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

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

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1885.

ART. I.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle: A History of his Life in London, 1834–1881. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Two vols. Longmans. 1884.

JOHN STUART MILL died in 1873, and his autobiography was published a few months afterwards. Thomas Carlyle, having read that autobiography, which should surely, however disappointing to Millian agnostics, have been to other men, if gifted with insight and sympathy, an instructive and even a pathetic record, writes his judgment upon it to his brother John. After pronouncing the book to be one of the silliest and most uninteresting he ever read, he closes his judgment in the following words:

"As a mournful psychical curiosity, but in no other view, can it interest anybody. I suppose it will deliver us henceforth from the cock-a-leerie crow about the 'Great Thinker of his Age.' Welcome, though inconsiderable! The thought of poor Mill altogether, and of his life and history in this poor muddy world, gives me real pain and sorrow."

Well may Mr. Froude say that "such a sentence, so expressed, is a melancholy ending to the affectionate sympathy which had once existed between Mill and Carlyle." It is the more melancholy when we remember that in Carlyle's earlier struggling years in London, Mill had been, perhaps, of all his

friends, the one whose zealous and devoted friendship had been most valued by Carlyle and of most service to him, as the contemporary Carlyle journals and letters show, and that Mill had never, even after the closeness of their intimacy abated, ceased to bear himself steadily and sincerely as a friend to Carlyle. He had been guilty of no unfaithfulness or slight, and they had never quarrelled. And it is morally certain that, if Mill had been the survivor of Carlyle, no similar sentence from his pen would have stigmatized Carlyle's autobiographical remains, even although such a sentence were not wholly unjust. It is not, however, for the sake of signalizing in the first paragraph of this article the cynical savageness of Carlyle's personal judgment on one of his oldest and most distinguished friends, that we have quoted the foregoing passage. Everyone now knows that in his private writings he spared neither foe nor friend—except Tennyson, of whom he says but little, but whom he seems to have admired, at least in his earlier life; and Ruskin, whom he regarded as a sort of ally and even disciple of his own, especially in his onslaught on political economy, who "seemed," says Mr. Froude, "to be catching the fiery cross from his hand, as his own strength was failing." There is scarcely a distinguished contemporary mentioned by Carlyle in his journals, letters, or reminiscences who is not injuriously treated, either in the way of caricature, detraction, or what must be regarded as nothing less than libel. He has but treated Mill as he was apt to treat any one he came across. But the extract we have given is suggestive—curiously and retributively suggestive—of the effect which has been produced on Carlyle's own reputation by the publications of which the two volumes now in our hands form the final instalment, by the *Reminiscences*, the *Letters and Memorials of Mr. Carlyle*, the two former volumes which contained the record of the first forty years of Carlyle's life, and these two which contain the record of the more than forty years remaining. Doubtless Mill's autobiography and remains revealed in pathetic reality the mournful wants and weaknesses, the intellectual and moral waverings and uncertainties, and the generally unsatisfied and unhappy condition of the agnostic philosopher; doubtless they laid bare to view his yearnings

after the God he had been trained from infancy to ignore and deny, and his sympathetic feelings towards the Saviour Jesus, the reality and the transcendent excellence of Whose personality he could not but, in spite of all his hereditary and acquired strength of unbelief, eloquently and impressively acknowledge. But not less certain it is that the posthumous disclosures of Carlyle's character have now in turn cast down the pantheo-theistic prophet from *his* throne, with a far more humiliating overthrow than that of Mill.

More than forty years ago, after a long period of smouldering growth and interrupted kindling, Carlyle's reputation burst forth into a great blaze, and from that time, though not without occasional smoky obscurations, it continued to blaze far and wide, until the end of his protracted career. He was, for a generation, one of the most famous men in England. Among writers—novelists apart—and whether in prose or poetry, we can scarcely think of more than two of equal eminence. And for influence in moulding at once the fashion of thought and style of expression, there was for a dozen years no one to compare with him. In this respect his case reminds us of that of Byron. As in Byron's case, so in his, the special combination of high merits with infectious faults, and of real genius with extravagance and bad taste, contributed greatly to increase and intensify his influence for a while, although, of necessity, it limited both its range and its duration. A brilliant alloy, with a sufficient percentage of true metal, is not only a cheaper product than refined gold, but will always be more admired by the general public, and will assuredly be in much wider request, and command a larger currency, until time shall have completely tested its real value. It is true that if there was one writer that Carlyle abhorred more than another, it was Byron. None the less, the parallel holds good so far as we have drawn it. What is more, it must be said that between the egoistic pessimism of Byron's morbid and exaggerated poetry and of Carlyle's confused and distempered "philosophy," of which *Sartor Resartus* may be taken as the manifesto—there was a certain analogy, at least in temper and tone, and that both writers alike were indebted, in some measure, for their influence on a

certain class of young minds, to the special characteristic of their respective writings of which we are speaking.

Besides, however, the susceptible and inflammable classes whose admiration of Carlyle was greatly heightened by his worst faults—of whom not a few seem to have been fashionable women of more or less advanced views—there was an important and growingly influential circle of fresh and earnest thinkers, of whom such men as John Sterling and Charles Kingsley may be taken as specimens, to whom Carlyle appeared to be the destined inaugurator of a new era of sincere and deep thinking, especially as to moral and social questions. Their admiration was founded much more on his *French Revolution* and *Cromwell* than on his *Sartor* or his *Lectures*, though these last made a prodigious sensation, and revealed to London Society, more than all else that he had done, the strange, startling, eccentric powers of the uncouth and untrained, but wonderfully learned and still more wonderfully gifted Annandale rustic, his grotesque humour, his marvellous imagination, by turns tranquil and tender, or weird and wild, or grim and ghastly, ranging all moods, from the fairy-beautiful to the demoniac-horrible. It may be doubted, indeed, whether his last course of *Lectures*, that on Heroes, increased or diminished his influence with that superior class of his admirers. Archdeacon Hare, we know, Sterling's best friend, although he had sought Carlyle's acquaintance and recognized his genius and his points of real power and wisdom, felt it necessary to add a note to his *Mission of the Comforter*, in which he warns young men, University men in particular, against the pantheism and the "Titanolatry," the idolatry of mere power, which colour so strongly the *Lectures on Heroes*. Kingsley, also, whose wonderful reproduction in the character of Sandy Mackaye, of *Alton Locke*, of Carlyle's personal characteristics, and the best and strongest points of his politico-social teaching, was recognized with delight by Carlyle himself as a felicitously true portraiture, seems to have diverged increasingly from Carlyle's line of thought, after the publication of his *Heroes*. How, indeed, could it be otherwise with men of responsibly moral thought and sensibility, when Carlyle had committed

himself, in his only published course of Lectures, to principles of moral teaching and a theory of human progress which exalted into inspired heroes and kings of the race such men as Rousseau and Burns, as Mirabeau and Napoleon? The admirable lecture on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, delivered soon afterwards in Exeter Hall before the Young Men's Christian Association, by the Rev. W. Arthur, a lecture coincident in its spirit and its teaching with the observations of Archdeacon Hare, expressed, it cannot be doubted, the general protest of thoughtful men, of whatever grade or variety of Christian culture and opinion, against the pernicious tendencies which, notwithstanding much that was true and fine, diffused their poison through Carlyle's *Lectures*, and against the fallacies as to the true nature of heroism—as if mere egoistic might and will, apart from an unselfish object and true self-devotion, could ever be heroic—which underlay the whole of Carlyle's conceptions on this subject—a crucial subject for the testing of moral principle and ethical philosophy.

Nor can we suppose that Carlyle's politico-social publications, from his *Chartism* to his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, including his thoughts on the *Nigger Question*, could possibly, on the whole, increase his authority with wise and thoughtful men. Some wholesome truth, indeed, he had to teach, especially on the questions which were raised by Chartism. But on the whole his teachings were altogether unpractical; when he did not deal in mere invective, he was purely negative and destructive. He was never weary of declaring and insisting that modern society was all a congeries of shams, was wholly rotten, needing to be rebuilt from its foundations, but he made no contribution whatever towards showing how this was to be accomplished. He was fiercely opposed to all the current theories on the subject, whether Tory, Whig, or Radical, but most of all to the favourite Radical nostrums. He was not unfriendly with Lockhart and was in negotiation with him for a time, with a view to writing for the *Quarterly Review* on social questions, and, although the negotiation came to nothing, with Lockhart he continued friendly to the end. With Mill and Grote, and the whole of the *Westminster Review* set, he found himself wholly out of sympathy. His

revolting views on the subject of slavery, and his bitterness against all philanthropy, as mere mischievous cant, and against the noblest and purest of philanthropists, against Howard and Wilberforce, above all, could not but alienate from him a large section of the best, including many of the wisest, people in England. And yet, as we have said, forty years ago Carlyle had a wonderful influence over a multitude of fresh and earnest minds who perceived that something was sadly wrong in the social condition of England, that the "times were out of joint," and who were longing to find a remedy. Carlyle seemed to them to be the eloquent and piercing exponent of their discontent and sorrow and yearning, and they were accordingly attracted to him. His *French Revolution*, though scarcely to be called a history—those who would master the real history of that period, tracing in clear detail cause and effect and mutual relation, at least on the lower plane of human policy and actions and influence, must go for instruction to such writers as De Tocqueville and Taine—yet presented a wonderful dramatic rendering of the great catastrophic movement, in its various stages, and pointed out most impressively the moral causes and effects, the moral crimes and retributions, which marked its course. For the first time, that powerful work lifted the French Revolution into view as a signal illustration of divine government in the world, of moral law. No wonder that the men who recognized such a character in the book, and who accordingly regarded with admiration and gratitude the writer—men like Dr. Arnold and Charles Kingsley—should have cherished the hope that from the same writer might come some positive and practical teaching of value for the time, and for all time, some constructive and luminous wisdom. His work on Cromwell, also, there can be no doubt, contributed greatly to his influence, especially among the Dissenting middle classes of England and the working-men of the country. Just forty years ago, when the *Cromwell* had lately been published, was probably the period when Carlyle's influence culminated. For several years afterwards, sustained by the two great works of which we have spoken, it remained at its height; nor was the disgust—it was real disgust—so widely created by his

Latter-Day Pamphlets enough to dislodge him from his eminence, although, no doubt, it lay at the bottom of that gradual undermining of his moral authority and of his reputation for real human wisdom which became deeper and more complete as the years went on.* His attitude in regard to the American Civil War, so unspeakably unworthy, so altogether contemptible as well as inhuman, and the eminently unpopular political singularities of his later years, have, during the last twenty years, made an end of his moral ascendency. Nor has the publication of his great work on Frederick—however it may have added to his fame as an investigator and writer of history and as a limner of historical characters—done anything to commend him to the admiration or confidence of Englishmen to-day. It touched no deep springs of English feeling. Frederick, indeed, though doubtless a "hero" according to Carlyle's definitions, was not at all the sort of great man to touch the British heart. Selfish, unscrupulous and cruel tyrants like Frederick or Napoleon, may be Carlylean heroes, but will not be recognized as heroes by the countrymen of Wellington and General Gordon. And Frederick was brutal, savage, and disgusting in a degree and style peculiar to himself.

Old age, however, always makes an appeal for indulgence and respect to the English heart, especially when the old age is at once bereaved and protracted. One "grand old man" after another seems to appeal to the national imagination and reverence. Palmerston, in his time, was undisputed king for years; then, after a while, there was Disraeli; since, there has been Gladstone. So, also, in another sphere of life and

* Kingsley read Carlyle's *French Revolution* in 1841, not long before he was ordained, and while he was still at Cambridge. Mr. Kingsley tells us that this book had "a remarkable effect on his mind before he decided upon taking Orders, in establishing and intensifying his belief in God's righteous government of the world." Fifteen years later Mr. Kingsley, writing to the editor of this REVIEW, in reference to an article on his writings (since otherwise published) which had lately appeared, whilst acknowledging Carlyle's merits as a teacher on certain points, disclaims all sympathy with his "theology or quasi-theology," and says that his "eternities" and "abysses," and such like language, are nothing to him but "clouds and wind put in the place of a Personal God." In the same letter, which remains in our hands, he likewise emphatically disclaims all sympathy with his recently disclosed social views, as illustrated for example by his "attack upon Howard, as well as his views on Negro Slavery and Criminals' Reform."

influence, exaggerated reverence was paid, during the years of his extreme old age, to Dr. Pusey, notwithstanding his Romanizing superstitions, and to Cardinal Newman, of whom Carlyle speaks with such bitter contempt. And accordingly, after Carlyle's loss of his wife in 1866, although he recovered little or nothing of his former authority as a thinker, he came to be regarded with growing sympathy, even with a sort of reverence. For was he not after all a man of marvellous genius, of prodigious power, a writer of great and precious books, a man of austerely moral life, a man of high personal independence? In such a man there seemed to be great and almost heroic elements. His reputation as a sage was, for the most part, gone, but an ancient and more or less heroic man, who is also an undeniable genius of world-wide fame, is such a man as the English people love to honour. Honoured, accordingly, Carlyle was, with a loving and tender honour, by the English people, from the Queen downwards, during the later years of his life—honoured with a kindly and praiseworthy though exaggerated honour. The volumes published by his friend and disciple, Mr. Froude, of which the two last are before us, have gone far, however, to abate that honour. It is now evident that, looking at Carlyle, as a whole, heroic is by no means the epithet to apply to him. In its intimate character and unfolding his was as little an heroic as it was an amiable or a generous life. We think it our duty to point out faithfully and fearlessly, seeing that others have shrunk from showing it, where and what was the fatal flaw which reduced to egoistic weakness and selfishness, reduced sometimes to real meanness, a character which showed, from time to time, a capacity for moral greatness and nobleness not less distinct and real than the extraordinary intellectual genius which illuminates his writings, and which fascinated with its splendour and variety the friends and companions of his life.

Let it be observed that Carlyle's was not a life of neglect or of adversity. He was not, at any period of his history, a hapless, unfriended man—not a really unfortunate man. Few, indeed, are the men who, from youth up, had so many, or kinder, or more effectual friends. But for his own whimsies or stubbornness his would have been a course of continued

success. The life of a mere literary man, indeed, is of all lives the hardest. The course is, of necessity, through all its earlier stages a steep and difficult one. The man who, refusing other honest and practicable ways of earning a livelihood, deliberately chooses to give his whole life to authorship, must, of necessity, make up his mind, no matter what his gifts may be, to a course of patient industry and of steady self-denial. But, at the same time, the man who has deliberately so chosen, is not at liberty to moan and groan all through his uphill course, because he has to bear what all his predecessors, all his comrades, have had to bear. Carlyle had no more to bear than might have been distinctly foreseen, had much less to bear than many, and with ordinary tact and temper might, we repeat, have had, not only a course crowned, as his was, in its later years, with luminous triumph, but for an author, a course all through of more than ordinary success. Almost from the first he had, for a number of years, unfailing employment and such remuneration as, to a young man brought up in the frugal and thrifty habits of his Annandale home, was sufficient to meet his requirements. After his early and not unprosperous marriage, higher, more various, and more remunerative employment opened to him; but, unfortunately, he took to quarrelling with his bread and butter, as a writer, especially as a contributor to periodicals; he became more and more touchy, bizarre, and impracticable. He did all that a man well could to weary out and disgust his friends and helpers, and yet they were not all or wholly wearied out or disgusted, but with admirable patience, continued to help and befriend him. He was determined to win on one line, by one course and no other, rejecting and despising all the ordinary means of securing an honest and honourable living, which were generously held out to him, and in the end he did win, although, even so, it was the devotion of most disinterested, most generous, friends, added to his own genius and industry, which brought him triumphantly through. But there need have been no years of suspense, during which it seemed doubtful whether he would sink or swim. During this very period of suspense he might have had full and remunerative employment, if he had chosen. He had made

it impossible for Jeffrey or Macvey Napier any longer to find him employment on the *Edinburgh*, but he might have written for the *Westminster*, and would not. He still wrote occasionally for the *Foreign Review*. But he refused altogether to become a leader-writer for the *Times*, although the editor (Sterling, senior) solicited him again and again. The pretext that he could not write, because he did not agree with the general political views of the *Times*, will hardly bear examination. He need have written only what he could honestly write. He could at least have written literary articles, and this was open to him. How many honourable men, men of perfect sincerity, during the last fifty years, of all political parties, have found themselves able to write for the *Times*. But Carlyle would not. He must say whatever he would, or nothing. He must be at liberty to air any crotchet, or he would not write at all. He shut himself up accordingly with his one task—a great work truly—his *French Revolution*. He would do nothing but this, and appeared to feel himself a hapless and ill-used man, because, whilst he kept himself to this, consuming in the meantime the little money which had been gained by his labour and his wife's frugality, he remained in something like poverty, and had no heaven-made or Government-made position of competency created for him. If his determination to do the one work, and no other, to stand or fall by the result of his work on the French Revolution, was heroic, then the necessary concomitants and conditions of this resolution should have been heroically borne. His discontent, his desperate complaints, his fierce and distempered denunciations of all around him, were the reverse of heroic.

At this very time Basil Montagu, best and most benevolent of men, offered him a post, with the lightest duties—duties for the most part only nominal—and a salary of £200 a year. This post was contrived on purpose to meet Carlyle's need, and some duties were assigned to it to save his pride, but the offer was rejected with the most savage contempt, and the following is part of the passage relating to it contained in a letter to his brother John :—

"My wish and expectation is that Montagudom generally would be

kind enough to keep its own side of the pavement. . . . One other thing I could not but remark—the faith of Montagu wishing *me* for his clerk; thinking the polar bear, reduced to a state of dyspeptic dejection, might safely be trusted tending rabbits. Greater faith I have not found in Israel. Let us leave these people."

The Montagus had been among Carlyle's kindest, firmest, most generous friends for many years. The only offence that had been given up to this time by either of them to Carlyle had been when, some years before, Mrs. Montagu had offered to pay the expense of Mrs. Carlyle's journeying from Scotland to London to spend some time there with the Montagus in her husband's company, an offer which Carlyle's satanic pride chose to regard as an insult. In after years when Carlyle had become acquainted with such leaders of intellectual and also fashionable society as the Barings (or Ashburtons), he became tractable in such circles; he forgot his pride even when his wife's real comfort and dignity were in question.

Among the long succession of friends who helped Carlyle along his earlier course must be numbered Irving, Brewster, Jeffrey, Mill, the generous and unwearied Bullers, and Mr. Badams, besides the Montagus. In regard to most of these his *Reminiscences* contain pages of sour or even bitter detraction; some, as Jeffrey and Mill, are treated by him both in the *Reminiscences* and elsewhere, with glaring ingratitude. Among the publications open to him during his earlier years, chiefly while resident in Edinburgh and Craigenputtock, were Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, the *London Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *Westminster Review*. For his *Life of Schiller*, which first appeared in the *London Magazine*, he received, when it was published separately, £100, a large sum fifty years ago for a work by an author as yet unknown. Fraser even opened his magazine to *Sartor Resartus*, much to the injury of the magazine. A band of ladies in London combined in suggesting, in arranging for, and "managing," and in using all their social influence to advertise and to sell tickets for, his successive series of Lectures, of which the success was thus ensured. Without their aid the Lectures would never have been delivered, or, if they had been delivered, would

probably have been failures, notwithstanding the knowledge and genius of the lecturer. The spell he exercised over eager, earnest, intellectual women was, indeed, one of the chief features of his character. Even before he bound Jane Welsh, his future wife, to the wheels of his car, by the spell of intellectual fascination and attraction, he had made a considerable impression on the mind and even the sympathies of one young lady, of altogether higher moral power than Miss Welsh, and who certainly would never have consented to the unworthy and unwifelike conditions which he imposed on Miss Welsh, as the stern ultimatum without her consent to which his life and hers must be parted. That young lady's final letter to Carlyle contains a passage which shows how, even in the early prime of his young manhood, the mixed features were already distinctly traceable in his character, which, deepened and strengthened as they were between that period and his married and larger life—aggravated as the unamiable features were, yet later, by the servile and unequal conditions under which Mrs. Carlyle from the first, but increasingly after a while, bore her part in a life partnership which was at no time really and truly that of a wife with a husband, according to any Christian or family ideal—wrought out the tragic medley, scarcely less grotesque than pathetic, of the after-life depicted in Mr. Froude's volumes. Mr. Froude is able to give his readers the pleasure of reading the closing passage of this young lady (Miss Gordon's) final and dimissory letter to Thomas Carlyle, Carlyle being at this time twenty-two years of age:

"And now, my dear friend, a long, long adieu; one advice, and, as a parting one, consider it, value it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of the heart. Subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. By those whose opinion will be valuable, they will hereafter be appreciated. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much and like you more. Why conceal the real goodness that flows in your heart? . . . . Let your light shine before men, and think them not unworthy the trouble. . . . . It must be a pleasing thing to live in the affections of others. Again adieu. Pardon the freedom I have used, and

when you think of me, be it as a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow."

Surely this is even pathetic in its earnest and loving fidelity. It is evident how much the writer admired Carlyle. It is equally evident how little she could have trusted her happiness with him. A postscript adds, "I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you." They never met but once afterwards. Both were riding in Hyde Park. Neither spoke. She was then a widow—Lady Bannerman—her husband having been Governor of Nova Scotia. If such a woman, refusing to be a mere literary aid and domestic manager and workwoman, had accepted Carlyle on her own terms, instead of consenting absolutely though with reluctance and foreboding, and not until after repeated refusals, as Jane Welsh did, to his—some will think he might have been a different man, as Mrs. Carlyle, whom Edward Irving had longed after, used to say that if Irving had married her, there would have been no "tongues." But all such speculation is vain. We have to do with Carlyle and his own wilful self-development.

Carlyle could hardly have been the inconsiderate and arrogant man he was in the ordinary commerce of life, if he had been gently bred. We can hardly imagine a well-brought up man, in the autumn of his years, whatever might be his genius or his fame, bursting out across the dinner-table with such an exclamation as Mr. Yates tells of in his *Recollections*, levelled at a fellow-guest—"Eh! but you're a puir, wratched, meeserable creature." Nor can any well-bred gentleman be imagined so habitually inconsiderate of the feelings of others, so altogether without thought of their state or needs or sensibilities, as Carlyle was in respect of all other persons, his wife especially included; as little can it be supposed that any one accustomed to the habitual self-restraint of a gentleman, or with any moderate share of that courage and fortitude which all the world understands to be part of the character of a gentleman, especially an English gentleman, should habitually utter the outcries and howls which Carlyle always indulged himself by uttering in regard to whatever caused him suffering, whether mental or even physical. "Reticence about his personal

sufferings," truly says Mr. Froude in the first of the four volumes he has written on Carlyle, "was at no time one of his virtues. . . . . Even the minor ailments to which flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint." Even when he was domiciled with such a family as that of the Bullers, nothing was right for him, not even the food and the cooking; and the servants he abuses shamefully as "sluttish harlots." Well as they must have known him, his complaints on this occasion alarmed even his parents. Thereupon, says Mr. Froude, "he apologized to his father with characteristic coolness." Referring to his mother, he says, "but by this time she must be beginning to understand me; to know that when I shout 'murder,' I am not always being killed. . . . . After all, I am not so miserable as you would think; my health is better than it was last year, but I have lost all patience with it."

What he suffered from was dyspepsia, sometimes bad enough, no doubt; but his complaining was a miserable habit whether he was really ill or not.* Well might his mother say "he was gey ill to live with;" and one can hardly escape the conclusion that he had been spoiled by his mother, allowed to complain and vent his tempers unchecked. He was her eldest son, and she was very proud of his faculties. To her, also, in many ways, as, indeed, to his family generally, he was generous and dutiful. But his daily life must have been fractious and distempered, and Mrs. Carlyle, not without reason, once or twice, in her correspondence with the mother, gently and not unpleasantly hints that she must have failed in the proper training of her son for life's ordinary work and wear. Certainly the wife had to pay very dearly for these ingrained faults of her husband.

He came, of course, of a rugged Border peasant stock, and

* In 1852 he writes to his wife: "On the whole, I am one 'coal of burning sulphur'—one heap, that is to say, of chaotic miseries, horrors, sorrows, and imbecilities, actually rather a contemptible man. But the ass does swim, I sometimes say, if you fling him fairly into the river, tho' he brays lamentably at being flung. Oh, my Goody! my own, and not my own, Goody! is there no help at all, then?" "Letter," says Mr. Froude, "followed letter, in the same strain. It was not jest, it was not earnest; it was a mere wilfulness of humour" (vol. ii. p. 97).

his father, whom he commemorates in a beautiful, but one may well suspect, imaginative and idealized "reminiscence," appears from authentic accounts to have been a man loved by few, if any, hardly *loved*, indeed, in his own family, a man feared by the village generally, especially the young people, and with a power of anger on occasions, and, in particular, of name-calling and caustic denunciation or invective, which was a real terror in the place. It is evident that Thomas Carlyle was, in such respects, a true "chip off the old block." His mother, on the contrary, was a saintly woman of the best and most exemplary character. Whatever of reverent or religious feeling belonged to his character, whatever of gentleness came in by times, to qualify his passionate impatience and irritability or his misanthropic fierceness, owed much, we may be sure, to her steadfast influence and prayerful cherishing. Only, as we have intimated, she had, perhaps, too much in earlier years indulged his overbearingness, and too little curbed his fierce ebullitions of discontent or self-will.

It was not, however, merely to a rugged and cross-grained temper and defective breeding—to his peasant lineage, his hard up-bringing, the absence of refining influences, whether in his family-life, or in connection with his teachers and school discipline and surroundings, or the want of suitable companionship at once restraining and congenial—that the final result of his fixed and mature character was due, such as it comes out in these volumes. Indeed it cannot have escaped attention that not very much in common, in the respects to which we have referred, is found between himself and his brothers and sisters. Wayward and lordly wilfulness seems to have distinguished him only amongst them all. No doubt his superior ability and distinction, his position as the eldest, and his mother's pride in him, would tend to develop in him unamiable peculiarities, which in them were held in restraint by discipline and by circumstance. But, over and above all this, and it is to this point that we have been coming, there was a special reason superadded to any such influences as we have noted, and whether those influences were or were not an appreciable factor in the case, a special reason which was far more powerful than any other in forming Carlyle's character, as it made

itself known and felt in after-life. The special reason of which we speak, was, in fact, the great discriminative and determinant force in the final moulding of Carlyle's individuality.

The students of Wesley's history know how his "conversion" changed the whole colour and character of his life. Carlyle speaks of his "conversion" and attributes to it his escape from miseries and perplexities which paralyzed him. It was his deliverance from the "Everlasting No;" his entrance upon the "Everlasting Yea." He left behind him for ever the "slough of despond" and walked thenceforth in "newness of life." That it was a crisis in his life there need be no doubt, nor that it gave form and moulding to his character. But in our judgment it was not his deliverance from evil, but his sealing to the dominion of the evil self, the evil will. It was a "conversion" in a contrary sense to that of Wesley. He was delivered from the "slough of despond," indeed, but he came forth on the wrong side of the slough.

Brought up a Calvinist of the sternest colour and the hardest grain, unacquainted with any experience of inward religion, in its peace and power, he had for years wrestled with doubts affecting all that belonged to faith in God and in revelation, when in 1821—in his twenty-seventh year—he found himself in Paris, "toiling along the dirty little Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, in a close atmosphere and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, when"—we give the rest in his own words—

"all at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What art thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the devil and man may will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come then, and I will meet it and defy it.' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me for ever. I was strong: of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance."

"Thus had the everlasting No (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively

through all the recesses of my being, of my Me; and then it was that my whole Me stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. Such a protest, the most important transaction in my life, may that same indignation and defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The everlasting No had said: Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine (the devil's); to which my whole Me now made answer; I am not thine but free, and for ever hate thee.

"It is from this hour I incline to date my spiritual new birth; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man." *

Here was deliverance, not by way of repentance or faith, not through any revelation to his soul of a Divine Father, God in Christ, or a Divine Saviour, but by the way of mere self-assertion, self-will, self-reliance. Here he appears as his own God and Saviour, his own deliverer from the devil and all his works; from despair and from doubt; from all powers, seen and unseen, in this world or in other worlds, for life, and death, and all that may be after death, for time and eternity. Here the pantheism he had learnt from Goethe came to an egoistic head; he became himself for himself the organ of the divinity of the universe, and therefore, also for others, organ and outlet of the same divinity. From this time forth he was an egoistic pantheist or pantheo-theist. His *ego*—his Me—had become one of the divine organs of inspiration for the world, for all men in all coming ages. All his after teachings harmonize with this. The government of the world ought to be, nay, must be and is, from age to age, in the hands of men inspired like himself, in whom the divine and masterful *ego* rules in virtue of divine light and force; these are the heroes and prophets of the world—the kings and seers of the race. He was himself a seer, a prophet; he claims this grade and vocation from time to time. The heroes and kings of men he seems to recognize as still greater than the prophets; of these were such men as Napoleon, and Frederick, and Wellington—the last, one of the few men he meets with to whom he shows real reverence. In this creed we have the key to all Carlyle's strange opinions, and also to his arrogance; his sympathy with might as being always right, with the strong against the weak,

* This extract is from vol. i. of the first two volumes of Froude's Carlyle.

the slave-owner, nay, even the slave-driver as against the slave; his bitter and disgusting contempt and slanderous animosity against John Howard and all philanthropy. Here also is the explanation of the unconscious tyranny of his own life in its relations with others, a tyranny for which, in the case of his wife, he suffered the retribution of a long and deep remorse; for, after all, he deeply loved his wife as his subordinate companion and literary helper, although he did not and would not know her as his fit and worthy help-meet in true family life—as with him "one flesh," according to the divine idea and ordinance.*

Carlyle, of course, did not believe in any rights of man, political or other, actual or potential, except the right to be guided and governed by those who were stronger than other men, and who, by their superior strength and superior will, established their superior wisdom. Liberty, according to any English idea of its meaning, was a word which for him weighed as little as the word equality in the French sense. Mill's ideas as to the worth and value of individual liberty he held in utter contempt. He believed in the demi-gods and their dominion: as for the multitude, "mostly fools," as he said, he counted them as made only to be ruled over. Accordingly, he had no sympathy whatever with modern liberal ideas, or any progress of democracy. Apart from his infidelity, he was an ultra-Tory of the most extreme views. Hobbes was not a more pronounced friend and fautor of despotism—provided it were strong and victorious—than Carlyle. Accordingly, if there was one public man more than another whom he disliked and despised, it was Gladstone. Disraeli he regarded as a successful, unprincipled adventurer, who knew how to mould a party, and even a nation, to his will, who did all this of conscious purpose, and who governed strongly and almost absolutely, with a certain consistency of plan and policy. Hence he had a kind of respect for him. He describes him as a "mere actor playing a part upon the world as a mere stage," as one who "understood whither England was going, with its fine talk of progress; but it would last his time; he could make a figure in conducting its

* See as to this point Mr. Froude's significant and suggestive remarks, *First Forty Years*, vol. i. pp. 286–291, 337–356.

destinies, or at least amuse himself scientifically, like Mephistopheles." And yet, as Mr. Froude says, he "preferred Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Gladstone, and continued to prefer him, even after his wild effort to make himself arbiter of Europe." Of Gladstone he says (in 1873): "Gladstone appears to me one of the contemptiblest men I ever looked on. A poor Ritualist; almost spectral kind of phantasm of a man—nothing in him but forms and ceremonies and outside wrappages. . . . . Let him fight his own battle, in the name of Beelzebub, the god of Ekron, who seems to be his god. Poor phantasm!"

In perfect consistency with the arrogant egoism which underlay all his "philosophy," all his social theories and all his political feelings, was his attitude, to which we have already passingly referred, in respect to the great Civil War of the United States.

"To him," says his biographer, "that tremendous struggle for the salvation of the American nationality was merely the efflorescence of the 'Nigger Emancipation' agitation, which he had always despised. 'No war raging in my time,' he said, 'was to me more profoundly foolish-looking. Neutral I am to a degree: I for one.' He spoke of it scornfully as 'a smoky chimney which had taken fire.' When provoked to say something about it publicly it was to write his brief *Ilias Americana in nuce*. 'Peter of the North (to Paul of the South): Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do. You are going straight to hell, you ——. Paul: Good words, Peter. The risk is my own. I am willing to take the risk. Hire your servant by the month or day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method. Peter: No I won't, I will beat your brains out first!'—T. C."

A pantheo-egoism, when it has fairly penetrated the *ego*, who esteems himself an inspired organ of the divine will, cannot but make the said *ego* a law unto himself, and tend to obliterate all sense of external authority and of objective moral law. The hero or king of men, the prophet, is superior to scruples of dogma or of custom and common feeling. Thus, Mr. Carlyle's heroes, Mahomet, Napoleon, Frederick, Rousseau, Burns, and the rest, lived above the rules and usages of ordinary morality. Much as Carlyle talks about sincerity and the "veracities" and "verities" of life and the universe, this is undeniably the meaning of his philosophy, so far as his

views can be defined and construed. So also, in spit veracity or unveracity, Disraeli, as he paints him—that is, a consciously insincere man, a mere impostor—is preferred to Gladstone, though admitted to be not consciously an insincere man, Disraeli being regarded as a strong man and king of men. It is of a piece with such pantheo-egoistic morals that Carlyle, among all the bishops of his day, preferred Thirlwall, precisely, expressly, avowedly, because he believed him to be at heart no more a Christian than himself, although in this we cannot suppose Carlyle to have been otherwise than deeply mistaken. Bishop Wilberforce, also, was more or less liked by Carlyle for a similar reason, though in this case, yet more assuredly than in that of Thirlwall, the cynical egoist must have been in error.

To have no being on earth or in history to look up to as better and greater than oneself, what an unspeakable calamity for any man! This seems to have been indeed the case with Carlyle. To him Jesus was a mere legendary person. He scarcely ever makes any reference to Him. The Book of Job he loved to study, the personalities of some of the patriarchs were dim shadows of grandeur to him. At Craigenputtock it was his custom to read to his household on Sundays out of the Book of Genesis. But we never find that he made the life of the Saviour his study, or that His Divine-human personality took form and colour to his imagination. If an ideal had but been present to his reverence and his faith in whom divine wisdom and might appeared under the form of perfect and most lovely human goodness and love, what a revolution would this vision of a divine reality, a living Person, who was also an imitable and lovable human ideal, have wrought within his soul, throughout all its conceptions, all its moral intuitions, all its judgments and aims. Mill's character presents, in respect of his habitual temper and spirit, a remarkable and very favourable contrast to that of Carlyle. If we seek the reason of this we may, with much probability, conclude that, besides an original difference of temper and disposition, two causes concurred to make the difference—one that Mill's philosophy was not an arrogant egoism; it went indeed, in some respects, lamentably to the opposite extreme;

the other, that unlike Carlyle, he was strongly attracted to the character of Jesus, and profoundly impressed with its beauty and perfection, as appears from his posthumous essays. Certainly Mill recognized the moral ascendency of the Christian code and character as Carlyle never recognized it. Carlyle drank what Biblical inspiration lived within him from Old Testament fountains rather than from the life-spring of Christianity. He has been not inaptly described as a Puritan who had lost his creed. It would perhaps be yet more just to say that his attitude resembled that of Mahomet, only without the sword, and that he might have formulated as the basis of all his oracular utterances, "There is one God of all the ages, and Thomas Carlyle is the latest of His prophets, and, save Ruskin, the only one of the present age."

That Carlyle was full of a certain sort of religiousness cannot be doubted. Besides the fatalism of his early creed he retained, under certain forms and aspects, its devoutness. He believed in a divine dominion of law and righteousness. He believed that his own life was providentially ordered. Though, in respect of patience and fortitude, he was the reverse of a Stoic, his general religious attitude very much resembled that of a devout Stoic. Sometimes, regarding his life and its fortunes as a whole, he writes, both in his journal and in his letters, in a strain of religious gratitude. And to others, especially to his forlorn wife, whom he had utterly robbed of her faith, and who had not been able to rig up a jury-mast sort of religion like his own to support and help her through the storm-swept ocean-pathway of her bewildered life—he preaches faith, resignation, submission after a strangely orthodox fashion, such as reminds us perforce that he had originally been designed to wear the minister's gown and bands. To Mrs. Carlyle, during the protracted agony of the terrible affliction which wore out her latest years, he writes as follows, having begun his letter with the words, "Oh! my suffering little Jeanie!"

"And yet, dearest! there is something in your note which is welcomer to me than anything I have yet had—a sound of piety, of devout humiliation and gentle hope and submission to the Highest, which affects me much and has been a great comfort to me. Yes, poor darling! This was

wanted. Proud stoicism you never failed in, nor do I want you to abate of it. But there is something beyond of which I believe you to have had too little. It softens the angry heart and is far from weakening it, nay, is the final strength of it, the fountain and nourishment of all real strength. Come home to your own poor nest again!"

To Mrs. Carlyle that "home" had never been a "nest" either for body or soul, for her soul least of all. And the words we have quoted, touching as they are, are yet very strange, sadly strange, when we think of them as written by one whose self-absorbed negligence to his wife's sensibilities, and often to her sufferings, had been habitual and indeed unbroken, as Mr. Froude has occasion repeatedly to explain to his readers, except when great and no longer concealable sufferings or major sorrows—such, for instance, as the loss of her mother—woke up for the time all the latent sympathies of Carlyle's nature, which, in its relation to his own family, had learnt fully, on rare and special occasions, to enter into the needs and sufferings and sensibilities of others. How curious is that inmost history of tenderness to his mother and generous kindness to all the members of his family, which lies set and engemmed within Mr. Froude's discursive series of biographical or autobiographical fragments, throughout which, in his dealing with others, even with his wife, so opposite a set of characteristics continually remain within view. We confess that it has reminded us of the witty Frenchman's description of the extraordinary love and tender care of a man, otherwise selfish, for his wife and child—*l'égoïsme à trois*. There, however, it is, and very beautiful it is. But this special function of his personality was only for his family, till now, at the very last, it began to flow forth upon his wife, and helped to brighten her last year or two of weakness and suffering.*

We have seen how he exhorted his wife to patience, and recognised faith and piety as the only support under affliction. With this preached doctrine it is impossible not to contrast

* There were two redeeming features in Carlyle's character which we must make a place for noticing, if it be only in a foot-note. The one was his magnanimity on some great and trying occasions, as in connection with the burning of the first volume of his *French Revolution*. The other was his great and tender compassion for helpless people in true distress. Especially in his latest years the beauty of his compassion becomes touching and impressive.

his own behaviour when there was no long fight of terrible suffering, no real agony to endure. Instances have already been given; but let us quote a passage from Mr. Froude:—

"One asks with wonder," says his friend and disciple, "why he found existence so intolerable, why he seemed to suffer so much more under the small ills of life than when he had to face real troubles in his first years in London. He was now successful far beyond his hopes. . . . His many anxieties were over. If his liver occasionally troubled him, livers trouble most of us as we advance in life, and his actual constitution was a great deal stronger than that of ordinary men. As to outward annoyances, the world is so made that there will be such things, but they do not destroy the peace of our lives. Foolish people intrude on us. Official people force us to do many things which we do not want to do, from sitting on juries to payment of rates and taxes. We express our opinion on such nuisances perhaps with imprecatory emphasis, but we bear them and forget them. Why could not Carlyle with fame and honour and troops of friends . . . . bear and forget too? Why indeed! The only answer is that Carlyle was Carlyle."

Yes, Carlyle was Carlyle—a Puritan without a creed, a pantheo-egoist, a man with grand faculties and a weird and powerful imagination, who was his own god, who was his saintly mother's son without a Saviour. His mother believed that he was unhappy because he had lost his religion—and that good and very remarkable woman was substantially right in this her judgment. How terrible is that last letter of Sterling's to Carlyle, which that ruthless man, as if he gloried in the havoc he had wrought with that soul—as well as alas! with his wife's—did not spare to print in his memoir of his unhappy friend!

"I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to you and me, I cannot begin to write, having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power."

The wonder is that, being a thoughtful and religiously-natured man, he could remain content with his own solution of the great problem of eternity, the solution which made him his own saviour and under-god, and so brought him into the "everlasting yea." Surely the contrast between the boastful triumph of that so-called conversion, and the actual experience of its life-long results, its fruit and effects in

his after-life, is pitiable indeed. A sorry saviour he was to himself! "Am not *I* still the same? Cannot I defy all the powers of evil in me and around me?" See this victor, this demi-god, groaning through life and leaving treasures of accumulated bitterness and injustice behind him, together with a whole revelation of remorse, remorse for his course of errors and misdoings in relation to his wife occupying the long remainder of his life—a woeful penance to dree.

Mr. Froude says that he at least was rescued from chaotic atheism and unspeakable evils and horrors by Carlyle. Be it so. But that will not avail to redeem Carlyle's errors or to prove his teaching to be healing for the nations. In truth, out of this very work, Mr. Froude is endeavouring to make capital for his own mission of disseminating subtle germs of unbelief. It is poor work, however. Mr. Froude sets forth Carlyle's view of Christianity, sets it forth as at once Carlyle's and his own. It is that Jesus lived and died indeed, but that what is told as to His divine deeds, His supernatural story, and His resurrection, is all legendary. Jesus died, Mr. Froude will not deny, about the year 30 A.D. Paul was converted—than this fact nothing can be found more surely verified in all history—about the year 37 A.D. And in the meantime the legend had grown up on the spot, in Jerusalem, among the witnesses of the crucifixion; in the meantime the Christian Church had been organized, Stephen had been martyred, Saul consenting to his death, a great persecution had been led by Saul, and Saul himself had been convinced of the truth which he had once destroyed, had been converted to the faith—faith in Jesus Christ crucified and risen from the dead—which it had been his life-work to oppose, and had become a preacher of that faith. The man who talks of a false legend growing up within seven years under such conditions and producing such results, a legend in contradiction to all fact and evidence, to the prejudices of all dominant parties in the place where it prevailed, and to the very interests of those who were enthralled by it, cannot know what a legend means. And for Charles Kingsley's brother-in-law coolly to assume and affirm that the truth of the Gospel history has come to be unbelievable, and had, thirty years ago, come to

be unbelievable by all thoughtful and cultivated men of honest mind, is a stupendous stroke of insolence which goes far to deprive him not only of authority but of any title to respect.

Perhaps Carlyle, notwithstanding Froude's companionship, returned somewhat nearer to his early faith during his latest years or months of life. He read Gibbon again and came to the conclusion, in contradiction to the judgment of his youth, that, if the Arians had prevailed in their controversy, Christianity would have dwindled down to a mere sect. A youth, whose father had known Carlyle, visited the old man, and seems to have found him reading Channing's sermons. At the last he went back to the Bible, read that and only that. So he waited for his end. All impatience seems to have died out of him. He had a sad, weary longing to have done with life —he had hope of meeting again in another world his parents and the wife who had served him with all her powers, and whose value, whose just claims, he never understood till too late.

Art. II.—GAINSBOROUGH.

1. *Exhibition of the Works of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.* With Historical Notes by F. G. Stephens, Author of "English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds." Grosvenor Gallery.
2. *Life of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.* By the late George William Fulcher. Edited by his Son. London: 1856.
3. *Gainsborough.* By George M. Brock-Arnold, M.A., Hertford College, Oxford. London: 1881. ("Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists.")
4. *A Sketch of the Life and Paintings of Thomas Gainsborough, Esq.* By Philip Thicknesse. Printed for the Author, 1788.

IT was on the 10th of December, 1788. The students of the Royal Academy had assembled for the distribution of prizes in the old rooms at Somerset House. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President, then a man of sixty-five, and more

than threatened with paralysis, rose to address them. The occasion was one which his age and growing infirmities, the rapid nearing of the term of his honoured life, and the youth and forward outlook of his audience, must have combined to render almost solemn. He had chosen for his theme the art-work of a great painter who had died some four months before, on the 2nd of the previous August—of a painter also supremely honoured in his craft, and who alone among Sir Joshua's contemporaries might fittingly be put forward as Sir Joshua's rival—a painter, moreover, who had not always been on the best of terms with the Academy and its President. One can imagine how eagerly the students bent forward to listen as Sir Joshua began that fourteenth discourse of his on the "excellencies and defects" in the "character" of "Mr. Gainsborough."

Boys will be boys, and possibly some sense of mischief may have mingled with their anticipations. But if they expected that the lion that was alive would growl dislike over the lion that was dead; if they thought to hear undeniable beauties grudgingly admitted, and faults cunningly and curiously discussed; if they hoped to see how jealousy can caricature, and even a great man be very small—why, then, it can only be said that they clearly did not know their President. And as youth is open to high and generous impulse as well as mischievous, doubtless they felt a thrill of noble enthusiasm as he spoke, in stately old-world phrase, of the recent loss of "one of the greatest ornaments of our Academy," and dwelt on the dead painter's genius and industry and pure disinterested devotion to his art. Doubtless too they felt the pathos of the speaker's words—we may be sure there was a pathos in the speaker's voice—when he told them how,

"a few days before Mr. Gainsborough died, he wrote me a letter to express his acknowledgment for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which, he had been informed, I always spoke of him; and desired he might see me once more before he died. I am aware how flattering it is to myself to be thus connected with the dying testimony which this excellent painter bore to his art. But I cannot prevail on myself to suppress that I was not connected with him by any habits

of familiarity: if any little jealousies had subsisted between us, they were forgotten in those moments of sincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engrossed by the same pursuits, and who deserved his good opinion by being sensible of his excellence. Without entering into a detail of what passed at this last interview, the impression of it upon my mind was, that his regret at losing life, was principally the regret of leaving his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were; which, he said, he flattered himself in his last works were in some measure supplied."

Doubtless, as we have surmised, the pathos of these words was felt by Sir Joshua's audience. Doubtless too they cheered to the echo that prophecy of his, which time has so abundantly justified:—"If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name."

The forms of art-criticism change very much from generation to generation, and Reynolds's criticism was not even born young. For his criticism is older in tone than that of Diderot, and immeasurably older than that of Lessing; though when the first of the discourses was delivered, Lessing's Laocoön had already breathed, as with the breath of a new life, over the dry bones of the eighteenth century's judgments on art. Accordingly, there is much in Sir Joshua's mode of viewing Gainsborough which one can only regard as obsolete. There is more that is sound and judicious. And it was assuredly most fitting that the survivor of the two greatest painters of the time—yes, not merely the two greatest English painters, but the greatest painters Europe could then produce—should speak words of admiration and high regard over the comrade who had fallen at his side.

Reynolds and Gainsborough—they were held to be rivals in life and doubtless held themselves to be so, though surely in no mean spirit, and their rivalry has continued after death. Still is it scarcely possible to discuss the merits of the one without instituting the old comparison in praise or blame, and starting again that long-vexed question of art-precedence. We shall not, however, start it again now, or discuss it

further, except to say that in such a rivalry every advantage, apart from inborn artist power, was and is on the side of Sir Joshua. For Sir Joshua had studied in Italy, and came to London with the prestige of his foreign culture and training. He was well-versed in the history of his art, a man of literary tastes, the friend of the leading writers of his time—Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith. While he was alive, literature lent him all the help that literature can lend to a painter, and it has continued to do so since his death. His life, his pictures, the fair women and children whom he painted with a brush so dainty and caressing, the notable men who sat to him—all have been described, discussed, criticized, chronicled. Even apart from his art, the surroundings of his life lend themselves readily to verbal disquisition. And in the dissemination of a knowledge of his art, and consequently of his fame, he received the most superb help from the engraver. Never has painter had his colours more adequately translated into black and white. English mezzotint seems to have leapt at once to its highest point of excellence to do him honour. Its capacity of dealing with large masses of light and shade, its smooth delicacies of texture, and surface of velvet and peach-bloom, suited to absolute perfection a style of art in which generalization went for so much, and definiteness of detail for so little. A whole school of engravers clustered round his pictures, and have left us works which, like his own, are priceless: priceless, not only with the pricelessness of rarity, and because the copper-plates then in use yielded so few impressions—*that* is the collector's valuation—but priceless with the better pricelessness of perfection.

No such advantages were Gainsborough's. His art-training was of the scantiest, and purely English. He never went abroad. He painted in the provinces only till he was forty-seven. He did not belong to the literary set. We catch no glimpse of him as moving among the writers, talkers, and wits of his time. The information collected about his life is really very meagre. For twenty pages that have been written about Reynolds scarce one has been written about *him*. He has not been specially fortunate in his biographers. When we look in any large collection, such as that at the

British Museum, through the superb series of engravings from Reynolds's works, and then through the portfolios of comparatively moderate capacity containing the engravings from Gainsborough, the difference is very marked.* Clearly the great masters of mezzotint were carrying their devotion elsewhere. And yet, notwithstanding every disadvantage, such is the power of pure craftmanship, so does a painter's ultimate rank depend upon his art-gift alone, that Gainsborough was held, even in his own time, to stand almost on a level with the great President, nor has posterity placed him much lower.

Whence did the man get that art-gift of his? Who can answer that? What Mr. Galton, with help or hindrance of the most careful pedigree, has yet explained the genesis of a man of genius? Why should this special product of the English middle-class in the Eastern Counties have bloomed so superbly?

At first sight, indeed, it might fairly seem that the stock did not possess characteristics of any extraordinary promise. Nor were the surroundings either, to all appearance, particularly propitious. The father was a tradesman (milliner, clothier, crape-maker, shroud-seller), a good man and true, who brought up his nine children reputably, and lived and died deservedly respected. The mother, we are told, "was a woman of well-cultivated mind, and, amongst other accomplishments, excelled in flower-painting." Fortunately for England, there were thousands of such couples flourishing in other places besides Sudbury, in Suffolk, where Mr. and Mrs. Gainsborough lived. Thomas, the youngest of the nine children, came into the world, probably on some day in May, in the year 1727; went in due time to the local grammar school; drew profusely, as school-boys will, but with a freedom and promise which does not fall to the lot of many schoolboys; acquired little book-lore perhaps, as we should estimate it in these days of competitive examinations, but learnt, on the other

* Curiously enough, as regards drawings, the case is reversed. The British Museum is not at all rich in drawings by Reynolds; but the collection of drawings by Gainsborough is large, and very characteristic and interesting. Space only prevents us from making greater use of it in illustration.

hand, to love every outward feature of the surrounding country, so that, as he afterwards told Mr. Philip Thicknesse, his patron-parasite, "there was not a picturesque clump of trees, nor even a single tree of any beauty, no, nor hedge-row stem or post in or around his native town, which was not from his earliest years treasured in his memory." Clearly a boy with a painter's vocation; and so, at the age of fifteen, he was taken to London, and studied art according to the very indifferent opportunities then available. Thus three years passed, and then a year in trying to make a living as a painter in the metropolis. After which he returned to Sudbury, painted landscapes or portraits according as demand arose—painted, indeed, when there was no demand, for the pure pleasure of painting—and wooed and won a certain Miss Margaret Burr, of doubtful parentage, but very fair to look upon (at least according to report, for her portrait at that time belies it), and possessed of an annuity of £200 a year, which must have been wealth to the struggling painter. Gainsborough was now nineteen, and his wife a year younger.

Shortly after marriage, the youthful couple went to live at Ipswich, renting—ah! happy and primitive days—a suitable house for £6 a year. Here Gainsborough fell in with Mr. Philip Thicknesse, Lieutenant-Governor of Landguard Fort, a somewhat absurd, fussy and contentious person, who, according to his own account, exercised the most determining influence on the painter's career, first "dragging him from the obscurity of a country town," and afterwards, by quarrelsomeness and foolish wrangling, driving him from Bath to London. How far Gainsborough would have admitted the truth of Thicknesse's account of their mutual relations seems open to a good deal of question. Gainsborough was dead when Thicknesse wrote, and Thicknesse—we hope it is not uncharitable to say so, after the lapse of a century—was a man whom one might easily suspect of habits of exaggeration. Still there is little reason to doubt that his patronage was of service at the outset of the young painter's career. An engraving of a picture of Landguard Fort seems to testify to the reality of some early commissions, and it is quite likely

that the engraving was, as Thicknesse says, undertaken at his instance and chiefly at his expense, and did "make Mr. Gainsborough's name known beyond the circle of his country residence." Nor is it unlikely that Gainsborough, after practising his art in Ipswich, with more or less success for some fourteen years, was greatly influenced by Thicknesse's persuasions in leaving that town for Bath in the year 1760 or thereabouts.

Excepting London, and perhaps not even excepting London, there was at that time no place in England where a rising portrait-painter had better opportunity of winning fame and fortune than at Bath. For Bath was then in its meridian splendour. Fashion thronged to take the waters, and fashion was not without vanity, and had ample leisure, and the wherewithal to boot, and then Mr. Gainsborough painted so charmingly. So for fourteen years or so the gay city's holiday throng passed before his easel; women in their old-world eighteenth century grace and beauty—ah! how well he painted these—and men, who seem somehow of courtlier mould than those who fill the world's ways at the present moment. So they came and fluttered in his studio, and he painted them with his deft facile brush; and when he could snatch a few hours from them and their portraits, he would turn to the more congenial task of painting landscape reminiscences of the solemn-thoughted woods near Sudbury, and the more gracious aspects of homelier life among the poor. But for landscapes and pretty peasant children the fashionable throng did not care at all as they cared for the portraits. Such works found no ready sale. And we can fancy that Mrs. Gainsborough often shook her head over the truant hours spent away from the more lucrative employment. Possibly sharp words may even have passed. For Mrs. Gainsborough, we are told, was a thrifty woman, with Scotch blood in her veins, and a very keen eye to the main chance. Like Albert Dürer's wife, and the wife of many another open-handed artist, she tightened her fingers as much as she could over the purse-strings. But not always effectually. Though her husband stood sufficiently in awe of her to dismiss his hackney carriage before he came in sight of his own house, so

that she might not know he had been guilty of the extravagance of a ride, yet he did not forbear to hire the carriage. Nor could he ever be prevailed upon to abstain from purchasing any musical instrument—viol-di-gamba, or fiddle, or hautboy —that struck his fancy. And of social expense in social Bath there must at times have been a good deal—not always fully congenial to worthy Mrs. Gainsborough. For Gainsborough was a social goodfellow, who liked the companionship of his friends, was passionately fond of music, on intimate terms with Fischer, the hautboy-player, and Abel, the musician, and Guardini, the violinist, and actors as Garrick and Foote. Moreover, to his own kith and kin he was always most liberal. So doubtless money went pretty freely, and good Mrs. Gainsborough could scarcely be got to take comfort in the thought that, though much was spent, a good deal more was earned.

A happy time those fourteen years at Bath, the summer and early autumn of Gainsborough's life, full of hope and fruition. The painter's toil is such that a man can sing over it, as Thackeray once remarked rather ruefully, contrasting it with the toil of the writer; and doubtless Gainsborough hummed many an old-world ditty, in sheer joyousness of spirit, as he wrought at the task he loved in the pleasant sunshine of success. But something drove him onward, and in 1774 he determined to leave Bath and settle in London, taking a house on the south side of Pall Mall—Schomberg House, which is now part of the miscellaneous group of buildings occupied by the War Office. That he was moved to this change of residence, as Thicknesse would have us believe, by any little differences with that fussy personage over an unfinished portrait and a viol-di-gamba, we feel inclined to regard as unlikely, though the story has passed the painter's biographers unchallenged. The Thicknesses of society generally exercise less influence on the course of events than they themselves are wont to imagine.

The Royal Academy was founded in 1768. Gainsborough had been one of the original members, and continued for some years to contribute to the annual exhibitions, sending portraits and landscapes which the *cognoscenti* of those days fluttered about, and Peter Pindar criticized in his doggerel, and Horace Walpole described in the pencil annotations to

his catalogue, as "very bad and washy," or "very like and well," or "the force of a sketch with the high finish of a miniature," or "sea so free and natural that one steps back for fear of being splashed," according as the humour took that prince of dilettante critics. But in 1784 Gainsborough quarrelled with the Academy. He had executed a picture for the Prince of Wales containing portraits of the Prince's sisters. It was to be hung in Carlton House at a certain elevation, and had been painted in view of that elevation. Not unnaturally, the artist wished that it should be hung at the same height at the Academy's rooms. But the Academy had a fixed rule that full-lengths were to be hung at a different elevation, and the hanging committee, also not unnaturally, would make no exceptions. Gainsborough was very angry. He retired, like Achilles to his tents, declared he would never send another picture to the Academy, and foolishly kept his word.

But indeed the end was rapidly drawing near. Only during four more years was the painter to pursue the art he loved. In the February of 1788 all the great world of London had assembled to witness the opening of the trial of Warren Hastings. Macaulay has described the scene for us in words of peculiar brilliancy, and marshalled those who were present with all the pomp of his rhetoric. He tells us of the "fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick;" of "Siddons in the prime of her majestic beauty looking on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage;" of "the historian of the Roman Empire" thinking of "the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres . . . . and Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa;" of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, "whose lips" had "proved more persuasive than those of Fox himself" at the Westminster election; of Reynolds; of "greatest painter of the age," "allured from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons." But in that love of superlatives which is so characteristic of Macaulay's art, he has not mentioned the second painter of the age, if so be that Reynolds really was the first. And yet Gainsborough was there too, also allured from his easel; and the event was

sadly memorable in his life, for it was while sitting at the trial, as we are told, that Death's icy finger first touched him. Yes, touched him almost literally; for as he sat with his back to an open window, he felt something inconceivably cold strike his neck. At first the medical men made light of the symptoms; but soon a cancer declared itself. He arranged all his affairs with perfect composure; and then, as the end drew nigh, feeling perhaps an intense longing for final kindliness and peace, he summoned Sir Joshua to a supreme interview. "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." Such were among the last utterances of the dying portrait-painter to his great contemporary and rival. On the 2nd of August, 1788, he died.*

So the night had come. The tale of his pictures was complete. He passed away from the busy haunts of men, leaving the legacy of his art behind him. But before we turn to appraise that legacy, let us look back for a moment at the man's career; scrutinize his character a little more closely. Perhaps career and character may help to throw some light on his art.

A life surely of very even prosperity. Greatly gifted by Nature, nothing thwarts his vocation. He marries at a very early age the woman he loves. For fourteen years he lives happily at Ipswich, rich in congenial work, rich even in this world's goods according to his slender necessities, rich in the affection of all with whom he is brought into contact. For fourteen further years he lives in growing prosperity at Bath. His social surroundings are altogether pleasant. His local reputation is growing national. Commissions come in as fast as he can execute them. He is becoming a great man. Then for fourteen final years he is the second most successful portrait-painter of his time, patronized by royalty, patronized by the great; famous, appreciated by his brethren in his own craft; wealthy, able to indulge in such luxuries as he desires, of which benevolence is perhaps the greatest. And all this

* His body lies close beside Kew Church with the bodies of his wife and his favourite nephew, Gainsborough Dupont. The inscription, "Thomas Gainsborough, Esq.," with no other title or description, is the more impressive from its very simplicity.

prosperity of youth, manhood, age, built up and sustained—*O fortunatus nimium!*—by labour that is labour of love, that never palls, that retains its fresh pleasure to the end; so that, as the hand stiffens and the eyes grow dim, still does the thought linger lovingly round the canvas, and long once again to fix for ever the evanescent forms of beauty.

Were there no flies at all in the pot of ointment? Alas! those insects are ubiquitous. Given, however, that there must be flies, few persons can have been less troubled than Gainsborough. True, he quarrelled with the Academy; had his season of fancied injury and ill-humour. But that was when his position was perfectly assured, and no mishanging could possibly do him any harm; when, in fact, he was completely independent of the Academy and its frowns or smiles. True also his daughter's marriage to Fischer, the hautboy player, caused him some anxiety; for the tempers of Mr. Fischer and his wife were incompatible, and they ultimately separated. But here again this sorrow does not appear at all to have weighed him down, or made his life unhappy. In good sooth, it must be owned that the flies about him were few and kindly; they stung very little, and buzzed without persistency.

And the man, which does not always happen, was thoroughly qualified to enjoy his good fortune. He made no sorrows to supply the place of those which Providence kindly kept away from his path. Whenever one gets a glimpse of him—in his home, among his friends, at his work—there is the same impression of good temper, kindliness, of a frank, impulsive, generous artist-nature. He seems to have had no care at all for books, to have been untroubled by the world-old problems of this weary world, unhaunted by a sense of the mysteries that surround us. In what marked contrast do his serenity and genial social habits stand to the moroseness that lay like a cloud round the high poetic genius of Turner, and the gloomy squalor with which that great artist shrouded his life! And how impossible from *him* would be such nebulous prophetic utterances as those of Blake.

If, with this impression of Gainsborough in our minds,

we turn to scrutinize Gainsborough's works, a certain correspondence, that can scarcely be altogether fortuitous, becomes at once apparent. Looking back through that superb collection which Sir Coutts Lindsay gathered for us at the Grosvenor Gallery, and summoning to the "silent sessions of sweet thought" the other pictures of the painter which are known to us, what shall we say are the characteristics of his art?

Let us take the portraits first.

And we note, to begin with, that there is scarcely one of them that does not give the impression of a kindly effort on the part of the painter to make the best of the man or woman before him. What was the aspect in which this human creature looked most pleasant to the eyes of its fellows—the aspect that those who loved it would linger over most fondly—such seems to have been the prime object of his search. It is not, of course, that he is indifferent to character. That is a point to which we shall have to return. But he cares most for character on its more gracious side. He longs, certainly in no vulgar spirit of flattery, to mirror the world to itself as fair and pleasant. And this is not by any means only the case where he has some beautiful woman to portray or some handsome young fellow. That he should lavish the daintiest colours of his palette—red and bloom of the peach, with pearl grey, as of underlying blood—on the Duchess of Devonshire, or Lady de Dunstanville, or Mrs. Graham, or a dozen other belles of the time, that is natural enough. It is natural, too, that he should do his best with "handsome Jack Sellinger," or the Prince of Wales, before the Prince of Wales had ceased to be a young "pretty fellow," and had blossomed into a very overblown Prince Regent. In this there is nothing extraordinary. The desire to paint at its fairest what is already fair, is almost universal. But even when his subject did not possess a grace and beauty apparent to all, still Gainsborough, in his kindliness and tolerance, would seek out the pleasantest aspect, the happiest expression, the most favourable pose. "John, fourth Duke of Bedford," for instance, was quite clearly not a man whose remarkable refinement of countenance bore witness to long

years of high disinterested thought. Rather do we imagine him to have been an old man of the world, who, during a long life, had very sedulously cultivated the prosperity of the house of Bedford. To satire he is known as the chief of the "Bloomsbury gang;" and Junius, who devotes a special letter to his dispraise, is very sure that as he had "lived without virtue," so he would "die without repentance." We find no difficulty in fancying what some of our portrait-painters of to-day—not Mr. Watts—would have made of that old face, how they would have dwelt on its less noble characteristics and been glad to show their brush-power in dealing with the wrinkles. Poor Duke! for all his dukedom, he would have come out of their hands scarcely even looking like a gentleman. From this at least he was saved by living a century ago, and sitting to a painter whose portraiture was gentle and courteous, erring, if it erred at all, on the side of extenuation, nor setting down aught in malice. And the same kind of observation is suggested by another picture dealing with age, the portrait of Mary Duchess of Montagu. This, as we learn from a letter to Garrick quoted by Fulcher, is a work of which Gainsborough was proud. "I could wish you," he tells the great actor, "to call upon any pretence at the Duke of Montagu's, because you would see the Duke and Duchess in my *last* manner; but not as if you thought anything of mine worth that trouble, only to see his Grace's landscapes of Rubens, and the four Vandykes, whole lengths, in his Grace's dressing-room." Does it seem strange that the painter's rare self-commendation should be given to this portrait of an old lady, rather than to one of his many portraits of beauties in perfect bloom? Scarcely, we think. For this picture is of the finest, remarkable not merely as a piece of painting, and as that it is very remarkable, but also for what may be called a kind of reverent gentleness in its treatment of the signs of age. There is about it a silvery sweetness, as of a peaceful winter day. Contrast in thought the tenderness of hand that softened all these lines, with the coarse insistance on every mark of decay sometimes visible in the work of even great painters when treating such subjects. As a

venerable piece of masonry seems often to retain, in its mellow tints and tones, something of the sunshine that has kissed it through long years, so one can often see, or fancy that one sees, in an old woman's face something of the love-light that has lingered on it—something of the love of grandchildren, of children, of the husband who has watched it as time went by, of the lover whose world it was, of the mother and father who (now so long ago) joyed in its young beauty. Not, we think, in painting the portrait of an old lady would Gainsborough have ever cared merely to show the rough power of his brush.

And how pleasant is all this pictured world of his; how easy and natural, for the most part, are the attitudes and bearing, how genial and kindly the countenances. In the older grander days of art a certain gravity in portraiture was held to be indispensable. A man ought not, it was considered, to present himself before posterity smiling or smirking. Who could tell in what august posthumous company he might find himself? But Gainsborough's art was much less staid and sedate. He knew no such rules. So long as a look or action was pleasant and characteristic, he had no scruples about making it perennial. Here Christie, the auctioneer, beams on us with the most good-humoured of smiles. Here Dr. William Stevens smiles on us with a smile that is less frank and jovial—a smile rather suggestive of that which Reynolds has given to Sterne in the well-known portrait—the smile of a man who has seen many cities and men. Here Tenducci, the tenor, half closes his eyes and half opens his mouth. One can almost catch the quality of his sweet head-voice as he keeps time to his singing with his finger. I catalogue all the pictures in which ease or grace of attitude is discernible—how Fischer, the musician, bends forward to his music over the harpsichord; and Mrs. Fischer, the painter's daughter, half reclines as she fingers her lute; and Earl Camden, the Lord Chancellor, shrewd, keen, alert, leans back in his chair, and rests his head on his hand; and William Poyntz supports his well-knit sportsman's figure against a tree —to make such a catalogue as this were idle. Very decidedly inferior to Reynolds in his full-length portraits of women, and

of women with children—for in these the women are apt to be affected and the children stiff—Gainsborough holds his own well in his full-length portraits of men. Here he is mainly natural and easy; and in his portraits that are not full lengths, whether of men or women, nature and ease are almost universal.

Nor, with all this desire to catch the habitual attitude and unset unforced look of his sitter, does he ever fall into vulgarity. It is singular how nearly all these persons have a distinct air of good-breeding. There are very few to whom one would not instinctively, and at once, apply the term of "lady" or "gentleman." That they were the aristocracy of the time is, no doubt, true; and it is also true that the time was one in which courtliness of manner was studied more assiduously, and therefore probably with greater success, than at present. We may laugh as we will at the "First Gentleman in Europe," and enjoy Thackeray's satire to the very fullest, and yet, when all is done, there is abundant evidence that the prince's bearing had in it a singular charm; and the country copied him. So every allowance should be made for the fact that the persons who came to Gainsborough for their portraits were mainly men and women of social refinement. Still, when that allowance has been made, the fact also remains that he painted them as such—a point on which all painters are not equally successful. Take for illustration—and here one picture will do about as well as another—the portrait of the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart., commonly called "Parson Bate." Now, Parson Bate must have been a very singular ecclesiastic, even in days when the manners of the clergy were not what they are now. He fought several duels, wrote several plays, started two newspapers, one of which, it was reported to Walpole, "exceeded all the outrageous Billingsgate that ever was heard of." He was an athlete, too, and on one occasion so "severely pounded" the countenance of a certain Captain Miles—it is true, after great provocation—that the latter had to be taken away in a coach from the tavern where the encounter had taken place; while Lord Lyttelton, "Wild Thomas Lyttelton," who was present—having indeed been one of the party who insulted the

lady under Bate's charge—was so pleased with the latter's gallantry, that he asked him to dinner next day, and appointed him to be his chaplain. For strange were the roads to ecclesiastical preferment "when George was king." A not particularly edifying clerical story, perhaps; and when, after reading it, we turn to the portrait of its hero, we are possibly, at first sight, just a little surprised to see what a thorough gentleman he is. No suspicion of coarseness, no swagger, no bluster. There is firmness and self-reliance, certainly, in the attitude, in the pose of the head, and the pressure on the cane as if it were a rapier, but nothing of aggression or offence. And indeed, strange as it may seem, this singular parson was a gentleman, and in many respects a fine fellow, though he behaved as parsons should not behave. He was an energetic magistrate, agriculturist, and even parson; reclaimed lands from the sea, and was thanked by the Government for his exertions in putting down an insurrection.* Gainsborough's kindly eyes had not here seen falsely.

Take another illustration. Dr. Johnson, according to the saying of a quaint contemporary, was not a "genteel man." His portrait has been painted in words by one who will remain as a mighty literary artist even when criticism has done its worst in his disfavour—Lord Macaulay; and Lord Macaulay has certainly not spared the weak points in the good doctor's appearance and manners. No unfavourable detail is softened. We have before us the great man's "figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings." We see in him "peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age." We are introduced to him as he sat in the houses of respectability, "tearing his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks." From this written portrait we turn to the painted portrait by Gainsborough, and the good doctor does not really appear so very ogreish and horrible. The face is massive and heavy.

* This information is extracted from Mr. F. G. Stephens' interesting *Historical Notes* on the Exhibition.

There is the forward stoop of the bookman. The eyes look purblind and short-sighted. But we are still well within the regions of humanity, and even of respectability. This is no werewolf, no "bugaboo to frighten children withal." Which, one is tempted to ask, is the portrait here, and which the caricature?

Yet the answer to that question, simple as it seems, leads us to a further question, which, with all our own admiration for Gainsborough, we have no right to blink. Yes, his is the portrait, and not Macaulay's. But is it the final portrait, the last word that painting has to say about Dr. Johnson? Have we here the soul of the man, all that life and its struggles, thought and its sorrows, had graven upon his face?* Or, to put the matter in another way, can Gainsborough take rank among the great portrait-painters of all time?

Here again we must proceed by comparison. There was, at the Winter Exhibition of works by the Old Masters at the Royal Academy, a portrait of the Duke of Alva. Sir Antonio More painted it. There before us stands the butcher of the Netherlands. He is in full armour. His face, too, is of iron. Not in itself a cruel face, perhaps. There is no sign in the man of a love of pain for its own sake, no fanatical insanity, no enthusiasm of blood; rather, if anything, a sense of sadness. But, at the same time, a stern narrow determination to pursue his set path undeterred by the blood that splashes up under his feet, or the curses of men and women writhing in the flame, or the horrors of civil war, or the denunciations of posterity. He would run the gauntlet of earth and hell unflinching. This is such a portrait as goes straight to the man's heart. It is a page of history. Or take another portrait from the same exhibition, a portrait of Strafford by Vandyke, not so fine, perhaps, as the likeness of the great Earl by the same painter, exhibited two years ago, but still possessing the highest qualities as a study of character. Here again a statesman stands revealed in all his power, dark and enigmatical; and under the gloom of that frown, a shudder

* The doctor's portrait by Reynolds at the National Gallery, may be said to occupy a position midway between the portrait by Gainsborough, and the portrait that would be perfection.

at his schemes for the curbing of England passes over us as it passed over his contemporaries.

Did Gainsborough, for here our question will re-echo itself, did Gainsborough ever reach depths like these in the men or women he portrayed? Ah! gracious gifted painter, whose lines were set in such pleasant places in the sunny eighteenth century, not his this strenuous wrestling with the hearts and brains of men till they yielded up their innermost secrets. He could catch the look and aspect of the throng that passed before him, sweep into the sphere of his art with that superb colourist's brush of his so much that is admirable, from the stately beauty that sat on the brow of Siddons to the golden light that seems to crown like a halo the upturned face of the good old Parish Clerk. But character, in its essence, its subtlety and strength, that was beyond him.* And if it be objected that he had no Alva or Strafford to paint, why then one can but reply that Pitt and Clive have also left a mark on history, and graven with no faltering hand.

But, besides his portraits, Gainsborough gave to the world a legacy of landscapes with figures in which the landscapes are most important, and landscapes with figures in which the figures predominate, and also many dogs. These last are excellent. There is specially a somewhat skittish Pomeranian mother-dog and philosophic puppy that Landseer might not have been ashamed to envy. And of the landscapes that are mainly landscapes what shall we say? They are landscapes of the old school, painted, it must always be remembered, before Turner had seemed to use light itself as a pigment, and before the days of pre-Raphaelite precision. Mr. Ruskin, who has written but little about Gainsborough, and that mainly in the earliest volume of *Modern Painters*, while stating that he is "the greatest colourist since Rubens, and the last of legitimate colourists," says also that he "misses his deserved rank" because of his want of loving fidelity to simple flower forms, that "his execution is in some degree mannered and always hasty," and that his landscapes are rather "motives of

* This is true even as regards the hand, which is so expressive of character. Gainsborough's hands are very inadequate.

feeling and colour than earnest studies;" and this is no doubt true. There are very few of the landscapes in which there is much attempt at characterization of form in the foreground, or study of accurate detail anywhere. A man generally belongs to the age in which he lives, and the eighteenth century cared for none of these things in Nature. Gainsborough therefore was content with such general truths as could be found in masses of brown trees for fore-front, and blue or golden vistas of distance. He trusted to tone and colour. What he wanted to produce was an impression. Like that very clever group of young French artists who dazzle Paris with their glitter and brilliancy, he was an *impressionist*, though with very different methods. And what he wished to do, he did. The National Gallery is singularly fortunate in its pictures from his brush. Side by side on the same wall hang the Siddons, which is a glory of pure colour, and the Parish Clerk, which is a glory of tone, and a landscape which may serve to illustrate our meaning. "Deep-thoughted and solemn"—such are the epithets applied by Mr. Ruskin to the painter; and from this picture, with its brooding mystery of circling woods, and flood of sunset-gold suffusing the far low hills, and streaming up, rich and yet sombre, beneath the trees, we derive an impression of weighty meaning and grave import. It is as if the immemorial woods were about to murmur some strange secret out of Nature's book.

The landscapes that are merely a setting to figures of rustic life, or in which the figures play an important part, are fairly numerous. Several have cracked and darkened till it is difficult to realize how they looked when they left the easel. Several more have faded partially in a disagreeable manner. Such is the "Milk Girl," which must originally have been a very beautiful picture. Nearly all have, like the portraits, a genial and pleasant motive. Not from Gainsborough, country-bred as he was, should we expect such scenes of country-life as Millet, the French peasant-painter, has given us. Not his to depict the terrible patient labour by which man wrings his bread in sorrow from the earth. Not his to show how the human form is gnarled and knotted by the strain of want and the stress of relentless circumstance; nor how the human face,

through long resistance to wind and sun, grows worn and rugous as a tree-trunk. Once indeed he seems to cheat our expectation, and touch these deeper chords. There is a design of his, known only through the engraving, for the painting has perished, called "The Woodman." Here he is really serious and tragic. Life is hard to this poor creature, apart from the passing storm. There is a kind of mute appeal to our common brotherhood in his toil-worn look. But for the most part Gainsborough contents himself with the lighter aspects of rusticity, its courtships, and family-gatherings at the cottage-door, and harvest merriment; or he shows us the picturesque beauty of ragged childhood, as in "The Wood-Cutters." And if a more serious mood passes over him, it is in such a picture —a pearl among the pearls—as "The Cottage Girl." Ah! little, bare-footed maiden, with thy tattered, wind-blown dress and pensive face, bearing so steadily thy broken pitcher and the puppy, whose pensive look mirrors thine in mute companionship and sympathy—ah! little maiden, did life already offer such a serious outlook a century ago? Were that thine habitual expression, thou wert as pathetic as the tiny maiden whom Sir Joshua painted, with something like a tear in his brush—the little Penelope Boothby who has on her the pathos of her parents' great love, and as it were the projected shadow of her early death.

Do we seem in the preceding pages to be too grudging and niggardly of praise to a great artist? Have we unduly dwelt on the facility of his art? If so, let us make here, though tardily, such amends as we can. Where a man has given so much, there is, after all, something ungenerous in grumbling because he did not give us more. A superb colourist, that is Gainsborough's distinction. By means apparently the most simple, he produces effects that are like an enchantment—pure and deep, and harmonious in their silver key like subtlest music. His flesh tints are admirable, not mere opaque skin, but flesh with the pulsation of life behind it. As a colourist, Time itself seems to have done homage to him and respected his master-pieces. As a colourist, when painting at his best, he holds rank with the giants that were of old. True, he did not work with the same earnestness at all times. Who

does? But when, urged by congeniality of subject, or caprice perhaps inexplicable to himself, he nerved himself to his greater efforts—when he painted such pictures as the "Blue Boy"—nothing here of lax and careless—or the Mrs. Siddons, or the Duchess of Montagu, or Lady de Dunstanville, or Mrs. Graham, or Squire Hilliard and his wife, or "Parson Bate," or the "Parish Clerk," or the "Wood-Gatherers," or the "Cottage Girl," or the landscape at the National Gallery, or many another work fair and beautiful, which it were tedious here to catalogue—when he painted such pictures as these, he more than justified the generous words spoken just after his death by his great rival. He produced what the English School has not bettered.

Art. III.—THE GROWTH OF POOR MEN'S PROVIDENCE.

1. *The Progress of the Working Class*, 1832–1867. By J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones. Macmillan & Co. 1867.
2. *The Fourth Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Friendly and Benefit Building Societies*, 1874.
3. *Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies*, 1875–1883.

THE accounts given by the press at the close of 1884, regarding the distress prevalent, not only among the large class of hopeless paupers, but also among the vast numbers of artisans and labourers who have been deprived of work by the depressed condition both of trade and agriculture, make it evident that the problem of the improvement of the condition of the poor will continue to occupy public attention as fully during the present year as it did in the two preceding it. Fully, however, as it has been discussed, one of its most important factors—the capacity of the working classes for self-help—has received but little notice. Some are inclined to deny its existence altogether, while others who are willing to admit it, rate it at a very low value. To all such, the evidence

to be gathered from the latest Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, and the other works referred to above, of the remarkable progress, during the last half century, of what a well known writer has aptly termed "Poor Men's Providence," should prove instructive, while the small section who are bold enough to believe in the sterling qualities of the working man, can hardly fail to welcome it as an encouragement to their faith.

The Englishman who is born poor can always apply for aid to three great historical organizations—the Poor Law, the vast aggregation of public charities, and the institutions for self-help represented by the friendly and trade societies. It would be out of place, even if it were possible, to attempt to trace the development of these systems and the modes in which they have acted on each other, but it is necessary briefly to recall their working fifty years since, in order to judge fairly of the mode in which they now influence the working classes.

Half a century ago, sanitary science was almost unknown, and overcrowded dwellings almost filled our large cities. The poor had no holidays save Sundays, none of the recreations, the free libraries, the people's parks, and other advantages of the present day; and their claims to education, save such as the Sunday-school could afford, were virtually ignored. Not only were workers in factories for the most part well-nigh unprotected, but children were employed in all the principal manufactures throughout the kingdom, and during the same number of hours as adults, while our mines and collieries were in great measure worked by women and children. Though the position of those employed in the workshop was superior to that of the factory hands, there were trades, such as that of the chimney-sweep, in which the apprentices may be said to have been almost entirely at the mercy of their masters; and the agricultural labourer had to subsist on a pittance still more wretched than that of his fellow-workmen in towns. More than half the necessaries of life—tea, coal, corn, hops, bricks, windows, &c.—were taxed under a fiscal system which hampered both the trade of the whole country and the industry of the working man. Finally, while all respect for administration of justice was being gradually destroyed by a criminal code

which punished alike with death all crimes, from murder to shop-lifting, the stamp duties and the expenses of justice placed the ordinary legal transactions and the enforcement of the legal rights of the working man practically outside the pale of the law.

Such was the condition of the poor, while the working of the Poor Law, fifty years ago, is thus described by Sir Erskine May:—

"The fund intended for the relief of want and sickness,—of old age and impotence,—was recklessly distributed to all who begged a share. . . . . Paupers were actually driving other labourers out of employment. . . . . As the cost of pauperism, thus encouraged, was increasing, the poorer ratepayers were themselves reduced to poverty. . . . . In a period of fifty years the poor-rates were quadrupled; and had reached in 1833 the enormous amount of £8,600,000. In many parishes they were approaching the annual value of the land itself."

The evil effects of this system on the character of the working man were still further increased by the want of unity of purpose, and the unceasing competition between various bodies, which then, as now, characterized the administration of private charity—faults which were in those days enhanced by the fact that the Charity Commissioners had not yet been appointed to regulate the working of the numberless, and too often injudicious, gifts of the benevolent.

Under conditions such as these, the organizations of self-help in existence half a century since naturally showed but few signs of vitality, and the action of the State served still further to check any efforts towards their improvement. The Corresponding Societies Act of 1799 (39 Geo. III. c. 79), extended in 1817 to other political clubs and associations whether affiliated or not (57 Geo. III. c. 19), declared all societies to be unlawful in which the members took any oath not required by law, or which had any members or committees not known to the society at large, and not entered in their books, or which were composed of branches. This Act had the effect of checking the development of the great affiliated orders of friendly societies—such as the Oddfellows, Foresters, and Druids—which, on account of their associated courts, lodges, and secret oaths, were rendered illegal. Although

after the repeal of the Combination Laws in 1826 (6 Geo. IV. c. 129), trade unions ceased to be illegal associations, the common law remained virtually unchanged as to combinations of workmen against masters; and loan societies, co-operative societies, and building societies had none of them yet received legal recognition. The private savings bank (which has been justly described as "merely a legalized charity") was the only institution for the promotion of thrift recognized by the Legislature.

With the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, however, began a beneficent era of domestic legislation which is still continuing, and which includes among its many social reforms the gradual removal of all unreasonable restrictions from, and the extension of the aid of the Legislature to, all those associations included under the term "organized self-help."

Of the two great classes into which these societies may be divided, the first includes such bodies as have adopted the system of registration, while the other consists of those which have preferred to remain independent and unregistered. The two differ but little as respects the internal organization of the individual societies composing them; but while the latter is probably the larger in point of numbers, the former includes all the more important associations and, besides illustrating the advantages of a limited State aid, promises to supply in the future a link for connecting more closely the working of thrift organizations with that of the Poor Law and of charity.

The central authority for the different classes of societies for promoting economy and self-help is the Friendly Societies Office in Abingdon Street, Westminster, finally established nine years ago by a statute which formed the conclusion of a series of progressive steps in this direction on the part of the Legislature, dating from the first quarter of the century. The barrister appointed by the National Debt Commissioners in 1828 to certify the rules of trustee savings banks was, in the following year, entrusted with similar functions as respects friendly societies, and, in 1835 and 1836, with respect to loan societies and benefit building societies. In 1846 it was enacted that he should be styled "Registrar of Friendly Societies," and similar officers for Scotland and Ireland were

appointed. The rules of industrial and provident societies, as well as those of trade unions, were by subsequent Acts—passed severally in 1852 and 1871—ordered to be submitted to him, and the Act of 1861 (24 Vict. c. 14), which first established post-office savings banks, provided that he should have the same power as to deciding disputes and advising with regard to them as he already had in the case of trustee savings banks. Finally, the Friendly Societies Acts, 1875 and 1876, and the Savings Bank Barrister Act, 1876, consolidated this organization, making the office in Abingdon Street a central authority, presided over by a Chief Registrar, aided by Assistant Registrars for England and Scotland, the functions of deciding in cases of fraud in double deposits, and of giving authorities for payment in cases where illegitimate depositors die intestate, being transferred to the Solicitor to the Treasury.

To this office are entrusted the duties of registering the rules and of administering the law relating to five different classes of societies, each governed by separate Acts, and furnishing a total of some 30,000 bodies, with more than 6,069,669 members, and funds amounting to upwards of £67,954,619. No trustee savings bank can have a legal existence till its rules have been certified at the office, which is also the sole tribunal for deciding all cases of dispute which may arise in the 421 existing trustee savings banks, as well as in the 7,369 post-office savings banks. It has also to examine and furnish abstracts of the general annual returns, and of the quinquennial valuations of all these societies, to circulate forms, model rules, tables, and other similar aids to organization, and lastly, it has to report yearly to Parliament on the work done.

The bodies treated of in the reports may be conveniently grouped under two heads. The first comprises those which have for object what may be termed the promotion of *thrift in the present*—viz., co-operative societies, trade unions, building societies, and loan societies. The second includes such as aim at providing for the future in case of certain eventualities—viz., all societies registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, and also trustee and post-office savings banks.

Co-operative (also termed industrial and provident) societies

—which owe their origin entirely to the forethought and practical energy of the working men—are based on the principle of "joint saving," and, all payments being made in ready money, there is no risk from speculative trading. The dealings of the store are chiefly carried on with the members, who receive a certain percentage on their investments in the concern, and, after the payment of the interest on capital, whatever remains as profit is divided as bonus on the amount of money spent in the society by each member. These bodies were registered under what is known as the "Frugal Investment Clause" of the Friendly Societies Act of 1846 (9 and 10 Vict., c. 27, sect. 4), until the passing of the first Industrial and Provident Societies Act (15 and 16 Vict., c. 31) in 1852. This was amended by five subsequent statutes, all now repealed by the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, 1876 (39 and 40 Vict., c. 45),* which limits the interest of any member in the funds or shares of co-operative societies to £200. Originated in the days when the earnings of the poor were immediately all spent in drink, the general indebtedness of their promoters for a time effectually prevented their success. It was not till 1844 that the movement acquired any stability, when the Rochdale "Equitable Pioneers" Store was started on the excellent system of inviting the public to join in creating a trading capital by the simple act of giving it their custom, and binding itself not to risk it by speculative trading, since it gave no credit. In 1868—twenty-four years after the founding of the Rochdale "Equitable Pioneers"—the number of societies making returns was 675; and in 1878 had risen to 1,028, while the Assistant Registrar of Friendly Societies for England, in the last edition (published in 1881) of his work on *The Law of Friendly Societies and Industrial and Provident Societies*, points out that in these ten years the number of members had increased from 209,000 to 490,584 or by 135 per cent. The share capital had also in-

* Sect. 6 of this Act defines co-operative societies as—"Societies (herein called Industrial and Provident Societies) for carrying on any labour, trade, or handicraft, whether wholesale or retail, including the buying and selling of land, but as to the business of banking subject to the provisions hereinafter contained, of which societies no member other than a society registered under this Act shall have or claim an interest in the funds exceeding two hundred pounds sterling."

creased by 135 per cent., or from £2,020,000 to £5,347,199. The loan capital, in the nine years from 1868 to 1877, had increased fivefold; while the sales showed an increase of 128 per cent., the stock in trade an increase of 174 per cent., and the profit balance an increase of 269 per cent., in the ten years from 1868 to 1878. The last report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies gives the total number of industrial and provident societies as 1,053, with 572,610 members, and £8,209,722 funds, of which sixteen return more than 5,000 members, and nine return sales of over a quarter of a million, one of the latter, however, being the Civil Service Supply Association. They are now to be found in every county of England except Rutland, but in only six of the Welsh counties, there being none in Anglesea, Brecon, Cardigan, Flint, Radnor, and Pembroke. They appear, however, to thrive most in the manufacturing and mining counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire having by far the greater number of societies.

Trade unions, though the latest addition to the friendly societies system, had a longer and more arduous struggle to maintain their position than co-operative societies. They probably date their existence from the time when great capitalists first began to employ large bodies of workmen, and differ from the trade guilds of the Middle Ages, which were combinations of both masters and workmen, and of which the City companies may be said to be the modern representatives, in being, for the most part, combinations of workmen against masters. While the law permitted associations of workmen to provide against sickness or old age, it prohibited, in earlier days, combinations to provide against want of employment, under the idea that these must necessarily be designed to maintain members during a lock-out. Hence, trade unions, being thus always regarded with suspicion, were practically ignored by the Legislature long after it had failed in frequent attempts to suppress them, and had been compelled to acknowledge that they were no longer criminal associations. Formerly they were absolutely prohibited by some thirty-five statutes, as well as at common law, until the repeal of the

Combination Laws of 1826, by 6 Geo. IV., c. 129, and for many years they managed to improve their condition chiefly by taking advantage of general enactments, such as the Friendly Societies Act, 1846 (13 and 14 Vict., c. 115). By 22 Vict., c. 34, "to amend and explain" the Act of 6 Geo. IV., c. 12, repealing the Combination Laws; by the Trades Unions Funds Protection Act, 1869, the first that gave trade unions legal recognition; by the Trade Union Act, 1871, passed when the latter, which was only temporary, had expired; and by the Trade Unions Act, 1876, the restrictions on them have been gradually removed, and now consist chiefly of prohibitions against open or secret violence, threats, intimidation, rattening, and similar modes of tyranny. By sect. 16 of the Act of 1876 (39 & 40 Vict., c. 22), a trade union is defined as "a combination, whether temporary or permanent, for regulating the relations between workmen and masters, or between workmen and workmen, or between masters and masters, or for imposing restrictive conditions on the conduct of any trade or business, whether such combination would or would not, if the principal Act" (*i.e.*, the Act of 1871) "had not been passed, have been deemed to be an unlawful combination by reason of some one or more of its purposes being in restraint of trade."

The Chief Registrar, in his report for 1878, remarks that the average longevity of trade unions does not seem to be great, and calculates that about 31 *per cent.* were dissolved out of the 278 registered between 1871 and 1878, during a period of six and a half years. The history of the "Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, and Pattern-makers" may be cited as an example of the fluctuations to which these associations are subject. Founded in 1851, it had 14,829 members and a balance in cash of £21,705 in 1852, when the great lock-out—which was at the time expected to prove the downfall of trade unionism—occurred. By 1853 the number of members was reduced to 9,737, and the reserve fund to £17,812. In 1866, however, the society had 30,984 members, with an income of £75,672, and a clear balance in hand of £115,357; while it had 229 branches in England and Wales, 32 in Scotland, 11 in Ireland,

6 in Australia, 2 in New Zealand, 5 in Canada, 1 in Malta, 8 in the United States, and 1 in France. Again, the oldest society making returns is the Steam Engine Makers Society, established in 1824, which in 1877 returned 4,124 members, £16,464 funds, and an income of £8,423. In 1880 its funds had fallen to £8,761 and its members to 4,071, while its income had risen to £10,618. In 1881 it had disappeared from the Chief Registrar's list of societies returning over £10,000 in funds or income, or over 10,000 members, but it now reappears in that of the report for 1883 with £10,068 funds, £9,238 income, and 4,591 members. Having regard, therefore, to the trial these bodies have undergone through the depression of trade, it is gratifying to note that they returned a larger amount of funds in 1881 than at any time since 1877, and a larger number of members than since 1879, while the report for 1883 shows that since the previous year the totals have again risen. There are now 195 societies, with 253,088 members and £431,495 funds, of which 12 return over £10,000 funds, 9 over 10,000 members, and 6 over £10,000 income.

Loan societies are designed to benefit the humbler portion of the trading and working classes, by making small advances in order to enable them to make ventures in business, or to help them to pay their rent, or fit out a child for service. They are perhaps the least satisfactory of all the groups of societies under consideration, for, being often founded by interested persons, they are both injurious and oppressive, though, when in the hands of genuine philanthropists or honest working men, they sometimes prove a great boon to those they are intended to aid. This seems chiefly due to the law which regulates them, the defects in which were pointed out by the Chief Registrar in his report for 1878.

The penalties provided for the offence of overcharging are those contained in the Usury Acts, which are now repealed by 17 & 18 Vict. cap. 90, so that, practically, none exist; and while in all other cases imprisonment for debt has been abolished, where loan societies are the creditors it still remains the ultimate means for recovering what is due to them. A memorial presented by the Leeds Justices to the Home Secre-

tary in 1876, which will be found in the Report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1875 (p. 29), states that there are some twenty-two loan societies in the Borough of Leeds, and that while the sums due from defaulters are by the Act made recoverable either before the Justices or in the County Court, the societies all insist on having their cases tried before the Justices, who have no power to allow payment into Court or by instalments, and to whose jurisdiction the alternative of sentencing to imprisonment on the failure of distress is incidental. It is further pointed out that unscrupulous agents of the societies have been emboldened to make oppressive and illegal charges upon persons who have obtained loans, both because sect. 23 of the Loan Societies Act (3 & 4 Vict. c. 110) limits the penalties for overcharging to matters connected only with the *granting* of the loan, and also because these penalties (being those inflicted for usury) have been long repealed. As evidence of the evils thus caused, the Justices state, that while the whole number of distress warrants issued for the recovery of one entire collection of all the poor rates, highway rates, gas rents, and water rents throughout the borough amounted to 534, the number of distress warrants issued for loan societies in it, in 1875, was 771. The Leeds Bench claim, on the strength of published returns, to have had more extensive experience of these bodies than any other provincial city, and the importance of their memorial is increased by the fact that Yorkshire stands second on the list of counties in which they are established. The metropolitan counties seem to be the greatest centres of the system, Middlesex—which heads the list by a large majority—Surrey, Kent, and Essex making up more than half of the total number between them. The first Loan Societies Act, passed in 1835 (5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 23), was repealed in 1840 by 3 & 4 Vict. c. 110, a temporary Act, afterwards made perpetual in 1863, by 26 & 27 Vict. c. 56, which is now in force.* The property of loan societies is, like that of friendly societies, vested in their trustees, and their treasurers have, like those of the latter bodies, to give security. They are exempted from

* This statute applies only to England, Wales, Berwick-on-Tweed, and the Islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and the Isle of Man.

stamp duties, and have the important privilege of borrowing on unstamped debentures without limit as to amount, besides extensive and peculiar powers for recovering loans, which are, however, limited to £15 to any person at any one time.

A new and more satisfactory class of loan societies of a more mutual character has now come into being under the Friendly Societies Acts. These are specially authorized loan societies—sometimes termed "loan and investment societies," sometimes "money societies," and sometimes "money clubs," which differ from societies certified under the Loan Societies Acts in several particulars. Loans must be confined to, and deposits can only be taken from, members, whereas in societies under the Loan Societies Acts deposits may be received from, and loans advanced to, strangers. No limit is placed on the rates of interest, amount of instalments, date of repayment of first instalment or charge for inquiries, while the amount of loans permitted extends to £50 instead of £15, and the amount of deposits, which under the Loan Societies Acts may be unlimited, cannot exceed two-thirds of the total sums for the time being arising to the society by its borrowing members. Specially authorized societies—which unlike those under the Loan Societies Acts may hold land—can only use the ordinary remedies of the law for the recovery of money from borrowers, and are subject to penalties for failing to do, or allow to be done, any act or thing required by the Friendly Societies Acts, and for the falsification of balance sheets, contribution books, &c., while they have also remedies for fraud or misappropriation of property which, in default of the action of the society, can be put in force by any member by the authority of the central office. Not only does no such remedy exist under the Loan Societies Acts, but there also appears to be no mode of checking any defaulf or illegality on the part of bodies registered under them.

The total number of loan societies, as shown by the Report for 1883, is 451 with 42,895 members, and £340,403 funds. The amount actually advanced and paid by depositors during the year was £111,426 and that due to depositors and shareholders on the 31st of December was 340,403, while the sums in the borrowers' hands at that date amounted to £319,890.

The number of summonses issued was 5,096, and that of distress warrants 771, the amount for the recovery of which the former were issued being £11,345, and the amount recovered £9,954. It is satisfactory to add that, in the opinion of the Chief Registrar, the returns, from which the above items are quoted, testify "to increased prosperity amongst the generally struggling class to which the customers of loan societies belong." (*Report* for 1883, p. 56.)

Building societies are either *permanent* or *terminating*, and are also either *mutual*—*i.e.*, those in which every member looks to becoming a houseowner, or *investing*—*i.e.*, where the members merely seek a profit for their money. They are established for the purpose of raising by periodical subscriptions a fund to assist members in obtaining freehold or other heritable property, money being collected by means of shares, in small sums from large numbers of people, and lent to others, who borrow on real security either for building or trading purposes. Repayments are generally on such a scale as to pay off both principal and interest in a certain number of years.

There are two classes of building societies, each of which is regulated by a separate Act. The older, the rules of which must be certified by the Registrar of Friendly Societies in accordance with the Act of 1836 (6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 32), hold their property in the names of trustees, and are within the jurisdiction of the courts of law, both as regards winding up (under the Companies Act, 1862) and also in cases of dispute between members and the society, in the capacity of mortgagor and mortgagee, while the value of the shares is limited to £150 and the monthly subscription to 20*s*.

These societies, however, are constantly diminishing, either by the process of winding up, or, in the case of terminating societies, by lapse of time, or lastly by incorporation under the Building Societies Acts, 1874 (37 & 38 Vict. c. 42, amended by the Building Societies Act, 1875). By that enactment the restrictions as to the amount of the value of shares and monthly subscriptions are abolished, and societies registering under it are made bodies corporate, and have a machinery for the settlement of disputes in the case of mortgages, indepen-

dent of the courts of law. They also enjoy special facilities for terminating their existence by the execution and registry of an instrument of dissolution, as well as for the uniting of two or more incorporated bodies.

The first building society is said to have been founded at Kirkcudbright in 1815, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk, but the first Act passed for regulating them was that of 1836, above alluded to. The earlier societies seem to have been at first established chiefly in the north of England, and especially in Lancashire. In 1847, however, an immense impetus was given to the movement by the Freehold Land Societies, which were started with the object of manufacturing forty-shilling freeholds by purchasing estates in bulk and subdividing them amongst their shareholders, though this political purpose seems soon to have become a very secondary matter to their members. Since 1847 the progress of building societies has been extremely rapid. In 1851 Mr. Scratchley, in his work on *Industrial Investments and Emigration* (2nd edition), calculated that there were 1,200 in existence, with a total income of £2,400,000.

Mr. Baines in 1861 estimated the number of members in the building societies of England at 100,000, their annual subscriptions at £1,750,000, and the amount advanced to their members at £6,000,000; while the Friendly Societies Commission reported in 1872 that their subscribed capital was over £9,000,000, their loan or deposit capital over £6,000,000, and their total assets over £17,000,000, with an income of over £11,000,000.

The Report of the Chief Registrar for 1880 contains a return of May 24, 1881—presented in obedience to an order of the House of Commons of the 25th of February of that year—which states the number of societies incorporated up to the 31st of December, 1880, to be 1,267, with 372,035 members, and aggregate assets of £36,950,383; while the Friendly Societies Report for 1883 gives the number of societies now incorporated under the Act of 1874 as 1,853, with 573,667 members and £48,938,320 funds. The continual transformation since 1874 of certified into incorporated societies makes it impossible to ascertain the number of the

former class of bodies, and no exact estimate can therefore be given of the total of the building societies now in existence.* Incorporated societies are most numerous in Middlesex, which has 494, Lancashire which has 373, and Surrey which has 127, while York stands fourth on the list with 96, and Northumberland fifth with 50. The other counties contain much fewer, but only Huntingdon in England and the five Welsh counties of Anglesea, Cardigan, Flint, Radnor, and Montgomery are without *incorporated* building societies. As to the distribution of the *certified* building societies there appears to be no satisfactory information.

It remains to consider the societies registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, which, with Trustee and Post-office Savings Banks, form that second group of bodies which have been described as being of a purely provident character. As was stated above, savings banks are strictly speaking "legalized charities," and as they are also based on the principle of encouraging thrift in the individual, cannot claim a place in this notice of organizations of self-help. Friendly societies, on the contrary, aim at the promotion of collective saving and co-operation for the common good. They were, moreover, not only the first established of all the associations that have been noticed in this paper, but may also be said to be the stock from which the others have derived their existence.

The societies registered under the Friendly Societies Act comprise the following five classes:—

1. Friendly societies proper, for providing for the relief or maintenance of members and their families during sickness, insanity, widowhood, or, in the case of orphans, during minority; for the relief or maintenance of members when on travel in search of employment, or in distressed circumstances, or in case of shipwreck, or loss or damage of boats or nets; for the endowment of members or wives of members at any age; and, lastly, for the insurance against fire to any amount not exceeding £15, of the tools or implements of the trade or calling of members. It is provided, however, that no society (except as aforesaid) "which contracts with any person for the

* Compare as to this the Report of the Chief Registrar for 1878, p. 43.

assurance of an annuity exceeding £50 per annum, or of a gross sum exceeding £200, shall be registered under the Act."

2. Cattle Insurance Societies.

3. Benevolent Societies "for any benevolent or charitable purpose."

4. Working Mens' Clubs.

5. Specially Authorized Societies, "for any purpose which the Treasury may authorize as a purpose to which the powers and facilities of this Act ought to be extended."

The Friendly Societies are themselves divisible into numerous groups, differing very greatly in magnitude and organization; from the great affiliated orders, which number their members by thousands and their funds by millions, down to the annuity societies, which form a small class of probably under a score in all, and the largest of which has only about 400 members, and funds amounting to £1,000. There are ordinary large (or general) societies and particular trade societies, county societies, local town and local village societies, dividing societies, deposit societies, and burial societies, besides female societies, which include all these varieties.* They date their existence from the middle of the seventeenth century, and are probably the immediate descendants of the old guilds.

There is evidence of the foundation of a society in Primrose Street (Bishopsgate), in 1666, and the Scotch Society of the Fraternity of Dyers of Linlithgow, founded in 1679, is now actually in existence, besides one which was founded in 1687—the Friendly Benefit Society, Bethnal Green.† No less than seventy-three of these centenarian societies appear to have made returns for 1881, and it may be added that both the two great affiliated Orders of Odd Fellows and Foresters date from 1745.

---

* For particulars as to the distribution of these different varieties, see the *Fourth Report of the Friendly Societies Commission*, 1874, cap. iv. pp. 25–169, *passim*.

† The complete list of societies for 1880 showed that there were 565 Friendly Societies on the register, whose date of establishment is ascribed to a period prior to 1800. Of these, however, as 381 made no return during the quinquennium 1876–80, it is probable that only 184 survive. Eighty-five of these were stated to be more than centenarian, and 73 made returns.—See *Report* for 1883, p. 9.

Friendly Societies have been the subject of a chain of legislation by which all the classes of kindred associations have indirectly benefited. Since the passing of Rose's Act, in 1793, twenty-one Acts have been passed, and five Select Committees and a Royal Commission have investigated the question; and the exhaustive report of that Commission, which resulted in the Friendly Societies Acts of 1875 and 1876, has established a new era in the history of self-help. The State, while still abstaining from interference in the internal affairs of societies, requires them, in return for the privileges and exemptions which they enjoy by the Act of Registration, to fulfil certain duties calculated to ensure their stability. Among the former may be enumerated: certain summary legal remedies against officers or amongst members; the right of suing and being sued through the officers of the society; the right of nomination for payment of sums at death up to £100 in favour of any persons not officers of the society; the power to acquire land and to build, and the limitation of the cost of certificates of birth and death to 1*s*. Among the latter the more important are: the necessity of having a registered office, of the address of which the central office must be always kept informed; the necessity of appointing trustees, in whose name the property of the society is vested, and of notifying to the registrar all such appointments; the duty of requiring registered certificates of death before making payments; the obligation to audit their accounts annually, and to transmit an annual return of receipts and expenditure to the registrar; and, finally, the duty of supplying him with the report of a valuation, also to be taken every five years, of its assets and liabilities.

The Report of the Chief Registrar for 1880 gives the number of societies and branches in England and Wales, registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, and making returns, as 12,867, with 4,802,249 members and £13,002,974 funds.* These figures convey a very inadequate idea of the

* Ever since the passing of the Act of 1875, the process of conversion of old societies into branches of orders, and of the registration of formerly unregistered branches, has been going on, and has increased so much of late years that it is impossible to give more than an approximate total of societies.

extent of the friendly society system, which, including branches, probably comprises a good 25,000 registered bodies alone. They show, however, that the estimate of the total number of societies given, just before the passing of the Friendly Societies Act now in force, in the Fourth Report, 1874, of Her Majesty's Friendly Societies Commissioners, is clearly below the mark.

In proof of the national importance of the subject they there state (pp. 16, 17) that:—

"1. There is strong presumptive evidence that in England and Wales alone there are over four millions of Her Majesty's subjects members of such societies, and there is good reason to suppose that there are at least as many more (making in all eight millions) interested (as wives, children, &c.) in the promised benefits of such societies;

"2. There is every reason—indeed for the most part there is direct evidence—that in England and Wales alone there are 32,000 of such societies, registered and unregistered;

"3. Taking facts proved before us, and extending to a large class of these societies, we are enabled to estimate that the 32,000 societies have funds in hand amounting to over £11,000,000.

. . . . . .

"5. It is estimated that *not less than £2,000,000 is annually saved to the ratepayers* by the existence of the Friendly Societies."

The last paragraph of the above extract will recall the statement, made at the beginning of this paper, that the Friendly Societies Office promises to afford, as the representative of State Aid, a link between the self-supporting thrift organizations and the administration of the Poor Law and of private charity.* The Friendly Societies Acts, 1875 and 1876, have introduced two innovations which should materially tend to bring about this desirable end:—

Firstly, it subordinates the Friendly Societies Office to the Treasury, which, in addition to other functions, is empowered to make regulations generally for carring the Act into effect.

---

* For an additional proof of the beneficial effect of Friendly Societies on the administration of the Poor Law, the reader may be referred to a comparison, too lengthy to notice here, given in the Chief Registrar's Report for 1881 (pp. 8–12), between two returns of 1867 and 1881 respectively, as to the number of paupers in each union workhouse, who, having been members of a benefit society, had from any cause ceased to be so.

Secondly, it enables charities to be registered at the Central Office as Benevolent Societies, and thus gives those bodies the advantages of a cheap and efficient audit, the power of holding land and other property in the names of trustees, and many other privileges, while it also places the systems of self-help and charity, for the first time, under the same public supervision. Though but few charities have hitherto availed themselves of these benefits, there seems some reason to hope that a movement is in progress towards their systematic registration.

Want of space prevents our noticing here the other group of thrift associations above mentioned,—the unregistered Friendly Societies, and the Burial (or Industrial Assurance) Companies, registered under the Companies Act of 1862, which, equally with the savings bank system and the Government system of insurance and annuities, commands the sympathy of all interested in the well-being of the working classes. Those who maintain that the State should never be permitted to interfere in such cases, are fond of attributing the action of such societies as prefer to remain unregistered, to their love of independence; but, though this doubtless influences some of them, the course of many is prompted both by ignorance and by a well-grounded fear of the exposure of illegal, though profitable, practices. In favour of registration it may, on the other hand, be stated that the wealthiest, best organized, and most popular societies have accepted it, while that its advantages are steadily gaining it fresh adherents is clearly shown by the fact that the summary of returns given in the Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1880, compared with that for 1876—the first published after the new Act came into operation—gives an increase of 1,512 returns, 1,841,760 members, and £4,337,925 funds.

Art. IV.—THE FIRST EPOCH IN THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

1. *Renaissance in Italy.* By John Addington Symonds. Vols. I. and IV. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1880 and 1881.
2. *Euphorion: being Studies of the Antique and the Mediæval in the Renaissance.* By Vernon Lee. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1884.
3. *Le antiche Rime Volgari secondo la Lezione Codice vaticano* 3793. Per cura di A. d' Ancona e D. Comparetti. Vols. I. and II. Bologna: 1875 and 1881.
4. *Cantilene e Ballate Strambotti e Madrigali nei Secoli XIII. e XIV.* A cura di Giosuè Carducci. Pisa: 1871.
5. *Poesie Italiane Inedite di Dugento Autori dall' origine della lingua infino all secolo* 17*mo.* Raccolte ed illustrate da Francesco Trucchi. Vol. I. Prato: 1846.
6. *Raccolta di Rime Antiche Toscane.* Palermo: 1817.
7. *Poeti del Primo Secolo della Lingua Italiana.* Firenze: 1816.

WE have come to speak in a succinct way of the Renaissance as an intellectual movement of transcendent importance in the history of modern civilization; of the literature of the Renaissance, the painting and sculpture of the Renaissance, the architecture of the Renaissance, as though the movement itself lay within limits so clearly defined as to allow of no sort of doubt in any given instance, whether the poet, artist, or thinker we are studying belongs to the Renaissance or not. Yet, if we seriously attempt to give logical precision to our use of the term, it is impossible to avoid either so extending it as to make it embrace much of what is usually supposed to belong exclusively to the Middle Ages, or, on the other hand, confining it to the period during which the energies of the Italian mind were directed almost exclusively to the resuscitation of the antique in literature and art: a period extending, roughly speaking, from the latter end of the fourteenth century to the

beginning of the sixteenth. If we adopt the latter alternative, we exclude, on the one hand, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, on the other, Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, from part or lot in the Renaissance; the typical representatives of the movement, so far as literature is concerned, being Filelfo, Bembo, and Politian. Properly speaking, however, the Renaissance is, as Vernon Lee observes, "not a period, but a condition"—a condition "which began to exist with the earliest mediæval revival," which "did not exist all over Italy," and "existed outside Italy," though "in Italy it was far more universal than elsewhere." In this larger and, as we think, more philosophical sense of the term, the Italian Renaissance may be said to have come into being as early as the twelfth century in the revival of the study of Roman law which then took place at Bologna. How the school of civil law founded there by Irnerius* in the first quarter of that century grew and flourished we know by the long list of eminent glossators or commentators on the Code and Digest of Justinian whose works are still extant; and the high repute in which the university was held in the following century is attested by the fact that in 1226 the Emperor Frederick II. attempted to suppress it, commanding the students to transfer themselves to his newly founded university at Naples. The Bolognese treated his edicts with contempt, and the university continued to prosper as before.† But while the severe study of the civil law was prosecuted at Bologna with an ardour which it is difficult for a modern Englishman to understand, the only literature which existed in the northern provinces of Italy was an exotic. During the latter half of the twelfth and the earlier decades of the thirteenth centuries troubadours from Provence visited Italy in large numbers, enjoying the hospitality of the various feudal Courts, and in return practising their art for the diversion of their hosts. Thus, at least in the north, the *langue d'oc* came to be regarded by the Italians themselves as the proper vehicle of poetry, and was exclusively used by those among them who first cultivated the art, such as Bonifacio Calvi of Genoa and

* Hallam's *Middle Ages*, cap. ix. pt. ii. sub tit. "Civil Law."
† Von Savigny's *Gesch. des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter*, iii. 161.

Sordello of Mantua; so that, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the *langue d'oc* was in a fair way to establish itself as the literary language of Italy. The disengagement of the Italian mind from the Provençal influence, the creation of a vernacular literature, is the most signal achievement of that century. The history of a revolution so momentous, not only for Italy, but for the whole Western world, is worth writing with the utmost care and elaboration, and, as the movement was from first to last under the guidance of men learned in all the learning of their age, mindful of the ancient intellectual supremacy of their country, and bent upon restoring it, no account of the Italian Renaissance which does not deal with it in detail can fail to be unsatisfactory. The fault of Mr. Symonds's elaborate work is that he has never clearly settled with himself what he means by the Renaissance. On the one hand, he tells us that its golden age was inaugurated by Lorenzo dei Medici in the latter half of the fifteenth century, when Italian, which had been driven from the field a century before by the indifferent Latinity of the humanists, was reinstated as the literary language; on the other hand, he ranks Dante as a mediæval poet. The Renaissance, according to Mr. Symonds, begins with Petrarch and ends with Ariosto. Its golden age is not the golden age of Italian literature—Ariosto is a poor substitute for Dante—but it is a reaction against the pedantic classicism of the humanists. It is not a revival of the antique, but a vindication of the claims of the modern as against the antique. This seems to us a paradoxical, not to say self-contradictory, position. If by the Renaissance we mean the attempt to recover and appropriate the intellectual heritage left by Greece and Rome, then, properly speaking, the Renaissance was coeval with the earliest efforts of the Italian mind, and is not ended yet; while, if we mean by it the imitation of antique models in literature, art, and life, it becomes synonymous with the combination of pedantry and sensualism absurdly and barbarously designated the humanistic movement: a movement which consigned Dante and Petrarch to oblivion, and would have made Italian a dead language but for the reaction of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a movement which prepared the way for the debase-

ment of Italian painting by Giulio Romano, Correggio, and the Caracci, and in the case of the one art in which it had its way unchecked, the noble art of architecture, resulted in the cold and clumsy classicism of Palladio. Mr. Symonds does not adopt either of these alternatives; his work is a kind of compromise between them. To Dante, out of a volume containing some five hundred odd pages, rather less than twenty are assigned, and, as at the close of them we are again reminded that Dante was after all a merely mediæval poet, and that with Petrarch the Renaissance begins, we should be inclined to wonder why Mr. Symonds had noticed him at all were it not that we are already familiar with his peculiar mode of handling his subject. This is naturally seen to least advantage in his introductory chapter on "The Origins." The manner in which the thirteenth century is there treated seems to us singularly unsatisfactory. If we take the narrower view of the subject, the chapter is at once seen to be irrelevant, while as an introduction to the history of the Renaissance in the larger sense of the term it is altogether inadequate.

We propose, accordingly, in the present paper to attempt, not indeed to write the history of Italian literature in that century, but to fill up a few *lacunæ* in Mr. Symonds' account of it. We have said that the establishment of Italian as the literary language was the signal achievement of the thirteenth century. Both Bologna and Florence exerted a powerful—the latter city a decisive—influence upon the movement. But the original impetus came, not from the North, but from the South—from the school of poets which during the second quarter of the century formed itself in the Apulian and Sicilian dominions, and under the patronage, of the Emperor Frederick II. The influence which this brilliant and versatile prince, by race half Swabian, half Norman, by birth Italian, by culture cosmopolitan, exerted on the development of Italian literature was so important that it is necessary briefly to recapitulate some of the chief events of his life. The son of the Emperor Henry VI., by Constance, daughter of Roger, the Great Count, he was born at Jesi, in the Marches of Ancona, December 26, 1194. Orphaned of both parents while yet in his fourth

year, he was educated at Palermo, nominally as the ward of the Pope, but really under Moslem instructors, in all the learning of the East and West—Latin, French, Provençal, Greek, and Arabian—developing under these influences an acuteness and subtlety of intellect, an energy and decision of character, which made him even in his boyhood a potent force in the affairs of the world. In his sixteenth year he found himself called upon to defend Apulia, which, with Sicily, he had inherited from his mother, against an unprovoked attack by the newly crowned Emperor Otho. He did so by inducing the Pope to excommunicate the Emperor, and the Electors to depose him in favour of himself. This diversion recalled Otho to Germany, but in the autumn of 1212 Frederick, accompanied merely by a small body-guard, crossed the Alps to assert his title to the Imperial crown. In November he met Philip of France at Vaucouleurs, on the Meuse, and concluded a treaty of alliance with him, and in the following month he was crowned at Mayence. Two years later Otho sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of the French King at Bouvines. In 1215 Frederick was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, when he pledged himself to lead the crusade which had just been proclaimed by Innocent III. The death of Otho in 1218 rendered his position secure; and in 1220 he returned to Italy to receive the Imperial crown from the Pope's hands. The next eight years were spent in grappling with the chronic disorder which reigned in Apulia and Sicily, a revolt of the Saracen population of the island which broke out in 1222 being only crushed after a severe struggle. While thus engaged almost from day to day in a desperate conflict with anarchy, he yet found time to spare for the encouragement of literature and science. He fostered the medical school of Salerno, he founded the University of Naples, he encouraged the study of Aristotle, Michael Scott, better known as an astrologer, and honoured by Dante with a place in the *Inferno* (xx. 115), being commissioned to execute a Latin translation of the Arabic versions of the Περὶ ψυχῆς and the Περὶ τὰ ζῶα.*

* Von Raumer, *Gesch. der Hohenstaufen* (3rd ed.), iii. 286.

Meanwhile, however, the vow which Frederick had taken at his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle of necessity remained unperformed. In 1226 he solemnly renewed it, pledging himself, on pain of excommunication, to set sail for the Holy Land in August of the following year. The death of Pope Honorius (March 18, 1227), and the election of Gregory IX. in his place, were fraught with momentous issues alike to Frederick, to the Church, and to Italy. Old enough to remember Frederick's grandfather, the great Barbarossa, Gregory seems to have made up his mind that the ancient theory of the two co-ordinate headships of the Christian world would no longer work—that, if the Empire was not to reduce the Church to a subordinate position, the Church must become paramount. In particular, he appears to have regarded the presence of an Emperor on Italian soil, and the steady consolidation of his power there, as a standing menace to the Church, and to have therefore determined to pick a quarrel with Frederick at the very first opportunity. Nor was the opportunity long in offering itself. In the summer of 1227 Frederick duly set sail for the Holy Land, but, suddenly falling ill—his health was always rather weak, and the season was unusually sultry, so that the mortality amongst the troops had been excessive—he returned to Sicily after an absence of three days, the expedition, however, proceeding on its way. The Pope treated the Emperor as a malingerer, and promptly excommunicated him.

Frederick, however, had not the slightest intention of abandoning the crusade; for, though he cared nothing about the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre on its own account, he felt, as he expressed himself to Fakreddin, that it was necessary in order that he might "keep up his credit with the Franks." With a small squadron he sailed from Otranto in the spring of 1228, reached Acre in the autumn, and proceeded to occupy Jaffa. He had, however, no desire to use force if diplomacy would serve the turn. Accordingly, after rendering Jaffa practically impregnable, he opened negotiations with Kameel, the Sultan of Egypt, who was then in possession of Jerusalem. Their intercourse was of the most friendly character on both sides. They discussed in Arabic, which Frederick spoke

with ease, the mystical philosophy of the East. Frederick adopted the Saracen costume, and was charmed with a troupe of dancing-girls which the Sultan sent him. At length a treaty was concluded by which, in consideration of the surrender of the whole of Jerusalem, except the actual precincts of the Mosque of Omar, which occupied the site of the Temple, Frederick agreed to withdraw his forces, and henceforth to respect and maintain the integrity of the Moslem dominions. The treaty was executed in February, 1229; a month later Frederick crowned himself (no priest venturing to perform the ceremony for him) King of Jerusalem. His return to Italy was hastened by the news that the Pope had invaded Apulia. A few months of Frederick's presence, however, sufficed to force the Pope to withdraw his troops and conclude a treaty of peace (June 14, 1230). Four years of peace followed, turned to splendid account by the Emperor in administration, legislation, and the encouragement of literature and science. A High Court of Justice was established, to which all inhabitants of the realm—Norman and Saracen, Jew and Greek, alike—were amenable; and a code of laws was framed for its guidance which, if not quite the perfection of reason, seems at any rate to have approached nearer to that ideal than any other legal system that has existed between the downfall of the Roman Empire and our own comparatively enlightened era.

It is not, however, with Frederick as a statesman that we are here specially concerned, but with the powerful stimulus which he gave to the development of the Italian mind. To his splendid Apulian Court flocked poets and men of learning from every part of Italy. Frederick was himself a poet, as also were his illegitimate sons, Enzo and Manfred, and his Chancellor, Piero delle Vigne. We have placed these writers in the forefront not so much on account of the merit of their work as because of the conspicuous positions which they occupy in the history of their time. The extant poems which are attributed to Frederick are few in number, and strike us as inferior in quality to those of most of his contemporaries. But before examining in detail the literature of this epoch it will be well to say something concerning its general characteristics.

It must, then, be premised that Latin was exclusively employed by the learned men of Frederick's Court, as generally throughout Italy, for all purposes of serious prose composition. In that language the Emperor wrote a treatise on falconry, and Michael Scott, at his command, an elaborate work on astrology.

The earliest prose writings in the Italian language, such as the *Cento Novelle*, the *Composizione del Mondo*, the letters of Guittone d' Arezzo, and the translation of Brunetto Latini's *Tesoro* (written in French), belong to the second half of the century. We propose to concern ourselves solely with the poets. It must further be observed that the poetry of the time is almost exclusively amorous.* That the Sicilian poets should have limited themselves in this way is the more remarkable from the fact that the Provençal Troubadours, whom they largely imitated, by no means did so, much of the most characteristic poetry of the latter being political. The literature itself was without doubt inspired by the courtly and conventional poetry of Provence, though the *tenzone* attributed to Ciullo d' Alcamo, which from internal evidence appears to have been written at least as late as 1231, as has been ably shown by Professor d' Ancona, a spirited but unpleasant poem in which a man urges a love which he does not pretend to be honourable upon a woman apparently his superior in rank, and is answered by her for a time with scorn and indignation, but ultimately gets his way by sheer force of persistence, seems to argue the existence at an earlier date of a popular and probably indigenous species of amœbean love-poetry. The dialogue is carried on in alternate stanzas of five lines a-piece, of which the first three have seven accents and rhyme together, and the last two five accents and also rhyme together. The first stanza is a very good example of the verse. It is thus the lover salutes the lady:—

> "Rosa fresca aulentissima c' apar' inver la state,
> Le donne ti disiano pulzelle e maritate:
> Tràmi d' este focora, se l' este a bolontate.
> Per te non aio abento notte e dia
> Penzando pur di voi, madonna mia."

* See Dante's curious remarks on this fact (*Vita Nuova*, XXV.)

This poem exhibits in every way the most striking contrast to the style which was affected by the knights, judges, and notaries who constitute what is known as the Sicilian, or perhaps we should say the Italo-Provençal, school. It is not merely that these last entirely eschew the peculiar metre in which the poem is written, using a structure of verse obviously modelled upon the *chanson* or *chansonnette* of the Provençal poets; the ethical spirit of their work is totally different from the coarse and brutal cynicism which animates Ciullo's sprightly quintains. It may be, indeed, that the passion of which they sang was no purer, but it is saturated with that peculiar chivalrous sentiment which, however it may have been associated, as the author of *Euphorion* avers it was in the majority of cases, with an irregular and indeed immoral relation between the lover and his mistress, is in itself one of the noblest characteristics of the Gothic spirit. The attitude of humility, of self-abasement, almost of worship, in which the French and Provençal Troubadours and the German Minnesingers alike approach the ladies of their hearts' desire we note as belonging also to the Sicilian poets. The lover is the faithful vassal of his lady, her lowly *servidore:* and he sighs forth his soul in endless importunate *canzoni*, in which he extols her spiritual no less than her physical qualities, her *conoscenza* as well as her *beltate*, bewails the misery her hardness of heart occasions him, but, though he hopes to have his reward (*guiderdone*) at last, recognizes that his duty is to be patient and loyal in all events. Vernon Lee, who has both a taste and an undeniable aptitude for theorizing, maintains that the peculiar tone which characterizes the bulk of the amorous poetry of the age of chivalry is due to the depraving influence of feudal society, the conditions of which hardly permitted of the existence of any romantic passion which was not at the same time both licentious and adulterous. She draws a dolorous picture of life in a feudal castle, the garrison composed of young knights, squires, and pages, almost as rigidly excluded from female society as if they had been so many monks, yet having constantly before their eyes a type of high-bred grace and beauty in the young *châtelaine*, married for political or family reasons to a man many years

older than herself, and whose acquaintance she had hardly made before her betrothal. Under conditions so unnatural, the moral sense (she argues) became altogether perverted, adultery coming to be recognized as a thing of course, and fidelity to the paramour taking the place of fidelity to the husband, the courts of Love on the one hand affirming "amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires," and on the other "solemnly banishing from society any woman who is known to have more than one lover." There is much plausibility in this theory, and its author is enabled, by her extensive and intimate acquaintance with mediæval literature, to adduce an imposing mass of evidence in its support.

Even, however, supposing it to be true as regards France and Germany, it must be observed that we have no evidence that similar conditions existed in Italy and Sicily. The hold of feudalism on the peninsula was always slight, and, though it probably took stronger root in Sicily, we have no means of judging of the condition of sentiment in the island as regards adulterous amours during the twelfth century, while in the thirteenth, society there, as in Continental Italy, was in a process of swift transformation in the direction of democracy. There is indeed extant a *canzone* containing a very frank apology for treachery and adultery, written in the Sicilian dialect, and ascribed by Trucchi and Professor d'Ancona to one "Re Giovanni." Who this King John may have been is not clear, but if he was, as Trucchi conjectures, the Count of Brienne and King of Jerusalem, whose daughter Yolande Frederick married shortly before setting out on his crusade, the poem in all probability was written either in the twelfth or early in the thirteenth century.

If, however, this poem is rightly ascribed to King John, it cannot be accepted as evidence of Italian sentiment on the matter; if it is by another and Italian hand, it must be regarded in common with the rest of the poetry of the period as representing a literary mode imported from abroad by a society which was rapidly losing its feudal character, but which was as yet unable to fashion for itself a really original literature. Provençal literature had already become

conventionalized in the thirteenth century even in its native land, and it did not lose in conventionality by being transplanted to Italian soil. Except in a very few instances it is at first difficult to believe that the *canzoni* of the early Sicilian poets were addressed to individual ladies at all, and Piero delle Vigne's sonnet on Love makes one much inclined to doubt whether that learned jurist had ever experienced the tender passion. After mentioning that some people doubt the existence of the god of Love, he explains that he is of the contrary opinion; because, though the god is invisible, yet he reveals himself in his works, as the virtue of the magnet is displayed in its attracting iron to itself. Nothing can be imagined more frigid than this the earliest extant sonnet, yet we find the same writer addressing his mistress in terms which, in spite of a certain affectation and conventionality, have yet the ring of sincerity in them.

The history of this remarkable man is by no means lacking in a certain romantic interest—the interest that is excited by sudden and brilliant success followed by ruin no less unexpected and complete—but we know next to nothing of his private life.* Born at Capua in the last decade of the twelfth century, he appears to have studied law at Bologna with great distinction. Having returned to his native town about 1221, he was presented to the Emperor at Naples, and entered the imperial service as notary. He was subsequently raised to the bench, and played the part of Tribonian to Frederick's Justinian in the compilation of the Code to which reference has already been made, and which was published in 1231. He was subsequently (1234) sent to England to negotiate a marriage between Frederick, whose wife Yolande had died in 1228, and Isabella, sister of Henry III. He reached London in 1235, and left in May, escorting the Princess to Worms, where the marriage was celebrated with great state in July. Frederick had been summoned to Germany in the preceding year by the outbreak of a revolt raised by his son Henry at the instigation of the Guelf republics of Lombardy, Henry was arrested shortly before the Emperor's marriage,

* The facts stated in the text will be found in Huillard-Bréholles' *Vie et Correspondance de Pierre de la Vigne* (Paris 1865).

and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a Calabrian dungeon.

War with the Lombard cities followed, which, gradually growing into a struggle *à outrance* with the Pope, who declared in their favour, and excommunicated the Emperor in 1239, taxed Frederick's energies to the utmost for the remainder of his life, and hurled Piero delle Vigne, from the high position which he held as Frederick's most trusted confidant and councillor, into the ignominy of a traitor's prison, whence he found escape only by suicide. In 1249 suspicion of treachery fell upon him—whether well or ill founded remains to this day a matter of controversy. Frederick, however, was convinced of his guilt, and, as his habit was, took a ruthless vengeance. The Chancellor's eyes were put out, and, seated on an ass, he was paraded through the streets of Pisa, and then thrown into prison. There, being determined to end his days, and having no weapon suitable for the purpose, he took a course which reveals the unfaltering resolution of his character: he smote his head against the stone-work of his dungeon until the skull was fractured, and so died. Dante has placed on record his conviction of his innocence, and refers his disgrace to the machinations of his enemies.*

Frederick did not long survive his Chancellor. He died of a fever, occasioned by agitation of mind and excessive exertion, on December 13, 1250, at Firenzuola, in the neighbourhood of the Abruzzi, thus fulfilling as nearly as could be reasonably expected the prophecy of an astrologer which had fixed Florence (Firenze) as the place of his death.

As regards Frederick's character, the judgment of a contemporary chronicler, Fra Salimbene, may probably (due allowance being made for the strong Guelfic and clerical prejudices of the writer) be accepted as fairly truthful.

"He had," he says, "no faith in God; was astute, subtle, greedy, luxurious, choleric, malicious; yet he was able to assume the airs of the gentleman when it suited him to make a show of graciousness and courtesy. He could read, write, sing, make *canzoni* and *canzonette*, and was handsome and well proportioned, though only of middle height. . . . . He also spoke many languages; and, in short, if he had been a

* *Inf.* xiii. 64–75.

good Catholic and well disposed to God and the Church, he would have had few equals in the world. But as it is written that a little ferment is enough to corrupt a great mass, so all his virtue was eclipsed by his persecution of the Church; and he would not have persecuted the Church had he loved God and desired to secure the salvation of his soul."

Matthew Paris doubtless expresses the sentiment of universal Christendom when he emphatically designates the Emperor "stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis."* The atheism with which Frederick was credited by his contemporaries probably had no existence in fact, but there is little reason to suppose that he possessed any distinctively Christian faith. His toleration of the Jews and the Saracens, his employment of the latter in his wars with the Pope, to say nothing of the various profane jests which are attributed to him, seem to evince a certain laxity of religious belief, while the energetic measures which he took to suppress schism within the Romish Church were probably dictated by political considerations.

Of Frederick's verse little is extant, and that little, as has already been remarked, is disappointing. The sceptical criticism of our time has cast doubts upon the authenticity of most of the few poems that have been attributed to him. Both the *tenzone* beginning "Dolze meo drudo e vattene," published in the first volume of d'Ancona and Comparetti's edition of the *Libro Reale* (Vat. MS. 3793), and the *canzone* published by Carducci ("Di dol mi convien cantare") in his *Cantilene e Ballate Strambotti e Madrigali nei Secoli XIII e XIV*, present a marked contrast in point of style to the undoubtedly genuine productions of the Sicilian Court-poets. Both have the directness and simplicity which characterize Ciullo d'Alcamo, Ruggieri Pugliese, and Ciacco dell'Anquillara, whose work the first-mentioned poem also resembles in being of an amœbean character. Four other poems ascribed to Frederick will be found in Valeriani's collection, *Poeti del Primo Secolo*. They have little or no merit.

The same year that was so disastrous to Piero delle Vigne saw Frederick's natural son, the gallant Enzo, King of Sardinia, a prisoner at Bologna. Taken in a skirmish before the walls of the city, he was barbarously sentenced to

* Rolls ed. v. 190.

imprisonment for life. All offers of ransom were rejected, and various plans of escape, contrived, it is said, by Lucia Biadagioli, a young Bolognese lady, whose heart was touched with pity for the beautiful and brilliant captive, were frustrated by the vigilance of the gaolers. Enzo, after languishing in prison for twenty-three years, died of a broken heart in 1272, the city which had used him so shamefully during his life honouring his remains with a magnificent funeral.

Three canzonets and a sonnet are ranked under the name of Enzo in Valeriani's collection. The sonnet has been translated by Rossetti in his *Dante* and *his Circle*. It is a variation upon the theme of the Preacher, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven," and is interesting as showing how early the capabilities of the sonnet as a vehicle of sententious moralizing were recognized. As a work of art it is not of a high order. The canzonets, on the other hand, are written in a graceful and almost natural style—a refreshing contrast to that of the Emperor.

One of them, however, is now assigned by d'Ancona, on the authority of the Vatican MS. 3793, to Ser Nascimbene da Bologna. To a crowd of rhymers of less social distinction fortune has been less unkind; for, as we have no biographical knowledge of any of them, it is hardly worth the while even of a *German* Dryasdust to dispute the authenticity of the work which passes under their names, of which there is a considerable mass. It must be owned that on the whole these poems are apt to be rather tedious reading owing to the iteration of almost identical sentiments, images, and modes of expression which characterizes them; nevertheless, Rinaldo d'Aquino's lament of a lovelorn maiden, which from internal evidence would seem to have been written about the time of Frederick's expedition to the Holy Land, and the *canzone* by Odo delle Colonne, in which a lady half indignantly, half plaintively, reproaches her absent lover with neglect, are written with undeniable grace and a certain (very superficial) pathos.

Rugierone da Palermo's lament of a Crusader who has left his lady behind him, and who remembers in Syria her "dolze compagnia" and "dolze segnamento," is really touching in its

simple naturalness of sentiment. And when the stern reality of Death abruptly challenges the attention of that lightly dallying, idle knight, Giacomino Pugliesi da Prato, the naïve sincerity of his almost childlike grief finds expression in language which goes straight to the heart.

" Solea aver sollazzo e gioco e riso
Più che null' altro Cavalier che sia.
Or n' è gita Madonna in Paradiso ;
Portonne la dolce speranza mia.
Lasciò me in pene e con sospiri e pianti,
Levommi gioco e canti,
E dolce compagnìa,
Ch' io m' avea degli amanti.
Or non la veggio, nè le sto davanti,
E non mi mostra li dolci sembianti,
Che solìa."

The most prolific writer of this period appears to have been Giacomo da Lentino ; at any rate, more work of his than of any of his contemporaries has been preserved. He wrote both sonnets and *canzoni*, and is recognized by Dante (*De Vulg. Eloq.* i. cap. xii.) as having exercised a refining and ennobling influence on Italian style. From the point of view of mere diction, with which in that treatise Dante was exclusively concerned, the praise is probably deserved ; but as a poet his merits are by no means extraordinary. His imaginative faculty moves within the narrowest limits, a few figures, such as the basilisk, the phœnix, the salamander, comprising almost the whole of his available stock-in-trade ; and when he essays a flight beyond, he is apt to fall into some peculiarly frigid conceit, as when he compares himself to a ship, his lady to the tempestuous ocean, and his sighs and melodious wailings to the jettison by which the ship is lightened, or elaborating the commonplace by which the lady is said to hold her lover or his heart *in balia* (a hardly translatable expression), insists in the most absurdly explicit way that his heart is no longer in his body, but in the custody of his lady, just as though that important part of his anatomy might be seen any day on her premises by any lady or gentleman that might choose to pay a visit to Lentino. So also in one of his sonnets he does his best to exhaust the catalogue of precious stones known to the

lapidary, in order to exalt Madonna's virtues above theirs, and in another gravely propounds the question—

> "Or come puote si gran donna entrare
> Per gli occhi miei, che si piccioli sone?
> E nel mio core come puote entrare,
> Che mentresso la porto ovunque vone?"

It was doubtless this vicious manner of writing, at once frigid and extravagant, that induced Dante to class him with Guittone d'Arezzo and Buonaggiunta Urbiciani da Lucca (*Purg.* xxiv. 56), as one of those who sought to eke out their poverty of imagination by inappropriate embellishment. Vernon Lee discovers in him a tendency to Platonism. Platonic love is an expression to which it is very difficult to attach a definite signification; but we own we are at a loss to understand in what sense the term can be used in connection with Giacomo da Lentino. If Platonic love implies indifference to sensual pleasure, we fail to see any trace of such a disposition in the notary. We suspect that Vernon Lee has been misled by the frigidity of the man's style into crediting him with a corresponding quality of sentiment which probably did not belong to him.

The vices of the notary's style are, however, by no means peculiar to him. In a greater or less degree they are characteristic of the majority of his contemporaries. To say a thing naturally would seem to have been thought by them beneath the dignity of poetry; their range of ideas is limited in the extreme, and too often when in reading them we have chanced upon something which is imaginative and seems original, we are disappointed to learn from Nannucci* or Gaspary† that it has been said before by some Provençal troubadour. At the same time, it is easy to underrate the originality of the Sicilian poetry. On a cursory survey we might be inclined to exclaim contemptuously, "An echo of Provençal poetry in its decadence!" When, however, the debt which they owed to the Provençals has been recognized to the full, when even the diligence of Adolf Gaspary has exhausted itself in tracing

* *Manuale della Letteratura del primo secolo della Lingua Italiana.* Firenze. 1874.

† *Die Sicilianische Dichterschule.* Berlin. 1878.

back their happiest ideas to Provençal sources, it remains that the Sicilians have after all an originality of their own. Not only were they the first to write Italian, but they invented and carried far on the way to perfection one metrical form which seems destined to last as long as human speech itself—viz., the sonnet; another, the canzone, which Dante did not disdain to use; a third, the strambotto, a stanza of eight iambic five-accented lines, which, with certain modifications in the arrangement of the rhymes, became, in the hands of Pulci, Boiardo and Ariosto, the peculiar vehicle of narrative, and suggested to Spenser the noble stanza which bears his name.

Dante (*De Vulg. Eloq.* i. cap. xii.), fully acknowledges the importance of the part played by the Sicilians in the development of Italian poetry, observing that, so powerful was the influence exerted by them, even in his own day, "quicquid poetantur Itali Sicilianum vocatur," which seems to imply that it was the custom to use some such expression as "uno Ciciliano," as a generic term for a poem, whether written in the Sicilian dialect or not. At what rate the movement began to spread northward cannot be decided with precision, nor the route which it traversed. The older Italian critics fixed the date of a canzone by a Sienese poet, Folcachiero de' Folcachieri, about the year 1177, on the strength of its first line, "Tutto lo mondo vive sanza guerra," which was supposed to refer to the peace concluded in that year between Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III. As, however, we now know that the canzone was invented by the Sicilians, and not earlier than the second quarter of the thirteenth century, some other period of general peace must be sought, if we still suppose the line to contain a reference to historical fact. A similar expression occurs in a poem by Rinaldo d' Aquino, already referred to. The lady, whose lover has taken the cross, complains:—

> "Lo 'mperador con pace
> Tutto il mondo mantiene
> Ed a me guerra face
> Che m'a tolta la mia spene."

This latter poem we are inclined to refer to 1228, when Frederick was on the eve of sailing for the Holy Land.

Folcachiero's canzone was probably written some years later—*i.e.*, at some date between the conclusion of the treaty of peace with the Pope in 1230, and the outbreak of the war with the Lombard League in 1235. Bologna seems to have been one of the first of the cities of the north to respond to the Sicilian influence. Besides Nascimbene, already mentioned as the author of a canzone erroneously ascribed to Enzo, we know of four other poets belonging to this town who wrote during the first half of the thirteenth century—Semprebene, Fabrizio, Guido Ghislieri, and Guido Guinicelli. Of the three former no work seems to be now extant. The last mentioned was a poet of remarkable originality, whom Dante did not disdain to describe as his father in art (*Purg.* xxvi. 97). Except that he was of noble family, a lawyer by profession, in politics a Ghibelline, and podestà of Narni in Umbria in 1266, little is known of his history that is worth repeating here. His poems will be found in d' Ancona and Comparetti's edition of the *Libro Reale*, Valeriani's collection, and the *Raccolta di Rime Antiche Toscane* Palermo, 1817). Two, however, of those ascribed to him by Valeriani are certainly not his work. One of these beginning, "Lo fin pregio avanzato," is assigned by d' Ancona, with some plausibility, to Buonaggiunta Urbiciani da Lucca. It is a very poor performance, in the style of Giacomo da Lentino. The other is clearly the work either of Giacomo da Lentino or of some servile imitator of that poet. The resemblance between the two following passages, of which the first is from an undoubted canzone of the notary, the second from a canzone which is ranked under Guinicelli's name in Valeriani, cannot be merely accidental, while it is impossible to suspect Guinicelli of imitating the notary.

Giacomo de Lentino trills forth rather sweetly :—

"Son rotto come nave
Che pere per lo canto
Che fanno tanto dolce le Sirene.
Lo marinaio s'oblia
Che tene per tal via
Che perir gli convene.
Così la morte mia,
Quella, che m'ha in balìa,
Che sì dura si tene."—(Val. i. 261.)

In the canzone ascribed to Guinicelli we find the following :—

"Però sacciate che'n tal guisa pero,
Com' uom ch'è in lo mare
E la Serena sente
Quando fa dolce canto, ch'è sì fero;
E l' uom ch'è piacentiero
Dello canto piacente
Si fa 'n ver lei parvente
E la Serena ancidelo in cantare."—*Ib.* 77.

So, again, the notary thinks that to compare his heart to a salamander is rather elegant :—

"Tanto coralemente
Foco aggio, che non credo mai s'estingua;
Anzi, se pur alluma,
Perchè non mi consuma?
La salamandra audivi
Che'nfra lo foco vivi stando sana;
Eo sì fo per lungo uso,
Vivo in foco amoruso
E non saccio che dica,
Chè il mio lavoro spica, e poi non grana."—(*Ib.* 250.)

The author of the poem ascribed to Guinicelli follows suit with :—

"Tanta vi è piagenza
Già per cui lo meo core
Altisce in tal lucore,
Che come salamandra
S'alluma e'n foco vive,
Sì in ogni parte vive lo meo core."—(*Ib.* 70.)

To this false and artificial style Guinicelli's canzone on the "Gentle Heart" presents a contrast complete in all points. There we find a mystical philosophy of love propounded in chaste and nobly imaginative language, while the verse has a solemn richness of harmony which marks a new epoch in the development of Italian metre. The "Gentle Heart," with another canzone ("Tegno di folle impresa allo ver dire") of equal elevation of tone and nobility of style, has been translated by Rossetti. Other two canzoni, attributed to Guinicelli in Valeriani's collection ("Avvegna ched'eo m'aggio più per tempo" and "La bella stella che il tempo misura"), are not at all in his style, and are probably the work of Cino da Pistoia. Nor do we believe that he wrote

the obscure and somewhat crabbed canzone beginning "Madonna il fino amore ch'eo vo porto." Two canzoni of meagre philosophising, "Con gran disio pensando lungamente," and "In quanto la natura," may possibly be genuine work of Guinicelli in a lean and hungry mood. Of two other canzoni which remain to be noticed, one ("Donna l'amor mi sforza") is printed as Guinicelli's, without comment, by d'Ancona, but is so poor in sentiment and affected in style that we doubt very much whether it is genuine; the other (vol. i. p. 78) is certainly spurious. Thus out of eleven canzoni which have been attributed to Guinicelli, there are only two of which we can feel reasonably certain that they are really his. These, however, rank amongst the best lyric work ever produced. Thirteen sonnets are also ascribed to Guinicelli, and of these the greater number are probably genuine. They are to be found in the *Raccolta di Rime Antiche Toscane* (Palermo, 1817). Three have been exquisitely translated by Rossetti. It may not perhaps be altogether fanciful to suppose that in the sonnet which follows, dictated, as it clearly was, by a very real anguish, we have the expression of that late penitence, of which Dante tells us (*Purg.* xxvi. 92), for the terrible sin with which Guinicelli's memory is stained.

"Si son io angoscioso e pien di doglia,
E di molti sospiri e di rancura,
Che non posso saper quel che mi voglia,
Ne qual possa esser mai la mia ventura.
Disnaturato son come la foglia,
Quando è caduta della sua verdura;
E tanto più ch' è 'n me secca la scoglia,
E la radice della sua natura.
Sì ch'io non credo mai poter gioire,
Nè convertire mia disconfortanza
In allegranza di nessun conforto.
Soletto come tortora vo' gire,
Sol partire mia vita in disperanza
Per arroganza di così gran torto."

For grandeur of style this sonnet has few equals in literature. There are several others of Guinicelli's sonnets of which no poet need be ashamed.

Guinicelli lived to see the ruin of the Swabian dynasty, and

Apulia and Sicily groaning beneath the tyranny of Charles of Anjou. On Frederick's death, his son Conrad succeeded to the throne of the Sicilies. He continued the struggle with the Pope with indifferent success, and, dying in 1254, bequeathed it to his bastard brother Manfred, whom he named Regent during the minority of his infant son Conradin. Manfred was the natural son of Frederick by Bianca Lancia, of the noble family of Asti in Piedmont, whom the emperor is said to have married after the death of Isabella. He inherited a much larger share of his father's ability than Conrad, and on the death of the latter took prompt and energetic measures to assert the independence of the Sicilian kingdom against the Pope, who saw in the minority of Conradin an opportunity of extending his sway over the whole of Italy. Manfred's vigorous administration elicited universal enthusiasm, and at the request of the Estates of the Realm, he assumed the crown in 1258. Having in conjunction with Pisa and Siena crushed Florence, in which the Guelf faction was then predominant, at the battle of Montaperti in 1260, he formed an alliance with Genoa and Venice. Thus both on the north and on the south the Papal States were threatened by a powerful coalition. The Pope accordingly (Urban IV.) began to cast about for a foreign prince whom he might induce to adventure the conquest of the Sicilies in the Church's interest and his own. Louis IX. of France was sounded on the subject, but was found too scrupulous, and his brother, Charles of Anjou, was selected. Urban died in 1264, but his policy was adopted by his successor, Clement IV. The invasion took place in the summer of the following year, and by the apathy or treachery of Manfred's northern allies, Charles was permitted to cross the Po, and advance as far as Ceperano without opposition. The one decisive battle of the campaign was fought at Benevento on February 26, 1266. The conflict was protracted and sanguinary. It ended in the total rout of the Italian forces, Manfred himself, who seems to have displayed the most brilliant courage, being amongst the slain.*

* See for the manner in which his body was treated by the Pope, Manfred's speech (*Purg.* ii. 118–132), which is historically accurate.

Manfred shared his father's literary tastes. In Buhle's catalogue of Aristotelian literature, mention is made of a translation by him from Hebrew into Latin of the pseudo-Aristotelian treatise, *De Pomo seu de Morte.** One canzone of some slight merit is ascribed to him, on very doubtful authority, by Trucchi. Both father and son are referred to by Dante (*De Vulg. Eloq.* I. c. xiii.) in terms of emphatic eulogy.

The stern and oppressive character of the Angevin rule put an end to the native literary movement in the Sicilies. Villani expressly mentions that Charles took no pleasure in "gente di corte minestrieri o giocolari." The poets probably migrated to northern Italy. One Italian troubadour, however, Prenzivalle Dore, is known to have followed him, or rather his wife, Beatrice, Countess of Provence, to Naples. He seems to have had a *liaison* with Beatrice, and to please her, wrote chiefly in Provençal. He died at Naples in 1276. Two canzoni by him, however, exist, both probably written before the battle of Benevento. One of these is of rare beauty.

The following is the first stanza: †—

"Kome lo giorno quand è dal maitino
Chiaro e sereno—e bell' è da vedire,
Per chè gli ausgelli fanno lor latino
Cantare fiuo—e pare dolze a udire,
E poi ver mezo il giorno cangia e muta,
E torna im piogia la dolze veduta
Che mostrava:
Lo pellegrino, ca sicuro andava
Per l'alegreza delo giorno bello
Diventa fello—pieno di pesanza
Così m'a fatto Amore, a sua possanza."

Some years before the battle of Benevento the practice of versifying in the vulgar tongue seems to have spread far and wide throughout the northern and central provinces of Italy, not only Bologna, but Arezzo, Pisa, Pistoia, Florence, Lucca,

---

* Buhle's *Aristotle*, I. 199.

† The citation is made from d'Ancona and Comparetti's edition of the *Libro Reale*, where the old spelling is preserved. The poem, minus a stanza, and with some differences of reading more or less important, will be found in the collections of Valeriani and Nannucci under the name of "Semprebene da Bologna."

Padua, Pavia, Ferrara, Faenza, besides other towns, having each their poet or school of poets bent on developing the capabilities of the local dialect to the utmost. Of these the most popular seems to have been the Aretine Fra Guittone del Viva. Of Guittone's life we know only that he deserted a wife and three children to become a member of the religious order known as the Knights of St. Mary, or sarcastically, from their love of ease and good living, the Frati Gaudenti (Jolly Friars) or Capponi di Cristo (Christ's Capons). He wrote sonnets and canzoni in considerable quantity, and also some epistles, partly in prose partly in a rude kind of verse. He founded the monastery Degli Angeli at Florence in 1293, and died the following year. About one-half of his canzoni will be found in the *Libro Reale*,* the rest, with his sonnets, in Valeriani.† The letters must still be read in Bottari's edition of 1745.‡

It is with the utmost astonishment that we read Mr. Symonds's remarks on this poet. He says: §—

"Guittone of Arezzo (1230–1294) strikes the historian of literature as the man who first attempted to nationalize the polished poetry of the Sicilian Court, and to strip the new style of its feudal pedantry. It was his aim, apparently, dismissing chivalrous conventions, to use the diction and the forms of literary art in an immediate appeal to the Italian people. He wrote, however, roughly. Though he practised vernacular prose, and assumed in verse the declamatory tone which Petrarch afterwards employed with such effect in his addresses to the consciousness of Italy, yet Dante could speak of him with cold contempt; nor can we claim for him a higher place than that of a precursor. He attempted more than he was able to fulfil. But his attempt, when judged by the conditions of his epoch, deserves to rank among achievements."

What Guittone's aims may have been we know not, but we are sure that the tendency of his work was not to nationalize but to vulgarize Italian poetry. The spirit of chivalry is indeed wanting in his erotic verse, but the old troubadour manner remains, though stripped of whatever grace and nobility the Sicilians had been able to invest it

* D'Ancona and Comparetti, vol. ii.
† *Rime di Fra Guittone d'Arezzo.* Firenze: 1828.
‡ *Lettere di Fra Guittone d'Arezzo.* Roma: 1745.
§ *Italian Literature.* Pt. I. pp. 45, 46.

with. His moralizing poems are a tissue of the most trivial commonplaces; his religious work breathes merely the easy piety of a capon-eating Knight of St. Mary. On the other hand, his style is comparatively free from the vice of conventionalism, and so far he has the advantage over the Sicilians. He is not squeamish about the words he uses, and his verses have an easy flow which is refreshing to a reader familiar with the crabbed and involved style of writing affected by some of his contemporaries, such as Meo Abbracciava of Pisa. But he was lamentably wanting in imagination, and by consequence his facile empty effusions, erotic and devotional alike, oppress the mind after a while with a sense of intolerable monotony. There is no more affinity between the semi-amorous sentiment and frigid moralizing of his celebrated Addresses to the Virgin—probably his best work—and real piety or genuine poetry, than between the sweet and insipid Madonnas of Raffaelle and the Virgin of the Rocks.

The poet of Fiesole, Dante da Maiano stands on a slightly higher level. He has more imagination than Guittone; but his style is wretchedly diffuse, and his tone usually *falsetto*. He conceived a Platonic passion—if so strong an expression can be rightly used of so extremely weakly a sentiment—for Monna Nina, a Sicilian poetess. They appear never to have met, but they corresponded in vapid sonnets, a dreary spectacle to gods and men.

A Bolognese physician, Messer Onesto, acquired a reputation as a writer of sonnets and canzoni during the latter half of the thirteenth century, which his extant work, hardly to our thinking, sustains. He was a learned man, and a bit of a philosopher, and his style has a certain dignity; but he had not the soul of a poet, and the lamentations of so grave a personage over the hardness of his mistress's heart are apt to seem a trifle ludicrous. Ugolino Ubaldino da Faenza wrote one charming little idyll, "Passando con pensier per un boschetto" (vol. ii. p. 102), and Giovanni dall Orto d' Arezzo caught somewhat of the spirit of Guinicelli in his beautiful ballata beginning, "Non si porria contare."

But it is in Chiaro Davanzati, Rustico Filippo, Bondie Dietaiuti, and Folgore da San Gemignano, that we see

the clearest evidence of the new life that is stirring in Italian poetry. The beautiful image with which Bondie Dietaiuti opens his canzone, "Madonna m' è avvennuto simigliante" (Trucchi, i. 101), is indeed borrowed from a Provençal poet, and the theme is the old one of a suddenly inspired over-mastering passion which the Sicilians were never tired of handling, but, with the exception of the concluding stanza, which is commonplace, the canzone has throughout an elevation of tone which is foreign to the Sicilians. Monte Andrea* and Chiaro Davanzati make of the sonnet a vehicle of religious feeling and ethical thought. Cecco d'Angiolieri vents it in his sardonic splenetic humour, Rustico Filippo converts it into a terrible engine of political warfare. Folgore da San Gemignano enshrines in it bright daintily-painted pictures of the town and country life of Tuscany.

Of Lapo Gianni, Guido Cavalcanti, Dino Frescobaldi, and other Florentines, who finally disengaged the Italian love lyric from the trammels of Provençal tradition, we do not here speak. These men, with Cino da Pistoia and Dante, constitute a school of lyrists unique in the history of literature. Perhaps on some future occasion we may devote to them a separate study.

Art. V.—MISS GORDON-CUMMING'S VISIT TO THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN AT PEKING.†

ONE of my chief objects in visiting Peking was, if possible, to see with my own eyes the far-famed Temple of Heaven, where, at mid-winter and mid-summer, with the star-lit midnight heavens for sole canopy, the Emperor of

* The former's address to the Virgin, "O madre di virtute luce eterna" (vol. ii. 42) may be contrasted with Guittone's "Donna del cielo, gloriosa madre (vol. ii. 212). The one is the sincere utterance of a really noble piety; the latter is thoroughly commonplace in sentiment and rhetorical in tone.

† In the case of a traveller's description of scenes, such as have never before been described, and very rarely if ever witnessed, by a European, the well-considered rule of anonymity by which in this journal we still protect the high impartiality and impersonality of our critical writing, does not apply. It is a great pleasure to us to welcome Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming to our pages, as it will be to our readers to be made participant of the rare and strange knowledge contained in this paper.—Eds.

China, as the High-Priest of his people, and escorted by all the great nobles of the empire, offers most solemn worship to Heaven only.

Though the great park which is set apart for this purpose is most strictly guarded, the authorities being exceedingly jealous of the admission of foreigners to its hallowed precincts, I was fully determined, if possible, to be one of the few who overcome the scruples of the attendants!

By singular good fortune I not only induced Dr. Edkins, of the London Mission (the great authority on antiquarian subjects), to be my escort, but, by deciding to make the grand effort on the very morning after arriving in Peking, it happened that we fixed on the very day when, as a mark of especial favour to the ex-President of the United States, the Tartar officials had agreed to allow General U. S. Grant and his suite to visit the Temple.

The attendants in charge of this jealously guarded spot knew only that on that day many barbarians were to be admitted to the sacred precincts, so when we reached the gate, about three hours before the American party, we were admitted without any question or difficulty whatever, and were able to go leisurely over the grounds, and every corner of the sacred buildings, concerning which, and all ceremonies connected with them, Dr. Edkins is a mine of information.

When the subject was first mooted on the night of my arrival, several of the home party resolved to share the adventure, and face whatever difficulties it might involve in the way of scrambling over dilapidated walls and shirking or bribing officials, for truly of this terrestrial Heaven it may be said that it suffereth violence, for few except the violent who take it by force ever enter within its gates. So carts were ordered to be ready at peep of day, and we were all astir soon after three A.M. The early dawn was most lovely, clear and comparatively cool—that is, the thermometer fell to about 80° from the noonday temperature of 106° in the shade.

To make you understand this morning's expedition, I must try to sketch a bird's-eye view of the Great City, which covers a space of about sixteen square miles. To begin with, the Tartar City and Chinese City are totally distinct, the former

being a great square city, and the latter forming a long oblong immediately to the south. Each city is enclosed by a mighty wall, but the south wall of the Tartar City forms the north wall of the Chinese City; the two together form twenty-five miles of this masonry for giants! The Tartar City has nine gates: two to the north, two to the east, two to the west, three to the south. These three last, consequently, open into the Chinese town, which has seven gates of its own besides—not gates such as we understand in Britain, but stupendous masses of masonry, like some fine old Border keep greatly magnified.

Within the Tartar City lies another great walled square. This is the Imperial City, in the heart of which, as a jewel in its setting, another great square district is enclosed within very high pale-pink walls.

This inner space is the Forbidden City—in other words, the private grounds around the palace—wherein, guarded even from the reverential gaze of his people, dwells the Imperial Son of Heaven. To this palace the city owes its name Peking (or, as the Chinese pronounce it Pai-Ching, meaning literally North Palace; just as Nan-King was the Southern Palace).

Within these sacred precincts no foreigners have ever been allowed to set foot, though they may gaze from beyond a wide canal at the very ornamental archways, and the double and triple curved roofs of many buildings rising above the masses of cool dark foliage. Each of these archways and buildings is roofed with brilliant golden-yellow tiles of porcelain, which are positively dazzling in the sunlight. The tall buildings on the opposite side of the canal are similarly roofed, denoting that they, too, are specially Imperial property, yellow being emphatically the Imperial colour, the use of which is prohibited to all save Buddhist priests, who not only wear the yellow robes, but are privileged to roof their temples with the yellow tiles, stamped with the Imperial Dragon—I speak especially of the Lama temples.

Within the Tartar City immediately to the south of the Imperial City lies the district assigned to the Tributary nations and Foreign Legations, while the London Mission station lies nearer to the south-east gate. Various temples of the three religions which we have met all over China—Buddhist,

Taouist, and Confucian—and of their various subordinate sects, are scattered about both cities, each enclosed by its own high wall, so as effectually to prevent its adding any feature to the appearance of the city.

But here at Peking there are several temples, each unique of its kind, where the Emperor, assuming the character of High-Priest, himself offers to the Rulers of the Universe the worship of his people.

Of these exceptional temples, the most important are the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture, each occupying a large walled enclosure within the walls of the Chinese City. The altar to the Earth lies on the north side of the Tartar City. That to the Sun also lies outside the walls, in a shady grove, on the north-east side of the Tartar City, near the gate of the Rising Sun, and that of the Moon outside the western gate. At each of these, and also at the Imperial Temple of Ancestors, the Emperor in person, attended by all his nobles, must at stated seasons offer most solemn sacrifice and prayer on behalf of his people. And truly it would be difficult to conceive any national act of worship more imposing than the whole ceremonial attending the Imperial ministrations, which seems to recall the patriarchal times of Melchizedek, King and High-Priest.

This is most especially true of the services at the Temple of Heaven, where, prostrate on an elevated and roofless platform of pure white marble, the Emperor kneels in lowliest adoration of Shang-te, the Superior Lord of Heaven, his courtiers and nobles kneeling reverently around on lower terraces of the same platform (or rather marble mound)—an open-air temple whose only roof is the starry canopy of the midnight heavens.

In none of these temples is there any image to suggest idolatry, the celestial and terrestrial powers being alike represented only by simple wooden tablets, placed upright in stands of carved and gilded wood, precisely similar to those which bear the names of the honoured dead in every ancestral hall throughout the empire. In fact, the one "heathenish" touch in this very grand worship of the Lord of Heaven is that the tablets of the deceased Emperors are ranged on either side of the tablet symbolizing Shang-te, the

Supreme, and that to them is rendered homage and sacrifice only secondary to his own.

But the true meaning of this seems to be, that the offerings are not intended as atonement for sin, but as a spiritual banquet to which it is necessary to invite other guests to do honour to the principal guest, and, as the deceased Emperors are held in such honour as to rank above all other spirits in the hierarchy of Heaven, it follows that they are the only guests who can be invited to share this banquet.

The reigning Emperor, while thus adoring the Unseen Powers with lowliest humility, nevertheless fills the position of one who is the earthly Vicegerent of Shang-te, and who at the moment of death will mount the Great Dragon, which will bear him to take his place in that worshipful company.

Well, to return to our expedition that lovely early morning. Our route lay in a perfectly straight line along a broad street (so wide that an extemporary rag-fair of booths occupies the centre all the way!) till we came to the Ha-ta-mun, the south-east gate, and so passed into the Chinese City, and through densely crowded streets, till we reached such countrified suburbs that it was difficult to believe that we were still within the walls of the city. When we had almost reached the central south gate we came to a large open space with great walled enclosures on either side. That to the west is the Sian-nun-tian, or the Temple of Agriculture. That to the east is the park of Tian-Tian, or the Temple of Heaven. of These high red walls are roofed with yellow china tiles, each which ends in a circular tablet bearing the Imperial Dragon.

There is nothing imposing about the approach—rather the contrary; we halted at a dilapidated gateway, where, as I before said, instead of slamming the door in our faces and bargaining for much coin (which is the usual manner of receiving visitors at this Celestial Temple), the attendants passed us in with the utmost courtesy, and we found ourselves in a large grassy park shaded by fine trees. This is a walled park, three miles in circumference, forming the pleasant pastures wherein the bullocks, sheep, and other animals destined for sacrifice graze till their last hour draws near, without a thought of the slaughter-house which lies hidden in a grove

at the north-east corner. I found it difficult to realize that this cool, green, shady park was actually within the walls of a city where human beings cluster in throngs as dense as bees on a swarming-day! The first building we come to is "The Hall of Fasting," in which the Emperor spends some hours in silence and solitude, in preparation of spirit ere assuming his office as High-Priest. Besides "occasional services" marking such events as the accession of a new Emperor or some extraordinary national event, there are three set days in the year when these usually deserted grounds are thronged by all the nobles of the land—namely, the summer and winter solstice, when the great religious solemnities are performed at midnight at the roofless southern altar, and the festival which marks the beginning of spring, when the sacrifices are offered, at the earliest *glimpse* of dawn, at the northern altar, on which is erected a perfectly circular wooden temple, in three stories, forming a sort of telescopic pagoda, of which each story is smaller than the one below it, and is roofed with the loveliest bright-blue encaustic tiles, the topmost roof rising to a tall peak. This temple is called the Che-nien-tien, "Temple of Prayers for a Fruitful Year," which name is inscribed on a large tablet beneath the eaves of the topmost roof.

The name of north and south altar is here applied to two immense circular platforms or hillocks (Yuen-Kew, or round hillock, is the name of the southern altar) formed by three terraces of beautifully sculptured white marble piled one above the other.

On each occasion the Emperor leaves his palace at sunset, in a car drawn by an elephant (I only hear of the existence of two elephants in China),* and escorted by a train of about

* Elephants were imported solely to grace certain State festivals. The Emperor Hien-Fung owned thirty-eight elephants, but apparently the very variable climate does not suit them, for at the time of his death in 1861 only one survived and it became necessary to import new ones. Of those only two now survive. A third died two years ago, and his body was thrown into the city moat, there to putrefy at leisure beneath the midsummer sun, poisoning the atmosphere for weeks! Pieces of its thick hide were preserved for sale to persons visiting the Imperial elephant stables. These are situated near the south wall of the Tartar City, and have accommodation for forty-eight elephants, each in a separate stable, solidly built with walls six feet thick. These cover a large extent of ground, where the elephants (when there are any) are exercised. The whole is, however, in a very neglected condition.

two thousand courtiers and attendants. A perfectly straight street runs from his palace to the gate of the temple, passing through the Chien-mun, which is the central south gate of the Tartar City, never opened on any other occasion save these, or for any person except the Emperor or one of the Imperial tablets.

For that matter, it is not only in Peking that there is an objection to opening the south gate of a city. In times of drought, especially, the south gate is kept closed, because the Chinese suppose that as the sun's rays reach them from the south, so may the Fire God enter thence, and, especially in the burning summer, may produce a conflagration which, in a town chiefly built of wood would be a matter too serious to risk.

On reaching the temple grounds, the Emperor proceeds first to inspect all the animals for sacrifice which are stabled in the outer park. He then retires to the Penitential Hall, where he is left alone, and, to assist his meditations, a small copper image of a Taouist priest, which had been carried before him in the procession, is placed on his right hand. The image bears in one hand a tablet on which is inscribed "Fast for three days," while the other hand, with three fingers raised to the lips, inculcates silence—the idea being that, unless the mind is filled with holy thoughts, the religious spirits will not attend the sacrifice. This image, which is only 15 inches in height, was cast in the year A.D. 1380, by order of Choo-tai-tsoo, the founder of the Ming dynasty, in order to remind him of the duty of solemn meditation as a preparation for his priestly duties.

When the appointed hour arrives, the Emperor proceeds to a robing tent, where he washes his hands ceremonially and assumes the sacrificial robes. Then, escorted by 234 musicians robed in Heaven's blue, and an equal number of dancers, who perform slow and solemn religious dances, and followed by all his princes and nobles, the Imperial High-Priest passes on to the altars of sacrifice.

To these we now made our way, and presently came to another wall, completely enclosing the sacred buildings. Here also we found an open gate, and passed in unchidden. We

were now on green turf, and before us towered the triple roof of the three-storied temple on the great northern altar—three roofs rising one above the other pyramidally, and composed of brilliant Albert-blue tiles, dazzlingly bright in the early sunlight. But this also is enclosed by a square wall, coloured pale pink, and roofed with tiles of a lovely aquamarine colour, about the tint of a thrush's egg.

Here again the door was open, and we passed in and found ourselves on a square platform at the base of the great circular triple platform of white marble on which stands the aforesaid temple. Eight triple flights of nine steps each lead to the upper platform. These somehow represent a mystic figure known as the eight diagrams, the symbolism of which none but a born Chinaman can fully grasp!

One crowning point of good fortune lay in the fact that this temple itself, which is usually so rigidly closed as to defy all bribery, to-day opened wide its portals, so we were able to examine the interior at our leisure. There is no ceiling, so you look right up into the pointed roof, the interior of which is richly gilded. The highest roof is supported by four very tall round pillars, the second roof rests on twelve medium columns, and the lowest roof on twelve shorter ones, all of wood, and elaborately coloured and gilded. On the north side, facing the door, is an altar on which stands the simple wooden tablet inscribed with the name of Shang-te, the Supreme Lord and Master of Heaven and Earth and all things. On either side are ranged altars bearing the tablets of the eight deceased Emperors, each upheld by a handsomely carved wooden stand representing dragons. Except that these are coloured scarlet and gold, there is nothing to relieve the severe simplicity of this interior, which is precisely on the principle of all ancestral temples.

Standing on the marble platform at the door of the temple, we looked due south along the paved road leading to the great south altar, which lies at a considerable distance. Halfway between the two there is another circular tower with a splendid single-peaked roof of the same intensely rich blue tiles. It is surrounded by a circular wall of a pink-salmon colour, roofed with lovely pale-green dragon-tiles, and its three

great gateways have handsome curved roofs of the brightest yellow tiles edged with a row of the brightest green dragon-tiles. All the colouring has special symbolic signification. Blue roofs indicate buildings for the worship of Shang-te only, yellow or brown have reference to Earth, while green, combining both, is deemed suitable for such buildings as the Hall of Fasting and the buildings in which the musicians practise their choral anthems.

At a considerable distance beyond the central blue-roofed building lies the great triple terrace of white marble, which is the south altar, generally distinguished as "The Altar of Heaven," the approach to which is beautified by two sets of three white marble Pai-lows—*i.e.*, the square-shaped triumphal arch—facing each of the four sets of stairs.

Before proceeding thither we turned aside into the dense grove of very large old cypress-trees which forms a broad belt of dark-green foliage on either side of this long roadway and of these altars. They are noble old trees, and their cool deep shade was doubly delightful as the slanting rays of the morning sun were already striking with extreme heat.

The objects of special interest which we sought in the depths of this arbor-vitæ grove were six great unhewn stone boulders which lie beneath one of the old trees, and are said to guard the fortunes of the present Imperial dynasty. Strange how widespread are the survivals of primitive stone-worship! Britain too has her king-making stone, which is securely housed beneath the coronation chair in her Temple of Heaven, commonly called Westminster Abbey—a rude water-worn stone which holds its time-honoured place in the stateliest ceremonial of the British Empire!

A little farther on we came to a spring of deliciously cool water; then, continuing our walk through glassy glades beneath the old cypresses and laburnum-trees, we passed a store house in which are kept the musical instruments, the banners, and the sacred triple umbrellas which figure in the state ceremonies. Then, finding a gateway which admitted us within another square pink wall roofed with yellow and edged with green tiles, we found ourselves standing at the base of the magnificent white marble circular triple platforms, the summit

of which is the Altar of Heaven, and here it is that the grand midnight services are held at mid-summer and mid-winter.

Here (as at the great north altar), in a corner of the outer square wall at the base of the circular terraces, are the furnace of green porcelain (9 feet high by 7 wide) and eight great cup-shaped braziers of ornamental cast-iron. These are the altars of burnt-offering in which the various sacrifices are burnt—the green porcelain furnace consuming the bullock, the silks, the jade, the incense, and other things offered to Shang-te, while the eight iron braziers consume the sacrifices to deceased Emperors. The hair and skins of the beasts offered are buried in pits a little farther off. The animals sacrificed may be of all sorts which are used for human food, which in China is a tolerably comprehensive list, including, besides sheep and cattle, hares, deer, and pigs. In earliest times horses were included—a survival of the primitive great Horse-Sacrifice—but they are now omitted, not being legitimate food for the banquet.*

---

* A very remarkable survival of the Horse-Sacrifice is still occasionally practised in various parts of the Empire—not a sacrifice to the Sun however, but to Water-Demons, as a form of exorcism. It occurs in any district where many persons have been recently drowned, or indeed wherever the land has been afflicted with any serious epidemic, which may possibly have been caused by the malice of water-spirits. Then, just as we read of the Persian Magi at the bidding of King Xerxes sacrificing white horses on the banks of the river Strymon, as an offering to the river on behalf of the Persian host, so do the Chinese bring a white horse to the brink of a stream, a lake or a canal, and there solemnly decapitate it, burying its head below low-water mark, but reserving its carcase for food. The sacrificial butcher is a specially appointed layman, but both Buddhist and Taoist priests take part in the religious ceremonial. Sometimes a horse's head sculptured in stone may be observed on the banks of a stream, symbolizing this offering. Archdeacon Grey has had the good fortune to be present on two occasions when this remarkable sacrifice has been offered in the immediate neighbourhood of Canton. The first time was at a village where several persons had been drowned, and it was supposed that the spirits of the neglected dead were in league with the water-demons. So preparations were made for a very grand funeral service, which was held in a large cemetery where multitudes of friendless poor were buried. Many altars were erected, at each of which several priests of Taou chanted monotonous prayers from morning till night, while all the women of the district kept up an incessant wailing. This was continued for three days and three nights.

Amongst the offerings brought for the use of the neglected souls in the spirit-world were upwards of two hundred full-sized armchairs of bamboo wicker-work, and life-sized pasteboard figures of attendants, besides a multitude of other objects of which the etherialized essence was supposed to be valuable to the pauper dead. All these were heaped together to form one vast bonfire, and thus were fitted for the use of spirits. About 40,000 persons were present, and all enjoyed a very gay

Here four triple flights of nine steps each, instead of eight as at the north altar, lead to the summit. Each terrace is surrounded by a very handsome balustrade, and by great marble knobs sculptured to suggest emblems of Heaven. On the lower terrace these are all curly clouds. On the middle terrace there are Phœnixes (the celestial birds which, with the Dragon, form the Imperial heraldic bearings), and the Dragon himself appears in multiplied form round the upper terrace.

Ascending thither we found ourselves on a great circular platform of white marble, on which the only permanent objects are five large altar-vessels of white marble placed a little north of the central stone on which the Emperor kneels. At intervals all round there are marble boulders with handles, shaped just like large curling-stones. These are the weights to which are attached the ropes of the silken tent, or rather canopy, which is here erected at the great festivals, to overshadow the sacred tablets of Shang-te and the deceased Emperors, which are then brought to this spot, and before each are spread costly offerings of the same sort as those which are invariably sacrificed to deceased ancestors, only in

---

religious fair, with very fine dramatic representations in the temporary theatre, and brilliant processions of dragon-boats decorated with gorgeous banners of most costly silk.

The decapitation of a White Horse was the crowning feature of the Holy Fair.

On the second occasion the devoted White Horse was crowned with flowers, and bore on its back a wallet containing thousands of paper charms folded in the form of a triangle, each bearing the name and seal of a goddess. These were purchased by the villagers to be placed in their homes, as a sure defence against evil spirits. The horse was led to the brink of the river, when an exorcist, dressed up to look most ferocious, came and performed a wild dance, to terrify the water-demons who were supposed to be moving to and fro on the stream. Then, the legs of the horse having been tied together, it was thrown to the ground, and decapitated. Its blood was received in a large earthenware jar, and a portion carried to the temple of the aforesaid goddess, when all the villagers rushed tumultuously to secure a sprinkling of blood on the charms which they had already purchased.

The rest of the blood was mixed with sand, and, with the head and legs, was placed in a boat; beside these portions of the sacrifice was laid a young man, bound hand and foot, with his face, hands and feet painted black. He represented the conquered water-devils! This boat headed a long procession of richly carved and gilded boats, in which were priests, both Buddhist and Taonist, and village warriors discharging matchlocks to terrify the water-devils, while the men in the first boat sprinkle the waters as they advance with blood-stained sand.

On reaching the village boundaries, the young man was unbound, and leaping into the stream, swam ashore amid a salvo of musketry. The horse's head was finally placed in an earthenware jar, and buried in the bed of the river.

this case the genuine article is offered, and actually burnt, involving a most tantalizing destruction of fine silk and jade.

No less than twelve beautiful pieces of blue silk are burnt in honour of Shang-te, and three pieces of white silk in honour of the Emperors, while seventeen pieces of red, yellow, blue, black, and white silk are burned in honour of the heavenly bodies, whose tablets are arranged on either side of the second terrace. On the east side are set the tablets of the sun, the Great Bear, the five planets, the twenty-eight constellations, and one for all the stars. The tablet of the moon is placed on the west side, together with those of wind and rain, cloud and thunder.

Before every one of the tablets are set ample, but slightly varied, feasts; thus the stars alone receive a full-grown bullock, a sheep, and a pig, while to Shang-te is offered a heifer, which is laid between braziers in front of the five marble altar-vessels.

Before each tablet are placed lights and incense, with abundant offerings of food, and three cups of rice wine. Twenty-eight dishes of divers meats, fruits, and vegetables are arranged in eight rows. These dishes consist of soups, with slices of beef and pork floating therein, pickled pork and vermicelli, slices of pickled hare and venison, salt fish, pickled fish, pickled onions, parsley and celery, bamboo shoots, boiled rice and millet, sweet cakes of wheat or buckwheat flour, and sugar, chestnuts, water-chestnuts, plums and walnuts.

Nor are seasonings forgotten for these Imperial Feasts of the Spirits—pepper and salt, sesamine oil and anise seed, soy and onions, are provided.

All these things having been duly arranged, the Emperor approaches from the Hall of Fasting, arrayed in his sacrificial vestments, and mounts the altar, while all his courtiers and nobles take their places on the lower terraces or round their base. He kneels and burns incense before the tablet of each Emperor, and then thrice prostrates himself before the tablet of Shang-te, knocking the ground nine times with his head. Each action must be exactly repeated by every worshipper present.

All this time the 234 blue-robed musicians have been

making melody. Now there is a hushed silence, while the Emperor, kneeling, offers the pieces of blue silk and a lovely large piece of blue jade. Then a chorister chants an anthem, describing the presentations of the food-offerings, during which attendants bring bowls of hot broth which they sprinkle over the body of the heifer.

The Emperor then reads aloud a prayer, which is inscribed on a wooden tablet, and will presently be burnt. In it the praises of the deceased Emperors are curiously interwoven with the solemn petitions addressed to the Supreme Lord. He then offers separately three cups of wine. Every detail in all this elaborate ritual is ordered according to the strictest ceremonial law.

Now the 234 musicians chant "hymns of harmonious peace," with accompaniments of stringed instruments, while a great company of dancers move slowly through sacred figures.

After this there is a great stillness, and then follows a most remarkable sacramental mystery. A single voice is heard chanting the words, "GIVE THE CUP OF BLESSING AND THE MEAT OF BLESSING," *whereupon officers appointed for this honour present the Cup of Blessing and the Meat of Blessing to the Emperor,* who partakes of each, and again prostrates himself, and knocks his forehead three times against the ground, then nine times more to symbolize his thankful reception of these gifts. All the princes and nobles present exactly follow the example of the Emperor.

Then the choir bursts forth into a "song of glorious peace," while the tablets are solemnly carried back to their accustomed place in their blue-roofed chapel.

The written prayer, the incense, the silk, the viands, and the heifer, elsewhere offered to Shang-te, are then carried to the great furnace, or altar of green porcelain, and the offerings to the ancestral Emperors, the silk, the jade-stone, incense, and meats, are carried to the braziers, and all are solemnly burned, the glare of this costly burnt sacrifice glowing red in the cold starlight, while the Emperor and all the princes and nobles stand facing this sacred flame.

Then the Emperor returns to his palace, and soon all trace of this grand ceremonial is swept away, and the great marble

altar is deserted till the next solemn occasion of Imperial worship.

One such occasion is especially worthy of note. It is that on which, once every year, the Emperor lays aside his Imperial robes, and, assuming penitential garments, walks from the Hall of Fasting to the Altar of Heaven, and there reads a list of all criminals who have been executed within the last year, praying that if any have been unjustly punished they may not suffer in the spirit-world on account of the ignominy with which they were dismissed from this—the idea being that a criminal who has been decapitated is certain of hard lines in the unseen world, the fact of arriving without a head proving him to be quite unworthy of respect!

One of the many interesting points to which Dr. Edkins called my attention is the constant recurrence of multiples of three and nine in all the structure of this unique place of worship. To begin with, each of the three terraces is ascended by nine steps. In the centre of the north altar, three concentric circles form a raised base of three steps, leading up to the three-storied wooden temple, the height of which is 99 Chinese feet. The midnight sacrifice is illuminated by three great lights suspended from three tall poles.

All this is part of a Chinese symbolism which expresses abstract ideas by definite forms, colours, and numbers.

First, there is the mysterious Yin-Yang, or symbolism of the dual principle in Nature. The Yin, or feminine, which represents* the Earth, is symbolized by a square figure and even numbers, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, whereas the Yang, or male principle, representing Heaven, is symbolized by circular forms and odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9. Therefore these threefold circular altars to Heaven rest on a square base, and the upper platform of the great southern altar is paved with nine circles of marble slabs (including the central circular stone on which the Emperor kneels). These circles are respectively laid in

* In common with many other matters in China, the Ko-tow, or form of obeisance in presence of the Emperor, is thus regulated, and consists in thrice kneeling on all fours, and knocking the forehead on the ground nine times—*i.e.*, thrice at each prostration.

nine slabs, eighteen slabs, twenty-seven slabs, and so on up to nine times nine.

On the other hand, at the Temple of the Earth, to the north of Peking, the great altar is square, and each terrace is 6 feet in height, and the paving bricks are laid in multiples of six and eight, because here even numbers must prevail. The altar is 60 feet square, and is surrounded by a ditch 6 feet wide and a wall 6 feet high.

When this park was first set apart for this Imperial worship, A.D. 1421, by the third Emperor of the Ming dynasty, Earth and Heaven were here worshipped together at the northern altar, and instead of the three roofs being all blue, they were then blue, red, and yellow. In 1531, the ecclesiastical authorities decided that the Altar of the Earth should lie outside the walls on the north side of the Tartar City, where it now is, and its encircling double walls are coloured red, and are roofed with bright green tiles. The temple buildings are also red, and are roofed with green or yellow tiles. The 204 musicians are robed in black and gold, to represent yellow, instead of blue. For the same reason some of the musical instruments are gilt. The most precious offering is a piece of yellow jade, in place of the blue jade offered to Heaven. The prayer is written on a yellow tablet, and, in common with the silk, the jade, the various animals, and the cooked food, it is buried instead of being burnt, the idea being that the offerings to the Earth Spirit must descend, even as those to Heaven must ascend.

Instead of sacrifice before the tablets of sun, moon, and stars, the Imperial worship of the Earth Temple honours the spirits of the four great seas, and the four greatest rivers of China, also of the fourteen greatest and most sacred mountains of China and Manchuria. Each of these is represented by the tablet. The tablets of the deceased Emperors are also present, and receive offerings, which, however, are burnt, not buried.

Yet another temple in which the Emperor officiates as High-Priest, and where the ceremonial is almost identical with that of the Earth-worship, is that which is dedicated to the Gods of Land and Grain. This lies on the right hand of the palace gate. Here the altar consists of these two terraces, each ascended

by flights of three steps. The upper terrace is covered with earth of five colours: blue to the east, white to the west, black to the north, red to the south, and yellow in the middle. On these terraces are placed the tablets of these two guardian spirits, both facing the north, and the tablets of two eminent Chinese agriculturists are placed on the right and left hand to occupy the honoured position of guests at the sacrificial banquets. These are offered in the middle of spring and autumn, and on some other occasions, and, by an odd combination of ideas, the animals offered are buried, but the silk and jade are burned.

There is just one temple in the heart of the Imperial City, immediately to the north of the palace, which would seem to be a sort of Buddhist adaptation of Heaven's Temple. It is called the Qua-min-tien, or Temple of Light. Here are two marble terraces, one above the other, each ascended by six flights of twelve steps each (making a total of 144 steps). On the platform at the summit stands a circular wooden temple, roofed with brilliant light-blue tiles. Within this building an image sits enthroned above the altar, supported by beautifully carved dragons. This pagoda, with its marble terraces, is in connection with a Buddhist temple of the ordinary type.

We now re-crossed the outer park, intending, according to our morning programme, to visit the great Temple of Agriculture, which lies so near to that of Heaven, but, the sun being already high and the heat overpowering, I contented myself with a look at its outer wall, while Dr. Edkins described how at the beginning of spring, about the 5th of March, the Emperor and his great nobles come in state to this "Eminence of Venerable Agriculturists" (the Sein-nong-tan), and there offer a sacrificial banquet to Shin-nung, the God of Husbandry.

The banquet includes a sheep, a pig, and nine kinds of grain and vegetables. In presenting these the Emperor and his courtiers prostrate themselves and knock their heads nine times on the earth. Having read aloud a written prayer for prosperity in the ploughing and sowing, the nine head-knockings are again repeated. Then the Emperor and the Imperial princes put off their official dress, and assume that of peasants, and, thus arrayed, they adjourn to a field ready for ploughing, where each takes his place in charge of an Imperial-yellow

plough, to which is yoked a buffalo led by a peasant, who (in honour of the occasion) is clothed in yellow. Each noble ploughman must plough nine furrows, and each is followed by an official whose duty it is to sow the grain in the newly turned earth, while two companies of choristers robed in festive attire, and stationed to east and west of the field, chaunt anthems in praise of agriculture. On the north side stand a crowd of literary men, and on the south a company of aged peasants in festal attire.

This remarkable ceremony is said to have been instituted by the Emperor Shun, who reigned about B.C. 2200, and was himself a keen practical farmer. The example thus set by the Emperor is followed by the great officials in every city throughout the empire, and the farmers are then at liberty to commence work in earnest.*

We had ample time to contemplate the outer wall of this famous temple while waiting for the return of the driver, who had gone off to indulge in an opium pipe. At last, weary of standing in the grilling sun, we started to meet him, the Doctor himself leading the cart. Presently we came to the Temple of the God of Medicine, and there halted, hoping to see the statues of all the most celebrated Chinese doctors.

The temple, however, was securely locked up, and we had to be satisfied with inspecting its very gaudy "joss theatre," the decorations of which are not nearly so artistic as those of Southern China.

As we neared the huge walls of the Tartar City, we successively met two great funeral processions, which formed striking foregrounds to the venerable grey walls and stupendous many-storied gateway. A funeral here does not imply sombre black, but a wealth of rich positive colour. Nor is there any conventional excess of rigid obedience to undertakers and milliners, for most picturesque tatterdemalions are allowed a place in the funeral processions of even wealthy citizens such

* In proof that this festival was not anciently peculiar to China, Mr. Simpson quotes the "Siamese Life of Buddha," which tells how Suddhodana, King of Kapila, and father of Buddha, celebrated the festival of the commencing of sowing time with Brahmins and nobles and 799 ploughs, with which they broke the earth and then sowed the first seeds.

as these. In the present instance a company of such headed the first procession, carrying scarlet objects stuck on long poles like advertisement boards, with Chinese characters inscribed in gold. These are the titles of the deceased and his ancestors. Various other symbolic insignia were also carried on tall poles. Then came a troop of musicians beating gongs, drums, and copper cymbals, and blowing trumpets with deafening noise, as an accompaniment to the lugubrious noise of hired mourners. These are all clothed in dark blue. Then came a gorgeous erection of huge scarlet and gold beams and cross-beams, the use of which I failed to learn. Then, in a fine gilded sedan-chair, came the tablet of the deceased, and above it floated a crimson satin banner bearing his name in letters of gold. Another company of men in every-day dress followed, each bearing a long stick with a gilt top. After these came a procession of half a dozen gorgeous scarlet ecclesiastical umbrellas—triple umbrellas one above the other (like the triple roof of Heaven's Temple).

These were followed by Taouist priests robed in blue satin, and then came the funeral car—an immense catafalque with a canopy and drapery of the richest blue satin embroidered with golden dragons. This most cumbersome bier was carried by a very large number of bearers dressed in green, and having red feathers in their hats. There must have been about fifty of these. Then followed the chief mourners on foot, some dressed in white and some in sackcloth. Then a very long string of the ordinary Peking carts, with blue canvas covers and two enormously heavy wheels—springless carts which bump and jolt along over these dreadful roads and streets, once stone-paved, but now resembling the beds of mountain torrents! These on the present occasion represented mourning and private carriages, containing more white-robed mourners. Among them were some sedan-chairs, with four bearers. Then came more State umbrellas, more scarlet boards and banners, more noisy musicians, and then an immense crowd of rag-tag attracted by the brave spectacle.

Scarcely had the last of them passed us when, just as we came to the great gateway, a renewed burst of dismal music warned us to stand aside, and a second long funeral train

came forth. This was that of a woman, apparently of some standing, for the procession was in most respects very similar to the first; only, in place of the extraordinary structure of scarlet and gold beams, there was a sort of ark closely covered with yellow embroidered cloth, and the funeral car was heavily draped with dark-purple silk embroidered with large luck-conferring fishes, with the addition of many camels couching in the hot dust outside the great grey walls, and the mixed crowd of Mongolians, Tartars, and long-tailed Chinamen.

The scene was all exceedingly picturesque, and I crept out of my secluded cart in order to see it better; but what with the grilling heat, the clouds of stifling dust, and the powerful and most unfragrant *bouquet de peuple*, I was not sorry when the procession had cleared the great double gateway, and we were able to pass into the Tartar City, and jolt and bump down the main street till we joyfully reached the shelter of the hospitable London Mission.

C. F. G. C.

Art. VI.—THE LAST TESTIMONY TO THE ATONEMENT.

ON a former occasion an attempt was made to prove, or at any rate to point out reasons for thinking it probable, that in St. John's first Epistle we have the final document of revelation. The motive of the discussion then was to establish the unity, consistency, and harmony of New Testament doctrine, as attested by its last exponent; who, if not avowedly yet really, impresses his authoritative seal on the apostolical tradition, lays on it certain final and finishing touches, but leaves it as a whole unchanged in its integrity. Some illustrations were then given, ranging over the whole Epistle. We shall now limit ourselves to the doctrine of the atonement; and show how inspiration, in the person of St. John, takes leave of that fundamental subject.

The material lies before us in abundance. If we glance rapidly through the five chapters, we find that in each of the

first two and the last two there is a distinct statement or definition of the atoning work, while in the middle one there are three. Thus there are seven clear testimonies, independent and emphatic: a larger number, it need hardly be said, than can be found anywhere else within the same space, and running through the whole as its "bond of perfectness." Then it will not require any artifice or pressure to make these manifold testimonies deliver one evidence to one truth; in other words, to show that the epistle is a prism which gives all the several colours that make up the one uncoloured light of our redemption. On the other hand, it will not be a difficult task to show that each one of these testimonies is really distinct from every other; and not only so, but distinct from all others in the Scripture: in fact, that we have here seven absolutely unique presentations of the doctrine, which is notwithstanding the very "same that we had from the beginning." Again, it will appear that, while some of the current definitions and illustrations of the atonement are absent so far as concerns the word and expression, not one is really unrepresented in deed and in truth. And, finally, it will not escape notice that the several testimonies which the last apostle lays down have more or less the nature of apologetic protests, providing against errors already commencing and certain in future times more distinctly to appear. All these several points of interest we must try to keep in view while discussing the series of passages in their order.

I. The first allusion enters as soon as it possibly could. After St. John has paid his tribute to the great manifestation of the personal Word he introduces the substance of the evangelical record that Christians have fellowship in the light of God. This is the positive side of their high privilege; but it demands the negative: "the blood of Jesus His Son cleanseth from all sin." We need not pause to consider more carefully the connection between the two: suffice that they are counterparts; and teach when united that whatever impurity or stain the light of the divine holiness detects is unseen by the Judge, because it is cleansed away by the virtue of the Redeemer's blood. But, strictly speaking, there is no question here of "the Judge:" the sin for which the atoning sacrifice

provides is viewed not as transgression but as defilement; and the virtue of which we speak is the removal of the pollution that disqualifies for the presence of God in His temple. Here then we have as it were a definition of the atonement: it is that quality in the blood of Jesus the Son of God which annuls, negatives, cleanses or covers the pollution of sin. But the sentence as we read it stands alone in the New Testament, and our only concern at present is with the fact of its uniqueness.

The peculiarity of the phrase is not precisely its allusion to the cleansing efficacy of Christ's blood: as to this there are some few parallels more or less complete. For instance, in the Epistle to the Hebrews we read of the blood of Christ as "cleansing our conscience" from dead works, and as being "the blood of sprinkling," and of our Saviour as having "made purification of our sins." So in St. Peter's first Epistle and elsewhere the "precious blood" is the price of our redemption. But there is such a fulness and emphasis in the sentence before us as cannot be found elsewhere. We are so familiar with this wonderful saying that we are apt to forget how wonderful it is. Comparing it, however, with other testimonies that had gone before, we mark at once its high singularity of meaning. The blood is here for the first time the blood of Jesus the Son of God: "of Jesus," the human name which occurs prominently throughout the epistle; and of "the Son," which occurs with equal prominence; and of both, here alone united, as giving the final testimony of Scripture to the Divine-human value of the sacrifice offered for our sins. We have the same declaration in an indirect form in other places: for instance, where St. Paul speaks of "the church of God, which He purchased with His own blood." But now it comes out expressly, finally and conclusively; the last testimony to the true standard of the value of the blood. Whatever is elsewhere said of its "goodly price," of its heavenly virtue, of its infinite power in heaven and therefore on earth, finds its reason here. "Jesus" furnished the blood which carried with it the pouring out and offering to God a perfect human life; but it was the blood of "the Son" of the Father, which He Himself offered, and

which it is superfluous therefore to qualify with any epithet indicative of value. Almost always until now something had been added to betoken the superiority of this blood; but now the final testimony renders any commendation needless. It is "the blood of Jesus His Son."

"Final testimony" it is and it is not. In fact, we shall see that our epistle is rounded with one witness, which begins and ends with "blood." And this suggests at once how utterly wrong they are who strive to diminish the reality, the theological and practical reality, of the blood of our Incarnate Sacrifice. It is sometimes said that the sacrificial language of the old economy enters the New Testament only as figure and for a transitional purpose; that the speech of the Gospel bewrays that it came up out of the ancient temple, and could not easily shake off the levitical phraseology; and finally that all our notions of the atonement must be rid of these ancient encumbrances and brought up to the standard of a "living sacrifice" as presented by our Representative and Pattern and reflected in ourselves. Now if that were true we should certainly find that the language of the New Testament would gradually refine away these allusions, that its current would run clearer and clearer until all this sediment had fallen out of sight. But the passage we consider is in evidence to the contrary. Indeed, it is only the consummation and finish of a series of evidences to the contrary. The levitical language is more distinct and real at the end of the Gospels than at the beginning, at the end of the Acts than at the beginning. St. Paul certainly as he writes on and on does not forsake the altar and its terminology; nor are his writings less sprinkled with the sacred blood at the end than at the beginning. And here comes St. John, the most spiritual, contemplative and mystical of all the writers—so far as such language is permissible—and at the very close of revelation opens and finishes his last document by a most realistic allusion to the blood of the sacrificial atonement. St. John at least gives no sanction to the idea of a Gospel so "spiritual" as to need no support of a veritable oblation on the cross. He does not indeed mention the cross; though, as we shall see hereafter, he introduces it

without the word and in the most impressive manner. But his epistle is proof that the evangelical system has not developed itself clear of the oblation for human sin, and has not refined itself out of the elements of Divine wrath and its propitiation. To any one who has been fascinated by the modern theory, and has come almost insensibly to believe that the entire vocabulary of atonement served only to express the shadows of a better dispensation in which there is at last remission without shedding of blood, the language of the last evangelist at the opening of his last transcendent treatise must communicate, at any rate it ought to communicate, something like a shock. The transition from the awful light in which God IS and in which Christians WALK, to the "blood of Jesus His Son cleansing from all sin" must be startling to him. To us it is the sublime simplicity of the Gospel.

And as the blood is here the veritable sacrifice of the Incarnate Son, so its efficacy is here the entire annulling and covering of sin, viewed in its relation to the altar. It is said "to cleanse from all sin;" and the question may arise whether St. John means more by cleansing than the word generally imports. Some expositors have lately striven to press the word into another service. The blood is said to retain its life, which is presented to God in sprinkling or received into the very nature of the believer. There is doubtless something extremely attractive in the sacramental idea of an infusion of our Lord's life into our souls through the medium of His blood. Moreover, it seems to have its sanction in the words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." But we can only reply that, whatever may be said of the Sacred Blood elsewhere, it is here the vehicle of atonement. The "cleansing" has its meaning fixed by long usage; and that meaning finds its best expression in the words which open the Epistle to the Hebrews, "When He had made purification or cleansing of our sins." But we shall return to this at the end. Meanwhile, it is enough to point out that the verses which follow really settle the question as to what cleansing by blood means. The same word is used to express the act of God's faithfulness and righteousness in forgiving our sins and cleansing from iniquity.

Surely the word does not so entirely change its application within the compass of a few sentences.

II. The apostle soon returns to the atonement; and in a passage which still more emphatically than the former stands alone. Every word, and every phase of thought in the sentence that now follows, is without strict parallel in the New Testament. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. And He is the Propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the whole world." Let it be observed that Jesus is Himself the propitiation; that His atonement is carried into heaven as the basis of an intercession for His own; and that this intercession for His own is in harmony with a general propitiation for the world.

With regard to the first point, it is remarkable that here only in the New Testament is the word ἱλασμός, "propitiation," used, and used in such a way as to suggest a silent contrast with the "blood" which opened the series. The word strictly means that quality or virtue in the sacrifice which propitiates God and expiates or annuls sin: one and the same word in Hebrew and Greek bearing these two meanings in Latin and English. Having spoken of the blood which was shed on earth for the cleansing away or expiating of sin, the apostle makes a sudden change to the same Jesus, "Himself the propitiation." Let the reader, with this thought in his mind, read the passage carefully, and the writer's meaning will seize him at once. That which gives heavenly and irresistible virtue to the sacrifice is not the blood, nor the life which flows with the blood, but the very Self of the Offerer. "He is the propitiation," embodied and always effectual, "in the presence of God for us." It is easy to see the link between this and "the blood of Jesus His Son." The propitiation was certainly in the blood; but the blood has not entered heaven, however nearly the Epistle to the Hebrews may approach that thought. The atonement is transferred to the holiest, and gives its virtue there to the intercession of the Representative of His church. He is only "Jesus Christ, righteous," as the Paraclete of His people who may sin, but the strength of His intercession is that of the Son of God. "He is the propitiation" as the Son: so St. John emphatically tells us when he repeats this word in

the fourth chapter, as we shall see. And we do not catch the spirit of the writer, nor perfectly enter into his mind, unless we perceive the enthusiasm with which he proclaims that Christian sinners have an infinite plea. He is, in his Divine-human perfection, the propitiation for them.

But, on the other hand, St. John would teach us that, even in heaven, there is propitiation needed. Though he does not expressly say this, it is undoubtedly what he intends to convey; and the very conjunction of the two ideas, "propitiation" and "in heaven," is deeply suggestive. The word must keep its meaning. Christians who sin against God are said to have the benefit applied to them, but the benefit is intended for the whole world. Let the two be considered for a little, individually and apart.

To take the latter first, the world has the virtue of the Saviour's presence as the propitiation. His Person interposes between the divine displeasure and it: that is, between God and the world or race as such; as it is not said, "for the sins of the whole world," but "for the whole world," with a certain difference distinct enough to the trained ear. The apostle Paul would say that God is reconciled to the world, or that the world is redeemed. St. John does not use these words at all; but he means the same thing put into levitical language when he says that "touching the whole world, Christ is a standing propitiation." And it will be manifest to every one how entirely new is the idea, or at any rate the expression of it. It is St. John who makes most prominent the universality of the benefit of Christ's intervention, but he nowhere more distinctly asserts it than here, where it comes in as it were by express deliberation and with an emphatic *nota bene*. The fact that, in this very epistle, the world is so sharply shut out of the domain of light, makes this all the more remarkable. At the close, "the world lieth in the wicked one:" here it seems to be in the Redeemer's arms, or in some sense under His shadow and protection.

For the offending Christians individually the propitiation avails, but in connection with a special advocacy. And each side of the statement defends us against its appropriate error. In saying that the Christian who may fall into sin has in

reserve a propitiation which avails for him with God, the apostle answers effectually and finally a most important question: that, namely, as to the virtue of the atonement for sins committed after the first benefit of that atonement had been received, or, to put it in modern language, for sins after baptism. In the previous chapter he had been speaking at large of the efficacy of the blood of Jesus the Son of God, not so much for the cleansing of the sins of the regenerate as for the cleansing of all sin generally. If we examine carefully, we see that St. John divides men into two classes: on the one side those who walk in darkness and say that they have no sin, or that they have never sinned; on the other, those who come to the light and confess their sins. The universal atonement avails for these latter; who have their sins remitted as to their penalty, and cleansed as to their pollution. After that the exhortation and Christian order is "that ye sin not." But the troubled and sensitive conscience of the believer who nevertheless has fallen may only too well remember the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews as to "no more sacrifice for sin remaining." His fear may misinterpret that, as we know that it has been so misinterpreted from the beginning: witness the whole economy of the added sacrament of penance. Now here is the last word of Scripture, and its great encouragement for the transgressor within the covenant. With the Father he has an advocate who is Himself a propitiation for the sins of His people; and there is no limitation. We cannot help thinking of that remarkable sentence which runs thus in the Septuagint: παρὰ Σοὶ ὁ ἱλασμός ἐστιν, "there is propitiation with Thee." But we must add, from another psalm, "that Thou mayest be feared;" for if the word contains unlimited encouragement on the one hand, on the other it administers its caution. The apostle says that sinning Christians "have an Advocate," and that comes in before the "propitiation." He pleads for them though they have dishonoured His atonement. Their case becomes as it were a special one; they must go to their Great Confessor in heaven for absolution. If He pleads for them when they call Him in as a Paraclete, they will find forgiveness; for He is Himself an unfailing propitiation. Thus this double

lesson is the second of our last series of witnesses to the doctrine of our redemption.

III. The strength and comfort of this testimony runs through a long chapter. But with a new topic the apostle finds his way to the atonement from another point of view, approaching the altar from another side. "And ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins, and in Him is no sin." Of all the seven this one is in some respects the most striking. But of all the seven it is introduced with the least formality. The theme has been the second manifestation of the Lord our Hope, and the necessity that all who would see Him as He is should be found like Him when He is manifested: "pure even as He is pure," and "righteous even as He is righteous." With what inexpressible grace does the writer interject for his readers, as it were appealing incidentally to their knowledge of what he and they would alike take for granted as a well-understood axiom of the economy of the Gospel, that there was a first manifestation before that second one, and that the design of the earlier manifestation was to make provision for all that the later would require. The grandest of all the testimonies enters in the most artless and simple manner. And like all the others it is without a parallel. It is so because it connects as no other does the general manifestation of the Son of God with His atonement; but this will be referred to again in the next testimony. Meanwhile, we have here two points of distinctness and peculiarity: the "taking away of our sins" by Him in Whom "is no sin."

It will be suggested at once that the passage is simply an echo of the words of the Baptist in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. Certainly the evangelist goes back to his own record of the earliest of all New Testament testimonies to the atonement, given when Jesus was "manifested" to Israel for the world. But he by no means echoes the Baptist: the two testimonies are not the same. They seem to unite in one word, "taketh away," which occurs in an expiatory meaning, and as a definition of the atonement, only in those two places: the two Johns lifting up the same standard, one at the beginning and the other at the end of New Testament

revelation. The word is found many times between these, notably with reference to "taking up" the cross; but with reference to what was borne up and borne away on the cross itself it occurs only in these. But with a difference; rather with sundry differences. Here in our epistle "the Lamb of God" is wanting, "the world" is wanting: it is the combination of these, the lamb for the Jewish offering but offered for the world's sin, that impresses such sublimity on the Baptist's word; but our epistle is in no need of this striking witness. Besides it is precisely "our sins" that the passage emphasizes: at any rate, even if we have to give up under critical pressure the "our," it is not the "sin" of the whole race, but individual "sins" that the Saviour appeared to "take away."

And what is the peculiarity of the word here? It is no other than this, that of its two meanings that one preponderates which includes the entire removal of sin from our nature. The word *αἴρειν* has a very special force in the New Testament exhibition of the atonement. It answers in St. John to several other words, such as "put away," "annul," which combine the two ideas of "bearing," and "taking away:" the former noting the bearing as by One upon Whom our iniquities are laid, and the latter the taking away as by One Whose indwelling by the Spirit entirely removes them; the former represented by the goat whose blood was carried for expiation into the sanctuary, and the latter by the goat which carried away the same tale of sins into the land of forgetfulness. Now when John the Baptist announced the Lamb of God Who "taketh away the sin of the world," the translation should be "beareth," for the Redeemer bears rather than bears away universal sin. And when John the Evangelist says that He was manifested "to take away our sins," the translation is right, for the Redeemer bears away rather than bears our individual sins. Our Revised Version gives in both cases "beareth" as the marginal alternative, without attending to this distinction.

But the relation of the words "in Him is no sin" to this atonement passage sets on it the seal of perfection. For it cannot be doubted that there is a connection between the two clauses: what precise connection, the indeterminate "and"

leaves very much to the decision of our theology or of our hearts. Now if we assume that the ἄρῃ bears its double meaning, though with a leaning to "take away," then this additional clause may with St. John's consent be referred to either and both, though with a leaning to the latter. He who bears on Himself the iniquities of us all must have no iniquities of His own: that is a fundamental postulate of the Gospel, and requires a much more absolute doctrine of the necessary (as well as the real) sinlessness of the Incarnate Son of God than current views adopt. St. John's brief and emphatic sentence seems to give the very last and determinate expression to the truth that the Son of God knew no sin in His "manifestation" in the flesh any more than He could know it in His pre-human estate: "in Him is no sin." St. Paul's formula is "He became or was made sin for us who knew no sin:" when He felt our sin laid upon Him, He owned or recognized or knew it not as His own. "He hath nothing in Me," said our Representative Himself as He arose to "bear our sins to the tree." St. John's testimony is to the rightly hearing ear an end of all controversy. But the words refer with equal directness to the other meaning: He who bears away our sins makes Himself the standard of our future perfection, and makes us partakers of His own sinlessness. Then here we have as it were a new definition of the atonement. It is a provision to make the great exchange perfect on both sides: the Saviour takes up our sin, bearing it to the cross; and we united to Him must become as free from sin as He is Himself free. One side of the definition must not be taken without the other. Whenever it takes place, whether in the other world, or at death, or during the probation of life, the entire deliverance of the believer from his sin belongs to the very statement of the doctrine of atonement. There ought to be no question as to the "when." St. John at least leaves no ground for doubt. He analyzes for us the sinlessness of our Pattern: on the one hand and negatively "He is pure;" on the other hand, and positively, "He is righteous." But he does not say this for the Lord's dignity, but "for our sake:" we are to become pure "as He is pure," and to become righteous "as He is righteous."

IV. The transition to the next allusion is a very remarkable one. Suddenly the apostle passes from the sin in man which needed atonement to the hand of Satan in that sin, and the kingdom of evil that he has founded upon it. There can be no doubt that the destruction here spoken of has still reference to the atonement: to the atonement, that is, in its effects. This is evident from the repetition of the word "manifested," which only introduces another aspect of the same work that had just been dwelt upon. St. John retains his Hebrew style of repeating the thought with certain changes. Here the change is deeply significant. Before, it was "He was manifested:" Ἐκεῖνος, that well-known and Only Person, who stands for the unnamed Lord so often in the epistle. Now "the Son of God" is introduced most solemnly, and for the first time, as the antagonist of the prince of this world. But not as his antagonist generally, and in all his ways and works as the promoter of evil in the universe; only in relation to the sin of the world, and the deliverance of His people from it. We must remember that the "manifestation" is already defined, and limited to the earthly sphere of our Saviour's work: it is distinguished from the manifestation of the future Parousia (ch. ii. 25), and finds its term of necessity in the death of redemption. This being so, we have once more a unique and distinct view of the atonement. In what sense, we may briefly make the subject of an investigation; which, however, must not include the whole teaching of the New Testament as to the relation the devil bears to the atonement. That relation is variously stated; from our Lord's own allusion to the prince of this world being cast out down to the words we now consider. It is enough for us to mark what gives this text its peculiarity. And that will best be seen by regarding it as a protest against two opposite errors.

We observe here and afterwards in the epistle the distinct traces of a personal spirit of evil, who is and has always been from the beginning the head and representative of sin among men. And in this passage the taking away of sin from us is closely connected with the dissolution of the power of that being in us and over us. The Son of God came "for this purpose that" He might accomplish such a dissolution.

What makes the allusion much more emphatic is that the whole history of sin among men and in the world is regarded as one great system which the devil has been uprearing from the beginning; and which even the Son of God, appearing manifest on the scene, could not overturn without an atoning death. There is nowhere outside the Apocalypse so full and explicit a statement of the relation of the death of Christ to the empire of evil. Elsewhere we have the idea of a redemption from the power of darkness and a rescue from the power of Satan. Here the thought is more emphatic: the λύειν of our deliverance became the λύειν of the enemy's dissolution. Then the New Testament ends with a clear testimony to the personality of Satan as the head of the confederacy of evil, and to the mysterious overthrow of the cross which "cast him out" and made the Incarnate Son of God "the Prince of this world" in his stead. This is an aspect of the atoning work which in some modern theology is summarily despatched or resolved into the lingering echoes of ancient superstition. The representatives of this more enlightened theology make their sport of the personal Satan in the wilderness and at the cross. They point to the fact that, for many hundreds of years after the departure of the apostles, the true doctrine of the atonement was much darkened by the notion that the price was paid to the devil, as in a certain sense the immemorial lord of the world. We are quite ready to acknowledge and mourn over that perversion. But still the fact remains that among the last testimonies of the apostle who wrote the "Spiritual Gospel" is one that assigns to Satan his clear and distinct place, as in some most important sense the representative of human sin and the power from which our Saviour died to set us free.

It is very easy, however, to go to the other extreme and over-estimate this witness. We must be on our guard against pressing the interpretation of "destroy" too far. Destruction, in the sense of annihilation and utter abolition is not in the word: indeed it is not in any of the words that are used to signify the suppression of evil and the father of it. It is not said that the purpose of the Son of God was to destroy Satan or remove every trace of the effects of sin from the universe.

That is a consummation which is opened up in no prophetic vista: that is a prediction which is not to be found in the opened or the sealed roll. It is said that the Stronger than he will bind Satan and unloose His plans: if we may thus attempt to indicate the literal play on the words. There will be a dissolution, a breaking up, a subversion of his scheme; and a collapse of his empire. As an organized opposition to the Redeemer's sway it will be dissolved like a baseless fabric: though the poet's words can be no further quoted, all authority and power shall be put down; there shall be no open and avowed opposition to the Divine will; evil shall be "silent in darkness;" and a second time shall Satan be bound, now not for a thousand years, but for ever. And all this shall be the result of that atoning death which gave the Incarnate Son of God the rightful authority over the race redeemed by Him.

This remarkable testimony, however, must not be left thus. What after all stamps it with most importance is the confirmation it gives to the doctrine of the testimony preceding, that through the atonement all personal sin is to be taken away. The whole of the context is governed by that thought. Though the suppression of Satan's work in the world is included, certainly the neutralizing of his works within the believer's soul is not excluded. Here is the pendant and counterpart of that other witness. If the sins are our own, they are taken away from us by the power of Christ's redemption. If they are the works of Satan, the things in our heart and life of which it may be said that "an enemy hath done this," then they are to be brought to nought by the entrance of the Stronger than he. St. John does not go into the detail. He leaves the matter in its broad generality. He says nothing about internal redemption: he does not anywhere mention the word redemption; but he certainly purposes to convey the inspiriting truth that those who are born of God may be delivered from every trace of the work of Satan within them. Let any one read the whole with this idea in his mind. "He was manifested to take away our sins; and in Him is no sin:" what is that but an assurance that those who rely on the value of the atonement, may and must share their Saviour's freedom from sin. "He was manifested to destroy the works of the

devil:" what is that but an assurance that all which is "of the devil" we may expect to have removed from our regenerate souls, how become the temple of the indwelling Christ. All this belongs to this fourth aspect of the atonement.

V. The fifth takes us to an altogether different view of the great sacrifice: that namely which regards it as the supreme example and pattern of self-sacrificing devotion to the good of others. The words are: "Hereby know we love, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." The whole sentence must be quoted; for the latter part of it materially affects the definition, limiting the intervention of our Saviour, in this passage at least, to that general self-suppression, self-surrender, and self-devotion even unto death which His servants are permitted and indeed called upon to imitate. It is the passage as a whole that we take into account when we add this also to the unique testimonies to the atonement. The strong expression itself is St. John's own; rather it is the Lord's, as His words are treasured by St. John. Only in his Gospel and in the present quotation—for such we may call it—does the phrase occur. It was one of the Saviour's phrases, which He made and sanctified and sent into the world for our use: one whereby He signified that quality in His redeeming work which His people may share with Him. About the same time that He first used it, He used another of a much deeper force: "the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." We see which of these Simon Peter ventured to copy: having heard both, he cried, "I am ready to lay down my life for Thy sake." The apostle hardly knew then what he said; his generous word was like his noble act of throwing himself into the water; but at least it showed that he rightly understood his Master's meaning. And when his Master quoted back to him his own words, "Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake?" and further prophesied that as the opposite of those words he would "deny Him thrice," we are confirmed in our judgment that the love which lays down life for others is what our Lord meant in the Gospel and the evangelist means in the Epistle.

Here then we have the apostle's sanction of the theory or explanation of the atoning intervention of the Incarnate Son that makes it the sublime exhibition of a perfect self-sacrifice for the benefit of the human race, the virtue of which lies in its power to evoke imitation in us. The theory takes many forms; and there is hardly one of them which has not its measure of truth. In the presence of a passage like this we must admit that the atonement was a perfect surrender and oblation of the human self to God; a perfect example of the exact opposite of the sin and selfishness of mankind; and, it may be added, a sublime reproof of human selfish separation from God; and finally even such a restitution on behalf of mankind as might be held in the estimate of heaven to be a compensation or atonement for those who make it their own by copying it. All this and more than this might be drawn from the passage in favour of the view that reduces the virtue of the atonement to its sublime moral influence. And if these words stood alone, or if they were inserted as the corrective of other words which were liable to be misunderstood, we should have to accept the beautiful theory.

But the text does not stand alone. It must not be taken out of its connection, as the very form of the sentence shows. For here we have another instance of that remarkable Ἐκεῖνος which is one of the characteristics of the epistle; and it cannot but mean, here at least, to refer back to that well-known Person who had been already referred to as the propitiation for the sins of men. Indeed, nearer than that, "the Son of God" claims to be the antecedent of this "He." Collating this with the other references we see that He who "laid down" life is the Same who "lifted up" our sins: it is hardly possible to avoid noting the correlation between the *θεῖναι* and the *αἴρειν*. And what is said of this may be said of all the other passages which extol the example of the cross. They either state expressly or they necessarily imply that there is something behind infinitely deeper than the example. Moreover, they all teach that the example of self-sacrifice in Christ is related to the imitation of it as God is related to man. Take for instance the great passage on this subject, in the Philippians, which is the closest of all parallels to

our own. There St. Paul says in the simplest manner possible, "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." But there is a large interval between the "self-emptying" of the Son of God and the self-devotion of His imitating servants. So here: the old reading, with which we are familiar, is, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." If we must give up the words "of God," we have them presently afterwards; and there can be no doubt that the strength of the argument lies there. "We love because He first loved us" is the heart of the epistle. But the love is not human love exhibited even by a Divine-human person. To insist upon that is the great mistake of much modern theology. The love shown in our redemption is, as we now go on to see, the love that provided propitiation, in the person of the Son of God and in His passion and death. Having accomplished that—but not until then—it is also our pattern.

We shall now pass on to that next exhibition. But before doing so must add a final word as to that which after all is the specific peculiarity of our passage: that the love of Christ in the atonement must if received into our hearts produce in us the same kind of self-sacrificing love which He Himself displayed. It is not only that we "ought" as a matter of propriety and decency: it is much more than that. "How dwelleth the love of God in him!" is not simply a rhetorical appeal. The benefit of the love of God in our redemption is not indeed conditioned by our loving Him; but it necessarily produces fellowship with itself. All that St. Paul is in the habit of saying about our union with Christ in His sufferings and passion is here said by St. John in another way. We have the mind of Christ's atoning love also in us. We cannot have His love shed abroad in our hearts in its benefit only: we must have its very self, according to our degree. And this is part of the doctrine of the atonement.

VI. The largest and most comprehensive of our testimonies is now before us. And we shall find that, like the others, it introduces the great subject under a new aspect. Not that the words are new. The apostle conducts his discussion or meditation by repeating the same idea under different forms. With

respect to our theme the blood is introduced twice; the propitiation twice; the Son of God twice; the manifestation twice; the love of God twice. Love has the preeminence here as everywhere, and it rules the whole passage we now consider with an absolute sway. Yet not absolute: for here is precisely the specific and distinctive point in this passage that love presides over the mission of the Redeemer, providing for us a divine life which itself requires and presupposes a propitiation. For simplicity, and leaving the "life" for our last example, let us consider this as the final testimony of revelation to the supremacy of love in the atonement.

And first the nature of God is manifested as love in the atonement. "God is love. Herein was the love of God manifested in us that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." That here, for the first time in Scripture, God is said to be love, must needs awaken our keen attention. That love is an attribute of God, and as it were the bond of His perfections, has been said many times. It is more or less the melody of all revelation. But until now the highest note on the subject had been: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Now this last testimony exactly joins on to that supreme one, and perfectly illustrates it. In no other sense is the nature of God love than in the intercommunion of the Holy Persons of the Trinity. The manifestation of love in the mission of the Son rests upon this: that the Son is the object of the eternal love of the Father, and is given to us to be our life. We note that "the God" changes into "the Father" before the subject closes, as if it were an unconscious improvement or epexegesis of his own words. The truth appears in all its force if we combine two sayings: "Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world;" "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." But of this we cannot "speak particularly;" suffice that whatever attributes are displayed in the atonement, the atonement is the gift of what is immeasurably more than an attribute, the only-begotten Son of God Himself.

But we cannot omit the attribute. "Not that we loved

Him, but that He loved us, and sent His Son:" where the emphasis lies on the origination of the purpose of God in love. Love in all things has the preeminence; and here preeminently. We cannot conceive a more express and formal statement on the subject than that which thus closes the New Testament. It seems like a final declaration, the force of which is to be thrown back on all that preceded, not only in the New Testament but also in the Old. It might occasionally seem as if there were in the Divine mind itself a reconciliation and harmonizing of the attributes: as if the holiness which guards the Divine nature would not suffer the love to go forth without first being satisfied. Those who hold that the atonement—or reconciliation—was first preeminently and, in a certain sense, only in God, have very much in their favour. The entire family of καταλλαγή and λύτρον terms—none of which does St. John use—look that way, and it is well known that this idea in many forms, and with many modifications and alleviations, appears largely in systematic theology. But St. John in this last testimony throws around the doctrine an effectual defence. And it is a defence which had never been so effectually thrown around it before; for this is the striking peculiarity here, that St. John links together the love and the propitiation. "Herein is the supremacy of love that God sent His Son the ἱλασμός." The very propitiation itself that holiness requires love provided and sent. This is more than saying that "God so loved the world as to send his Son," that "God commendeth His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us": more because the very essence of the propitiation—that which brings God near by hiding sin, or by bringing God near hides the sin—is sent by the love of God, is indeed the very love of God in the person of His Son. Nothing in St. Paul's doctrine of "redemption" is given up; the price which our salvation cost was exacted and paid down. Though St. John does not use such terms, their full meaning is contained in the "propitiation." Nothing in St. Paul's doctrine of "reconciliation" is given up; the laying aside of the divine displeasure or "wrath," that is, in other words, the looking upon Him with judicial as well as fatherly kindness, is retained, and with even more than its own

strength, in the ἱλασμός. In fact, all the methods adopted in the New Testament to assert and vindicate and make attractive the love of God in our salvation are here, so to speak, bettered and perfected. "God is love" and "Herein is love" are two phrases which never had been spoken and as thus connected in all the course of revelation.

Before passing on, we must note that in this last formal testimony to the atonement St. John places it in the middle position between two other great definitions of the mediatorial intervention of the Son of God. Here is the pith and essence of the whole in the midst: the love which is only not said to propitiate itself, out of which at least the propitiation flows. This is accompanied by two of the most universal statements of the Redeemer's work: on either side one. We may take them in what order we please. As they were written by St. John, the only-begotten Son was sent "that we might live through Him:" "life" is the largest and most compendious definition of the object of the mission, the positive benefit being predominant. This is followed, on the other side of the ἱλασμός of the cross, by the declaration that the Father sent His Son "as the Saviour of the world." This expression, which like "taking away the sin" carries us back to the beginning of St. John's Gospel when the Samaritans use it—their early testimony and the Baptist's being here at the end remembered and echoed—also gives a large and compendious definition, the negative benefit being prominent. But the point is that the ἱλασμός is "in the midst:" to be a Saviour He must be a propitiation, and as a propitiation He gives us life. But this leads to the last of St. John's testimonies, the last in all revelation, to the virtue of the atonement.

VII. The link of transition to this is, as we have hinted, the word "life," which began the epistle by its application to Christ and now ends it by its application to the Christian. That life, eternal life, is the supreme benefit of God in His Incarnate Son to man. If there is one sentence of the New Testament which may be said to be the conclusion of the whole matter it is here: "the witness is this that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son of God

hath not the life." This witness, however, traced backwards is found to be triune: "the Spirit, and the water and the blood." Still going backwards, we find that the Spirit is isolated or eliminated, and made distinct, as being the Supreme Interpreter of the death of the Son of God through which we have our life. Then there remain "the water and the blood," together as the one atonement, but yet distinct; "this is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not in the water only, but in the water and in the blood." Here St. John, who does not mention the cross, places us nevertheless beneath it, and side by side with himself when his dying Lord beheld him "standing by." What he saw after the "It is finished" was uttered, that is, the wonderful sight which he beheld after the piercing of the Sacred Side, he bids us also behold. It is as it were the last view of the cross the New Testament gives us: the symbolical presentation of the whole mystery of the atonement. What the great miracle of living streams out of a dead side meant St. John does not fully declare in his Gospel. He contents himself there by referring the whole to the fulfilment of prophecy concerning the paschal lamb and the pierced Fellow of Jehovah, and by declaring the unspeakable solemnity of his word: "There came out blood and water. And he that hath seen hath borne witness, and his witness is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye also may believe." Who can pass from that "witness" in the Gospel to this "witness" in the Epistle without feeling that the apostle is alluding to the same great symbolical "witness of God" concerning the life which flows from death, which is really the very essence of the atonement.

We need not curiously ask why the order is inverted, and the water precedes the blood. In the sacrifice of our redemption they simply flow together: the water as the stream which signifies our new birth in Christ, "springing up within us as a well of water unto everlasting life." To use St. Paul's phraseology, our fellowship with His death is our fellowship with His life; and crucified with Him we have in us the living stream from His dead side, the life of the Son of God. That is to John the supreme if not the only

meaning of water as a symbol: "the washing of water" is an elementary principle that he has left far behind. With him all washing is with "blood;" and indeed, not with him only, but with all the apostles, for they all unite in testifying that "He has washed us from our sins in His blood." And thus the New Testament ends—as we venture humbly to think—with a "testimony of God," given by the Spirit to St. John confirming the meaning of the witness given by the miracle after the Saviour's death: to the effect that for ever and ever, as long as man's sin shall need it, the benefit of the atonement flows for it as the washing away of all the guilt and defilement of his sin by the blood of Jesus, and the renewing of his nature by the Spirit of life in Jesus, whose symbol is the water. And it will bear repetition that the two combined forms "by water and blood" and "in the water and in the blood" signify the unity of the one stream of life in the diversity of the two streams of purgation from sin and removal of spiritual death.

Lastly, it will appear from what has been said, that this final testimony to the atonement views it chiefly, if not solely, in its relation to the believer who partakes of its benefit through his union with Christ. The water and the blood flow together; and he who receives the one receives the other. The symbols therefore do not so much represent the relation of our Lord's death to the world as its relation to those who by it are saved. Hence, perhaps, the priority of the "water," as well as the emphasis afterwards laid on the "life" alone. The expiation of the precious blood avails for the whole world; it was provided for mankind; and its benefit is more or less shared by every man that lives. But it is not so with the life, of which the water was the emblem. It is true that Christ is the life of the world in a certain sense. But not in this sense. Not in the sense of the symbolical water that flowed concurrently with the expiatory stream. What we are saying may seem at first to introduce a far-fetched and hyper-mystical distinction. But from any such charge we must make our appeal to St. John himself, who closes his epistle and the whole of revelation by making this very distinction as emphatic as

words can make it. The meaning of the testimony he says is this, that "God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." Elsewhere, whether in his Gospel or in his Epistle, the efficacy of the blood for the world at large is a theme that is always in view. But here, at the very close, he confines the sacred streams within their narrower channels, and makes them flow together into the cleansed and regenerate nature of the believer in Christ. "He that hath the Son, hath the life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not the life." And this theme he pursues, with varying emphasis, right down to the close.

We have been examining through the prism of this final document the several rays that make up the doctrine of the atonement. But when all is over and we look away from each in particular they all blend into the one light which we may, without impropriety, call "the light of life." And it is the same light which fills up every document and every page of the New Testament, leaving no part dark. It is true that in this final summary and recapitulation there are some elements of illustration wanting. But their absence we have accounted for: the terms of redemption and reconciliation fail, but they are replaced by the strongest possible form of propitiation, which stands for all they signify but carries all directly to the temple and the altar. And this last remark will perhaps help to explain the choice of St. John's phraseology. Nearly all his words are of the Old Testament mintage, and nearly all his ideas have the χρίσμα of the ancient sanctuary. Not indeed all that bears indirectly on the subject; but literally all that directly touches it: the "Advocate" and "the destroying the works of the devil" are hardly an exception. His apostolic brethren gathered up illustrations from human jurisprudence and forensic procedure. St. John takes us back to the temple from which our religion came. But it is hardly necessary to say that he has left very much of the temple phraseology of atonement unused. Only two or three sublime ideas express all his mind: blood, propitiation, taking away sin, issuing from love and ending in life, are almost all. Altar, sacrifice, high priest, holiest, sprink-

ling, and many more are as absent as if Christianity had so learned the substance as to comparatively neglect the shadows.

One thing however is stamped upon the whole document: that the atonement enters essentially and vitally into the entire economy of the new life. There is no book of the New Testament which makes the propitiation of Christ so absolutely all-pervading: it is the beginning and the ending, and fills up all the interval. In other books the redeeming act appears here and there; in this it is everywhere. In other books there are ecclesiastical discussions apart, and chapters of ethical application; here every topic is connected with the mission of the Son to save mankind, and all duties are enforced by the argument "herein is love." The blood is sprinkled in the first paragraph, and it flows in the last. That first paragraph announced the manifestation of the word of life; but we find that He "came in flesh" for the propitiation of God for sin; and the conclusion of the whole matter is that "He came by water and blood," as if His coming was not perfect until He reached His goal, the cross. But we may hope to show this more fully by a paraphrase blending our seven testimonies into one.

The design of thê manifestation of the Word, as preached in the Gospel, is to restore us to fellowship with God. Sin has kept us in the outer darkness; but the blood of the Son of God incarnate in our nature avails for the cleansing away of all human sin. That blood, however, was shed on earth once and for ever. Its abiding virtue is represented by the Person of the Advocate in heaven, through whose intercession the Faithful Father forgives the sin and cleanses the defilement of all who ask Him, even of those who, once pardoned, have sinned again. He was manifested on earth sinless to bear our sins, and His sinlessness is the pattern to which the virtue of His cleansing blood conforms us. That work the Saviour is carrying on, and will perfect: so entirely perfect it that the works of the devil in the souls of His people shall be altogether abolished and done away. The source of the atonement is love; and the love which rescues us from sin and Satan must be within us the spring of perfect devotion to each other. We must be one with Christ in the love of His self-sacrifice;

and our whole life must be a reflection of His charity. The eternal nature of God provided the Son of His love to be the sufficient propitiation on account of sin: the virtue of His death and intercession restores us our forfeited life, saving us from the consequences of all our sins. But this virtue is not simply in the union of the sinless Son with our nature. He came in the flesh that through His death we might have the cleansing virtue of His blood and the life-giving virtue of His Spirit. Witness the last testimony of God given from the dead side of the Redeemer, whence issued the united though not mingled streams of water and blood.

There is something unspeakably solemn in the appeal of this last page of the Bible to the testimony of God concerning His Son, the atonement and the life. And the force of that appeal applies to the whole of the epistle which thus closes. To us it seems as if the Holy Ghost would end His inspiring ministry at the very cross, and teach us there the eternal truth that we have our life in the Son through His propitiation. Whether LIFE or PROPITIATION is written in larger letters we can hardly say: they are both alike clear and distinct, and certainly not the one without the other. Much of our current theology seeks to disjoin these: accepting life through the Son, but rejecting the atonement by which He "came" to bring it. Our Lord says to us in this final testimony, "I am the Propitiation and the Life."

ART. VII.—THE POETRY OF DESPAIR.

A LITTLE more than sixty years ago Lord Byron remarked to Medwin, in the course of those memorable conversations which passed between them at Pisa, that if a cry of blasphemy was raised against him on account of his drama of *Cain*, it would be interesting to know what the Methodists at home would say to Goethe's *Faust*. "What would they think of the colloquies of Mephistopheles and his pupil, or the more daring language of the Prologue, which no one will ever venture to translate?" It is curious and significant to re-

member how completely this prophecy has been falsified. At the very moment when Lord Byron was telling Medwin that the Prologue would never be translated, Hayward was meditating his translation, and probably no poem has been so repeatedly rendered into English, or is more widely read to-day than the *Faust* of Goethe. Nor can it be said that any very violent shock was inflicted on the susceptibilities of British taste by either the grim pleasantry of the colloquies or the daring breadth of the Prologue. On the contrary, the publication of his rendering of *Faust* immediately won for Hayward attention and reputation, and those who had clamoured loudest against Byron were wholly silent in the presence of Goethe. Nor was this strange silence to be attributed wholly, or indeed in any large degree, to the caprice of opinion or public indifference; it resulted rather from the great revolution which had taken place in the attitude of the age towards subjects of faith.

In no respect is this revolution more accurately reflected than in the new current of thought and feeling which is found in the poetry of the last half-century. It is the very nature of the poet that his finer sympathies should thrill with the first vibration of change, and that he himself should be at once the herald and the minister of change. He possesses the intellectual counterpart of that intensely sensitive physical organization which perceives instinctively the earliest and slightest atmospheric indications of breaking weather, the moment when the summer breathes its first sick sigh of death, or the spring first stirs and quickens in the frozen earth. Where he is absolutely true to himself and his instincts, the poet thus becomes the most authentic voice of his age; he condenses its spirit into concrete utterance, he interprets its truest yearnings, he catches the meaning of its deepest need, and so holds the mirror up to its inmost nature, that in him coming generations recognize the true index to its character. The history of England is the history of its poetry, because its poetry is the quintessence of its real life. In it the rough kindliness and valour, the shallowness and lust, the ferment and bitterness, the confused doubt and yearning of any given epoch find their perfect reflection; and a perfect acquaintance

with the literature of a generation will afford a more accurate idea of its character than any narrative of parliamentary policies or warlike strategies.

No more striking illustration of such a truth as this can be furnished than by the entirely new vein of poetry which may be said to have been opened up during the last fifty years in the direction of religious and theological problems. The beginning of the nineteenth century not merely witnessed the breaking up of political and social life throughout Europe, but to a very large extent a revolution against formulated theology, whose first effect was a quickened interest in the grave problems of human destiny. Byron himself is a case in point. The outcry against *Cain* and *Heaven and Hell*, was aroused by the free and daring handling of such questions which those poems contained. It was in vain that Byron protested he had only followed in the steps of Milton, and that Milton neither attended divine service, nor accepted the orthodox creeds of his day. It was instinctively felt that the fermenting leaven of an entirely new religious movement was at work in the mystery-plays of Byron. They were not the work of a great poetic artist who had found his inspiration in the *Paradise Lost*, but the outcry of a living man in whom the spirit of the age was speaking, and who was inspired by the restless misery of religious doubt. The same spirit animated Shelley, whose professed atheism was a mere form which masked the uncontrollable yearnings of one who

> "Stood between two worlds—one dead,
> The other powerless to be born."

The Tractarian movement of 1830 presaged and hastened the culmination of this unsettlement in belief, and by proposing the Church as the one authority in faith, practically split the world of thought into two hostile camps. From that moment theological problems have had a paramount interest in English thought, and have deeply coloured the whole course of modern literature, and most of all, modern poetry. For the first time controversial points of faith, speculation, doubt, and despair have afforded themes for poets. Arthur Hugh Clough, who describes himself as for a long while drawn like a straw up the

draught of a chimney by the force of the Oxford movement, came out of it completely lamed and wrecked, and uttered the wail of thousands when he wrote :—

> "O might we for assurance sake
> Some arbitrary judgment take,
> And wilfully pronounce it true."

The *Festus* of Bailey was charged to the very brim with the like unrest and heart-wearied yearning. The melodious languors of Tennyson's early poems soon gave way to the deep-centred activities of thought which were everywhere rending men's lives apart, and the golden clime in which the poet was born was speedily vexed with the rolling cloud and tempest of the great upheaval. The *In Memoriam* is the nineteenth century's Book of Job, and is inseparably inwoven with the history of the century because it is woven out of the sentiment of the century. The best poetry which Matthew Arnold has written is saturated with the same sentiment, but in its weariness is the saddest of all the lyrical cries which have pierced the times. In Robert Browning, above all, the movement has found its climax, for no English poet has so consistently used poetry as the vehicle of theological speculation, and few out of darkness and perplexity have sung so high and clear a song.

Together with the effect of the religious movement on poetry, we have to take into consideration the character of modern life in itself. Is there any thoughtful man who is not conscious of the enormous overstrain, the feverish and almost diseased activity which competition of all kinds has imported into human life? One of our poets has painted his vision of the world as seen from some point of central calm :—

> "Like a vast wheel that spins through humming air,
> And Time, Life, Death, are sucked within its breath,
> And thrones and kingdoms like sere leaves are hurled
> Down to its maelstrom; for its wind of death
> Sweeps the wide skies, and shakes the flaring suns,
> So fast the wheel spins, and the glory runs."

Might not the immense whirl and speed of modern life be represented as the blind spinning of a huge wheel, or a maelstrom sending forth deep thunder, into whose fatal circles life,

and all that is best in life, is being rapidly swept? It is Matthew Arnold who tells us of the two desires that toss about the poet's blood:

> "One drives him to the world without,
> And one to solitude."

But where is this healing solitude? or how indeed can the simple tastes which thrive best in its seclusion and its silence be preserved amid the growth of cities, the haste to be rich, the competition of trade, the pressure and overstrain to which it seems inevitable that all classes of society must submit in this day of ours? Here then is a double process, producing more and more with each decade that note of deep despair which is now beginning to be apparent in poetry. On the one hand, we have the wide disturbance of faith, producing confusion and sterility in poetry; on the other hand, we have the diseased activity of modern life communicating itself to literature, and revenging itself in that cry of hopeless weariness and incommunicable sadness which is almost the foremost, and certainly the most distressing, quality of modern poetry. It is one of the axioms of Pessimism that "development of culture is development of sorrow," and indeed, finally, that all things lead up to the transcendental misery of the Absolute himself. Is this the grim goal towards which modern poetry is drifting? Is culture without faith proving itself only the development of sorrow, and are we thus being led through Agnosticism to despair?

It has been said that poetry is faith, and though something of accuracy may have been sacrificed to the exigences of epigram, yet we may accept the definition as at least high and noble. Without faith no man shall see God, and without that vision of God no poet can accomplish ought of noble or divine. He must make his life a poem, he must live ever as in his great Taskmaster's eye. Whoever else may be disquieted in vain, he who sings, like him who preaches, must know in whom he has believed. The earliest forms of poetry are essentially religious. Have we forgotten this unalterable relation between poetry and religion? Have we forgotten the rock from which were hewn the noblest forms of poetry, the trees of life whose leaves have been for the healing of the nations? Or, at least,

it may be urged, have we invented, or discovered, or evolved any poetic ideal half so noble as this that lives for ever in the stern and simple speech of Milton? It is quite certain that he who forgets these things forgets the things that are for his peace. The greatest poets are unanimous against him. The minstrel strikes deep heart-notes because he has high visions; the mightiest singers have been made mighty by their faith. He cannot weave imperishable singing raiment from the broken woofs of faithlessness; he cannot pour the poet's highest music, nor any music other than a discord or a wail, through the thin reed of contemporary Agnosticism. For the highest art calmness and sanity of spirit are needed; indeed, these are its most stringent and unalterable conditions. There must be unity of thought in the poet; there must be a Divine centre round which the thought may gather. If it be otherwise, if there is nothing true and nothing sure, if the blood is always at fever heat, and the thought in a perpetual flux, what song he shall sing will have at best only the piercing sweetness and sad incoherence of a snatch of music sung by wild lips in a delirium. For the strenuous and abiding tasks of the highest art, for a *Paradise Lost* or an *Excursion*, the mind will have no vigour and impulse of sustained effort. And it was this that Shelley felt when he wrote to Godwin: "I cannot but be conscious, in much of what I write, of an absence of that tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power." It is this which is felt and unwittingly confessed by the poets of our own day. They are too far removed from a secure basis of faith, and too much disturbed by the fierce haste of life, to possess that tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power. How, indeed, can tranquillity be the possession of men whose confession rather than whose creed is, "Here we drift, like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea. But from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass. . . . . But what know they more than we?"

There is another element which has contributed to the creation of a poetry of despair—viz., the failure of modern

culture as a substitute for religious faith. Here Pessimism comes much nearer the truth than Positivism, for Hartmann, in his *Phänomenologie des sittlichen Bewusstseins*, shows that the augmentation of happiness by culture has been "dearly purchased by an overwhelmingly greater amount of sorrow, necessarily called into being by the process." It has been said that culture has "invaded even the nurseries of young children; and the culturists rejoice at the sight of crowds of little wretches, of eight years old and under, cramming for competitive examinations." At all events, it is true enough that the zeal for culture, either in the limited sense of these passages, or in the larger meaning of the word, has become a devouring passion in the late decades of the nineteenth century. Now, no one will doubt that there is a broad and noble culture perfectly consonant with a devout and spiritual faith. In point of fact there can be no breadth or nobility in a culture which does not include the spirit and the character as well as the intellect. Such culture is not purchased by an overwhelmingly greater amount of sorrow; rather it adds "sunshine to daylight," it completes and enlarges the circle of being, it is the golden stair up which men climb to a place but little lower than the angels. But this is not the culture of which Hartmann speaks; it is not the culture whose arrogant and self-sufficient spirit breathes in our literature to-day. Modern culture knows nothing of a place a little lower than the angels; it dismisses with contempt what it chooses to call unverifiable beliefs; it has no spiritual vision, and is the antagonist rather than the handmaiden of faith. It has endeavoured to fill a part too vast for its powers, by substituting itself for faith, and it has failed. Could the result be otherwise? What does culture without faith do but create with each step in its progress fresh needs, and so aggravate its thirst, and multiply its sorrows—surely, in a very striking sense, the sorrows of those that seek after a strange God? For the experiment is not new; it has been made many times, and once at least, on a scale of unparalleled tragedy, by a certain king who was wisest among men, and had houses and treasure more than all they that had been before him in Jerusalem, and had delights of knowledge, and of art, and of pleasure, and knew

wisdom, and madness, and folly, and so came at last to say that all was vanity, and the one supreme peace and wisdom in the remembering of the Creator. It is the lesson which one at least of our poets has taught with splendid wealth of imagery and vigour of spiritual insight, in his *Palace of Art*. But the lesson has not yet sunk deep into the ears of his generation: and so the failure of culture as a substitute for religious faith has worked like a bitter leaven in the poetry of the age, and has produced despair.

There is no individual contribution to modern poetry in which this result is so unmistakably betrayed as in the poetry of Matthew Arnold. His poetry is virtually the confession that his culture has failed. In him the personal note is supreme; it is the problem of his own life which fascinates us. He can strike chords of great power and sweetness, and sometimes of deep tenderness, but he is greatest as a poet when he expresses his own heartfelt mournfulness and yearning. The two worlds he stands between are the old world of faith which is dead, and the new world of culture which is "powerless to be born." He cannot hide his sorrow, it is ever before him; he cannot disguise the fact that his culture has failed to satisfy him. In one of his most notable poems, which, perhaps, more than any other, distils the very essence of the disturbed religious spirit of the age, he cries with an exceeding bitter cry after that Cross which he has declared a vanished myth, and that assured creed which he has dismissed as a beautiful imposture. He confesses the cruel conflict that is within him, the devoutness which has survived his doubts, the religious yearnings which are not quenched by his denials. In this respect his position is unique; he sings as one believing in his unbelief, and he is only saved from utter despair by this devoutness which he has not dared to destroy. But beyond that, the most memorable feature of his poetry is its acknowledgment—wrung from him rather than confessed—that his lack of faith has sapped the very courses of his thought, and that culture in its utmost beauty and refinement has proved itself but shifting sand when the storms have beaten and the winds of trouble blown. He sees with dismay and despair the hopeless tangle of the age, and is as one without

hope. He is smitten with the intellectual fever of the times, and cries :—

> "What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
> What leisure to grow wise?"

The failure of faith, the failure of culture, the unrest and haste of life, find perfect expression in his pages; for he is too true a poet, and too real a man, not to deal sincerely with those to whom he appeals. And so the music of his speech, in spite of its exquisite charm and tenderness, deepens more and more into the lyric wail of immeasurable distress, and it is with wistful yearning he looks back to the stronger poet of the past and cries :—

> "Too fast we live, too much are tried,
> Too harassed to attain
> Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
> And luminous view to gain."

That is to say, he has not the impassivity and selfishness of Goethe, which makes mere personal culture an all-sufficing purpose; and still less has he the undisturbed and simple faith of Wordsworth, which makes tranquillity a natural consequence.

And since Matthew Arnold himself has pointed us to Wordsworth, and indicated him as one of the only two who in our troubled day have attained "to see their way," it may be well to ask what preserved Wordsworth from the disease of Pessimism, which had already tainted English poetry, while he lived and thought? How was it that amid the fever of the age he continued to live—to quote his own exquisite words—

> "With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
> In frosty moonlight glistening;
> Or mountain rivers, where they creep
> Along a channel smooth and deep
> To their own far-off murmurs listening."

It was because he preserved his faith in God, his simple tastes, his love of Nature. There is no nobler chapter in modern literary history than that which tells the story of a man of supreme genius, who elected to pass from the eager life of a great university to the silence and the solitude of his native

mountains, to live there upon a pittance, almost as a peasant among peasants, to write on amid all but universal scorn for nearly fifty years, simply because he was content to lose his life that he might save it; or, in other words, to be true to the things unseen and eternal at whatever sacrifice of the things seen and temporal. It may be that he provokes ridicule by his occasional triviality of theme; but this is one of the penalties of fame—that the tares are bound up with the wheat of genius, and that the shallow and the unwise will never learn how to discriminate between them. It may be true, as Matthew Arnold says it is, that

> "Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
> From half of human fate."

But if the more turbulent and degrading passions of human nature find no reflection in his writings, the nobler aspects of human destiny continually absorb him, and in this the poet has chosen that "better part" which shall make his best poetry immortal. What he has succeeded in doing is the rare and difficult task of uniting the Christian and the philosophic genius in poetry which, at its best, is full of charm, simplicity, and sublimity. He has preserved that faith in God which is the secret of all tranquillity, and without which the greatest poetry cannot be. He has turned aside with a noble disdain from the strifes of secular ambition, the greed for gold, the race for fame, and so has preserved "the harvest of a quiet eye," and found that

> "Impulses of deeper birth
> Have come to him in solitude."

And because he did this, he also preserved the clearness and sanity of his spirit; he was kept in peace, he was tainted with no morbid disquietudes, he sung no dirges of despair, but a sweet high strain of purest song, which has been for the healing and the inspiration of his country, and which will endure in gathered power when the bitter cries of our modern singers are lost in oblivion, or are remembered only with sorrowful disdain. Just as Milton has been pictured standing like a colossal statue of Apollo, watching the arrow-flight of his immortal song, while round his feet, unconscious of his

presence, dance the wine-stained satyrs of the Court of Charles, so we may figure Wordsworth standing on the threshold of this perturbed generation of ours, clothed in his simplicity, rebuking its fretful strife with his serenity, and its despairing voices with his faith.

How far we have removed from Wordsworth, and how foreign the spirit of our later poetry is to the spirit which animated his, we can judge by one of the latest contributions made to our literature, the poetry of James Thompson, long known as "B. V." In the *City of Dreadful Night* despair has reached its apotheosis. The ultimatum of Pessimism is universal suicide, and that is precisely the doctrine propounded in this remarkable poem. It is not for us to indicate the position of Thompson as a poet; it would be easy to exaggerate or underrate his importance; but the significance of such a poem, dedicated to Leopardi, approved by George Eliot, widely read, full of

> "Infections of unutterable sadness,
> Infections of incalculable madness,
> Infections of incurable despair,"

it is at least well to indicate. And the significance of Thompson's poetry is that it pushes to logical fulfilment those conditions of religious disturbance and intellectual unrest which we have already noted. Here, at last, is a man too high minded to chant the praises of the "Goddess of Lubricity" because he has lost religious assurance, and too terribly sincere to be content with mere wailings of regret for a faith whose poetry fascinates him, but whose authenticity he derides; he therefore strikes the iron harp-string of the completest Pessimism, and not merely announces his conclusion that life is not worth living, but that it ought not to be preserved.

Here then is the acutest form of that faithlessness which is the malady of the age; here is its latest and, let us hope, its ultimate development. Thompson has produced and bequeathed to the world a genuine poetry of despair, which in power, splendour, and earnestness, is entirely unique. We emphasize its perfect genuineness because it is not to be confounded for a moment with that fashionable poetic Agnosticism which appears

unto men to fast, and is never so happy as when persuading everybody else that it is exquisitely miserable. Thompson's poetry is too terribly sincere, and its profound gloom and bitterness are too manifestly the product of despair in its most forlorn and hopeless phase. The boundary of doubt is long since left behind, and the City of Dreadful Night which he has reached is the realm of pure negation. It might be said in defence of what Tennyson has called honest doubt, that the sincere questioning of accepted formulæ is not without service to the cause of truth. Had Galileo never doubted the scientific deductions of his day, nor Columbus the accepted geography, nor Luther the conventional dogmas of the Church, the world might have gone on for another century or two without a true astronomy, an America, or a Reformation. Such scepticism doubts its way towards certainty, and comes at length to find a stronger faith its own. But Thompson is not one of the great world-teachers who, "fired with burning sense of God and right," doubts men's doubts away. He is a man who has broken down in the quest, who has sought the Holy Grail in vain, who at last, hopeless of seeing any divine light "starlike mingle with the stars," has laid himself down in the unending forest, and is choked with the thick drift of darkness which every way falls upon him like the black snow of death. He has no questions to put to the oracle of doom; he has received his answer, and here records his belief that life is

> "Darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is."

The accent of regret, which makes the poetry of Arnold so pathetic in the very calmness of its hopelessness, is almost wanting. Thompson does not tell us how

> "The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy long-withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world."

Regret is a still sad music, whose key-note is plaintiveness;

but the predominating quality in Thompson's verse is a sort of sonorous thunder, an awful and majestic music, which might aptly be likened to the long-withdrawing roar of breakers on the naked shingles of the world, when the mood of ocean is mighty rather than melancholy. In one brief poem, entitled *A Recusant*, he has indeed touched a tender and regretful chord, and, looking at the church-spire "lifted mysterious through the twilight glooms," has cried :—

> "How sweet to enter in, to kneel and pray
> With all the others whom we love so well,
> All disbelief and doubt might pass away,
> All peace float to us with its Sabbath bell."

But this is a rare and casual mood, a moment of tenderness after long weeping, which in nowise represents his habitual thought. For equally wanting in him is that accent of forlorn faith which everywhere quivers through the conflict of the *In Memoriam*, and rises to its sublimest utterance in the famous fifty-fifth section, where the believing but bewildered doubter cries :—

> "I falter where I firmly trod,
> And fall with all my weight of cares
> Upon the world's great altar-stairs
> Which slope through darkness up to God."

For Thompson there are no sloping altar-stairs gleaming upward through the darkness, and the darkness is impenetrable, and past all hope of morning. He himself clearly apprehended and rightly described the purpose of his most remarkable poem, when he called the *City of Dreadful Night* an atheistical writing. Those who knew him best fully understood the completeness of that despair which consumed him, when they printed on his funeral card his own lines, full of the bitterest pathos and hopelessness :—

> "Weary of erring in this desert life,
> Weary of hoping hopes for ever vain,
> Weary of struggling in all-sterile strife,
> Weary of thought which maketh nothing plain,
> I close my eyes and calm my panting breath,
> And pray to thee, O ever-quiet Death!
> To come and soothe away my bitter pain."

Thompson may be described as the Poe of English poetry, and in many respects there is a singular likeness between the two men. Both were lonely and embittered, both knew the early loss of love, both chose to dwell on the weird borderland of imaginative terror, both were victims of intemperance, and both were smitten with the same immeasurable hopelessness. There, however, likeness ceases and difference begins. Thompson has none of Poe's heartless insincerity. He does not trade in anguish. He is utterly incapable of the vanity Poe manifested when he strove to prove the music of his *Raven* a mere artistic trick, and, by inference, his despair a mere histrionic feat. Moreover, while Poe is simply a meteoric genius, a wandering star, a man cursed and ruined by his own follies, and without significance as regards his times, Thompson's great claim to notice is the fact that he is a portent, full of grave significance to those who study the character of the times in the character of their literature. He began his lessons in Pessimism while a mere lad under the tuition of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh; he graduated in despair under the lifelong influences of secularism. Poverty and misfortune may have had much to do with the souring of his nature and the ruin of his life. But there have been many men of loftier genius than his who have borne the full weight of both, and have come out of the discipline of sorrow not merely chastened but strengthened. He himself has sung in praise of William Blake, the poet-painter, who

> "Came to the desert of London town,
> Mirk miles broad;
> He wandered up, and he wandered down,
> Ever alone with God."

Did he remember while he wrote the poem that the man he praised never earned more than daily bread during all his long hard life, and yet died singing rapturous hymns? Did he remember how men before and after Blake's time had borne the same slings and arrows of outrageous fortune? how Samuel Johnson had taken fifteenpence for a day's work in literature, and Goldsmith had drudged for Grub Street all his life, and Carlyle had lived and thought on oatmeal for

many a month in a Scotch garret, and yet had none of them cursed God and died!

It was not the misfortune and hardship of Thompson's life which produced his pessimism. Others have borne as much, and yet have come out victorious. It was because in all that desert of London town he was not alone with God, because he had settled it with himself that there was "no hint of good" throughout the universe; because, in fact, for him there was no God, that the darkness closed down upon him while it was yet day, and out of that mist of thick blackness the only voice which reached his fellows was a voice of heart-broken misery, of complete and tragic failure.

To such a point, then, in one direction, have we come in the development of modern poetry. Goethe in his day foresaw and foretold the growth of a "literature of despair," and his prediction is fulfilled. The causes for this perilous development we have endeavoured to indicate; they are to be found in the new current of theological speculation which affected poetry in the beginning of the century, in the wide disturbance of faith which ensued, in the failure of culture as a substitute for religious faith, and, finally, in the overstrain of life, which is characteristic of the times in which we live. Simplicity and sanity are qualities which have been gradually dying out of English poetry for many a year, and the morbid, the sensational, the exaggerated, have taken their places. The pages of even our greatest poets bear evidence of the influence of religious disquiet, and it is rare that the query of doubt is not stated with far greater force and effect than the rejoinder of faith. If poetry has any ministry at all in the world, if it is not a mere ornamental art, if it be at all what Milton said it was, and what Wordsworth proved it was, a gift of God, capable of great and holy service for mankind, it must be evident that we have shamefully misused the gift, or that our conception of its uses and Milton's, are very different indeed. At all events there can be no question which estimate has resulted in the noblest poetry, from whose lips has come the deathless singing. When Milton told his friends how he lay awake at night, waiting for God to touch his thoughts to music, he declared the only source of great poetry; for if

inspiration is not given to modern seers and singers, illumination is, and from God descends every good and perfect gift. That is the lesson which we need to learn to-day. The way of reform is in the direction of Milton and Wordsworth. We must regain our lost simplicity of life, the old and fruitful discipline of "plain living and high thinking." We must refuse to barter solitude and calm for any glittering baubles which may be snatched from the fierce race of life lived at fever heat. In a word, our poets must return to Nature, must return to God; and when the old sweet faith grows strong again the new despair will vanish, and the garments of heaviness give place to the singing-robes of praise.

Meantime, let us be sure that we are just now only pausing in an interval. The fountain of high poetry is not dried up for England. Its volume as it flows within our view is lessened and contracted, but it only runs low for a time, after the manner of intermittent springs. Even now underground —unknown as yet by us—it may be gathering up its supplies. In the days of Byron and Shelley, some seventy years ago, Wordsworth was held in contempt, and it seemed as if impiety ruled the realm of poetry. Yet how much since then of deep religious utterance, of pure and reverential meditation and aspiration, has been poured forth in high, rich strains of verse. Tennyson's day is not quite gone and his has not been the music of despair. Browning's perplexities and paradoxes have opened forth into fruit of faith and worship. Myers is a true and high poet, whose strains far outshine in their pure light and beauty the lurid splendours of the poetry of despair. Lewis Morris may not be a great poet; but he is in the true poetic succession and may well be joined with Myers as showing the continuity of the tradition of faith among our contemporary poets. Yet a little while and greater names will prolong through after years the still growing galaxy of the poets of faith and holy awe, of reverence and hope and love.

Art. VIII.—KHARTOUM AND GENERAL GORDON.

Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Egypt. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, February, 1885. London: Printed by Harrison & Sons.

WE left General Gordon, in our number for July last, shut up in Khartoum, and fretting at the seeming inattention to his suggestions and the non-arrival of British succour. But his was not a nature to be cowed by difficulties which might fairly have appalled the bravest of soldiers. Having vented a little of his indignation in the telegrams which we quoted, his dauntless spirit betook itself afresh to the task of fortifying Khartoum, and finding provisions for its inhabitants.

"Khartoum," he had written, ten years before, "is a fine place, as far as position goes. The houses are of mud, and flat-roofed. . . . . The Khartoum people make a shrill noise when they see you, as a salutation; it is like a jingle of bells, very shrill, and somewhat musical. . . . . The air here is so dry that things do not decay or smell; they simply dry up hard. A dead camel becomes like a drum."

Three years later he tells how the sister of the ex-Governor of Khartoum, Ismail Pasha, hearing of Gordon's appointment in place of her brother, broke all the windows of the palace—some hundred and thirty—and cut the divans in pieces out of spite. Again, he writes:—

"The palace is on the banks of the river. It is as large as Marlborough House, and the servants—useless creatures—swarm. . . . . I am a sufferer from the *courash* of Baker, a sort of eczema. It is very trying, just as if you were being bitten by mosquitoes all night. Baker says it comes from the water. It attacks the extremities—the itching is intolerable at night. Truly this country is no paradise. Suffer as people may in England, it is one comfort that those who are well do not suffer. Here, whether you are well or ill, you have enough physical sufferings to make you feel your feebleness."

Such was the place, and such the climate, to which Gordon, at the call of the English Government, had once more returned. He had no longing to revisit the torrid lands where he had done and suffered so much in former years. But he was

animated with the same spirit which, in May, 1877, caused him to write from "near Obeid" these memorable words: "My great desire is to be a shelter to the people, to ease their burdens, and to soften their hard lot in these inhospitable lands;" and to him the urgent wish of the authorities was a call from which there was no appeal.

From the date of his glorious entry into Khartoum—February 18, 1884—little time had elapsed before the Mahdi and his emirs had succeeded in rousing to rebellion the tribes of the Nile districts between Khartoum and Berber. On March 12—within a month from his arrival—the Arab forces "camped outside Khartoum," as Gordon himself tells us; and on the 16th some of his troops, attacking them, were defeated, and 350 of his men were killed or wounded—a catastrophe which he found to have occurred through the treachery of Hassan and Seyid Pashas, the two officers in command, who accordingly were tried by court martial, and suffered the penalty of their treason on March 22. The investment of Khartoum had now begun in earnest, and from that 16th of March to the day of his death Gordon had to carry on a harassing warfare, a struggle for the very existence, not merely of himself, but of those whom he felt bound in honour to protect and extricate.

That, with his quick perception and practical turn of mind, he had speedily realized the difficulties of the situation—difficulties which he could scarcely have foreseen from the outside—and was able to suggest simple and, if at once adopted, effectual modes of extrication, is proved by the following telegram which he sent to Sir E. Baring on February 29, 1884, the eleventh day after his arrival at Khartoum:—

"Should you wish to intervene, send 200 British troops to Wadi Halfa, and adjutants to inspect Dongola, and then open up Suakin-Berber road by Indian Moslem troops. This will cause an immediate collapse of the revolt. Whether you think it worth while to do this or not you are, of course, the best judge. I can only tell you the *modus operandi* of an expeditious intervention. If you decide against this, you may probably have to decide between Zebehr and the Mahdi. Zebehr with £100,000." —*Egypt*, No. 12 (1884), p. 151.

Again, on the next day, March 1:—

"*Re* policy. I maintain firmly policy of eventual evacuation, but I tell you plainly it is impossible to get Cairo employés out of Khartoum unless the Government helps in the way I told you. They refuse Zebehr, and are quite right (may be) to do so, but it was the only chance. It is scarcely worth while saying more on the subject.

"I will do my best to carry out my instructions, but I feel conviction I shall be caught in Khartoum."—*Ibid.*

But none of his suggestions met with favour from the authorities, and so much time was spent in discussing and declining them that ere long the situation at Khartoum had become critical; and when, after some weeks of interruption, telegraphic communication was resumed, Gordon sent by wire those burning words of indignation (April 8 and 16) which made, for the time, official ears to tingle.

Of the perils of his daily life in Khartoum, we get a vivid picture from the letters of Mr. Power, English Consul and *Times* correspondent. From this gentleman's last despatches, dated April 28, and July 30 and 31, which reached the *Times* together at the end of September, we learn that Gordon, with his admirable energy in full play, was, late in April, busily engaged in laying out mines in front of the works in all directions, and providing other obstacles for the assailants; and already so complete were his arrangements that the lines of defence were protected by three rows of land torpedoes, or percussion mines, of enormous power, as well as by such disagreeable trifles as "crows' feet," broken glass, wire entanglements, and *chevaux de frise*. Khartoum was quiet, for happily the untrustworthy half of the population, including most of the bad characters, had betaken themselves to the rebel camp before the siege began, and so reduced the number of mouths to be provided for. Gordon distributed food daily to the poor, and no cash having reached him from Cairo, he issued paper money, which fortunately the Soudanese merchants accepted, thus giving another proof of the mighty sway which one great name, one noble character, can wield at a pinch of dire necessity.

From the same source we get tidings of Gordon, with Stewart and Power, his gallant comrades of the sword and the pen, at the close of July, well and hearty after five months of

the wearisome siege. The General had then just received a Government despatch which had put an end to his hopes of relief. Every article had gone up in price 3000 per cent., and the stock of provisions at that time in hand was calculated to last only two months at the most. Holding themselves responsible for the safety of a swarm of Egyptian soldiers, in whose esteem discretion was the better part of valour, and for a helpless crowd of women and children, there seemed no likelihood of these three brave Englishmen being able to cut a way for them through the encircling thousands of fighting Arabs. Yet Gordon bated "no jot of heart or hope." Ever fertile in resource, he had protected his steamers with bullet-proof plates of soft wood and iron, and had put up castles, or turrets, twenty feet high, on his six armoured barges, so as to command a double line of fire.

During May and June his steamers had made daily expeditions on the Nile, under the command of Saati Bey, who disabled many of the assailants and captured much cattle and corn. Colonel Stewart, in one bold attack of the enemy, when for three days they held a village opposite Khartoum, dislodged them from their principal position by two well-directed shots from a Krupp twenty-pounder planted on the roof of the palace; but a few days later he was wounded in the hand while working a *mitrailleuse* from the same post of honour and danger. However, Mr. Power's last letter, dated July 31, closes with a cheerful note: "General Gordon is quite well, and Colonel Stewart has quite recovered from his wound. I am quite well and happy."

On Gordon's doings about this time a little more light is shed from other sources, which, if not *per se* entirely to be depended on, yet, when checked by comparison with trustworthy information, bear a certain likeness to truth. A Soudanese merchant who arrived at Assouan in July stated to Lieutenant Ede, that letters passed "between Gordon and the Mahdi every two or three days. He saw one in which Gordon told the Mahdi that his (Mahdi's) general, Abou Girgeh, was dead, and all his followers were killed; and that if he had any more of that sort to send them to him, and he would do the same for them. Gordon also told the Mahdi

to come himself and take his revenge, and not be a coward and send other people to do his work."* That sentence bears the true Gordonesque ring. "Gordon," the same man affirmed, "is always ready for action, and will never surrender while he has provisions. He is much liked, and has a great influence with the inhabitants. Has much secret correspondence with Arabs. If he had been given command of an army, the Soudan would have been quieted." The Mahdi's general mentioned above had crossed with 6,000 men to the east bank of the White Nile, about three hours south of Khartoum. There Gordon attacked them with his steamers, and at the same time assailed them on their eastern flank, and was completely victorious.

In a touching appeal, addressed to the Khedive by the loyal inhabitants of Khartoum, under date August 19, 1884, and reaching him on September 20, they say:—

"We, the military, the civilians, the Ulema, and inhabitants and settlers in Khartoum, submit for the consideration of the Khedive, that for six months we have been unceasing in our defence of the capital, of our own lives, and of those of our children, and our property, day and night, till our misfortunes and dangers have assumed stupendous proportions which threaten our ruin. We are completely cut off from the outer world, and have in vain looked for reinforcements and succour from our Government. We have been allowed to delude ourselves with vain hopes from hour to hour, while the Government shows indifference and delays.

"Weakened and reduced to extremities, God in His mercy sent Gordon Pasha to us in the midst of our calamities of the siege; and we should all have perished from hunger and been destroyed, and our fate have been like that of most of the other garrisons in the Soudan, such as Berber and Kordofan. But we, sustained by his intelligence and great military skill, have been preserved in Khartoum up till now, nor does he, in the arduous task of the defence, omit his benevolent care for the people.

* * * * * *

"If the Government persists in its inactivity, and abstains from quickly sending us aid to put down the revolt during the two months of high Nile, the whole Soudan will surely be lost, and the crisis culminate in our ruin! Such as we, who are besieged, will perish or be taken captive, sharing the fate of our comrades in previous similar disasters."—*Egypt*, No. 35 (1884), p. 112.

---

* *Egypt*, No. 35 (1884), p. 21.

By the same messenger who brought Mr. Power's letters by way of Massowah and Suakin, some despatches of great interest arrived from General Gordon to Sir E. Baring, written in April and July. Under date July 30, he states his belief that "we have fired half-a-million cartridges," and declares the conduct of the people and the troops to have been excellent.

"Be assured that these hostilities are far from being sought for, but we have no option, for retreat is impossible unless we abandon civil employés and their families, which the general feeling of troops is against."

Again—

"You may rely on this, that if there was any possible way of avoiding the wretched fighting I should adopt it, for the whole war is hateful to me. The people refuse to let me go out on expeditions, owing to the bother which would arise if anything happened, so I sit on tenter-hooks of anxiety. If I could make any one chief here I would do it, but it is impossible, for all the good men were killed with Hicks."

At Berber, he tells us, the Arabs "captured all Stewart's hussar uniform, and my medals, &c." And then the mention of medals leads him to express his distaste for honours and decorations. "It may be bad taste to say it, but if we get out of this, give Stewart a K.C.M.G., and spare me at all costs. You will thus save me the disagreeableness of having to refuse; but I hate these things. If we get out it is in answer to prayer, and not by our might, and it is a true pleasure to have been here, though painful enough at times." To gratify and enhearten his dark protégés, he had made "a decoration, with three degrees, silver gilt, silver, and pewter, with inscription, 'Siege of Khartoum,' with a grenade in centre. School children and women have also received one; consequently, I am very popular with the black ladies of Khartoum."

In a postscript to this letter, dated July 31, 1884, we have these plain words:—

"Reading over your telegram of May 5, 1884, you ask me 'to state cause and intention in staying at Khartoum, knowing Government means to abandon Soudan,' and in answer I say I stay at Khartoum because Arabs have shut us up and will not let us out. I also add that even if the road was opened the people would not let me go unless I gave them some

Government, or took them with me, which I could not do. No one would leave more willingly than I would if it was possible."—*Egypt*, No. 35 (1884), p. 122.

The full record of those eventful days has not yet reached us. Gordon writes: "Stewart's journal is copious. I only hope it will get down to you when I send it;" but the hope was not to be fulfilled. Those summer months were times of many successes and reverses. In Power's summary of the chief events of the siege (*Times*, September 29, 1884), we find, under date July 10, a record that the gallant Saati Bey, with three of his officers, was killed in an attack on the village of Gatarneb; and farther on in this his last letter the same able writer, illustrating the quality of the materials of which Gordon had to make use, tells us that on that occasion eight Arabs, armed with spears, charged two hundred of Gordon's soldiers—Egyptians, we presume—armed with Remingtons, when the latter fled at once, leaving Saati and his vakeel to be slain. "With such men as these," he says, "we can do nothing. The negroes are the only men we can depend upon." Yet, with these heterogeneous materials, by dint of intense energy and skilful generalship, Gordon gained, on August 10, a great victory over the rebel forces, in which 1800 of the Mahdi's men were slain.

So matters went on through the autumn months; General Gordon, even under such disadvantageous conditions, not only holding his own, but vanquishing, now and again, and despoiling his indefatigable enemies. On September 9, he addressed a letter to the Khedive, Nubar Pasha, and Sir E. Baring, which, though "in cypher," would, when interpreted, convey some remarkably plain English to that blameless trio of ciphers. We cannot resist quoting a few sentences:—

"How many times have we written asking for reinforcements, calling your serious attention to the Soudan? No answer at all has come to us as to what has been decided in the matter, and the hearts of men have become weary of this delay.

"While you are eating, drinking, and resting on good beds, we and those with us, both soldiers and servants, are watching by night and day, endeavouring to quell the movement of this false Mahdi."—*Egypt*, No. 1 (1885), p. 122.

In a telegram received from him at Cairo, on September 17, "in Arabic cypher," and about the date of which, "August 23," there is probably some mistake; he says, "I hope shortly to take Berber. I have already sent Stewart Pasha, the English Consul, and the French Consul, with regular troops and Bashi-Bazouks, for that purpose." Colonel Stewart and his companions left Khartoum on September 10, and, with the troops assigned him by Gordon, attacked the rebels at Berber, and expelled them from that town. Not feeling too sure of his men, if he landed them, Stewart contented himself with driving the rebels beyond the range of his guns, and sent back his troops and steamers to Khartoum, with the exception of a small steamer, in which he, Mr. Power, and M. Herbin resolved to make their way down the Nile towards Dongola, in order, if possible, to open up communication with the Mudir and the British authorities, ascertain the prospects of succour for Khartoum, give full intelligence and advice, and hurry on the army of rescue, if one should be on its way. But his ill-fated bark, steered perchance by a traitorous pilot, struck on a rock some forty miles below Abu Hamed, and was wrecked. He and his companions were induced to trust themselves to the honour, and to accept the hospitality, of a local Sheikh, Suleiman Wad Gamr, who basely assassinated his guests under his own roof. So perished two Englishmen of rare ability. Stewart, who was only thirty-nine years old, had made his mark in 1883 by an exhaustive report to Government on the state of the Soudan, and, being ordered to join Gordon in his adventurous mission, proved himself a most gallant and sagacious lieutenant to that great captain. Mr. Power, though a civilian, was of like spirit and bravery, and, as the *Times* correspondent, had fallen in for a series of thrilling adventures in connection with the destruction of General Hicks's army, the triumphal arrival of Gordon, and the close investment of Khartoum, which furnished fitting subjects for his graphic pen.

Once more the dark veil lifts, and shows us the sturdy Englishman, though deprived of his two comrades and surrounded by a crowd of dark faces, still holding his own at Khartoum. In a long letter to Lord Wolseley, dated November 4, he expresses his sorrow at the wreck of Stewart's

steamer, the *Abbas*, gives a list of the Europeans who were on board, and a slight summary of events at Khartoum, and says :—

"At Metammeh, waiting your orders, are five steamers with nine guns. We can hold out forty days with ease; after that it will be difficult. . . . . The Mahdi is here, about eight miles away. All north side along the White Nile is free of Arabs; they are on south and south-west and east of town some way off; they are quiet. . . . . Since March 10 we have had up to date, exclusive of Kitchener's, October 14, only two despatches; one, Dongola, with no date; one from Snakin, May 5; one of same import, April 27. I have sent out a crowd of messengers in all directions during eight months. . . . . I should take the road from Ambukol to Metammeh, where my steamers wait for you. . . . . If journal is lost with Stewart, we have no record of events from March 1 to September 10, except a journal kept by doctor.

"Your expedition is for relief of garrison, which I failed to accomplish. I decline to agree that it is for me personally.

"Stewart's journal was a gem, illustrated with all the Arabic letters of Mahdi to me, &c."—*Egypt*, No. 1 (1885), p. 97.

The bearer of this letter stated that on receiving the joyful news of Lord Wolseley's advance, Gordon had caused the city to be illuminated; that there was plenty of food, corn was cheap, and the General "was very powerful, and believed in by every man in Khartoum."

Again, on the last night of 1884, an Arab messenger arrived at Korti, bearing a despatch from Gordon to Lord Wolseley. The letter itself was of the smallest, being of the size of a penny postage-stamp, and bearing on one side the brief incription: "Khartoum all right.—C. G. Gordon, Dec. 14, 1884;" and on the other an Arabic seal. Rolled up to the size of a pin, the tiny missive had been sewn into the seam of the man's garment at the wrist. He gave some interesting particulars of Gordon's daily life in December; stating that on the top of each of the two palaces which he used as residences the gallant governor had mounted a gun, and shortly after sunrise ascended to each roof, and with field glasses scanned the surrounding scene, and noted any change in the enemy's position. Afterwards he went to sleep till sunset, then rose and walked about all night, visiting post after post, to cheer his men and make sure that all were

on the alert. Thus we get a glimpse of his habits, and have only to imagine him refreshing his spirit from time to time with a draught from his two favourite books—the Bible and à Kempis' *De Imitatione*—and looking forward to the arrival of the expedition so tardily sent to his help, to complete our picture of his far-away life. We can fancy him thinking, now and again, with a sigh, of the peaceful days spent at Jerusalem in 1883, and then, with the strength of his manly spirit, throwing off all regretful backlookings, taking up for a minute the panacea he had so often commended to others—Watson *On Contentment*—and setting vigorously to work at aught that remained to be done. But what is particularly to be noted is, that the brief missive given above was supplemented by a long oral message, in which Gordon informed Wolseley that they were besieged on three sides; that fighting was going on day and night; that the enemy could not take them except by starving them out; and which wound up with this urgent appeal, to which the words "(Secret and Confidential)" are prefixed in the Blue Book:—

"Our troops in Khartoum are suffering from lack of provisions. Food we still have is little; some grain and biscuit. We want you to come quickly. You should come by Metemmeh or Berber. Make by these two roads. Do not leave Berber in your rear. Keep enemy in your front, and when you have taken Berber, send me word from Berber. Do this without letting rumour of your approach spread abroad.

"In Khartoum there are no butter nor dates, and little meat. All food is very dear."—*Egypt*, No. 1 (1885), p. 132.

A still later messenger arrived at Korti on January 11. He had taken a letter from Lord Wolseley to Gordon, spent one day in Khartoum, and left it on December 28; but was made prisoner on his return journey, was bound and beaten, and Gordon's letters were taken from him, except a tiny *facsimile* of the former note, dated December 14, and sewn up in his clothes. He reported the general as being in perfect health, and the troops whom he saw on his five steamers as being well and happy.

Leaving Gordon in his perilous palace on the Nile, we will turn northward to trace briefly the operations of the force

sent for his relief. It was not till last August that the Government finally determined to send out a small army of rescue; but certain provisional arrangements began to be made in the previous April, and Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son were instructed to prepare means of conveyance for about 6,000 men, 400 row-boats, and from 6,000 to 8,000 tons of stores, up the Nile from Assiout to Wady Halfa. The actual necessities of the expedition, however, far exceeded these calculations; and Messrs. Cook during the autumn conveyed up the river about 11,000 English, and 7,000 Egyptian troops, 800 row-boats, and 40,000 tons of stores; consuming in the operation nearly 24,000 tons of coal, and employing 27 steamers almost night and day, and 650 sailing boats, of from 70 to 200 tons' capacity; having in their service a peaceful army of nearly 5,000 men and boys, fellaheen of Lower Egypt, who worked with a will from morn to eve, and required nothing but fair pay and fair treatment.

When the English Cabinet at last decided that they were bound to rescue not only Gordon, who had gone to the Soudan at their request, but also Stewart, who had gone thither by their orders, it fell to Lord Wolseley's lot to work out the whole problem of the unwontedly difficult campaign. On August 15, Lord Hartington wrote to Lieutenant-General Stephenson the details of the scheme; but the latter having, on the 21st, stated his belief that an "expedition to New Dongola by small boats was impracticable," and declared that his own opinion was "still in favour of Suakin-Berber route," he was informed, on August 26, "midnight,"

"After anxious consideration, Her Majesty's Government have come to the conclusion that it is unjust to you to ask you to be responsible for directing an operation which, after full knowledge of plan, you consider to be impracticable. They have, therefore, decided to send Lord Wolseley to take temporarily the chief command in Egypt. Government highly appreciate the manner in which you have carried out the important and difficult duties of your command, and earnestly hope that you may feel yourself able to remain in Egypt whilst Lord Wolseley is there, and assist him with your advice."—*Egypt*, No. 35 (1884), p. 60.

Lord Wolseley left London for Egypt on the last day of August, and arrived at Cairo early in September. Early in

October 365 Canadian *voyageurs*—90 of them Indians—"splendid men, full of enthusiasm," arrived at Alexandria from Quebec, to navigate the flotilla of boats on the Upper Nile; and 300 Kroomen, skilled boatmen of the West Coast of Africa, reached the same point a few days later from Cape Palmas. The months of autumn were consumed in bringing into play the manifold appliances for transit. Picked companies of soldiers slowly ascended the ancient river, past groves of palm, and massive ruins, and fertile plains, and stretches of sand and rock; and at length, in December, the vanguard reached Korti, which Lord Wolseley had chosen as the basis of his aggressive operations. Leaving Wady Halfa by train for Sarras on October 28, the General himself proceeded into the upper country on camel back. At the third cataract he embarked on the *Nassif Kheir* steamer for Dongola, and the Mudir came down the river in a steam launch to meet him, and preceded him to his seat of government, where he had an enthusiastic reception. Here for a time he established his head-quarters, investing the Mudir with the insignia of K.C.M.G., and reviewing the Royal Sussex Regiment and the Mounted Infantry.

While troops were now daily arriving up river, surmounting the cataracts under the careful boatmanship of the Canadian pilots, we may safely suppose that the Commander-in-Chief was maturing his plans for the relief of General Gordon. Under date of September 17, we find among the Parliamentary Papers a despatch to him from Lord Hartington, which shows that even then the Home Government had not made up its mind what Lord Wolseley should be allowed to do with this costly array; for, though they had "decided to comply with" his "requisition for additional troops," they "desire to remind" him "that no decision has yet been arrived at to send any portion of the force under" his "command beyond Dongola." (*Egypt*, No. 35, p. 97.) However, in November, this embargo had, to a certain extent, been taken off; and the General's chief anxiety was to get his men up to the front, and to shorten the tediousness of the weary water way.

On December 10 Sir Herbert Stewart, who had pre-

viously formed a camp at Handak, advanced to Korti, which was thenceforward to become the head-quarters of Lord Wolseley, who took his leave of the Mudir on the 14th, and, passing through Debbeh, reached Korti on the 16th, and found it to be an excellent place for encampment, cattle and produce being abundant in the neighbourhood. On the 18th he telegraphed to the War Office that the English boats had, up to that time, fulfilled all his expectations; that the men were in excellent health, "fit for any trial of strength as result of constant manual labour;" and though the work in the boats against current was very hard, yet it was "borne most cheerfully without a grumble. All thoughts bent on relief of Khartoum and of their gallant comrade who is besieged there." Christmas Day comes round to soldier as to civilian; it made a pleasant break in the monotony of slow voyage and travel, and, though roast turkey was absent and the "plum" pudding was made with dates, the day was duly honoured.

The South Staffordshire Regiment had been the first to arrive at Korti, and was the first to start up the river for Merawi and Handab, whence General Earle, when he had mustered his brigade, was to push forward to punish the Monassir tribe for the murder of Colonel Stewart, and thence along the Nile to Abu Hamed, where possibly communications might be opened up across the desert with Korosko. The inland voyage, so far from enervating the British troops, had developed their muscle and pluck, and landed them at Korti rough-bearded, bronzed, hardy fellows, ready for a march against any foe, and fearing no adventures of travel, after making their way in such various fashion more than fourteen hundred miles from the Mediterranean.

On December 30, another step in advance was taken by the despatch of mounted troops under command of Sir Herbert Stewart, to strike across the Bayuda Desert and get possession of the Gakduk Wells, there to form a camp and store supplies. When arrayed in the open plain, this camel-mounted column presented a strangely picturesque appearance. Moving slowly off, in length about a mile, it wended its way across the plain and disappeared in the distance as a long, low, black body,

winding along towards the distant empurpled hills. Marching night and day, with only short intervals of halt to rest the camels, they reached the wells of Hambok at one on New Year's morning, and saluted with hearty cheers the finding of the water and the advent of the New Year. They arrived at Gakdul next day, and secured possession of the reservoirs. Here the body of the force remained only twelve hours. Leaving the Guards and a few Royal Engineers as a garrison, they reached Korti again in excellent condition on January 5.

Three days later General Stewart again started from Korti, to conduct the second quota of troops across the Bayuda Desert. On Saturday he reached Hambok, and, finding there only a trifling quantity of water, moved on to Howeiyatt, where the forerunning party of Engineers had dug several new wells, from which a supply of a gallon a minute was secured. A still better supply was obtained at Abu Halfa Wells, and Gakdul was reached on Monday, January 12, where the Guards were found to have built two forts and removed the rough stones which impeded the road to the Wells. On the 13th Colonel Burnaby arrived, in command of an Egyptian convoy; and next afternoon Stewart's light flying column set out for Metammeh, nearly 1,500 strong. On the 16th it arrived within a short distance of the Wells of Abu Klea; and the Hussars, scouting in front, brought back news that the Wells were held by the enemy. Forming column, the general marched on towards them; but, as they showed no signs of moving, a halt was made, an abattis was formed and a stone breastwork thrown up, so as to constitute a zerebah, or fortified camp. Here the brave little army, made up of men from various regiments, took up its position for the night.

Hitherto all had been sunshine and serenity, cloudless skies and peaceful scenery; grass and trees having succeeded to the weary waste of broken sandstone and loose rock and drifted sand. But the morning of January 17 broke to sterner work. The Mahdi's troops, whose array of tents had been visible on the previous day, began to advance in two divisions, with drums beating and flags flying, but halted every now and then, seemingly in no hurry to join battle. Meantime our soldiers

formed in square, and, leaving the camels and baggage under a guard, General Stewart advanced with all his men on foot—a small band of barely 1,300 against a host of at least 10,000 black warriors—and passed round the left of the enemy's position, thus forcing them either to attack or to be enfiladed. The Arabs withdrew rapidly, and, wheeling round, a large body of them reappeared, and with a wild rush charged the front of our square. So began the battle of Abu Klea, the details of which are fresh in the memory of our readers—how the British square was broken for a time, and how, by admirable steadiness and courage, our troops finally gained a complete victory over untold numbers. It cost us, unhappily, nine of our best officers, including Colonel Frederick Burnaby, of world-wide fame, a man of splendid physique, undaunted courage, bright intelligence, and lovable disposition. Cut down by a spear-thrust in his forty-third year, he leaves his record not only in the field of Abu Klea, but in his famous books, *A Ride to Khiva*, and *On Horseback through Asia Minor*.

After an anxious night, the column, by dint of unremitting work, was ready by Sunday afternoon to resume its march forward. The old zerebah had been emptied and its supplies transferred to a new one, held by a detachment of the Sussex Regiment and a few Royal Engineers. Starting at 4 P.M., the main body made no lengthened halt at sunset, but, simply resting a few minutes while daylight changed into darkness, struck due south into the desert with the intention of reaching the Nile before daylight, and there intrenching itself before giving further battle. But when morning broke, they found themselves still six miles from the river, and could espy the enemy on the alert all along their front. Sir Herbert Stewart decided to halt the wearied men and beasts for refreshment, on a ridge covered with sparkling pebbles four miles from the stream, with a few low black hills to the right and rear, and in front the desert rolling down to the green plains that fringe the Nile. But in a few minutes the square was surrounded by lines of Arabs, the fire from whose Remingtons grew so hot that breakfast had to be suspended, mimosa bushes had to be cut down, and most of the troops had to lie flat for a time.

Availing themselves of higher and scrubby ground, the Arabs managed to drop their bullets into the square with fatal effect. General Stewart, while passing along the front, was shot in the thigh—a wound which ultimately proved fatal, and deprived the army of one of its most dashing and intelligent officers; and the ranks of those intrepid servants of the public, the war correspondents, suffered lamentable loss in the death of Mr. Cameron, the renowned representative of the *Standard*, and of Mr. St. Leger Herbert, the brilliant envoy of the *Morning Post*.

But no time could be spared for lamentation; and, the command having devolved on Sir Charles Wilson, it was decided to sally out and engage the main body of the enemy. Accordingly, about three in the afternoon, some 800 men marched forth in square from the little encampment, which they left in charge of Lord Charles Beresford and a small detachment, and descended into the valley to meet a foe numbering at least twelve times as many. It was a noble display of dauntless valour and of perfect training and military skill. The little square, moving as on a pivot, faced about, on this side or that, to confront the Arabs as they rushed on, with their sacred banners of red, white, and green flying, their tom-toms beating, and their dervishes shouting to them to charge in Allah's name and destroy the foe. But our men stood steady, and, taking deliberate aim, fired by companies with such effect that the foe hesitated, turned, ran back; the battle of Gubat was won, and the British column, victorious over such fearful odds, was safe. Advancing to the river, they encamped for the night in a sheltered ravine, and on the morrow, January 20, drove the enemy out of the villages of Abu Kru and Gubat, and regained the old encampment amid great cheering from the comrades left behind in a perilous post.

In a few hours the camels were reburdened, the dead were buried, the wounded placed on stretchers, and the column moved on towards the Nile, which was reached at 4 P.M. The next day, January 21, an advance was made against Metammeh, but it was found that to take it by assault would involve too great a loss of life. Here the British were met by four

of Gordon's steamers with some of his troops on board, who reported Khartoum and Gordon safe and well, and delivered a letter containing these few words: "Khartoum all right. Can hold out for years.—C. G. Gordon. 29-12-84:" a message rather intended to beguile the enemy than to encourage delay in the British advance. These steamers had left Khartoum nearly a month before, and had been waiting near Metammeh for the arrival of our troops. On the 22nd a reconnaissance was made down the river towards Shendy; and on the 24th Sir C. Wilson, with three officers and twenty men of the Sussex Regiment, embarked on two of the steamers to go up the Nile to Khartoum.

Such was the news which on January 29 and two following days was spread throughout England, and raised exuberant joy in town and country. Khartoum was considered to be already delivered, Gordon saved, and Lord Wolseley's plans crowned with complete success. But these pleasant dreams were dispelled by a few lines of intelligence on Thursday, February 7, which announced the fall of Khartoum on January 26, and the failure of Sir C. Wilson, on January 28, to make an entry into it. Worse than all, it soon was almost beyond doubt that the heroic defender of Khartoum, the man who for a year had kept the desert hordes at bay, was slain—slain scarcely forty-eight hours before the British officers arrived in sight of the long beleaguered city. Gloom fell on 'Change and mart and workshop at the terrible tidings. True, there was no story of English defeat; our soldiers of all ranks had even surpassed their ancient renown. But the very man whom they had gone to rescue was dead, and the vast and costly preparations, the tedious voyage, the perilous march, the loss of brave soldiers and dashing officers, were all thrown away—for want of a few weeks' earlier start.

We do not know—perhaps we shall never know—the exact circumstances of Gordon's death. Whether he was stabbed or shot, in the street or in his palace, at the Austrian Consul's gateway or in the Catholic church or convent—whether the gates of the city were opened to the enemy at five in the morning or at ten at night by the traitor Farag Pasha, cannot yet be ascertained, so various and contradictory are the details

furnished by glib Arab tongues. What is certain is that a priceless life was thrown away through the indecision and procrastination of others. That Lord Wolseley, before he learnt the final catastrophe, felt deeply the delay for which he was in no wise to blame, is evident from the following paragraph in his despatch dated "Camp, Korti, January 12, 1885."

"It has been to me a source of heartfelt regret that I was not able to reach this place at an earlier date. My advance has been delayed through the difficulty of collecting supplies at this point, 1,400 miles by river from the sea, in sufficient quantities to warrant an advance into the neighbourhood of a besieged garrison that is very short of food, where all the surrounding districts have been laid waste, and where even the besieging army finds it difficult to subsist."—*Egypt*, No. 2 (1885), p. 1.

That Gordon himself was at the last aware that the help which, no doubt, he had spoken of in Khartoum as sure to arrive by a certain date, was, after all, coming too late, is evident from this short farewell note to a friend in Cairo, dated December 14, 1884, but only reaching its destination on February 24:—

"All is up. I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time. It would not have been so if our people had kept me better informed as to their intentions. My adieux to all. C. G. Gordon."

It will be the lot of few, if any, of our generation to look upon the like of Charles George Gordon. He has been compared to Garibaldi; but, while there were several marks of heroic character common to both, the points of difference are evident at a glance. Though Garibaldi was a chivalrous soldier in the cause of freedom, had a large and loving soul, and a cheerful courage that gloried in the fray, he was the creature of impulse, and had not the mental resources, the disciplined ability, and, above all, the high sense of duty, which Gordon undoubtedly possessed. We cannot imagine the grand old Italian remaining very many days in the bondage of Khartoum life. Gordon, with equal fascination and personal influence as a leader and commander, displayed a patience under neglect, a constancy of self-sacrifice, a submission to authority even while most outspoken in criticism and protest, which added rare lustre to his unrivalled martial prowess. No

smallness of laborious detail, no grandeur of mighty enterprise, lay beyond the grasp of his imperial genius. The hand that, waving no weapon but a cane, led the Chinese army to victory after victory, and saved an empire, was the same hand that snatched the little Arabs from our streets and took them to share his meal and his home. Undazzled by the glitter of high position and Court favour, he lived a life of purity, of self-denial and generosity; ever striving to fulfil the requirements of that grand ideal: "To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." Our England of to-day may well feel proud to have counted among her sons an heroic soul of such bright promise and glorious performance; but with the sweet fragrance of Gordon's memory there will inevitably linger some bitter regrets over a life so precious—lost and sacrificed as his was. This is not a case for political controversy or party feeling to taint. We have simply stated facts; we have "set down nought in malice." We have thought it best to omit some bitter words, wrung from Gordon in his extremity, which a partisan writer could not be blamed for using, to point his comdemnation of the Government. It must be left to history to deal with the great tragedy in full truth and justice. And history will study with reverent as well as curious eyes the volumes of Gordon's Diaries, which the eager world now learns to be safe, and of which, before long, we may be sure that the whole will have to be printed.*

* As we are going to press, Lord Wolseley's General Orders, issued on March 6, to the soldiers and sailors of the Nile expeditionary force, appear in the papers, and contain the following noteworthy sentences: "To have commanded such men is to me a source of the highest pride. No greater honour can be in store for me than that to which I look forward of leading you, please God! into Khartoum before the year is out. Your noble efforts to save General Gordon have been unsuccessful, but through no fault of yours. Both on the river and in the desert you have borne hardships and privation without murmur; in action you have been uniformly victorious; all that men could do to save a comrade you have done; but Khartoum fell through treachery two days before the advanced troops reached it."

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY.

The Messages of the Books: being Discourses and Notes on the Books of the New Testament. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster, &c. Macmillan & Co. 1884.

THESE discourses are an endeavour, which the distinguished author proposes to extend to the Old Testament, to set forth "the general form, the peculiar characteristics, the special message of the Sacred Books one by one." He justly deplores the common tendency to treat the Bible as a repertory of "isolated texts," interpreted without regard to "the distinctive scope and individuality" of the particular Scripture to which they belong. He believes that "the study of Scripture as a whole, and the consideration of each part of it in relation to the age and conditions under which it was written," may do much to prevent or to mitigate religious controversy. In this we heartily agree with the eloquent Canon, and hope that his example in treating "the library of Divine revelation" for pulpit purposes more *en bloc*, and in seeking to interest his hearers in the individual "Books" as such, will find many imitators.

If the author's execution falls short somewhat of his aim, this is perhaps hardly to be wondered at. Canon Farrar is indeed always learned, brilliant, instructive. We turn over page after page of vivid description and splendid rhetoric that never flags, rich with the spoils of the multifarious classical, Oriental, and modern scholarship which he knows how to use with so much effect. But we miss something of the sober judgment and the analytic mind that the subject so eminently demands. The "form and characteristics"—all that belongs to the literary and historical *setting*—of the New Testament he delineates for the most part admirably, and with a popular effect beyond the reach of any other living English author. (We are much in want, by-the-way, of a complete and readable Introduction to the New Testament, such as Canon Farrar could easily give us, and which would be a welcome companion and supplement to his books on the *Origines* of Christianity.) But he does not equally succeed in seizing their "special message." We find declamation too often where we look for definition, and vague and blurred outline instead of a distinct image. The representation of the Synoptic Gospels at the beginning of the book, or of the Apocalypse at the end, is, to our mind, much more satisfactory, and displays the author's discursive genius to greater advantage than do some of the intervening discourses: that, for

instance, on the Epistle to the Romans or the First Epistle of St. John. There is abundance of colour, even to excess, in Canon Farrar's pictures; their defect is in the *drawing*. He says a great many fine and stirring things *about* "the Books;" he does not make us understand precisely what *they say for themselves*.

Moreover, Canon Farrar has a message of his own, which appears to us not a little to interfere with his delivery of "the message of the Books." He has much to say against "dull and acrid bigots," against "the rash fanaticism of ignorance and narrowness," and so on. This style of denunciation is well enough in its place and measure; but at this time of day it is really too "cheap" (to use the Canon's adjective) to be worth so much repetition. We become weary of this incessant belabouring of "religionists" and "scholastics." *Theirs*, we imagine, are not the faults which prevail in Canon Farrar's congregations.

We regret to note the ill-advised attempt, made on p. 201, to dispel "the fear of the Lord" that attaches to such a passage as 2 Thess. i. 7-9. It is a misleading and perilous thing to say that in all St. Paul's thirteen epistles "this is the only passage that even *seems* [the italics are Canon Farrar's] to refer to the final destiny of the wicked." Such statements inspire a profound distrust of the theologian who utters them in regard to any dealing of his with the solemn questions of human destiny.

The Spirits in Prison, and Other Studies on the Life after Death. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. London: Isbister. 1884.

Dean Plumptre's volume strictly answers to its title; but it will disappoint the reader if taken up as a new contribution to the literature of the Intermediate State. It is interesting as a fair, though not exhaustive, account of the currents of opinion, and of controversy public and private, which have set in since the publication of his remarkable sermon in 1871. We have again and again treated individual points in the question, and hope to present a more complete view hereafter. Meanwhile there are a few things to be said on this book. Its exposition of the passage of St. Peter we cannot but accept. But it is one thing to accept this revelation of a great event in the Mediatorial History, and another thing to make it the germ of a doctrine of probation after death. All that is said as to the reality, definitiveness, and finality of the Last Judgment, is true and well said; and no one can refuse to admit that there is and must be some kind of development in the dread interval; but then much of the development here taught amounts to nothing less than the whole business of a probationary salvation. Men will finally receive not "the things done in the body," but the things done in the disembodied spirit. Again it may be granted that prayer for the departed was used before our Lord's time and used again in very early ages after the Church had lost the restraint of inspiration. But there is no value whatever in the kind of evidence here

adduced that the teaching of Christ and of His Apostles did not break the continuity of that practice. Surely the Lord of the dead would, by His own teaching and by His servant's, have said of this also "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest," if intercession for the other world had been a great evangelical agency of salvation. The entire absence of any such stimulant or consolation would, on that hypothesis, be the strangest of all the silences of the New Testament. But we must forbear for the present; not, however, without thanking Dr. Plumptre for the large body of suggestive material placed at our disposal. Of the writer's own spirit and learning and candour and artistic skill we cannot speak too highly.

The World as the Subject of Redemption: being an Attempt to set forth the Functions of the Church as designed to embrace the whole Race of Mankind. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. FREMANTLE, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. London: Rivingtons. 1885.

This beautiful volume has all the grace of Messrs. Rivington's publications, but it does not bear the stamp of theology which they generally issue. It is of the broadest sect, rather than the straitest, of our religion. And, after carefully reading it, our first feeling is that of astonishment that the Bamptons should be elastic enough to carry these lectures. The world is the object of redemption we all know; but here it is the "subject;" and whether the author meant it or not the title is appropriately chosen. The church is after all the world as amended, or all that has been, is, or ever will be, good in it. "We can find no standing ground until we identify Christianity with moral goodness, and the Christian Church, in its idea and ultimate development, with the whole moral, ideal, and political system by which the human race is growing to its fulness. . . . . The race of Israel, from Abraham downwards, was the elect race to whom, in the first instance, God made Himself known; but the promise, for the sake of which they were called, was that through them all families of the earth should be blessed. Similarly the Greeks, the Romans, the Oriental nations, the Germans, have had their special gifts of mind or of art, of social or political capacity, which were also destined to become universal. We have learnt to interpret the dealings of God in these matters more fully through historical and ethnical research and through the comparison of languages and religions."

This, one of the latest products of the modern Science of Religion, is one of the ablest and most thorough. It contains many fine generalizations, and sometimes barely misses a grand view of the true Catholicity of the Church. But how this "world" can be one with the *ἐκκλησία*, "called out of the world," is never shown; certainly not clearly or convincingly shown. The theory is one that can be made to quadrate with no creed or confession known in Christendom.

The Pulpit Commentary. I. Chronicles. By Rev. Professor P. C. BARKER, M.A., LL.D. *Jeremiah.* By Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

This Commentary has made its deep and permanent mark in England, America, and the Colonies. It bids fair to go through the Bible, with its clear, orthodox, and good exposition, and its manifold helps to the preacher. It is of no use to say a word against this latter element; we have delivered our mind on the subject, as indeed others have; but the world is against us. And we have no objection to let the world take its own course; though we still think that the Commentary alone would take rank among the very best in the English language. The Old Testament part of it is specially valuable. Dr. Cheyne's work on "Jeremiah" closes admirably. His description of the authorship of "The Lamentation of Jeremiah" will disturb some traditional views; but it is hard to gainsay his conclusion that it were better to say "The Book of the Lamentation of the Sons of Jeremiah." It will be profitable to the student to mark carefully the induction of evidence on this subject. Professor Barker's "Introduction to I. Chronicles" we have read with deep interest. There is no portion of the Old Testament which "the Minute Critic" has more ruthlessly fastened upon for attack; but there is a good defence. He who is disposed frankly to acknowledge and accept a certain residuum of real difficulty, will find in this book an admirable guide. We heartily commend both introduction and exposition of these works.

The Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by its Historical Effects. By R. S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The argument of the present volume proceeds on the same lines as that of Mr. Row's Bampton Lecture, and may almost be considered its expansion and supplement. Mr. Row's contention is that the influence of Christianity on every sphere of human life is such as can only be explained by the admission of its divine character. The principle of Dr. Storrs' argument is the same. But, while the English writer contented himself with establishing the validity of the argument, the American author has applied and illustrated it in a most ample way. He does not repeat the error of his predecessor in disparaging, or seeming to disparage, the argument from miracles. He acknowledges to the full the necessity and value of the latter. What other external evidence could there be before Christianity had had time to reveal its nature in history? Still, the new argument is most valuable. To an intelligent and candid

inquirer it is the most convincing that can be adduced. But, while it requires some degree of intelligence and refinement for its appreciation, it makes still heavier demands on any one who undertakes to expound it. No mere superficial or second-hand acquaintance with the facts of history will suffice. There is needed not merely familiarity with the whole course of ancient and modern civilization in all its departments, but the power to group its salient features in effective pictures. Dr. Storrs is evidently well qualified for his onerous task. His work could only have grown out of long and patient study both of the ancient and modern world.

A reference to the subjects of the different lectures will show the number of deeply interesting topics they embrace. The New Conception of God given by Christianity, its New Conception of Man, of Man's Duty to God, of Man's Duty to Man, of International Duties, the Influence of Christianity on Mental Life and Moral Life, are successively discussed. In each case the contrast between heathen and Christian ideas is fully illustrated. Under the fourth head the influence of Christianity on the condition of children, woman, slaves, the poor, and on human progress is dealt with. It would be hard indeed to say which lecture is most attractive, alike in subject and mode of treatment. The subjects are broad, and might easily degenerate in feeble hands into commonplace. This is far from being the case in the present volume. Everything is as concrete as if the writer were dealing with ordinary history.

The style, which at first may seem somewhat formal, is marked by a certain stateliness which is not out of keeping with the theme. From first to last there is an absence of everything slipshod which is refreshing in these days. The second half of the volume consists of illustrative quotations culled from many and most diverse authors. In a word, the work is finished, down to the last word in the ample Index.

History of the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament. By Edward Reuss. Translated by Edward L. Houghton, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The author of this book is one of the most extraordinary workers in Christendom. He is at once a French and a German divine and critic: combining in a remarkable way the characteristics of the two races, the thorough and exhaustive learning of the former and the lucidity of the latter. He combines also in himself—and this is more important—the evangelical fervour of a member of the Reformed Church and the free criticism of the modern age. Lastly, he combines the two functions of Biblical critic and expositor; and with more success than is generally found. The present work has been much prized: five editions have witnessed successive improvements, and its unlimited learning (especially in the literature of every question) has been kept up to the mark.

Messrs. Clark have published this translation; and it is hard to say a disparaging word of their often self-sacrificing efforts to bring foreign theology within the reach of the English reader. But our readers at any rate must know what kind of teacher is here introducing the New Testament to them. They will find a whole world of most interesting matter; beautifully arranged, though needlessly encumbered with multifarious reference. But the following sentences concerning St. John will put them on their guard.

"Nor can the composition of the Fourth Gospel by this John be proved altogether conclusively by means of the known external arguments. On this side it is still, to the stricter criticism, a mere possibility. Over against the evidence of the ancients stands equally weighty, if not even more definite and ancient, testimony for the Apocalypse, which cannot have been written by the same author. These testimonies are separated from the apostolic period by a very long interval. This interval is only partially bridged over by the writer of the appendix to our Gospel. The independent testimony of the anciently attested Epistles would have greater weight were it not that in respect to them further considerations prevent. The peculiar way in which the person of the son of Zebedee is interwoven in the narrative (for that he is meant is certain) must not be taken at once as a trace of attempted deception, but admits a different interpretation from the common one. The decision depends upon the judgment one may pass upon the delineation of the person of Jesus, and this will for a long time yet be an individual and subjective one. The book will always remain a highly important one not only for the history of Christianity but also for the future of the Church, even though the secret of its origin should never be revealed" (p. 232).

This paragraph is a good specimen of the vague and illogical argumentation which is brought to bear on the holy books. "The Apocalypse cannot have been written by the same author!" This is easily said; but not easily proved. The same indeterminate conclusions are adopted with reference to other portions of New Testament Scripture; and we cannot for our own part think that the purely literary value of the volume countervails the serious unsettlement of the student's mind which must be the result of Professor Reuss' guidance.

The Inward Witness, and other Discourses. By the Rev. W. B. Pope, D.D., Theological Tutor, Didsbury College. London: T. Woolmer. 1885.

Notwithstanding the close connection of the author of these sermons with this journal, our duty to our readers requires us, although we feel precluded from attempting any critical estimate of them, at least to announce their publication and give some account of their contents. In his *Compendium of Theology* and his *Higher Catechism of Theology* Dr. Pope develops systematically his views as a theologian. Those volumes are recognized by American Methodism as the chief standard of reference and instruction for theological students, and

especially for ministerial probationers. In his own country they have hardly been so exceptionally distinguished as by the American Methodist Board of Bishops, the reason for which may perhaps be that English Methodism, though not richer in theological works of large calibre and masterly quality than the Methodism of the United States, looks more directly to Wesley's own writings, not to speak of Richard Watson's. But still, Dr. Pope is the senior Professor of Theology, and by far the most extensive and systematic theological writer, in his own communion. The volume before us, however, is not a volume of systematic theology, but of sermons, being the fourth volume of sermons which he has published. In this, as in the author's other volumes of sermons, doctrine, experience, and practice are characteristically interblended. Of mere doctrinal exposition there is very little, but the incidental implication and illustration of doctrine pervades the whole. Of narrative, of description, of rhetoric, there is scarcely a trace. Many of the sermons were preached on special occasions. Three are ex-Presidential ordination charges, the title of the first of these being given to the whole volume. One discourse was preached at a district meeting—that is, before the Manchester Wesleyan Synod. Some were preached at the opening of chapels. Two were preached at great provincial gatherings in connection with the Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund of 1878-9. The last seven sermons may be said to form a sort of *heptalogy*, so closely related are they to each other, and so remarkably graduated in their succession. The titles are as follows:—"Faith as a Grain of Mustard Seed," "Perfecting Conversion," "Perfecting Holiness," "The Perfect Exemplar," "The Interior Feast," "The Glory of the Christian Sonship," "The Night Cometh: the Day is at Hand." We quote the last paragraph of the last discourse, of which the two texts are: "The night cometh, when no man can work" (John ix. 4), and "The night is far spent and the day is at hand" (Rom. xiii. 12):—

"Brethren, how lovely is the experience of the man in whose daily life these two texts exercise their perfect influence. He does not dwell in his thoughts on death and judgment and the day of the Lord with their terrors: these to him are transfigured, and suffused with a glory that casts out all fear. He thinks only or mostly of his progressive, continuous, ever-brightening future. All his anticipation is one: it is treasured up in Christ, to be revealed from stage to stage as its successive hours shall come. That is enough for him. His present day is inexpressibly precious; every moment of it stamped with the value of Eternity; and no man desires life as he desires it. Therefore the thought of its end is solemn. But the other world has its own infinite secret of bliss; and the solemnity of his departure is tempered with an awful joy. He mingles the daily preparation to die with the daily longing for heaven in a manner that defies description. It must be known to be understood. Every evening he tells off the diminishing fragments of his earthly existence: 'Now am I a day nearer to the appointed doom of sin.' But every evening he tells off the diminishing fragments of the period that keeps him from true life: 'Now is my salvation one day nearer than

when I believed." Sorrowful, he is always rejoicing; dying, behold he lives. Such a man will never really die: death hath no more dominion over him. He leaves night finally and for ever behind; and as he lived so he dies, 'in the day': through the grace of union with his Lord, 'who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.' To whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be glory for ever. Amen."

Christian Baptism: its Moral and Religious Significance, Educed from the Appeals to it in the New Testament. By STEPHEN P. HARVARD. Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1882.

We regret that this pamphlet has, through accident, escaped earlier notice. We give it our hearty recommendation. Not that we agree with all the author's exegesis, although we do with much of it. But the general method of analytic examination is excellent, and worked out with great acuteness and often with much felicity. The whole tone, besides, of the investigation and discussion is lifted quite above mere ceremonialism, whilst throughout it is altogether reverent. We have here the work of an intelligent and duly independent exegetical student of Scripture, thoroughly spiritual, but entirely free from superstition. The discussions of texts are always fresh and sometimes original. Whether original or otherwise, they are well put together. It was perhaps best that all names of critical authorities should be suppressed, and the author's own views alone be set forth as he has come to settle and hold them. The pamphlet is peculiarly suggestive. With the general conclusions of the final chapter we seem to be in perfect agreement—though not with every minor illustration—and we hope that many readers may find themselves able to accept its summing up of the most important points involved in the subject.

Characteristics of Christianity. By STANLEY LEATHES, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

The form of this work is peculiar. Of its three hundred pages one third is occupied by the Preface, one third by the subject proper, and yet another by notes and illustrations. This peculiarity of form of course does not lessen the intrinsic value of the work. Indeed, we think the Preface and illustrations are the most valuable part. The five discourses which deal with certain characteristics of Christianity are comparatively slight. On the other hand, the Preface is a really able discussion of the evidence for Christ's Resurrection, such as ought to satisfy any candid mind; while a long note on "The Order of the Christian Evidences" is equally suggestive and forcible. The place of the argument from miracles, the author thinks, is after a consideration of Christ's life and teaching

in themselves. The miracles are then seen to be quite in keeping with the impression which Christ's teaching and appearance made at first, and still make. At the same time he is not one of those who think that miracles need to be spoken of with "bated breath and whispering humbleness." To demand, as Renan and Froude do, a jury or committee of scientific men is to demand what is impossible in the nature of the case, and what is not demanded in the case of other histories. Dr. Leathes also well brings out the difficulties of the sceptical position. If, as Mr. Froude suggests, Christ did not die, how are all the other facts of Christian history to be explained? If the Gospels were written in the second century, let it be shown how such a thing was possible in the circumstances. "When, therefore, at dinner-tables and in ball-rooms people speak slightingly of the evidence for the Resurrection, and repeat with frivolous rashness the last sneer of disparaging criticism put forth by some irresponsible reviewer or candidate for popular favour and fame in magazines, let the unwary remember that this is merely an index of the shallowness and triviality with which such persons have considered the matter, the small amount of pains they have bestowed upon it, and a proof of the blindness of the judges whom they blindly follow." Dr. Westcott calls such persons "doubters upon trust."

A Year's Ministry. Second Series. By A. MACLAREN, D.D. London: "Christian Commonwealth" Office.

This volume completes a year's circle of sermons. If there are not as many striking titles in the present as in the former volume, the high, solid qualities of the preacher are all found. Whether dealing with stern or tender truth, Dr. Maclaren is equally effective. The wonder is that such sermons are produced year after year.

Brief Thoughts and Meditations on Some Passages in Holy Scripture. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

These brief comments are marked by the venerable and venerated author's well-known characteristics. Thought and phrase are carefully weighed, each exactly corresponding to the other. The reader feels that neither more nor less could be said, nor could anything be said differently. We are especially glad to see that the references to the Atonement are so certain in sound.

Palestine, its Historical Geography; with Topographical Index and Maps. By Rev. A. HENDERSON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Few of the "Handbooks for Bible Classes" are calculated to be more useful, and none are more interesting, than the present one. The axiom

that geography is the eye of history, is especially true of Scripture. The Old Testament is a confused picture without it. Much has been done of late years to shed light on the geography of the Holy Land. The publications of the "Palestine Exploration Fund" are utilized to the full extent in this little handbook. After describing the physical features of the Holy Land, the book follows the order of history. The Palestine of the Patriarchs, the Twelve Tribes, the Judges and David, the Kingdom, the New Testament, is described in different chapters. A full Index of places, with brief notes, completes the usefulness of an excellent work. Accuracy of detail, so important on such a subject, seems to have been carefully attended to.

Sermons to the Spiritual Man. By W. G. T. SHEDD, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Dr. Shedd says that he has "had evidence that theological sermonizing and the close application of truth are not so unwelcome and unpopular as they are sometimes represented to be." In harmony with this opinion he gives us sermons of the old-fashioned type: that is, sermons which rely for success, not on piquant illustrations and literary style, but on the intrinsic force of the truth spoken. The line of teaching taken will be best indicated by mentioning some of the titles of the sermons, "The Supreme Excellence of God," "The Fatherhood of God," "The Future Vision of God," "The Law is Light," "The Law the Strength of Sin," "The Impression made by Christ's Holiness, "The Sense of Sin leads to Holiness."

These are subjects, it will be seen, which bear closely on Christian edification, and the others are just as practical. From our own standpoint, indeed, we might criticize several features of the volume, such as the comparative absence of the truths which give joy and brightness to Christian life, and some of the views expressed in the two sermons entitled, "The Christian Imperfect, yet a Saint" and "Sanctification completed at Death." But for this we have no space. Sobriety, strength, thoughtfulness, reverence, are the qualities which Dr. Shedd most admires, and which his volume will tend to encourage. As we often know men by their companions, we may say that the author's occasional quotations are from Bacon, Leighton, Cudworth, Milton. A fine illustration is given from Cudworth: "The law of the Spirit of Life within the renewed will is as if the soul of music should incorporate itself with the instrument, and live in the strings, and make them of their own accord, and without any touch or impulse from without, dance up and down and warble out their harmonies." The certain result of prayer for spiritual good is well emphasized on pp. 228–230. The supply is as certain as the demand. "If man craved grace as much as he craves wealth or honour, the heavens would drop down and dissolve in a rain of righteousness."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Les Origines de la France contemporaine. Par H. TAINE, de l'Académie française. La Révolution, tome iii.—Le Gouvernement révolutionnaire. Paris: Hachette. 1885.

IN this volume of 650 pages octavo, M. Taine carries one step farther his great work of accounting for the present state of France. Devoting one volume to the old régime, he next describes three different phases of the Revolution; first the anarchy, then the victory of the Jacobins, and (in the book before us) the government which that victory established. For nearly two generations it has been an article of faith for the average Frenchman that "the principles of '89" are as certain as Euclid's axioms, and as beneficent in their action as sun and rain in their season. Of late, however, the reaction from this belief has found eloquent expression in several quarters; in fact, "the legend of '89" seems not unlikely to share the fate which has befallen that of Napoleon under the searching criticism of men like M. Lanfrey. But how, we ask, could such a monstrous faith, involving the canonization of wretches like the revolutionary triumvirate, have ever gained ground? It did not do so, says M. Taine, in his Preface, till the eye-witnesses had died off. We may add that at that time too "the legend" was fostered by the obstinacy of the Bourbons. Their blind efforts to bring everything back to its pre-Revolution state forced those who were determined that the *status quo* should last (*i.e.*, the great mass of the nation) to try to justify the means by which that *status quo* had been brought about; and it is not in human, especially in French, nature to rest satisfied with a bare justification. Hence the origin of this "revolutionary legend," to which M. d'Héricault and M. Taine have been applying with equal success the solvent of facts. It is, unhappily, only too easy to dilate on the horrors of the revolutionary period, and the ferocious cruelty (of which madness is the only explanation) of most of the leaders. M. Taine brings full documentary evidence of what French historians have in general been glad to put out of sight—Carrier's massacres at Nantes, Collot d'Herbois' at Lyons, &c. He reminds us that the great towns of the South, including Lyons and Bordeaux, narrowly escaped the total destruction to which the howling Paris mob had devoted them. He enlarges on the homicidal mania of men like Marat, and the universal degradation (*abaissement des âmes*) which allowed the government to be shared between monsters of cruelty and monsters of vice. His chapters on "The Jacobin Programme" and "The Governing Party" are not a whit too strong; and, in a country where rhodomontades like those of Michelet pass for history, they are a useful antidote. His weak point, we take it, is his account (in "Les Gouvernés") of the state of France just before '89. According to him, there would

seem to have been no need for anything but a slight reform. If the nobles had been moral, humane, philanthropic, and practical, if the clergy had been the most self-denying and liberal-minded that France had ever seen, how can we account for that class-hatred which was such a fearful element in the Revolution? No doubt there were good, considerate nobles and men of substance—to not a few their known goodness was in the earlier stages of the struggle a complete safeguard. No doubt there were many officers who (like those cited by M. Taine) had no thought but of the honour of France, no wish but to spend and be spent in her service. No doubt there were many priests as good and hard-working as Rousseau's Savoyard vicar. But, if we are to believe that this was the general character of these classes, we must believe that a golden age had suddenly succeeded to the undoubtedly leaden age of Louis XV.; nay, we must believe that not the revolutionary leaders only, but the whole nation suffered from a fit of wantonly destructive madness to which in the world's history there is no parallel. The fact is, that M. Taine like Michelet, is a rhetorical special pleader; and just the reverse of what, according to our English traditions, a historian ought to be. Here and there, however, he can see good on the other side. He notes, for instance, how France was saved from sheer ruin and actual disintegration by the self-denying hard work of Carnot in the War Office, Jean Bon St. André at the Admiralty, and Lindet and Prieur in the Civil Commissariat, which had to feed the starving population. It is even more important, just now, to be reminded how the whole of society was thrown out of gear by financial experiments such as "the maximum" than to be thrilled anew with the horrors of the La Vendée campaign. Of the latter class of facts there is plenty elsewhere. What a picture that is, for instance, in the Bland Burges papers, of the French nobles of the Swiss Guard lying dead around the Tuileries, and that other of Philippe Egalité chatting to some English guests about indifferent subjects while the Princess de Lamballe's head was being carried by. But nowhere have the folly of Jacobinism as a system and the ruin which it brought on the country been so clearly shown forth as by M. Taine. The book is well worth careful reading; it is full of facts—such as the employment of ruffianly blacks and German deserters (p. 376) to carry out the massacres at Nantes and elsewhere, and the fact that money was extorted wholesale for permitting the escape of imprisoned "suspects"—facts which show that for the masses as well as the leaders Republican fervour and integrity were mere names. It is sickening to think of women forced during three famine years "faire la queue" for bread, and of the tithe of the population dying in hospital of sheer inanition, while in the dining-rooms of the Committee of Public Safety there was a daily feast, Cambacères, who revived the gluttony of the ancients, being its purveyor. Two thoughts pass through one's mind after reading this volume: first, how could France have survived such a time of horrors, and how much

she must have lost by this wholesale killing out or expulsion of her cultured classes; next, what a warning all this ought to be to *dilettante* revolutionists among ourselves not to let loose a spirit which they will by-and-by be powerless to control.

Egypt and Babylon, from Scripture and Profane Sources. By the Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, &c. &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

No recommendation from us can be necessary in the case of this volume. The merits and authority of the Camden Professor of History are pre-eminent and indisputable, and the subjects dealt with in this volume have been his life-long study. In this volume, however, Canon Rawlinson seems to have excelled himself. The subjects treated of are both intrinsically and in their relations with Scripture of pecular interest. Every passage in Scripture relating to Egypt and to Babylon is here dealt with clearly and exhaustively, yet without a word to waste, and without any super-addition in the way of comment or reflection. The result is a remarkable confirmation of the historical authenticity and accuracy of the Bible. All the light of history, including modern Oriental discoveries and decipherments, in relation to the passages elucidated, is admirably focussed. No student of Scripture ought to be without this book; no Christian minister can afford to be ignorant of it.

John Wycliffe and his English Precursors. By Professor LECHLER, D.D., of Leipzig. Translated from the German, with additional Notes, by the late Professor LORIMER, D.D. A New Edition, Revised. With a Chapter on the Events after Wycliffe's Death. London: The Religious Tract Society.

This is a new and improved edition of an admirable standard work, of which we have lately spoken somewhat fully in this journal. It is a work essential to every good library, and the value of the present edition is enhanced by the additional chapter, which contains a compendious summary of parts of Dr. Lechler's second volume *Die Nachwirkungen Wiclif's*, with other matter bearing on the diffusion of his doctrine.

Annals of the Disruption; with Extracts from the Narratives of Ministers who left the Scottish Establishment in 1843. By the Rev. THOMAS BROWN, F.R.S.E., Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1884.

These 800 pages tell one of the most memorable stories of modern church history. Other books have dealt with more general aspects of

that painful Disruption struggle; here the experience of individual ministers in their own parishes is given. These sketches, furnished by the devoted men who boldly left manse and church for conscience' sake, show how keenly they felt the pang of parting with homes where their children had grown up around them, and churches to which their best years had been given. The idea of gathering together such a series of narratives was started in the spring of 1845. Thirty-seven MSS. were sent in, written immediately after the events they describe. Mr. Brown became the convener of the committee appointed to prepare the papers for publication in 1873. In 1876, the first part of this mass of material was published; additional matter then came in quickly; now all the narratives are grouped together in this large volume. The *Annals* are enriched with engravings of the historic scenes in the struggle, such as "The First Free Church Assembly Signing the Deed of Demission," and the procession of ministers leaving St. Andrew's Church after entering their protest before the High Commissioner.

All the stages of the Disruption are carefully described. Mr. Brown supplies connecting links, which make the history complete and clear. No one will be able to write the story of the Disruption without drawing largely from these *Annals*. They furnish materal for history which must be of great value. Though the volume is not a popular narrative, it has many passages of striking interest. It abounds in illustrations of the duty of faith in the midst of trouble. "In mercy," says Mr. Brown, "there was grace given for the day of trial; and, now, in looking back, the Free Church has simply to tell of the faithfulness of a faithful God." The history sets in clearest light the power of the Church to sustain all her work by free willing offerings, and shows how the devotion, the self-sacrifice and the faithful Gospel ministry of the Free Church has won for it a commanding position in Scotland. Mr. Brown has laid his Church under a great debt by the painstaking work which this volume reveals on every page.

Introduction to the Study of History: Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary. By W. B. Boyce. London: Published for the Author by T. Woolmer. 1884.

Mr. Boyce's erudition is well known to his friends both in Australia and the mother country. Yet even the author's friends can scarcely have been prepared for the historic research which this volume reveals. It covers the entire field from the Creation to the middle of last August. It is not merely civil history—the struggles of the Church, and the achievements of literature are carefully chronicled. We have found some slight blemishes of style, some slight inaccuracies in quotation; but all the defects are trivial, while the merits of the book give it sterling worth, and entitle it to a hearty welcome from all lovers of historic studies. Though

it is impossible to dwell at length on any one period in such an introduction, the volume is no mere skeleton of facts. It is full of fine passages from the great historians of every school. It is original, too. Mr. Boyce's summaries of commercial life, of voyages of discovery, of great contributions to the history of the past made by archæologists and travellers are clear and full. His preface is in itself a notable piece of work. Lists of books on all the departments of world-history are given, with some valuable hints for readers which in themselves form an introduction to many fields of research. The index is carefully prepared, so that it will make the volume useful as a book of reference for those who are not able to study it consecutively. Mr. Boyce divides his vast field into thirteen periods; the first closes with the tenth century, B.C.; the thirteenth extends from 1815 to 1884. The treatment of every subject is impartial. Mr. Boyce does not intrude his own opinions unfairly. But the work is independent too. There is evidence on every page that the author is no mere compiler of facts, but a trained thinker who brings a matured and clear judgment to bear on every branch of his work.

A Compendious History of American Methodism. Abridged from the Author's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. London: T. Woolmer. 1885.

Dr. Stevens is a very distinguished historian. His History of English Methodism is not likely to decline in its well-deserved popularity. His larger History of the American Methodist Episcopal Church is the standard History on its great subject on both sides of the Atlantic. Both these great works are equally distinguished by accuracy and graphic power; in both the perspective of history is admirably preserved; in both the arrangement and movement of the history are clear, consecutive, and effective. Within recent years Dr. Stevens has added lustre to his previously high reputation by his Life of Madame de Staël, a work of which the merit is widely acknowledged by Continental as well as by American and English critics.

Having thus embraced the opportunity to pay our tribute to Dr. Stevens in his old age as we paid it to him in due measure long ago in his strong manhood, we have only further to recommend the present compendious History of the most massive development of Evangelical Protestantism that the world knows. Dr. Stevens has done the abridgment himself of his four-volume History. This is accordingly the best possible digest in one goodly volume of the history of the first century of American Methodism, ranging from 1766 to 1866. Every Methodist library should at least include this summary if the more voluminous History is not included in its contents.

Life of Edward Miall, formerly Member of Parliament for Rochdale and Bradford. By his Son, ARTHUR MIALL. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

It requires no great insight to foresee that this volume must become one of the classics of Nonconformity. Edward Miall, one of the founders, and the first editor of the *Nonconformist* newspaper, did more to educate his party than perhaps any other man of his time. He won respect from opponents by his freedom from rancour and from any touch of the spirit of the demagogue. Opinion will and must remain divided as to the disestablishment policy, which he advocated so long and so trenchantly; but all friends of liberty must feel some measure of sympathy, and even of gratitude, to him for the firm stand which he took in every struggle for the rights of conscience. The Life is well written. Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., had promised to undertake the task, but the cares of parliamentary life and other work compelled him to draw back from it, so that the duty devolved upon a son of Mr. Miall's. Mr. Miall's early years were spent as an Independent minister, then he became editor. His life is marked by no striking events; he was not a man of exceptional ability or success. But he was a good writer; some indeed of his books are powerful and excellent—the result of close thought and genuine experience. All who love liberty and honour those who are bold enough to fight for their convictions, will discern in these pages a man of true piety and sterling conviction. The volume is a worthy memorial of a man worth remembering.

Fletcher of Madeley. By the Rev. FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. "Men Worth Remembering" Series. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

This volume is not only a valuable addition to a capital series, but is just the Life of Fletcher for popular reading. We should like to see it in every Sunday-school library and in every Methodist home. It is beautifully written. The interest of the reader does not flag from beginning to end. Mr. Macdonald is also an impartial biographer. Fletcher's character and work are clearly described in their true proportions. The self-denial of his earlier life, which sapped his physical strength, and the spiritualizing of common facts and incidents which sometimes becomes almost grotesque, are not allowed to pass without just criticism. The book is lighted up with pleasant incidents, well arranged and well told, so that the popular element is never forgotten. It bears evidence of the writer's finished style in every sentence, and is worthy both of Fletcher and his biographer. We should have liked a more careful statement of the nature of the famous *Checks to Antinomianism*. As Fletcher's

greatest work, we think justice is scarcely done to them. We regret this the more because we quite share Mr. Macdonald's dissent from the opinion held by Dr. Stevens and Mr. Tyerman, that the *Checks* are as much read to-day as they were a hundred years ago. A more full statement would have helped to set them before the minds of many who will never read a page of the *Checks* themselves. Mr. Macdonald says that Fletcher's "very first ministerial act on the day he was ordained priest, was to assist Wesley in the administration of the Lord's supper at Snowsfield's Chapel." Here he is in error. He has evidently followed Mr. Tyerman, who makes the same mistake in *Wesley's Designated Successor*. It was to West Street Chapel that Fletcher hurried after the sacrament at Whitehall. The passage in Wesley's *Journals*, March 13, 1757, shows this to any one who remembers that Wesley generally speaks of West Street as "the chapel" and that he conducted several services on Sunday morning in different parts of the town. A reference to the third chapter of Wesley's *Life of Fletcher* will clearly prove that it was West Street. We do not altogether agree with Mr. Macdonald when he says that "for seraphic piety, for sanctity that had no perceptible spot or flaw, Fletcher of Madeley stood alone." We cannot forget Adam Clarke's answer to the lady who asked him whether Fletcher was not a holier man than Wesley. "No, no," he said with emphasis, "there was no man like John Wesley. The personal religion sufficient for Mr. Fletcher in his limited sphere, was far beneath that deep intimacy with God necessary for Mr. Wesley in the amazing labour he had to undergo, the calumnies he had to endure, his fightings without, the opposition arising from members of society within, and his care of all his churches."

Men Worth Remembering. John Knox. By WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

This careful study of the work of the great Scottish Reformer sets out the salient features of his life with clearness and force. It secures attention by its interesting style, and deserves it because of its impartial, well-balanced judgments. The book does not, of course, lay claim to originality; this is not the province of a popular series like that to which this volume belongs. It gathers up all the chief facts about John Knox from the time when he followed George Wishart during his sojourn in Lothian, armed with a two-handed sword, that he might protect him against the assassination which had twice been threatened, up to the hour of his own death. Dr. Taylor acknowledges that the Reformer was not always wise nor discriminating in his utterances, and allowed himself too great liberty in commenting on public men and national affairs. But inflexible and resolute as he was, Knox had a tender and generous heart. His bearing in the presence of Mary Queen of Scots is manly, "never in the least ill-tempered." He stood mild and pitying when the Queen burst into

passionate, long-continued fits of weeping; but he would never consent to sacrifice his principles. He was not called to the ministry till the ripe age of forty-two; he died when sixty-seven. Two of the twenty-five years were spent as a galley slave in France, five in ministerial work in England, three on the Continent; for a year and a-half he was disabled by paralysis, yet in his short ministry he saved Scotland from the deluge of Papal superstition. The pulpit was his place of power where all his abilities were conspicuous—all at their best. "It brightened his intellect, enlivened his imagination, clarified his judgment, inflamed his courage, and gave fiery energy to his utterance." We heartily commend this book to all who wish to understand Knox's claim to the world's remembrance.

BELLES LETTRES.

A Vision of Souls, with other Ballads and Poems. By W. J. Dawson. London: Elliot Stock. 1884.

Mr. Dawson is a true poet, and his volume is not merely remarkable by reason of its promise of ultimate poetic achievement, but contains in itself work of a really high order of art. The influence of certain modern poets —Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti—is very perceptible, but the influence is no more than would be almost inevitably exerted on any young poet of culture who was not consciously and determinately opposed to contemporary tendencies. One other poet, to whose sad career we have given some space in our present number—James Thompson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*—seems to us, in some of his happier and higher moods, to have also had a certain influence over Mr. Dawson. Whether this be so or not, the author of the volume before us is distinctly a fresh and original poet—no hanger-on to the skirts of some greater man, but a poet of individual impulse, thinking his own thoughts, saying his own speech, singing his own song. And the thoughts and the speech and the song are so well worth listening to that we look forward with pleasure, and a confidence that we feel sure will not be disappointed, to seeing other volumes, better even than this, from the same hand.

In attempting to distinguish, as the critic is bound to do, that "peculiar quality of pleasure" which Mr. Dawson's poetry affords us, we would first of all note a certain liking which he seems to have for elaborate symbolism—the expression of abstract thought or human speculation in a series of pictures drawn from fact or imagination, but always aiming at the presentation of some problem. "A Vision of Souls," the first and one of the best poems in the book, is an instance of this glowing, visionary, and yet really practical symbolism. The soul's progress from eternity to eternity, by the way of the garden of Sin and the wilderness of Repentance, is figured in a sequence of pictures, from one of which—"The

Soul's Sinning"—we may quote a stanza representative of Mr. Dawson at his best.

"And through the glimmering trees there gleam
Faint faces, lit with languorous eyes,
That live within a tangled dream
Too deep for struggle or surprise.
And passionate whispers thrill the calm,
And wafts of music, as it were
Of feasters bowered in groves of palm
That sing in trance, but do not stir.
Ah, misery!"

Secondly, we would mention—in strong contrast to the imaginative archaism of the "Vision of Souls," and of such splendid pieces, a little akin to it, as "The Ballad of the Dead Mother," "Vanderdecken," or "The Isle of Life"—a sympathy and pity, entirely modern in its artistic bearing, for the outcasts of earth, and those who despair and doubt—for such as the dying woman of "Soot and Diamonds," the dying unbeliever of "In the Sick-Room." Then, again, there are many poems which aim simply at the expression, meditative or lyrical, of a single thought or experience. These, with a few exceptions, such as the strong and pathetic "At Parting," are far inferior to the longer and earlier poems in the book. Mr. Dawson does best when he aims highest. He has the imagination to conceive, and a poet's language of ample harmony to render his conceptions. For this reason we would venture to express a hope that in the future we may have very many more poems of the order of those last referred to; many more of the order of "Compensations' or "A Song of Life;" and as few as possible of the order of "The River," in which a trivial theme is treated trivially.

At the Gate of the Convent. By ALFRED AUSTIN. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

This is a volume to be read by true lovers of poetry with pure delight, and to be held in happy and recurring memory. It possesses in an unusual degree two qualities of the best poetry, neither of which are frequent in our modern muse—viz., freshness and sweetness. Mr. Austin says it is

"Not mine presumptuous thought to cope
With sage's faith, with saint's belief,
Or proudly mock the humble hope
That solaced the Repentant Thief."

And his poetry gains by the assurance of his faith. Many of the poems contain that element of surprise which all true poetry possesses; we are startled by the exquisiteness of a phrase, the music of a line, or the delicacy of a thought, and find that such lines and phrases have silently taken up a place in the memory from which they will not easily be dislodged. A very tender poem is that entitled "Dead"—

"Alas! alas! It is no cheat
Quiet she lies from face to feet,
No smile, no sigh, no hue, no heat,
No earnest of the morning."

The whole book is redolent of country life, but the best poems are those directly inspired by the study of Nature. Whenever Mr. Austin writes of Nature, his descriptions are at first-hand, and are accurate in knowledge and tender in feeling. In this volume are many charming word-pictures of French, Italian, and Grecian scenery, but the brighter skies and blossoms of other lands have not weaned Mr. Austin from his passion for the more subdued landscapes of his own country. In this yearning he suggests the beautiful lines of Browning, "Oh to be in England, now that April's there." Here, for instance, is a word-picture hastily limned while passing through "the rich flat fields of France."

"Not a hedgerow to be seen
Where the eglantine may ramble,
Jealous ditches, straight and square,
Sordid comfort everywhere.
Pollard poplars, stunted vine,
Nowhere happy-pasturing kine
Wandering in untended groups
'Mong the uncut buttercups.
All things pruned to pile the shelf;
Nothing left to be itself;
Neither horn, nor hound, nor stirrup,
Not a carol, not a chirrup,
Every idle sound repressed,
Like a Sabbath without rest."

It is a temptation to continue the quotation, with its counter-picture of English spring, with its primroses and bursting apple-blossom, its golden gorse and scented alder, calling thrushes and "lyric lark." Such poetry as this is a genuine refreshment, and should be welcomed. Mr. Austin has produced an excellent volume, characterized by serenity of tone, tenderness of feeling, and artistic truth.

Lay Canticles and other Poems. By F. Wyville Horne. London: Pickering & Co. 1883.

Mr. Horne is master of the technicalities of verse, has true poetic feeling, and frequent felicity of phrase, but when this is said, all is said. The most essential element of all in poetry—viz., inspiration, we altogether miss. Mr. Horne does not write because he must, but because he can. In no single poem in this volume are we made to realize that the theme has proved irresistible to the poet himself, or that it has sprung out of the depth of his own inmost being. We are conscious of fine taste in the selection of subjects, and excellent art in their treatment, but nowhere do we find the definiteness, intensity, and power of true passion. The best poem in this volume is "Sounds and their Echoes;"

the worst poem is "Buffalmacco's Stratagem," which has Browning's abruptness, but not his subtlety. As a sample of happy phrase, we may quote Mr. Horne's description of a great city as "peopled miles of moving sound," and perhaps the most musical piece of word-weaving in the book is the following from "Sounds and their Echoes":

> "The sound of silence heard by night,
> The far-full pulse of the heart of Time
> Under the eternal archway, hewn
> From darkness and o'erstrewn with light;
> The noiseless tread of the feet of Time,
> Amid the myriad stars that light
> The windless world beyond the moon."

Œdipus the King. Translated from the Greek of Sophocles into English Verse by E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford; Assistant Master of Winchester College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

As this rendering of the *Œdipus Rex* is useless for the vulgar purpose of a crib, we presume it must have been intended by the author as a literary effort. Regarded in that light, its merit cannot be rated as more than slight. The blank verse is usually wanting in strength and resonance, and is sometimes indistinguishable from prose, as in the line "So that on her woe we could look no more," intended as a translation of *οὐκ ἦν τὸ κείνης ἐκθεάσασθαι κακόν* (l. 1244).

> "Speed me back homeward: if thou grant this prayer,
> Best shalt thou *dree thy weird*, and I mine own,"

may be intelligible to some readers; to us it sounds simply grotesque. How immense are Mr. Morshead's powers of expansion may be judged from the fact that he renders the simple words *τὸν ἄδηλον ἀνδρα πάντ' ἰχνεύειν*, "That with uttermost strength we should strain on the track of the unknown wight." Lastly, the veriest school-boy would hesitate before making Œdipus put his eyes out with the "golden clasps that decked" Jocasta, the pin (*περόνη*) which Sophocles saw fit to mention being a much more suitable implement.

Selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift. With a Preface and Notes by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

This is one of the volumes of the elegant "Parchment Library" in course of issue by the spirited publishers. Swift as a writer, the editor truly says, has never been really popular. As time passes, it may be doubted whether he will be even so much read as he has been. His misanthropy and his repulsive coarseness, his mere filthiness of satirical humour without any sensual attractiveness combined, are not likely to become less offensive as education and refinement spread. In the age of the *Dunciad* and *Tom Jones* mere coarseness seems to have added a relish to satire even when Pope was the satirist, and to have formed, in the view

of the genteel public, an indispensable ingredient in the portraiture not only of country life, but even of fashionable society. But, in these respects, whatever may be our modern misdemeanours or the occasional marked and unhappy backslidings of the age, we have unquestionably advanced much beyond the level of the last century. Besides which, Swift's writings are absolutely unrelieved by any play of genial fancy or any touches of generous sympathy and hope. Clear, vigorous, humorous, therefore, as he is—powerful censor of human follies, frailties, and vices—he is not likely to be a favourite author. His political pieces, of course, are not only powerful, but valuable, and, indeed, indispensable, to the close student of history. In this volume we have an excellent selection from his writings, from which all coarseness is eliminated, and the editor has done his work well; but his playful and leisurely Introduction wastes more of his pages and his reader's time than it is quite modest to occupy in such writing where space is so limited. But the Introduction is, nevertheless, well done, and we cordially commend the volume.

The Poetical Works of John Keats. Reprinted from the Original Editions. With Notes by FRANCIS PALGRAVE. Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Here are the works of the most pre-eminent poetical genius—taking into account his youth and his very defective education—that England has produced in the present brilliant century, with the poet's last corrections, even in punctuation, and with an exquisite Introduction by Mr. Palgrave. We cannot say that we think the poet's punctuation always the fittest or best—Keats was no scholar or technical grammarian—and we are not sure how far it was necessary or wise always to adhere to it. But the errors or peculiarities are nowhere of serious account. Meantime, too high praise cannot be given to the editorial care or to the beauty and taste of the whole get-up of this lovely small edition. The typography is wonderfully clear and beautiful.

Tales and Poems of South India. From the Tamil. By EDWARD JEWETT ROBINSON. London: T. Woolmer. 1885.

This is an improved and enlarged edition of *Tamil Wisdom* which Mr. Robinson published in 1873. Thirty-two years ago he returned from Ceylon, after seven years missionary life. This book not only keeps alive the memories of early ministerial work, but is intended to help young English gentlemen preparing for Government service in the East, to understand the thought and customs of the people among whom they are to live. The selections in prose and poetry are accompanied by careful explanations, which greatly help an English reader. We are glad to see this new edition of Mr. Robinson's painstaking work, and hope that its gems of Tamil literature will increase general interest in the people of South India. Mr. Robinson's chapters on Tamil Language and Literature, Views of God, &c., form a valuable introduction to the *Tales and Poems.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute. Vol. XV. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883–4.

The Reports of the Royal Colonial Institute, or, as a speaker very happily nick-named it, "the Society for the Propagation of Colonial Knowledge amongst English People," are always worth reading. Men of mark, who bring the experience of years to bear upon the subject they have undertaken, read papers; and, in the discussion that follows, the most contradictory opinions are freely expressed and supported. Thus the reader is in a better position to form a judgment on vexed questions than if he pinned his faith on one book, perhaps by a strong partisan. Mr. Greswell, for instance, describes the scheme for State education at the Cape, gently hinting that, though the Kafir, John Jabava, did pass his matriculation at Cape University, after seven years' study of Greek nouns and verbs in a beehive hut, still "there ought to be a separate basis of education for the native." On the other hand, the Rev. J. Mackenzie, whose experience of natives at least equals Mr. Greswell's, thinks that the Cape Government is right in laying down lines which will secure future equality between the races. The Hon. R. Southey, late Governor of Griqualand West, combats the notion that the natives come to the diamond fields solely to get guns. Of course, a gun is useful to them, as it is to other men who depend on hunting; but "they have heads on their shoulders," and, with a little more education, they certainly won't waste their money on the wretched "gas-pipe guns," so many of which burst before they have got them home. It is gratifying to find that, though Mr. Greswell was needlessly hard on native teachers, he spoke in high terms of Missions like Lovedale and Healdtown. From paper and discussion one gathers that teaching is of little value without sympathy; that was what gave Bishop Colenso (Sobantu) such immense influence with the Zulus: he had tried to thoroughly understand them. One thing we must protest against—the wiping out of native forms of speech. The Bechuanas still say of a travelled man: "Oh, he has been so far that he got to the place where sky and earth meet, and where the women, when tired of stamping the corn, can rest their pestles against the side of the firmament." You may even find among them a man whose grandfather heard the noise the sun makes in going back underground to the East during the night. Why try to prevent people talking in this way? Is all the world to be brought to our Sixth Standard uniformity? The paper on "The Australasian Dominion" opened up two subjects—the New Guinea Question, and the inter-colonial customs tariffs. About the latter a speaker told a good story of an Indian shawl, on which the owner, visiting Australia *en route* home from India, paid duty three times, and at the Queensland frontier escaped payment by lending it

to a lady to wear till the Custom House inspection was over. By that time lady and shawl had disappeared. Closely bound up with the question of New Guinea are the labour traffic and the possible inroads of escaped French convicts. Both these points suggest controversies into which we have no thought of entering. We prefer calling attention to the important paper on "Irrigation in Ceylon, Ancient and Modern." If anything can restore that island to prosperity, it will be a restoration of the tank system which it possessed under its early kings. The pleasantest paper in the volume is Sir F. A. Wild's "Straits Settlements." It is encouraging to read that, though the Chinese regard us as an eccentric race, created to look after them as a groom looks after a horse, while they grow rich and enjoy themselves, the Malays are immensely influenced by "the general purity and high tone of our service." They have a thorough trust in our justice, and so too have the Negrito aborigines whom they used to oppress. With a glance at Perak, at the home-like ways of Malay ladies, and at the glories of Singapore vegetation, one might have thought Sir Frederick would have "ended in peace." Dr. Dennis, however, saw an opening for bringing in the opium question, on which, happily, Fung See was present to uphold the other side. We regret that the subjects for essays have not called forth the expected amount of competition. Several of the certificates, however, were won by pupils at training colleges. This is encouraging. It will be a good thing when school teachers know enough about the Colonies to give their boys and girls some really useful information.

Madagascar and France; with some Account of the Island, its People, its Resources and Development. By GEORGE A. SHAW, F.Z.S., London Mission, Tamatave. With many Illustrations and a Map. The Religious Tract Society. 1885.

Even Egypt has not yet blotted the Madagascar question from the memories of Englishmen; and all who remember anything of the disgraceful history of French dealing with Madagascar will remember with deep interest and with sincere honour the name of the Rev. Mr. Shaw, of the London Missionary Society. This capital book gives the whole history of the relations of France with Madagascar, and, of course, gives a clear, though very modest, account of the shameful and altogether unprovoked treatment which Mr. Shaw himself, among others, received from the official representatives of French arms and civilization. The story is told as it should be told by an English gentleman and Christian missionary. But the book is much more than a history of the relations, past and present, between Madagascar and France. It furnishes a succinct account of the island itself—a magnificent island—and of its inhabitants, and also a sketch of the Christian missionary work done in the island, especially by the London Missionary Society, which has

been a heavenly benefactor to Madagascar, having made an ever-memorable and ever-beautiful history there, in which the name of Ellis, whose works on Madagascar are so widely known, shines with an imperishable lustre. The last two chapters of this volume relate to the Malagasy fauna and flora, and are of peculiar interest.

It is lamentable to be informed that matters in the island remain apparently as unsettled as ever. "Mission work has been upset, trade has been stopped or hindered, neutral merchants have been ruined, property has been destroyed, money squandered and lives lost, and yet no advance has been made towards peace." Meantime, the Malagasy still hold out. They resist the French and they maintain their truly Evangelical form of Christianity with equal steadfastness. "Their practical Christianity and faithfulness under the trying dispensation of Providence have completely silenced those detractors who prophesied that, at the first breath of calamity, the Malagasy Christians would revert to their ancient idolatry and superstition." This beautiful and interesting volume, on the subject of perhaps the most interesting missions and the most interesting converted race and people in the world, is a book to buy and keep as well as to read.

Wesley Anecdotes. By JOHN TELFORD, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

This small and very attractive volume cannot fail to be popular. The anecdotes are excellently selected from all available sources, and admirably arranged. They are, we need hardly say, interesting in an uncommon degree. Not even Luther's life affords so many incidents full of interest and also of instruction as the life of Wesley—incidents often piquant, sometimes inspiring, sometimes pathetic. We may quote a paragraph from the pertinent and well-written Preface. "These 'Anecdotes,'" says Mr. Telford, "illustrate many sides of Wesley's prolonged and wonderful life. They have been arranged chronologically up to the time when his work as the founder of Methodism was fairly begun; then the chronological order had to be laid aside, and could only be resumed in the last part of the volume. These pages may be said to form a biography in which characteristic anecdotes are allowed to tell the story of this remarkable career." The headings of the different sections of the book are as follows:—"Boyhood," "Oxford Days," "Wesley in Georgia," "Preparation for the Great Revival," "Field Preaching," "London Methodism," "Wesley's Lay Preachers," "Itinerant Life," "Wesley's Journeys," "Wesley and the Mob," "Wesley's Societies," "Grace Murray and Mrs. Wesley," "Wesley and Children," "Wesley as a Preacher," "Wesley's Wit," "Wesley's Punctuality," "Miscellaneous," "Care for the Poor and Prisoners," "Wesley's Old Age," "Last Illness and Death." Besides a portrait of Wesley, the volume contains several good and taking illustrations.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *East End Pictures: being More Leaves from my Log of Twenty-five Years' Christian Work among Sailors and others.* By THOMAS C. GARLAND.
2. *A Pioneer.* A Memoir of the Rev. John Thomas, Missionary to the Friendly Islands. By G. STRINGER ROWE.
3. *The Apostles of Fylde Methodism.* By JOHN TAYLOR.
4. *The Dairyman's Daughter.* By the Rev. LEGH RICHMOND, M.A. A new Edition, giving an Authentic Account of her Conversion and of her Connection with the Wesleyan Methodists.
5. *The Light of the World: Lessons from the Life of Our Lord, for Children.* By Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. With Numerous Illustrations.

1. The fact that Mr. Garland's first volume, *Leaves from my Log*, has run through six editions in a short time, and that many have found it a blessing, explains the appearance of *More Leaves from my Log*. Every one who is familiar with the work of the Seamen's Mission will welcome these further memorials of its best known representative. Some of the scenes, notably the stopping a street fight, described in "Two Sunday Pictures," are really marvels of Christian ingenuity and courage. The attempt to kill Mr. Garland in 1866, when the Fenian movement was at its height, is a wonderful story of God's care, and of his servant's presence of mind. Such a collection of incidents will remind many readers that there is work on every side which needs to be done without delay, and that bread cast on the waters may appear when we least expect to see any reward of our labour.

2. The *Memoir of Mr. Thomas* is a well-deserved tribute to a self-sacrificing life. The missionary's course was rendered very hard by the lack of all early advantages; for he was the son of a working man, who could just afford him schooling enough to teach him to read and write. The young blacksmith found Christ, and went in 1825 to the Friendly Islands. At first his work was very painful. At the end of three years he could only report three members. The chief and his wife were resolute opponents of Christianity, and told the people that if they embraced it they should be killed. When Mr. Thomas removed to another island his work soon bore fruit. The chief, afterwards famous as King George of the Friendly Islands, renounced his heathen beliefs and practices. One day Mr. Thomas called upon him and found five wooden images, or Tongan gods, suspended by their necks to the side of his apartment. The chief had hung them there to show his people that they were dead. Before he had been six months at Haabai he could write: "It is pleasant to see the king of these islands standing up with

his people to be catechized, and to hear him answer the questions in common with little children, and with so much simplicity? For twenty-five years Mr. Thomas laboured with growing success; then he returned to England, where he spent three years. His love of the work led him to go back to the scene of his former labours, but his strength was gone, he could only stay three or four years. His last days were spent quietly at Stourbridge, near his native village. Mr. Rowe has done another service which all friends of missions will know how to appreciate in preparing this memoir. We have noticed some sentences which need revision, but such blemishes are slight. The fact that Mr. Thomas was so closely associated with King George's conversion to Christianity gives this little book no small interest for all lovers of missionary work. We are thankful for this beautiful biography.

3. *The Apostles of Fylde Methodism* brings us back from the Friendly Islands to the level stretch of country between Preston and Blackpool, called the "Fylde" or "Garden." Mr. Taylor's first chapter describes the district, the other *thirteen* are sketches of the memorable men and women whom he calls its apostles. This is a book which will keep alive names that deserve to live. The sketch of Martha Thompson, the first Methodist in Preston, who came to London as a servant, was converted by hearing Mr. Wesley in Moorfields, and sent to a lunatic asylum because she was pronounced mad by her fellow-servants and by the doctor, is a gem of early Methodist biography. When we say that William Bramwell, William Threlfall, the missionary martyr of Namaqualand, Mary Barrett and Mrs. Hincksman of Lytham, are some of the apostles, we have done enough to awaken interest in this little volume.

4. This edition of the *Dairyman's Daughter* draws its special value from its notes and preface. It is tastefully got up with many illustrations, which will make it attractive to young readers. Of the story itself there is no need to speak. The notes and preface show that if a clergyman wrote the famous book, Methodism provided him with a subject, for Elizabeth Wallbridge was converted at Southampton under the preaching of the Rev. James Crabb, a Wesleyan Minister then stationed in the Isle of Wight. It is no small honour for Methodism that she is thus identified with *The Dairyman's Daughter*. The hymns which were always on her lips were Wesleyan hymns. How well she knew them the letter on p. 120 may show. It is a string of appropriate quotations. This edition will be welcomed not only by Methodist readers, but by all who wish to have the true facts about a story which has been fruitful in blessing to thousands.

5. Dr. Newton's name and fame as a preacher to the young ought to secure wide popularity for this handsome volume. The lessons cover all the chief incidents in our Lord's life from the Birth to the Ascension. The pictorial illustrations, as well as the illustrations by anecdote and poetry greatly increase the interest. As a consecutive Life of Christ for young people, the volume scarcely has a rival.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (Dec. 15).—M. Hervé's article, "Ireland under the Administration of Mr. Trevelyan," passes in review the events which have marked his term of office. The writer states that the Irish Secretary had made himself obnoxious to the Parnellites, and that, in order to secure the Irish vote for the Reform Bill, a secret treaty like that of Kilmainham was concluded, which transferred Mr. Trevelyan to the Duchy of Lancaster. The writer maintains that the union between England and Ireland thus enables Mr. Parnell to dictate to the Prime Minister; in fact, Mr. Parnell becomes a "parliamentary Warwick."

(Jan. 1.)—M. Grad, deputy to the Reichstag, writes on "The Population of the German Empire." 41,512,000 of its people speak German habitually, besides an enormous German population in other countries. There are 860,000 Russian Germans, of whom 625,000 are Jews. The German Empire has forty-five and a-quarter million inhabitants; its subjects who do not speak the German language are nine per cent. Since 1820 the number of Germans in Europe has doubled, despite the vast emigration of three and a-half millions to America. The annual increase of population in France during the last fifty years has been only one-fifth per cent. Germany's is six or seven times greater. Its population grows at the rate of about half a million per year.

(Jan. 15.)—M. Léon Say's article on "The Budget before the Chambers" is the feature of this number. He says that the method now being pursued tends to destroy parliamentary government. The Chamber of Deputies has sent to the Senate a Budget that has nothing in common with a regular Budget save the form and name, and has driven the Senate into a corner at the last week of each year. This year the Budget has been left there, though the Republican Press attempted to make the Senate vote it *en bloc* without having had time to read the document. M. Say inquires why the Senate should thus be shorn of its functions, investigates the principles on which the Budget rests, and indicates that the remedy lies in a return to those principles. He holds that the Cabinet should prepare the Budget, then the Commission of the Budget should confine itself to discussion of what is laid before them. Instead of interminable discussions of 130 days in this Commission, which are badly reported by the Press, a single conference should suffice to make clear the points at issue between the Cabinet and the Commission. These points should be discussed in the Chamber. Careful effort on the part of an intelligent Ministry confident in the wisdom of the financial institutions of France would save the country from the confusion and unrest now felt in financial circles. If France allows her finances to be ruined, M. Say points out that the country will soon be reduced to the rank of the lowest Powers.

(Feb. 1.)—M. Risler's article on "The Agricultural Crisis in France and England" is full of valuable statistics and comparisons. He shows that, trying though the times have been for farmers in France, England has suffered longer and in some respects more intensely. He passes in review the condition of agriculture in the provinces of France, and then describes the regulations of our Agricultural Holdings Act. Among other remedies he urges the growing necessity of agricultural instruction. "If we have always men of genius who invent, we have not yet the technical instruction which puts their inventions within reach of the cultivators, and thus transforms them into national wealth." The improvement of means of transport and of processes of culture so that every soil may be employed to the best advantage by bearing suitable crops are also dwelt upon.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE (Dec. 15).—The success of the series of letters on "Society in Berlin" has led to the preparation of another series, on "Society in Vienna." A hint is given that London and Madrid are to receive attention by-and-by. The first instalment of the letters on Vienna is not promising. The intimate knowledge shown in the studies of the Berlin Court is wanting here. The style is not brilliant, and half the space is given to the Imperial family, which consists of sixty-six Archdukes and Duchesses. Only a few can receive special notice, and none has interest save the humble-minded Archduke Albert, son of that famous Archduke

Charles who fought so bravely against Napoleon I. He is devoted heart and soul to his profession. The Emperor—who is his grand-nephew—has made him Inspector-General of the Army. He has taken all his promotion with a kind of sad feeling that his rank has won him honour. As to the Emperor and Empress, the letters contain nothing remarkable. The most interesting passage of the first letter describes the gifted and beautiful Archduchess Stéphanie. She has rare talent for music, and is devoted to children, whom she notices even in the public streets. Her husband, the heir to the throne, is a clever speaker and writer. He surrounds himself with literary people, and counts several journalists among his friends. He spent his early years in rigorous drill as a soldier.

(Jan. 1.)—The letters on "Society in Vienna" give a prominent place to the Prince Constantine de Hohenlöhe-Schillingsfürst, who is the First Grand-Master of the Court. He left college at Stutgardt to push his fortunes under the young Emperor of Austria. Entering the army as lieutenant, he rose to be captain; then he attracted the attention of the Emperor, and his fortune was made. He is now general of a division, and one of the most powerful men in Austria. His wife, a Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein, is a leader of society in Vienna. She has great wealth, great talent, and entertains her friends in perfect style at her charming little palace at Augarten. Among the foreign princes, the Duke of Cumberland and his charming wife, the youngest sister of our Princess of Wales, are the most interesting figures. The Duke is the son of the Princess Frédérique, eldest daughter of the late King of Hanover. His mother married a simple Baron, and was disowned by her family. She found, however, in Queen Victoria an ardent friend, and lived in a cottage at Hampton which the Queen gave her. In the letter on the Army and Navy, it is stated that General Benedek, who commanded the Austrian troops in the war with Germany, wished to escape that post. He is reported to have said: "I feel myself fit to command a regiment, a brigade, a division, and even a corps of the army, but not to preside over the whole army." He had distinguished himself in a thousand ways between 1846 and 1866, but after the defeat of Königgrätz, his prospects were completely blighted, and he died in disgrace. The Austrian soldiers are well armed and well disciplined. All that seems necessary to perfect the Army is an increase in its cavalry force. Honour is paid to the Ministry of Count Taaffe because he has set himself to redress the wrongs which the non-German population of the Empire suffered under former Governments. His endeavour has had excellent results. The Tchèques, who were so much offended that they had not sat in Parliament for sixteen years, have taken their place among the representatives. Taaffe call himself "the Minister of conciliation," and does his best to deserve that name.

(Jan. 15.)—The third part of "Society in Vienna" is devoted to the Ministry and the Parliament, with sketches of the principal political figures of the present day. A few of the more eminent men of the century are also referred to. High tribute is paid to the good work done by the deputies. "Austria is the country where I have found most pleasure and fruit follow parliamentary sessions." The representatives of seven or eight different peoples sit side by side to discuss political, religious, and social doctrines quite contradictory to each other, and do this both with dignity and ease. Order reigns even in the midst of the keenest party conflicts. The pages devoted to Count Taaffe are the most interesting in the series. He was born the same year as the Emperor, and was his chosen companion in youth. Seventeen years after, when the young Count thought those early days were forgotten, the Emperor visited Linz for the army manœuvres. According to custom, the State officials were presented to him. Among the secretaries of the Governor was Count Taaffe. The Emperor afterwards sought a private interview with him, and threw himself into the arms of his old friend. Taaffe's fortune was made. He was appointed successively Governor of Salzburg, People's Minister in the Cabinet, then Governor of the Tyrol. To-day he is the First Minister of Austria, and the trusted adviser of the Emperor. The name of his ancestors in the twelfth century are found in the early Irish records. He is of middle height, robust, not stout. He has little wealth. His father was Minister of Justice, then President of the Court of Appeal, and did not leave a large fortune to his son, nor has the present Count increased it by trade or speculation. He has contented himself with carefully improving his patrimonial estates. He does not mix much in gay society, but loves to have around him a few intelligent men with whom he can discuss art, literature, and philosophy.

In spring and autumn he is often seen in the outskirts of Vienna or its principal promenades, with a grey overcoat, and a hat of the same colour pushed towards the back of his head. His coachman wears his "patron's" old clothes, and is about the same height, so that he bears a vague resemblance to his master. The Countess is very popular at Court, and her daughter—whose face and figure are as charming as any to be seen even in Vienna—is the frequent companion of the Count's pedestrian tours. When in Vienna, he lunches simply, about eleven o'clock, at "Zu den drei Laufern." He enters quietly, bows to the company, and takes his place. His simple ways are the subject of much pleasantry at Court, but the First Minister quietly pursues his work, affable and kind to all.

(Feb. 1.)—The letters of the series on "Society in Vienna" given in this number deal too much with mere names and figures to have much interest except for a very limited circle. In the letter on Journalists, for instance, beyond the expression of opinion that there does not exist on the Continent a Press so well conducted from the point of view of subscribers and business matters as that of the Austrian capital, there is nothing of general interest, though the subject seems so promising. From the letter on Christian Socialism we learn that M. Marcen, a Catholic Professor from Göttingen, who followed the King of Hanover into exile as tutor to his son, lived quietly in Vienna, where he imparted the Socialistic ideas of the German Catholics to the young people of the best Viennese society. At last the Government brought in an enormous measure intended to re-organise all industry, great and small. The hours of labour, the work of children and women, all were dealt with. This measure was lost, but a much-needed law was passed two years ago for the regulation of small trades. For lack of clear general instructions to local authorities this valuable law has lain idle, so that there is a call for fresh legislation. The aim of the Christian Socialists is to interest those who have much in the lot of those who have nothing, so that they are very far removed from the incendiaries who cloak their own designs under pretence of care for the common people.

(March 1).—The last letters on Vienna are the best. They give a pleasant picture of the good-tempered, pleasure-loving people, who live in the present without much thought for the future, and delight in the café, which is a second domestic hearth. The middle classes are the strength of the capital—the most active and best instructed of its citizens. "Society in London" is to form the next series of letters.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (January).—In the second part of his article on "How the Poor Live," Professor Asher recognizes Mr. Sims' statement that the good results already produced on the children of the slums by attendance in the Board schools as peculiarly interesting for all Continental readers. The article pays a high tribute to Miss Octavia Hill's work. Professor Asher thinks that the improvement of agricultural methods will check the stream of emigration to the towns, and that the raising of the agricultural labourer to a small cultivator or kitchen or fruit gardener will draw many back to the country. If, in addition to this, the slums are rebuilt, he considers that the condition of the London day labourer will be as favourable as that of the colonial worker.

(February).—The chapter on Britain from the fifth volume of Mommsen's *Roman History*, shortly to be published in Berlin, is given in this number. Latin schoolmasters taught in the island, and Plutarch relates a conversation which he had at Delphi with a Greek schoolmaster, who was returning from Britain to his home in Tarsus. Great city centres were, Mommsen says, less clearly marked in Britain than elsewhere under Roman rule. We do not know with certainty what English town served as the Concilium of the province and the place for receiving the homage due to the Emperor, nor in which of the three legionary camps the governor resided.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (February 15).—Signor Bonghi gives a brief *résumé* of the leading facts of Gordon's life. The interest of the paper is in its closing paragraph, written when the certainty of the great soldier's death was becoming clear. He shows that Gordon under-estimated the hold which the Madhi had obtained in the Soudan when he thought he might overthrow his revolt with five hundred men. Signor Bonghi says justly that to take revenge for Gordon's murder without forming any established government would be unworthy of civilization, and would neither form a glorious page in our history nor be a worthy sequel to Gordon's devotion.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (January).—Bishop Huntington's article, "Vituperation in Politics," deals with the late Presidential contest, which it truly says has not elevated the office before the world. It must take more than four years of blameless living and administrative integrity to clear the successful candidate of all marks and memories of the needless smirches with which ferocious pens and prostituted art have stained his name. All candidates for elective offices are exposed to an ordeal of defamation which is so repugnant to the best and purest men that they will not face it. The country thus loses the services of its strongest minds and its ripest wisdom. An election to office develops the brutal side of our constitution, the Bishop says, stimulates the relish for human vivisection, uncovers "again in the highest type the claws and stings of inferior animals."

(February.)—"How shall the President be elected?" is a group of five papers on a question which is occupying a large share of public attention in America. Some of the writers wish to combine the present method of election with some slight safeguards; others are in favour of a direct appeal to the people. No convincing case is made out by any writer, but it is a good sign that such an inquiry is forcing itself on public attention across the Atlantic. There is no small danger in the angry contests of a disputed Presidential election. Trade is almost paralyzed. Other evils are complained of by one writer: "The disturbance of the public quiet, the conflicts at the polls, the practices of intimidation or corruption of voters, the bargainings, or 'deals,' between local political managers, the degradation of the Press and consequent demoralization of public sentiment, the obstruction to legislation," &c. There is sometimes grave danger lest the disappointed party should appeal to force, and plunge the nation into civil war.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (January).—Dr. Hinton, the editor, writes a brief article on "President-Making" which forms a grave impeachment of the present mode of choosing the head of the Republic, and urges that he should be elected by the direct vote of the people. The "electors" of the different States with whom the choice now rests "make the best of their position to advance themselves in public notoriety, and they move heaven and earth to commend themselves to their expected master." If the people were the electors, "there would in that case be some chance for the people to vote adversely to the dictations of party—to make their own ticket. As it is, with this senseless arrangement, men may desire ever so much to vote independently, but they cannot do so without making a list of names as electors." Instances of the injustice and danger of the existing system are given. A change of 550 votes in New York would have made Mr. Cleveland's popular majority nugatory. General Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, and Hayes all had a minority of the popular vote when they took office.

METHODIST REVIEW (January).—Under the new editor, Dr. Curry, the quarterly of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been transformed into an attractive bi-monthly. The articles want brightening up, but Dr. Ridgway's sketch of Bishop Simpson is interesting. The writer was at Burslem in 1870, and went with Dr. Foster into the gallery to watch the effect of their compatriot's sermon on the fathers of British Methodism. For a long time they rejoiced to see how he was carrying his audience with him, but when the preacher described his call to the ministry, and the way in which he broke the matter to his mother, they forgot every one else and wept together, overcome by the pathos of his words. Above everything Simpson was a preacher. Imagination and deep feeling gave him almost unlimited power over his audience. But as a ruler he was a great man. His caution, his discernment, his readiness to move with the times were conspicuous. Very few of his law decisions or rulings, Dr. Ridgway says, have ever been reversed. His punctuality and promptness in all business matters were remarkable. He saw what Methodism needed if it was to keep its best people, and zealously laboured for higher ministerial education.

THE CENTURY (January).—Mr. Eads' "Recollections of Foote and the Gunboats" and Rear-Admiral Walke's "Operations of the Western Flotilla" are interesting contributions to the history of the Civil War. Walke's famous exploit in running

the Confederate batteries on the Mississippi entitles him to a high place in the annals of naval heroism. He safely took his gunboat past the enemy's forts and relieved the Army of the North. Captain Eads was the builder of the United States navy on the Mississippi. Though everything was disorganized by the war, he had 4,000 men at work within a fortnight after the contract was signed, and within one hundred days constructed a powerful squadron of eight steamers, heavily armed and fully equipped. Admiral Foote was a brave officer, who might have rivalled the fame of Farragut had not failing health compelled him to retire from service early in the war. When a midshipman in the West Indian squadron, in 1827, he often paced the deck at night with a pious comrade, and became an earnest Christian. He frequently preached to the sailors on Sunday, and when commanding three United States vessels in the Chinese waters got every officer and man to sign the pledge. One Sunday the Mississippi crews attended service together. Foote was present. When it was found that there was no one to officiate, he took the pulpit, and preached from "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." A little niece who was just learning to read complained that he had not given out his text correctly. By some curious reasoning she had persuaded herself that "believe also in the gunboats" was the true reading.

(February.)—General Grant's article on "The Battle of Shiloh" has special interest now that the gallant soldier has lost his fortune and so largely depends upon his pen. The article is profusely illustrated. It is supplemented by two papers written from the Confederate point of view—one by the son of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who commanded the Army of the South until he was killed; the other by a staff-officer closely concerned in all the details of that eventful battle. It was fought on Sunday and Monday, April 6 and 7, 1862, in the State of Tennessee. On the first day Grant, who was in command of the Federal troops, stubbornly held his ground, but by night his line was pushed back a mile nearer the Tennessee River. General Prentiss' division, consisting of himself and about 2,200 officers and men, was captured by the Confederates. But Johnston, the Confederate leader, was killed the first day. Beauregard, who succeeded to the command, was in bad health, and felt unwilling to push forward. Next day Grant, reinforced by 5,000 veterans, swept all before him. Johnston's son thinks that complete victory was in Beauregard's grasp on the Sunday evening, but that he threw it away. That view can scarcely be accepted. Grant scouts the idea that he was defenceless on the Sunday night. There is no doubt, however, that the loss of Johnston materially affected the whole struggle between North and South. The account of this brave man's death is very touching. He had dismissed his surgeon to attend on the wounded men, many of whom were Federal prisoners, with the words: "These men were our enemies a moment ago; they are prisoners now. Take care of them." The surgeon protested against leaving him, but the General was peremptory. The enemy's strong post, called "the hornet's nest," because of the fierce defence it offered, had been taken. Johnston was everywhere encouraging the men. His horse was shot in four places, his clothes pierced by missiles. A minié ball from one of the retiring batteries cut an artery in his leg; the blood streamed into his boot. He remained in the saddle guiding his men, but at last his staff managed to get him under cover of the hill. There was no surgeon, and it was too late. Life soon ebbed away.

(March.)—The War series takes up more than forty pages this month. "The First Fight of Ironclads" and two supplementary papers give the history of the great encounter of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* which revolutionized the Navies of the world. The *Times* described the effect of the fight by saying our 149 first-class war ships ready for immediate action were reduced to two—the *Warrior* and *Ironside*, which were alone fit to meet the little *Monitor*. The *Monitor* was built in hot haste. Her keel was laid in October, 1861; she was launched on January 30, 1862. In the beginning of March she was ready for service. On the 9th of that month she encountered the Confederate *Merrimac*, which had been dealing destruction to the United States vessels in Hampton Roads. The *Merrimac* was a sunk frigate that had been raised and transformed into an ironclad. She could only reach a speed of five knots, and was so unmanageable that it took her thirty or forty minutes to turn. Officers and crew were strangers to the ship, so that they knew nothing about the methods of working her guns. But the gravest drawback was

that she drew twenty-three feet of water. The *Monitor* only drew twelve feet, which was an enormous advantage in the shallow water of the Roads. Her crew also were new to their work, and, though they handled their vessel splendidly, their guns were not directed so as to strike the unprotected parts of the enemy's vessel, where one shot would have been fatal. The result may perhaps be best described as a drawn battle. Neither of these famous ironclads had a long life. The Confederate vessel had to be destroyed by her own commander a couple of months after the fight. The *Monitor*, which was supremely uncomfortable for her crew and a wretched sea boat, foundered in a gale a few miles south of Cape Hatteras before the year closed.

HARPER (January).—Mr. Panton's paper on "The Isle of Purbeck" gives some curious customs of that quaint Dorsetshire spot. No one can work in the quarries who is not a freeman, and, as every one who applies for freedom must be the legitimate son of a freeman, intermarriages have become very frequent. There is the usual result. During the year three or four of the people are often taken away to the county asylum. Every Shrove Tuesday the quarrymen assemble to read over their charter in Corfe Town Hall. The free boys can then take up their freedom by paying a fee of 6*s.* 8*d.*, with a penny loaf provided by the bakers of the place and two pots of beer. When the freeman marries he must pay a shilling to the stewards, or in case of his death his widow will lose all interest in the quarry, and not be allowed to have an apprentice to work for her. On Shrove Tuesday, after officers are elected and the charter read, the ceremony of kicking the football begins. This ball is provided by the freeman last married, in lieu of the wedding shilling. If no one has married during the year, the old ball is used. Formerly the ball was kicked to a little quay on the Ouse, but, as the bystanders would join in the sport, it is now carried to the place, along with a pound of pepper, an acknowledgment to the lord of the manor for the way to the river.

(February.)—"An Art Student in Ecouen" introduces the reader to that pleasant little village, forty minutes' ride from Paris on the Northern Railway to Brussels. It is a favourite resort of artists. The family of Anne Duke of Montmorency and Constable of France for centuries inhabited the fine old château at the top of the neighbouring heigbt. Edouard Frère, who has lived there thirty-five years, is the artist-king of Ecouen. He came to the place a young, unknown painter, very poor, but enthusiastic in his work. He runs in and out of the kitchens of the peasants, sitting down with them to paint their family life. He is still an indefatigable worker. One of the poor people remonstrated with him for toiling so hard at his age. "No, no, Père Bisseville," was his answer; "if they should take away my work from me, they would take away my life." By eight o'clock in the morning he is hurrying to the spot chosen for his day's work—picture in one hand, paint-box in the other. After a long day he may be seen hastening home with his picture under his arm, his little "models" bearing camp-stool, paint-box, rugs, or wraps. At other times he sits in the streets on his camp-stool, with wraps carefully arranged round him, catching the last half-hourof fading light. Frère is a slight, delicate man, with a refined face and gentle, courteous ways. No two of his paintings are alike. He detests "studio-pictures," and loves to get out with Nature and human life around him. His evenings are devoted to drawing from the antique. No picture is sent away until a pencil sketch of it is made for his wife's album. Other glimpses into the artistic life of Frère and his neighbours, both painters and peasants, are given in this pleasant article.

(March).—"The House of Orange," an article with thirteen portraits, occupies the leading place in this number. It will greatly interest all lovers of that noble family. Mr. Bigelow has gathered some curious particulars from Jefferson's Financial Diary. Whilst Secretary of State under Washington he bought his tea by the pound. It cost two dollars. One entry shows that his pound of tea often lasted seven weeks, when used six times a week, and produced 126 cups.

*** *Where any number of the reviews noticed above is not referred to, it is because nothing in that number seems to have special interest.*