. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife are out of date now, but they were the only arms which the journalists of a century ago had to oppose to the artillery of the judges and the legislature. We may congratulate ourselves that we live in happier times; that in these days the instruments of warfare wherewith our antecessors girded themselves are regarded with mingled curiosity and disgust. Not the less should we bear in mind that it was with these the triumph of free thought and free speech was won over servile judges and a corrupt Parliament.

It is sad to think that among those servile judges we must reckon so eminent a lawyer as Lord Mansfield. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that he sorely misused his great abilities, and strained all the power which he possessed to crush the press. It was on April 23, 1763, that the memorable No. 45 of the *North Briton* appeared, commenting upon the King's Speech at the prorogation, and the unpopular peace just concluded. The article was treated as a personal libel on the King, in defiance of the constitutional maxim that the King can do no wrong, and that his Ministers are responsible for his public acts and words. It was resolved to bring against Wilkes all the powers of the State. To quote Sir Erskine May once more: "Prerogative was strained by the issue of a general warrant for the discovery of the author and printer; privilege was perverted for the sake of vengeance and persecution; and an information for libel was filed against Wilkes

in the Court of King's Bench." A verdict was obtained against Wilkes for printing and publishing a seditious and scandalous libel. At the same time the jury found his *Essay on Woman* to be "an obscene and impious libel." If the Government had been contented with this victory, Wilkes might have been extinguished, and his name have long ago been forgotten. But this was followed by other rigorous measures, so harsh in their action, and so questionable as to their legality, that he was able to keep himself before the public for six years, to become, during that time, the champion and martyr of popular freedom, and to instil into the minds of the nation a thorough suspicion of the administration of justice in cases of libel.

Nor was the suspicion without foundation. In the first place, no grand jury stood between the defendant and the Crown. In the next place, it was contended that the jury who tried the case had no right to consider if the alleged libel was malicious or otherwise, but were bound to confine themselves to the simple fact of publication. In other words, the question of libel or no libel was taken entirely out of the purview of the jurors, and they were instructed to consider, not the criminality or innocence of the defendant, but only as to whether he had done a purely formal act. So slow are reforms of the most outrageous wrongs, that nearly thirty years passed from the publication of the *North Briton* (No. 45) to the passing of Mr. Fox's Libel Act. Again and again, Lord Mansfield laid it down that the jury must not concern themselves with the character of the paper charged as criminal, but must confine themselves to the fact of publication, and the meaning of some few words not in the least doubtful. This ruling was questioned in the House of Commons by several distinguished men, notably Burke; and in the House of Peers by Lord Chatham and Lord Camden. On March 7, 1771, Mr. Dowdeswell moved for leave to introduce a bill to settle doubts concerning the rights of jurors in prosecutions for libels. The motion was supported by Burke, in a masterly speech, in which he showed that if the criminality of a libel were properly excluded from the cognisance of a jury, then should the malice in charges of murder, and felonious intent in charges of stealing, be equally removed from their jurisdiction, and confided to the judge. Let such a doctrine be established (said Burke) and juries will become a dead letter in our Constitution.

The motion was got rid of by an adjournment. Another eight years passed, and we find the battle once more being

waged. At that time, Erskine was the champion of freedom. His speech in defence of the Dean of St. Asaph, in 1779, and that in defence of Stockdale (who had published a defence of Warren Hastings, which was charged as a scandalous libel on the House of Commons) maintained, with splendid force and consummate skill, the right of the jury to judge the criminality of the libel. Lord Mansfield was the judge in the first case, and he sneered at the "jealousy of leaving the law to the Court" as "puerile rant and declamation." Lord Kenyon, who tried the second case, did not controvert Erskine's argument; and the jury, acting upon it, compared the whole of the incriminated pamphlet with the garbled extracts which had been made from it in the information, and acquitted the prisoner. Ten years had elapsed between the two trials, and public opinion had been growing stronger: so strong that, two years later (1791), Fox, who (in 1771) had sneered at the proposal, himself introduced a Bill to alter the anomalous law. He met with scarcely any opposition. Even Pitt thought it necessary to "regulate the practice of the courts in the trial of libels, and render it conformable to the spirit of the Constitution." The Bill passed rapidly through the House of Commons. In the Lords it was met with the usual plea, when that assembly finds direct resistance hopeless. The session was too far advanced; so, for that year, the Bill was lost. In 1792 it was again passed by the Commons. In the Upper House, Lord Thurlow opposed it, and, to gain time, suggested that the opinions of the judges should be obtained on certain points. Seven questions were submitted to them, and their answers were the best possible proof of the danger involved in maintaining the existing law. Lord Camden combated the doctrine of the judges. The Bill was passed, with a protest signed by Lord Thurlow and five other peers, predicting "the confusion and destruction of the law of England;" and thus, in opposition to all the judges and chief legal authorities of the time, the right of juries to determine the character of an alleged libel was finally established.

But while this victory was of immense importance as tending to establish the right to the public discussion of public events, the law of libel continued to be for many years afterwards extremely harsh. Indeed, it is still unjustifiably severe. Seeing that the House of Commons numbers among its members a Walter, a Baines, and other journalists, it is surprising that nothing has been done to remedy the hardships under which they at present suffer. If lawyers had been exposed to far less serious injustice than that which the

journalist has to endure, they would not have permitted a single Session to pass before compelling Parliament to give them relief. What, for instance, can be more unjust, or opposed to the whole spirit of the English law, than that a man should be made criminally responsible for an offence committed by another person? That he should be made civilly responsible is just enough. It is but fair that if a wrong is committed by a servant the wronged party may obtain a pecuniary *solatium* from the master. But the journalist may have to pay not only in purse but also in person. A newspaper proprietor may be indicted criminally, and sent to gaol for an article which may have been written when he was out of the country, and which he may never even have seen. The case is just as though Mr. Graves, or any other great shipowner, were liable to imprisonment at the suit of a person who fell through the open hatchway of one of his ships when at the other side of the Atlantic. It may be thought that this, though a legal possibility, is not a contingency which needs to be taken into account practically. But this is far from being the case. Two years have not passed since the Earl of Sefton brought a criminal action against the proprietor of the *Sheffield Telegraph;* and although the amplest apology was made, although it was shown that the defendant knew nothing of the libel until after it was published, and then at once wrote to reprimand the editor who had inserted it, the noble prosecutor pushed his legal proceedings to the full extent of his power, and it was certainly through no fault of his that the defendant did not find himself within the walls of a prison. Another injustice, almost as great as the one just described, is that by which a newspaper proprietor or publisher is liable to prosecution, even though the alleged libel is contained in a faithful report of a public meeting. If in the course of that meeting a speaker libels another, and his speech is published, the person aggrieved may bring his action, not against the man who has wronged him, but against the newspaper proprietor who gave currency to the wrong. A very gross case of this kind occurred some four or five years ago. At a meeting of one of the committees of the town council of Hull, a councillor, in the performance of his public duty, brought a charge against a public official. The meeting was reported in the ordinary way by the *Eastern Morning News*, and thereupon the official whose conduct had been called in question brought an action, not against the accused, but against the publisher of the aforesaid newspaper. It was urged that this was a privileged communication, and

that it was for the public benefit to have full and true reports of public meetings; but the arguments were in vain, and a verdict was found for the plaintiff. The moral injustice of such a verdict is all the greater because the plea of privilege would be admitted by Chief Justice Cockburn, in the action brought against the proprietor of the *Times* by Mr. Wason for publishing a report of a speech delivered by a peer in Parliament, in which speech Mr. Wason was, as he alleged, libelled. Sir Alexander Cockburn, to whom the press is immensely indebted for the manner in which he has repeatedly defended it against unjust attacks, asked on that occasion "how could the communications between the representatives of the people and their constituents, which are so essential to the working of the representative system, be usefully carried on, if the constituencies were kept in ignorance of what their representatives are doing?" The same principle ought to be applied to the meetings of local representative bodies. It is impossible to adduce any good argument why the report of a speech by an M.P. should be privileged, and yet the report of a speech of a member of the local Municipal Parliament should not be privileged. It is clearly to the public interest that both should be privileged, and it is a personal injustice to throw upon a journalist the responsibility of publishing or suppressing a matter affecting the public welfare, whether of a kingdom or a borough. Another grievous injustice to which journalists are exposed is that a speculative action may be brought against a newspaper proprietor, in the hope of extorting money, and that the proceedings may be extended over two years, and at the last moment the plaintiff may withdraw, without paying a farthing of the heavy costs to which the defendant has been put. It would be but a just and proper thing to make the plaintiff in actions for libel deposit a certain sum as a guarantee of *bona fides*, as is done with regard to election petitions. To these grievances may be added one more, the extreme stringency of juries in actions for libel. It frequently happens that the alleged libeller is able to prove all the essential charges on his libel, and yet because he fails in his proof on some minor point, the verdict is given against him, and he is cast in damages as heavy as though his statement was grossly false from beginning to end.

But if journalists have not made use of their great power to obtain proper freedom for themselves, they have at least striven hard for the freedom which is essential to them in the proper discharge of their public functions. Step by step they

have won their way upwards, and prevailed. The most important of their triumphs, and the hardest to win, was the right to report the debates in Parliament. Seeing that a member now feels himself aggrieved if he is not reported, it is difficult to realise the time when the publication in a newspaper of members' speeches rendered the journalist liable to imprisonment. But there was good reason for this jealous rigour. The M.P. of that time had, for the most part, paid heavily for his seat, with the intention of getting his money back from the Government. Hence his speeches were made and his votes were given regardless of his constituents, and solely with a view to his own interests. The man elected as a Whig would not unfrequently vote with the Tories, in order that he might pocket the price paid him for his apostasy. It would have been unpleasant to him that this should be known. Hence the long and obstinate conflict between Parliament and the press. On December 4th, 1718, the printers of two Exeter papers were ordered to attend the House of Commons, and answer for "falsely representing and reprinting the proceedings of the House." One of the printers attended and said that he had copied the report from two written news-letters which were circulated among the coffee-houses of the city, and which he handed in. Notwithstanding his explanation he was declared guilty of a breach of privilege, and was ordered into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. The other printer did not appear, but sent an abject letter, promising the House that he would never print any more of its proceedings, and begging and praying that he might be discharged from paying the fees, for they would ruin him. The House took pity upon the unhappy wretch, and discharged him. In 1728, a newspaper, which is still in existence, the *Gloucester Journal*, was prosecuted for the same offence. But these prosecutions did not prevent the writers of the various news-letters from publishing the objectionable matters. In 1781, Edward Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and he carried on for many years in that magazine with the utmost daring a system of Parliamentary reporting. Cave used to take with him a friend or two to the House of Commons, and they would make notes of the speeches they heard, and then adjourn to a neighbouring tavern to improve their memoranda, and so fix the substance of what they had heard. The crude matter was then edited by a skilled writer. For many years the duty was performed by Guthrie, the historian, whom Cave retained for that purpose. These reports were tacitly sanctioned for two years, when, as Mr. Andrews, in his *History of British Journalism*,

says: The House of Commons, at the cry of its Speaker, Onslow, suddenly awoke to the horrors of its situation. "You will have"—cried Sir Thomas Winnington, April 13, 1738—"you will have every word that is spoken here by gentlemen misrepresented by fellows who thrust themselves into our gallery: you will have the speeches of the House every day printed, even during your session, and we shall be looked upon as the most contemptible assembly on the face of the earth." Even Sir William Pulteney, though generally esteemed a friend of the press, said: "To print or publish the speeches of gentlemen in this House, even though they were not misrepresented, looks very like making them accountable out of doors for what they say within." He went on to complain that recently the habit of printing the votes had crept in, and, he added, "I think it high time for us to prevent any further encroachment on our privileges." Sir Robert Walpole took the same line. Sir William Wyndham startled the House by suggesting that the constituencies had the right to know what their representatives said. Nevertheless the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved,—That it is an high indignity to, and a notorious breach of, the privileges of the House, for any news-writer in letters and other papers (as minutes, or under any other denomination), or for any printer or any publisher of any printed newspaper of any denomination, to presume to insert in the said letters or papers, or to give therein any account of the debates or other proceedings of the House, or any committee thereof, as well during the recess as the sitting of Parliament; and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against all such offenders." But Cave was not to be beaten. Hitherto he had given the initials of the speakers: but as this expedient was declared a breach of privilege, he took advantage of the great interest in Swift's narrative of Gulliver's travels, and continued his reports under the following title:—"An Appendix to Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Account of the famous Empire of Lilliput,—Debates in the Senate of Great Lilliput." The Dukes were "Nardacs," the Lords "Hurgoes," and the Commons "Clinabs," and the titles were slightly misspelt. Thus the Duke of Bedford became "Nardac Bedfort," Lord Talbot "Hurgo Toblat," Sir Robert Walpole "Sir Rubs Walelup." This mode of reporting continued until 1752. When the debates grew in importance Cave suspended Guthrie, and put Dr. Johnson in his place. But the Doctor drew upon his imagination for his facts, and, as he himself admitted afterwards, he always took care to make the "Whig

dogs" have the worst of the discussion. Cave himself was at last summoned before the House, and he made a very lame excuse and a very poor apology. In 1771, the practice of reporting the debates had become very general, but not the less did Parliament make one more effort to put it down. The resolution of February 1728, already quoted, was looked up, and was confirmed. At the same time orders were given to arrest the printers of several papers. Bladon, of the *General Evening Post*, attended, made his submission, and was discharged. Baldwin, of the *St. James's Chronicle*, and Wright, of the *Whitehall Evening Post*, acknowledged the offence on their knees, promised to be good in future, and on payment of the fees were liberated. Miller, of the *London Evening Post*, did not surrender, and an order was given to the Sergeant-at-Arms to take him into custody.

On March 18, 1771, this official made the startling announcement that his messenger had arrested Miller, but was immediately ordered into custody by him for assault, and carried before the Lord Mayor (Crosby, a member of the House), who had declared the Speaker's warrant illegal, discharged Miller, and committed the messenger. At the same time another journalist, Wheble, of the *Middlesex Journal*, had been brought before Wilkes (then an Alderman), who, as may be believed, had very great satisfaction in discharging the prisoner, and binding him over to prosecute his captor. Another journalist, Thompson, of the *Gazetteer*, was under the same circumstances discharged by another Alderman, Oliver by name. Ministers having had enough of Wilkes in time past, took no notice of him at first, but ordered the attendance of Crosby and Oliver. They produced documents to show that no Speaker's warrant could run in the city of London without the endorsement of a city magistrate. But the House replied by reading its own resolutions, forbidding the publication of reports. While the discussion was going on, a messenger announced that a tumultuous mob was outside insulting members who were trying to get in. The justices did their best to disperse the crowd; and after a while Crosby was relieved from further attendance that day on account of ill-health, but at the end of a fierce debate, Oliver was committed to the Tower. Crosby refused to accept any alleviation of his sentence, and he too was eventually consigned to the same stronghold. There was great excitement in the City. The messenger who had arrested Wheble was tried for assault, found guilty, and sentenced to a shilling fine, and a month's imprisonment. About the same time

Parliament being prorogued, its power to imprison ceased, and Crosby and Oliver walked out of the Tower amid great popular rejoicing. That was really the end of the controversy. For though the two City magnates had fought the House of Commons fiercely purely on a question of the privileges of the City, and in no way as champions of the press, yet so disgusted was the House with the absurd figure it had cut, that it did not attempt another trial of strength, and in the following year, 1772, the sheriffs of London congratulated their fellow citizens, not only that Miller was still at large, but also that the debates were being reported.

It was much to have obtained the victory. It was much for the press to have won bare toleration. More than that it did not gain for many years afterwards. M.P.'s might think it more prudent not to attempt further prosecutions, but they would give no assistance. They thenceforth, and for a long time subsequently, ignored the institution which they could not suppress. Reporters were treated just as other "strangers," and had occasionally to wait for hours before they could obtain admission into the House. When there, they were not allowed to take notes, and newspapers had for the most part to rely upon the memory of their reporters, which, in the case of Woodfall, and one or two others, was developed to a marvellous extent of retentiveness and accuracy. It was not until after the old Houses of Parliament were burnt that any gallery was set apart specially for the press. Even now some of the old exclusive privileges still exist. Though the reporters are allowed to take notes and to read novels or newspapers during a dreary speech, no "stranger" is permitted to do this. If he jots down the figures of a Budget speech, or if he is seen indulging in any other literature than a Parliamentary paper, or blue-book, or "Dod," he does so at the risk of a stern reprimand from the attendants. It is impossible to allege any good reason why these antiquated rules should be maintained. Up to 1853, it was deemed necessary that all "strangers" should withdraw while a division was being taken in the House of Commons, and the same rule was observed in the House of Lords until 1859. It has been found that the Constitution has been in no way imperilled by the permission given to strangers to look on while the members file out into the lobbies. Even now any member, by simply calling the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there are strangers in the gallery, can compel the House to be cleared, not only of visitors but also of reporters; and this absurd manœuvre has been practised quite recently,

during debates on the Contagious Diseases Act. It may be for the public interest that Parliament should still retain the right of deliberating in secret, though it is difficult to understand how any representative assembly could properly exercise such a right. However that may be, it is manifestly absurd that any one member should, without consulting the wish of the House, be able not only to clear the House of strangers and reporters, but also to prevent the publication of an important debate. So long ago as 1810, when the House of Commons was making inquiries into the Scheldt Expedition, Sheridan vainly attempted to obtain a modification of the rule which vested in a single member the power of converting the great deliberative council of the nation into a secret chamber. In other respects, journalists have not much cause of complaint. The accommodation is indeed somewhat insufficient, but every attention is paid to their comfort. Parliament provides attendants to wait upon them, supplies them with copies of the order of the day, and furnishes them with a refreshment room where they can obtain a substantial meal at a lower cost than at any chop-house in the metropolis. Personally, reporters vary greatly. Some are of the roughest exterior; are dressed in the seediest clothes, and would scarcely escape being treated as beggars in the streets. But these are mostly of the old school. The majority are gentlemen, and have received a liberal education. Many of them are barristers, not a few are contributors to the quarterlies and the monthly magazines. Several distinguished men have begun their career in "the gallery," among them the late Lord Campbell and Charles Dickens. By long practice the reporters have come to perform their duties with the regularity and the perfection of a machine. Ordinarily, they change every quarter of an hour, but when a debate is protracted and important, they take ten and even five minute "turns." Latterly, they have come to the resolution not to report any speeches made after one o'clock, except on occasions of very great importance. In this way they have done their best to put a stop to those prolonged after-midnight debates which are so injurious both to members individually and to legislation. As members are now as anxious to be reported as they formerly were anxious not to be reported, this device is likely to produce a satisfactory effect in repressing the eloquence of those M.Ps. who resemble the owl in nocturnal activity if not in wisdom.

We have already seen how little the press was during its infancy indebted to Parliament. It was not only that the

Legislature refused to aid journalism, it laid heavy burdens thereon, grievous to be borne. The Stamp Act in Swift's time effectually killed out the halfpenny newspapers. Journalists would have thought themselves fortunate if the duty had remained at its original figure. It was raised by successive additions to fourpence. The double advantage of raising revenue and restricting the press was found irresistible by our legislators. So high a figure as fourpence was sure to lead to evasion. Multitudes of papers were published which, pretending to be tracts or pamphlets, paid no duty at all. One of the infamous Six Acts of 1819 extended the duty to these publications, which were denounced as seditious and blasphemous. This, in common with other of the Acts, was defied, unstamped papers were still published by men who did so at the risk of ruinous fine or imprisonment. Embittered against the Government, they spoke with severity of it, and the poor, who most needed wholesome instruction, received the very worst from a contraband press. During the agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832, a new class of publishers, of higher character and purpose, set up unstamped newspapers for the working-classes, and defied the Government. These men suffered imprisonment, but their papers continued to circulate largely. They were fined, but their fines were paid by public subscription. The prisons, says Sir Erskine May, were filled with offenders, and the State was again at war with the press in a new form. In 1836, thanks to the exertions of the present Lord Lytton and Joseph Hume, the stamp was reduced to one penny, and a portion of the paper duty was remitted. The efforts made about this time to diffuse useful knowledge among the working classes in the cheapest form, showed how heavily the paper duty weighed upon popular education. The revelation led Mr. Milner Gibson to commence a new crusade against what were happily termed the "taxes on knowledge."

In 1853 the advertisement duty was repealed. Two years later the compulsory newspaper stamp was abolished—it ceased to be necessary to stamp papers not sent by post. Success encouraged Mr. Gibson and his friends to further efforts. They had at length a Chancellor of the Exchequer himself on their side. In 1860 the total repeal of the paper duty was one of the most remarkable provisions of that year's famous Budget. The House of Lords refused to sanction the repeal, and thus brought about a serious conflict between itself and that other branch of the Legislature which retains the taxing power within its own hands. In 1861 Mr. Glad-

stone renewed his proposal, and framed it in such a fashion that the Peers, though grumbling much, did not venture to reject the Bill, and thus the duty ceased to exist on September 30th of that year. In 1870 a further boon was given to journalism: the postage on newspapers was reduced to one halfpenny. Even this concession is not wholly satisfactory, inasmuch as the postage rate varies, not with the quantity of the matter transmitted, but with the number of papers sent. In this way, the proprietors of the *Echo* are compelled to pay as much postage upon their little journal as the proprietors of the elephantine *Times* have to pay. This arrangement is not fair to the public tax-payer, nor to the private news-reader. The Post-office ought to know nothing of the contents of the parcels it conveys. It ought to be a matter of perfect indifference if the parcel contains one or a dozen papers. The scales should be the only test. Six ounces of news ought to be carried for one halfpenny, whether contained in six *Echoes* or one *Times*.

But the newspaper press would never have attained to its present dimensions merely through the removal of the fetters imposed upon it by the State. Freedom of speech, and freedom from heavy fiscal burdens, were undoubtedly no small boons. Yet these alone would not have brought journalism to its present high position. For that there was need of the aid of steam and electricity. The first of these allies gave assistance in two ways. It enabled the paper-makers to manufacture their paper more cheaply, and it enabled journalists to print their journals more swiftly. It is highly characteristic of the English character that, while all the energy of an employer was directed to the means of improving the mechanical part of his business, the efforts of his *employés* were bent upon frustrating his efforts. Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times* (the second of that name), had inherited some of the mechanical talent of his father, but directed it to better purpose. The eldest Walter had spent many years and a fortune in carrying out his scheme of "logographic" printing—that is, of setting the paper from founts of words instead of letters. The idea proved impracticable. The younger Walter, who succeeded his father, as manager of the *Times*, in 1803, was more fortunate. He found, as years went by, and the circulation of his paper increased, in consequence of the intense interest excited by the great war with France, that it was impossible, by the best hand-press, to meet the public demand. Every day the sale of thousands of copies

was lost, simply through the impossibility of printing them rapidly enough. The year after the younger Walter became manager of the *Times*, a Saxon, named König, arrived in London, and turned his attention to improvements in printing. Previously to this, in 1790, a Mr. Nicholson had devised the idea of substituting cylinder for flat printing, and had patented his invention, but did little or nothing towards obtaining the general adoption of it. It does not appear if König was aware of Nicholson's invention. It is probable that he was; for his first improvement consisted in employing the cylinders and the inking rollers. But there is no doubt that König was the first man to suggest printing by steam. He showed his invention to Mr. Walter, who thought so highly of it that he made an agreement with the Saxon to erect one of these new machines. It was set up in secrecy: nevertheless, a rumour of what was being done got abroad, and the *employés* of the *Times*, in that matter as thoroughly typical British workmen as the Luddite frame-breakers of Yorkshire and Nottingham, declared that they would deal destruction to the machine and death to the inventor, if any attempt were made to introduce the objectionable apparatus into their office. But Walter, who had defied a tyrannical Ministry, was not the man to be deterred by threats from his own servants. On the morning of November 29, 1814, the pressmen were ordered to wait the arrival of the foreign news, and about six o'clock Walter entered the room, and told them that the *Times* was already printed, without their aid, and by steam. He told them that he had sufficient force at hand to put down violence, and that if they behaved quietly he would continue their wages until they obtained other places. This firmness prevailed: the men were overawed. As for the public, they were informed, by an article which appeared in that day's *Times*, of the mighty change which had been effected. "Our journal of this day (so went the notice) presents to the public the practical results of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the *Times* newspaper which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human power in rapidity and despatch." The article then went on to describe the machine, which, it was stated, was able to turn out eleven hundred copies an hour. The anxiety with which Mr. Walter

had watched the realisation of the scheme was depicted, and some graceful words of thanks to the inventor concluded this now historic article. König's machine was soon superseded. It was too complicated and too slow. Messrs. Applegath and Cowper invented a machine in 1818 which was far more satisfactory in every way. The next great improvement came from New York. Mr. Richard M. Hoe invented a process which consists in placing the types on a horizontal cylinder revolving on its axis, after which the sheets are pressed by exterior and smaller cylinders. This machine is capable of printing 20,000 copies in an hour. Its use is attended by two grave disadvantages. The machine is very cumbersome and very costly. The space it occupies is a most serious consideration with newspaper proprietors who are bound to have their premises in the most frequented parts of a town, and where, therefore, land is sure to be very valuable. The cost of a machine capable of turning out the largest number of copies, was originally £5,500. Of late a very considerable reduction has taken place, but the machine is still beyond the purchasing capacity of most journalists out of London. Quite recently much more compact, simple, and cheap machines have been invented by three different inventors, varying in their details, but all having the same leading principle, that of printing from a roll of paper which passes into the machine, and is cut mechanically into the proper length. It is from one of these machines that the *Times* is now printed. They are likely to become popular with newspaper proprietors both in London and the provinces. A still cheaper, but very efficient machine, and rapid enough for the majority of newspaper proprietors, has lately been invented, and is made by Messrs. Payne at Otley, near Leeds, which has become the head-quarters for the construction of printing machinery. Considerably more rapid and costly than this is the French machine, invented by Marinoni, and which is in use at the offices of the *Echo* and the *Globe*. One of the disadvantages of the machine is that it will print only from stereotype. Consequently, in every edition it is necessary to re-stereotype a whole page, no matter how small may be the amount of the additional news. This operation involves a loss of some twenty minutes, a serious matter where competition is as keen as it is in London.

The improvement of machinery alone would not have brought the newspaper press to its present high position. To multiply copies was a great advantage; an even greater one was to increase and accelerate the supplies of news. To

obtain the earliest information was the object for which journalists of a past generation spared no expense. Here, as in the matter of machinery, John Walter showed himself a man of boundless energy and fertile invention. When the Overland Route to India was established, he determined to have the first supply of news from our Indian Empire. At that time Indian news had an interest which it does not now possess. We were engaged in constant and gigantic struggles with the old Indian sovereigns, and each year as it passed saw some addition made to our dominions, not without a profuse expenditure of blood, and sometimes victory was chequered by a serious defeat. It was at a time when well nigh every mail brought us tidings of a battle won or a battle lost, that Walter resolved to make his paper first in the field. He sent a courier to Marseilles, who brought the despatches for the *Times* thence. The French Government, jealous of this priority on the part of a private firm, impeded the courier's passage by questioning the correctness of his passport, and other vexatious obstacles, until the Government mail from India had passed on for London. Mr. Andrews well describes how Walter was put on his metal, and how he beat the French Government.

"John Walter determined to open a new route to India. The experiment was tried in October 1845. The *Times* express was sent in the regular mail steamer, which arrived at Suez on October 19th. Here a man on a dromedary awaited it, and dashed across the desert with it, stopping nowhere till he reached Alexandria, where he appeared the very next day. Waghorn, Walter's coadjutor, himself was ready on board an Austrian steamer with the steam up, and was off at eleven o'clock. His projected route lay through Trieste, but he landed at Divino, twelve miles nearer London, and hurried through Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria, with passports already prepared and visèd—reached Mannheim in eighty-four hours, took special steamer to Cologne, and special train, all prepared and waiting for him, to Ostend; was on board a fast special steamer and off for Dover in a few minutes, and, taking the train there, arrived in London at half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 31st, thus performing the distance from Suez to London in ten days and a few hours. Meanwhile, the regular mail, helped on by all the resources of the two greatest nations in the world, who were alive to the rivalry, and exerted their utmost efforts to defeat it, came toiling on, making its way painfully and laboriously for Marseilles. It did not reach Alexandria even—the end of the first stage as it were—till half-past eight on the evening of the 21st, and did not leave till ten o'clock in the morning of the 22nd, or forty-seven hours after Waghorn, unencumbered by the machinery of Government, had been off and away. And before the mail had got to Paris, on its way

to London, the *Times* had made its appearance from London, with a full summary thus expressed of the news which that mail was bringing, and which did not get to London till eleven o'clock on Sunday night. This put the French Government on its metal; and placing fleet steamers and special trains at the service of the courier of the *Morning Herald*, it enabled that journal to publish its news, expressed through Marseilles, forty-eight hours before the *Times* could give its express brought through Trieste. This was a sad blow to the *Times* after all the expense it had gone to, but there was nothing for it but to quote the news from the *Herald*, and make a dash for the next, or December mail. Another Government was now looking on at the struggle with interest. Austria could not but see at once the great advantage to be derived by turning the stream of the traffic from the East through its territory, and accordingly gave its support to the *Times* scheme, and placed a special and powerful steamer at its service, to express its despatches from Alexandria to Trieste. The route was favourable to the *Times* to a remarkable but accidental extent. Fearful storms swept the Mediterranean, and the mail steamer, exposed to their influence, could not make Marseilles, whilst the Austrian steamers, with the *Times* express, went snugly sheltered up the Adriatic, and thus the *Times* was enabled to publish its news an entire fortnight before the mail arrived. But this did not settle the question of the ultimate merits of the two routes; and after a fair trial and a sharp struggle, the Trieste route was abandoned, but we never heard of the *Times* despatches being trifled with afterwards."

During the French Revolution of 1848, the *Times* and some of the other journals kept special steamers for the purpose of bringing over their despatches from France. But a change was at hand. The great London journalists were at the same time to be spared the heavy expenses which they had been incurring, and to lose that pre-eminent prestige which their boundless energy and expenditure had obtained for them. A German Jew was to revolutionise the British press. Julius Reuter, who was born about the year 1815, at first attempted to supply news by an organised pigeon service. But the success of the telegraph between Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin suggested to him the possibility of transmitting intelligence by that agency. As successive railways with their telegraphs were opened, he brought them into his system, and when the cable was laid between England and France in 1851, he, having previously become a naturalised British subject, removed his head-quarters to London. For some years after this he confined himself to the transmission of commercial news, but at length he determined to purvey general political intelligence, and offer it to the English journals. Applying to the *Times* in the first instance, he met with a courteous

refusal to take his news. Mr. Grant states that he was the next journalist waited upon, and that he agreed to give Mr. Reuter a trial for a fortnight, during which time the telegrams were to be supplied without charge. They were found to be satisfactory; but it was not until New Year's Day, 1859, that the enterprising German established his position. It was on that day the Emperor Napoleon made his memorable speech to Baron Hübner, the Austrian ambassador, boding the war in Lombardy, which occurred a few months later. The promptitude with which that speech was telegraphed convinced even the *Times* that its work could be better done by a stranger than by its own *employés*. This tide in his affairs soon bore Mr. Reuter on to fortune. At first his difficulty was to get any papers to take his telegrams, but having persuaded one or two it became necessary for all the rest to follow suit. He then lost no time in extending his system. The American war compelled journalists to order his news, which was telegraphed to Cape Race, in Newfoundland, where it was taken on board by the ocean steamers and borne to Roche's Point, in Ireland, whence it was telegraphed to London. India, China, and Australia were next included. With every addition, Mr. Reuter made a very substantial additional charge, until the amount which began at £360 a year, reached £1,000 a year, and this sum was actually paid by every one of the morning papers. The evening journals were let off with £250 a year, and the country journals, which were supplied by the Electric and International Telegraph Company, paid a much smaller sum than this, Mr. Reuter knowing well that they would not pay after the London tariff. So far as regards the provincial journals, a fresh arrangement has been made. The Press Association, of which we shall have to speak presently, supplies these journals, and pays Mr. (now Baron) Reuter £3,000 a year for the right to do so. The London journals still continue their heavy payments. The Stock Exchange also pays a large sum for commercial news. A very large revenue also accrues from the foreign and colonial papers and bourses, so that Baron Reuter must now be enjoying a handsome income. Mr. Grant estimates it at £25,000.

It is perhaps open to question if Reuter's telegrams are worth the heavy price paid for them by London journalists. In ordinary times Englishmen feel little interest in foreign news. A change of Ministry at Athens or Madrid concerns very few of them. Nor do they care to read the messages which come from that great breeding-ground of canards, Vienna, in order to have the trouble of reading the contradic-

tions on the following morning. In extraordinary times, such as a great Continental war, Reuter's service is very valuable, but is not so complete that the London journals are content with it. During the late war the *Times* and the *Daily News* signalised themselves by the freedom with which they telegraphed special news. Few persons will have forgotten the account of the surrender of Metz which appeared in the latter paper. In such cases as this the actual telegraphing, though no inconsiderable item, must have borne a very small proportion to the total expense incurred in obtaining the information. It must be admitted, however, that with regard to telegraphic information the London journals are far surpassed by those of New York. The events of the Old World are of more interest to the inhabitants of the New, than the events of the new are to the inhabitants of the Old. Thus the New York Associated Press Company has established an agency in London, and transmits a large amount of information every night. The difference in time between England and America enables New York editors to lay upon the breakfast tables of their readers reports of the debates in the British Parliament of the previous night. Recently when the *Times* gave a leader on the Tammany frauds, the whole article was telegraphed, and appeared in the *New York Times* of the same morning. Mr. Grant states that the *New York Herald* has more than once paid £1,000 for a single message. It is probable that sub-Atlantic telegraphing will before long receive a great impetus. Fresh competition will compel a reduction in the present excessive tariff.

The telegraphing of home news has been very much developed of late. Formerly it was considered a remarkable feat of journalism for a London paper to report the next morning two or three columns of a speech delivered at a distant town. Now scarcely a week passes but what this is done even by provincial journals. The old telegraph companies, with all their shortcomings, must be credited with no little energy in this respect. It was they who rendered it possible for provincial daily papers to exist. By their aid news-readers living at Penzance or Aberdeen were able to read soon after breakfast reports of Parliamentary debates which had not terminated till two or three o'clock of the same morning. But with the exception of Parliamentary reports the companies did not undertake to get news. They simply transmitted to the provinces what they found in the late editions of the London evening papers. When the telegraphs were purchased by the Government, newspaper proprietors were told

that they must collect all their news for themselves, for it was manifestly impracticable that a department of the State, more or less subject to party influences, should undertake the responsibility of procuring political information. Some little time before this, Mr. William Saunders, himself largely interested in provincial journals, had established an agency in London for the supply of news to the country papers. A portion of it was sent in stereotyped columns, and a portion was telegraphed. Recently the two departments have been separated, and the first is now carried on by a company under the title of the Central Press, and the other is continued by Mr. Saunders under the title of the Central News. In addition to the agency there was started at the beginning of 1870 the Press Association, which consists of newspaper proprietors, who, having taken so many shares in proportion to the number of days of publication, became entitled to receive such news as they might select from the tariff at a certain fixed price. This association is not carried on with a view to profit. In proportion as its revenues increase through the increase of its subscribers the tariff price will be reduced, or the supply of news will be extended. Not satisfied with these sources of information, some of the leading provincial newspaper proprietors, especially those in Scotland, have a special wire between London and their offices, by which they often send six columns of news every night. This is an expensive arrangement, costing with the editorial staff necessary to obtain the news, and the rent of a London office, not far short of £1,500 a year. But the arrangement is necessary in the case of the journals published north of Newcastle-on-Tyne, inasmuch as they are at too great a distance from London for them to be reached on the same night by the afternoon express trains which convey the London evening papers. This energy on the part of country newspaper proprietors has acquired for provincial journalism an influence which would have been deemed wholly impossible twenty years ago. During the last recess Mr. Gladstone went so far as to say that the provincial journals really represented the opinions of the English people, while the London journals represented only the opinions of the clubs and two or three limited coteries. This was an exaggeration prompted by irritation at the then recent unfavourable strictures of the London journals. Yet it cannot be denied that of late years the power of the provincial press has increased, and that of the London press has diminished, so far as regards the influencing of public opinion. The men of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Plymouth, no

longer wait to see what the London *Times* says before they form their opinion on the topics of the day. The *Times* does not reach Manchester till after noon, nor Plymouth till five o'clock. Long before that time the *Guardian*, the *Examiner*, and the *Courier*, have taught the Whig, Radical, and Tory people of Lancashire what to think; and the *Western Morning News* has delivered an independent judgment upon men and measures for the benefit of Devonians and the Cornishmen. This change is clearly advantageous. Newspaper readers are too much in the habit of surrendering their judgment to their favourite journals. The remedy is homœopathic. Like cures like. There is safety in numbers. The man who reads two penny journals of different sentiments is not likely to be so one-sided as the man who confines himself to the three-penny *Times*. Nor can it be said that the provincial journals are inferior in point of discrimination or style to their London contemporaries. The best country newspapers contain the writing of the most accomplished journalists, who not unfrequently reside in London, and are then at the fountain head of news.

Another important change which has taken place in journalism of late years is the substitution of independent for party political criticism. Not that party journals are extinct, nor are they likely to be. On the contrary, party managers are so much alive to the importance of having the opinions of their section advocated in the press, that very recently a powerful organisation has been established to foster and sustain Conservative journalism. Nor is party journalism without its use. It is a distinct advantage to know what the views of a great party are upon any important question. If it be an understood thing that the *Standard* will always express the opinions of Mr. Disraeli, and the *Daily Telegraph* those of Mr. Gladstone, these journals may be considered as the official *Moniteurs* of the Opposition and Ministerial leaders respectively. In such cases the journalist is as much a professional advocate as though he were a barrister who had received a retaining fee and were called upon to use all his efforts, not on behalf of truth or justice, but on behalf of his client. Yet, manifestly, this is not the highest form of journalism. Just as the judge is above the advocate, so is the independent above the party journalist. It must be confessed, moreover, that party organs do carry their advocacy to extreme lengths. There is something rather injurious to the usual truthfulness of the English character in the writing which can never admit that a political friend has done wrong or a

political opponent has done right. When a policy is approved or condemned, not with reference to its soundness or unsoundness, but with regard to its author, there is a danger of a moral warp or twist. If it were understood and recognised that party journals did not pretend to pass judgment, and that their office was simply to put forward the cases for the two sides respectively, the harm now done would scarcely arise. But party journals, while acting as advocates, claim to be judges; and news-readers, for the most part, read only one side. For this reason it is that the increase of independent journals is a matter for congratulation. There are many men who have not the time to read more than one paper; and it is, therefore, highly important that that paper should be impartial and honest.

One other improvement in journalism may be noted in passing—the introduction of the literary as distinct from the mere news article. Many of the newspapers now publish from time to time sketches of places, and people, and institutions, that would formerly have been confined to the pages of a monthly magazine. These contributions, good in themselves, have in great measure taken the place, not only of the gigantic gooseberry and early strawberry paragraphs, but also of the reports of divorce and other objectionable cases. Journalism, at all events, must be allowed to have improved, if the general morals have not, when we find, instead of the old style of reports which gave in full every disgusting detail of a "crim. con." case, a paper of immense circulation like the *Daily News* giving several columns daily of M. Taine's notes on England, and relegating the "Great Firebrace Divorce Case" to a paragraph of a few lines. At the same time, it is questionable if some of the London journals are not devoting too much of their space to what we may call periodical literature. When the Parliamentary debates are compressed into three or four columns, the reports necessarily become as dry as the reports of Congress in the American papers. Moreover, there is a large number of public bodies in London, each entrusted with the levying and spending of a vast sum of the ratepayers' money, but of whose proceedings no report is published, except in the columns of some purely district paper. If it be said that it is impossible for a newspaper which professes to give the news of the whole world to report the proceedings of vestries and boards of guardians, the reply is that the plea would be more to the purpose if these same journals did not encumber so much of their space with sporting news. To know how

pauperism is progressing, and how it is treated, ought to be as much a matter of interest as the odds on the "Leger," and the number of pigeons massacred at Hurlingham. It is for the journalists who have refused to pander to the ghouls that used to gloat over the moral offal of the Divorce Court to seriously consider if they are not bound to restrain the mania, which they chiefly have stimulated, for racing and its ruinous accompaniment, betting. We are glad to know that the proprietors of the Manchester papers, who have hitherto been the greatest offenders in this respect, have determined to reduce to very small proportions the news of this description, which used to occupy several columns daily. It will be well if metropolitan editors would begin to follow the example of their provincial brethren.

It is a remarkable fact that whereas the number of provincial daily journals has increased from a cypher, in 1854, to 95 in 1872, the number of metropolitan dailies is scarcely, if at all, larger than it was at the beginning of the century. At the present time London has but twenty-one daily papers, a number much less than half that of Paris, which has only about half the population. The cause is to some extent apparent. The Paris journals, though containing but a fourth, and probably much less than a fourth, of the news contained in the smallest London morning journals, are sold at a much higher price. A Paris journal is commercially successful as soon as a comparatively low limit of circulation is passed. It is not so with the London journals. There is not one of them, however largely circulated, which would not soon ruin its proprietors if it had to depend upon the profits derived from circulation. The true source of profit is the advertisements. But these are always most difficult to get. They are the last thing to come, and they are also the last thing to go. Cases might be mentioned in which papers having lost all their circulation have been published solely for the sake of the income accruing from advertisements which advertisers at a distance continued to send to the all but extinct journal At the same time, journals of very large circulation have found it almost impossible to obtain these indispensable favours. Naturally, advertisers are not fond of new journals. Each means an additional tax on his resources—a fresh addition to his business expenses, and he will, therefore, wait to see if the new journal really has a *clientèle* large enough to render it worth his while to address. But "while the grass is growing the steed starves:" while the advertiser is waiting the journalist is being ruined. He had made all his calcula-

tions and arrangements, and they have all been verified and carried out except one. He has got a good literary staff around him; his news is admirably edited; his paper and type are excellent; and his sale fully equals his anticipation. But the advertisements do not come; and hence every day he is sinking a small fortune, which he will never see back again, unless he is prepared to sink a large fortune. If he can hold on long enough, if he can afford to lose thousands where he had expected to lose only hundreds, he will probably succeed. But the risk is tremendous. So many have found it ruinous that it is not surprising if the number of persons willing to incur it is few. It is likely to be fewer. There is still room for a great development of journalism in the provinces, for a provincial reader is content with a sheet that is small enough to allow of a profit to the proprietor. But in London a journalist must start at once with a heavy loss, and the prospect of ultimate gain is always remote.

Mr. Grant, in the least unsatisfactory portion of his *Newspaper Press*, recounts the history of the principal London papers existing or extinct. He is often very inaccurate in his figures, and objectionable in his facts, but we may glean a few incidents of interest which are probably not far from the truth. The *Morning Chronicle* was started in 1769, by William Woodfall, "Memory" Woodfall, as he was called on account of his marvellous faculty for reporting long speeches without taking a word of note. He was the first editor, reporter, and printer of the paper. At that time editing was an easy task. Leading articles were almost unknown, and the sheet being small, there needed but a small supply of "copy" to fill it. James Perry succeeded Woodfall as editor in 1789. He had begun his connection with the newspaper by dropping into the editor's box a manuscript, which was thought worthy of publication. Calling on the editor to beg for employment, he was told that there was none open, but that when he could write articles like the one in that day's paper there might be a chance for him. Having another MS. in his pocket, Perry was able to prove the parentage of the article, and was at once engaged at the magnificent salary of a guinea and a half a week. He worked hard, and steadily improved his position, until he became not only editor, but also part proprietor of the paper. He it was who first brought Parliamentary reporting into a system, by sending shorthand reporters into the House of Commons, who of course were a great improvement upon "Memory" Woodfall. Perry also engaged a good literary staff, some of

whom rose to eminence, though not always through journalism. One of these was John, afterwards Lord Chancellor Campbell, who was a dramatic critic, and who, according to an apocryphal story, told by Mr. Grant, complained that *Romeo and Juliet* was too long, and advised the author to cut it down before it was acted again. Coleridge the poet wrote much for the *Chronicle*, but received very inadequate remuneration. Thomas Campbell contributed poetry to the same paper, and Sir James Mackintosh and McCulloch, the political economist, contributed leaders. Perry died in 1821, and soon after his death the *Chronicle* was bought by Mr. William Clement for £42,000, and the editorship was assumed by Mr. John Black. His heavy writing greatly injured the paper, and brought the circulation down from 3,500 to 1,500 a day. In 1834 Sir John Easthope purchased the paper for £16,500, and under his management, there was a great improvement, not the smallest of which was the appearance in the evening edition of the *Sketches by Boz*. The *Chronicle* having started as a Whig journal, continued to support the Whigs, even in their days of disgrace, when Lord Melbourne's *laisser faire* policy had made them ridiculous, and at length drove them from office. As the *Times* went over to the enemy, the *Chronicle* was more than ever supported by the Whigs, and the paper enjoyed several years of prosperity. But after a while the tide began to turn, and in 1843 Sir John Easthope sold the paper to the Peelites. The clever writing of Mr. Cook (afterwards editor of the *Saturday Review*) could not render popular the organ of so unpopular a party as the High Church followers of Peel then were. Great exertions were made to retrieve the position of the paper in 1851, but the "Exhibition Supplements" only brought further loss, and Mr. Grant reckons that during that year the proprietors found themselves with a deficit of £15,000. In 1854 they sold the paper to Serjeant Glover, who made an arrangement with the Emperor Napoleon to advocate his policy. The Serjeant's part of the agreement was fulfilled far more strictly than the Emperor's. The services were rendered, but the money was not forthcoming to the extent that Mr. Glover expected. He sold the paper to Mr. Stiff, who reduced the price to a penny, but after a few years found that the once famous journal had fallen into such bad repute, that the only thing to do was to terminate its existence. During its last year it caused a loss of £12,000. It survived its ninetieth year.

The *Morning Herald* lived nearly as long. It was born in 1780 and died in 1869. Its originator was a clergyman, the

Rev. Henry Bate, who had quarrelled with the proprietors of the *Morning Post*, and brought out the *Herald* on Liberal principles, in opposition to it. Mr. Bate's living was in Essex, but he resided in London. He was a man about town, defended the debaucheries of the Regent, and got rewarded with a baronetcy. The *Herald* libelled Pitt, who brought an action against the paper, laying the damages at £10,000. He got a verdict, but only £150. The sale of the *Herald* at that time was small. Its position was established by a reporter named Wight, who used to report the police intelligence in such an amusing manner, that there soon came to be a large demand for the journal, and the circulation rose from 1,200 to 3,600. By 1828 the *Herald's* circulation was larger than that of the *Times*. At that period, and until the fall of the Melbourne Ministry, the *Herald* was strictly independent. But after that event it became systematically opposed to the Whigs, and continued to decline in circulation. In 1844 the paper was bought by Mr. Edward Baldwin, who, a little later, was compelled to pass through the Court of Bankruptcy. At the same time the *Standard*, which also belonged to him, was sold. Both papers were bought by Mr. Johnstone. This gentleman had for a long time a very uphill game. He was supported by the Carlton Club, and, strong in that strength, converted the *Standard* into a penny eight-page paper. It was not the first of the penny papers, but it was the first offering the double sheet. Though paper and printing were execrable until the repeal of the paper duty (vehemently opposed by the *Standard* on party grounds), the *Standard* obtained a large circulation. Soon after the duty was taken off the sheet was enlarged still more, and at the present time is, with the exception of the *Times*, the largest paper in London. It is now also a very profitable property. On the other hand the *Herald* being little more than a replica of the *Standard*, and being a smaller sheet, charged at a higher price, rapidly diminished in circulation. But as the same news could be used for both papers, Mr. Johnstone continued to publish the *Herald* so long as the advertisements which he received made it worth his while to do so. When the advertisements ceased, the paper ceased, and quietly dropped out of existence, and almost without observation. Giffard, Alaric Watts, and Maginn, were at various times on the editorial staff of the *Standard*. The first writer was a very strong Conservative, and on one occasion wrote an article which so greatly pleased the Duke of Newcastle (father of the Peelite proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*) that the Duke

sent the lucky editor a cheque for £1,200. This, no doubt, is the largest fee ever paid for an "editorial." The incident shows that even the despotic magnate who exclaimed with regard to the electors of his pocket borough of Newark, "May I not do what I like with my own?" could at least recognise the claims of men who were not "his own." This is more than can always be said of the Duke of Wellington. On one occasion the Iron Duke, when Premier, sent a peremptory message to Dr. Giffard to insert a certain article. The dictatorial mandate aroused the indignation and the self-respect of the outraged editor, and he very properly declined to fulfil the great man's behest, thereby teaching him a useful lesson on the position and the rights of the Fourth Estate.

The *Sun*, which only last year ceased to appear in the ordinary form of a newspaper, had a very chequered career. It was started in 1792 by the younger Pitt. George Rose was the first editor, and of course the paper at that time supported the Tory party. Pitt himself was an occasional contributor to its columns; "Peter Pindar" was a frequent contributor. William Jerdan was for a time editor and part proprietor, but sold his share to John Taylor, the author of *Monsieur Tonson*, and under whose management the *Sun* at first shone more brilliantly than it had done previously This was in 1816, but by 1825 the circulation of the paper had dwindled down to 300 copies daily. It was then purchased by Mr. Murdo Young for a nominal sum, and he displayed immense energy. He caused third editions to be published every evening, containing the latest news up to post time; he went to an immense expense to get early reports of the meetings in favour of Catholic emancipation, which were taking place in all parts of the kingdom, and he instituted a system of rapid delivery of his paper throughout the country by means of vehicles and fast trotting horses, he himself several times driving from London to Glasgow and Edinburgh in thirty hours, and distributing the papers as he went. A large increase in the circulation naturally followed these efforts, and the property bade fair to be most valuable, when an unfortunate dispute arose between Mr. Young and Mr. Patrick Grant, who had become the principal monetary proprietor of the paper. The result was a separation, the starting of the *True Sun* by Mr. Grant in 1832, the loss by him of over £12,000, and his own bankruptcy as the consequence. Mr. Grant's share in the *Sun* was taken by his creditors, and eventually that journal found its way into Chancery. It was sold by an order of the Court to Mr. Charles Kent, a well-

known *littérateur*, and the son-in-law of Mr. Young. He carried it on until last year, and at length the paper ceased to be offered for public sale, but was and still is produced every evening in connection with the Central Press, as "a newspaper for newspaper proprietors," and is sent off by the evening express trains to various newspaper offices in the provinces.

The *Morning Star* had a much shorter life than the *Chronicle*, or the *Sun*, or the *Herald*. It was started in 1856, after the abolition of the stamp duty, and its *raison d'être* was the propagation of the opinions of the Manchester School. But the stars in their courses fought against the *Star*. Within a very few months of its first appearance the party of which it was the organ was temporarily shattered and dispersed by the general election of 1857, on the China war. Mr. Bright lost his seat for Manchester, so did Mr. Milner Gibson, while Mr. Cobden did not venture to stand again for the West Riding, and was defeated even at Huddersfield. Then came the panic of 1858, arising from the threats of the French colonels, and a renewal of the old pugnacious spirit which it was one of the *Star's* main duties to denounce. This was followed by the Reform Bill *fiasco* of 1860, the American civil war, and the long ministerial reign of that most reactionary of so-called Liberals, Lord Palmerston. On all these occasions the *Star* was on one side, and the great majority of the nation on the other. Even when, as years went by, the nation became converted to the opinions of the *Star*, that paper was never popular. Its old reputation for being "un-English" clung to it after its policy had become the recognised English policy. Moreover, its proprietors made a bad bargain in purchasing a paper called the *Dial*, and amalgamating it with the *Star*. The result was that in 1870 the *Star* was discontinued, after its proprietors had lost, as Mr. Grant estimates, £80,000.

The *Morning Post* was established about a hundred years ago. At first it had a troubled life. It had to stand repeated actions for libel, and in one case the large sum of £4,000 was awarded as damages. In 1795 the paper was at such a low ebb, that its circulation was only 350 a day, and the copyright and the plant were sold for £600. The purchaser, Mr. Daniel Stuart, engaged good writers, among them were Coleridge, Mackintosh, and Charles Lamb. It became latterly, so far as politics were concerned, the organ of Lord Palmerston. Socially, it was the organ of fashion. The plebeian reader, who does not possess the *entrée* to Belgravian

drawing-rooms, may feel astonished that any person can be found to read the long lists of names which appear in the *Post* during the season. Yet they are read, and what is more the persons who insert them—the givers of fashionable entertainments—pay sometimes as much as seven guineas for the insertion of one of these lists.

The *Times* first appeared under that name in 1788. The same paper had been published for three years previously with the cumbersome title of *Daily Universal Register*. Mr. Walter, the founder of the paper, explained that his reason for making the change was the inconvenience of having so long a title. The second John Walter, who became sole manager in 1803, determined to adopt an independent course in politics, and when Lord Melville's conduct at the Admiralty began to excite public comment, the *Times* censured the Minister. In revenge the Minister deprived him of a lucrative printing contract, which had been held by his father and by himself for many years. Nor was this all; the despatches sent from abroad during the great war and destined for the *Times* were delayed by the Government, while other newspaper despatches were allowed to be transmitted. These unworthy proceedings were exposed in the *Times*, and probably the exposure did that journal as much good as the detention did harm. In 1815 the circulation of the *Times* was about 5,000, it is now not far short of 70,000. About half the number of these copies are taken by one purchaser, Mr. W. H. Smith, the Member for Westminster, who distributes them throughout the kingdom. Though the selling price to the public is threepence, the *Times* is so large a journal, and the paper upon which it is printed is so costly, that there can be only a very small profit on the circulation. The splendid revenue which the proprietors enjoy, is derived mainly from the advertisements, which are so numerous that no other paper in the world will compare with it. During the railway mania of 1845 the *Times* received one week £6,687 for advertisements. As the average charge for advertisements in that journal is now about twenty guineas, the revenue from this source must be between three and four hundred thousand a year. The *Daily Telegraph*, though started sixty-seven years after the *Times*, has attained a circulation of about double the number of copies. It was at first published as a twopenny paper, and fared so badly that it was offered to the proprietor of a high-priced journal for £500. The offer was rejected; the high-priced journal has ceased to exist, the journal which was then in the lowest depths has become a splendid property.

How far the public taste has been improved, or the public knowledge has been increased, by the style of writing which this journal affects, may be open to doubt. How far the simultaneous publication of hysterical articles directed against a scandalous trade and of advertisements announcing the trade is consistent with sincerity, we are not called upon to say, but we may express our dismay at the possibility of the arrival of a period when the leaders of the *Daily Telegraph* will be deemed models of English style.

If large fortunes have been made in journalism large fortunes have been lost. We have mentioned the names and traced the histories of several newspapers which have become extinct; but there is one journal which has emptied the pockets of its proprietors two or three times over, and the total loss in ten years having, according to Mr. Grant, been nearly £200,000, the paper has, at last, become established as not only an influential journal, that it was almost from the first, but also as a remunerative property. The position now attained by the *Daily News* is due chiefly to the energy displayed by its present conductors during the Franco-German war and the second siege of Paris. In promptitude and fulness of intelligence it surpassed all its contemporaries, and the result was an increase of one hundred per cent. in the circulation. During the American war the *Daily News* advocated what was then the unpopular side, and was nearly ruined by doing so. Many changes in the price of the journal indicated how hard the proprietors were driven. At length the price was finally reduced to one penny, a change which probably hastened the downfall of the *Star*.

The evening papers have necessarily not the same career as those published in the morning. The oldest by far is the *Globe*. It was started by the London publishers in opposition to the *Morning Post*, because they found that the advertisements which were sent to the latter paper were often postponed for a week or ten days to the injury of their business. At the same time the publishers started a morning paper, the *British Press*, which soon came to an end. The *Globe* became a valuable property, and remained so for many years. It was the accredited organ of the Whigs, and thus often contained special information of importance. Its most famous literary contributor was "Father Prout." About four years ago, the paper having then sunk to a low ebb, was bought by several gentlemen connected with the Conservative party, of whom Sir Stafford Northcote is reputed to be one. A little later the price was reduced to one penny, and the paper is

now conducted with considerable energy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was started seven years ago. Its career is so well-known that there is no need to detail it. For the first five months of 1870, it was published as a morning paper, and there is no exaggeration in saying that that was the finest journal ever produced. To have mastered its contents was "a liberal education." But it was too good for the multitude. A popular taste depraved by the tawdry tinsel of the *Telegraph* could not appreciate the scholarly writing of the "paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen," and the result was that the experiment had to be discontinued, and the old size and the old time of publication had to be resumed. The most recent of the London journals, the *Echo*, has succeeded in proving that even a halfpenny newspaper may be the source of a large income to its proprietors. Success in this case has been thoroughly deserved, for the tone of the writing is very high. In fact, cheap journalism has for the most part in London, and all but universally in the provinces, falsified the prophecies of those who advocated the retention of the "taxes on knowledge" on the plea that a cheap press would be a licentious press. Viewed from the moralist's standpoint, the *Daily News* and the *Echo* stand at least as high as the *Times*, and the first of these papers has shown a consistent adherence to principles through good report and evil report to which the third lays no claim. On the whole it may be said that British journalism is an institution of which Englishmen may be proud. Whether we look at the press as it is represented in London by the daily journals, or by such weekly journals as the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, or as it is represented in the provinces by the numerous daily journals published between Plymouth and Aberdeen, Norwich and Cork, we may fairly challenge the whole world to compete with it, not indeed in energy and lavish expenditure, for in that the British is surpassed by American journalism, but in vigour of style and loftiness of aim.

ART. V.—*The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley: including various Additional Pieces from MS. and other Sources.* The Text carefully revised, with Notes and a Memoir, by W. M. ROSSETTI. Two Vols. London: E. Moxon, Son, and Co. 1870.

DURING his life, and for some years after, the idea which most people entertained of Shelley was the reverse of flattering or attractive. They thought of him as an avowed and zealous Atheist, bent on reforming society from its foundations on the principles of the French Revolution; raving against law, religion, and custom; and pouring out rebellion and immorality, not untinged with blasphemy, in a torrent of strange, fantastic, and hardly intelligible verse. In fact, they regarded him as a sort of poetic Robespierre, with a strong dash of sensuality in his constitution. This idea was, in the main, taken from the reviews of the day, which, with very few exceptions, were intensely hostile to the poet; and it seemed to find support in what was generally known of his poetry and his life. Of the former, indeed, with the exception of *Queen Mab*—the crudest and most objectionable of all his poems—very little was read by the public, save the scraps with which the reviewers pointed their criticisms; for, unlike much of Byron's, it was not of the sort to charm the common run of minds, and lead them to condone the noxious principles it contains. And, as to the latter, it must be admitted that the facts with which the public was acquainted were not such as were calculated to make a favourable impression. It was known that he had been expelled from Oxford for advocating Atheism; that he was discarded by his family for his revolutionary sentiments; that he had separated from his first wife, who, in consequence (so it was said) of his ill-treatment, committed suicide; that he then married the daughter of those notorious free-thinkers William Godwin and Mary Wolstonecraft, with whom he had been living for some time previously; that, on account of his professed principles, he had been deprived by legal judgment of the guardianship of his children; and that, while abroad, he was much in the company of Byron. Certainly, appear-

ances were strongly against him. Besides all this, scandalous stories were whispered about, and readily believed. Few had the means of testing these reports, and fewer still cared to do so. Thus, Shelley rested under the ban of public opinion, as a man of unquestionably bad principles. His evidently sincere, practical devotion to his notions about reforming society, some were charitable enough to account for on the supposition of partial insanity. Such, in the main, was the idea which, in the mind of the public, for a long time represented the poet Shelley. That this idea was neither complete nor exactly correct, no reader of Shelley literature in this day needs to be told. The poet had not many friends to begin with, and the number lessened as his ill-fame increased. Few would covet the acquaintance of a man of whom the best thing to be said was, that he was somewhat mad. Some of his friends, however, did what they could to make the public understand him better; but, for a long time, in vain. Even Byron's associates, sharing the prevailing opinion, shrank from Shelley, and sought to break off their hero from a companionship which they affected to consider might be detrimental to him.

But Byron, who was a good judge of men, and by no means blind to, or silent about, the faults of his friends, told his careful monitors how entirely mistaken they were about Shelley. Indeed, Shelley's character and abilities seem to have impressed that proud and unscrupulous man with an almost affectionate respect, such as it does not appear that he honoured many of his acquaintance with.

The fact was, very few people understood Shelley, or were able to understand him. He possessed an individuality strongly marked and unique. Indeed, in his case, it almost seems as if a spirit of another order than ours, instead of coming to consciousness in its own proper sphere, had, by some strange chance, found itself an inhabitant of earth. Delicate, etherial, full of energy, trembling with excess of sensibility, this spirit, in the person of our poet, looked forth forlornly upon this human world, with its cherished beliefs and ways, as upon something strange and uncongenial. Shelley could not accommodate himself with the unconscious naturalness of most men to the mental and social habits which prevailed around him. He seemed to look at all human affairs from the outside—not as being necessarily concerned with them. Conventionality of opinion or sentiment was impossible to him. Of this peculiarity of mind he himself was not fully conscious. Others perceived it more

than he; but few were disposed to tolerate it. The world looks with suspicion on those who, in any respect, are not of it. He could scarcely have appeared in any modern period less inclined to treat with fairness and forbearance a man of his tendencies than that of the first two or three decades of this century. Before the French Revolution, he would have been complacently smiled at and gossiped about as a poetical enthusiast mad about a metaphysical nostrum for setting the world to rights. In our own day, he would be regarded with seriousness and discrimination.

But in that period of Conservative reaction which followed the events of 1793, when Church and State were trying, with ignorant zeal, to stamp out the beginnings of that great movement against class privileges and monopolies which has been making such progress of late years, he was little likely to meet with any approach to tolerance or fair consideration. The advancing intelligence and diminished prejudice of the past few years have been gradually increasing the number of Shelley's readers; while the publication of the details of the poet's life by competent witnesses has largely tended to clear his fame. We are now in possession of nearly all the materials for forming a judgment as to Shelley that we are ever likely to obtain. There are still one or two passages of his life which require clearing up—notably, that of his separation from his first wife. Concerning this, especially, notwithstanding all that has been written, we must wait till time has removed the hindrance to the publication of those authentic documents to which Lady Shelley alludes. (*Shelley's Memorials*, p. 65.) It greatly enhances the value of this edition of Shelley, that it contains a short and well-written memoir of the poet by the editor, as well as those beautiful biographical notes with which Mrs. Shelley enriched her collected edition of her husband's works. The memoir is sufficiently full to contain a reference to all the leading events of the poet's history, and some discussion of particular points; but its materials being drawn from published authorities familiar to every student of Shelley, it adds nothing to our knowledge of his life. The editor's high opinion of the poet, which he sometimes expresses in terms ridiculously extravagant, does not, however, prevent his handling his opinions with fairness and considerable freedom. No poetry has greater need than Shelley's of the reader's knowledge of the poet's life and character. It is not our purpose to discuss the details of a history becoming every year more widely known; we shall confine ourselves to an attempt to show what sort

of man he really was, and to state and illustrate the characteristics of his poetry.

Shelley, as he was seen in 1822—the thirtieth and last year of his life—was a tall, slim man, with high and slightly stooping shoulders; a small head, covered with wavy brown hair streaked with gray; a fair complexion; eyes full and clear; features almost feminine in their delicacy; and a countenance expressive, resolved, and, when excited, bright with an almost preternatural intelligence. He was not fond of ordinary company, preferring to brood over his own imaginings in the deep shade of woods, or, better still, reclining in a boat, to float idly down some quiet stream. But society that was quite congenial he thoroughly enjoyed, and by his frankness, gentleness, animation, and unusual conversational power he attracted and charmed all present. Shelley suffered much from ill-health. He was of consumptive habit, and was, besides, afflicted with some occult disorder, which occasioned him at times severe paroxysms of pain, from which, at one period, he sought relief in a free use of opium. In all probability his life was lengthened by hurrying away from the damp and changeful climate of England to the more genial air of Italy. But it has been thought that even there his constitution must ere long have given way to the frequent attacks of disease. Add to this the severe troubles and anxieties of his life, and we can imagine what must have been the usual condition of the mind and nerves of a being of such extraordinary natural sensibility as Shelley. Many things, which would have made only a slight and passing impression upon others, impressed him with a clearness and intensity almost torturing. Things strange, mysterious, or horrible, especially, seemed completely to possess and fascinate him. His vivid imagination realised them with appalling distinctness; and, sometimes throwing them into new forms, and, so to speak, projecting them from himself, he became the terrified victim of his own delusions.

Thus in 1815, when, in writing a *Catalogue of the Phenomena of Dreams*, &c., he came to mention a country view near Oxford, which, though he had never actually beheld it before, he at once recognised as having seen in some dream, he abruptly closed with the words, "Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror." Mrs. Shelley adds, "I remember well his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the painful emotions it excited." Again, during his first visit to Italy, he was on one occasion in the company of Polidori, Lewis, and Byron,

and the latter had just repeated those lines in *Christabel* about the witch's breast, when Shelley, suddenly shrieking, ran out of the room. They threw water in his face, and gave him ether. He was looking at Mrs. Shelley, and thought of a woman he had heard of, who had eyes in her breast; and was seized with a fit of horror. Again, a few weeks before his death, when walking with his friend Williams one moonlight evening by the sea, he suddenly stopped, and stared hard at the surf, exclaiming, "There it is again, there!" declaring that he distinctly saw a naked child rise from the sea and clap its hands as if in joy, smiling at him. To delusions resulting from his highly-wrought nervous temperament, many are inclined to attribute certain mysterious circumstances, of the reality of which, however, Shelley himself was fully persuaded: such as the midnight struggle with a burglar at Tanyralt; the visit of the beautiful and titled lady who followed him from England to Italy, and wished to devote herself and her fortune to him; his being knocked down at an Italian post-office by an Englishman, on the said Englishman learning that he was "that —— atheist, Shelley;" and his being visited one evening by a cloaked figure which disclosed to his astonished gaze his own features, and vanished after uttering the words "soddisfatto," leaving him screaming with fright and horror.

Shelley had a generous disposition and a deep sympathy with suffering. When cases of distress were before him, he would relieve them at whatever cost to himself, and with a want of consideration as to ways and means which must sometimes have led to embarrassments. Besides largely helping some of his needy friends out of his at one time rather scanty income, he befriended the neighbouring poor both by gifts of money and in other ways; even, at one time, walking a London hospital that he might more efficiently assist them in sickness.

But one of his strongest characteristics was an intense love of liberty. The sight of oppression and wrong would arouse him to almost uncontrollable indignation. While at Eton he rebelled against the fagging system; and, amid the tyranny and selfishness which prevailed there, he formed the purpose to devote his life to the cause of freedom. Passing from Eton to Oxford, he found a state of things not much calculated to gain the respect or confidence of an ardent, independent youth of free-thinking tendencies, or to win him to the path of evangelical belief and practice. Religion was little else than a formal orthodoxy; learning, a mere road to place and

wealth; and the Church, a venerable form, rich and idle, only roused to exertion when the rising tide of popular intelligence seemed to threaten her exclusive privileges. We can hardly wonder that Shelley's sympathies turned away from all this, and ran all the more strongly in the direction in which the circumstances of his school life had already determined them. His reading followed the lead of his sympathies. He soon mastered the sceptical works of the day; and, to his ardent and untrained mind, they seemed so convincing, that he thought it was only necessary to bring their arguments properly before men, to ensure their being received; and that then would follow the downfall of the whole system of political and religious tyranny, and the jubilee of the world's deliverance would come. Filled with these thoughts, he became an indefatigable propagator of infidel opinions. His endeavours in this direction culminated in a pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism*, which led to his expulsion from the University in March 1811. One cannot be surprised at this, however much one may regret that, for the credit of the University at least, milder measures were not first tried. Not that there was much probability that all the Dons in Oxford could have convinced the juvenile enthusiast that his opinions were wrong.

And here we may remark, that Shelley was singularly deficient in reverence. Things sacred in themselves, or venerable from association, excited in him no corresponding emotion, and, similarly, he seems to have had no special regard for less important conventionalities; yet his spirit and manners were those of a true gentleman. But the light esteem in which he held the authority of social opinion and usage was rather the result of a peculiarity of his own mind, than the mere application of a theory. Hence, he gave others credit for as little regard for these things as he himself had, and it came upon him like a discovery, and one which he could not understand, that his views and conduct, where they differed, even totally, from those of the generality, were likely to appear objectionable. His mind was of Gallic, rather than Teutonic, type; impenetrable in intense individuality, incapable of fairly taking in and appreciating the views and feelings of others. It was keen and strong, but not broad and comprehensive. The logical and critical power was far greater than the philosophical. Upon whatever subject interested him he brought to bear an intellect of lightning-like swiftness and force. It must be added, however, that he took no more than a transient and

superficial interest in any subjects which were not connected, in some way or other, with those to which he had been early determined. On these he felt with the emotion of a most ardent nature. His views, in consequence, were narrow, and vitiated by passion. He read much, but it was along the line of his predilections. His reading was made up, for the most part, of poetry, fiction, and a little metaphysics. Of books which deal with Nature, and also of those which deal with actual human affairs, and especially of those which were antagonistic to his favourite theories, he seems to have read few or none. History he ignored as a tissue of lies; newspapers disgusted him with their party spirit and unfairness; so that, cut off as he was at the same time from general society by the circumstances of his life, he really knew very little of the world, for which, nevertheless, he felt much. He saw, or thought he saw, a generally unhappy condition of things. He himself had suffered much; and as his own sufferings had resulted (so he considered) from the artificial and irrational systems—social, religious, and political—which prevailed, he concluded that the sufferings of the masses generally arose from the same cause. And this was just the theory of the infidel agitators of that day. With all his soul, Shelley accepted this mode of accounting for the ills under which mankind are labouring from age to age, and never afterwards questioned it. Law, government, and religion, in their then existing forms, became his abhorrence. To him, the masses of men were objects of deep pity. They seemed crushed by evils which they were too ignorant or too terrified to remove. To his passion-wrought imagination, kings were gloomy and hypocritical tyrants, whose only aim was to keep themselves and their fawning crowds of courtiers in power and luxury, at the expense of their myriads of toiling subjects; priests were panders of tyranny—black ministers of superstition, flourishing on the terrors of ignorant crowds; custom was an elaborate system of slavery which society had contrived for itself, and in which all the genial impulses of nature were cramped and distorted. Religion, too, belonged to the same evil category. In the existence of God as the Personal Creator and Governor of the universe and the Author of Revelation, he had no belief whatever. It seemed to him that those who held this belief ascribed to the Deity attributes and actions which could only belong to an almighty tyrant, selfish, cold, and cruel. He did not believe that such a being existed, and vented in the boldest terms his scorn and hatred of the idea of such a God. His own

views on the existence and nature of Deity, and on the immortality of the soul, if indeed he had any settled views at all on these subjects, are very difficult to define. In his *Queen Mab* days he seems to have been passing through a phase of French materialism. But this did not last long. For several years before his death he seems to have adopted the views of that father of modern Pantheism, Spinoza. Yet there are indications that he had not completely adopted *that*, or any other of the metaphysical systems then known; that he had not yet found a way to harmonise all the facts of consciousness to his own satisfaction. In two or three places he speaks in the language of Theism; but, probably, the nearest approach he made to a belief in a Personal God was the notion of a vast and all-informing mind, of which individual minds of all orders are but partial and temporary determinations. Sometimes he speaks of an all-pervading spirit of beauty and love, which, with plastic stress, is ever urging the universe, with unresting force of necessity, from change to change, towards some far distant goal of ideal perfectness. Sometimes, as in the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, and in the *Adonais*, he makes this same mysterious power the revealer of all that is beautiful and glad to thought and sense; visiting the world and the heart of man with gleams of awful loveliness and joy, silent prophecies of that which Hope says shall one day be universal and abiding. But Shelley was a poet, and not a metaphysician—a poet, and one whose genius was the most ethereal and Protean of the tribe; it might as well be attempted to bottle the shifting splendours of sunset as to reduce to definite forms the super-subtle idealism which pervades his poetry. From among the less prominent of the passages which might be quoted as illustrating the points now referred to, take the following from the charming *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*:—

"Noon descends around me now,
'Tis the noon of Autumn's glow;
When a soft and purple mist,
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvèd star,
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of Heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant Frost has trodden

With his morning-wingèd feet
Whose bright print is gleaming yet
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Appenine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,—
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky:
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from Heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe."

Or, take this from the unfinished poem to his Genius:—

"Alas! what are we? Clouds
Driven by the wind in warring multitudes;
Which rain into the bosom of the earth,
And rise again, and in our death and birth,
And through our restless life, take as from Heaven
Hues which are not our own, but which are given,
And then withdrawn, and with inconstant glance
Flash from the spirit to the countenance.
There is a power, a love, a joy, a god,
Which makes in mortal hearts its brief abode;
A Pythian exhalation, which inspires
Love, only love."

Shelley's opinions and sentiments both as to nature and humanity took shape, undoubtedly, under the influence of a real, though somewhat unsettled Pantheism. He consistently sank morality in necessity, making moral evil to be a mere passing error or transient disease; and placing man's peace and progress in the knowledge of Nature, and in unfettered obedience to her laws. Like most modern infidels, he regarded our Saviour as a great and good man; but the whole scheme of doctrinal Christianity as a compound of delusion and

fraud. That which in Christianity excited his aversion was not really Christianity at all, but certain false notions as to what it was, which he had picked up partly from infidel books, and partly from popular representations of it, which representations, in their coarseness, their want of feeling, and their dogmatic vagueness, are too often, to the cultured at least, mere scaring misrepresentations. It is to be feared that Shelley never got to see Christianity itself, in its own form, simple, rational, Divinely beautiful,—as it appears to those who combine honest thought with deep humility. Unable to receive Christianity as he found it, he formed a theory of what it must be, and then made such a selection of its facts and doctrines as seemed to support that theory. He appears never fairly to have examined the grounds of the Christian faith, and never to have questioned the validity of his own impressions and judgments about it. The result was, that in his denunciation of Christianity he was but raving against the creature of his own imagination.

Shelley believed that in men themselves resided the cure of all their ills. They were to refuse any longer to be bound by the "icy chains of custom;" they were quietly, but resolutely, to throw off the whole complex and worn-out system in which they found themselves from birth entangled; and to be guided solely by Nature and the spirit of universal benevolence. He pleased himself with bright imaginings of what the world would be when men should have adopted these views; and, that they would eventually adopt them, he never for a moment doubted. In his earlier life his confidence on this point was unbounded, and he thought the time was come. So sincere were his convictions, and so desirous was he of bringing all to his views, that he was prepared to brave anything, and to make any sacrifice. Indeed, the privations and obloquy which he endured would have sufficed to reduce most young enthusiasts to silence, if not to reason. No one familiar with the story of Shelley's life can fail to admire his courage and devotion to his convictions, however much he may deplore his errors. As time went on, and the vastness of the task and his own insufficiency began to dawn upon him, he gradually lost his confident hopefulness of success as a social reformer; and, instead of trying to convince the many, he endeavoured henceforth to influence the few.

Shelley was a child when the great French Revolution roused Europe from the sleep of centuries. He began his career as a poet when the memory of that mighty shock was still fresh in men's minds. With such a mental constitution

as he had, and with such a training, or, rather, no training, as fell to his lot, it was all but inevitable that the spirit of that Revolution should find in him a congenial home. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others, who welcomed it when first it sprang forth in beauty and strength from the wreck of dissolving Feudalism, had turned away in horror when they saw the anarchy and blood which marked its steps. Shelley, with a truer instinct, distinguished the Revolution itself from its sad accompaniments. He divined its mission, and foresaw its ultimate triumph. While to many its spirit was but a passing inspiration, to him it was the breath of life. It is scarcely necessary to remind thoughtful observers of the course of events, that the force of what may be called the great modern revolutionary movement is not spent. Checked for a time, it quietly gathers strength, until it breaks a way for itself—sometimes suddenly and with overwhelming violence, sometimes in quietness—obliterating and redistributing the old, revealing the new, and gradually changing the face of things. It is at these epochs of change that Shelley's poetry seems to possess a remarkable significance and an almost prophetic force.

Shelley was, above all things, a poet. His exquisitely attuned nature vibrated, in most harmonious response, to every passing breath of poetic impulse. But, unfortunately, he had become so much absorbed by a sense of the ills of mankind, and by the belief that he knew the cure for those ills, that he lost sight of his true vocation as a poet in the endeavour to make poetry the vehicle of his views as a social reformer; and thus, the poetic sensibility and creative energy which might have given us delightful representations of Nature, and powerfully drawn dramatic situations of human life, were possessed and rapt away by an all-dominating desire to reform the world. He seldom wrote poetry for its own sake, and merely as an artist. He might have done so had he lived longer. There are indications of a probable change in this respect, in the *Cenci*, and in the unfinished drama of *Charles the First;* though we must confess to an increasing doubt whether Shelley, had he lived, would have ever thoroughly broken away from those peculiar aims and methods for which he had such strong predilections, and to which he had been so early determined.

Shelley's poetry never has been, and never will be, popular. Those only can enjoy it who, with full understanding of the poet himself, and knowledge of his life, can discern the real amid the apparent. One must be able, with the wise tole-

rance of true culture, to endure the presence of the clouds and mists, while watching the eagle soul as it battles its stormy way, blindly, but with steadfast purpose, towards the still veiled sun of truth and love. Shelley had fewer readers than even, at first, Wordsworth had. And no wonder; for, the opponents of the latter objected only to the art principles, but those of the former, chiefly to the moral principles. Not that there would have been much objection expressed even to such moral opinions as Shelley's, had they been more covertly conveyed, and served up with a strong seasoning of humour, cynicism, or downright sensuality. Unbelief and immorality in art, provided they be in forms sufficiently humorous and realistic, are readily tolerated, and even popular; while plainly stated unbelief in the recognised doctrine and moral code, are reprobated with horror. Thus, with the multitude, Byron becomes an idol; Shelley, a bugbear.

Byron and Shelley were friends. They became acquainted in 1816, during the second trip of the latter to the Continent. They had passed through somewhat similar experiences: they held similar political views: both were self-exiled from society: both sought solace in poetry;—but there the resemblance ceases. Byron's poetry was immensely popular; Shelley's fell still-born from the press: Byron counted readers by thousands; Shelley by units. The causes of this difference are not far to seek. The principal poetic characters of both are projections of their authors' own selves. But while, in Shelley, this fact is accompanied by an almost total unconsciousness of self; in Byron, it is marked by a sort of stagy self-consciousness. Byron never forgot his audience or himself: Shelley often forgot both. Byron thought of the artistic and sensational effect; Shelley, mainly, of the moral effect. Byron looked for admirers; Shelley, for sympathisers and converts. If Byron sometimes shocked the convictions and prejudices of his readers, he knew how to appeal to their passions and sensibilities. Byron was a true son of the earth: there was little of the ethereal about him. His brilliant genius became blind and fatuous the moment it transcended the bounds of ordinary human motive and experience. His own proper conceptions and style were thoroughly realistic. If the characters of his poems give us the impression of being actors rather than originals, there is generally, in his best poems at least, an air of humanity and probability about them and their doings, which excites a sympathetic interest. In fact, that part of his poetry in which Byron seems most him-

self, is instinct with a strong, passionate, flesh and blood naturalness. Shelley's poetry, on the contrary, bears witness to the fact that, in him, the animal nature, never very vigorous, was altogether dominated by the intense and spontaneous activity of his intellect. Ideas thronged upon and possessed him. But they all obeyed the spell of one ruling idea, that of universal liberty, and subserved one ruling purpose, that of exalting, illustrating, and setting it forth. The bulk of his poetry consists of subtle and beautiful variations on the same great theme. The personages of Shelley's poems are too abstract and shadowy to produce the effect which their author intended. They are less persons than personifications, with a filmy investiture of personal qualities barely sufficient for cognition, and quite insufficient to call forth the interest which genuine humanity always excites. His Laons and Cythnas, and other "beautiful idealisms of moral excellence," are as incapable of exerting a genial quickening influence on the moral nature, even of the "more select classes of poetical readers," * as moonlight is of vivifying the bosom of the earth. We see their forms, delicately beautiful, instinct with intensest passion: we look on at their adventures, so stirring and strange; but all seems as unsubstantial as a dream, and we feel as if gazing down upon the persons and doings of some strange and shadow-haunted world.

To these ethereal personages the scenes and landscapes of the poems correspond. These are ideal combinations of the most striking and poetical elements of external Nature. They are intensely vivid and coherent, full of power and beauty, and rich in delicate and harmonious colouring. Shelley had a deep, subtle, absorbing sympathy with Nature in all her forms and moods. His mind seemed to hover like an unbodied spirit over the world. When he speaks, we listen as if to some Ariel, who has swept along on every wind, wrapped himself in the grey mists that steal through quiet vales, haunted mountain and lake, desert and forest, and all the shores and depths of ocean, now hanging with the dragon-fly over shady flower-fringed pools, now flitting with the bees through odorous woods, now soaring with the eagle over icy wildernesses, bathing in the golden light of morning, revelling in the soft splendours of sunset, till all forms and colours, sights and sounds, have made their lasting image in his sympathetic mind; till he seemed one with Nature: her smiles, her

* Vide Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*.

tears, her lights, her glooms, all his own; inseparably part of himself, inextricably blended with the rushing current of poetic feeling and thought. Yet, beautiful as they are, one can no more feel quite at home in Shelley's ideal scenes than with his ideal persons. They strike one at first with a sense of something weird and strange. The only way to enjoy them is to get accustomed to them, to steep one's mind in the Shelleian atmosphere, to live for a while in the Shelleian world, which, by the way, is far enough from being "the world of all of us." Here and there, however, we find little pieces of real nature, described with life-like truthfulness, and touched with the magic of deep poetic feeling. Take, for instance, the description of the ride along the shore, in the opening of the poem called *Julian and Maddalo*; or the following sunset scene from the same poem:—

> "As those who pause on some delightful way,
> Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
> Looking upon the evening, and the flood
> Which lay between the city and the shore,
> Paved with the image of the sky. The hoar
> And aëry Alps, towards the north, appeared
> Through mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
> Between the east and west; and half the sky
> Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
> Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
> Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
> Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
> Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
> Among the many-folded hills. They were
> Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
> As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,
> The likeness of a clump of peaked isles.
> And then, as if the earth and sea had been
> Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
> Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
> Around the vaporous sun; from which there came
> The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
> Their very peaks transparent."

Similar pleasant bits of realism we have in the *Boat on the Serchio*, and in the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, a poem remarkable for its wide diversity from the poet's ordinary style, full of a certain joyous *abandon*, merry minuteness of descriptive detail, and off-hand sketches of character. One thing very remarkable about Shelley's poetic faculty was its versatility.

It was exerted with almost equal mastery and success in all forms of composition. His poetry ranges through all degrees, from the most abstrusely ideal to the simply descriptive. But it is in those poems in which the ideal element prevails, that he is most himself. In them he seems to breathe his native air, and to exult in perfect freedom and in exuberance of imaginative vitality. To this class of poems belong *Queen Mab*, *Alastor*, the *Revolt of Islam*, and, notably, *Prometheus Unbound*, the *Sensitive Plant*, the *Witch of Atlas*, and that splendid fragment, the *Triumph of Life*.

Of the *Queen Mab*, little needs be said. It was written in Shelley's nineteenth year, and piratically published, to his great regret and the exceeding damage of his reputation. There is a good deal of mere juvenile screaming in it; yet, on the whole, it is a wonderful production for a mere boy. Its chief interest, however, lies in the fact that it is his earliest poem of any merit, and the first bearing the stamp of those decided peculiarities of matter and form which reappear so often, with various modifications, in his subsequent poems—the first poem in which we discern the true Shelley. On this account, and because it has become so widely known, it could not well be excluded (much as many of his greatest admirers must wish it) from a complete edition of his works. Certainly it adds nothing material to the fame of the *poet*, while, by its egotism, crudities, and blasphemies, it cannot but create an unfavourable impression against the *man*. Had Shelley written nothing else, he might have found his highest desert in a brief notice in some future natural history of poets. Here it is, however, and we must read it with all due allowance for the author's youth, circumstances, and peculiar turn of mind. The form of the poem is simple, and thoroughly Shelleian. The spirit of a sleeping maiden is drawn forth from its beautiful tenement by the spell of the Fairy Queen. They speed away in a car drawn by celestial coursers, and reach the home of the spirit, whence they look down over the maze of worlds. Here the fairy, assisted by the phantom of Ahasuerus, declaims abundant Shelleyism, in verse always melodious, and occasionally beautiful and strong. We note a great advance in the poem called *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*. Here a youth wanders ever on through scenes wild and strange and beautiful, seeking his soul's ideal, till, worn out with the vain pursuit, he dies. In this poem we have a projection of Shelley's own soul. It seems to lie bare before us, with its delicate and restless sensibilities, its painful yearning after the fellowship

of some dimly-imagined ideal perfection, and its passionate worship of the solemn majesty of Nature. Vague and unreal as is the subject matter of this poem, it yet possesses a peculiar charm; and, as we read, we feel upon us a spell-like influence as of something vast and lovely and sad.

The *Revolt of Islam* was Shelley's first really great effort. It is an ideal representation of the mortal struggle of freedom and despotism. The poem abounds in incident, in marvellous imagery, and in scenes of horror; and is full of pathos and tragic earnestness. It is original in conception and brilliantly imaginative. It is a long-sustained melodious rhapsody. It holds about the same relation to anything actual or probable among men, as one of those gorgeous cloud-land scenes which sunset sometimes paints does to the real landscape; or, rather, it is like a wild and wonderful dream, in which the strange and the familiar, the lovely and the horrible, fire, famine, and slaughter, calm and passion, the natural and the supernatural, this world and the next, seem to blend in a many-hued phantasmagoria, to which one dominant idea gives general unity and completeness. But it is not till we come to the *Prometheus Unbound* that we see the poet in all his strength. He is still dealing with his favourite theme, and in his own inimitable way. Prometheus—the poet's ideal personification of humanity—lies chained on the icy ridges of Caucasus, defying Jupiter,—the idealised principle of whatever in the form of religion, government, or custom, represses and circumscribes the natural expression of enlightened human thought and desire. He lies there, sustaining himself under his agonies with the knowledge that, sooner or later, Fate will bring the hour which shall dethrone the tyrant and restore liberty to himself and the world. No description can give an adequate notion of the splendid diction, the rhythmic energy, the subtle meanings, the pathos and the ecstasy of this poem. The poet, like some mighty enchanter, bears us away into a magic world, all his own. Around us lie scenes of ideal awfulness and grandeur; and spirit forms flit to and fro, and spirit voices fill the air with music. Shelley's poetry is the most difficult of all to quote from; for its virtue does not lie in distinct and gem-like parts easily separable from the whole; but is rather a subtle intellectual essence diffused through it like light and odour. Yet we cannot forbear relieving our page with an extract or two from this most characteristic poem. The following is the description of the fall of Jupiter beneath the power of Destiny:—

"*Ocean.* He fell, thou say'st, beneath his conqueror's frown?
Apollo. Ay, when the strife was ended which made dim
The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars,
The terror of his eye illumined Heaven
With sanguine light, through the thick ragged skirts
Of the victorious darkness, as he fell:
Like the last glare of day's red agony
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.
Ocean. He sunk to the abyss? to the dark void?
Apollo. An eagle so, caught in some bursting cloud,
On Caucasus; his thunder-baffled wings
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes,
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blinded
By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length
Prone, and the aërial ice clings over it."

The following is from the fourth act:—

"*Panthea.* But see where, through two openings in the forest
Which hanging branches over-canopy,
And where two runnels of a rivulet
Between the close moss, violet-inwoven,
Have made their path of melody (like sisters
Who part with sighs that they may meet in smiles,
Turning their dear disunion to an isle
Of lovely grief, a wold of sweet sad thoughts),
Two visions of strange radiance float upon
The ocean-like enchantment of strong sound,
Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet,
Under the ground and through the windless air."

Then follows a description of those allegorical mysteries—the chariot and the self-moving complex sphere, with their spirit occupants—drawn with the ease and lucidity with which only Shelley could delineate such thin and vague abstractions. While the sphere goes spinning on its way, the spirit of the earth is seen asleep within it. What follows let Panthea tell:—

"*Panthea.* And from a star upon its forehead shoot,
Like swords of azure fire, or golden spears
With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtwined,
Embleming heaven and earth united now,
Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel;
Which whirls as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,
Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings,
And, perpendicular now, and now transverse,
Pierce the dark soil, and, as they pierce and pass,

Make bare the secrets of the earth's deep heart;—
Infinite mine of adamant and gold,
Valueless stones, and unimagined gems,
And caverns on crystalline columns poised,
With vegetable silver over-spread,
Wells of unfathomed fire, and water springs
Where the great sea even as a child is fed,
Whose vapours clothe earth's monarch mountain tops
With kingly ermine snow. The beams flash on,
And make appear the melancholy ruins
Of cancelled cycles; anchors, beaks of ships;
Planks turned to marble; quivers, helms, and spears,
And Gorgon-headed targes, and the wheels
Of scythèd chariots; and the emblazonry
Of trophies, standards, and armorial beasts,
Round which death laughed, sepulchred emblems
Of dread destruction, ruin within ruin;—
The wrecks beside of many a city vast,
Whose population which the earth grew over
Was mortal, but not human. See, they lie,
Their monstrous works and uncouth skeletons,
Their statues, homes, and fanes; prodigious shapes
Huddled in grey annihilation, split,
Jammed in the hard black deep; and, over these,
The anatomies of unknown wingèd things,
And fishes which were isles of living scale,
And serpents, bony chains twisted around
The iron crags, or within heaps of dust
To which the tortuous strength of their last pangs
Had crushed the iron crags; and, over these,
The jagged alligator, and the might
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores
And weed-overgrown continents of earth
Increased and multiplied like summer swarms
On an abandoned corpse,—till the blue globe
Wrapped deluge round it like a cloak, and they
Yelled, gasped, and were abolished; or some god
Whose throne was in a comet passed, and cried
'Be not!' and like my words they were no more."

To the same class of poems in which the ideal element predominates belong the *Witch of Atlas* and *Adonais*. The former is an embodiment of Shelley's peculiar and inscrutable philosophy in a form the most graceful, fanciful, and fairy-like, that even he ever conceived. But the key which will unlock all its beautiful mysteries has yet to be found. The same thing may be said of that well-known, exquisitely con-

ceived, and finished poem, the *Sensitive Plant*. The *Adonais* is, taking it as a whole, one of the finest elegies in the language. It lacks the solemn stateliness, the concentration, and the prevailing Christian sentiment, of the *Lycidas;* but in pathos, energy, and imaginative power, it goes even beyond it. It is a white-hot stream of sorrow, indignation, despondency, and pantheistic reflection, fused and blended in the passionate glow of the poet's heart. Never poet was mourned in strains more tender and beautiful, or adorned with richer fancy, than poor Keats, in this famous elegy.

In the year 1820, Shelley wrote *Epipsychidion;* that piece of "radiant mysticism and rapturous melody," as Lady Shelley properly designates it. It is a love poem, but one which has only the most superficial resemblance to those which generally go by that name. It was addressed to the Contessina Emilia Viviani,—a young lady of remarkable beauty, both of mind and person, who had been immured by her father in the Convent of St. Anne at Pisa. There Shelley became acquainted with her, and endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to obtain her liberation. There is no reason to think that the ardent affection breathed forth in this poem, any more than the half-love, half-friendship, expressed in those to Mrs. Williams, is anything more than *Platonic*. Shelley's idea of love was of the most refined and unearthly description. He uses the language of intense passion; but the passion itself is one the consuming ecstasy of which is fed by no gross elements of sense. As far as the views and feelings of such a subtle-minded being as Shelley can be made out from his writings, the fact seems to have been thus:—some form of the universal spirit of primal beauty, like an ideally perfect *alter ego*—a sort of soul answering to his own soul, but without the imperfections of time—seemed ever to haunt his steps; now, in some bright moment of intellectual transport, revealing herself to him as a sort of felt presence, shedding a glory and rapture over his spirit; and now, only hinting her presence—obscurely revealing herself—in the loveliness of external nature, but especially in the form and mind of woman. Hence, the passionate worship excited by the beautiful Emilia Viviani, and, in a less degree, by one or two others—some real flesh and blood, and one, at least, a heroine of fiction—was less directed to them than to that sweet and perfect ideal of which they were but the suggestions and temporary approximations. The coy ideal herself ever eluded his grasp, leaving him a prey to gloomy disquiet and painful longing. All this may seem, as it undoubtedly is, very ab-

surd, looked at in the "light of common day." But we must bear in mind that, in that clear, cold, ordinary light, Shelley never regarded anything. His world was one all compact of imagination and passion. Shelley, then, was far from being a selfish sensualist of the ordinary type, as many, judging from the practical tendency of his well-known opinions on the relation of the sexes, and the sensuousness of many passages of his poetry, supposed him to be. A life such as that which Byron lived at Venice was his utter abhorrence. In a letter to Mr. Ollier, when forwarding the *Epipsychidion* for publication, he says:—"The longer poem I desire should not be considered as my own: indeed, in a certain sense, it is a production of a portion of me already dead,—and, in this sense, the 'advertisement' is no fiction. It is to be published simply for the esoteric few; and I make its author a secret, to avoid the malignity of those who turn sweet food into poison, transforming all they touch into the corruption of their own natures."

In October of the same year, 1821, he wrote to Mr. Gisborne:—"The *Epipsychidion* is a mystery. As to real flesh and blood, you know that I do not deal in those articles: you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect anything human or earthly from me. I desired Ollier not to circulate this piece, except to the *συνετοί*; and even they, it seems, are inclined to approximate me to the circle of a servant girl and her sweetheart. But I intend to write a *Symposium* of my own, to set all this right." To this we can only add that, in the now hopeless absence of such a key to its mystic meaning, the poem must remain a mere beautiful enigma. Only a Shelley could ever be the subject of the peculiar mood of feeling which inspired it; and we doubt if any but a Shelley would have felt himself quite justified in publishing it.

The fragment called the *Triumph of Life* is a gorgeous web of allegory. In originality of conception, depth of thought, and splendour of diction, it bade fair to exceed anything of a similar kind he had yet produced. On this poem he was at work—weaving its weird, sad rhymes among the woods and waves and caverns of his wild Spezzian home—when death rapt him away.

We have hitherto noticed only the poems in which the ideal element—which Shelley loved most to use, and used with such masterly skill and effect—predominates. In the *Hellas*, we note the almost entire absence of this element. This poem was inspired by the outbreak of the Greek Revolution. Its

choruses are among the most beautiful lyrics he ever wrote. Take, for instance, the following. It is a chorus of Greek captive women, who sing while the Turkish tyrant sleeps:—

"Breathe low, low,
The spell of the mighty Mistress now!
When Conscience lulls her sated snake,
And tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake.
Breathe low, low,
The words which, like secret fire shall flow
Through the veins of the frozen earth—low, low!

"SEMICHORUS I.

"Life may change, but it may fly not:
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed, but it returneth.

"SEMICHORUS II.

"Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffined with Despair,
Yet were truth a sacred lie;
Love were lust—

"SEMICHORUS I.

"If Liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear."

The concluding chorus of the poem is particularly fine. It is an exulting prophecy of the world's regeneration, when all that was best and brightest in time foregone shall reappear with added excellence; when—

"Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take, or Heaven can give."

A notice of Shelley's poetry would be incomplete without some reference to that powerful tragedy, the *Cenci*. We cannot but agree with those who think that Shelley made a most unhappy choice of subject, when he chose the frightful story of *Beatrice Cenci* for dramatic treatment. It lies altogether beyond the bounds of legitimate drama. True, the principal characters are drawn with rare and subtle skill, and the whole is touched with the poet's splendid genius; yet, the unutter-

able crime which forms the main cause of the tragic situation haunts the reader with its unique, unnatural horror, and must for ever make the drama unpresentable on the stage. Indeed, no one but Shelley would ever have thought it possible to get such a subject put upon the stage, at least, in England. A Count Cenci might, perhaps, be found; but who would undertake to be Beatrice? But it was, doubtless, the supreme horror of the story itself that attracted Shelley, for whom the horrible had ever a strange fascination. The play is a striking instance of Shelley's marvellous versatility. It is difficult to believe that it could have been written by the author of *Alastor* and *Prometheus*. It has not a trace of his characteristic idealism. A clear, hard realism reigns throughout. Its chief fault, apart from its subject, is its want of relief. It is concentrated, unmitigated crime and sorrow. It is grief, pain, and horror turned as if to marble, thrilling us with painful sympathy like the group of Laocoon, or fascinating with its beauty and terror like the sculptured Gorgon. Yet what knowledge of the heart, what energy of thought and passion, what command of clear, strong, beautiful utterance we have here! But remarkable in its excellence as is this play, especially remembering that it was the author's first attempt in that line, and that he was then but twenty-six years of age, we doubt if Shelley had the qualities necessary for a great dramatist. He had the fervid imagination, but not the cool judgment; he could not keep himself well outside his work: he was borne along on the main passion-current of his subject without leisure to look about him; and so he bears on his readers. Shelley could never stay to work up those surroundings and details which at once relieve and enhance the main parts of the subject. Time might have brought him deeper knowledge and wider sympathies; but time could never have tamed the impetuosity of a genius that, once let loose, rushed swift and resistless as a torrent the nearest way to its bourn.

From tragedy to mere humour and burlesque the step is, psychologically considered, easy; and Shelley, as if it were fated that in his brief life he should establish an incontestable claim to every variety of poetic power in a masterly degree of excellence, has given us *Peter Bell the Third*, and *Swellfoot the Tyrant;* the former, a grimly humorous representation of a sort of ideal Wordsworth, for which the characteristic qualities (as Shelley conceived them) of the real Wordsworth served as a remote rudimentary type; the latter, a clever, lively, politico-satirical drama on the trial of Queen Caroline.

The fanciful humour of these poems plays but lightly on the surface: beneath there is the same strong undercurrent of earnest thought and feeling as flows through his more serious productions. It was with no feeble hand that he could wield the scourge of satire, too, as is plainly evinced in the political poems of 1819.

Shelley's poetical genius was pre-eminently of the lyrical order. What a profusion of odes, songs, verses, stanzas, and lines he wrote!—some exquisite as a flower or a gem, others strong and beautiful as a carved marble column; some gentle and sweet as the flower-scented air of a summer evening, others like the solemn sweep of the gale along the mountain pines. If light, air, fragrance, and melody, in all their wonderful combinations and effects, could somehow be transmuted into speech, surely they would find their most congenial forms in Shelley's lyrics. We mark in Shelley a good deal of the old poetic fury—the stress of lyric possession. He sang because he must sing—whether men would listen or not—as if impelled by some irresistible impulse, like his own *Skylark*, to pour his full heart "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." Thoughts and images rushed in a torrent through his mind; he could not stop to weigh and select. Most of his poems were dashed off in one sustained heat, and in a wonderfully short time. The *Revolt of Islam* was composed in six months, the *Witch of Atlas* in three days! It is not to be wondered at that scores of his poems are more or less fragmentary, or that they contain repetitions and unconscious plagiarisms, together with errors of rhyme, grammar, and punctuation; especially when it is remembered what very imperfect revision they underwent during his lifetime. That there are not even more of such faults must have been owing to the poet's clearness of perception, finely attuned ear, and perfect mastery of language.

Shelley is pre-eminently the poet of sadness. Matthew Arnold speaks of his "lovely wail"—

> "Musical through Italian trees
> That fringe his soft blue Spezzian bay."

And truly sadness never found more lovely or more musical utterances than in such poems as *Alastor*, the *Lament*, *Mutability*, the beautiful *Ode to the West Wind*, and the *Lines Written in Dejection near Naples*. But sadness, in a greater or less degree, pervades his poetry throughout; save when, here and there, it yields to outbursts of indignation, or to joyful anticipations of the universal reign of liberty and

love. Shelley's sadness was not the result altogether of his deep sense of the wrongs and sorrows of the world, though this is no doubt responsible for a part of it; but it arose principally from causes entirely personal. To a great extent it was with Shelley as with Byron: the sadness of both arose from the result to themselves of the war they carried on with society. Both wished to do as they liked: the world resisted; and they were worsted. As for Byron, if the world had left him alone, he would have left the world alone. But when the world opposed its opinions and conventionalities to his demoniacal determination to live as he chose, then he scorned and defied it, and looked about for principles which would afford him a show of reason for the life he lived. Byron professed some scepticism, and insinuated more; but it was not all sincere. Such as it was, Byron's scepticism was the offspring of humiliated pride and baffled will, rather than of honest conviction. He used it less as an anodyne for his troubled conscience than as an irritant for his opponents. He shook it before them as one might shake a red rag in a bull's face. It never got thorough hold of him. His religious beliefs were too firmly fixed in the tenacious ground of his strong common sense and intellectual conviction to be easily dispossessed. We can scarcely doubt that his sadness had in it a considerable element of self-condemnation. He tried hard to regard himself, and to make others regard him, as a victim. His poetry is a pageantry of woe. Under various names and forms, it is he himself who struts and frowns and pours out endless misanthropic and lachrymose soliloquies. He never forgot that the world was listening; and he was secretly comforted thereby.

Shelley, on the other hand, adopted at the outset principles diametrically opposed to those on which society, as it at present exists, is founded. These principles he did not suffer to remain, so far as he himself was concerned, mere theories. He ardently endeavoured to carry them out, and to induce society to do the same. He expected that the world would admit that for all past ages it had been wrong, and would at once set about a radical reform; he was quite surprised when, instead of greeting him as its saviour, it turned upon him as an enemy. Oxford expelled him; his father forbade his return home; society shut its doors. Thus the shade of sadness began to gather over him. In marrying Harriet Westbrook he acted consistently with his adopted principles; and in separating from her, when he found living with her becoming unpleasant, he again acted on the same principles. The same

revolutionary principles further justified him in seeking the sympathy and aid he thought he needed in the companionship of Mary Godwin. His troubled life seemed about to subside into pleasantness and calm. But Harriet's suicide, and the world's reprobation, startled him out of his new dream of bliss. Justify himself as he might on his own principles, his wife's awful fate undoubtedly threw an abiding gloom upon his heart. Then, the law declared him unfit to be the guardian of his own children, and so the sadness deepened upon him. True, he found in Mary Godwin, whom he afterwards married, a congenial and faithful companion: yet unrest and despondency again possessed him, and drove him forth in quest of ease for his heart's pain and longing. But he shrank now from any such practical application of his cherished opinions, as sad experience taught him might be attended by unutterable pain to himself and others. He must have seemed to himself like a caged bird; he saw around him a broad, bright world, in which he felt himself, in imagination, expatiating in perfect freedom, whithersoever his impulses carried him, but all around there hung the wires of what he considered the world's ignorance and prejudice. Add to this that, rejecting Divine Revelation, the great hereafter was to him an object of neither hope nor fear, and we can easily understand his sadness.

Shelley was not quite thirty when he perished. What he might have become as a man and as a poet, had he lived longer, it is impossible to tell. Some have thought that one so sincere and earnest as Shelley was would surely have fought his way quite through the mists that hemmed in the intellectual efforts of his ardent, untrained youth, and found rest at last where alone the tired, worn heart of man can find true rest—at the feet of the Redeemer. But, unless increasing sadness and disquiet were proof of this, there is no indication of it before the fatal waves engulfed him. As to his poetry, he might, perhaps, had he lived, have successfully essayed poems with more of human interest in them than those he most delighted to write; but it is questionable if he would have done very much in that way. Such a mind as his, so unique, so early developed, would probably have become, even at thirty, too fixed in its tendencies and habits, to work in quite different grooves with ease and success. In all likelihood he had reached the height of his poetic power, and anything very different from or much better than what he had already written, was not to be expected from him. For him was reserved no long decline, no painful effort of failing power to soar as high and sing as well as in the days long

past. Snatched away in his prime, he has yet left us a rich legacy of poetry, which—however it may be surpassed in finish and weight of thought and heart-moving power by that of some of his contemporaries and successors—in sweetness and melody, in originality and strength of imagination, in pathos and delicate energy, has no superior in our language.

We have not thought it necessary to say anything directly about Shelley's opinions in the way of reprobation or warning. His views are far too extreme and visionary to win adherents; and the persons and scenes in which their practical bearing is set forth are so entirely wanting in those elements of human interest which alone can excite sympathy, that there is not the slightest danger of anyone of common understanding, at least in these days, being led away by them. No reader of this *Review* can suppose that, however much we may sympathise with Shelley's indignation at the wrongs that "are done under the sun," and however much we long, with him, for an era of universal liberty, benevolence, and peace, we have any other feeling than disgust at many of his notions, and pity, mingled with astonishment, at the sad spectacle of a genius so marvellous sincerely advocating theories at once so immoral, impracticable, and absurd.

Mr. Rossetti has conferred a great boon on all admirers of Shelley by this complete, accurate, and very beautiful edition of his poems. The task of revising the text of such a body of poems—the original MSS. of most of which have perished—was such as severely to tax the capabilities of anyone undertaking it. No modern work stood more in need of revision. Mr. Rossetti has accomplished his labour of love—for such it evidently was to him—with remarkable care and thoroughness, and on the whole with taste and judgment. There is hardly a page that is not the clearer for his corrections. Exceptions, however, may be justly taken to many of them, and there is still work for competent critics to do in settling many disputed points of wording and punctuation before we can possess, in the purest and most perfect form now attainable, the works of one of England's great poets.

> "A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
> A love in desolation masked—a power
> Girt round with weakness."

ART. VI.—1. *Reports of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.* Vols. I. and II. Dublin: Printed by Alexander Thom, for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1865.

2. *Report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Primary Education, Ireland.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. Dublin: Printed by Alexander Thom, for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1870.

3. *The Thirty-Sixth Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.* With Appendices. Dublin: 1870.

4. *A Plea for the United Education of the Youth of Ireland in National Schools.* Read at the Meeting of the Social Science Association, Belfast, Sept. 1867. With additions and an Appendix. By the Rev. J. SCOTT PORTER. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1868.

5. *Evidence of the Irish National Teachers' Associations, In Reply to Queries Addressed by the Commissioners to Vere Foster, Esq.* London: Marcus Ward and Co. Chandos-street.

EVERYTHING Irish is misunderstood. For several years past few matters have been so much misrepresented and so little understood as the question of Irish Education. Unfortunately it has been the interest alike of the Ultramontane party in Ireland and of the Ultra-Secularist party in this country that it should be misrepresented and misunderstood, and that England generally should misunderstand it in the same manner. Antagonistic on other points, these parties have agreed in misleading English public opinion as to the actual character of the Irish national system as it now is, and also as to the character of the demands which the Ultramontanes are making for its subversion. Both assert or imply that the existing Irish system is a secular and non-religious system, and that what the Ultramontanes demand is to have it changed into a denominational system similar to that which has grown up in England. These propositions are both of them flagrantly untrue.

From the very first, that is, ever since it was initiated in 1831, the Irish National System has been religious in its

general basis and character, with special provision for the separate teaching of dogmatic forms of faith by the clergy of the different denominations to the children of their respective flocks. Secularism has never been an element in the Irish system, has never been desired, and would never have been tolerated in Ireland, where all classes and all professions may be said to be saturated with religious convictions.

For thirty years past the denominational system has been established in Ireland. The Non-Vested National Schools of Ireland are avowedly denominational, more strictly so, on the whole, than the denominational schools of England. At the present time nearly three-fourths of the Irish National Schools are non-vested or denominational.

Until the way was opened for the reception into the National System of the denominational schools, the National System made slow progress in Ireland. It was opposed from the first by the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, and the Wesleyans, precisely because of its "unsectarian" character and the broad indifference (speaking as respects dogmatic and ecclesiastical distinctions) of its platform. It was looked on favourably at first by the Roman Catholics, Archbishop Murray co-operating with Archbishop Whately for many years on its Board. The Presbyterians in 1840 won such extensive and essential concessions to the denominational principle that, after that period, the various Protestant denominations united their schools very extensively to the Board, whilst still, for a dozen years longer, the Roman Catholic denomination continued to support it.

About twenty years after the foundation of the system, Provincial Model Schools began to be established. Before this the only Model School had been at Dublin. These schools were intended not only as models, but as training schools from which pupil teachers might be sent up to be regularly trained for their profession at Dublin in the College of the Board. They were established with the warm approval of Roman Catholic authorities, although for some years past they have been the continual subject of Ultramontane denunciation. They provide for teachers of different religious persuasions in the same school, each of whom is bound religiously to instruct the children of his own persuasion, and for the attendance weekly at the schools of the clergy of the different Churches, each to examine and supplement what the teachers have been doing, and to keep up the pastoral charge of the children of his own flock. These schools have never yet numbered thirty, and can never be regarded as

characterising the system, which, as we have said, is predominantly denominational. But they do represent what the Board, at least in its better days, would have desired all the schools of Ireland, as far as possible, to resemble. In their common teaching they are unsectarian and religious; in their special arrangements and instruction they are omnisectarian and dogmatic. As these schools have been built and are maintained out of the revenue of the country, it is beyond our skill to discover how they are to be cleared from the reproach of what is spoken of as "concurrent endowment."

They are admirable schools; and it is no wonder if the Ultramontane party covet the possession of them as their own, without any embarrassment of a conscience clause; no wonder if they are resolved to do all in their power to wring from the weakness of English Ministries the concession of these schools to themselves, as the seminaries of an unmitigated Popish "denominationalism."

Secularism, as we have said, is utterly abhorrent to the Irish mind; Mr. Dixon's prescriptions would merely drive Ireland frantic: but Mr. Forster, if he adheres to the principles of his own Act, is bound, not only to reject altogether the claims of Cardinal Cullen, but to reform the existing denominational schools of Ireland in such a sense as, while it leaves their immediate management and working still with the respective Churches, shall make the schools much more truly answer to their designation as National, by reducing their denominationalism to a minimum, and bringing them fully under national regulations.

These general propositions in regard to the Irish school system will be established and illustrated in the condensed sketch we are about to give of the history of that system.

The people of "the land of saints" seem always to have had a great thirst for learning, whenever the way to attain it has been in any degree opened. This is a truth which might, we dare say, be illustrated by a reference to all ages of Irish history, from the days anterior to the Norman Conquest, when the island was a home and refuge for learning on the farthest verge of Europe,—then as a continent, immersed in thick darkness—through the rare interludes of comparative peace and rallying elasticity, which are found in its sad and dismal records, both during the times preceding, and during the different stages and phases of its history which have followed, the English Reformation. Notwithstanding its poverty, its misfortunes, and its Popery, the Irish nation, at the beginning

of the present century, seems, as a people, to have valued education and learning more highly than the English; and if, on the average, the information of the people of Ireland was, perhaps, more scanty and less exact than that of the English people, their intelligence appears to have been decidedly quicker, and their national esteem of the schoolmaster and his vocation decidedly higher. To be "learned," indeed, has always been a high and great thing in the esteem of the Irish: the relative value of learning, in comparison especially with wealth or material prosperity, has been rated higher than in this country.

At the beginning of this century, there were a considerable number of educational endowments, of which, however, the Protestant proportion was, in comparison of the number of Protestants in the island, immensely richer than the Roman Catholic. All the Royal and Parliamentary endowments went on the old Establishment principle; they were Protestant endowments for Protestant, mostly for Episcopalian, education; and they were created on the principle, which for so long a period was in the ascendant, that the Roman Catholic religion must either be treated as a proscribed religion, or must at least be ignored. As a matter of course, schools founded by private bequest were of an exclusive character. The most important class of exclusive Protestant schools were the schools founded under the indenture and assignment of Erasmus Smith, a citizen of London, who had obtained a grant of estates sequestrated on account of the Irish Rebellion of 1641. In his own words, under date 1682, his end in founding the schools was "to propagate the Protestant faith according to the Scriptures, avoiding all superstition." The estates for supporting these schools are very large, comprising upwards of 13,000 acres in Limerick and Tipperary, in Galway, Westmeath, Sligo, and King's County, and the income is £9,000 a year. The schools are strongly Protestant and Episcopalian. The Protestant "Charter Schools," or Schools of the Incorporated Society, hold endowments founded by Royal and private bequests, and were formerly very largely sustained—to the gross amount of more than a million of money—out of Parliamentary grants. These schools were expressly founded for "the conversion and civilisation" of the "Popish natives, who were kept by their clergy in gross ignorance, and bred up in great disaffection to the Government." They have an income from real property and estates to the amount of £8,000 a year. There are, besides, schools aided by the wealthy endowments of the Irish Society, of which the

managing centre is a committee of the Corporation of the City of London; while the Irish Sub-centre is Londonderry. These endowments, like those to which we have already particularly referred, were intended to promote Protestant education, and the establishment of the Protestant religion. The private bequests of Roman Catholics for Roman Catholic education were comparatively very small in amount; it may be doubted whether they exceeded in value the private endowments and bequests of Protestants for Protestant education, apart from those great estates of which we have spoken.

The first movement in the direction of providing a broad and equitable system of National Education for Ireland seems to have been initiated by the *Fourteenth Report of the Commissioners on Schools of Public or Charitable Foundation in Ireland*, published in 1812. It is much to their credit that three prelates of the Church of Ireland head the list of signatures to this Commission, William Armagh, Charles Cashel, and James Killala. We may note also, in passing, the name, as another of the Commissioners—a name once much better known than now—of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of that distinguished, and now too little read, authoress, Miss Edgeworth, both the father and the daughter being eminent educationists. The Commissioners state that "the people of Ireland are extremely anxious to obtain instruction for their children, even at an expense which, though small, very many of them can ill afford"; they state further that, in the number of existing schools, there was little or no deficiency, so that, if the teachers, the school-books, and the school-rooms, had been what they ought, "the lower orders of this country would have less reason, perhaps, to complain of their education being neglected than those of England or even of Scotland itself"; but they condemn the great majority of the teachers as altogether incompetent, and not seldom worse than incompetent; the school-books as miserably unsuitable, and, too often pernicious; and the school-rooms as often altogether wretched; and they recommend that a system of schools be established on catholic and equitable principles, schools which should be Christian but not sectarian. Such a system, they anticipated, would be "cordially accepted" by the people, provided that "all interference with the particular religious tenets" of the children should, "in the first instance, be unequivocally disclaimed, and effectually guarded against." They speak of the schools which they desired to see established, as schools which should invite "a careful attention to moral and religious principles with an evident purpose of

respecting the peculiar tenets of different sects of Christians." In reference to the selection of books for the proposed schools, they say: "We doubt not but it will be found practicable to introduce not only a number of books in which moral principles will be inculcated" in a suitable manner, "but also ample extracts from the Sacred Scriptures themselves," by means of a "selection, in which the most important parts of Sacred History shall be included, together with all the precepts of morality, and all the instructive examples by which those precepts are illustrated and enforced;" and they add that such a selection would not "be liable to any of the objections which have been made to the use of the Scriptures in the course of education." It is impossible to read this Report of 1812 without acknowledging the candour and liberality of the men who prepared it—a candour and liberality in striking contrast to the prevailing tone of Irish feeling on religious questions, whether on one side or the other, especially during the last five-and-forty years; and without also recognising in the sketch which they give of the system needed for Ireland the general features of the Irish National System, as originally set forth in Mr. Stanley's (Lord Derby's) Letter to the Duke of Leinster in 1831. The Commissioners of 1812, however,—wiser in this, we think, than Mr. Stanley, or the statesmen and Irish educationists of his day—made no proposal to provide special and clerical religious instruction for the various denominations in the schools which they proposed to establish. They would have founded a system, not indeed secular—the reverse of this—but unsectarian; and they would have left schoolmasters to teach the scholars on this unsectarian basis, apart from all special forms or peculiar doctrines.

The Government, however, of which Lord Liverpool was the chief Minister, and which was represented in Ireland by the Duke of Richmond, as Lord Lieutenant, did not see their way to the foundation, or the separate initiation, of a new system of schools established on the principle defined in the Report of 1812. They determined to work by means of a private society. The Kildare Street Society was a liberal Christian Association, not expressly Protestant, and including, we believe, some Roman Catholics among its supporters, which was founded on the principle of establishing or aiding schools in which the Holy Scriptures should be read without note or comment, but no denominational tests enforced or forms permitted to be used. Through this Society the Government decided to distribute its Parliamentary aid, rather than establish a new system of national character and

dimensions. The result, however, was far from satisfactory, especially as, in consequence of the Catholic Relief controversy, religious animosities and prejudices began to grow more and more embittered. "The determination," says Mr. Stanley, in his famous Letter and the words may not be without their use and importance to us here in England to-day—"to enforce in all the schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment was undoubtedly taken with the purest motives; with the wish at once to connect literary with moral and religious education, and, at the same time, not to run the risk of wounding the peculiar feelings of any sect by catechetical instruction or tenets, which might tend to subjects of polemical controversy. But it seems to have been overlooked that the principles of the Roman Catholic Church were totally at variance with this principle; and that the *indiscriminate* reading of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, by children, must be peculiarly obnoxious to a Church which denies, even to adults, the right of unaided private interpretation of the Sacred Volume with respect to articles of religious belief."

The opposition of the Romish clergy was too powerful for the system of which we are speaking to be maintained. In 1824-5, accordingly, the Commissioners of Education for Ireland recommended a system according to which "two teachers" (we are again quoting the late Lord Derby's Letter of 1831) should be appointed in every school, "one Protestant and the other Catholic, to superintend separately the religious education of the children; and they hoped to have been able to agree upon a selection from the Scriptures which might have been generally acquiesced in by both persuasions. But it was soon found that these schemes were impracticable; and, in 1828, a Committee of the House of Commons recommended a system to be adopted which should afford, if possible, a combined literary and a separate religious education." It was in consequence of this recommendation that the present Irish National System of education was initiated, in 1831, by the issuing of the Letter to the Duke of Leinster, then Lord Lieutenant, from which we have been quoting, the authorship of which was one of the most famous and fruitful acts in the public life of the late Earl of Derby, who, in 1831, was the Secretary for Ireland, in connection with the Whig Government of Earl Grey. He was then the Honourable Mr. Stanley, and had not as yet renounced the Whig traditions and official connections of his family.

The leading principle of the Irish system was shadowed

forth in the words quoted by Mr. Stanley, and which we have quoted, from the recommendations of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1828; the words are—"a combined literary and a separate religious education." If, however, the word *literary* had been understood to mean *secular*, as that word is employed in the educational controversies of the present time, it would have been found impossible to construct any system of education for Ireland on such a basis. Now-a-days—in the *Daily News*, and by the preachers and agitators of the Birmingham League platform—the principle of the Irish National System is continually spoken of as that of "united *secular* and separate religious instruction." There could scarcely be a more pointed misrepresentation. The first draught of Mr. Stanley's letter spoke of "combined literary and separate religious instruction." But he found it necessary, on consideration, to alter his phraseology and to speak of "combined literary and moral instruction." And when the Board of National Education was appealed to in regard to the meaning to be attached to the word *moral*, they found that the moralities of instruction could not be separated from religious convictions and principles; and so "combined literary and moral" was officially interpreted to signify combined "literary, moral, and religious" instruction.

The truth as to this point is well set forth by the Rev. J. Scott Porter, a distinguished Presbyterian minister, of Belfast, in his *Plea for the United Education of the Youth of Ireland in National Schools*—a witness all the more unimpeachable for our present purpose, because he is at the same time a supporter of the general principles of the Irish National System, and also a professed opponent of what he describes as denominational education.

"The excellent principle," he says, "adopted by Mr. Stanley from the Commission of 1828, that of 'a combined literary and separate religious education,' was no sooner enunciated than it was departed from. Before the Letter of Lord Derby (Mr. Stanley) was formally expedited, a draught copy of it was submitted to the Duke of Leinster and the other gentlemen who were to be, and who afterwards were, named as Commissioners; and, by their advice, a very important alteration was made in its terms. By the advice of the Commissioners elect, Lord Derby was prevailed upon to introduce the words 'moral and literary,' instead of 'literary' alone, before the word 'education;' the change was made with the avowed intention of intermixing a considerable amount of religious teaching with the instruction given during the time set apart for united education; and, accordingly, not only were the ordinary lesson-books, prepared by the Commission, largely

impregnated with religious teaching, but four volumes of extracts from the Bible were drawn up—together with one of religious poetry, containing some things of a very sectarian character—and a little work on the Evidences of Christianity, *all of which are decidedly religious, if they are anything; yet all of which were recommended by the Board for use in the National Schools during the hours alloted to united instruction.*"

So also, in the *Report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry*, the following passage, among many to a similar purpose, occurs:—

"In preparing the Board's reading-books of combined instruction, Mr. Carlile introduced a very considerable portion of religious instruction. So far, indeed, is the association of religious with literary instruction carried, that Mr. Cross, when secretary, declared—'There is really, strictly speaking, nothing that can be called exclusively secular instruction. In a National School in which the books of the Board are read, it cannot be called a system of purely secular instruction; for the books are penetrated, every page of them, with religious knowledge and religious sentiment. So that there really is a combination, during the ordinary school hours, of literary and religious education, though it is not peculiar to any one religious denomination.' 'From the first book to the last,' says Mr. M'Donnell, now Resident Commissioner, 'there is, in proportion as the understanding of the child develops, always something of religious food prepared for it in each of the books.'"—*Report, &c.*, p. 39.

In fact, as Mr. Holmes, another Commissioner, affirms, it was a "fundamental principle of the system that, so far as it could be accomplished, a religious education was to form part of it, subject to objections from any particular class or sect of Christians."

Whilst, however, the Irish National System was intended to provide, and did to a very effective degree provide, a common unsectarian education, literary and religious, for the children of all denominations, it also made express and particular provision for the instruction of the children of the different sects in their own special doctrines and formularies. This was no less an essential part of the system than the other. We are not, however, fully persuaded that it was in itself a necessity of legislation or of administration. That forty years ago Ireland would not have endured a secular system of schools, we can have no doubt. Such an idea as that of a merely secular education, could find no entertainment among such a people. Purely secular schools would have been regarded as altogether irreligious, as no better than infidel schools. Schools in which no religious reference, no appeal

to the authority of God, or to the religious sanctions of conscience, no recognition of the duty of worship or of the character and office of the clergyman, could be allowed, in which all religious feeling and consciousness, all play or acknowledgment of religious life, was to be by law suppressed, would never have been tolerated by the Irish people. But schools from which the official presence, the authority and instructions, of the clergy were to be excluded, might perhaps, we think, have been accepted by the people, though probably not without much dissatisfaction in many quarters; at all events the Kildare-street Society's schools, which were numerous, appear to have been carried on apart from clerical visitation and indoctrination. Such a thought, however, as a national system of schools for any division of this kingdom, from all share in the administration of which the clergy were to be excluded, was not likely to be entertained by any British statesman forty years ago. That the clergy should have their prominent and recognised place in any educational system, was deemed proper in itself, according to the decorous ideas which then prevailed: it also appeared to be necessary, in order to secure the co-operation of the clergy with the Government in working the new measure, especially the Catholic clergy. It is not unlikely, indeed, so far as the clergy of the Protestant Establishment were concerned, that the recognition of the clergy of other denominations as, equally with themselves, entitled to be recognised in a national system of education, may have operated to prejudice them against the proposed measure. It is certain that the extent to which the Roman Catholics were recognised in the Whig scheme, set the Protestants of the country generally against it, whether Churchmen, or Presbyterians, or Methodists. But, on the other hand, although the mixture of children in the schools, and the admission, in any form, of a community of Christianity between themselves and Protestants, was undoubtedly, from the first, no less an offence to the necessarily intolerant spirit of Romanism than the recognition of the Roman Catholic clergy was to the clergy of the Irish Establishment, yet the recognition by Government and Parliament of a sect just emerging from all manner of civil and religious disabilities was a great recommendation of the measure in the eyes of the moderate, and equally of the wily and politic, Romanists. On the whole, it seemed greatly to improve the national position of the Roman Catholic Church. It could not, also, but be foreseen, from the first, that, practically, a large proportion of whatever schools might be set up must

be thoroughly Roman Catholic, either wholly, or almost wholly, unmixed with any Protestant element, and, by virtue of the provision for special religious instruction by the clergy, not only under the potent indirect, but under the full and immediate, religious direction and influence of the priest.

Accordingly, while Irish Protestants in general regarded the new measure with bitter antagonism, a feeling which very many earnest Christians in England shared, it was welcomed by many Roman Catholics, and Roman Catholic landowners and priests prepared themselves to use and work it to their utmost advantage. Now, Cardinal Cullen and his party are bold enough to demand, and strong enough to exercise great political pressure in support of their demand, that the system of 1831 may be displaced for one which shall give complete ascendancy, at the sole cost of the State, to the Roman Catholic priesthood over the education, in every grade, of all the Roman Catholics in Ireland; now, they denounce as an infidel compromise Lord Derby's great measure; but, in 1831, Archbishop Murray and his clergy accepted the same measure as a great boon. The tables, in fact, are completely turned. In the interest of Protestant ascendancy (not without some reason, as the result has proved) the Irish National System was denounced, forty years ago, as a latitudinarian and unbelieving compromise, which would undermine the position of Protestantism, while it would at the same time strengthen and endow Popery, and also, in some of its tendencies and results, foster religious indifference or unbelief. Now, the Roman Catholic party in Ireland, in the interest of Popish ascendancy, make parallel charges against the same system; they affirm that it prevents the true and rightful ascendancy of the Church in the training of the people, and that it tends to religious indifference and unbelief.

The arrangement for special religious instruction in the schools provided that, before or after the ordinary school hours, the clergy or their approved substitutes might instruct the children of their respective congregations in their peculiar tenets, and, in fact, hold a religious service with them. The authorised substitutes of the clergy were the schoolmasters of the same denomination; and so the system came to be that immediately before or after the ordinary hours the schoolteacher instructed the children of his own faith in religious knowledge, following the directions in so doing of his clergyman, and that once a week the clergyman attended himself to examine, and test, and hear repetitions, and supplement in every way the work of the teacher.

The following were the original rules of the Irish Board in regard to religious instruction:—

"1. The ordinary school business, during which all the children, of whatever denomination they be, are required to attend, and which is expected to embrace a competent number of hours in each day, is to consist exclusively of instruction in those branches of knowledge which belong to literary and moral education. Such extracts from the Scriptures as are prepared under the sanction of the Board may be used, and are earnestly recommended by the Board to be used during those hours allotted to this ordinary school business.

"2. One day in each week (independently of Sunday) is to be set apart for religious instruction of the children, on which day such pastors or other persons as are approved by the parents or guardians of the children shall have access to them for that purpose.

"3. The managers of schools are also expected, should the parents of any of the children desire it, to afford convenient opportunity and facility for the same purpose, either before or after the ordinary school business (as the managers may determine) on the other days of the week."—*Reports of the Commissioners*, &c., Vol. I. p. 10.

From which it will be seen that, besides the instruction before or after school daily by the school teacher, one whole day in a week was set apart for the children to receive religious instruction from their own pastors.

Where the children are largely mixed in any school, it has been the principle of the Board that, if possible, two teachers of different religious persuasions should be provided, a chief and an under-teacher, so that each of these might take the children of his own denomination daily for religious instruction. This has been most fully carried out in some of the Model Schools, where, we believe, there have sometimes been three teachers of different religious denominations to correspond to the different denominations of the children. From which it is evident, that when the National Schools of Ireland, built and maintained out of the Consolidated Fund, are not sectarian, it is only because they are multi-sectarian, or, as far as possible, omni-sectarian.

We have given above the original rules of the Irish Board in reference to religious instruction. When the system was about ten years old, however, these rules were modified,—so modified that, on the one hand, religious instruction may, on certain conditions, be given at any time during the *ordinary* school hours, while, on the other hand, the requirement to set apart for religious instruction by the clergy of the denominations one separate day a week has been dispensed with.

We find this alteration fully defined in the *Rules and Regulations* of the Board, as published in 1842.

"The patrons of the several schools have the right of appointing such religious instruction as they may think proper to be given therein, provided that each school be opened to children of all communions; that due regard be had to parental right and authority; that, accordingly, no child be compelled to receive, or be present at, any religious instruction to which his parents or guardians object; and that the time for giving it be so fixed, that no child shall be thereby, in effect, excluded, directly or indirectly, from the other advantages which the school affords: *subject to this, religion may be given, either during the fixed school hours or otherwise.*"—*Reports*, &c., Vol. I., p. 109.

So that, if the patrons or managers so please, religious instruction may be given in an Irish National School at eleven in the morning or three in the afternoon, and this has been the rule for thirty years. The rule of 1842, which we have quoted, was one of the concessions agreed upon in 1840-1, to meet the demands of the Presbyterians, who desired to put their denominational schools under the Board. The Roman Catholics have always insisted that this rule ought either to be cancelled, or an entire and thorough denominational system granted. They now insist on the latter. We trust the other alternative will be taken.

In the later editions of the *Rules and Regulations*, the liberty to give religious instruction at an intermediate hour in Irish National Schools is thus particularly defined and guarded:—

"Religious instruction, prayer, or other religious exercises, may take place, at any time, before and after the ordinary school business (during which all children, of whatever denomination they may be, are required to attend), *but must not take place at more than one intermediate time*, between the commencement and the close of the ordinary school business."

There is also an "earnest recommendation" (the Commissioners have not ventured to make a *Regulation*) that, "*whenever the patron or manager thinks fit* to have religious instruction at an intermediate time, a separate apartment shall (when practicable) be provided for the reception of those children who, according to these rules, should not be present thereat." The *rule* is that they should not be present; the *recommendation* is that they shall have a room found for them. Suppose "the patron or manager" should not "think fit" to provide such a room, are the children to go out of the school into the air?

The words we have put in italics in the last quotation show where the power rests in these schools. There is no local or managing committee, except in very rare cases, in Irish National Schools; it is not required that there should be one. The all but universal system is for the clergyman or priest to be patron; and he is absolute master.

It will be evident, from what we have now written, whence the Birmingham League and the Nonconformist Conference at Manchester have derived their ideas as to a new National System for England. They would have the Irish system in its general outline, as originally intended, with this most grave and fundamental difference, that the teacher shall teach absolutely nothing but what is secular. Substitute for an unsectarian Christian education, literary and religious, a purely secular education, and forbid the teacher to teach religion in the school-room at any time whatever, even though it were before or after hours; the Irish system will then be transformed into the system proposed to-day by such men as Mr. Dale, of Birmingham, and the extreme party with which he has unhappily identified himself. They take from the Irish system its worst feature, that which has made it a means of promoting clerical exclusiveness and Ultramontane bigotry, that which stamps it with the brand of concurrent endowment, and they propose to put this as a frame-work round a school-routine of hard and bare secular instruction. They would do what even in Ireland, where lay Christian rights are less understood than in England, and all denominations are too much under the domination of clerical ideas and influence, it had not been attempted to do, silence the lay teacher altogether, and make the clergy the sole instructors of children in Christian principles and doctrine. They may be congratulated on having proposed the most plausible and attractive concordat which it would have been possible for cultivated infidelity to offer to exclusive clerical pretensions. Archdeacon Denison has at last found an effectual ally in Mr. Dale. Unitarians and Anglo-Catholics may not improbably agree on this basis. Unbelief, High-Churchmanship, and the concurrent endowment so dear to the mere politician, may here combine.

Let it be observed, however, that the Irish scheme was in one respect adapted to the conditions of Ireland and to Irish ideas, whilst, in the same respect, the English copy is opposed to the conditions of England and to English ideas. In Ireland the number of religious denominations is much smaller than England; frequently there is not more than one; only in larger towns are there more than two or three

of the least consideration; and there are not many towns in Ireland of any considerable magnitude. Besides which the number of ministers of all denominations in Ireland, in proportion to the population, is much larger than in England, and furthermore, there are very few families in Ireland without any sense whatever of religion. The Protestant population is a population possessing real Protestant religious convictions; the Roman Catholic population are loyal to their Church and its priests. Whereas in England there is a large proportion of children belonging to families which own no minister and no relation to any Christian congregation; for these, so sadly in need of Christian nurture, of the "bread of life," the League of Birmingham and the Nonconformists at Manchester would provide only the secular "stone," hard, bare, chilling, God-ignoring, merely secular, instruction. There are, on the other hand, multitudes of village Methodists in "circuits" where there is one "head" place, town or larger village, with its resident ministers, and a dozen or even twenty, sometimes thirty, villages on the circuit plan, in each of which there is a parish church and a clergyman. The Birmingham plan would, in effect, hand over all these children to the religious instruction of the parish clergyman, instead of allowing the lay teacher, whether of the National, the British, or the Methodist school, to give them plain instruction out of the Bible. The teacher could have given them an interesting and effective Bible lesson; the clergyman will require them to learn off the catechism, and will prepare them for confirmation.

It is perfectly idle to suppose that Methodist local preachers or class leaders, as approved substitutes for the Methodist ministers, can be found to give regular instruction to these children. If they were competent, they would not have time. The village pastor of the Baptist congregation may sometimes be able to look after the children of his flock, if he has not some lay business to prevent him from so doing. But, on the whole, if the Birmingham Anti-State-Church educational agitators had entered into a "League" to further, instead of to oppose, clerical influence, they could hardly have played more completely into the hands of High Churchmen. They make the Christian instruction of children to be in effect a perquisite of priests and parsons—"a clergy reserve." They propose, besides, to endow the Church of England and village Dissenters with buildings; to be built and kept up for them at the public expense, in which they may teach their respective doctrines, however sectarian, to the rising generation, and hold

"children's services." The whole scheme of the ill-assorted party, in which religious voluntaries of high professions and unbelieving doctrinaires are strangely combined, is itself an ill-omened and inharmonious combination of secularism in school hours, with clerical exclusiveness and concurrent endowment.

The Irish system could not be accused of any such fault and folly as that of silencing the teacher as an instructor in religion; its founders knew that the school-teacher, as a rule, would be by far the most efficient instructor in religion. But they placed him absolutely under the direction and control of the priest-patron, or the minister-patron, as the case might be. This has always been a great blot in that system. One good point in the Irish regulations is, that the use of religious emblems in the schoolrooms is strictly prohibited.

We have seen that the principle of the Irish system is an impartially *omni*-sectarian principle. Where, in any place, however, there is practically but one denomination, of course the *omni*-sectarian school becomes a denominational school. From the beginning, this was the case in regard to a large proportion of the Irish National Schools. Except where the heterodox minority (we use the Greek adjective in its radical sense) was considerable, the only religious instruction given in the school was, as a rule, that given by the teacher, under the authority of the patron, to the children of his own religious persuasion. The right of other ministers to instruct the children of their own flocks existed on paper, but was, for the most part, dormant.

It is provided in the *Rules and Regulations* that the school-houses, built with the money of the State, may, under the direction of the "patron or manager," be used as Sunday Schools, and even, occasionally, for Divine worship. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the State-built Irish schools are used by the Roman Catholic Church as Sunday Schools, the rest being so used by other denominations.

Virtually, therefore, from the first, the Irish National System was, to a considerable extent, a denominational system; and it could not but tend to become so more and more. The chief, almost the only, safeguard against abuse in this direction was the Time-table Conscience Clause which mutual ecclesiastical and religious animosity greatly serves to enforce, and for the effectiveness of which, accordingly, in Ireland, there have been stronger guarantees than, perhaps, we can expect to have, in England, for our similar conscience clause, notwithstanding the efforts of the League. In this

country, we must trust more to the English sense of honour and fair-play, in which, we will hope, English gentlemen, even although they may have "taken orders," will not be found wanting.

Thus far we have dealt with the Irish system in general, without taking account of the distinction between the schools called "vested" and those called "non-vested." We cannot but admire the original conception—broad, generous, and statesmanlike—which governed the moulding of the plan set forth by Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby). It has been fruitful and operative in the provincial legislation of some of the dependencies of Great Britain, and has undoubtedly, to some extent, been realised in the actual working of the Irish system. The idea which inspired the scheme was precisely the same as the Whig Government would have embodied in a National measure for England, according to the abortive, but finely-conceived, proposals which they put forth in 1839, and which provoked such a tempest of opposition in this country. But, by force of circumstances, the original conception, as set forth in 1831, has proved to be, as a whole, impracticable. The diverse elements of Irish ecclesiastical and religious life could not be held in neutral solution within the schoolroom ; the process of crystallisation would proceed ; it has, in fact, taken place ; and, instead of a common unsectarian system, we have an aggregate of schools under denominational influence and management, which, to some effective extent, yet with many lamentable failures and drawbacks, are nationalised for educational purposes.

The experience of the first eight years after the initiation of the National School System seemed to show that the system was not likely speedily, if ever, to become truly national. The Protestant denominations generally were arrayed against it. It would not be possible to say whether the Episcopalians of the Established Church, or the Presbyterians of Ulster, were more opposed to it. It was not by any means unanimously supported by the Roman Catholic clergy. Up to the year 1839, the number of National Schools did not reach 1,400. In 1839, the Irish Board found a way to admit denominational schools, as such, into union with the Board ; and from that time the number of schools rapidly increased, until, now, it is nearly 7,000. The Board secured the success of the system—by the abandonment of its original principle. Both these results were effected by the capitulation of the Board, in 1839, to the Ulster Presbyterians, from which date definite recognition has been given to the class of non-vested

schools—a class of denominational schools, which, in a fuller and stricter sense than English National or Wesleyan schools, are denominational, and which, notwithstanding, are called National, and are, in many cases, wholly—in all cases, almost wholly—maintained out of the national revenue.

At the end of 1869 (the last return) there were 6,707 schools called National in Ireland. At the same date there were in all Ireland of schools called Vested, and which, though managed by denominational patrons, are national property, having been built by public money, 1,943 separate departments; held and taught in 1,274 school-houses. All the rest of the 6,707 schools—viz., 4,764, are what are called Non-Vested schools, that is to say, schools which are the property of different denominations, or (in a few instances) personal and private property. Among these Non-Vested schools are convent schools not a few, and also monastic schools. The Model Schools (doubtless the best schools in Ireland) are only 27 in number. During the year 1869 there were 179 schools added to the list of National Schools; of these 30 only were Vested, the remaining 149 were Non-Vested.

The Non-Vested schools, as we have stated, were admitted into the system of National Schools in consequence of concessions made by the Board in 1839. From the beginning, however, the germ of that which has become so dominant a development was found in the system. From the beginning Convent Schools and the schools of the Christian Brethren were admitted into the system and to its benefits, although the buildings remained the property of the Roman Catholic Church. This was only allowed, however, under certain *nominal* conditions. The clergy of other denominations were to have access to these schools, if they thought good, at certain hours; and, except at fixed hours, it was agreed that religious instruction should not be given. But no Protestant clergyman would ever trouble the inside of a convent or of a fraternity school; very few Protestant children would be found inside such schools; and we may be absolutely certain that all restrictive conditions as to such schools would from the beginning be little more than a dead letter.

It was, however, to the sectarian tenacity and pertinacity of the Ulster Presbyterians that the full and avowed development of the system of Non-Vested schools was due. When they saw National Schools in purely Romanist districts working under the sole management of priest-patrons, they could not but know that, whatever they might profess to be, they must really be thoroughly Romanist schools; when they found Roman

Convent and Fraternity Schools, as was the case from the first, recognised as if they were proper Board Schools in the fullest sense, no wonder that they were resolved to leave no stone unturned to secure similar help and recognition for their denominational schools as National Schools. The keen Scotch-Irishmen of Ulster had a long fight to secure their point; but they did secure it at last, after years of bargaining, after negotiations had been once before concluded and then broken off. And they secured it most completely. Other denominations have since entered into the fruit of their contentions.

The Presbyterians gained three vital points—(1) That their schools should be adopted by the Board, as Church schools or as Congregational schools, not as general public schools of the town or village, the district or locality; (2) That the ministers of other communions should have no right, as in the case of ordinary National Schools, to enter their schools at any given time, for the purpose of instructing in religion the children of their flock, or at any time for any special purpose whatever; (3) That they should not be prevented from reading the Scriptures, or giving specific instruction at any hour, whether first, or last, or intermediate, which should be fixed and made definitely known—although they repudiated all obligation to dismiss or to warn the children of Roman Catholics when the hour of religious instruction should begin. From the year 1839, when they won their victory on these points, it has been a standing, a continually reiterated complaint on the part of the Roman Catholic authorities of Ireland, that throughout Ulster the children of Roman Catholics in Presbyterian schools have been in the habit of receiving in the intermediate school-hours Biblical and religious instruction from Presbyterian teachers in the Non-Vested National Schools which stand in connection with the Synod of Ulster.

The victory of the Presbyterians on behalf of denominational schools brought after it, as a consequence, an important change of the rule of the Board as to religious instruction in all the schools under the Board. The date of the Presbyterian victory was 1839. In 1842, as we have already seen, the right of giving intermediate instruction in religion, besides what might be given before or after the ordinary school hours, was extended to all the schools under the Board, whether Vested or Non-Vested. The only distinction of any importance which now exists between the Vested and Non-Vested Schools is that, in the former, the ministers of all denominations have a right to give instruction to the children of their flock in the schoolroom at certain fixed periods. We have

already seen that, in a large proportion of the Vested Schools, this right is merely a right on paper; practically it amounts to nothing. Not even in all the Model Schools is it practically operative; although, if claimed in any of these, it would of course be enforced.

It will be evident, from what has been now shown, how thoroughly denominational in their character and influence are most of the Irish schools, not only the Non-Vested, but many also of the Vested. In *all* the Irish schools, the "unsectarian" schools of Ireland, the catechisms of the respective denominations are taught by the school-teacher—the catechism of the Westminster Confession by the Presbyterian teacher, the Church catechism by the Episcopalian teacher, the Romish catechism by the Roman Catholic teacher. In all, the clergymen of the respective denominations give specific religious instruction themselves; all the schoolrooms are used as Sunday schools; in nearly all, the children are prepared for confirmation by their spiritual pastors; most are used by the denomination to which the patrons belong on the week-night for denominational purposes as well as on the Sunday. The schools are managed, all alike, by denominational patrons, who, in nearly all cases, are clergymen, who are checked by no committee, but govern absolutely alone, and who can dismiss a teacher (according to a very precise rule of the Irish Board) at their mere option, with or without reason, without reason assigned either to the teacher or any one else. Finally, in all the Irish schools, whether Vested or Non-Vested, religious instruction may be given by patron or by teacher at any fixed hour during the ordinary school hours, besides the instruction given before or after hours. This last concession to denominationalism, forced on the Board by the Presbyterians, who had a powerful co-religionist ally, a member of their own Synod, on the Board itself, has been turned to abundant profit in Romish convent and fraternity schools. In our English denominational schools, on the other hand, there is no irresponsible priest-patron, but a responsible local committee, and no religious instruction whatever can be given at any time within the fixed school hours reserved by the Act. In our denominational schools, moreover, the Government cannot pay more than half—cannot well, on an average, pay more than about a third of the cost of maintaining the school: whereas in Ireland the national revenue contributes sometimes the whole—in most cases nearly the whole—in all cases, we believe, not less than three-fourths of the cost of maintaining the school.

The Presbyterians having obtained such a complete concession from the Board, it is no wonder that their schools were speedily brought into connection with the Board, and no wonder that other denominations presently followed their example. The whole concession was gained by the denominations, together with the advantages of Government inspection, national maintenance, and national prestige, on condition of accepting the title "National"—National "*Non-Vested*" Schools—and inscribing "National School" on their school-houses. The same description might, with at least as much justice, be conceded to the existing denominational inspected schools of England. Unless, indeed, the fact that the Government pays for schools is sufficient to constitute them "National," whoever may have the management. If so, the way to do away with the denominational character of the English voluntary inspected schools would be for the Government to relieve the denominations of their cost, while the denominations retain the management.

Before the Board capitulated to the Presbyterians in 1839, and by so doing gave definite recognition to the class of Non-Vested schools, the total number of National Schools was 1,384; it is now, as we have seen, 6,707. In 1838 a few Convent and Fraternity schools were almost all the schools not strictly Vested which were connected with the Board; now the vast majority are Non-Vested. In short, while the number of Vested schools in the last thirty years has only increased fifty per cent., the present number being, as we have said, 1,943, nearly 5,000 Non-Vested schools have been brought into connection with the Board. We are bound to add that the Presbyterians have made compensation for their zeal in preserving to the utmost extent possible the Protestant, the Presbyterian, the sectarian character of their own schools, by their keen and watchful jealousy to enforce, as far as possible, the non-sectarian principle of control and management in the case of Roman Catholic schools, and especially by their anxiety to prevent the Government from allowing convent schools to carry out fully the principles which they had claimed to act upon in their own Presbyterian schools. If the English principle now embodied in the Education Act were made the rule for Ireland, and strictly secular limitation were imposed on all the teaching during the recognised and ordinary hours, it would be a great relief to Irish agitation, or at least it ought to be.

We do not need to say much about the Model Schools of Ireland. The first was established in connection with the

Training Institution for Teachers in Dublin, and dates from the beginning of the system. In 1835 the Commissioners suggested in their Report the desirableness of establishing thirty-two Model Schools, one for every county in Ireland. But this has never been carried out. Even at the present time there are but twenty-seven, and it was not until 1849, that is, nearly twenty years after the beginning of the system, that any provincial Model Schools were opened. There is no doubt that these are excellent schools, although the want of local management is a serious disadvantage in some respects, however advantageous in others, and would of itself limit the multiplication of such schools. In these schools the pupil-teacher system is properly carried out; they are excellently organised, and they embody the ideas of combined literary and moral and separate religious instruction, as the Board would like to have these applied in all the National Schools of Ireland.

At first the Roman Catholic hierarchy were strongly in favour of the establishment of Model Schools, on this plan. But for more than ten years past, since the influence of Paul Cullen soared all at once to the ascendant in Ireland, they have bitterly denounced them. They now covet them, as Ultramontane establishments, in connection with which to train Roman Catholic teachers for *such* denominational schools as they would have established. We regret to say that in this, as in a number of other points, the *Report of the Royal Commission* seems to incline far too much towards the Ultramontane demands. If the Commissioners would not concede all that Cardinal Cullen desires as to this particular, they would at all events abolish these noble school establishments.

We have already intimated that there is much in the Irish system that we admire. The Time-table Conscience Clause is an invaluable element in the system, and has, in effect, been transferred by means of Mr. Forster's Education Act to our English schools. It furnishes the best solution of the religious difficulty. Whilst we should utterly protest against any proposal to make the Irish system more denominational, we by no means desire, on the other hand, to see it stripped and peeled down through all the ordinary school-hours to as barely secular a system of instruction as would seem to be required by the new Act in our English inspected schools. At the same time, to have a system of schools without local committees, under the government, each one, of a patron, who is, besides, usually a priest or clergyman, and to give to such patrons an absolutely irresponsible control over the

teachers; all this seems to us to call very loudly for redress and reformation. Assuredly, too, the fatal, and, we had almost said, disgraceful concession to the Roman Catholic Church, by which Convent Sisters and Monastic Brothers are, as such, accepted by the Board as qualified public teachers, without any Government examination or any trial whatever, ought, on every account, to be immediately repealed.

We have shown that the existing system is virtually a denominational system, and yet Cardinal Cullen is persistent in his demands for what he calls a denominational system in Ireland; and men, either for want of any real knowledge of what the Irish system is, or to secure the advantage of an ignorant and passionate party cry, are perpetually repeating the assertion that either secularism must be established in England on the ruins of all denominational and all Christian voluntary schools, or else we shall be compelled to concede the Cardinal's demands. These men speak of the Irish system as a secular and undenominational system. How absolutely contrary to fact all this is we have fully shown, and we have no more to say on that point. But to some it may perhaps seem strange that, if the existing system in Ireland is virtually denominational, the Roman Catholic prelates should desire to change a system so favourable to the denominations. But we must not forget that the policy of Ultramontanism is absolutely exclusive. Many Roman Catholic children attend Protestant schools in Ulster; in parts of the same province, and elsewhere, where there is a numerous Protestant minority among a Roman Catholic majority, Protestant children attend Roman Catholic schools, and are visited and catechised at the schools by their own ministers; both these facts are unfavourable to the exclusive claims of the Ultramontane hierarchy. The National System, on the whole, tends to produce liberty of thought and liberality of feeling. A strictly and fully denominational system, managed without interference absolutely by the priesthood or the confraternities, would be immensely more congenial to the spirit and favourable to the waning power, but unabated claims, of Ultramontane Romanism.

The denominational system of education which the Ultramontane party demand as their right is in entire antithesis to all the principles on which the State deals with denominational schools in this country; is, indeed, essentially opposed to the principles of the late Privy Council Code as well as to the present New Code of the Department; is as extreme in its Ultramontane arrogance and exclusiveness as the worst

system of education which the Pope and the Jesuits, by the most exacting of Concordats, ever imposed upon Austria in the days of her most servile and reactionary superstition; and is such as is not conceded to Rome in any Roman Catholic country at the present moment. The lower the Papacy falls in its fortunes, the smaller the real power of Roman Catholicism grows in Ireland, the louder, the larger, the more daring are the demands of Cardinal Cullen. There is a certain wisdom, no doubt, in the method. The unabashed aggressor who would in vain appeal to equity, and who knows better than to resort to actual force, will often try to carry his point by loud and persistent demands and threats.

All parties in this country, except a few Ultramontanes, whatever their politics and whatever their ecclesiastical denomination may be, are utterly and immovably opposed to the Irish Ultramontane demands. It is well that the leaders of the Birmingham agitation are opposed to these demands. But Mr. Forster occupies as firm and impregnable, and as thoroughly consistent a position, from which to refuse or oppose Cardinal Cullen, as it is possible for man to hold. Mr. Forster has disdenominationalised the English voluntary schools to the utmost possible extent, notwithstanding that the denominational managers must still find, in fees and subscriptions (one or both), at least half the cost; the Cardinal demands that the Irish National Schools shall be made denominational in the fullest and most absolute sense, although in many of them not a farthing is contributed by the managers towards their cost, either in fees or in any other way, but the whole charge lies upon the State, and in the rest next to nothing is contributed. Mr. Forster has done away with denominational inspection here, and made the undenominational State inspection much more independent and searching than before. Cardinal Cullen demands that books, methods, teachers, and inspectors should be all and wholly "Catholic," and entirely under uncontrolled and unshared priestly direction. Mr. Forster has made a stringent conscience clause binding upon all the inspected schools in this country; Cardinal Cullen demands that in "Catholic" (not in Protestant) schools in Ireland the conscience clause shall be removed and done away with. Mr. Forster has only to carry out for Ireland the principles he has embodied in his Education Act for this country, has only to proffer the Cardinal our English denominationalism, and the Cardinal will be effectually floored.

Mr. Forster's is, in fact, the only basis on which it is possible for an English statesman to settle the educational

policy of England. This policy must be an Imperial policy. It must rest on the same fundamental principles, whether it has to deal with education for England, or Ireland, or Scotland. The very argument, mistaken as it is in its assumptions, pressed by Mr. Dixon and Mr. Dale, assumes this postulate. It implies that the same fundamental principle must govern in Ireland as well as in England. Let us add—as we are bound—to England and Ireland, Scotland; then what have we? Secularism abhorrent to Ireland; not less abhorrent to Scotland. Secularism cannot then be established for England. In Ireland the ordinary education of the National Schools is, in its common and central character, Christian, religious, although not in a denominational sense. In Scotland the common education is to be not only Christian and religious, but positively dogmatic. The Westminster catechism is to be taught in the rate-built schools. In neither country is the school-teacher silenced; in both he is expected to teach religion. The clergy are to be excluded from the Scotch common schools, as they are excluded from the English Board schools. In Ireland, as befits a clergy-dominated country, they give instruction in the schools at certain fixed times; but their instruction is not regarded as a part of the common, the statutory, the legally necessary, instruction. In both cases as much common religious instruction and influence is incorporated with the universal education as can be practically accomplished. The existing English system is in harmony with this principle; a secular system would be entirely opposed to it. As to the Irish University question, we will only say that we have no fear that Mr. Gladstone's, or that any Government will dare to endow a Roman Catholic University or College. All the indications point in one direction—to the establishment of a National University for Ireland, on the principle of our London University. Doubtless Trinity College foundations and endowments will have to be made tributary to the carrying into effect such a design as this.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE

ON "PRIMARY EDUCATION IN IRELAND."

SINCE the last sentence of our article on Irish Education was struck off, the debate on Mr. Fawcett's Bill for reforming Trinity College, Dublin, has been taken in the House of Commons (March 20th). Our inference from the whole discussion is that the Government intend to propose next year that:—(1) A merely secular, ordaining university for Ireland, similar to the London University, be constituted. (2) Colleges, denominational or undenominational, under proper charters, be affiliated to this university; Trinity College being one of the affiliated colleges. (3) The exhibitions, scholarships, fellowships, and other prizes, at present belonging to Trinity College, except where there may be a special and recent limitation to the Episcopal Church, be thrown fully open, so that they may be gained and enjoyed by the students or the graduates of any of the affiliated colleges.

ART. VII.—1. *Die Auferstehungsgeschichte des Herrn.* [The History of Our Lord's Resurrection.] Von J. L. STEINMEYER.

2. *Commentaire sur l'Evangile de St. Luc.* [Commentary on St. Luke's Gospel.] Par F. GODET. Berlin: Weiganten Grieben. Neuchatel: Sandoz. 1871.

THESE works treat of Our Lord's Resurrection as that fact of the Evangelic History upon which the negative criticism has most perseveringly concentrated its energies. According to Strauss, it is the centre of the centre, the very heart of old Christendom: and therefore all the shafts of the deadliest opposition are directed against its evidences. It is certain that this is the fact which decides the existence or non-existence both of historical and of saving faith. There are two ways of viewing this. One draws the conclusion thus: The Lord is risen, therefore He is the Christ. But this requires the resurrection first to be demonstrated. Dr. Steinmeyer does not take that method. As he would see in the resurrection of Jesus, not the ground of faith generally, but the ground of the faith that brings salvation, his argument would be: Jesus is the Christ; and because He is the Christ, He must have risen again. Strauss begins with the appearances of the risen Lord: Steinmeyer regards them also as of great importance; but he is of opinion that, before these manifestations can be taken into account, the Person of Him who appears must have light shed upon it, must be apprehended and embraced. First, therefore, the resurrection is viewed as a Divine act, accomplishing the miracle: then the Person of Him who rose again and showed Himself as alive; and, finally, the manifestations of Jesus in the circle of His disciples are discussed.

The first section is devoted to the *Raising of Jesus.* This was the act of God. The Lord truly died; there was in His case not merely the severance of soul from body, but the entire separation: there was not, during the *triduum mortis*, any expression of life possible, either active or receptive. Until the hour of His resurrection the Lord remained in this condition of death; and on Easter morning that took place on Himself which three several times had taken place on others through His power: His spirit came back again to Him (Luke viii. 35).

The raising of Jesus was the Divine answer to the deed of man: remembering always the design of the blood that was shed. The saving design in the raising up of Jesus does not consist in this, That God justifies men on the ground of that fact: He forgives sinners only on the ground of the merit of Jesus Christ; but the imputation of this righteousness attained through Christ became possible to God through the pledge given in the risen Redeemer of a *becoming righteous* on the part of believers. Here our author might be a little more bold, and include both: Christ risen represents the believer in Him as set free from the curse and the condemnation, living after a death to sin; whilst Christ risen is also the source of all the strength of the new life in the believer united to Him. The history of the raising of Christ could not run otherwise than it does in the narratives of the Four Evangelists. For what is the object of their descriptions? It is no other than an act, an immediate act, of the living God Himself. But such a Divine act could not be accomplished altogether in the sight of man. What in it encounters observation must consist of circumstances which accompany it, and of the result of the act itself. The discrepancies in the accounts are not insuperable; the two most difficult points are capable of an easy reconciliation. St. Matthew and St. Mark placed the appearance of the Risen One in Galilee at a later time before the reader as something always to be expected; while St. Luke reports, on the other hand, appearances in and near Jerusalem at the same time. But St. Matthew is not ignorant of Our Lord's manifestation in Jerusalem (xxviii. 9), and this one, as the first, so also is the chief in importance. He abstains from mentioning the others, because he designs to describe the appearance in Galilee especially.

This last remark of Dr. Steinmeyer is a very valuable one, and hints at a fact which is the solution of many of the difficulties of the past resurrection history of Christ. There was one supreme manifestation on which the Saviour laid the utmost stress. It was in His thoughts just before He died. Again and again He alludes to it on the day of His resurrection, and the weeks as they pass are only a preparation for this great and central meeting in Galilee, where it was the Saviour's good pleasure to announce to His disciples the accomplishment of His saving purposes and the attainment of His supreme dominion. To St. Matthew was entrusted the record of this event; and afterwards to St. Paul (1 Cor. xv.). The explanation of that record itself thus throws a rich light upon St. Matthew's resurrection chapter. It consists of three

several fragments. First comes the full statement of the resurrection as of One who had been crucified and was risen again—the emphasis is on these words—with the announcement of His future manifestation in Galilee, an announcement of such importance that it is repeated by Our Lord Himself. The second fragment is the dishonour done to the resurrection by the elders; the saying which was invented and commonly reported among the Jews, and transmitted to Christian infidels for their modification in later times.

The third resurrection scene is the grand one, for which all the others prepared; in which Our Lord met the "five hundred at once," whom His invitation, through the women, had drawn from all parts of the land, the first truly Christian gathering unto Shiloh. There He assumed the authority which the resurrection had given Him; there He magnified His own dignity, received the homage of His Church, stilled the remainder of doubt, and issued His commandments for His everlasting Gospel. The grandeur of St. Matthew's resurrection chapter is partially lost, through the extreme simplicity of the record. It seems rather to avoid than otherwise that assertion of the Saviour's glory, which is after all its real design. It understates everything: as if the old interdict on the promulgation of His glory until the resurrection included the resurrection itself. The eleven are mentioned; but not the five hundred. The doubters are indicated; but no stress is laid on the strength of faith on the part of the majority. The simple worship is recorded, but with no such emphasis as would stamp it as the first great act of true worship which the Divine-human Redeemer had yet received.

The second section treats of the resurrection of Christ, and first, as *His own act*. The Scriptures describe the great event not always as the act of God, but also as the Lord's own doing. When God uttered the word of awakening to Him who was dead, it was a summons to kingly dominion, and to the ministry which was bound up with that. And the Son from His own spontaneous impulse accepted the call: He entered on the dignity, and assumed the ministry. This was His own act. The Lord returns back to the domain of physical life. He is not pure spirit, but takes the body of glorification. This glorified body does, indeed, withdraw from observation the servant-form; but all the more gloriously on that account is there reflected in it the ministerial submission, which even the glorified One shows anew to His father. By reassuming life our Lord enters afresh upon a commission;

and as a voluntary assumption of it the resurrection may be regarded as our Lord's own free act and deed. Here Dr. Steinmeyer throws out a most important suggestion, which might be expanded profitably, and, on our principles, perhaps rather more safely than upon his. There is a consistent mediatorial submission of the Son to the Father, an incarnate subordination, which continues after the resurrection and ascension, and has its perfect expression in the Epistles of St. Paul. And it may be well said that He who finished the work given Him to do in the scenes of His humiliation, began it again as the glorified Servant of the Father. His very dominion is a service, and the last act of it will be the most glorious: that of suppressing finally all resistance to the Will Supreme in the Christian Church. Then will there be a third stage of the great submission. God will be all in all: for the Son incarnate, having fulfilled His course as the Minister of Redemption, will be subject as God-man for ever, even while He is in the unity of that God who is all in all. Perhaps in this treatise there is scarcely enough reference to this immanent and unchangeable relation of the eternal Son. He is sometimes honoured by absolutely Divine titles, and sometimes works are ascribed to Him that are independent, so to speak, of His mediatorial submission, "the works of God," and it can hardly be denied that in the grandest event of His Divine-human history—His resurrection from the dead—His own inherent Godhead has its tribute paid to it. Of death "He could not be holden," not merely because in the covenant of redemption the surety must be released, but also because His own Divine Personality had assumed a nature no part of which could really be severed from Him, and retained in the power of death. Of course, His death was in no sense docetic, or only a semblance of dying. But His Divine Personality never was for a moment sundered from His spirit, though His spirit was from His body. Hence death, like the unutterable agony of the Desertion, endured but for a moment. The Divine Person lived on in the spirit, though crucifixion kept the flesh on the cross; and when His spirit reanimated that flesh, it was His own reassumption as much as the act of the Father's power: a resurrection, to use Dr. Steinmeyer's distinction, as well as a raising again.

As before, we have secondly the saving design of the resurrection. It was not the vanquishing of death, which must rather be postponed to the consummation of the Saviour's mediatorial authority; but it ought not to be excluded so entirely, because, undoubtedly, the earnest of

the finished victory of the Great Day was given on the day of resurrection. This is the doctrine of the Epistle to the Colossians, and the end of the resurrection was not the forgiveness of sins; for this is part of the exercise of the Saviour's royal authority. But it was, Dr. Steinmeyer thinks, the obtaining and the impartation of the Holy Ghost. We should be disposed to correct to some extent this Lutheran over-systematising. There was no ultimate end in redemption which the Saviour's resurrection did not illustrate, foreshadow, and, as it were, confirm by earnest. Every office of the Christ was glorified in that event. His resurrection clothed Him with the authority that made Him the Prophet of all truth; and never till He rose from the dead did He speak all the things concerning His kingdom. His resurrection established Him as a Priest for ever: it declared that the offering was accepted, and that there remained only the sprinkling of its precious blood upon all hearts, and the priestly benediction of pardon or peace. The resurrection invested Our Lord with His supreme authority as King. Although it was not until many days after that He said, "all power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," the word "is given" must date from the moment when His spirit rose from the dead in Hades, before it raised His body from the sepulchre. It is only by embracing all possible references that we find the full truth of our Saviour's resurrection, or the raising of Himself.

The history of the resurrection brings the Person of the Risen Lord into view. There are two theories concerning this: one holds that the Saviour presented Himself in the old material bodily form; the other assumes a gradual change during the forty days. Both Dr. Steinmeyer thinks erroneous. The Lord appeared to His disciples not otherwise than He really was, and did not wait for the glorification of His body until after the resurrection. He brought His glorified body from the sepulchre. Rothe thought that there was a taking up and laying down again of the earthly body; but this will not hold. The body of the Risen Lord was one. Essentially it was a spiritual body, the organ of that life-manifestation to which the risen are called. But this body conformed to the law of visible appearance whenever the Lord purposed to make Himself manifest to His disciples; it could adapt itself thus, because the Lord in the resurrection had entered into His glory. The peculiar opposites here do not disparage, they rather confirm, the truth of the narration. The records press onward towards the conclusion of a higher,

glorified corporeity; but the Risen Lord needed this in order to dispense the gift of the Spirit. Again, they manifestly tend towards a material body; and only in such could the Lord truly appear to His disciples. The two antithetical exhibitions are so inextricably interwoven as to show that the narrators thought their juxtaposition nothing wonderful; there could be to them no contradiction, because it was the same body that appeared and that retreated again into the invisible. Moreover, it was not from heaven that Christ appeared to His disciples: He tarried forty days upon earth.

The third section of this elaborate book deals with the revelations of the Risen Lord. First, it establishes their reality. It has been often assumed that they were visions: an hypothesis that Dr. Steinmeyer examines thoroughly, and refutes. The disciples would all be led by the impressions they had already received, by the Old Testament predictions, by the express declarations of Our Lord, to infer that the Crucified entered not into death but into the glory of God through the gates of death; and they might, through the concentration of their minds on these thoughts, prepare themselves for the ecstasy of a visionary beholding of the glorified One. But when we read we find that these narratives say nothing at once of a Glorified Being, but only of their Lord simply as risen; not as invested with the glory of exaltation do they see Him, but as a pure restitution of His earlier form. Much appeal has been made to St. Paul. He is said to have seen, like the others, only a vision. Now, if Paul had been only converted on the way to Damascus, we might assume that the transaction was only internal; but he was also called to his Apostolical vocation. A man does not in virtue of an internal purpose elect himself to the Apostolate, the vocation must come immediately from the Lord.

Secondly, the design of the manifestion of the Risen One in the plan of salvation is enlarged upon in a very interesting manner. The Apostolic office was to be founded, and the Eleven to be entrusted with this office. This is insisted on as against Hofmann and others, who suppose that the design of the forty days' interval was the confirmation of the disciples' faith. But there surely need be no polemic on a subject like this. Most assuredly, the first design of Our Lord's mysterious hovering over His disciples, and of His occasional and carefully ordered manifestations, was their release from the last vestige of doubt. This being granted, undoubtedly their especial investiture with office did require the personal appearance of the Lord. It might not have been necessary, abstractly and

absolutely, that they should see Him in order to their believing for themselves the blessed intelligence of His resurrection. But to *preach* this faith, to open their mouths in Apostolical testimony, would have been a thing impossible, an ambition too high, if the commission had not been given them on the part of their Risen Lord in real and indubitable personal manifestations.

Proceeding to the Evangelical records, finally, we encounter some adverse criticism on the methods of harmonising the accounts, and digesting them into a continuous narrative. For our own part, we do not find so much difficulty in this as we once did. A slight confusion occurs amidst the brightness of the Easter morning itself; faith must tolerate this petty embarrassment, and believe that, if we knew all, the semblance of difficulty would entirely vanish. The remainder of the appearances, dispersed over the forty days, may be marshalled, by St. Paul's help, with great precision. The revelation to Mary Magdalen (which is identical with Matt. xxviii. 9) had for its main object the communication of the glorious tidings to the disciples. It was not any personal distinction conferred upon herself, however honourable the place in the kingdom to which she had been raised. But the very first words to this last begin at once to indicate that the Risen Lord is "the same Jesus." We seem to hear the same tones of the same voice. But it is the same in this, that, from the individual, the Lord instantly passes to the general; from the woman to the body of the disciples; from the simple gesture which He perceived in her to a great law of His new kingdom. It cannot but be observed, also, that the employment of intermediate messengers is in harmony with all His accustomed methods: it was His wont to fore-announce all glorious manifestations, whether from heaven or on earth. And so it is now. The women shall tell His disciples of His resurrection; and the women shall be His heralds for the gathering together of the great assembly on the mountain in Galilee. The act of Mary was one of simple devotion and zeal: she would retain, as it were, Him "who had been lost, but was found." Here, then, was the occasion for the first great resurrection announcement: that the ascension was at hand; that the delay was only a parenthesis of interval, designed for certain purposes; that He would soon go up where the touch of faith alone should mediate between Him and them.

Here, as everywhere, the profound symbolical meaning of Our Lord asserts itself to every thoughtful mind. Whether

before or after His resurrection, whether before or since the communication of the Holy Ghost, it has pleased the great Teacher of the Church to clothe His teaching in a certain veil of allegory, symbol, or parable, which the eye of faith can penetrate, while it becomes dense to the eye of reason in its pride. How easy would it have been, humanly speaking, to have uttered the truth here symbolised in plain words, such as, reported by Mary to the Apostles, would have taught them a most important lesson. But it has pleased the Saviour to speak His meaning in a parable which has its one meaning to those who are taught of the Spirit, while to those who have theories to uphold, it may easily be perverted into the very opposite. Hence, there have never been wanting those who have supposed the Redeemer to signify that, after His ascension, He would be physically touched. In fact, the two great sacramental doctrines which have erred from the simplicity of the faith, have erred through not receiving the caution of these words. The *Touch me not!* denies for ever the contact between the hands, and lips, and bodies of believers, and the Glorified Humanity of Our Lord. The *breathing* on His part, and the reception of that influence of the Holy Ghost on ours, is henceforward the law. As this is the very first utterance of Christ after His resurrection—the first that is of more than merely local reference—it ought to be solemnly pondered. No writers have done more to open out the mysteries of Our Lord's post-resurrection sayings than the Lutheran divines; but, generally speaking, they fail to take Mary's message from the Lord. In theory, at least, they are touching Him still in all their Eucharistic celebrations; practically, their error is a venial one, for the spiritualisation of Our Lord's glorified corporeity is only another name for the Holy Ghost, "the Spirit of Christ."

But we must return to Dr. Steinmeyer. The travellers to Emmaus illustrate the same law to which reference has just been made,—that the Saviour loves to prepare His way by other forerunners besides the Baptist. These two men were favoured with a revelation of Christ, not for their own sake, but for the sake of the disciples to whom they were sent. Their eyes were holden, that they should not be led by the beholding of flesh to a faith in His resurrection: they must receive the Word of God, and, thus believing, have the other and lesser vision added unto them. Now, as believers, they were sent to prepare a place of faith for Christ among His called Apostles. It was the Lord's good pleasure to be expected, when He should enter among

them, with His greeting of peace; and when He should entrust them with their Apostolical commission, it was a high decorum that they should receive Him in faith. There is something very interesting in all this. But it seems to exaggerate the importance of the Apostolical circle on the evening of the great day; and it forgets that Simon Peter had already forestalled them, while, on His appearance, the Saviour had still to show them "His hands and His side." But chiefly it tends to disparage the profound interest of the scene as between the Saviour and these two unknown. Surely those lingering hours were not spent in simply preparing them to announce to the Apostles His coming. The narrative itself is indescribably touching; and, as part of the evidences of the resurrection, full of minute points of evidential value. But its chief interest lies in this, that the great Expositor gave these two simple ones His commentary on the Old Testament Scriptures, "beginning," but not ending, with "Moses and all the prophets;" making every Scriptural writer a new beginning for the unfolding of the mysteries of His person and work. Nor must we say that this lavish outpouring of exposition never preserved was too great for the occasion, and a superfluity of kindness. In every department of His universe, the Lord's wont is to be abundant where we cannot explain the waste, and parsimonious where we might have expected a rich supply. Besides, we know not what amount of this earliest and authentic "Christology" has been preserved. Perhaps we know more of these two men, of one of them at least, than we have been in the habit of thinking. And they who announced the coming of Christ to the eleven would announce much more than that. Their brethren would not permit them to retain their knowledge as a sealed possession. And doubtless much of that first Lord's Day morning discourse has transpired into the documents that we now hold.

The Christophany of the evening of the first day is said here to have been the central point in the history of the forty days. It was then that the Lord installed the Apostles in their office. They received then and there, not, as Bengel thought, an *arrha Pentecostes*, but an actual impartation of the Holy Ghost Himself. All difficulties are supposed to disappear when we view the action of the Lord in its right connection with His preliminary utterance. He names these disciples to His Apostleship: and this was their elevation to the full stage of that office itself. But they would not have received the office, which St. Paul aptly calls an "office of

the Spirit," if the Spirit Himself had not then been communicated. The word of vocation did not require the accompanying action for its confirmation, but for its true and perfect realisation as a fact. Closely belonging to the office, and a co-efficient in its idea, the gift of the Spirit must be there latent and quiescent so long as the functions of the office were as yet undischarged. Here we begin to feel our jealousy for the Day of Pentecost rising. Assuredly, this period, from the resurrection to the Pentecost, was a time of interval, repeating the sayings and blessings of the past, and anticipating the greater sayings and greater blessings of the future. It is a full answer to Dr. Steinmeyer to point to these men as they are seen in the successive appearances of the Forty days, and in the inertness of the Ten days, and to contrast them with the "flames of fire" that went forth to do the will of God after the Pentecostal morning.

Finally, on this subject, we cannot regard this evening as the supreme point of interest in the forty days. The Apostles were not, as a whole, designated to their offices; for Thomas was absent, and Simon Peter's full restoration was reserved, and the Twelfth was not. In fact, the later event to which reference has already been made, when, or immediately after which, the Eleven were designated to their function and commissioned to preach the Gospel to every creature, even to the ends of the earth, must take precedence of all the other appearances. It was the only one that the Saviour pre-arranged and predicted; and both in so remarkable and doubly emphatic a manner that no doubt ought ever to arise on the subject. For that mountain in Galilee, which is strangely forgotten in this volume, all the previous appearances seemed to prepare, and what followed was only the result of the great word there spoken. As the Saviour assumed His teaching office, after some preliminary teaching, on a public occasion in Nazareth (Luke iv.); and as, after many preliminaries of priestly benediction, of forgiveness and peace, He assumed His high priestly office, and sanctified Himself in the chamber before Gethsemane, where He spiritually sacrificed the Passover; so now, after many exercises of His royal prerogative, He on the mountain publicly assumed His mediatorial Lordship. Now, there is a sense in which the Lordship of Christ sums up all His Messianic functions; He teaches and blesses now from His throne; and exercises a dominion of doctrine and reconciliation, which includes all His saving work. Hence, the set day when He was arrayed in His royal apparel, and was a second time transfigured,

and said, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth," must needs have the pre-eminence.

The narrative concerning Thomas is vigorously treated. We are not capable, the author thinks, of understanding it fully unless we regard Thomas as a thorough doubter. He had already forsaken the faith before the thought of doubt entered his heart and the word sprang to his lips; he feels himself now under the keen inquisition of that Eye which sees every secret, and had already detected the design of his heart. Suffice that what he had laid down as the price of his faith is offered him by the condescension of Christ; and his assurance, "I will not believe," is responded to, "Be not faithless, but believing!" This overcame him: it uprooted his unbelief, and placed him among the true Apostles of Christ. In all this we think there are two opposite failures: one exaggerates the unbelief of Thomas, and the other undervalues the singular grandeur of the faith to which he leaped from the depth of his despondency. His unbelief had specific reference to the Lord's resurrection. Of unbelief generally he had no more and no less than the Apostles at large. His true faith in Christ was such as to keep him in the company of the Apostles when others were going or had gone away. What all felt he vehemently expressed, just as his fellow-delinquent, Simon Peter, only more overtly uttered a defection which all of them, save one, were guilty of Thomas's was a morbid and terrified soul; and that, with his profound impression of the Saviour's death, he should have been lingering among the Apostles at all, showed that his heart was as sound as theirs. And surely his triumphant exclamation has nothing to surpass it, scarcely anything to rival it, in the Evangelical history, "My Lord and my God!" It is remarkable that the two grandest testimonies to the Divinity of the Incarnate One which the Four Gospels contain should have been uttered by the two who approached most nearly to the denial of Christ's name, and uttered in close connection with their exhibition of weakness. Simon Peter's weakness, however, followed his confession (Matt. xvi.), while Thomas's preceded his. These instances serve to show that there is sometimes but a step between utter despondency and lively faith, between denial and perfect confession.

The manifestation at the Sea of Galilee is treated as one compact whole. When the Lord, on the day of His resurrection, raised the disciples to the dignity of the Apostleship, it was the grandeur and glory of their office that then was prominent. But the converse now comes in. The power of

the Apostles was conditioned by their humble service; their success depended on their restless, unwearied, self-denying activity. In great patience, in constant labour, in watchings and fastings, were they to approve themselves the ministers of Christ's will. They sate upon their seats, ruling the tribes, but their government was to go hand in hand with their evangelical ministry of hard toil, and always rest upon this. And it is this inexhaustible and always recurring fact that the sea-scene near Tiberias exhibits in symbolical guise. The food which the Saviour demanded from His Apostles was the perfect consecration of their own souls, and the multitude of other souls whom by that consecration they should win. The meat which the Lord spread for His Apostles was the demonstration that whatever they brought to Him for His service was first imparted to them by Himself. As to the scene that followed, in which Peter occupied the forefront, it is stripped by Dr. Steinmeyer of much of its significance; he makes it refer mainly to the prophecy of the death that Peter should die. To us there is much more significance in it than this. Simon Peter is solemnly, and as it were publicly, pardoned and reinstated in his official position: not, only, indeed, in his official position as an Apostle, but in his primacy as the chief of the Apostles of the circumcision. In an interview with his Master, which is not recorded in this book, which Peter never related, or related only under the seal of silence, we believe that his great sin was forgiven and his conscience set at peace. What passed in that private interview it is impossible for us to imagine. But the fact of the interview is plainly declared; and in a manner so significant as to permit us to attach to it any measure of personal significance. But, apart from all this, there is an indescribable pathos in the whole scene as it ends the Four Gospels by a perfect description of the evangelical following of Christ in the spirit of love, in bound and absolute subjection to His will, and with an eye to His presence in glory. These are the three lessons which shine through the history for ever. The ill-regulated curiosity of a legend-loving time read the narrative otherwise; but such is the teaching that it communicates to us.

The significance of the Lord's ascension is generally disparaged in Lutheran theology. Dr. Steinmeyer remarks that in the three Evangelists — St. Matthew, St. Mark, whose Gospel he supposes to end with ch. xvi. 9, and St. John — there is no record of that event, which in the Gospels is introduced only on account of the special discourses after which He took His departure. The appropriate place for the ascen-

sion is not the end of the Gospels, but the beginning of the Acts. His appearance on that occasion was in a material body, and He departed visibly in order to give them sensible demonstration that He was going to the Father, and that they must expect no further earthly intercourse with Him. Hence His elevation was a *motio localis, successiva et physica.* By the supreme power of His own will He produced this manifestation; just as once He walked upon the water, so now He raised Himself into the air. But as soon as He was withdrawn from the view of His disciples, and the specific object of the manifestation was obtained, the notion of materiality, so far as it is inconsistent with a spiritual body, falls away; and our idea of the glorified Christ assumes another form. The spiritual body needs no successive motion. But here we think our author is lost in the clouds which have received the Lord out of his sight. Meanwhile, nothing can be more striking than the fact that the Evangelist Luke closes one account and begins the other with the same event; but so ordering his two accounts that every trait and every word in the Gospel should look backward, and in the Acts look forward.

Doubtless, every reader is sensible of a certain disappointment when the last Evangelical record is found to close without conducting the Saviour to the "glory which He had with the Father before the world was." But a little reflection will show the groundlessness of such a feeling. St. John cannot be said to omit the ascension altogether, for in ch. vi. 62 we read, "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before?" The two words for "see" and "ascend up" are such as immediately to suggest an event not purely spiritual. But he does not include the event in his narrative, because the limits of his design are prescribed definitively; the limit at the commencement is after the baptism, which is not recorded, and at the end before the ascension, which is therefore not recorded. The idea before his mind, humanly speaking, was the development of faith in the Apostle, from its origin to its consummation. To borrow the words of Godet (*St. Luc* ii. 442): "Their faith was born with the visit of John and Andrew after the baptism; and it received the seal of perfection in the profession of Thomas before the ascension. What proves incontestably that the Evangelist did not design to narrate in his book all the appearances which he knew, is the fact that the scene by the lake of Gennesareth is put into an appendix, whether edited by the author himself (at least down to v. 23), or from a tradition spiring from him. He knew of this manifestation, but did not mention it in his

writing, just as St. Luke, who could not but know of the appearance to the five hundred, mentions it neither in the Gospel nor in the Acts. What reserve do not facts like these impose on a criticism by no means sufficiently circumspect!" We are tempted to quote a few more words from this French writer:—

"Criticism is on the wrong track when it imagines that each Evangelist has said all that he could say. In presence of the oral tradition diffused through the Churches, the Evangelical history had not the special attraction and bias that has been attributed to it. It was not a matter of anxious care to it to record one appearance more or less. The essential matter for it was to give a clear affirmation of the resurrection itself. The contrast between the detailed, official enumeration of St. Paul, 1 Cor. xv., and each of our Four Evangelists proves this most evidently. It seems to us that there is, in this respect, much inconsistency in suspecting, as Meyer does, the fact of the ascension because St. Matthew is silent, and not extending this suspicion to those other appearances in Judæa which he equally omits. . . .

"In any case, once suppose the resurrection a reality, and the question must arise as to how our Saviour left the earth. Was it silently and alone, without a word said? Did He on some day, without any warning, cease to reappear? Was such a method of procedure consistent with His tender love to His own? Or did His body, as according to M. de Bunsen, exhausted by the supreme effort which His resurrection occasioned (Bunsen supposes that Jesus Himself, by the energy of His will, was the author of this event), succumb during a missionary career in Phœnicia, whither He went to find believers among the Gentiles (John x. 17, 18 compared with v. 16), and die there and be buried? But, in this case, His resuscitated body would have differed in nothing from the body which He had during life; and how then can we account for the several records, from which it appears that between His resurrection and His ascension His body was already under special conditions and in the way of glorification? The reality of an event of the kind of that which St. Luke so emphatically records, is indubitable, whether from the point of view of faith in the resurrection, or from the point of view of faith in general. The ascension is a postulate of faith." —*Comm. sur St. Luc*, ii. 444.

We have not referred much to Dr. Steinmeyer's disquisitions on the character of the resurrection documents, and the various theories that have been resorted to. For these, we prefer the much clearer and more readable views of M. Godet. We quote them, however—not because our own English theological literature is wanting on this subject,—it is remarkably full,—but for the sake of the variety which the introduction of a foreign witness throws into the case.

First, as to the divergences of the documents. M. Godet's theory of a fundamental body of oral tradition, conjoined with

his conviction of a distinct aim on the part of each Evangelist, enables him to thread his way satisfactorily through all the complications of the resurrection narrative. We shall give the substance of his remarks, but in an abridgment which scarcely will permit quotation. It is in this part of the Evangelical narrative that we find the greatest divergences. As friends who have been for some time travelling together disperse, at the end of the journey, to take each his own way to his fireside, so, in this last part, the distinctive aim of each Evangelist exercises on his narrative an influence more marked than had been observed before. St. Luke, whose design is to describe the graduated growth of the Christian work, from Nazareth to Rome, prepares, in these last records of his Gospel, for the scenes of the Apostolical preaching, and the foundation of the Church, which he will depict in the Acts. St. Matthew, who proposed to give the evidences of the Messianic rights of Jesus, crowns his demonstration by an account of the most solemn manifestation of the Risen Lord, that on which He made known to the Church His universal sovereignty, and inaugurated His Apostles into their mission as conquerors of the world. St. John, who narrates the history of the development of faith in the founders of the Gospel, running parallel with that of the incredulity of Israel, closes his recital by the appearance which elicited the confession of Thomas and consummated the triumph of faith over unbelief in the Apostolical circle. The end of St. Mark's Gospel has been in vain cut off: we find in it still the characteristic trait of his record. He had given prominence to the mighty activity of the Saviour, as that of a Divine Evangelist; and the last words of his account (ch. xvi. 19, 20) show to us Jesus glorified, co-operating still, from heaven, with His Apostles.

Each Evangelist knows well whither he tends, and what his design is; and, therefore, the narratives vary from each other all the more as they approach the end. The specific differences in the records of the resurrection are partly the effect of this principal ground of difference. Of the four accounts, the two extreme are that of St. Matthew, who lays all the stress on the great Galilean manifestation; and that of St. Luke, who records only the appearances in Judæa. The two others are, as it were, middle terms. St. Mark (at least after ch. xvi. 9) is dependent on the former, and oscillates between them. St. John really unites them when he records, like St. Luke, the appearances in Jerusalem, and, like St. Matthew, giving prominence, also, to an appearance in Galilee. For, if his chapter (xxi.) was not written by himself, it was the repro-

duction of a tradition from him. Thus, the general fact of appearances which took place both in Judæa and in Galilee, is supported by all the Evangelists, as a whole; and it is indirectly confirmed by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians.

It is impossible to follow this clear writer into the details of his exposition, where, without any undue violence, a fair account is given of every difficulty. The following sentence is an illustration: "The course of events, then, was this. Mary Magdalen comes to the sepulchre with the other women. At the sight of the stone rolled away, she runs to tell the disciples; the other women remain; perhaps others come a little later (St. Mark). The angel announces to them the resurrection, and they return. Mary Magdalen returns with Peter and John; then, remaining alone after their departure, she becomes witness of the first appearance of the Risen Lord." Is there anything forced or improbable in such an account as this? Every other difficulty may be treated in the same way: in fact, in such a manner as to satisfy every mind which has not a stubborn prepossession against faith.

But we turn from the records, which have their difficulties, to the event itself, which is the greatest miracle of all. The Apostles bore testimony to the resurrection of Jesus, and on this testimony founded the Church. So far we are in the region of pure historical fact. It is equally certain that they did not in this act as impostors. Strauss frankly owns this; and Volkmar, in his mystical language, goes so far as to say: "It is one of the most certain of all facts in the history of humanity that, soon after His death on the cross, Jesus appeared alive to His disciples, however we may understand this fact, which has no analogy in history." What is the true explication of this fact? In answering, we are still indebted more or less to M. Godet.

Did Jesus return to life from a profound lethargy, as Schleiermacher thought? It was the inconsistency of that great theologian to disparage the external events and the external evidences of the Christian faith; and we should be glad to give him the credit of a better view concerning the Saviour's death, on the evidence of some other passages in his writings. But we fear the charity would be thrown away. At any rate, our common enemy, Strauss, has mocked that hypothesis out of the field. To us, it is a total subversion of the Gospel, and robs the Saviour of all that we adore and love in His truth and grace. But were these appearances to the first believers the result of a state of exaltation? Such is the theory of Strauss, followed in this by the whole tribe of

modern Rationalists; but the contempt he poured on Schleiermacher's solution may fairly recoil upon his own substitute for it. Against this, it has been remarked by Weizsäcker that such hallucinations would argue a lively expectation of the corporeal reappearance of Jesus; whereas the disciples never expected that, but to the last confounded the resurrection with the Parousia. And, so far from feeding their imaginations with the idea of the sensible presence of their Lord, they did not at the first moment recognise Him. Moreover, we can conceive of the possibility of hallucination in one person; but not in two, not in twelve, certainly not in five hundred at once. Especially when, as here, the question is not of a simple luminous appearance betwixt heaven and earth, but of a person accomplishing certain actions, pronouncing positive discourses, seen and heard by many witnesses. But are the records to be suspected? It was, however, the Apostolical teaching, the universally received tradition (1 Cor. xv.); and such a notion would take us back to imposture, which has been supposed to be out of the question.

We come then to the empty tomb, and the disappearance of the body: these are still inexplicable. If, as the reports had it, the body remained in the hands of the friends of Jesus, the testimony they gave to the resurrection was the fruit of imposture. But that hypothesis, we say once more, is out of court. If it remained in the hands of the Jews, why did they not crush at once, by bringing forward this incontrovertible piece of evidence, the preaching of the Apostles? It would have been far more efficacious to shut their mouths thus than to scourge them. Strauss and his followers have found it exceedingly difficult to escape from this dilemma. However, he contrived to take the offensive when the defensive failed him. Starting from the enumeration of the appearances in St. Paul (1 Cor. xv.), he reasoned thus:—"Paul had himself a *vision* on the way to Damascus; he places all the appearances which were given to the other Apostles on the same level; therefore, they are all nothing but visions." Now, as M. Godet shows, there is an *equivoque* at the bottom of this reasoning. Could Strauss affirm that St. Paul *himself regarded* the appearance which converted him as a simple vision? If so, it is easy to confute him; for, as in 1 Cor. xv., St. Paul aims to demonstrate the corporeal resurrection of the faithful by the resurrection of Jesus, it is evident that his reasoning would be without any point if, when speaking of the apparition of Jesus, he meant only a simple vision. Now,

if he regarded the apparition which had been granted him as a corporeal apparition, he must have regarded in the same light all the others which he cites in the same interest. Or, would Strauss say that the apparition was only a vision, though St. Paul did not know it? In that case, the conclusion which he draws from the mention of the fact by St. Paul for the interpretation of all the others has no logical value. Finally, did God permit that the Spirit of Jesus glorified, manifesting itself to the disciples, should produce on them effects like that of a sensible apperception? This is the notion of Weisse and Lotze. But how could such a spirit labour to persuade the disciples that it was not a spirit (Luke xxiv. 37—40)? And then again the empty sepulchre remains always unexplained.

There is but one explanation of the Apostolical testimony, and of its effect, that will bear examination; it is that of the the reality of the resurrection. This fact is in particular the only sufficient reason that will ever be given of the empty tomb. The sepulchre was found empty because He who was laid there had Himself deserted it.

M. Godet's account of the records of the resurrection is instructive, and we will give it entire:—

"These records are in reality nothing but reports on the apparitions of the risen Lord. The most ancient, and the most official, if we may say so, is that of Paul, 1 Cor. xv. It is the *résumé* of the oral teaching received in the Church, from the fund common to all the Apostles (ver. 11—15). Paul enumerates the six apparitions as follows:—one, to Cephas; two, to the Twelve; three, to the five hundred; four, to James; five, to the Twelve; six, to himself. We reproduce easily, in Luke's Gospel, Nos. 1, 2, and 5 (ch. xxiv. 34, 36, 50), and in the Acts, No. 6. The appearance to James became the pabulum of Jewish Christian legend; in the Apocryphal Books it plays a large part. No. 3 remains, the appearance to the five hundred. Strange and instructive facts! No apparition of Jesus is better certified and more inexpugnable, none was more public or produced on the Church a more decisive effect; and it is not mentioned, at least as such, in any of our Four Gospels. How should this fact put us on our guard against the *argumentum e silentio!* How should it teach us the complete ignorance which still surrounds us as to the circumstances which presided over the oral tradition which exerted so decisive an influence on our Evangelical historiography! Luke could not be ignorant of the fact, if he had only once read the Corinthian chapter, or once talked with St. Paul about it; but he has not mentioned it, or allowed it to transpire in hint! If we bring down Luke's document to fifty years later, it makes no difference. For so it only becomes the more impossible that the author should be ignorant of 1 Cor. xv."

Once more as to the *ensemble* of these narratives :—

"If, drawing out these recitals from their dispersion in the Gospels, we unite them in one whole, we find ten appearances, including that of St. Paul. In the first, Jesus consoles and relieves; for He finds broken hearts (one, Magdalen, two, Peter, three, the two at Emmaus). Then He labours to confirm and vivify faith (four, the Twelve; five, Thomas). After that He provides for the future; He reconstitutes the Apostolate in restoring to it its head (six, the miraculous draught), and in organising it into a missionary Church (seven, farewell on the mountain; eight, James' mission to Israel). Finally, He takes leave of the Apostolate, and then completes it in view of the Gentiles (nine, ascension; ten, vocation of Paul). This whole, so profoundly psychological, is not the work of the Evangelists, since the elements of it are dispersed among them all.

"As to the importance of the resurrection, this event is not recorded solely to signalise the Saviour; it is the *salvation* itself; it is condemnation removed, death vanquished. We were condemned! Jesus dies. As soon as His death saves us, He lives again, and we live again in Him. Such an event is all, and includes all, or it is nothing."

With these good and wholesome words we leave this subject for a while. The bearing of the resurrection on the evidences of Christianity has not been discussed at any length, because there are some other recent works of great importance lying before us that will furnish an opportunity of resuming the theme with special reference to that aspect of it.

ART. VIII.—*An Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament, with a New Translation.* By M. M. KALISCH, Phil. Doc., M.A. Leviticus, Part II. Longmans. 1872.

THIS volume contributes to swell the current which sets in against the authenticity and authority of the Mosaic documents. But it has some claims to attention not shared by the great mass of the writers who reject the Divine legation of Moses and the veracity of the records which profess to embody sih legislation. Dr. Kalisch is an eminent Hebrew scholar, and has done much to further the study of the Old Testament in this country. He is, moreover, in some sense a Jew; but a philosophical and sceptical one, whose views of religion are of the most transcendent order, and defy the restraints of the letter, whether of Moses or of the Prophets. But we have, in reviewing his former works, said all that need be said on the subject of his character and credentials for the solemn task of expounding the Pentateuch. A few remarks on certain points raised in the volume just issued from the press, the treatment of which is of special importance just now, will be made in the following pages. First, let us notice Dr. Kalisch's theory of the "economy, date, and authorship of Leviticus."

"Holiness is the aim and object of the Book of Leviticus: the holiness of the tabernacle and its servants, the holiness of public worship and private life, of the people and the land. The book contains hardly a precept, a narrative, or an historical allusion, which is not meant to promote that one great end. It sets forth elaborate codes on sacrifices, offerings, and votive gifts; it furnishes a full account of the consecration of Aaron and his sons; of the national sanctuary and its vessels; commands relating to purity in diet and person follow; and supplementary laws are repeatedly added concerning the principal subjects—the sacrifices, the priesthood, and purity; the minutest injunctions are given in reference to the sanctity of marriage, rectitude in every relation of life, and the duties of love and charity; respecting the holy days, seasons and periods—the Sabbath and the festivals, the Sabbatical year and the year of jubilee; and finally blessings are promised to those who obey, dire punishments threatened to those who disregard these laws. And, in every instance, the holiness of God is the foundation upon which the institutions are built, and it is the ideal after which the Hebrews, destined to be a priestly nation, must strive. This is the true unity of the book, a unity of principle, which suggested and determined the selection of subjects."

Suggested to whom? That is the question which immediately occurs to the mind. Of course, our own answer would be a very simple one. Taking this noble description of the central book of the Pentateuch as true, and it is literally true, it could be no other than the Holy Spirit of God who moved upon the mind of the Lawgiver of the Hebrews to make all these elaborate preparations for a ministry and a worship which, typical and transitory, should last for more than a thousand years, and then give place to the abiding reality of Christian worship in the spiritual and heavenly sanctuary pitched by the Lord and not man. So we are taught by that same Spirit in the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is the Christian "Leviticus," the worthy counterpart in the New Testament of that book in the Old. There we find the meaning of the ancient economy of ritual and bloodshedding: the meaning of its fundamental idea of expiation, and the meaning of all the innumerable details of its ever-recurring sacrifices. We turn from the New Testament interpretations to the book itself, and find that everything in it is perfectly consistent with that theory of a Divine suggestion to Moses and Aaron, and a Divine purpose to consecrate to Himself a people from the beginning of their history to be the depositary of a ceremonial service of preparation for the perfect worship of the Last Days. From the beginning to the end the sacred formula is, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying."

But this is not what Dr. Kalisch means by "suggestion" and "determining." The Book of Leviticus, according to his conviction, was not in existence until what we should call—and he could hardly differ from us—the times of the decadence and utter corruption of his people. Whatever fragments of original legislation had come down from the days of Moses were worked up by some unknown artist into the expanded system, bearing for us the name of "Leviticus," but really the perfect expression of the Jewish theological mind, which had been for more than a thousand years advancing towards the consummation of a sacrificial approach to God. According to this theory, the ethical and religious system of the Hebrews had, like the tribes in one of its songs, been "going from strength to strength, until it appeared in Zion before God." But the Zion of the services of which this Levitical book is the directory, was not the first temple that displaced the tabernacle of the wilderness, but that second one, the falling of which from the dignity of the former smote the national heart so keenly. All these elaborate prescriptions were inventions, for the most part, of times

this side of the Babylonian captivity, antedated and put into the form of injunctions given by God to Moses and Aaron; and so interwoven into a framework of historical detail and reference to surrounding nations as to secure acceptance for the work as the only production of Moses and of the early ages of the Hebrew commonwealth.

Thus the entire book of Leviticus is rounded, according to this, the latest of many mutually inconsistent theories, with a deception. It begins with these words (we adopt Dr. Kalisch's translation): "And the Lord called to Moses, and spoke to him out of the tent of meeting, saying, Speak to the children of Israel and say to them;" and it ends thus: "These are the commandments which the Lord commanded Moses for the children of Israel on Mount Sinai." No special pleading will ever avail to purge this blot from the Pentateuch, as constructed according to modern Jewish and Christian Rationalist hypotheses. It is one of the most strange of the phases of scepticism as to the documents of revelation that learned and devout and honest men should deliberately consent to such a theory as this. Indeed they seem to have betaken themselves to it with one consent as a kind of refuge from the two extremes, that of an infidel rejection of revelation and that of an entire submission to the doctrine of inspiration, or, as they call it, Bibliolatry. It is the favourite hypothesis of the hour; and one that is recklessly applied to each Testament, and to all parts of both. The Gospels, they say, are not records of imposture written by impostors: but religious books written in honour of a holy Personage, and in the names of other holy persons, by men of a later date who concealed their own names. The Apostle St. John, for instance, knew no more than his brother James of the glorious invention which, as the Fourth Gospel, afterwards passed with the world under his auspices. So, more than one half of St. Paul's Epistles were written by pious imitators, or rather forgers, of a later age. Strictly speaking, and without any exaggeration, this is the theory of the present book and of most modern critics of the Pentateuch. The "Book of Covenants" and other fragments were moulded into new forms, and passed off upon a credulous nation and an uninquiring future, as the veritable books and ordinances which God gave to Moses and was supposed to have preserved from age to age inviolate in the Ark.

In all the history of the world there is no parallel of this. It is a theory that is discredited, not only by the dishonour which it does to the character of God, but by its utter need-

lessness and superfluity of deceit. The good men who finally arranged the Old Testament canon could not, in the nature of things, have perpetrated this wrong, or adopted the cunningly-devised fable of any individual who had perpetrated it. We see plain evidences before our eyes that they wrought on quite another principle. They assign to David his own psalms, but they do not assign all to him. They occasionally give indications that they are weaving into one the almost unconnected portions of some of the prophets, and historians and chroniclers. They refer to and quote lost documents and archives; and avowedly add here and there what the process of ages required them to add. But we may be very sure that they did not invent the "Day of Atonement," and assign it, with all those most unutterable solemnities that surround it, to a period and an occasion with which it had no connection whatever.

The modern children of Abraham are content to accept this flagrant dishonour done to their God and their Lawgiver. More than that, they glory in it as a tribute to the national dignity. Dr. Kalisch has not one word to say on the subject of the stupendous and all-pervading violation of truth involved in all this. He is fascinated by the grandeur of a religious history that wrought out its sublime theories of religion through the procession of ages, slowly, and taking centuries for every step, but surely, and reaching, or almost reaching, perfection, at the end. Let us hear him in his own elegant English deliver his sentiments:—

"But the notion of a holy God governing a holy people in a holy land, was the latest product of religious thought. We have tried to prove throughout the present and the preceding volume that nearly all the chief ordinances of the Hebrews passed through three successive stages, the physical or natural, the historical, and the Theocratic or spiritual. We have endeavoured to point out this uniform development with respect to the sacrificial and the dietary laws, the precepts of purity, and the festivals. But the different phases are separated from each other by long intervals, and the last presupposes a singular degree of moral refinement and religious training; it certainly presupposes an age very far in advance of that in which the people danced round the golden image of the calf Apis, exclaiming, 'These are thy gods, O Israel, who brought thee up out of the land of Egypt:' or of that in which Jephthah believed he was presenting an acceptable offering to God by slaughtering his daughter as a holocaust ..... In abandoning the traditional conceptions of the origin of the Pentateuch, we gain a great and most valuable boon; for, in viewing the marvellous religious edifice of the Hebrews as their own, and patiently achieved creation, their intellectual life

and struggles are brought home to our understandings and our human sympathies, and thus cannot fail to inspire us with a new interest and a higher admiration."

That is to say, the Hebrew nation was the architect of its own religious system, and had not the Lord their God nearer to them than to other nations. That is, the entire pre-eminence and prerogative of the holy race is surrendered; the Mosaic economy becomes a great mythology, or, at any rate, a grand exhibition of the religion of Nature. The words just quoted seem almost like an application to the religion of Judaism of the Comtian doctrine of the three stages through which man passes in his way to truth: through superstition and theology to positive philosophy. But this is mere coincidence. Dr. Kalisch works out independently enough his own views as to the progressive advancement of the Hebrew system. The day of atonement has been already referred to, as the solemn centre of the book of Leviticus especially. Let us see how Dr. Kalisch accounts for the establishment of that great and terrible day—*the day*, as the Rabbins called it. We shall give our own account of our author's views, as we have but small space for this great subject.

Long after the conquest of Canaan the Hebrews, an agricultural people, had their Sabbath and new moon, and certain harvest festivals; the Feast of the Ears of Corn, the Feast of the Harvest or Firstfruits, and the Feast of Ingathering. They kept these feasts with a natural piety, presenting their thanksgivings and their fear-offerings or holocausts. By degrees, they began to connect historical traditions with these festivals; but spontaneously and without any Divine authorisation. Notwithstanding that the very soul of the Paschal institute is represented as being its relation to the redemption of Israel, this modern exposition of Judaism is content to point out that a few incidents of the feast suggested the connection between it and the journey from Egypt. When once it was attached to the historical commemoration, the agricultural significance declined. The second great agricultural festival, the Feast of Harvest or Weeks, could not be fairly connected with any historical event of importance. "Yet Jewish tradition, everywhere working out the Biblical notions, believed there was reason to assume that the Feast of Harvest coincided with the day of revelation on Mount Sinai, and thus established in this instance also a union of the natural and historical elements, which was the more desirable at a time

when, by the dispersion of the Jews, the former had entirely ceased to be applicable." Surely, there is great confusion here. The original appointment of the feast expressly assigns a reason which it appears never could be "applicable:" as we believe, it had no Biblical connection with any historical event, though that connection partly served as a basis for the New Testament fulfilment on the day of Pentecost. With regard to the third festival, which became in Deuteronomy the "Feast of Tabernacles," Dr. Kalisch will have it that "the custom arose probably out of the ordinary circumstances under which the fruit is usually collected in vineyards and olive-groves; and the wealth and liberality of nature, to which man owes his sustenance, could not have been more suitably represented or acknowledged. But the new name and the new custom suggested a welcome historical meaning of the festival: in Leviticus, all native Israelites are earnestly commanded to live in tabernacles during seven days; and it is in Leviticus that this reason is for the first time assigned—that your generations may know that I caused the children of Israel to dwell in tabernacles when I brought them out of the land of Egypt. However, both this reason and the precise law concerning the various vegetable productions to be employed on the festival, originated many generations after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian exile; for, in the time of Nehemiah, such a law was hardly known, and the practice differed from that prescribed in Leviticus." Here, again, we have reason to complain. It is incorrect to say that the law was hardly known in the time of Nehemiah; the comparison of Neh. viii. 15 will, to any dispassionate reader, prove the contrary. In fact, most of the arguments urged here are arguments *e silentio;* and they literally have no value in such a question. Many of the earliest records of the Bible are scarcely ever mentioned again throughout the course of it. But one clear indication occurring anywhere of the existence of an institute is sufficient to invalidate that argument. And there is not one of the three feasts which is not at least a few times distinctly referred to. Change of details, also, goes for nothing, especially when, as in the matters before us, that change may be regarded as the result of fortuitous selection of particulars to be mentioned. The book of Deuteronomy brings the celebration of the festivals into closer alliance with the national sanctuary, "the place which the Lord chooses to let His name dwell there;" it dwells more on offerings and free-will gifts. In Leviticus and Numbers, the

festivals are more elaborately described. Sin offerings are added; and two new festivals, the Trumpet Memorial and the Day of Atonement.

But the historical associations were not all. There was also an ethical advancement as ages rolled on; and it is with reference to this that our commentator provokes our severest criticism. No unprejudiced student of the Hebrew annals would imagine, unless instructed by modern Jewish philosophy, that the highest and deepest religious inspirations of that people were reserved for their return from captivity and the times of Christ's appearance and the ages of the great dispersions. Rabbinism certainly would not commend itself as a great improvement on the age of Samuel and David and Isaiah. The author, however, shall speak here for himself:—

"But simultaneously with the historical, the inward and spiritual expansion of the Hebrew festivals was worked out. This expansion was the fruit of that growing conviction of the sinfulness of man, and of his need of expiation before a holy and perfect God, which is the main attribute of a pious frame of mind, and which, if manifested with earnestness and purity of purpose, invariably indicates the last and highest stage of religious life. We have on previous occasions attempted to describe this feeling of moral dependence and self-humiliation, as evinced in the Hebrew Scriptures, and especially in the Pentateuch; it was naturally fostered and strengthened by the misfortunes and struggles of the exile, which the guilty and remorseful conscience of the nation readily attributed to past iniquities; and it gave rise to the *sin offerings*, the latest development of the noblest class of sacrifices, those of expiation. As these grew in depth and popularity, they were associated with all festive and solemn days, and were superadded to the older holocausts and thankofferings. They could not, before the Babylonian exile, have been invested with the minute ceremonials and the subtle gradations specified in Leviticus, as we have before proved; in the first temple they could not have been presented in the manner described by the Levitical legislator, because that temple had no curtain against which the blood could be sprinkled; in fact, they attained their highest and final form only during the time of Zerubbabel's temple. And the crowning stone of that religious edifice, which demanded the incessant labour of more than a thousand years, was the Day of Atonement as instituted in Leviticus. It combined, as in one focus, all the scattered rays of spiritualism which in successive periods had helped to dispel superstition and frivolity; and it kindled a flame of devotion which, if rightly directed, might well cleanse the heart from egotism and pride, and raise the mind from worldliness to a yearning after light and truth."

Here, then, in the grand conception of the Day of Atonement, was the supreme triumph of the religious or ethical

spirit in the Hebrew people. This was their loftiest achievement, and beyond this they never went. The theory as here expounded is almost peculiar to Dr. Kalisch. Something faintly resembling it we have seen elsewhere; but nothing that deserves for a moment to be compared with this elaborate exposition of the *rationale* of Judaism. There is a deduction from the high dignity of this consummate expression of the spirit of worship which our author will confess presently. Before we come to that, let us ponder the position already laid down: not to controvert it seriously, or formally to show its inconsistency with the natural history of religion everywhere, and with the Jewish documents in particular, but simply to throw out a few suggestions that strike the thoughtful mind when this great assumption is fairly grasped. How, at the outset, is all this to be reconciled with the simple instincts of the human spirit, as testified by the expiatory sacrifices of all mankind, worshipping the "unknown God" at altars on which has flowed the blood of every kind of victim, man himself included, that the heart of the offerer could conceive? How is it consistent with the fact that the earliest forms of worship have been the propitiatory, and that in every age and among all people the highest aspiration of the cultivated worshipper has been to sacrifice less and pray more, or rather to mingle more prayer and praise with the sacrifice? Certainly Judaism, which has taught the whole world the secret of acceptable worship, did not invert the order and begin with pastoral and Arcadian commemorations, going on gradually to a sense of sin, a fear of God, and a longing for atoning reconciliation.

Again, no one knows better than Dr. Kalisch that that expiatory idea which pervades the proceedings of the Day of Atonement entered more or less into the celebration of the three feasts to which he here alludes. The difference was only one of degree. The Passover begins the Scriptural record of sprinkled blood; sacrifice was connected with the other feasts; and it would be a desperate attempt indeed to trace these festivals up to a time when the propitiation of God by victims was not in any sense bound up with these celebrations. The philosophic historian of Judaism must go back to some archives earlier than any *Book of Covenants*, or rather to some other Pentateuch than ours, and to a Bible that has never reached posterity. And, finally, Dr. Kalisch writes as if three feasts found their common idealisation or perfection on this new festival of Atonement. He says, speaking of the great day:—"Thus the vast circle was com-

pleted: the festivals of the Hebrews, like nearly all their institutions, had passed through three distinct phases—the natural or cosmic, the historical or commemorative, and the ethical or spiritual; and they were by this process more and more enlarged, enriched, and refined. It is remarkable, that we are able to trace those three phases in the preserved fragments of Hebrew literature, and, what is even more interesting, that we can trace them in the Pentateuch itself." The logic of all this is very peculiar. The three feasts are supposed to have reached their third stage of refined spiritual meaning; and the illustration is the establishment of a new festival of a perfectly distinct kind, having no affinity whatever with the other three, and no characteristic whatever of superior spirituality or depth. The arguments introduced to annihilate for a thousand years the day of national fasting and expiation are by no means strong. They have not even that measure of plausibility which secures for many arguments of the enemies of the Pentateuch a certain currency, and they are of a kind which provoke retaliation: they may most effectually be met by a few counter questions. For instance, the high-priest was to enter through the veil; but, as the first temple had no such veil, the Day of Atonement could never have been observed in that temple. Passing by the fact that a comparison of texts shows the existence of such a veil, let us put the case another way. The high-priest was to approach the ark of the covenant and perform certain most solemn rites before it, and specifically in relation to its golden covering. But there was no such ark in the temple of Zerubbabel (a stone was there instead, the Rabbins thought); consequently, the day of the Atonement could never have been observed in the second temple. The argument is severely conclusive, and need not be pressed; but a few more observations may be made upon it. Is it for a moment to be supposed that the last editor or "reviser" of Leviticus would have delivered to the people, or that the representatives of the people would have accepted, a prescription or directory of ceremonials elaborately adapted to another temple and an earlier state of things, but glaringly inapplicable to things as they then were? Let any one take up the Book of Leviticus, and read it on this supposition. What a solemn satire runs through the whole! How utter is the absence of any distinction between truth and untruth! "Speak to the children of Israel, and say to them, When you come into the land which I give you, the land shall keep a Sabbath to the Lord." Is this the style of the Holy Ghost, or of any sound annalist

of Israel, to call the land to which the Lord brought them back the land which the lord "giveth?" Would any legislator for a new future think it necessary to antedate his code of laws in this needless and grotesque manner? Again, to come a little nearer our present subject:—"And the Lord said to Moses, Speak to Aaron thy brother, that he must not come at all times into the sanctuary within the veil before the mercy-seat which is upon the ark, lest he die; for I appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat."

Let the reader ponder these words in all their bearings: the solemnity of the words put into the mouth of God, and the profound dread a devout Hebrew would have of taking the name of the Lord in vain; the known relation of Moses and Aaron; the peculiar name "sanctuary within the veil," which had a meaning in the olden time, but no meaning at all—the very term sanctuary being witness—after the supposed legislator's days; the Mercy-seat, the glory of the temple that had been, the opprobrium and the sorrow of the later temple that was without it; let him ponder all these words, and take in their full significance, and the entire theory of Dr. Kalisch and all his tribe must vanish away at once. The objection pertinaciously brought forward, that the Old Testament makes no allusion to the day is a kind of argument that suggests many sad considerations as to the comparative emptiness and unprofitableness of the "former things," but has no demonstrative force. There are glimmerings of the feast throughout the history, just as there are glimmerings of the Sabbath, the original of them all. The strongest argument might seem to be that based upon the silence of the prophet Ezekiel, who, in his ideal reorganisation of the temple, does not specifically indicate the Day of Atonement. But all that our critic can say is that, "Ezekiel, writing in the fourteenth year after the destruction of Jerusalem (B.C. 574), and describing the future reorganisation of public worship, introduces, indeed, expiatory ceremonials designed 'to cleanse the sanctuary' and 'all who have sinned from error or simplicity;' but these ceremonials differ widely from those of Leviticus." We might point to the concession in these words, and say, generally, that the thing signified by the Day of Atonement is there, though the name and many of the ceremonies are wanting. But that would scarcely be fair either to Dr. Kalisch or to ourselves: not to ourselves, for we find a strong argument in our own favour in this very silence; not to Dr. Kalisch, for his putting of the case is exceedingly striking. It will be profitable to hear it:—

"We find discrepancies with respect to the very time of the celebration. While the Pentateuch prescribes *one* day, namely the *tenth* of the *seventh* month, the prophet sets apart *two* days, viz., the *first* and the *seventh* of the *first* month. This difference may easily be accounted for, and forms a strong link in the chain of our arguments. In Ezekiel's time, the year still commenced, as it had commenced among the Hebrews from immemorial ages, at the season of the *vernal* equinox, or in the first month Aviv (Nisan); therefore, desirous to recommend rituals of expiation to be performed on the first of Aviv, and to be repeated on the *seventh* day, a number familiar to the Hebrews as holy and significant. However, after the Babylonian exile, the Jews not only employed those Chaldean names of the months which occur in the later books of the Hebrew Canon, but, accommodating themselves to east Asiatic customs, they began to date the civil year from the *autumnal* equinox, or the seventh month Ethanim (Tishri). When they had made this change, they deemed it advisable to distinguish the first day of the seventh month as a religious festival, or a "holy convocation;" as such it was appointed in the latest books of the Pentateuch, in Leviticus and Numbers, under the names of "Day of Memorial" or "Day of Blowing the Trumpet," and it was then simply called New Year. In the course of time, the *tenth* day of the same month was fixed for penitence and self-affliction, and for the restoration of inward purity through Divine forgiveness, for the number ten was considered as hardly less significant than seven; it was chosen to convey that God's Spirit or Power descended to manifest itself on earth; and thus we must understand the revelation of Ten Commandments and the infliction of ten Egyptian plagues. Those who attribute the whole of the Pentateuch to Moses, have even been unable to explain the disagreement under discussion, and have asked themselves, in utter perplexity—How could Ezekiel venture to blot out from the new Theocracy the holiest day of the year, and to substitute for it two days of his own arbitrary selection? The indignation of the Rabbis at this imagined heresy was so vehement, that they were anxious to banish the Book of Ezekiel from the Canon; they attempted to lower its authority by ascribing it not to Ezekiel, but to the men of the Great Synagogue; while some urged, both against reason and against the plain context of the passage, that Ezekiel did not ordain an annual festival, but alluded to an exceptional ritual performed in the time of *Ezra;* yet they finally acquiesced in the hope that in due season the prophet Elijah would harmonise the apparently fatal contradictions. It is impossible to suppose that Ezekiel, a pious and learned priest, would have ignored or deliberately altered the most striking and most solemn day in the whole Hebrew year, if in his time that day had already been generally kept or authoritatively fixed: the fact that *he* knew of no such day, is sufficient prove that it was then not yet fixed."

This raises a very important question. It is impossible for us, at this distance of time, to determine how far the Mosaic

economy had passed into entire desuetude; certain it is, that, between the Law and the Prophets of the Old Testament, there is a wide interval: many changes had occurred, much had passed into oblivion; much for the people's sins had been withdrawn, and all the signs of a system destined to vanish away were to be marked. Had it not been so, the Captivity would never have taken place, Ezekiel never would have been raised to prophesy, and his temple descriptions never would have been given. We look at all this, of course, with very different eyes from those with which Dr. Kalisch beholds it. To us, the date of Ezekiel marked the discomfiture, to a great extent, of the ancient Theocratic government, and the approach of that abolition of the transitory temple service which a few more centuries brought in. The modern Hebrew philosopher thinks that he sees the perfection of the system where we see its decline; those centuries of type and symbol which we are instructed to regard as the glory of a preparatory system, perfect in its very imperfection, he regards as the ages of his people's gradual emergence into light. Where we think the night is at hand, he regards the perfect day as come. Into what a miserable inconsistency and embarrassment he is conducted by this theory no words can describe! Israel's golden æra is over before Israel's religion has become perfect; and its ethical genius produces its latest and ripest fruits only when its political and social dignity is gone for ever.

But we must not forget that there is deduction from Dr. Kalisch's complacency in the survey of the history of Jewish religious progress. Here, again, we will quote his own words:—

"The Jewish doctors and scribes might have looked with just pride upon the institution of the Day of Atonement, which testified to the vast progress that had been made in religious thought and Theocratic organisation: we, in our age, who view it by the light of so many new truths, indeed appreciate its spiritual depth and power; but we cannot help being astonished at finding, even in so late a period, the admission of a Pagan element,—the sin-laden goat sent into the wilderness to the evil demon, Azazel—a fiction of Persian Dualism and superstition, which almost counterbalances the value, and certainly dims the purity, of the other features of the ritual, and which should warn us not to accept any intellectual achievement of past times as final."

In this matter we entirely sympathise with Dr. Kalisch; that is, holding the theory which he holds of the progressive advancement of Jewish thought towards the "Positive Philosophy" of Judaism, it is exceedingly hard to find such a heathenish "fly in the ointment." Indeed, we cannot well

see how the Jewish philosophical mind can get over this difficulty. Certainly, if any doctrine was in every age abhorrent to the genius of the ancient people of God—for such we must call the Hebrews—it was the doctrine of Dualism. To the spirit of Mosaism—whether in the Law or the Prophets—it was no other than the worst of all the varieties of Polytheism. It is the glory of the Old Testament that it had no tolerance for any doctrine that invaded, or seemed to invade, the prerogative of the one Jehovah. And that the millennial education of the people should issue in nothing better than this!—that the purest and most "refined" exhibition of the Law, the deepest, loftiest, and most devoted conception of their relations to God, should tolerate and enjoin the sending a sacrifice into the wilderness to an evil demon! Azazel gives us no trouble. Truth is consistent. Divine truth has nothing to fear in any part of its manifold variety of revelation. Its dark revelations are consistent in their darkness; and its glimpses into the evil world, whether in the Old or in the New Testament, disclose, always, the same "mystery of iniquity." But the preliminary question ought to be settled, whether or not the Levitical ceremonial of the Day of Atonement does make provision for a sacrifice to the demon Azazel in the wilderness? It would be wrong to say that Dr. Kalisch is biased by his foregone conclusion. He is a learned and candid man, and devotes a long and deeply interesting chapter to the discussion of this subject, in its relation to the Demonology and Monotheism of the Bible generally. Nor, indeed, can it be charged against him that he really believes his own assertion as to the heathenish Dualism of the "scapegoat" part of the ceremonial. Thus he urges his argument and retracts it in the same sentence:—

"The remarkable advance on demonology cannot be surprising, if we consider that the Persian system known as that of Zoroaster, and centring in the dualism of a good and evil principle, flourished most and attained its full development just about the time of the Babylonian exile. The Jews were sufficiently prepared for the partial adoption of that system by their current views of saving and destroying angels; and they could readily familiarise themselves with the Amshaspands and the Devs, the first the creatures of the beneficent Ormuzd, the others those of the pernicious Ahriman."

Then follows a description of the functions of Azazel, the malignant enemy who has been alluring to sin throughout the year, and now receives the sins of the congregation sent out to him in the wilderness, "symbolically transferred upon

the head of a goat, and sent back to him who occasioned them :—

"So far the Hebrew rites agree with the pagan fiction, and they are indeed at variance with a pure and rational creed. But they follow their prototype no further, and do not essentially forsake the path of Monotheism. The goat was no sacrifice presented to Azazel, no offering meant to appease his wrath; it was not slaughtered, but left in the desert, somewhat cruelly, to its fate; it did not work the atonement of the people, which was effected solely by the blood of the second goat killed as a sin offering; it served, in fact, merely as a symbol of complete removal. Azazel himself possesses no independent power; his anger cannot harm, and his favour cannot grant pardon; he is not approached with prayers or lustrations; he is reckoned of no account, and in the hands of God alone is remission of sins. Although, therefore, Azazel and his goat are in themselves a stain on the Levitical legislation, they do not taint the main principle of Judaism—God's absolute and undivided sovereignty."

It is a singular coincidence that these words, "symbol of *complete removal*," should precisely express the meaning of the word Azazel, according to some of the best lexicographers and most of the versions; that the term is not found in the Persian system, even supposing the "Reviser" to have instantaneously imbibed the spirit of Zoroastrism during the very first sorrows of the Captivity, when it may be assumed this book was excogitated, whereas the term "Satan" occurs in Zechariah, not long before; and, lastly, that the current of exposition, Jewish and Christian, should have agreed to interpret the words in strict harmony with the meaning "utter removal,"—that is, with the Christian counterpart of the word expiation. "Both goats were indeed meant to effect complete obliteration of transgression," is the sentence of Dr. Kalisch; and, although he will not allow in words that both virtually were *one sin offering* presented to God, he really means that when he says that "one was a victim intended to atone for sins, the other carried away sins already atoned for." When he says that "the one was dedicated to God, the other to a different power," he inserts a meaning into the text that it does not bear. Whatever the meaning of the mysterious word may be, the whole design of the ceremony was obviously to signify, that the sins expiated by blood were borne away to a land of forgetfulness for ever. The New Testament, from the Baptist's cry, "who taketh away the sin of the world," down to the Levitical Epistle, "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," gives the true commentary, but one that is sealed to our present author. We cannot leave this subject, how-

ever, without expressing our sense of the exceeding beauty and value of the disquisition on the Scriptural angelology and demonology, including the noble vindication of the reality of the New Testament teaching. However opposed this author may be to the glorious unity of the two Testaments in Christ, his commentary yields a noble body of evidence to the consistency and unity of Biblical teaching as it regards the kingdom of darkness and the supremacy of Him who was manifested to "destroy the works of the devil." An unbeliever as to both kingdoms, Dr. Kalisch sees that they are taught in what we hold as the New Testament. He is obliged also to confess that the Old Testament, such as we have and hold, is faithful to the same fundamental doctrine of angels and demons.

We must find space for a few remarks upon the Levitical Sabbath. In the twenty-third chapter, the Lord is represented as speaking to Moses, and bidding him present to the Israelites a general summary of the Feasts. Dr. Kalisch's account is, that the "compiler of our Book" thought it right, now that a deeper meaning was given to the ancient agricultural and historical feasts, to give a comprehensive sketch of them in their sevenfold unity. "Sevenfold unity:" importing later Rabbinical views, he considers that the five principal festivals were made seven by subdividing the first—the Passover—into three, viz., the Pesach, the Day of the First Sheaf, and the Feast of Unleavened Bread. "The theory is perfect, but its very completeness and thoughtfulness betray its age and origin:" but this is not fair; the elaborate expedient was not that of the Scripture itself, but an addition to it from without. The history of the Sabbath in Israel is given in a deeply interesting manner, but one in which the hand of the sceptic is betrayed at every point. It is admitted to have been, as peculiar to the Hebrews, introduced at a very early time, but was never cordially accepted by the people. Hence, the public teachers adopted every expedient to make so beneficial an institute binding. They went so far as to frame a sublime cosmogony culminating in the rest of the Creation on the seventh day; they inserted the Sabbath law in the Decalogue, and gave it an adventitious connection with the redemption from Egypt; they enjoined it in all manner of ways, and invented all manner of miracles—for it really amounts to this—to impress its sanctity; they made it a "sign" of the covenant, the desecration of which should be punished with death. Dr. Kalisch admits that the day was kept in some manner in both kingdoms. But he is

able to produce a graphic picture of the neglect into which the institute fell; and to draw a parallel sketch of the safeguards which the Levitical authors threw around it, which, in the synagogue days, became so burdensome that "it became necessary to remind the Pharisees that 'the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.'" Very often the words of Our Lord point the conclusions of this critic; it would save him from a multitude of inconsistencies, if he would listen to Jesus of Nazareth, when He inculcates the Divine authority of what is called "Moses in the law," and learn of Him that Satan does not cast out Satan, that religion cannot be taught by lying traditions, imposed on men in the name of God.

The Sabbath was made, in the Hebrew economy, the foundation of a "series of celebrations extending from the Sabbath-day to the Sabbath-month and the Sabbath-year, and lastly, to a great Sabbath-period of years." We, who read the middle books of the Pentateuch, and the whole Pentateuch, in the light of the New Testament, can understand that this whole cyclical system of institutions was ordained not "for themselves" so much as "for us;" that celebrations which in themselves were never honoured as they ought, had their highest honour in being types, or symbolical prophecies, of the better things introduced by the Christian covenant. We can partly understand, even while we bow before the mystery, how it was that God "winked at" the manifest dishonour done to the Sabbaths, the Jubilee, the Three Feasts, and the Day of Atonement — a dishonour which, as Dr. Kalisch is able to show, amounted almost to desuetude. These things were appointed to them for signs and patterns, and they were "fulfilled," not so much by the obedience of the ancient Jews, as by their antitypical fulfilment in the coming of Christ. It may seem a paradoxical thing to say, yet it is the truth, that the whole ritual of the ancient Hebrews was but the immature discipline of a people in nonage. The national corruption was foreseen and threatened at the end of this book in terms which show that the Lord waited for a better dispensation, when His neglected feasts and services should be glorified in Him who glorified all things, His Elect Servant and Son. Dr. Kalisch and modern Judaism, however, are of a very different mind. A few words may here be interesting, to show how strange a mass of inconsistency is the modern Jewish philosophical estimate of the unreality of their earliest national polity:—

"Thus the great chain from the seventh day to the end of seven times seven years was completed; and it encompassed in its widen-

ing circles the sanctification of the individual Hebrew and of the Hebrew nation, the protection of every citizen and of the commonwealth, the relation of God to the Holy Land, and to the holy people. It is the most perfect system of Theocracy that has ever been devised. If we could prove that it was originated in all its parts by one mind or at one epoch, it would be without parallel or analogy in all history as a work of largely-conceived legislation. But no such proof can be adduced. On the contrary, we have ample means to show that it grew but very gradually, and that it was hardly consummated within a thousand years. Its foundation is indeed the Sabbath, the antiquity of which is undoubted, and which may be safely referred to the Mosaic age. Even at so early a date, the number seven, representing one phase of the moon, was held sacred, and was associated with religious institutions, and especially the festivals."

It is pure fallacy to say that this system was a growth of a thousand years. Either the whole Sabbatic cycle was complete, as we find it in four books of the Pentateuch, when the Lord by Moses delivered His laws; or the grand enlargement of the Sabbath idea was the work of the "Levitical authors" after the Captivity. In the former case, God was the "builder of the house," and the author, not of "the most perfect system of Theocracy that has ever been devised," but of the only Theocracy the world has ever seen. In the latter case, the institution is established as part of a code which is interwoven with the most flagrant inventions, with what is, on almost every page, a "taking of the name of the Lord in vain."

This last expression suggests another subject, the manner in which the doom of the blasphemer, in ch. xxiv., is dealt with. For the first time that we remember Dr. Kalisch refers to the air of reality this narrative has, and its faithful colouring of time and place: "like the narrative of the sudden death of Aaron's two eldest sons, on account of a priestly trespass (ch. x.), that of the blasphemer brings vividly before us the the camp life of the Israelites in the Desert." The blasphemer of the name is stoned by the whole congregation, and amidst such circumstances as to show either that the scene must have taken place as recorded or that the legend-writer had no fear of God before his own eyes.

"It will be admitted," calmly proceeds our critic, "that the narrative, though abruptly introduced, admirably portrays the scenery of the time when Moses, in constant intercommunion with God, was the central figure of the Hebrew hosts. And yet, whether it has a foundation in fact or not, it shows, in its present form, traces of a very different age. It alludes to God twice by an appellation—*the*

Name (verse xi. 16)—which became usual only at a very late time, and which was currently adopted by the Rabbins instead of the tetragrammaton that was deemed too awful to be pronounced; and the duties and obligations of Hebrews and non-Hebrews were so completely equalised as is done in this section not earlier than the reorganisation of the commonwealth in the Persian period. It was then that general commands of former times were more precisely defined, and then the sole sovereignty of the God of Israel was insisted upon with a rigour unknown in the earlier days of multifarious idolatry."

Here it is obvious that the argument is made for the theory; "the Name" is here used as indicating the specific character of the offence committed, and it is quite as pertinent, while much more reverent, to say that the Rabbins adopted their superstitious usage touching the Tetragrammaton, the unpronounceable name of four letters, from this passage, than that this passage was invented in Rabbinical times, and bore the impress of their phraseology. Again, there never was a period in the history of God's legislation when the stranger, as well as the homeborn, would not have been visited with condemnation for such a sin as blasphemy. On the other hand, the dreadful sentence pronounced and executed was more consistent with the earliest days of Hebrew legislation than with those relaxed and "refined" days of which this author speaks as the æra of the restoration of the commonwealth and the completion of the Levitical literature.

We have reserved for the conclusion of our remarks the chapter in which Dr. Kalisch discusses the New Testament in reference to the Ceremonial Law. It is a remarkable chapter: true in its general treatment of the subject, but containing some singular misconceptions. "Neither Christ nor His immediate Apostles abrogated the ceremonial institutions of 'Mosaism,'" is the dictum with which the author starts, and he reinforces his own assertion by the testimony of F. W. Newman, that "when from first to last the doctrine of the Church at Jerusalem was sternly Levitical, it is quite incredible that Jesus ever taught His disciples the religious nullity of Levitical ceremonies and the equality of Gentiles with Jews before God." It is also supported by the usual induction of Our Lord's sayings and of the Apostolical sayings and practices. "In this respect He differed little from the old Hebrew prophets, who insisted with fervour upon a religion of the heart, without thereby pronouncing rituals void or superfluous. 'Woe unto you,' He exclaimed, 'Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites for you pay tithe of mint and anise

and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: *these ought you to have done, and not to leave the other undone.*' These words precisely describe the position He occupied in reference to the Law." We quite agree with our author. The Saviour undoubtedly came as "one of the old prophets," as a "minister of the circumcision," to abolish by glorifying the law as such: to re-utter, amidst new sanctions and promises, the moral law, to change the law of worship, and to abolish such portions of the ceremonial ritual as were not adapted for mankind. Surely, however, His tolerance of the ceremonial law during His life says nothing for His ultimate design.

To the devout Jews of the time, and to all His people who were Jews, nothing could be more right than the full observance of the ritual to which they were pledged. Dr. Kalisch admirably shows the Saviour's relation to the excessive and morbid ritualism of the Pharisees; but there is something in the following extract that needs to be exposed: "He mainly desired to warn His disciples that, unless their righteousness surpassed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, they would have no share in the kingdom of heaven. In pursuing this end, he was so far carried away by His zeal as to state what, in itself, is not true, viz., 'You have heard that it has been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy;' these last words do not occur in the Pentateuch, nor in any other part of the Hebrew canon, and are absolutely against its spirit; but He boldly added them, evidently because the Pharisees, taking the term 'thy neighbour' in the sense of 'thy friend,' were inclined to conclude, by the rule of the contrary, that it was right to hate the enemy, especially apostates and heathens, the detested foes and snares of the Jewish faith." The explanation of our Saviour's charge is the right one; but it is inconsistent with the insinuation that the Saviour "boldly added them" to the Hebrew Canon, though not true.

St. Paul in relation to this matter receives a high tribute from Dr. Kalisch; though with such quaint reservations as neutralise our pleasure in his criticism. For a long time St. Paul is represented as having stood nearly alone in his struggles for a purely spiritual faith. Peter, indeed, began after a while to entertain a glimmering notion of the worthlessness of the Jewish laws of diet, and he expressed his thoughts by a vision which he extemporised. But he wavered; in public, and before adherents of the Law, he was afraid to be seen sharing the meals of heathen converts; like Barnabas,

he stooped to questionable compromises which more than counterbalanced the feeble efforts of his teaching. But

"to St. Paul, who severely castigated such faint-heartedness and evasion, who made Jews and Gentiles alike partakers of the Messianic salvation, who declared the religion of Christ not to be the completion of the old faith, but an essentially new one, and for this purpose even spiritualised the doctrines of Christ, attributing to Him, with unequalled self-denial, what was his own original creation, to St. Paul, though wisely inclined to consider the external forms as things indifferent in themselves, the Christian world owes mainly its release from the chains of the dietary precepts and of ceremonialism in general. Indeed, his teaching, confirming and enlarging that of an Isaiah and a Micah, might be hailed as the corner-stone of a universal creed, had he not, in the fervour of his enthusiasm, unwarrantably idealised Christ's Person, nature and mission also, and thereby given rise to a perversion of his own rational principles, and to a partial relapse into Paganism."

This is a most suggestive passage, and condenses with much skill the whole question as between modern Judaism and Christianity. According to this theory the real author of the Christian faith as it is now held was the Apostle Paul: he was the true prophet of the new doctrine. He is represented, in defiance of his habitual protest, as the introducer of a new religion, differing so much from that of Christ and His earlier Apostles, that it may be said to be not so much a continuation as a new construction of theirs, a reformation of a reformation. No writer indeed in the New Testament has been more careful to show that "Christ was the fulfilment of the Law"—words which are the very echo of Our Lord's own; but that avails nothing to save the innovator from the consequences of his daring. Now, the philosophical Jew does not altogether quarrel with this. He is not unwilling that the Apostle of the Gentiles should have the honour of founding on the Jewish faith a faith for the whole world. But then it must not be regarded as Christ's Christianity, but Paul's.

Moreover, there are two limitations. First, the rash and enthusiastic Apostle had gone too far in his interpretation of the Old Testament as furnishing ideas for the New. While renouncing the ancient economy in one sense, in another he has retained too much of it. Having left the temple, he has nevertheless retained too much of the spirit and tone and phraseology of the temple service. Hence he has almost spoiled the Christianity that he conceived so freely. Again, as Dr. Kalisch feelingly laments, he has been too enthusiastic in his idealisation of the Saviour's Person, nature, and mission.

There lies the root of his offence. That which is to us the glory of the Pauline theology is to this writer its reproach. The Jew speaks from under his thick veil when our author says that St. Paul gave rise to "a partial relapse into heathenism." Our Christianity, the foundations of which were laid in ancient Judaism, and the top-stone of which the Spirit laid by the hands of Paul and John—for St. John must be sharer of St. Paul's opprobrium—is regarded as a partial relapse into heathenism. We shall make no comment upon these frank words, but close with an observation as to their value in Christian apologetics.

However hard such language may seem, we are thankful to hear it. The passage we have quoted, and many others in this remarkable volume, show very forcibly what is the true and only interpretation that can be put upon the later development of Christian theology in the Epistles. The phraseology of St. Paul is thoroughly understood by such a writer as Dr. Kalisch, whose evidence is in this respect unbiassed, and has a great value on account of the thorough learning with which it is sustained. The Unitarian and Rationalist writers of these times, who are striving so hard to attach another meaning to St. Paul and St. John than that which the Church of all ages has assigned to them, should read this work. It would show how hopeless is their attempt to blot out of the New Testament its doctrines of the spirit world, evil and the Evil One, Atonement and Redemption, the Holy Spirit, and, above all, the Divine-human Person of the Lord of All. Not that orthodox doctrine is without its defenders, of equal learning and theologically more profound than Dr. Kalisch; but they are under a suspicion, forsooth, because they have pledged themselves to a foregone conclusion. But here is a man who is one with the Unitarian school on most points belonging to what our author calls "rational religion," and he reads the New Testament precisely as we read it. We could not place in the hands of the class to which reference has been made, a more suitable, a more useful book than that of Dr. Kalisch. For ourselves, we can say that no writer of recent times has impressed us with a deeper respect for his learning, thoroughness, diligence and breadth of view; for every quality desirable in an expositor of the Old Testament—"save these bonds."

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGY: FOREIGN AND ENGLISH.

Graetz on Canticles.

Schir ha-Schirim: oder das Salomonische Hohelied. [The Song of Solomon.] Von Dr. H. Graetz. Wien: W. Braumüller.

Not long ago we noticed Dr. Graetz' exhaustive book on Ecclesiastes. His indefatigable pen has produced an equally painstaking monograph on the Canticles: it is thorough, in every sense, being at once thoroughly learned and thoroughly destructive of much that we have been accustomed to believe. This is, at least, its aim; we are not ourselves much affected by the specious argumentation of the author.

Dr. Graetz thinks that the times after the Captivity are to be assigned to the Hagiographa as a whole, and that no master critic has yet succeeded in discerning and establishing the ethical, or political, or polemical *tendencies* that underlie these works. We have seen how he has exhibited this in relation to the Herodian Ecclesiastes. Now let us, but more briefly, glance at his thoughts upon the immortal Canticle. Thus we may speak of it. For, whatever new views Dr. Graetz may seek to establish, he does not differ from other critics as to the extraordinary grace of this production. But as the work is not likely to be translated into English, we shall give a few sentences in our own free but not unfaithful rendering.

"The Song is a wonderful specimen of the art of the Hebrew muse, one that has no counterpart in the poetry of the ancients. Love, the inexhaustible theme of poesy, as old as the world, and renewing its youth with every generation, has never been depicted in a manner more faithful to nature than in this Song. The Sapphic odes, so far as they are preserved, the love-idylls of Theocritus, the Indian *Gita-govinda*, can sustain no comparison with it; still less the erotic poems of Anacreon and their Latin imitations. The depth of sentiment, the tenderness of the tumultuous passion, the delicacy of the turns, the richness and yet the moderation of the figurative language, and the background of the poetry of nature in which all is set, are combined in this poem as nowhere else. An eternal spring is suffused over it, and all is like a fairy garden. One must be a poet himself in order to exhibit fitly the poetic significance of the Canticle. Thus Herder, in

bringing out its beauties, produced quite a poetical commentary. Goethe marvelled at its beauty, and took much interest in its exposition; but, with all his fine and sympathetic appreciation of the poetry of various nations, his dread of Hebrew and its vowels and accents hindered him. The men of taste have generally been afraid of the Hebrew; the translations they have used have been made by hard Oriental theologians; hence the fulness and depth of the poetry of the Song have never been adequately treated."

Passing over a long discussion of the species of poetry to which the Canticle belongs, a discussion in the course of which Renan with his *dramatic* theory is very severely handled, we come to what the author calls the *tendency* of the poem. It is not enough to say, with Lowth, that it is an *epithalamium*. Dr. Graetz very justly remarks that those who miss that meaning which goes altogether beyond love as such, know nothing about the fundamental principles of the Hebrew art. The very circumstance that the poem was produced on Israelitish territory requires us to vindicate for it an *ethical background*. But what is the tendency or aim of the work?

Michaelis thought it was a protest against polygamy, exhibiting the ideal of a monogamist marriage (see ch. vi. 8, 9). According to Umbreit and Ewald, fidelity in love is the theme; but at the expense of King Solomon's character. Others think that it was a satire on the voluptuousness of Solomon's court and harem. The idea of a polemic against current evils has assumed a variety of forms. Delitzsch has lately, with great force, pointed out the moral idea, that of a holy marriage founded upon perfect love. But this tendency rests upon one still deeper; it points to the Messiah in type, since the mystery of marriage is the symbol of the most internal communion between Jesus and His Church. Dr. Graetz is full of pity for Delitzsch. "Let anyone read the last chapter of his exposition; it shows how a good man with his senses awake may dream, and how he may combine allegory and type with dependence on the fundamental principles of grammar and exegesis. Strange it is that this higher idea in the Song can find acceptance; for instance, with a man like Zöckler." It is to us strange that it should be thought strange that the plain grammatical text of the Holy Scriptures should here and there have breathed into them by the Holy Ghost a mystical meaning. The marvel is that anyone can be so blind as not to see that there are many parts of Scripture which must have an allegorical interpretation carefully applied to them.

Dr. Graetz gives a very striking epitome of the little poem as celebrating perfect purity and self-restraint in love. Here we cannot well follow him, especially as in some expositions he deserts nature while refusing to admit the interpretation of grace. Suffice that he regards the Song as directing its attack against superficial and sensual love, against public singers and dancers, against the town life generally, against the sensuality and debauchery in feasts, against the refined effeminacy of the Court. Putting all these things together, he thinks

he must go to Jerusalem—where "the daughters of Jerusalem" have their abode—and, as to the time, a hundred peculiarities of style indicate, to him at least, the last quarter of the third century before Christ. "At this time, therefore, lived the great poet of the Song. He knew the Greek language, the Greek literature, Greek customs and vices; and would counteract the poison of the corruption that was commencing by the counterpoison of a seemingly amatory song."

The following is a beautiful sketch of the poem, so far as its literal basis goes. What is wanted in addition, we must advise our readers to find in Zöckler's work in Lange's series, reviewed by us six months ago. "We may now give the result of our investigations in a recapitulatory way. The Song of Solomon is a narrative love-poem, with an eclogue and inserted dialogues full of poetical beauties as a whole and in particular. It has an ethical background; in order to point attention strongly to the corruption of morals which was setting in under the influence of Jewish Hellenism, about 225 B.C., it gives an exhibition of *an ideal love*. There is no action in it, but it is a narrative animated by dialogue. The tissue of the poem is extraordinarily simple. The beautiful Shulamite, daughter of Aminadab, a fatherless orphan, who has no brothers on the father's side, and therefore has a certain uncontrolled freedom, gifted with a fascinating eloquence and taste for singing, loves a shepherd, who 'feeds his flock among the lilies,' and keeps himself on the distant heights. The love is mutual. Notwithstanding her deep, enthusiastic love to her friend, she maintains her modesty as a precious treasure; she not only resists his passionate pleadings, but denies him the fulfilment of such wishes as were consistent with propriety; she will not even sing at her friend's wish before the strange ears of his companions, or go out with him into the open country. Her deep love, and its experiences, pleasant and unpleasant alike, she relates to the daughters of Jerusalem. The poem falls into two parts. In the former the winter is passing and the spring is at hand. She is requested by her friend to set out with him for the country, which she refuses. In the second part, the summer is in all its glory. The friend seeks entrance to her chamber; she delays to open it; he vanishes, she seeks him, and for a long time finds him not; finally they meet; he becomes more animated and eager, and she repels him; he must content himself with the pure enjoyments which she dares to afford him. In the third part she is evil intreated of her mother on account of her love, but she abides all the more steadfast on that account, and pours out the praises of a love that may torment but cannot be suppressed; it has, she knows, this advantage, that it keeps guard over itself, and never overpasses the limits of the becoming. Within this framework we have allusions to the times, warnings to the daughters of Jerusalem, and delicate touches of satire addressed to the Jewish youth, who spent their days in debauchery and effeminate enjoyment. The result of all in the case of Shulamite herself does not enter into the poet's design."

We confess that there is much in this representation that is very

attractive. Nor should it be rejected before the thorough and searching commentary of Dr. Graetz has been read. Some passages become much more worthy of the book and the Book in which it is found, when expounded in the light he pours upon it. On the whole, we will sum up by saying that this commentary is the very best that could be read to prepare the reader, by the true meaning of the literal text, for the Messianic typical sense that he will then superimpose.

It may seem paradoxical; but this commentary, written by one to whom the idea of Our Blessed Lord and His Church being mystically typified in the Song is a thing self-condemned, strangely tends to recommend the old Christian view. It shows how much more worthy the Idyll is, humanly speaking, of being the basis of such a mystical application. That mystical application has, it must be remembered, been in all ages the prevalent one; at any rate, wherever there has been anything like a living faith in the Word of God. The Jewish commentators have strongly tended that way. The Septuagint translation gives indications that an allegorical interpretation was prevalent among the Alexandrian Jews, though rather of a philosophical and ethical character. By Shulamite, or the shepherdess, the soul was understood, and its relation to the Creator or original. The Fathers of the Christian Church eagerly adopted this. The old Jewish notion that the Synagogue was meant, gave place in the Christian exposition to the idea that it was the Church. Origen is the first of the Fathers who expounded the Song; and he exhibits two styles of allegorising, that of ethics and that of dogma: Shulamite is both the soul and the Church, or Bride of Christ. Ambrose of Milan is supposed to have encouraged a new application, suggested by the growing tendency of the fourth century to honour the Virgin. Shulamite signified the *Virgo sancta;* and Dr. Gaetz thinks this view much less absurd than that which applied it to the Church or Synagogue, or the individual soul. It hardly need be said that the Romish Church of later times has abounded with Eclectics, who have adopted the *triplex sensus;* the Song celebrates the religious purity, devotion, and destiny of all three—the soul, the Church, and the Virgin.

Dr. Graetz gives us a tolerably full account of the adverse criticism of the later revival, as he would term it. But he does not attempt to do justice to the mature views of the modern Christian interpreters: they are utter foolishness to him. Dr. Green's edition of *Zöckler* (in Lange's Series, published by Clark) will give, in this respect, what is wanting. Amongst the great number of authors who are referred to in that work there are three or four English ones to whom the Messianic interpretation has been much indebted. Take our old Lightfoot:—

"After the building of the summer-house in the forest of Lebanon, Solomon pens the Book of the Canticles, as appeareth by these passages in it (ch. iv. 8, vii. 4). Upon his bringing up of Pharaoh's daughter to the house that he had prepared for her (1 Kings ix. 24) he seemeth to have made this Song. For, though the best and the most proper aim of it was at higher matters than an earthly marriage,

yet doth he make his marriage with Pharaoh's daughter a type of that sublime and spiritual marriage betwixt Christ and his Church. Pharaoh's daughter was a heathen, and a stranger natively to the Church of Israel; and withal she was a blackmoor, as being an African—as Cant. i. 4, 5 alluded to it. And so she was the kindlier type of what Solomon intended in all particulars."

Our Bishop Lowth, who did much to open the eyes of the modern world to the poetical beauties of the Song, regarded it as a "mystical allegory, in which a higher sense is superinduced upon an historical verity." The bride he hesitatingly thinks to have been Solomon's favourite wife, the daughter of Pharaoh; his marriage with an Egyptian being an apt adumbration of the Prince of Peace, who espouses to Himself a Church composed of Gentiles and of aliens. Her name he makes *Solomitis*, as derived from Solomon—like Caia from Caius—and intended to be suggestive of the higher sense of the Song. A considerable number of expositors, at the head of whom Bossuet and Calmet stand, find the seven days of the marriage feast exactly ordered, the seventh day being the Sabbath, as shown by the bridegroom coming in public attended by his bride (ch. viii. 5), instead of going forth alone as previously.

Commentators who have opposed the epithalamium theory, yet have upheld the allegorical interpretation, have, on the whole, done most justice to the Canticles, though sometimes in a fanciful manner. Moody Stuart's exposition regards the Song as a prophetic epitome of the Gospels and Acts. Down to ch. ii. 7, we have the period before and after the birth of Christ; to ch. iii. 5, from John till the baptism of Jesus; to ch. v. 1, the history to the Last Supper; to ch. viii. 5, from the Agony to the conversion of the Samaritans; to ch. viii. 14, from the calling of the Gentiles till the close of Revelation. Mr. Thrupp's *Revised Translation and Commentary* (Cambridge, 1862) divides the Song into six groups. "The theme of the first group is the anticipation of Christ's coming; the second represents the waiting for that blessed time; in the third He is arrived, and we have there the description of the espousal and its fruits. The fourth group delineates the subsequent bodily departure of the Bridegroom from his Bride; the fifth His spiritual presence with her; and the sixth their complete and final reunion." "The earlier half of the Song presents to us only those glories which older seers had in various ways only heralded. With respect to the latter half of the Song the case is different. The distinctness with which it is there unfolded that the coming of the Messiah will not of itself be the final termination of all earthly expectation and anxiety, is unparalleled, not merely in all earlier Scripture, but throughout the whole of the Old Testament. Nowhere else do we find a passage which speaks as Cant. v. 2—8 speaks of a withdrawal of the Messiah from the Church for whose salvation He has once appeared." Mr. Thrupp gives up the Solomonic authorship.

We need not multiply instances of modern Evangelical interpretation. The preceding notes give the two opposite poles. Between

Dr. Graetz and such writers as Mr. Thrupp we have no difficulty in making our choice. But there is no need of adhering literally to either. Certain it is that the Spirit who indited this and some other Old Testament Scriptures did not intend their interpretation to be arrived at until a later phase of our dispensation than that at which we have reached.

In conclusion, we must needs commend the paper and type with which this edition of a Hebrew classic is issued. It is fast approaching perfection: only approaching, however; for the Hebrew type is one size too small, and the dismissal of the points from the quotations in the notes is an unpleasant change to an English eye.

Handbook for the Study of Chinese Buddhism. By Rev. E. J. Eitel, of the London Missionary Society. London: Trübner and Co. 1870.

Three Lectures on Buddhism. By Rev. Ernest J. Eitel. Hong Kong: at the London Mission House. London: Trübner and Co. 1871.

The Attanagalu-Vansa, or the History of the Temple of Attanagalla. Translated from the Pali, with Notes, &c. By James D'Alwis, M.R.A.S., Colombo. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.

Buddhism is becoming an object of general attention on the part of the thinkers and scholars of Christendom. And it may very well be so. After our Divine Christianity, there is no one phenomenon belonging to the religious sentiment and history of mankind which can compare with Buddhism. The enormous range of its life, both in time and space; the wonderful complexity and subtlety of its dogmatic teaching; the grotesque conglomeration of heterogeneous elements, fetishism, transcendental philosophy, scientific speculation, magic, devil-worship, exhibited by some of its most influential forms; the loftiness of its ethics; the breadth of its liberality; last, not least, the amazing likeness which, by its clergy, its ritual, its monkery, and its doctrine of salvation by merit, it bears to Popery and to other mongrel types of Christian belief and observance in the western world, invest it with unrivalled interest and importance.

Among living writers on Buddhism, the name of Mr. D'Alwis, of Ceylon, has long been familiar in Europe by his acquaintance with Pali, the original language of Buddhism, and by many valuable contributions which he has made to our knowledge of the Buddhistic religion and literature. His translation of Kachchayana's Pali Grammar was noticed some years since in this Review; and quite recently, besides other works on Buddhism, he has published, in the Singhalese character, the Pali text of the translation named at the

head of this article. The *Attanagalu-Vansa* is one of a curious series of half-historical, half-legendary ancient writings, extant in the Pali language, recounting in true oriental style the acts and experiences of the early kings of Ceylon. Some of these productions are very superior in point of historic and general interest to the one which forms the subject of Mr. D'Alwis's volume. Yet, as constituting part of an almost unique cycle of Eastern history, the *Attanagalu-Vansa* is worthy of study; and in Mr. D'Alwis's elaborate introduction and notes, the reader will find a large body of most valuable information and criticism, touching not only the special questions raised by his document, but likewise the origin, genius, philosophy, and practical influence of Buddhism considered on the widest scale.

Dr. Eitel, of Hong Kong, is a younger worker in the all but illimitable territory of Buddhist learning; but he has already pushed the frontiers of European inquiry beyond the position at which he found them; and there are few, if any, contemporary scholars whose researches promise, by their originality, width, and exactness, to make more important additions to this department of our knowledge in the future. The *Handbook of Chinese Buddhism* is a dictionary of the Sanskrit, Pali, and other foreign terms, occurring in the Buddhist books in use among the Chinese. As is well known, Buddhism made its way into China from Northern Hindustan, and its doctrinal and ritualistic terminology, though not unmixed with words of Pali and Tibetan origin, is almost wholly derived by a more or less perfect transliteration from the Sanskrit of the early Christian centuries. The object of Dr. Eitel's work is to present the original Sanskrit terms in the Roman character, with the corresponding terms in the Chinese character, and at the same time to furnish such explanations as are likely to clear the way for the student of Chinese Buddhism into the mysteries of Buddhist dogma, science, and ritual, as they appear in its voluminous literature. This design is more than carried out in Dr. Eitel's admirable and very charming volume. In a multitude of instances the Tibetan, Singhalese, and other equivalents of the technical Sanskrit originals, are interposed between the Roman-Sanskrit and the Chinese representations of the several words in the dictionary; and the explanations, always careful and trustworthy, sometimes, though never unduly, extended likewise, will be no less acceptable and useful to students in general than to those for whom the particular phase of the system obtaining in China has some special interest. Indeed, no person of any literary culture, who studies Dr. Eitel's explanations of the leading terms of Buddhistic faith and ceremonial, can fail to find them rich in historic interest, and suggestive of various thought in relation to many great problems of human life and experience. For the general reader, Dr. Eitel's three Lectures will prove at once more attractive and more useful than the Handbook. They are designed to be a popular exposition of Buddhism; and we know of no work which, within

the same space, conveys so full, harmonious, and picturesque a view of its great features and characteristics. In the First Lecture the author treats of the historic origin and development of Buddhism, showing how, from its beginning in Northern India, after a painful growth into manhood, and many alternations of fortune on the soil which gave it birth, it spread further and further northward, and southward, and eastward, till eventually, broken by persecution into two distinct branches, a southern having its stronghold in Ceylon, and a northern enthroned in Tibet, it achieved the conquest of Central and Eastern Asia, and became, what it has been for centuries, in point of numbers and of territory, the dominant religion of the world. The Second Lecture, devoted to the Buddhist system of doctrine, discusses with much acuteness, judgment, and beauty of language, the tenets of Buddhism respecting cosmogony, transmigration, ethics, asceticism, and that supreme mystery of mysteries in the Buddhistic creed, the famous *Nirvana*, to which its founder attained by dint of self-accumulated merit, and to which, by the same path, he summons all his disciples to follow him. The views which the writer expresses in the course of this lecture, upon the moral tendency of Buddhism, are just and striking; and no one who really comprehends the system will hesitate to endorse his melancholy conclusion, that "Buddhism, starting with the idea of the entire renunciation of self, ends in that downright selfishness which abhors crime, not because of its sinfulness, but because it is a personal injury, which sees no moral pollution in sin, but merely a calamity to be deprecated, or a misfortune to be shunned." Dr. Eitel's Third Lecture contemplates Buddhism as a popular religion; and it is here, perhaps, that the public will feel itself laid under most obligation to him. Much of the information contained in the lecture is either new, or difficult of access; and it abounds with description and sentiment in which a large class of readers will find ample reward for the pains of careful and repeated perusal. Few persons are able to draw the line, which Dr. Eitel marks so distinctly, between the philosophical and the popular phases of Buddhism; and still fewer can define with anything like precision and fulness the peculiarities of faith and practice which distinguish the southern Buddhism of Ceylon and the Trans-Gangetic peninsula, on the one hand, and that far vaster Buddhism of the north, which casts its sunshine or its shadow over Tibet, Tartary, China, Japan, and other regions of the furthest east. Indeed, this latter field of investigation is almost virgin soil; and to most of his readers the author will open a new world in presenting, as he does, the fruit of much personal reading, inquiry, and reflection on this very interesting subject. We commend Dr. Eitel's Lectures to all students of religion, philosophy, and man, as a light which will help them in one of the dark places of their several spheres of inquiry and thought.

The History of Israel. By Heinrich Ewald. Translated from the German. Edited by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longmans. 1871.

THE two volumes now offered to English readers, representing the the third volume of the German edition, contain the rise, decline, and fall of the Jewish monarchy. The period embraced is as nearly as possible 500 years, which are divided into three eras, viz.:—that of the establishment of monarchy in Israel, covering the sixty years of Saul and David, of its glorious maturity during the forty years of Solomon, and the period of slow decay, lasting 400 years, which began with the division of the kingdom under Rehoboam, and ended with the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.

The characteristics of Ewald as a Biblical critic, a thinker, and a historian have not now for the first time to be determined. They are seen in these volumes as in previous ones. The learning, the acuteness, the intellectual insight, the creative faculty which is the poetical side of Ewald's genius, all are here, and they are what we knew them to be before. The old dogmatism is here too, that never-failing self-confidence with which he waves opponents off the field, and affirms, denies, destroys, and constructs with a fearlessness which is amazing in itself, and becomes still more so when we consider the unquestioning submission he receives from a school of disciples with whom not credulousness, but its opposite, is supposed to be a leading virtue. In a word, these volumes give us the same pleasure and the same pain as their predecessors. It is impossible not to feel the charm of Ewald's scholarship, ingenuity, and originality of thought: but it is equally impossible to see without regret the quiet ignoring of miracle and prophecy in a sphere essentially their own, a method of handling the Scriptures which violates beforehand the conditions of the inquiry, and invites the defeat which no amount of intellectual power and equipment can avert. In our notice of the earlier volumes of this series we expressed our surprise that Ewald and his school should make no account of that enormous moral evidence which authenticates the Old Testament history as an integral part of a written revelation from God. That surprise has been sorrowfully renewed in us again and again during the perusal of this last instalment of his great work. He does not fail to grasp the least detail which critical skill or the scientific use of the imagination brings above the horizon. We know not which to admire most, the interpreting of slight hints afforded by fragments of language and history, or the power of grouping into a living whole the materials drawn from so many quarters; but, meanwhile, the "something far more deeply interfused," the Divine pervading element whose property it is not so much to receive witness from others as to bear witness of itself, is strangely unperceived. It is by writers like this that Christian students are often involved in self-questionings of a very uneasy sort. "Am I right," such an one may say to himself, "in fancying that I recognise the Divine where abler and more learned men do

not recognise it? Ought I not to mistrust,—nay, to rein in and repress a faculty which runs faster with me than with my teachers? Have I any business to think I see what they say they do not see?" The conflict is painful when spiritual instinct is thus ranged on one side, and intellectual modesty on the other. But this is not the occasion for following this subject, important as it is and closely related to the peace and well-being of many readers in our day. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a passage from one of the lectures on "Culture and Religion," by Professor Shairp, of St. Andrew's, as bearing upon this question and some others near akin:—"To discern and judge rightly of spiritual truth is not mainly the work of the logical understanding, nor of rough and round common sense. To do this requires that another capacity be awake in a man—a spiritual apprehension, or, call it by what name you may, a deeper, more internal light, which shall be behind the understanding, as it were, informing and illuminating it. For otherwise the understanding, however powerful or acute, attains not to spiritual truth. This power of spiritual apprehension is, though not identical with the moral nature, more akin to it,—belongs more to this side of our being, than to the intellectual."

Everywhere throughout his work Ewald assumes the unhistorical character of the Old Testament miracles. They are ruled out of discussion by their *à priori* impossibility, so that there is no need for sifting evidence, or weighing probabilities in any particular case. But since their existence in the narrative cannot be denied, it has to be accounted for, and as the way in which this is done will illustrate one of the author's characteristic methods, we cannot, perhaps, do better than give an instance. The history of Elijah, as given in the Books of Kings, is not, according to Ewald, the plain narration it appears to be, but the work of a warmly imaginative writer looking back upon the age of which the great prophet is the central figure, and interpreting its events in a manner half philosophical and half poetical, by casting them into an epic of which Elijah is the hero. "The whole history of Elijah and his age is reconstructed by a narrator whose own spirit is not far behind that of his great subject in purity and elevation, and who is able to employ a marvellously creative genius in presenting the most sublime prophetic truths. He evidently made use of older narratives and records which extended over the whole period; but carried away by a genuinely poetic as well as prophetic inspiration, he sheds on every detail the light and warmth of the highest truths alone, and the result is a new conception of the whole, in which the noblest and most lasting elements of the age are firmly incorporated and reflected with imperishable splendour. Among the greatest of the prophets of the old covenant, Elijah finds in this writer a portrayer of proportionate elevation, and the passages which proceed from his hand are among the most sublime in the whole range of the Old Testament. The form of his representation is determined solely by the great forces and antagonisms in operation, Jahrism and Baalism, true and false prophetism,

prophetism and monarchy, heaven and earth, and *every limitation of lower historical matter is removed.*"

So then we have before us, not the history we thought, but fragments of a Jewish epic, in which both by poetic privilege and the dispensation granted to a writer who portrays not the detailed incidents of an age, but their higher meaning; the author is absolved from all obligations to precise truth of narration, and the "limitations of lower historical matter are removed" to give him free play. And it is to narrative constructed in the air, refusing foundations in the lower region of historical fact, that our Lord refers, with the prefatory, "I tell you of a truth," saying, "many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet, and none of them was cleansed except Naaman the Syrian."

The majority of Christians refuse, and rightly refuse, to give up as unimportant towards furnishing right principles of interpretation Our Lord's treatment of the Old Testament. If scientific principles of interpretation be insisted on, we claim scientific value for Our Lord's evidence, and we find it wholly impossible to allow a precarious and much disputed criticism to dissolve into myth and poetic fable histories on which the Divine teacher has made the pillars of many a doctrine and discourse to rest. The Old Testament and the New are in such an important sense one whole that no question as to the origin, authority, spiritual significance, and in the widest sense the scope and meaning of either, can be successfully discussed by those who ignore its relation to the other. In the earliest stages of his labour the student may very properly decline to consider anything but the text at which he works, seeing that his first duty is to unlock its meaning with whatever key philosophy or history may supply. But when he enters the domain of religious philosophy—or to use at once the higher term, theology—his scientific method must enlarge, and it is no longer strength, but weakness, to refuse the evidence which the Scriptures, as a whole, supply for the interpretation of its various parts. We are not sure which Testament would suffer most by separation from the other. If it be replied that the New Testament is the least beholden of the two in their relation to each other, it should be borne in mind that the roots of the New Testament doctrine lie in the Old Testament in a way that is hardly realised by general readers of them both. Let any one who is desirous of proof on this point isolate the New Testament from the Old and try to expound it. The New Testament without the Old is the *abruptest* of books, only half intelligible for want of the preparatory something which it continually presupposes. It would make the impression upon us as of a book whose earlier pages were missing, and the line of thought almost impossible to discover in consequence. Having no antecedents in this world we might receive it, perhaps, as an *ancile Christianum*, of which no other account could be given than that it had

fallen from heaven. If the Old Testament without the New has no conclusion, the New without the Old has no beginning; it is ἀγνωσλόγητος in another than the true sense.

We must refer again to the manner in which Ewald deals with the sources of Old Testament history. He unwinds the narrative to show its process of gradual formation, ascribing, without hesitation, this to an earlier and that to a later writer. In this he proceeds partly on philological and partly on philosophical grounds. Sometimes, in the course of a few verses, he detects the language of various periods separated from each other by longer or shorter intervals of time, and this with such nicety as to assign portions of the same narrative to three, four, or five writers. A much easier task than this, upon which the student of English may try his powers, would be to take the authorised version of the English Bible, and decide by arguments based solely on the structure and collocation of words which parts of a given chapter should be severally assigned to Wycliffe, to Tyndal, and to the translators of 1611. He will possess many aids to his undertaking which no one can have for a similar experiment on the present Hebrew text, and he may learn to admire, if not Ewald's success, at least the manner in which he takes his success for granted. It may be allowed, however, to scholars of a very humble sort to doubt greatly concerning that critical keenness of vision which enables Ewald so confidently to assign different verses in a chapter to different periods in the growth and development of the language. On this point Dean Milman, in the preface to the last edition of his *History of the Jews*, writes as follows:—"That any critical microscope, in the nineteenth century, can be so exquisite and so powerful as to dissect the whole with perfect nicety, and to decompose it, and assign each separate paragraph to its special origin in three, four, or five, or more independent documents, each of which has contributed its part, this seems to me a task which no mastery of the Hebrew language, with all its kindred tongues, no discernment, however fine and discriminating, can achieve. In this view (to raise but one objection), the ultimate compiler must have laid his hand very lightly on the original documents, which still, it seems, throughout point unerringly to their age and author; he must have been singularly wanting in skill and in care in stringing together his loose materials."

Frequently, however, Ewald's reasons for assigning parts of a narrative to different periods are the result of philosophical, not linguistic criticism. It is not the form of language, but the spirit and tone of a writer that enable him to say, "This is the work of an earlier, and that of a later author." In the history of Saul's election to the monarchy, for example, Ewald has no difficulty in discerning various currents of thought due to the differences of character and position amongst the writers who have contributed to the narrative. Portions of it, he considers, were written while monarchy was yet fresh, and other portions when it was old enough to have a history, which had done anything but realise the hopes of the generation that

had helped to establish it. "The earliest narrator had contemplated the short history of the monarchy from the nearest point of view, viz.:—Saul's example illustrating the essential character of genuine monarchy in its origin. But there are other points of view from which that history may be regarded,—as, for instance, the conditions peculiar to Israel alone amongst the nations—which would affect the character of the monarchy. The later writers then would form their conception of the origin of the monarchy from a wide retrospective view of the entire history of Israel, and would describe it in the light reflected thence. Such a writer would then put into the mouth of Samuel his thoughts concerning the spiritual destinies of the nation, and the relation between the Theocracy and Monarchy. His point of view is of a later and far maturer age."

The early narrator ascribes the foundation of the monarchy to the people's yearning for deliverance from their foreign enemies. To him, therefore, belongs 1 Sam. ix. 16, 17: "Thou shalt anoint him to be captain over My people Israel," &c. The later narrator, "whether following tradition or not," makes the demand for a king originate in the people's fear of Samuel's sons as bad judges. His, therefore, is 1 Sam. viii. 1—5: "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations." The earlier narrator regards Samuel as entirely an instrument of the Divine Spirit, and looks on the monarchy as an unmixed good; but towards the end of the monarchy, when the actual course of events enabled men to read the true meaning of their nation's early history, a later writer introduced into the narrative the warnings, threats, and predictions of evil which we now find there. These we are to understand henceforth, not as words really uttered, or events that actually took place, but as the comment of a later age not inserted in the margin, but introduced into the narrative itself. Now here are questions on which thoughtful readers are, perhaps, as well able to judge as the most learned scholars. What are the probabilities of this theory of literary partnership between writers of different schools of thought, combining with each other across dividing centuries to produce historical narrative in which each shall be represented; the last by no means removing the trace of his predecessors, but delicately inserting his own contribution to the general mosaic? Is it in ancient times amongst oriental people that we shall find "history written with a purpose," events skilfully grouped, or altogether invented, and language put into the lips of prophets long since dead, and even of God Himself, in order to express the writer's view of the significance of facts in the nation's past, and illustrate his principles of religious and political thought? To us there is an anachronism in all this. In the author's own country, and amongst some of his contemporaries, this kind of literary labour may not be altogether unknown, but we can hardly believe the manner of it was so well understood amongst the Jews 2,500 years ago. Let us close this notice in the words of Dean Milman: "I must confess that I read Ewald ever with increasing wonder at his unparalleled ingenuity, his surpassing learning, but usually with decreasing conviction. I should like an Ewald to criticise an Ewald."

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer for the Departed. By the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L., F.S.A., Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth. With Copious Notes and Appendices. London: Strahan & Co. 1872.

With considerable care Dr. Lee has presented, in a new dress, the old arguments in favour of the so-called Christian doctrine of prayers for the dead. It cannot be regarded as an exhaustive treatise on the subject; for there is not a word of reply to the position assumed by the English in common with every other Protestant Church in relation to this doctrine. It is an *ex parte* statement; and it may be supposed to contain the strongest, if not all the arguments, which can be adduced in support of the doctrine. Our surprise is that on so narrow a basis men should found so solemn a teaching. As it is our intention, at a future time, to give a more lengthened consideration to this subject, we shall content ourselves at present with more general remarks. The first is an introductory chapter on the Communion of Saints, condensed apparently from the Ninth Article in Bishop Pearson's "Exposition of the Creed." As far as that communion relates to our "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ," and to "the communion of the Holy Ghost," it is rightly stated, but wrongly in the assertion that the *same* communion is with the holy angels. Their "ministration" is not a "communion." Equally right is the assertion of the communion of saints on earth "with all the saints living in the same Church;" not so, however, "with all the saints who have departed this life, whether the latter be waiting for the consummation of the number of the elect, or have been graciously admitted into the actual presence of God." Certainly not, if the assertion be correct that communion of saints, in which there is no charitable *interchange* of offices, is no communion at all." But this reveals the bearing of the one doctrine upon the other, and explains the cause of its introduction.

"The rationale of prayers for the departed" is thus traced. There has been in all ages a reverent care for the dead, in which is observable a dim and uncertain belief in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the flesh. This becoming in the age of the evangelical prophets "developed and expanded into a definite system of dogma," necessitated a corresponding practice on the part of those who accepted the same." Our Lord and His apostles neither criticised nor condemned this "practice." The apostolic writings, exhortations, and injunctions, indirectly support it, and in some instances appear to enjoin it; the ancient liturgies contain prayers for the departed; and "if, as may be reasonably assumed," praying for the dead was customary long anterior to the advent, it cannot be an innovation. To this is added the injunction of the Eastern and Western Churches: and furthermore it is affirmed "that in the state immediately after death the souls of the faithful are being prepared for the mansions of heaven;" or rather those of

the faithful who hold the position of "the Church patient," midway between the Church militant here on earth and the Church triumphant in heaven. It is to render service to these that prayers for the dead are to be offered, inasmuch as they who are in heaven do not need the intercessions of their brethren, and for those in hell they do not avail. It is thus at once seen that the doctrine is involved in the Romish doctrine of purgatory, to the enforcement of which latter fancy a chapter is devoted. To us it is passing strange that a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England can in piety and charity hold his place in that Church and publicly teach the Romish doctrine of purgatory, notwithstanding the twenty-second of the "Articles of Religion." And here we must demur to the subterfuge, and deny it, that the statements in that Article were directed "only against popular and erroneous notions of purgatory then current in England."

For, though the Articles set forth A.D. 1553, and revised in 1562, could not be directed against the later decrees of the Council of Trent which ended December 4th, 1563, yet it must be remembered the "Articles were deliberately read, and confirmed again by the subscription of the hands of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Upper-house, and by the subscription of the whole Clergy of the Nether-house in their Convocation, in the year of our Lord 1571." The men who wrote and signed those Articles were not the men to be led astray by merely "popular and erroneous notions."

Here is commended to the faith of the Church a grave and solemn doctrine affecting the conduct of the living, the hopes of the dying, and the positive condition of the dead: and what is its foundation? First, a feeble sentimentalism, arising from a traditional belief "that the spirits of those who had departed out of this life were detained in some hidden abode, waiting for the Great Day," which belief, it is held, "would reasonably follow from the reception of the respective doctrines of the Immortality of the Soul and the Resurrection of the Body;" and that "if this was so, if the spirits of men lived after death, and their eventual state lay in the future, then it would be reasonable, charitable, and righteous for the living to intercede and pray for the departed." For positive evidence of the doctrine we are directed to the old story of the witch of Endor; a very fair beginning for such a doctrine. Then we are supplied with an extract from the Second Book of Maccabee, to show that prayers for the dead were common among the Jews. But, allowing the utmost that could be demanded in favour of the historic testimony of this statement, it is at least gratuitous to affirm that "This, of course, is in perfect harmony with what may be seen to have been the progress of doctrinal development, evidenced in the writings of the sacred writers and prophets of Israel, in regard both to a future state and the important dogma of the Resurrection of the Flesh."

To these are added translations of Hebrew inscriptions on gravestones, and extracts from certain Jewish Rituals.

We then have the following remarkable piece of assumption and

bad logic:—"From the statements, facts, and documents thus quoted, combined with a knowledge that our blessed Saviour nowhere condemned a practice which was certainly current during the period of His sojourn upon earth, it may be reasonably concluded, not only that the Jews regularly and commonly practised the duty of praying for the departed, but that such a practice was in accordance with the will of Almighty God."

It is fair to assume that as our Lord was silent on so solemn a subject His disciples also should be. But it is not strictly true that He was so silent. The whole tendency of His teaching is to show how solemn a finality is affixed to the probation of the present life. The words come up to us from a teaching strangely employed here, "Thou *in thy life-time* receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things." The chapter on the "Testimony of the Apostolic Writings" is weak in the extreme. It is almost disgraceful to attempt to support such a teaching by such uncertain words; a few obscure passages, with doubtful interpretations. Testimonies from the Liturgies, and from the writings and practices of the mediæval ages are plentiful enough. They are not of authority in matters of faith. As to the inscriptions on tombstones, we can only say the great importance attached to them in this volume is strangely and significantly out of proportion to those portions of sacred Scripture which are supposed constructively to support the notion. That people in the middle and even earlier ages prayed for the dead is not the slightest testimony to the rightness of the practice. They did many things we should be ashamed to do. The doctrine is demanded by the crude, sensuous, and erroneous views of the future punishment of sin held by the Roman Catholic Church. It has no support from the doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul; no support from "the Resurrection of the Flesh." Confessedly the prayers for the dead can only avail those of the saints not fully ready for heaven who, and not sunken in hell, are in some other place. Thus the Popish doctrine of purgatory is demanded, and by Dr. Lee, a priest of the Church of England, here openly taught.

Where are the clear plain testimonies of Holy Scripture which are the warrants faith demands? Where is the clear, luminous reasoning, by which an article of belief should be supported? Neither can be found here. The reasoning is inconclusive, sometimes specious. Sentiment prevails, a weak form of "the Christian consciousness," on which we cannot rest a solemn article of our creed, though it should professedly lighten the gloom of the grave and the future.

Ecclesia: A Second Series of Essays on Theological and Ecclesiastical Questions. By Various Writers. Edited by Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

This second series of "Church Problems Considered" is another able contribution to the examination of those living questions which

affect the present state, and much more the future life, of the Churches of our country. All that was said in these pages in appreciation of the catholic spirit, comprehensive views, and fine Christian tone of the former series may as freely be said of this. Of course, being the production, though "without mutual concert," of prominent Congregationalists, these essays are written from a fixed ecclesiastical standpoint which decides the relation, and more or less colours the view taken, of the subjects discussed; and written, too, with a manifest disposition in the writers to hold tenaciously the position which historically belongs to their Church. Moreover, we do not pretend to endorse with our approval or even consent everything which is advanced or indicated in this volume. Nevertheless, we like much the style and spirit of the essays. There is here, especially perhaps in the first paper, a liberality of concession which would have startled men of the olden time: a frank acceptance of the opponent's position as one which should be allowed and occasionally taken for the sake of fairness in argument, which we are sure would not have been tolerated in the good old times, but which we rejoice to recognise. The old style of taking up an extreme and hoodwinked position, and firing fiercely at long range against the extreme position of the enemy, has here no place. To allow all that can be allowed to an opponent not only bespeaks fairness but ability of no common order, while it promises that the ultimate issue of the controversy waged will be right and sound. We are glad to note, as we think, the spread elsewhere of this liberality of sentiment, and we hail the spreading as the bright dawning of a brighter day to our Churches, and to, at least, the ecclesiastico-political economy of the State.

Of these seven Essays we reserve three—the third, fifth, and seventh—for more extended notice at another time, if possible, and we are sorry that our space now allows of allusion only to the other four.

Dr. Mellor's paper gives a vivid picture of the confusion which prevails among those who hold in common the dogma of "Baptismal Regeneration." A confusion which to us is a hopeful sign that the conflicting abettors of the dogma will so buffet both it and each other's opinions as to give the latter to the winds of heaven and consign the former to the limbo of the old theological schoolmen, where, as they are taught, unbaptized infants were driven after death. Three theories of baptismal regeneration are presented, and ably dealt with: the first teaches that "*baptismal regeneration denotes a change in the outward relations of the subject to Church privileges.*" For the sake of distinction this may be called the *ambiguous* theory, because a little skilful manipulation of the terms, aided by a little forgetfulness or mental abstraction, will make it teach the dogma in its proper deep essentiality, as Dr. Waterland shows, or merely such a change in the outward relations as is really effected and symbolised by baptism, as Dr. Vaughan shows. The second, for which Dr. Pusey is sponsor, "*represents the internal effects of baptism when*

rightly administered as invariably produced, though precarious as to their continuance." This may be called the *legal* or *lapsarian* theory, inasmuch as it teaches that in every case the regeneration of the soul is radical and complete, but the grace is contingent: "it abides only where it is cherished like a seed, which may be nurtured to maturity, or may perish through neglect." The third is the *high Calvinistic* or *eclectic* theory, because it combines the notion of a mysterious unconditional election from among the subjects of baptism with the dogma of "once in grace always in grace:" it "*represents the internal effects of baptism when rightly administered as occasionally produced, but as permanent in their continuance.*" Thus the dogma is weakened by the misgivings and disputes of its upholders, giving us ground for the hope we have expressed above. Meanwhile we agree with Dr. Mellor that "an internal grace, which neither impels to holiness nor restrains from sin,—which is neither matter of consciousness as a principle, nor of observation as an active and fruitful energy,—is a phantom created by a theology which has substituted for a 'reasonable service' the '*opus operatum*' of priestcraft."

The doctrine of "The Incarnation," so well handled by Dr. Alexander, is too sublime and mysterious to be at all discussed in such a passing notice as this. But we are ever glad to be refreshed with the truth that this is the doctrine of Scripture—that the Scriptures do *most unmistakably* teach it, and that its purpose was the redemption of man by the offering up of the Incarnate as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of man. Other purposes, valuable in themselves, were, doubtless, accomplished by it, but they were subordinate—this was *the one supreme purpose.*

The *mystery* of the Incarnation Dr. Alexander treats with modesty and caution, as everyone must who heartily accepts the fact and then sets himself to ask, How can this thing be? But, as we read, we thought that his feelings against dominant Church parties instinctively carried him rather too far when he said, "The opinions of Entyches, Apollinarius and others respecting the two natures of Christ were denounced by the dominant party in the Church as heretical, but in reality they were attempts made by sincere believers to represent to themselves and others in an intelligible way the facts concerning the person of the Saviour, which they had received." We object to the disjunctive particle. Sincere enough no doubt they were, and yet heretical. We were glad to find the balance adjusted immediately afterwards, thus: "His (Apollinarius') theory is confessedly erroneous," &c. If in these days we would hold our faith against those who deny Our Lord's proper Deity, we must jealously guard ourselves against making the slightest excuse for those who denied His proper humanity.

An Essay on "Art and Religion," by Josiah Gilbert, cannot fail to be discriminating and instructive. Reluctantly passing over the history of the association of art with religion, so graphically sketched here, two extracts will suffice to show how intelligently and how

deeply Mr. Gilbert sympathises both with art and with religion. "But turning to representative art, how much do we not owe to the thousand years' accumulation of portraitures of Our Lord? Here art, as has been hinted, had a more legitimate field than in other of its attempts, since Christ in the body of our humiliation did once tread this earth, and we may suppose ourselves, by means of art, put in the position of those who had seen the Lord; . . . we cannot feel otherwise than grateful to the art that has given us a type of form so commending itself to the imagination, and now so sacred that no painter dares to vary from its main features. Nor could we spare that ideal of female purity and maternal sorrow which the long devotion of art to the Virgin has provided for us." Then the paper closes thus: "And after all we come back to the old vital question, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world,'—of wealth, or rank, or knowledge, or art,—'and lose his own soul?'—if he forget that all the appeals of art to the imagination, all the sympathies and ecstacies it may excite, are as nothing—may be worse than nothing—in the great transaction between himself and God?" One, perhaps *the* practical value of the Essay, is found in the remarks on the style of ecclesiastical architecture, to which the following is the key:—"We may say indeed that one great law, carried out in all its applications, will cover the whole ground of the ministration of art to religious worship. This is *fitness*—adaptation to use." This is a sound law confessedly, however differing tastes may illustrate it.

"Our National Universities" is a paper written with a keen and applauding appreciation of the present transition period of these seats of learning. The writer evidently feels deeply how much Nonconformity has suffered through the exclusion of its sons from the universities. And what a high value he sets upon a university education the following remarks will show:—"But among the Dissenters a stronger and deeper feeling has been at work. They have the keenest sense of the injury that is done their sons, by confining them in a close and narrow sectarian atmosphere for their education. They know that if a conscientious adherence to their own convictions is to be toned down and mellowed by a far-reaching sympathy, an extended knowledge of the world, an enlightened liberality; if vigour and firmness are to be allied with "sweetness and light," this is only to be attained by free and friendly intercourse in the time of youth with those of differing and even opposite opinions. . . . Their main desire has been that all the youth of the country, irrespective of creed or persuasion, should be equally attracted to the national universities, and should there learn, in friendly intercourse with each other, lessons far transcending in value any that professor or tutor could give them. A proposal like that of Canon Liddon, to assign some colleges entirely to the leading bodies of Dissenters, not only offends against a principle which they cling to very tenaciously; if executed, it would strike at the very root of the union and interfusion at which they are aiming."

But we have far exceeded the limit assigned us. We cordially recommend this volume.

Sermons on Special Occasions. By Daniel Moore, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Rivingtons. 1871.

The sermons comprised in this volume were preached on various occasions extending over a range of fifteen years. Several were delivered before the vast audiences gathered to the special evening services at St. Paul's Cathedral and at Westminster Abbey, one at the Nottingham Meeting of the British Association, and the rest at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, at Oxford, and at Cambridge. Variety of style and method of treatment may, therefore, be expected, as the author in his selection aims rather at representing several aspects of his ministry than at arranging a series of discourses with relation to each other, or to any common starting-place. This principle of selection, by providing for different classes of mind, or for the same mind in different moods, is likely to secure popularity for a book of sermons, and to give immediate pleasure to many, but not so likely, we think, to result in a book of permanent value, or to gratify the more thoughtful and studious few. We do not for a moment seek to disparage the good and useful book before us, but our point is this—a preacher like Mr. Moore can at any time send a sufficient number of good sermons to the printer to make a thoroughly respectable volume, but in such a case the whole is merely equal to the sum of its parts; whereas in a volume where unity of purpose presides there will be cumulative power, and as a result a whole which is much greater than the sum of its parts. We have had real pleasure, however, in reading these sermons. Here are most of the elements of a preacher's power and usefulness: skilful arrangement of the subject, admirable clearness of style, earnestness both of thought and language, and the prime qualification of all, "in doctrine, uncorruptness." The following extract from an admirable sermon on "The Gospel Workman," will suffice to justify our hearty commendation:—

"Every profession in life has its appropriate and distinctive excellence. We look for courage in the soldier, integrity in the merchant, wise consistency in the statesman, unswerving uprightness in the judge. What is that which, before all things, should distinguish the Christian minister, if it be not pre-eminent sanctity of deportment and the spirit of piety and prayer? Hence the frequent exhortations to Timothy in these epistles to cultivate the duties of personal religion, to flee youthful lusts, to avoid secular entanglements, to be 'an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.'"

Too well did the Apostle know the temptations of the Gospel workman to omit such warnings. And never were these temptations greater than in our own day. The ministerial life of our fathers,—the quiet walk with God, the calm abstraction from the world, the giving of ourselves continually to prayer,—in the same degree at least, is scarcely possible to us. The times demand energetic action, aggressive out-door

work; a warfare, vigorous and unceasing, with all the surroundings of ignorance, and irreligion, and vice, and sin. Who sees not the danger to us, under such circumstances, of sliding unconsciously into a mere professional piety; of mistaking zeal in spiritual employments for growth in the graces of the spiritual mind; of allowing diligence in the keeping of others vineyards to supersede the needful and proper culture of our own? And if he do fall into this danger, how stealthy and unperceived will be the downward course of a Christian minister afterwards, when having become a stranger to the comforts of a life of godliness, and being bereft of its joys and hopes, he feels the lamp of his inner life to be waning fast, and can only get warmth to his soul from the faded fire of happiness and more spiritual days. Soon his prayers for his people will become more neglected, and his interest in their salvation more languid, and his sense of responsibility for the watchmanship of souls more feeble, even if it be felt at all. And, arrived at this point, what a burden, what a misery, what a dreadful hypocrisy, will his whole ministerial life become! With a cold and unspiritual mind he will have to come to the discussion of the loftiest themes. Day by day will grow upon him a soul-hardening familiarity with the things of God. His public ministrations will be glossed over with the false show of official earnestness, in which, deceiving himself as well as others,—perhaps deceiving himself more than others,—his selection of heavenly topics will pass for spirituality; warmth of manner will be mistaken for devoutness; an artificial fervour in the declaration of God's truth will be put down to a growing inward and personal experience of its power;—until, astonished at the lengths to which his own hypocrisy is carrying him, it will be a marvel if he do not yield to the power of secret unbelief; and, after having "preached to others," end in becoming himself "a castaway."

Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin. By Walter Besant, M.A., and E. H. Palmer, M.A. London: R. Bentley and Son. 1871.

After all that literature had done for Jerusalem, a trustworthy, graphic, and concise history of the city, as a city, beginning at the times of the Herods, and coming down to our own day, was a want of which scholars and general readers have long been sensible. The writers of this beautiful book have supplied the want; and, what is specially to be noted, they have met it most completely when it was widespread and urgent. Few persons of any pretension to culture are grossly in the dark either as to the earlier or the later fortunes of Jerusalem during the stretch of the Christian centuries. But for the great space between these extremes, and particularly for the periods of the Mohammedan conquest, of the Crusades and Christian kingdom, and of the final triumph of the Crescent, the knowledge of multitudes has been to the last degree vague and nebulous. Messrs. Besant and Palmer throw their strength into precisely this section of their literary domain; and their treatment of the middle age history of the Holy City, while it is

admirably careful and vigorous, has the further and most important quality of having drawn its materials from Mohammedan as well as from Christian sources. We have not yet all the light which Arabian historians and chroniclers are able to shed upon the mediæval relations of Christianity and Mohammedanism in the nearer East. But our authors have availed themselves to good purpose of so much of this light as they could command; and their best informed readers will be surprised to observe what novel phases many familiar events and personages of the history exhibit with this new illumination upon them. We are not sure that the desire to do full justice to the Mohammedan side of the question does not sometimes run a little too far with our authors. No doubt the Christian writers have hitherto had it all their own way, and their partiality has been worthy of the most adventurous romancing of the historic pen. But we demur to the doctrine that the men who fought under the banner of the Crusades were "never saints," and we think that Messrs. Besant and Palmer, in their laudable anxiety to escape the spell of traditional sentimentalism, have scarcely done due honour to the spirit and motives of the Christian actors in the tremendous tragedy of which they write. Even now and then an undertone of satire and contempt seems to steal on the ear from their pages, where Christianity is concerned; but we may be mistaken in this, and are willing to believe ourselves mistaken. In the new edition of the work, which, we trust, will be soon called for, it will be no less well if the passage near the end of the volume touching the absurdity of growing "rapturous" over "greasy-leaved," "dilapidated" olive trees should be suppressed. The introductory chapter, too, needs retouching; it is loosely jointed, and it requires some dates to enable the reader to follow with intelligence the rapid movement of the narrative. The misprints which we have noted as not infrequently occurring through the volume will doubtless be corrected in future editions. Messrs. Besant and Palmer have conferred a real boon upon students of history by the publication of their *Jerusalem*. To say nothing of the learning and research of which so much good fruit appears in this volume, the clearness, vividness, and picturesqueness with which they tell the story of the wonderful city, give their work no small value as an educational instrument within its chosen province, while the high moral feeling which pervades the volume cannot fail to be beneficial to all who study it. On the whole, the impression left by their picture is a melancholy one. It is inexpressibly grievous to view the Christianity of the New Testament side by side with the miserable travesties, caricatures, and personations of it, which throng the records of Jerusalem for the last two thousand years.

Physical Facts and Scriptural Records; or, Eighteen Propositions for Geologists. By W. B. Galloway, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

This book is a mistake. The object and motive of the author are excellent. He is not afraid to appear as the champion of the Scrip-

ture Revelation; and we entirely sympathise with his desire to rebuke and check that unscientific science which strains at the gnat of the Bible, while it swallows camels of questionable fact and of monstrous hypothesis. But Mr. Galloway goes the wrong way to work in dealing with the enemy. Had he contented himself with showing that certain supposed phenomena were dubious, or that the theories by which they had been explained were weak and unsatisfactory, he would have done a good work, and religion and science would have joined in thanking him. Unfortunately his zeal has outrun his discretion; and while he sometimes makes strong points against the opponents, particularly in his character of mathematician and astronomer, he very commonly fights with weapons which can have no other effect than to wound the hand which wields them. Whether the phenomena which Mr. Galloway samples are facts or imagination, his own phenomena are assuredly some of them unreal; and, with respect to his theories we can only say, that in several marked instances they outrage all rational probability, and are as empirical and absurd as any which the quasi-scientific fancy ever dreamed. Not to mention that wonderful doctrine of Mr. Galloway's which makes the famous flint implements of the Somme to be, as he is "inclined to think, . . . no more than natural splinters of some large sporadic flint meteorolites." What is any man of sense to say to the following?—"Flints, we are informed, abound upon the deserts of Egypt, and part of them may be the relics of that memorable storm of hail and liquid fire which smote all that was in the field, both man and beast, and every herb in the field, and brake every tree of the field, and in which the liquid fire that 'ran along the ground' may have eaten into many roots of trees, and into bamboos covered and filled with superficial soil, and may have substituted and moulded itself into their forms." Has Mr. Galloway ever seen any of these Egyptian fossils? We hope he has not. Or does he seriously believe that the miraculous fiery hailstorm could turn bamboo stems filled with earth into great branched trees of chalcedony, with their internal structure all preserved in its minutest detail. That same hailstorm must indeed have been a miracle beyond all that Moses tells us. And it must have raged in Goshen too, and far beyond the land of the Nile; for the silicified "bamboos," as we happen to know by personal observation, are found in places hundreds of miles from the scene of the Scripture hailstorm. In the interest of religion, we very much deplore the appearance of a work like this of Mr. Galloway's. Scientific men at best can only smile at it. It is well if they have reverence and generosity enough to do no worse. But the chief mischief of such a book is, that it provokes the very distrust of Scripture which it is designed to cure and anticipate. We fear it is not possible to bring writers of Mr. Galloway's school to see this; but the fact is certain, and we can only state and lament it.

How to Pray and What to Pray For. An Exposition of the Lord's Prayer and Christ's Introductory Sayings. By Edward Jewett Robinson. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road. 1872.

HERE is another able and estimable contribution to the great treasury of practical and devotional literature, enriched by upwards of thirteen hundred Scriptural quotations and references, about a hundred and fifty others, and many illustrative incidents. From Tertullian and Cyprian, down to Barrow, Kerr, Witsius and Wesley, Stier and Olshausen, Anderson, Maurice, Cumming, eminent writers are laid under contribution, and with their thoughts the author's are worthily and ingeniously interwoven into a charming and consistent whole. We have an old subject in a new and radiant face. The introductions to, and several parts of the Lord's Prayer as rendered in the liturgy of the Established Church, are expounded and enforced in order. The book consists of nineteen chapters. Hardly a question within the range of the author's subject is so minute as to escape notice. Premeditation and forms of devotion are ably defended. A backbone of sound theology runs through the treatise, while in every chapter questions of experience and practice are treated with the incisive vigour of a critical and ardent intellect. *Set times*, as well as the habitual spirit of prayer, are insisted on. "If you have not your stated hours for worship, it will be neglected, and no duties will be Christianly fulfilled. On the other hand you will be exact in all duties, if you are orderly in sincere worship. To be ready to pray at any time, be resolute to pray at some time. What you leave to be done at chance moments, you are likely not to do at all, or not to do well. They who pray at chosen seasons are they who acquire power to be always praying. They who pray without ceasing are they who have moments when they begin to pray. For public and united worship there must, of course, be appointed hours; but Our Lord is speaking of the exercises of the individual. Have your plan for personal devotion. The punctual consecration of parts of the day is a more rational and effectual preventive of forgetfulness of Christ than decorating the house or the person with crosses, pictures, and other sybols and mementos."—Pp. 15, 16.

Those who plead lack of time are thus driven from their subterfuge:—"Not half an hour morning and evening to offer to the Lord! How much time do they give to sleep, to eating and drinking, to light reading, to idle conversation? They might most of them get half hours for prayer without abstracting a minute from business. If not, they should abridge their business. . . . Making money when we ought to be praying is robbing God of our service, and selling ourselves to the devil; . . . compelling the soul to give way to the body, and thrusting heaven aside for earth, is really refusing to

worship. 'We have no time to pray,' being interpreted, is, 'We have no heart to do so.'"—P. 21.

The following is the author's answer to the objection that the Lord's Prayer does not include thanksgiving:—"Not include thanksgiving! none but a thankful heart could say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' None but a thankful heart can continue, 'Hallowed be Thy name.' This is the choice language of gratitude. More than a burst, it is the studied harmony of praise. It is the adoring soul's welcome of what was most needed, God's revelation of His name. The heathen's prayer is all flattery and deprecation. In the Christian's, reverence bows the head, gratitude bends the knee, love agitates the heart, and the first ascription and petition is, 'Hallowed be Thy name.'"—P. 163-4.

Keeping in mind a theological, not a political classification, we have the author's vigorous rebuke of those who reject the mediation of Christ. "What can this petition (for temporal and spiritual blessings) mean in the lips of pretended teachers of religion who do not pray in reliance upon Jesus Christ? What bread have they from heaven, Christ not being their bread? They may call themselves Liberals and Free-thinkers. They make free with the bread of God, in casting it from them. They prefer Egypt's flesh and garlic to 'angels' food,' a scorpion for the egg wanted, a serpent for the fish, a stone for the bread, poison for food, themselves for Christ. Liberals! They are freebooters. They are soul-murderers. Not to them, but to our Heavenly Father, pray we for 'our daily bread.'"—Pp. 261-2.

This is not a book which should be run through and then finally put away. It should be taken up again and again, that it may check vain pretences, thrust the point of the Spirit's sword into slumbering consciences, and inspirit the ingenuous struggler to firmer trust in Christ, and bolder aspiration heavenward. Mr. Robinson has rendered good service to the cause of Christianity by sending forth this work, whose general tendency is to raise devotion from conventional to Scriptural standards.

Heavenly Laws for Earthly Homes: Being a Manual of the Relative Duties. By Edward Dennett, Author of a Manual for Young Christians, &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1872.

The *Heavenly Laws* will be found for the most part on the fly-leaves between the chapters of this book, and Mr. Dennett's comments and observations in the chapters themselves. And if nothing very novel or striking is to be noticed in these latter, they are yet soundly scriptural, appropriate and timely. The author is right in looking upon the several relations of the family as typifying the relations between Christ and His people. And if the heads of Christian families would

more particularly observe and illustrate these *Heavenly Laws* in their earthly homes, and enjoin them lovingly upon those subject to their care, the home of which Christ is their Head, the Church, would be more peaceful, more devoted, more enterprising and blessed in her labours. We hail this book because it seeks to promote family godliness and domestic peace, which, we are sure, are among the best, if not *the* best auxiliaries of the pulpit and the Church generally for the spread of scriptural holiness throughout the land.

Bible Music: Being Variations, in many keys, on Musical Themes from Scripture. By Francis Jacox, B.A., Author of "Secular Annotations on Scripture Texts," etc. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

In what way this book justifies its title we cannot see. It is made up of a number of sprightly essays on musical subjects, each essay being adorned with a Scriptural illustration stuck at the head, like a text, but which text is immediately forgotten or ignored. We are told they are "used not as foundation stones whereon to uprear an orderly structure, but as stepping-stones for crossing a stream that, like Wordsworth's, wanders at its own sweet will." The author errs by introducing a feature which, while not demanded by the nature of his work, requires an apology for its presence.

Apart from this, it is a readable and refreshing book, brimming with apt and well-told anecdote mixed with fair philosophy, and effectively illustrates the themes which are introduced by the Scriptural allusions.

The Preacher's Lantern. Volume I. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

We cannot, without qualification, recommend this class of books to preachers. The subjects treated in this volume are chiefly interesting to younger ministers; and though some of the papers are valuable, as for example, "Our Pulpit Models," "The Witness of Heathenism and Tradition to some of the Great Teachings of Revelation," yet the tendency of such a volume is to encourage diffuseness in habits of thought. The work has too much the appearance of a patch-work to be a suitable book for students. It is a temptation to forsake more careful studies. Recreation we cordially recommend, but it should be in other fields of thought. Even estimates of preachers and of sermons would be more useful if original; expositions of Scripture are less valuable when taken up in an isolated manner than when gained by the careful study of entire epistles; and a treatise on sermon-making is better than examples without principles.

These remarks apply to books of this class in general; having said so much, we can speak approvingly of this as a specimen of the class; though, perhaps, the anecdotes prevail to too great an extent. The book is not sufficiently weighty for the advanced preacher. It is too

versatile for the junior. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we should say it is misnamed. If the preacher has only one "lantern," this is not it.

Notes on References and Quotations in the New Testament Scriptures from the Old Testament. By Mrs. Maclachlan (of Maclachlan), Author of "Notes on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of Isaiah," and "Notes on the Book of the Revelation." William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1872.

NATURE abhors a vacuum. Mrs. Maclachlan does not; at least she believes most manifestly in a "gap," "a parenthetic gap," a "long parenthetical period not revealed to the Apostles." The time of its beginning is not precisely stated, for whereas, "It should be observed, that when Jesus said all power was given Him on earth, the parenthetic gap had not begun. In another place we read, 'After threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself;' here occurs the gap." But it occurs during the 1800 years and more which have elapsed since the days of Christ, the events of which "period have been silently and systematically passed over" in the New Testament. In accordance with this, speaking of the temptation of Christ and the worship of the beast prophesied of in Rev. xiii., it is said, "They both belong to Jewish history, and do not appear to be far apart as to time, when it is recollected that no sacred historian ever takes any account of the last 1800 years, which are a chasm or blank as to events in the prophetic history of God's peculiar people." To prove the existence of this chasm or blank is professedly one of the principal objects of this book. And if we could think it were really *sub judice* in this book, we should at once enter, according to the usage of Scotch courts, a verdict of *not proven*. But in truth this is the supreme, all-directing theory which influences these annotations throughout. The "gap" or the "interim period" is ever coming in to support some assertion or to explain some comment, and when a sympathetic writer is quoted who falls short of the mark, a note is subscribed to say, "*The author did not understand the gap.*"

It seems that during this "gap" many prophecies "supposed or wholly accomplished," are now only "primarily and partially" "fulfilling" "in a (so-called) spiritual manner. Literally they were made to the Jews as a nation, and their fulfilment to the Jews as such is future. Meanwhile Christ is not reigning, or reigning in heaven, His "ruling on earth is a future event." We have "the gospel of grace," but not "the kingdom of grace." "The outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and the baptism of fire, were fulfilments of promises to the Jews, and to the Jews specially as a nation." "The conversion of Gentiles in Cornelius's household was an exceptional

case"—indeed "isolated." And altogether we may be thankful, Gentiles as we are, that through faith we may qualify ourselves to be numbered among the spiritual children of Abraham." "In the Lord's coming kingdom there will be two spheres—heavenly for the Church, and earthly for the redeemed Jewish and saved Gentile nations." But enough. While paying a sincere tribute of praise to the painstaking devotion of our authoress, we cannot highly appreciate her labours as an interpreter of the prophetical Scriptures. The publishers have done their part exceedingly well.

Student's Hebrew Grammar. From the Twentieth German Edition of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, as specially prepared and improved by E. Rœdiger, Ph.D., D.D., with his co-operation. Translated by Benjamin Davies, LL.D. London: Ashes & Co.

ENGLISH readers of Hebrew will be glad to learn that a new edition of this admirable book is in course of preparation for the press. Dr. Rœdiger has recently published the twenty-second German edition of the Grammar, and, as we are informed, he has placed a copy, enriched with MS. notes, in the hands of his friend, Dr. Davies, to be translated into English and stereotyped for the market of Great Britain and America. Dr. Davies's translation will therefore be virtually the equivalent of the yet unpublished twenty-third edition of the German. Both Dr. Rœdiger and Dr. Davies belong to the house and lineage of Gesenius's teaching, and in their hands the doctrines and fame of the great Orientalist are in safe charge. In point of genius, of scientific development of principles, of clearness of style, and of adaptation to practical use, Dr. Davies's Translation of Rœdiger's Gesenius is still the prince of English Hebrew Grammars.

Sundays Abroad. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., Author of "Our Father's Business," "Out of Harness," &c., &c. London: Strahan and Co. 1872.

ANYTHING from the pen of Dr. Guthrie will receive a hearty welcome from hundreds of readers. The present little work is written in the Doctor's easy, genial, vivacious style. It contains views of Sabbath observance and non-observance in France and Italy; with notices of the recent Protestant movement in the latter country, and jaunty references to some of the more easily assailed follies of Romanism.

Thoughts of Christ for Every Day of the Year. By Lord Kinloch. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THESE pages contain, for each day in the year, a simple and practical reflection upon a short sentence of Scripture and a Collect. They were written with a view of checking "the now abounding infidelity," by promoting "a more clear perception of Christ's personality." The reflections are too brief to be more than suggestions

to thought. The Collects, all addressed to Christ, are framed upon the best models: some of them are very beautiful. The book will be more useful to believers than convincing to them who doubt.

Divine Kingdom on Earth as it is in Heaven. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1871.

This book seems to have been written with the design of giving a wider view of the subjects comprehended by the Christian Faith; to afford some solution of difficulties; and to move out of the way hindrances to practical godliness. The work is reverent in tone, elevated in sentiment, and eminently practical in the tendency of its teachings, while it is not wanting in a certain philosophic cast of thought. The Divine order, human apostacy, the laws of the restoring dispensation, their development in history, and fulfilment in the life and ministry of Christ, and other cognate subjects, are treated in a manly, vigorous spirit. A clear line of truth is traced free from sentimentalism, and errors are rebutted without acrimony.

Though we do not share the gloomy views of the present which sometimes find their sad expression in these pages, we rejoice in the calm confidence with which a future of greater freedom and light is hailed. The following extract affords us sufficient clue to the general character of the book, but we are tempted to give it as an illustration of the practical and sensible way in which its grave and serious questions are treated:—

"Every part of the Redeeming Dispensation is therefore utterly misconceived when its holiness is so falsely thought of, that it is set apart from man's common life, and when, under any pretext of reverence, it is used for the degradation, or even for the disparagement, of common duties and relationship. This is evident from its very nature; and the fact is deeply impressed on our attention by the inspired commentaries on man's history. In all of them we find the simplest duties required of him in his supernatural relation; the ordinances of his Church Fellowship are connected with those of his domestic life, with the discharge of his social obligations in his immediate neighbourhood, and in the wider sphere of his political community. Such testimonies on the subject are always conveyed in the language of the prophets. And we find them given still more emphatically in the example and in the precepts of Him in whose life and teaching the Law and the prophets were fulfilled."

The work is enriched with many notes and criticisms, which support without encumbering the text.

Twelve Sermons preached in the Congregational Chapel, Alexandria. By William McKay, Minister of the Gospel. Glasgow: Robert Lindsay. 1871.

If the desire of the several friends who "earnestly requested the publication of a small selection of the authors sermons" is answered, well and good; we cannot see any other special call for their publication.

II. MISCELLANEOUS.

Journals kept in Italy and France from 1848 to 1852; with a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. By the late Nassau William Senior, Master in Chancery, Professor of Political Economy, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c.; Author of a Treatise on Political Economy, &c., &c. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. In Two Volumes. London: H. S. King & Co. 1871.

THE year 1848 opened the modern cycle of European politics. The influence of the events which happened in that and the immediately following years will long remain to be traced. It was the opening of a new era. Often must the true student of history turn back to reconsider its annals; to estimate both the character and the intensity of the forces which then broke forth; to disentangle the confused web of its revolutions; to distinguish the conflicting cries of its many passions; and to mark well for future counsel the tendencies of its prevailing principles. It was a stormy sea, the dash of whose waters remains unquieted long after the heavens have recovered their light, and the winds have spent their fury.

It is not untimely to bring those days to our recollection. We are still within the circle of that storm; and no seer is at hand to declare when its last force shall be expended. What we cannot know by anticipation of the future, we must learn by reflection on the past. And though the lessons of that past are written in blood and much sorrow, they must be read patiently, that the future may not be stained through equal errors.

The volumes before us contribute their measure to our learning. The French revolutionary epoch found a suitable chronicler in Mr. Senior, who, if he wrote not formal history, by his freedom in narration furnished the materials of which more formal records are made. Accuracy in the narration of fact must form the basis for a true generalization. The freer the narrator is from the bias of science, the better for the record. It is true Mr. Senior was a professor of political philosophy, but here he chiefly records; and his professional duties had sharpened his observation. Besides which he mingled with the actors in the drama. He knew the spirit and often the purpose of the men who played the principal parts in it. His life was spent, for the most part, among politicians. He formed his own opinions; but he freely discussed theirs.

The editor of his papers well observes, "Peace, War, Treaties, Republicanism, Socialism, Centralisation, Church Establishment are in turn touched upon, and the reflections of one who had thought so long

and so deeply on these matters must be of interest, they may be of use." These questions are debated in Europe at this hour with almost unequalled intensity.

Prefixed to the Journals is a sketch of the Revolution of 1848, which, though a reprint, is not the less valuable. It is founded on Lamartine's "*Histoire de la Révolution de* 1848." Read in the light of recent events in France, this paper has a very high interest. Its republication is most opportune. By its aid we can more readily form a judgment of the period through which that nation is now passing. It affords an insight into the errors of French government and French society, which errors were then discerned by careful observers, and are now bearing their sad fruits—possibly the seeds for new harvests of like kind.

The book opens thus: "The theory to which we attribute the revolution of 1848 is a disguised Socialism." If a *disguised* Socialism caused the revolution of three and twenty years ago, what may not the open, the unblushingly avowed Socialism of to-day result in? And yet, perhaps, the disguised enemy is the more dangerous.

One of the fatal mistakes of successive governments in France is the encouragement of the *ateliers nationaux*. Of them Mr. Senior, with much discrimination, wrote:—"It is the theory which almost every Frenchman cherishes, as respects himself, that the Government exists for the purpose of making his fortune, and is to be supported only so far as it performs that duty. His great object is, to exchange the labours and risks of a business, or of a profession, or even of a trade, for a public salary. The thousands, or rather tens of thousands, of workmen who deserted employments at which they were earning four or five francs a day, to get thirty sous from the *ateliers nationaux*, were mere examples of the general feeling. To satisfy this universal desire, every government goes on increasing the extent of its duties, the number of its servants, and the amount of its expenditure. It has assisted to subject every Frenchman to the slavery of passports, because they give places to some thousands of officials. It preserves the monopoly of tobacco, because that enables it to give away 30,000 *débits de tabac*. It takes to itself both religious and secular instruction. It has long taken charge of highways, bridges, and canals, the forwarding of travellers and letters. It has secured the reversion of all the railways, and threatens to take immediate possession of them. It proposes to assume insurance of and against fire; mining; lighting, paving and draining towns; and banking. Even with the branches of industry which it still leaves to the public, it interferes by prescribing the modes in which they are to be carried on; and by favouring some by bounties, others by loans or gifts, and others by repelling competitors. For these purposes it pays and feeds 500,000 soldiers and 500,000 civilians! For these purposes the 500 millions of expenditure, which were enough during the Consulate, rose to 800 in the Empire—to 970 under the Restoration—to 1,500 under Louis Phillipe—and to 1,800 millions under the Republic."

In this opinion Mr. Senior is supported by one who was fully able to judge—M. de Tocqueville. We extract the following from his great speech on the *droit au travail*:—"If the State," he says, "attempt to fulfil its engagement by itself giving work, it becomes itself a great employer of labour. As it is the only capitalist that cannot refuse employment, and as it is the capitalist whose workpeople are always the most lightly tasked, it will soon become the greatest and soon after the only great employer. The public revenue, instead of merely supporting the Government, will have to support all the industry of the country. As rents and profits are swallowed up by taxes, private property now becomes a mere incumbrance, will be abandoned to the State; and, subject to the duty of maintaining the people, the government will be the only proprietor. This is Communism. If, on the other hand, the State, in order to escape from this train of consequences, does not itself find work, but takes care that it shall always be supplied by individual capitalists, it must take care that at no place and at no time there be a stagnation. It must take on itself the management of both capitalists and labourers. It must see that the one class do not injure one another by over-trading, or the other by competition. It must regulate profits and wages—sometimes retard, sometimes accelerate, production or consumption. In short, in the jargon of the school, it must organise industry. This is Socialism."

Of necessity the story revolves mainly around the name of M. de Lamartine, whose brilliant powers and fatal mistakes are very effectively illustrated. The whole is sketched with considerable skill, and when we leave the severity of the essay for the freedom of conversation the interest is greatly heightened. It is here the journals are of especial value; as they not only detail events, but reveal, through the medium of private conversations, the subtle and secret springs in which they take their rise. The course of the revolution we need not repeat. The world is familiar with it. But we strongly urge the reading of these journals on all who would descend beneath the mere surface of affairs.

We will make two extracts on questions of great importance, giving them in the order of their occurrence in the journals. The first relates to the French expedition to Rome:—

"Mrs. Grote had got tickets for the Assembly, so we went there directly after breakfast. It was about one o'clock: the debate had not begun, but the Tribune was full—the practice being to give tickets for about one-half more than it could hold. We were told that somebody would probably go and make room for us. We loitered about waiting for this chance, when we met Madame Léon Faucher going to her place in the Tribune Diplomatique. She took us under her protection, and after many repulses, and invoking the aid of one *questeur* and *huissier* after another, she got me in. The debate was a very important one. To make it intelligible, I must go back a few days. The invasion of the Roman States in 1849 was a counterpart of the protectorate of Otaheite in 1843. It was an exertion of strength without any purpose

of permanent advantage. The Government seems to have thought that an intervention in favour of the Pope would please the priests, who are expected to exercise great influence over the elections, and that the re-appearance of the French flag in Italy would flatter the vanity of those whose constant desire is that France should do something, whatever that something may be.

"It displeased, however, the Republicans, as it denied to a sister republic the right of existence, and to the Roman people the right of revolution. It alarmed the friends of peace as a dangerous little war, and, as a gross breach of international law, disgusted those who wished to strengthen that weak restraint on royal and national ambition. If, however, the French had been welcomed in Rome as mediators and friends, and the Pope had been re-established by them as a constitutional sovereign reigning under the influence of France, it is probable that the injustice and rashness of the enterprise would have been forgotten in its success. Its failure, of course, aggravated its original sins. There was also a general belief, which now turns out to be well founded, that the expedition had not been managed constitutionally; that Oudinot had received some direct instructions from the President, and that his other instructions had been communicated to only a part of the Cabinet. The selection, too, of Oudinot, a Legitimist, was suspicious; and a letter to him from the President, approving his conduct and promising him reinforcements, was thought a very monarchical proceeding. Under such circumstances, on May 7, the previous Monday, the Assembly had resolved that the expedition ought no longer to be diverted from its proper purposes. What those purposes were it was difficult to say, but the vote amounted to a censure, and if it had been passed by an Assembly in any but an expiring State, it must have compelled the resignation of the Ministry.

"To-day the opposition followed up the blow by proposing a resolution that, since the Italian expedition the Ministry had lost the confidence of the Assembly.

"When I got in, Ledru Rollin, who had opened the debate about half-an-hour before, was still speaking, or rather screaming, from the tribune. He is a large red-faced man, with an enormous voice and violent action. His speech, and indeed that of every speaker, on that day, was not a continuous discourse. It was a series of short sentences, each of which was interrupted or followed by an explosion of fierce denial or furious abuse from one side or from the other of the Assembly."

Then follows a graphic picture of the excited and stormy scene. How many reflections this simple extract awakens!

The other extract we make relates to an earlier period, the eventful 24th of February.

"In the course of the morning a friend, who desired me not to name him, brought me Marshal Bugeaud's memoir. It is a very long letter, in the Marshal's own hand, dated October 19, 1848. He allowed me to extract the material parts, and they are these:—

"'At two in the morning of the 24th (says Marshal Bugeaud) an aide-de-camp of the King summoned me to the Tuileries, where the command of the troops and of the National Guard was offered to me. I thought myself bound to accept, and Duchatel and Guizot were sent for to countersign the order. Some precious time was lost in this, and it was half-past three before I could get to the troops, drawn up in the Place du Carrousel and the Cour des Tuileries. They were very demoralised, having been kept for sixty hours, their feet in the cold mud, their knapsacks on their backs, with only three rations of biscuit, and forced to see, without interfering, the rioters attack the Municipal Guards, cut down the trees, break the lamps, and burn the guard-houses. Generally they had only ten cartridges a man—the best provided had only twenty—there were only three caissons of cartridges at the Tuileries, about as many at the Ecole Militaire, and no more in Paris. Even at Vincennes there were only thirteen caissons, and to reach them the whole insurrection had to be crossed. The cavalry horses were knocked up, there was no corn for them, and the men had been kept nearly three days on their backs.

"'All the detachment at the Panthéon, Bastille, Hôtel de Ville, and on the Boulevards had been ordered to fall back on the Tuileries. I sent them orders to remain firm where they were. As respects the National Guards, things were still worse. I found the chief of the staff in a garret. He wanted to resign. I could get nothing out of him. At half-past five, as day broke, I put in motion four columns—ordered one to march to the Bastille, one to the Hôtel de Ville, one to the Panthéon, and the last to follow the two first and prevent the barricades, which were abandoned, from being re-occupied. The only column which encountered any resistance was that which marched by the Boulevards on the Bastille. The General who commanded it sent me word that his way was barred at the Boulevard Montmartre by an enormous crowd, all armed crying, 'Vive la Reforme, &c.,' and asked for instructions. I ordered him to force his way, but I afterwards heard that he disobeyed, and acted with great weakness. At half-past seven a crowd of bourgeois came to me, almost in tears, to beseech me to recall the troops, who irritated the people, and to let the National Guard, who were collecting, put down the riot. I was explaining to them the absurdity of their proposal, when Thiers and Barrot brought me express orders from the King to withdraw the troops and employ only the National Guards, of whom I could not see more than three or four files. I resisted the ministers as I had the bourgeois, when the order was repeated by the Duc de Nemours, who came straight from the King. I could not incur the responsibility of further disobedience, and dictated orders in these terms, 'By the express command of the King and of the ministers, you will retire on the Tuileries. If, however, you are attacked, you will resume the offensive, and act on my former orders.' The zeal with which these orders were carried to the different posts by the bourgeois and National Guards near me was no good omen. If the troops had met with any resistance, they could not

have been obeyed, as the battle would have been already raging, and the result would have been very different. At about nine o'clock Thiers and Barrot came back to me, bringing Lamoricière, on whom the command of the National Guard had been conferred. 'Since we are not to fight,' I said to him, 'go and employ your popularity in bringing these madmen to reason.' He executed this mission with great courage and at great risk. Thiers and Barrot were getting on horseback to do the same, when Vernet, the painter, begged me to keep back Thiers, whom the mob would tear to pieces. I did so with difficulty. Barrot went out, was ill received, and came back to say: 'Thiers is not possible. I am scarcely so. I shall go to the château.' It was ten o'clock. Two battalions of the 10th Legion entered the Place du Carrousel. They applauded me, but cried, 'A bas Guizot!' Soon after the King came out and reviewed them. He was well received. I have no doubt that he intended to show himself to the troops and to the people, when to my astonishment, he turned back, dismounted, and returned to the château. With these two battalions I took possession, without resistance, of the barricades which were erecting in the streets opening on the Rue de Rivoli. A column of rioters was advancing through the Carrousel, and had got as far as the solitary house where the diligences stop.

"I addressed them with good effect: one man said, 'Are you Marshal Bugeaud? You had my brother killed in the Rue Transnonain.' 'You lie,' I said; 'I was not there.' He pointed his gun at me, but was stopped by his companions. They shouted '*Vive le Maréchal Bugeaud!*' '*Vive la gloire militaire!*' and I began to hope that the riot would die out—a piece of great simplicity. I ought to have known that an enemy is not stopped by a retreat, nor a mob by concessions. I now heard a shot or two in the direction of the Palais Royal. I had not time to look at my watch, but it must have been about half-past eleven. I ran to a battalion of the 9th Leger. I said, 'Since they begin, we accept; I am at your head.' At this instant two aides-de-camp of the King came to tell me that the King had abdicated, and that Gérard had the command of the troops. I ordered the battalion to advance, and ran to the château. I found the King writing his abdication, in the midst of a crowd who were pressing him to finish it. I opposed this with all my might. I said that it was too late; that it would have no effect, except demoralising the soldiers; that they were ready to act, and that to fight it out was the only thing left to us. The Queen supported me with energy. The King rose, leaving the abdication unfinished; but the Duc de Montpensier, and many others, cried out that he had promised to abdicate, and that he must abdicate. My voice was stifled by the crowd, and the King sat down again to write. I heard the firing outside, and ran out to head the first volunteers who would follow me against the rioters. Crémieux tried to stop me: I got rid of him, and ran into the Place du Carrousel. To my astonishment I saw the troops leaving by every exit: I presume, by the orders of my successor, Marshal Gérard. It was too late

to stop them, even if they would have listened to me. I went along the Quai to the Palais Bourbon. It seemed deserted, and I supposed the Chamber of Deputies had not meet. A mob met me coming along the Quai d'Orsay, and began to cry, '*A bas le Maréchal Bugeaud!*' I said to them, 'Do you cry, Down with the conqueror of Abd-el-Kader? Down with the man who has subdued the Arabs and conquered Africa? Down with the man whom you will want to lead you against the Germans and the Russians? In a month, perhaps, you will wish for my experience and my courage.' This succeeded, and they began to cry, '*Vive le Maréchal Bugeaud!*' and all would shake hands with me. I reached my own house, changed my dress, and went back to the Palais Bourbon. When I got there I met some Deputies running out of the Chamber, looking almost frightened to death: those who could speak cried ont, 'All is over; they have proclaimed the Republic.' I ran to the detachment of the 10th Legion, which was stationed in the place, and said, 'You don't wish for a Republic?' No, *sacre bleu!* they said. Then come with me to the Chamber! There were about 150; they ran for their arms. Oudinot joined us, and we moved towards the Chamber; about twenty Deputies met us, escaping from the Chamber. 'All is lost!" they said; 'the Duchess is going to the Invalides; the Republic is proclaimed.' And it *was* too late, or we were too few. And the monarchy fell."

The scene inside the Chamber is elsewhere given. The journals throughout are written with grace and ease, and present to us various shades of political opinion in that intensely political period, together with well-drawn views of private life. Their chief interest, however, arises from the internal view of political conditions, such as could be gained only by a free intercourse with eye-witnesses and actors.

The journals relating to Italy have a peculiar interest to us now, as we look back upon the flickering and uncertain events of the beginning of the great change in Italian affairs. Spirited descriptions of scenery, critiques on art intermixed with conversations on political, ecclesiastic, military, and domestic matters, held with men who played conspicuous parts in the country's affairs.

The volumes have a permanent value, and an interest which is not ephemeral.

A Memorial of Daniel Maclise, R.A. By W. Justin O'Driscoll, M.R.S.A., Barrister-at-Law. Longmans. 1871.

The main interest of this sketch lies in its subject. Maclise was a distinguished, successful, and, in some respects, a great artist. His life coincided with a period of revival in the English school of painting. He was a genial companion, and a natural and characteristic letter-writer. He lived on terms of intimacy with very many of the notabilities belonging to the generation now passing away. Of Dickens especially he was the near friend. It cannot be, therefore, but that a history of his career, however slight, should possess some interest.

The main facts of his life are soon told. He was born at Cork, on the 25th of January, 1811, his father being a respectable tradesman in that city. From a very early age he devoted himself to art. The event which immediately determined the bent of his future course was a visit of Sir Walter Scott to Ireland, in 1825. The lad, for he was then no more than fourteen, had ensconced himself in a bookseller's shop, where Sir Walter was expected, and executed, unnoticed, three portrait sketches of the poet. He spent the night in working up the best of these, and placed it the next day in a conspicuous part of the same shop. Sir Walter—we never catch a glimpse of him in an unkindly or ungenerous mood—was pleased with the performance, and encouraged the growing artist. The sketch, multiplied by the novel process of lithography, excited a good deal of local attention. Maclise set up a studio, and devoted himself to portrait drawing. By dint of hard work, he had, in the summer of 1827, collected together a sufficient sum to justify a removal to London for the prosecution of his studies. He immediately joined the classes at the Academy, and, from the first, success marked his footsteps. The gold medal for the best historical composition fell to his share in 1829. In 1830, seven of his pictures were hung. On the 2nd November, 1836, he was elected an Associate, and, on the 20th February, 1840, a full Academician. Commissions crowded upon him, and, with the exception of the annoyances attendant on his painting the two water-glass pictures for the Houses of Parliament—England is certainly unhappy in her dealings with artists—he lived a life both prosperous and happy; and, with his honours full upon him, he died, at Chelsea, on the 25th of April, 1870.

Such was his career: a career of steady toil and merited success, in which the most notable incidents were an occasional voyage to the Continent. We have already spoken of his skill as a correspondent. Here is an extract from one of his Paris letters, addressed to Mr. John Forster:—"I breakfast and dine, and do all that I have to do, from home. I am out from nine in the morning. I am chokeful up to my eyes in pictures; I never saw so much in all my life put together: it has taken me from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, for three days together, constantly walking, to see the miles of canvas in Versailles. I have gone into all the churches, hunting for old frescoes, and have found them rotting on dull and dark walls and in dingy domes. I have had a perfect surfeit of art, and have once or twice sworn to myself to give up all thoughts of it, and not commit the sin of adding one more picture to the embarrassing number with which the world is laden. My belief is that we in London are the smallest and most wretched set of snivellers that ever took pencil in hand; and I feel that I could not mention a single name with full confidence were I called upon to name one of our artists in comparison with one of theirs.... In the Ecole des Beaux-Arts is the work of Paul de la Roche. I cannot say a word; it is impossible for me even to convey to you my admiration of that splendid work. I go to see it every day almost, and the guardian who shows it welcomes me, and

smiles at my enthusiastic admiration of it. I have given him so many fees for opening the door that he positively refuses to take any more."

It is a pity the book does not contain more such letters, embodying Maclise's judgments on past and contemporary works. But Dickens, though he tantalisingly speaks of the "prodigious fertility of mind and wonderful wealth of intellect that would have made him at least as great a writer as he was a painter," unfortunately destroyed all his letters to himself, and Mr. O'Driscoll's material seems to have been limited.

One word respecting Maclise's place in art. He was certainly not a great colourist. His work was hard, dry, and ofttimes crude. He constantly overloaded it with accessories. He was too fond of crowding his canvas with what seemed the contents of a curiosity shop well furnished for the occasion. But he was an excellent draughtsman—and that is something.

Cues from all Quarters; or, Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

A VERY readable book, full of bright thoughts, sparks struck off from many an angle. Every page glitters with the names and sayings of men known and loved by most readers. And yet it is not a patchwork. It is a woven tissue of many threads, mostly gay in colour, some golden ones among. And the weaving is even, and the patterns are very simple. There is no fatigue for him who reads, whatever toil the writer had. The book must explain itself. Here is a specimen of its pages. The article is "Solitude in Crowds." Scott, Charles Lamb, Beddoes, Dickens, Goldsmith, and Chateaubriand have contributed their portions; then we read: "So Madame de Staël's Oswald, on entering Rome, is said to have felt that deep isolation which presses on the heart when he enters a foreign scene, and looks on a multitude to whom our existence is unknown, and who have not one interest in common with us. Lord Lytton's Leonard, wandering objectless to and fro the streets, mixes with the throngs that people London's chiefest thoroughfares, and in the forlornness of his heart first understands what solitude really is: 'hundreds and thousands passed by, and still—still such solitude.' In one of Jane Taylor's letters from town we read, 'Solitude in the country is sweet; but in London it is forlorn indeed.' 'Mr. Philips dined with me yesterday,' writes Steele to Swift; 'he is still a shepherd, and walks very lonely through London.' 'This wondrous theatre' [meaning London], writes another of Swift's correspondents, 'was no more than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great bog of Allan.' For, to apply, or misapply, a couplet of Scott's:

> "'In deserts, when they meet,
> Men pass not as in crowded street.'

No man, Mr. de Quincey affirms, ever was left to himself for the first time in the streets, as yet unknown, of London, but he must have been

saddened and mortified, perhaps terrified, by the sense of desertion and utter loneliness which belong to his situation. No loneliness can be like that which weighs upon the heart in the centre of faces never ending, without voice or utterance for him; eyes innumerable that have no 'speculation' in their orbs which *he* can understand, and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purpose intelligible to a stranger—seeming like a mask of maniacs, or, ofttimes, like a pageant of phantoms.'

"Gentleman Wilson, in Fielding, finds himself in as much solitude in St. James's as if he had been in a desert. 'Here I am alone in this huge, heartless place,' writes Jeffrey from London, 'so alone and homesick. So Charlotte Brontë eyed those 'grey, weary, uniform streets,' where all faces were 'strange and untouched with sunlight' to her while she was making a commencement of *Jane Eyre*."

The book will afford amusement and pleasure to its readers—more, we think, than solid profit.

Passages from the French and Italian Note-Book of Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 Vols. Strahan and Co.

Our recent article on Hawthorne would make it almost unnecessary for us to refer to these new volumes, were it not that they are exceptionally full of matter for students of Hawthorne, well calculated in many ways to bear out what we then advanced. More and more we discover, as we read, how pure and beautiful were this man's thoughts and aspirations, in spite of his constitutional tendency to deal with abnormal and morbid conditions and experiences. We may say, indeed, that he rarely yielded to the impulse in this direction without conscious reserves and oft-repeated trials and checkings. He often wished that he "had the faculty to write a sunshiny book;" but the chief peculiarity of his mental frame was that he could not produce, that his literary faculties would lie dormant or receptive, till some weird and ghostly idea or relation of circumstances took complete possession of him, and held him at its mercy. He himself repeatedly uses the phrase "haunted" in these volumes to express the persecuting fascination certain things and ideas exercised upon his sensitive imagination. This is an instance of the peculiar reduplication of secrets and the moral involvements consequent upon them, in which he could not help indulging:—

"*March 25th*, 1858.—On Tuesday we went to breakfast at William Story's in the Palazzo Barberini. We had a very pleasant time. He is one of the most agreeable men I know in society. He showed us a note from Thackeray, an invitation to dinner, written in hieroglyphics, with great fun and pictorial merit. He (Story) spoke of an expansion of the story of *Blue Beard*, which he himself had either written or thought of writing, in which the contents of the several chambers which Fatima opened, before arriving at the fatal one, were to be described. This idea has haunted my mind ever since, and if

it had been but my own, I am pretty sure that it would develop itself into something very rich. The chamber of Blue Beard might be so handled as to become powerfully interesting. Were I to take up the story, I would create an interest by suggesting a secret in the first chamber, which would develop itself more and more in every successive hall of the great palace, and lead the wife irresistibly to the chamber of horrors."

But what is most valuable, and characteristic, and fresh-hearted, are the impressive, sometimes very naive, portraits of the persons he met. He wonders how Mr. Browning can fancy he has an earthly wife at all; for Mrs. Browning, with her small fragile frame, and white face, and dark clustering ringlets, seems to him as if she would melt away, a creature of spirit, or of some elfin race. Miss Bremer is an old chirping, lively lady, with a sort of leap or tilt in her walk, and a kind of sweet youthfulness in her spinsterhood—a sort of odour from the withering rose leaves, a compensation to it for never having been gathered and worn—diffusing fragrance from its stem. Of Miss Horner, the famous American sculptor, and John Gibson, and Powers, and Thompson, there are also capital sketches. Then his descriptions and criticisms of the pictures are incisive, sensible, yet delicate, notwithstanding that he admires the Dutch painter's detail, and wishes Raphael had shown some of it; whilst his glimpses of scenery and social customs are simply exquisite; and ever and anon we come on spurts of his unique subacid humour, never wicked, but always vivifying. He hears a great deal about Spiritualism whilst in Italy; but he finds that he can accept the phenomena as genuine—that is, as veritable impressions on the senses, though he will not hear of their being caused by spirits. No man has more successfully caught the airy, evanescent, odour-filled atmosphere of modern Italy, with its dash of ignorance and squalor, which, too, he most faithfully represents. A good guide-book to Italy might be compiled out of these two very appetising volumes. As a proof of his incisive insight, what could be more exact and authoritative, read in the light of later events, than these words with which he takes leave of Paris:—

"Almost the whole surface of the gardens (Tuileries) is barren earth, instead of the verdure that would beautify an English pleasure-ground of this sort. In the summer it has doubtless an agreeable shade, but at this season the naked branches look meagre, and sprout from slender trunks. Like the trees in the Champs Elysées, those, I presume, in the gardens of the Tuileries need renewing every few years. The same is true of the human race, families becoming extinct after a generation or two of residence in Paris. Nothing really thrives here: men and vegetables have but an artificial life, like flowers stuck in a little mould, but never taking root. *I am quite tired of Paris, and long for a home more than ever.*"

The peculiar cheerfulness and kindliness of the man is seen in the way in which, as he grows more familiar, both with individuals and

classes, he finds the more to love and to respect in them; and these volumes, in addition to the variety of their matter and their rare literary grace, may be recommended for the lesson they teach of broad humanity and generous hopefulness: surely a lesson that cannot be too often learned.

Faust. A Tragedy. By John Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated in the Original Metres. By Bayard Taylor. Two Volumes. London: Strahan and Co., Publishers, 56, Ludgate Hill. 1871.

In the early part of last year, we chanced to see a copy of the First Part of this work, in the sumptuous form in which it had just been printed in the United States (by Messrs. Fields, Osgood and Co., if we remember rightly): the execution of the translator's work, struck us, on a hasty perusal, as being quite in keeping with the beauty of the volume, which was one of the handsomest we had seen for some time; and, deeming that this rendering of the masterpiece of Goethe distanced by a long way all renderings that had preceded it, we were much gratified to hear shortly afterwards that Messrs. Strahan and Co. had it in contemplation to reprint First Part at once, and the Second Part as soon as it should appear. We have now before us the beautiful English reprint complete; and when we have delivered ourselves of one stricture on the exterior of the book, we will pass to the congenial task of saying a few words on its contents. These two volumes are such that they will be highly treasured by all who get and keep them; and our one grudge is against those concerned in the barbarity of ploughing the lower edges, so as to leave the bottom margin disproportionate to the rest: against this barbarity we protest.

The task which Mr. Bayard Taylor has performed, and which he tells us he determined to attempt twenty years ago, is one of the most ambitious works in translation which a man could well set himself to do;—not because it had been thoroughly well done over and over again (*for it had not*), but because the original poem is one of the first magnitude, both in design and in execution—a grand whole, replete with magnificent thought cast in luxuriantly beautiful forms. How to reproduce the thoughts of Goethe without sacrificing the forms, or the forms without sacrificing the thoughts, is a question that must, in its frequent recurrence, inspire solicitude, and even some terror, in any earnest intending translator; but the greater number of English translators of *Faust* have clearly not had sufficient earnestness to hold in due respect either the thought or the form of Goethe's verse: indeed, some samples that we could adduce are quite ludicrous misrepresentations of both thought and form,—as Mr. Theodore Martin's rendering of the Chorus of Archangels in the Prologue in Heaven,—one of the best known *Faust*-passages, because Shelley did it. We do not by any means pick out Mr. Martin's *Faust* for purposes of illustration, because we think it one

of the worst, nor because we think it one of the best, but simply because that particular bit of Chorus happens to occur to us. Where all the translations we have produced are so unsatisfactory in one respect or another, and some so utterly worthless, it cannot be of much importance which is the best and which is the worst. Many of them, however, have their share of sterling merits; and what is really lacking in the best of them is the true poetic fire, and the poet's natural harmony and melody of utterance. The reason of this is very plain: no English *poet* has come to the pitch of self-abnegation necessary for such an enterprise, so that the few passages which Shelley translated from the great Tragedy are the only English renderings of *Faust* that take shape in the mind as genuine poetic utterances. All our *Fausts* are obvious translations, paraphrases, or travesties, as the case may be: we should never mistake one of them for an original poem. It is somewhat strange that none of our poets should have felt impelled to give us a *Faust;* for we have, from some of them, translations of other great works that are astonishingly fine in poetic quality. However, the important question just now is, Whether the American poet, Mr. Bayard Taylor, has done what none of our poets have done for us—given us a *Faust* that is a true representation of the original, and which at the same time has the fluent beauty of a work written in English, as distinguished from the unmelodious constraint of translation in general.

Our first impression, that this Transatlantic *Faust* distanced all ours, is certainly confirmed on a nearer acquaintance. The poem takes true shape as a poem, without reference to its being translated from an alien tongue. Its melodies and harmonies, often very fine indeed, are of the same tone and character as those of Goethe, though generally not approaching the dazzling beauty of the great German's work; the meaning of the original is in all cases most carefully and lovingly dealt with; and at the same time Mr. Taylor has avoided that slavish literality which no poet can condescend to, and which is the ruin of some of the most accurate translations, so far as they aspire to be regarded as works of art. The present aspires and attains in that respect: it is unquestionably a work of art; it is for the present *the* Faust for English readers, and this, we conceive, because Mr. Taylor is, in his own right, by far the best poet who has undertaken the translator's task; but whether it is the *final* version of Germany's grandest poem is a question that can only be answered practically by the poets of the future.

Besides this novelty of reproduction by one who is a genuine and recognised poet—one who, to use Mr. Taylor's own modest expression, is "familiar with rhythmical expression through the needs of his own nature," the present *Faust* has the very important new feature of giving the entire work in the metres of Goethe. This has hitherto been regarded either as an impracticable or an unnecessary task, by all translators except Mr. Brooks, who attempted the

First Part in the original metres. It was that gentleman's First Part which, while it struck Mr. Taylor as inadequate from "a lack of the lyrical fire and fluency of the original in some passages, and an occasional lowering of the tone through the use of words which are literal, but not equivalent," yet served to convince him that this, the only real way of reproducing the poem, was by no means impracticable. "The difficulties in the way of a nearly literal translation of *Faust* in the original metres," says Mr. Taylor, "have been exaggerated, because certain affinities between the two languages have not been properly considered. With all the splendour of versification in the work, it contains but few metres of which the English tongue is not equally capable." And the translator has certainly given us practical proof of the truth of this position. He has reproduced with much success the most difficult metres; though we must admit that, in estimating this success, some deductions are necessary on account of the awkward sleights into which he has here and there been forced in carrying out his extremely arduous labour of love—for labour of love it has clearly been.

We are bound to note Mr. Taylor's own qualification of the words "original metres," lest some reader should discover certain divergencies and accuse us of misrepresentation. "By the term original metres," we read in the preface, "I do not mean a rigid, unyielding adherence to every foot, line, and rhyme of the German original, although this has very nearly been accomplished. Since the greater part of the work is written in an irregular measure, the lines varying from three to six feet, and the rhymes arranged according to the author's will, I do not consider that an occasional change in the number of feet, or order of rhyme, is any violation of the metrical plan." So far (and this is the main point), we except the theory of Mr. Taylor; his practice justifies it: also we can well understand his reasons for omitting the "alternate feminine rhymes" from his version of that exquisite lyric gem, "Der Koenig in Thule;" but, while agreeing with him that "feminine and dactylic rhymes" are by no means as difficult in English as usually supposed, and while thoroughly respecting his earnest endeavour to reproduce *Faust* in respect of such rhymes, we cannot but think he has erected a bad precedent in regard to the *laxity* admissible in testing their quality. Perhaps we should rather say "*followed* a bad precedent,"—and a high precedent too, for Mrs. Browning set the fashion of making "children" rhyme to "bewildering," and so on; but none the less we are indisposed to accept this high example as an excuse for such rhymes in Mr. Taylor's *Faust* as

> "Heaven's own children
> In beauty bewildering."

or,

> "Grapes that o'ercluster
> Gush into must or
> Flow into rivers."

These are the only two notable blemishes in a most exquisite and difficult piece of work,—his rendering of the Chorus of Spirits in Scene III, Part I, from which we quote the following lines, set beside the original :—

"And the wing'd races	"Und das Geflügel
Drink, and fly onward—	Schlüsset sich Wonne,
Fly ever sunward	Flieget der Sonne,
To the enticing	Flieget den hellen
Islands, that flatter,	Inseln entgegen,
Dipping and rising	Die sich auf Wellen
Light on the water !	Gaukelnd bewegen ;
Hark, the inspiring	Wo wir in Chören
Sound of their quiring !	Jauchzende hören,
See, the entrancing	Ueber den Auen
Whirl of their dancing !	Tanzende schauen,
All in the air are	Die sich im Freien
Freer and fairer.	Alle zerstreuen.
Some of them scaling	Einige klimmen
Boldly the highlands,	Ueber die Höhen,
Others are sailing,	Andere schwimmer
Circling the islands ;	Ueber die Seen,
Others are flying ;	Andere schweben ;
Lifeward all hieing,—	Alle zum Leben,
All for the distant	Alle zur Ferne
Star of existent	Liebender sterne,
Rapture and love ! "—P. 72.	Seliger Huld."

We must not multiply either instances of felicity such as this or points to which we demur, though it would be easy to do both, if space permitted. We can but add that, as a commentator, Mr. Taylor has done good service in his notes,—which appreciative readers will accept thankfully, along with the rest of this admirable rendering of one of the noblest works in modern literature.

The Drama of Kings. By Robert Buchanan. Strahan and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill, London. 1871.

Presumably because he has already inflicted on his readers, as preliminaries, a long dedication, a "proem," a "prelude," and a "prologue," Mr. Buchanan has seen fit to put his preface at the end of the volume, after the notes, and to call it "On Mystic Realism: a Note for the Adept." At first we hesitated to read it, not feeling clear of our title to do so; but being finally almost convinced it was a preface, we plunged boldly in to it, and got quite convinced. We, however, are not "the adept;" for, up to the last page but one, we found nothing worth mentioning. On that page we observed that Goethe was designated as "the great Positivist," which we should have considered an anachronism; and on the last page we read that *The Drama of Kings* "is the first serious attempt ever made to treat great

contemporary events in a dramatic form and very realistically, yet with something of the massive grandeur of style characteristic of the great dramatists of Greece." We read, further, that "most of the metrical combinations used in the choruses are quite new to English poetry, and that where a measure is employed which has been used successfully by any previous poet, the fact is chronicled in the notes;" and finally, that "for this new experiment in poetic realism, the writer asks no favour but one—a quiet hearing. He has a faint hope that if readers will do him the honour to peruse the work as a whole, and then patiently contemplate the impression left in their own minds, the first feeling of repulsion at an innovation may give place in the end to a pleasanter feeling. Perhaps, however, this is too much to ask from any member of so busy a generation, and he should be grateful to anyone who will condescend to read the 'Drama' in fragments."

Determined to do, for our part, all the author asked, we read this big book of 471 pages conscientiously through, and then "contemplated patiently the impression left" by it. We had, however, just been reading through, with much pleasure, Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation of the "great Positivist's" master-piece, for the purposes of the foregoing review; and it is possible we may have been unfitted for forming a correct judgment on *The Drama of Kings*. The "impression it left" on us was rather a complex one: fundamental in it, was a feeling of intense relief at having got through the book at last, and above that, stratum over stratum, our patient analysis of the complex impression discerned feelings of amusement, disgust, pleasure, and even wonder. The amusement was at Mr. Buchanan's notion that the book is a startling innovation,—whereas it is but a feeble collection of echoes, both in form and in ideas; and there is also certainly sufficient ground for a quiet smile at the calm suggestion that we have here "something of the massive grandeur of style characteristic of the great dramatists of Greece!" Our disgust we set down to the impression that there is a large lack of sincerity in the book,—the author seems to us to have assumed, as it were, an air of heterodoxy, especially in the dedication "To the spirit of Auguste Comte," concerning whom he seems to have some ludicrous misconceptions. The pleasure we referred to was for a well-turned lyric here and there, and notably for the final verses in the Choric interlude called "The Titan,"—the greater portion of which, however, recalls forcibly the workmanship of Mr. Swinburne, if one could imagine it divested of all its good qualities and most of its bad ones.

Finally, our wonder was for the impudent assumption of the author in claiming any original merit for the so-called "drama." There is a certain Scotch shrewdness and faculty for rapid piece work, and an unusually clever trick of *adapting*, without literally *adopting*, other men's metres and verbal forms: but beside the general aspect of the book, there is no dearth of details that indicate the hand of a word-monger rather than the head and heart of a poet.

We may fairly point out, at page 128, for instance, that the words "portal" and "arch" are not synonymous, as indicated in the line—

"That portal o'er *which* flaming arch is writ."

And it is equally fair to note, at page 124, that this line—

"But *she* he seeks I know to be a dream,"—

is a piece of grammar one would have expected from no educated man. Again, at page 282, we are tempted to ask Mr. Buchanan whether he pronounces the word "spasm" as "spazzum," or, if not, how the following line is to be scanned—

"Only a passing spasm at the heart."

At page 887 we note a line of the nonsensical make-weight order,

"Where *never* name of king was *ever* known."

At page 486, we have "thou" trying to agree with "will" instead of "wilt." We might multiply this sort of observation, were it worth while; but we prefer taking from the author's notes one that is a perfect treasure, as a key to the sort of mind he would have us regard as in powerful harmony with the "great dramatists of Greece:" it is the following sneer at Æschylus:—

"This picture of the spirit of man [the "Choric Interlude" referred to above] must not be read with any reference to the shallow and barbarous myth of Prometheus, which represents the demi-God-like spirit of humanity contending against a Deity of unutterable malevolence."

"*Après cela, il faut tirer l'échelle!*"

Round the World in 1870. By A. D. Carlisle, B.A. London: H. S. King and Co.

In thirteen months the writer of this book visited India, China, Japan, California, Central and South America, rounded the Continent by the Strait of Magellan, called at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, making an excursion of five or six hundred miles up into the country from the latter place, and returned home from Rio Janeiro by the Cape Verde and Canary islands, Lisbon and Bordeaux. It is, of course, possible to make a pleasant, readable book out of such a flying tour as this, as the book before us shows; but nothing of permanent value is likely to be produced under these conditions. Mr. Carlisle says, modestly enough, that his object will be attained if the narrative affords pleasant reading to some, gives information to a few, and encourages anyone who has £1,500 to spare, and two years leisure on hand (for thirteen months is all too short a time), to start on a similar route round the world. As we do not happen just now to know anyone in the happy position referred to, we have no means of knowing whether the author's object

will be attained in the third particular; but in the other two we think he has succeeded as fully as the nature of his work permits.

It is only within the last few years that such travelling as this has been possible; and with the ever-increasing facilities for rapid journeying by land and by sea, we may doubtless look for some spirited competition in the art of visiting the greatest number of distant places in the shortest time. We have nothing to say against this, for it is not to our fancy, in a matter of this kind, to rail against the inevitable; but it is certain that the leisurely travel of other days had pleasures of its own quite incompatible with the hot and hasty work of girdling the earth at the rate it is now done, besides yielding a literature more likely to live than the hurried jottings by railroad and steamer that are published every season. James Howell, in his *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, published in 1642, allows to a noble youth three years and four months for seeing men and manners in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Flanders, "which four months I allow for itinerary removals and journeys, and the years for residences in places." With this let Mr. Carlisle's rate of travel be compared; ten days in Calcutta, forty-eight hours in Benares, and about three weeks altogether for visiting Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and the Himalayas. About four weeks were spent in Japan; and this is, perhaps, the best part of the book. The very shortest sojourn among this interesting people, only just introduced to us of the West, could hardly fail to furnish something worth narrating. Mr. Carlisle possesses many qualifications for the task he set himself, and, indeed, for something more likely to be of permanent value. His style is clear, and he is free from the vice which disfigures many books of modern travel, viz., flippancy and contempt for the characteristics of other races.

The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into Unrhymed English Meter. By Francis W. Newman, Emeritus Professor of University College, London. Second Edition, revised. London: Trübner and Co., Paternoster-row. 1871.

No man, with the knowledge that at least half a dozen translations of Homer exist, all of which have a claim to a place in literature, would deliberately give the world another, unless he had some original and new theory of metrical Homeric translation, the merits of which he was anxious to put forward. Chapman, Pope, Cowper, Brandreth, Worsley, Merivale, and Lord Derby, are known as Homeric translators; each has struck out in a distinct line, not always in metre, but certainly in style. In the volume before us we have still another theory, the merits of which are very badly maintained.

The difficulty that a translator meets with is that of finding a metre suited to Homer's varied language and style. "Blank verse" has been tried, and even the "Spenserian Stanza;" but Professor Newman denies the suitability of either, and prefers the "Ballad or Psalm Metre;" and

with his usual scholarly care he has gone thoughtfully to work, and made no hurried choice.

"To the metre, which I myself have adopted, I was brought by a series of arguments and experiments, and was afterwards gratified to find that I had exactly alighted on the modern Greek epic metre" (p. vii. preface).

But the result falls short of our expectations, and the mystery of Homeric translations remains unsolved. It seems as if no *one* meter could adequately express Homer, and the attempt to make one metre suit it is rather Procrustean. We cannot help feeling that the epic of Homer, with all its variety of diction, of style, and of subject matter, is rather cramped, when thrust into the mould of the modern Greek epic.

The translation before us falls far short of Homer. In these days, when such works as *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, and other publications of the kind, are coming out as a substitute for reading Greek and Latin authors in the original language; when translations are to enable us to get an insight into the genius of ancient writers, and to enter into the spirit of the times in which they wrote, a translator has a serious and responsible task.

The work before us must give to a person unacquainted with Greek a strange impression of the power and beauty of Homer's poetry.

It is curious to note how the profoundest scholars have been the worst translators into verse; how they fail to catch the spirit of the poet whose writings they are dealing with. All Professor Newman's scholarship has not saved him from totally misrepresenting Homer's "*quaint and flowing*" style.

A History of Greece, for the use of Colleges and Schools. By the Rev. Frederick Arnold, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Religious Tract Society.

The preface contains the following words, which state the author's intention in publishing the volume before us:—

"The objection is commonly brought, and only too truly, that abridged histories are little more than dry abstracts, or bare lists of proper names. The school history, which leads the memory into incessant details, is too great a burden for the young reader, and from its repellant character must defeat its own purpose of instructing him and of eliciting a taste for this kind of study. The author has, therefore, attempted to write the chapters in a popular and clear way, which might really interest the young student or the general reader, and might be helpful to the candidate for honours in breaking up the ground for him before studying the original authorities, seriatim, for himself."

A writer, who has this object in view, is apt, in trying to avoid the one extreme, to fall into the other,—viz., that of becoming too wordy in matters of trifling detail, and of entering upon explanations of various kinds where none are needed. Mr. Arnold has steered well between

the two, and has produced a very attractive and instructive volume, which contains neither too much nor too little. We recommend it highly to all who are entering upon a study of Grecian history, as a volume which will lay a good foundation for further researches into the subject, such as can be carried on through the works of Thirlwall, Mure, and Grote.

We would just mention that the engravings increase neither the beauty nor the utility of the volume.

A Life's Labours in South Africa: The Story of the Life-Work of Robert Moffat, Apostle to the Bechuana Tribes. London: John Snow and Co. 1871.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the labours for upwards of fifty years of the veteran missionary of Africa, with a brief but touching memorial of Mrs. Moffat, who has died since their return to England in 1870. The subject of the book is its sufficient recommendation. It shows us with what terrible difficulties Moffat had to grapple, with what resolute powers of endurance he was endowed, with what a suitable and devoted wife he was blessed, and with what success his long arduous labours, the seeming fruitlessness of which must often have put his faith to the severest test, were ultimately crowned. The translation of the whole Bible into the Bechuana language, considering the difficulties which blocked its progress, and especially if we could estimate its spiritual results, was in itself a rich reward of the half century's patient toil. But in addition to this, "The dark heathenism which enveloped the country on his first entering it has broken and lifted before the light of advancing Christianity." The style of the narrative is unembellished and simple, just suited to its subject and intention.

The Immortals; or, Glimpses of Paradise. A Poem. By Nicholas Michell, Author of "Famous Women and Heroes," "The Poetry of Creation," "Pleasure," "Ruins of Many Lands," &c. The Cheap Edition. London: Tegg. 1871.

Pleasure. A Poem in several parts. By Nicholas Michell. The Cheap Edition, revised. London: Tegg. 1871.

A VERY cheap reprint of two works which have been for some time before the public, and, on the whole, favourably received. The verse is ordinarily smooth and felicitous. The thoughts are haste and well-conceived, maintaining a tolerably even level; farabove thee common-place, but not rising to grandeur.

In *The Immortals* there are a few flights into higher regions, and the language is bolder and freer.

As suits the subject, the pictures in *Pleasure* are more familiar and homely. They are depicted with ease and some skill, though a richer

resource of language is sometimes needed. Good taste is seldom offended by incongruous creations, while there are passages in both volumes of high poetic merit. If Mr. Michell does not belong to the highest order of poets, he certainly does not to the lowest.

Oriel; a Study in Eighteen Hundred and Seventy. With Two Other Poems. By James Kenward, F.S.A. London: Chapman and Hall, 1871.

This is a true poem, the song of a skilful bard. A marked excellence in it is the revelation of the poetry that underlies the prose of everyday life. The intertwining of fancy with the unpoetic forms of current history is occasionally very successful. It is marked by grace, delicacy, and high-toned sentiment. The symmetry of the whole is fairly preserved; occasional weaknesses being redeemed by passages of a very high order of merit. It is, however, more effective in pictorial representations than in the delineation of profound sentiment.

Sketches and Stories of a Life in Italy. By an Italian Countess. London: The Religious Tract Society.

Eight beautiful and touching stories illustrating the struggle of Protestantism in Italy in recent and earlier times. The scenes of Italian life are accurately sketched; and the whole character of the book is such as to make it worthy of a place in the Christian home-library. It is a kind of literature in which Christian truth is embodied in records of Christian life, of which literature Italy is utterly wanting. Its translation into the Italian language would be of great service.

Secret History of "The International" Working Men's Association. By Onslow Yorke. London: Strahan. 1872.

Secretaries of Legation are engaged on behalf of Her Majesty's Government in gleaning information on the subject of the "International." Of their reports this is a timely anticipation. Its few pages of concise and discriminating sketches will enable the reader to form an estimate of the good and evil elements which were mingled in the first stage of the history of this not unportentious association.

Saint Abe and his Seven Wives; a Tale of Salt Lake City. London: Strahan and Co. 1872.

Cleverly written; but the style of it is justified only by the filth and folly which it ruthlessly exposes. Deserved is the ridicule to which the foulest fanaticism of these latter days is here held up.

BEVERIDGE AND FRASER, PRINTERS, FULLWOOD'S RENTS, LONDON.