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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—JEWISH LIFE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.

A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ. By EMIL SCHÜRER, Professor of Theology at the University of Giessen. Second Division: *The Internal Condition of Palestine and of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ.* Translated by SOPHIA TAYLOR and Rev. P. CHRISTIE. Three vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1885-6.

THE Holy Land has been styled a "Fifth Gospel." Doubtless it has its own graphic story to tell, its own illustrations to give of that One Perfect Life which has made the country sacred for Christendom and the world. But the story is not an easy one to read. The pages of the book have not become indecipherable, as ordinary pages become worn and yellow with age; the characters in which the record is written do not become antique and strange as generations pass. But none the less they alter. The majesty of the everlasting hills is the same that it was two thousand years ago; the clear Lake of Gennesaret still reflects the same delicately pencilled outline on its eastern margin; and Carmel still juts boldly into the sea, which frets but slowly its precipitous sides. Still may the traveller, whether "by cool Siloam's shady rill" or elsewhere, look upon the lineal descendants of the "lilies" which our Saviour bade His hearers "consider"; or

upon the gnarled trunks of ancient trees found still upon the side of the Mount of Olives, as when He knelt beneath their shadow in the Garden of Gethsemane.

But the traveller who tries to read the story which the Holy Land as it now is has to tell concerning the life of Christ finds it difficult to decipher its very letters. Man has built over the most sacred sites. The accumulated *débris* of generations are not readily removed, and the misleading stories which tradition has handed down, and which, like unsightly cobwebs disfiguring carved woodwork, mar the outlines of the truth, are not, like cobwebs, easily swept away. It is true that in the "unchanging East" there are customs enough still obtaining which were familiar in the time of our Lord to furnish forth, as they have furnished forth, many a book and many a lecture. But when all is said, "'tis Greece, but living Greece no more." A land desolate, barren, sparsely inhabited, upon which the Turk has long put his own unmistakable mark, is different indeed from that same land as it was when occupied by a population numbering many hundreds to the square mile, covered with busy towns and flourishing villages, and presenting everywhere the spectacle of well-tilled fields and smiling landscape. According to the Talmudic conceit, the beauty of the land may well be extolled as "gazelle-like, for when inhabited it stretches out like the skin of the gazelle, and when uninhabited it shrinks together again." Alas! it has now long been shrivelled and shrunken. Whether it is ever again to display its proverbial elasticity, and smile once more with the beauty of vineyard and cornfield, of busy towns and happy men and women, who shall say? Is the prophecy of Zechariah ever literally to be realized: "There shall yet old men and women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, every man with his staff in his hand for very age; and the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

The restoration of the life of Palestine as it flourished 1800 years ago is a task which has frequently been attempted, but one which has become in our day more practicable than perhaps ever before. Only by means of such a restoration can

the pages of the "Fifth Gospel" be rightly read; and completely to restore before the mental eye a life which has so long perished, and which, in some of its aspects, is so unfamiliar, taxes the resources of more than the archæologist and historian. These may do much for us, and of late they have done a great deal. The researches carried on by means of the Palestine Exploration Fund have revealed many secrets. The Ordnance Survey has come to our aid, giving us accurate measurements and delineations, instead of vague guesswork, in the details of map-making. The cipher of the Talmud has been read, and amidst the mass of rubbish its folios contain, diligent students have discovered many valuable illustrations of a religious life, strange and remarkable, if not admirable—a life which is photographed in the Talmud in its minutest, often repulsive, details. But the historian of thought is needed as well as the painter of social customs and religious rites. If we are to enter into the life of Jerusalem and Galilee in the time of Christ, we must know how men felt and thought and reasoned, as well as how they dressed and what they ate, and where and when they worshipped. And side by side with the numerous geographical and historical investigations which have been made of late years, there has been obtained in our day an insight into the religious life of Jews and Gentiles, in the first century of the Christian era, perhaps fuller and more complete than any previous period has possessed.

Accordingly the press has teemed during the last decade with books on one aspect or another of this subject. Some of these are written for scholars only, but a popular demand has either created a popular supply or been created by it. "Lives of Christ," with copious notes and illustrations, are only one evidence of this. Dr. Edersheim's popular little books on *The Jewish Temple* and *Social Life in the Time of Christ* contain in consecutive form material which, in his *Life of Jesus the Messiah*, the author has distributed at intervals for purposes of illustration. In this work Edersheim was but following in the steps of the eminent Dr. Franz Delitzsch, who in his *Handwerkerleben zur Zeit Christi* and *Ein Tag in Capernaum* had already shown how to use recondite learning for popular instruction. In France, M. Edmond

Stapfer has been working on similar lines in his *Idées religieuses en Palestine à l'epoque de Jesus-Christ*, as well as in a more recent work, *La Palestine au Temps de Jesus-Christ*, which we observe is to be shortly translated into English.

The standard book on this subject, however, ever since it appeared in 1874, has been Professor Emil Schürer's *Lehrbuch der Neu-Testamentlichen Zeitgeschichte*. It has been for some years out of print, and copies were rarely to be met with in Germany or England, though eagerly sought after. The learned Professor has at length issued a new edition, which is virtually a new book. Only one portion of this has yet appeared, but the portion issued occupies in the German two bulky volumes, expanded into three in the English edition which Messrs. Clark have published with commendable promptitude. The second part of the original work has been issued first, because in it the greater portion of the necessary alterations occurred. The first part, consisting of an introduction with very valuable appended literature, together with the political history of Palestine from B.C. 175 to A.D. 70, has not yet been revised, but is promised shortly. The "second division" in its revised form is at least doubled in size. The chapter marked § 23, dealing with "Constitution, Sanhedrim and High Priest," which occupied only twenty-eight pages in the original German, has swelled to 150 pages in the English edition. The whole subject of the Græco-Jewish and Palestinian-Jewish literature has been rehandled; the six pages which were devoted to the latter in the first German edition having become 150 in the volume before us; and the whole treatment of the subject has been enlarged and improved. The new name given to the book more exactly describes its scope, inasmuch as all consideration of the state of the heathen world is excluded from it; accordingly, instead of a "Manual of the History of New Testament times," we now have a *History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ*.

We have spoken of the book as a standard one. It is undoubtedly so for several reasons, but mainly because it is not only based on original authorities, as such a work must be, but it enables its readers to verify conclusions reached by copious and accurate reference to those authorities to whom of course the ultimate appeal must lie. This may repel some

readers. They will not find in Schürer the "picturesque inaccuracies" of Hausrath, and there are readers who prefer picturesque inaccuracies to dull and sober accuracy. These pages certainly bristle with facts and figures, and few graces of style are displayed in their exposition. But the arrangement of subjects is so clear, the mastery of detail so complete, and its presentment so simple and easy to follow, that everything the student can require upon his subject is furnished for him, except indeed the eloquent exposition which he may fairly be expected to produce for himself. Mr. Freeman has lately been urging his students at Oxford to study original authorities, if only on a small scale, that they may see how histories are made. Any student who would work over a few sections of Schürer, verifying his quotations and weighing all the statements of authorities with care and minuteness, would gain a lesson in history such as volumes of eloquent paragraphs abounding in would-be graphic description would fail to give. And Professor Schürer is no historical Dryasdust. He knows how to select salient and pertinent facts, and how best to bring out the true significance of these by skilful marshalling; and if he has omitted to swell volumes that are loaded with valuable information by inserting an amount of "padding," this is not a literary fault, but a virtue—alas! too rare.

The value of such a work to the student of the Bible is too obvious to need comment. But we may pause a moment to show that the whole value of this study does not lie upon the surface. Everything which helps us to understand the Bible better—its language, its allusions, the customs of the various epochs described in it—possesses a value and interest of its own which all can perceive. And a book like the Bible, which treats of a country, a people, and a life in many respects so remote from our own, needs such illustration on almost every page. But in the life of the Lord Jesus Christ upon earth there is a reason for our gaining as full an acquaintance as possible with the times in which He lived, deeper and more important than our desire to understand His allusions to the scenery, the customs, the business, and the pleasure of those by whom He was surrounded. His sacred figure forms the very centre of the Christian religion; we believe not in Christianity, not in Christendom, but in Christ.

And now, more than ever, it is seen how the whole of Christianity is contained in a true answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" Was He only a mighty prophet, who somehow contrived to influence the history of the world, and found a religion which, potent as its influence has been, has now had its day, and is soon to pass into ancient history? Or is it true that

> "So the Word had breath, and wrought
> With human hand the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought?"

The answer to that question cannot be obtained, it is true, from the mere study of contemporary history; but a study of "Jewish life in the time of Christ" will shed upon it a light which no apologist can afford to disregard, and which becomes, the longer it is used, ever clearer and more convincing.

This light is twofold. We learn in the first place how truly Jesus of Nazareth belonged as a man to his own time and nation, how suffused the Gospel narratives are with local colour, and—what is much more difficult to impart than local colour—the views, ideas, prepossessions of the times and places described in them. And we see quite as clearly on the other side how indescribably this same Teacher soared above and beyond the days in which He lived, the people by whom He was surrounded, and the whole region of ideas in which they moved. An adequate impression of this is only fully made upon the mind when one has been for some time occupied with the age in which Christ lived, without looking directly at Himself, and then the sudden transition to His teaching in the Gospels is like passing from one of the long, low subterranean passages described by Warren in his recent excavations under Jerusalem to the dazzling light of an Eastern noon. "For three decades," says Professor Delitzsch in his *Jewish Artisan Life*, "I have busied myself with the history and literature of the people from among whom Christ sprang, and I am ever more and more convinced that the connection of His times with the circumstances of His life will never explain that which He was and that which He became to the world." There can be no answer found to the cavils of such writers as Emmanuel Deutsch against the "originality of Jesus" so

satisfactory as the careful reading of a book like Weber's *System der Altsynagogalen Palästinischen Theologie* followed by a reading of the Four Gospels. But the real lesson of the study is learned after these two primary lessons have been thoroughly mastered and laid to heart. It is in the *combination* of the picture of the Son of Man, who belonged to His time, with that of the Son of God, so unspeakably above it and above all men and times, that the mystery lies, and the solution is to be found only where true believers in the Word made Flesh have long found it. The lesson needs, however, to be learned again and again, generation after generation, and in the teaching of that lesson we are inclined to place the most important use of a study such as the volumes before us enable us in detail to pursue.

It is not our intention to follow consecutively the outline of Professor Schürer's treatise. The ground covered is wide and various. It includes such topics as "The State of Culture in General," "The Sanhedrim," "Priesthood and Jewish Worship," "School and Synagogue," "Life under the Law," passing on to "The Messianic Hope," and a survey of Palestinian-Jewish and Græco-Jewish Literature, with which last subject the whole of the third volume in the English edition is occupied. Any one of these topics would suffice for an article, and each of them possesses an interest of its own. There is another whole field, moreover, of illustrations to this wide and attractive theme, which Schürer has touched but slightly, and which indeed hardly comes within the scope of a work on the Jewish people, such as the determination of doubtful geographical sites, the remarkable excavations in the Temple Hill, as carried on by Wilson and Warren, a field of research in which Englishmen have been conspicuously successful. For a full treatment of these we may refer to the handsome volumes presenting the results of the Palestine Exploration Fund researches, and for a brief and able account of the same in a cheap form, to Mr. Besant's *Twenty-One Years' Work in Palestine* and the small handbooks published by the Religious Tract Society.

A reconstruction of the Jerusalem of Christ's day, and the busy life which thronged its streets, might well seem to be an integral part of our subject. The materials for such a

reconstruction are indeed given by Schürer, but they can only be gathered by searching with care throughout his volumes, and no magic touch of the wand of imagination gives life to the multiplicity of details which the German Professor has accumulated. For pictorial descriptions we may refer with confidence to Dr. Edersheim. He possesses, in addition to the necessary stores of antiquarian learning, a graphic pen and the power of seizing readily the salient points of a picture. The first chapter in the second book of his *Life of Christ* is entitled, "In Jerusalem when Herod Reigned," and it embodies the results of latest discovery in an interesting and picturesque narrative. We do not know a description which would better convey to the English reader an idea of the appearance of Jerusalem in our Lord's time, and the changes that had passed over it since the time of David, than is here found. We must not stay to sketch from his elaborate picture the Temple area; the great bridge over the Tyropæon, the remains of which Sir Charles Warren tracked out with such skill; the Lower City of Acra, with its markets and streets full of busy traders; the Upper City, with its terraces of mansions; and Herod's palace looking down upon the whole. We must remember, however, that Gentile and Jew were there side by side, in strange and sometimes startling proximity; and the most marked feature of the life of our Lord's time is the presence of two such currents, so different, that as we look at each we entirely forget the existence of the other, yet running with so strong a stream, and in such close proximity, that as we look again we cannot but wonder which of the two will prevail, when, as is inevitable ere long, the narrow earth barrier between them is swept away. The following extract will illustrate this:—

"Close by the tracks of heathenism in Jerusalem, and in sharp contrast, was what gave to Jerusalem its intensely Jewish character. It was not only the Temple, nor the festive pilgrims to its feasts and services. But there were hundreds of synagogues, some for different nationalities—such as the Alexandrians or the Cyrenians—some for, or perhaps founded by, certain trade-guilds. If possible, the Jewish schools were even more numerous than the synagogues. Then there were the many rabbinic academies; and, besides, you might also see in Jerusalem that mysterious sect, the Essenes, of which the members were easily recognized by their white

dress—Essenes, Pharisees, stranger Jews of all hues, and of many dresses and languages. One could have imagined himself almost in another world, a sort of enchanted land, in this Jewish metropolis, the metropolis of Judaism. When the silver trumpets of the priests woke the city to prayer, or the strain of Levite music swept over it; or the smoke of the sacrifices hung like another Shekinah over the Temple, against the green background of Olivet; or when in every street, court, and house-top rose the booths at the Feast of Tabernacles, and at night the sheen of the Temple illumination threw long fantastic shadows over the city; or when at the Passover tens of thousands crowded up the Mount with Pascal lambs, and hundreds of thousands sat down to the Pascal supper, it would be almost difficult to believe that heathenism was so near, that the Roman was virtually, and would soon be really, master of the land, or that a Herod occupied the Jewish throne." (Edersheim, i. 119.)

But in the space at our disposal we cannot afford to linger upon externals, or we should attempt a picture of the Temple of Herod standing in its glory, "with its walls 1000 feet long and 200 feet high, of mighty masonry." Our main subject is Jewish life, and especially Professor Schürer's description of the Jewish people. We shall only be able to comment on one or two topics, and select by preference those which illustrate the nature of the soil upon which Christian truth was in the first instance sown, hinting at the bearing of such inquiries upon the early history of the Christian faith. Such are,—the character of the Galilean and Jewish population respectively in relation to our Lord's ministry; the relation of existing Jewish schools and modes of thought to the new Evangel; the nature and extent of the Messianic hope as it existed at Christ's coming; and taking the Judaism of the Dispersion on the one hand, and Hellenic culture as influenced by Judaism on the other, we might view them in their common work of preparation for that Gospel in which is "neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all."

Erroneous ideas have too largely prevailed concerning the character of the Galilean population in the time of Christ. It has been too customary to describe Galilee as a rude, unenlightened province, largely leavened by Gentile influences, and to view its inhabitants as ignorant people, living apart from the religious life of the day, mainly consisting of rustics and fishermen gaining a scanty subsistence in obscure and remote villages. In such a description there is sufficient truth to

keep alive its false and misleading elements. In the first place, Galilee was densely populated. Josephus (*Wars of the Jews*, iii. 3, 2), says: "The cities lie here very thick, and the very many villages there are here are everywhere so full of people, by the richness of their soil, that the very least of them contains above 15,000 inhabitants." Elsewhere he numbers 204 of these cities and villages, naming 40, of which only about 10 can now be identified. We cannot, of course, accept Josephus' numbers at any time without question. In his description of Jerusalem, for example, his figures have been shown to be exaggerated, but in the words above quoted he undoubtedly intends to describe a densely populated country. Dr. Selah Merrill, taking Keim's estimate of the province of Galilee as covering 2,000 square miles, ventures to justify Josephus' figures, and assigns it a population of nearly 3,000,000. This is extreme, but there is every reason to believe that nearly two millions of people were congregated in the northern province of Palestine in the time of Christ, and this implies a more densely populated area than the manufacturing districts of England or Belgium. The fertility of the country is undoubted, its manufactures were considerable for the times, its fisheries abundant, and the commerce carried on in its thriving ports very extensive. The people who inhabited this prosperous region were brave and patriotic, or, as their enemies described them, turbulent and rebellious—full at least of vigour and determination of character. They were by no means ignorant or irreligious; their morals were purer in some respects than those of their more sophisticated brethren in the South (Grätz, *Geschichte der Juden*, iii. 223), and whilst their language, their simplicity, and their lack of the peculiar training which went by the name of religion in Judæa, was a common subject of jest among those who fancied themselves their superiors, a true representation would portray the northern type of character as on the whole a fine and manly one. It must not be forgotten that the proverbs, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "Out of Galilee ariseth no prophet," are southern proverbs. So also is that quoted by Edersheim: "If you want to be rich, go north; if you want to be wise, go south." Intercourse with Gentiles may have made Galileans somewhat careless of

Rabbinic minutiæ and ritual observances, but it is unnecessary to say that that was not wholly a loss. Hausrath points out that from early times the people of the north had distinguished themselves by their poetical talents and sensitive feelings, and concludes his description by saying: "Amidst the luxuriance of nature there lived still a healthy people, whose conscience was not yet corrupted by Rabbinic sophistries, and where full-grown men were elevated far above their Jewish kinsfolk, sickening with fanaticism."

Without attempting to elaborate further the picture of Galilee in its relation to Judæa at the time of our Lord's ministry, it must already be clear that much depends upon our having a just conception of the character of its population. Speaking generally, and in spite of what our Lord said respecting Capernaum and its neighbourhood, Christ's preaching struck root in Galilee and failed in Jerusalem. But this by no means implies that only the ignorant and superstitious were willing to listen to him, any more than it would be true to speak thus of our own northern counties in contrast to the population of London and the south. It is true, in our own country, to some extent, that we expect to find wealth in the north and culture in the south; but it is true also that the simpler, stronger, more manly type of character is for the most part to be found in our northern provinces. The life of a great capital is usually unfavourable to lofty religious thought; and however that may be to-day—for analogies in such matters are often misleading—it is clear that the people amongst whom our Lord mainly gathered his disciples were neither ignorant, nor rude, nor feeble-minded. The "unlearned and ignorant men" of Acts iv. 13 were simply men who had not been professionally trained in Rabbinic lore, and who were conventionally "ignorant" in the sense that they knew little of what the priests and scribes of the capital valued most highly. Peter and John were not trained dialecticians like Saul of Tarsus, but neither were they boors. As Edersheim says (i. 225), "Galilee was not the home of Rabbinism, but of generous spirits, of warm, impulsive hearts, of intense nationalism, of simple manners and of earnest piety." Amongst such people Christianity made its way in the earliest days, and amongst such people it makes its way still. While

culture is sneering at a provincial accent or a casual display of ignorance of conventional phraseology, the Master is saying: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

The picture which the research of scholars enables us to draw of the "wise and prudent" of the day, who ruled the religious world in Judæa, is a very striking but by no means an attractive one. It is difficult to sketch in a few lines the system which Schürer calls "Scribism," or to describe its most highly finished representatives as they play their part in the great world-drama. We cannot pronounce their names without hearing the echoes of the stern "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" or try to imagine their forms and faces, without thinking of the features of the lawyers and rabbis, whom Rembrandt has portrayed in several of his pictures, or those whom Holman Hunt, with less powerful but still masterly hand, has depicted in "Christ among the Doctors." A whole world of meaning is contained in each of these faces, representing as it does a type and revealing a long history—the thoughtful brow, the marked features, the keen, ferret-like eyes, the busy wrinkles and deep lines of thought contrasting strangely with the sensual coarseness of the mouth and chin—a type of head which fascinates while it repels. No such portraiture, it is needless to say, is to be found in Schürer: he does not use colour of any kind: but his sketch in black and white is drawn with the utmost minuteness and care; and its accuracy may be trusted, as it would be hardly safe to trust the highly coloured portraits of some more popular writers.

The methods and doctrines of these scribes and doctors of the law have been made familiar in popular books as well as scientific treatises. Such books as Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ*, and Dr. Edersheim's admirable and cheap volumes published by the Tract Society, have amply described the popular Pharisees and the aristocratic Sadducees, explained quite sufficiently the Halachah and Haggadah, and brought home to all interested in this subject the nature of the discussions concerning the law and its interpretation which were afterwards embodied in the Palestinian and Babylonian

Talmud. Professor Schürer, however, enables his readers to trace the origin and course of the speculations which formed the favourite study of the learned in the time of Christ, and for generations afterwards:

"As in the case of the sacred history, so also in that of the religious and ethical matter of the Scriptures, the manipulation was of two kinds. On the one hand there was a dealing by combination, by inference, and the like, with what was actually given; on the other there was also a free completion by the varied formations of creative religious speculation. And the two imperceptibly encroached one on the other. Not a few of the doctrinal notions and ideas of after-times actually arose from the circumstance that the existing text of Scripture had been made a subject of "investigation," and therefore from reflection upon data, from learned inferences and combinations founded thereupon. Imagination freely employing itself was, however, a far more fertile source of new formations. And what was obtained in the one way was constantly blended with what was arrived at in the other. With the results of investigation were combined the voluntary images of fancy; nay, the former as a rule always followed, either consciously or unconsciously, the same lines, the same tendency and direction as the latter. And when the free creations of speculation had gained a settled form, they were in their turn deduced from Scripture by scholastic Midrash.

"It was owing to them that the whole circle of religious ideas in Israel had received in the times of Christ, on the one hand a fanciful, on the other a scholastic character. For the religious development was no longer determined and directed by the actual religious productivity of the prophets, but in part by the action of an unbridled imagination, not truly religious, though dealing with religious objects, and in part by the scholastic reflection of the learned. Both these ruled and directed the development in proportion as really religious life lost its inward strength." (Schurer, i. 345.)

It is interesting to follow Schürer's description of the further development of the doctrines of "Scribism," comparing it with the hints which Scripture gives on the subject. He shows how the thoughts of these doctors of the law at their best were occupied with objections that "lay more at the circumference than the centre of religious life, with the temporally and locally transcendent, with the future and heavenly world. Hence on the one side eschatology, on the other mythological theosophy, were cultivated with the greatest zeal." It is easy to see how the dry dialectical subtleties of ecclesiastical lawyers, their miserable quibbles and ponderous trifling, provoked a reaction which led to speculations equally useless, though more stimu-

lating to the imagination. It was the religious *fancy*, however, more than the imagination (the right function of which is a high and important one), that exercised itself with pictures of the far past or the far future, the history of the creation, the nature and occupations of angels, and a detailed description of the circumstances under which the history of the world would be brought to a close. Over the first chapter of Genesis and the first chapter of Ezekiel, according to the method of interpretation then in vogue, a Rabbi might easily spend a lifetime, passing further and further from the true spirit of Old Testament teaching and religion every year that we lived. It would have been well indeed if nothing but harmless speculations had been indulged in. Not only did Pharisaical pedantry reduce the simplicity of Mosaic teaching to absurdity by its innumerable and infinitesimal detailed instructions, but in very many instances they literally "made the word of God of none effect through their traditions." A well-known example of the devices to which those who "made a hedge round the law" resorted in order to make a convenient hole through their own hedge, is found in the so-called *Erubhin* "mixtures" or "connections," a mere childish subterfuge, by which the strict law of the Sabbath was evaded. It is described at length by Schürer (ii. 120). The law forbidding the conveyance of any object from one tenement to another on the Sabbath was evaded by placing a certain amount of food in a certain spot, to show that the inhabitants regarded a whole court with its dwellings as one "tenement." Again, he who desired to walk more than the permitted 2,000 cubits on the Sabbath had only to deposit food for two meals at a given spot, and that might be considered his place of abode. But the man who would avail himself of this absurd subterfuge must do the thing thoroughly, and if he fixed upon a tree as his temporary residence, he was obliged to use the exact words of the prescribed formula, "My Sabbath place shall be at this tree trunk;" for if he said only, "My Sabbath place shall be under it," the device would not hold good, because the phrase was too general and indefinite. The whole chapter describing these hypocritical contrivances forms a striking justification of the stern denunciation of these blind and wicked leaders of the blind recorded in Matt. xxiii. and xxiv., and no reader of these

pages can wonder at the indignation that poured from the lips of the Son of Man as He exposed with scathing scorn the "Scribism" of the day.

But pages containing descriptions of elaborate futilities, especially religious futilities, soon become wearisome. It is much more interesting and important to ask what was the nature of the Messianic hope entertained by the people generally when Christ came. This subject, however, is essentially one which demands separate treatment. Several treatises upon it have lately appeared, among which we may specially mention Mr. Stanton's *Jewish and Christian Messiah*; M. Stapfer's book on the religious ideas of Palestine, already referred to; and in addition to a valuable section in Weber's work on the theology of the Palestinian synagogue, a full and critical examination of the subject has been undertaken by Professor Drummond in his book entitled *The Jewish Messiah*. Schürer's treatment is, however, very complete, considering that with him this inquiry forms but a subordinate part of a larger whole. Reserving the subject as a whole for the separate consideration it needs and deserves, we may say, however, here, that the apologetic value of the argument derivable from a comparison of Jewish Messianic hopes with Christ's teaching and early Christian beliefs is very great. Mr. Stanton's monograph, which will repay careful perusal, proves this.

The one topic that remains must be touched upon very briefly. Some of the most suggestive portions of Schürer's book are those which show how Judaism, on the one hand, was "sending out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches to the river," how both the Eastern and Western Dispersion, each with a character of its own, were effecting a remarkable religious propaganda; while on the other hand Hellenic culture was reacting upon Judaism, not only in Alexandria and Antioch, but throughout Palestine, and not least remarkably in Jerusalem itself. It must never be forgotten that at the Christian era the *majority* of the Jewish nation consisted of the "dispersed among the Gentiles." There was, it is true, a marked difference between the religious character of the Dispersion in the East and that in the West, corresponding to the history and circumstances of each. The large Jewish community settled in Babylon, though distant enough geographi-

cally from Jerusalem, hardly seemed to be separated in modes of thought and religious temper from the Jews in Palestine. The wealthy settlements of Jews between the Euphrates and Tigris were by a later writer denominated The "Land of Israel." The Talmud in one place gives a curious explanation of Isa. xliii. 6: "My sons from far"—these are the exiles in Babylon who remained men; and "my daughters from the ends of the earth"—these are the exiles in other lands who had become as women. The authority of the Babylonian theological schools after a while even overshadowed those of Palestine, and the Rabbis of Pumbeditha became at least the rivals of the Rabbis of Tiberias.

It was far otherwise in the West. "The Eastern dispersion," says Edersheim, "represented old Israel groping back into the darkness of the past; the Western, young Israel stretching forth its hands to where the dawn of a new day was about to break." True, the Jew was a Jew, and a more or less bigoted Jew, everywhere. The spiritual pride which was so marked a feature of the Pharisees of Jerusalem under the shadow of the Temple only took another shape in the Jew of Antioch, Thessalonica, or Rome. The pride of descent, the pride of spiritual knowledge, the pride of supposed exclusive privilege has distinguished this remarkable race even in its poorest and meanest members. But the Jew in Rome could not but be influenced in a thousand ways, consciously or unconsciously, by the splendid civilization around him, and still less could the Jew in Alexandria fail to be influenced by the Greek thought, which, as Philo showed, was capable of being brought into such close relationship with the "wisdom" that had been handed down from the time of Solomon, and might even claim a relationship with that higher Wisdom which was "set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was." Schürer shows in detail how Judaism was a *religio licita* through the whole extent of the Roman Empire, and possessed the right of administering its own funds, and had full jurisdiction over it own members:

"Wherever the Jews went they took their own law along with them, and in accordance with it they administered justice among the members of their community. Evidences of this are to be found, above all, in the New Testament. The Apostle Paul, for example, obtains a warrant from

the Sanhedrim in Jerusalem for the arrest of certain converts to Christianity among the Jews living in Damascus (Acts ix. 2). In other places, again, he causes such to be put in prison and scourged (Acts xxii. 19; xxvi. 11). Subsequently he himself was scourged by the Jews five times for being a Christian (2 Cor. xi. 24), on which occasions it is doubtless Jewish communities living abroad that are in question, and not those of Palestine. In Corinth the Proconsul Gallio directs the Jews to carry their complaint against Paul before their own authorities, on the ground that he would be prepared to interfere only if Paul had been charged with a criminal offence, but not if it was merely a question of transgressing the Jewish law (Acts xviii. 12–16), and then he quietly looks on and allows the Jews to maltreat Sosthenes, the ruler of the synagogue, under his very eyes, Acts xviii. 17.—(Schürer, ii. p. 262).

The place which these widely distributed Jewish communities occupied in the spread of Christianity in its earliest stage is familiar to all readers of the Acts of the Apostles. But how important a part in the early history of Christianity was played by communities Jewish by birth and education, yet influenced to a considerable extent by Western civilization, and what a bridge they formed between Judaism and a religion whose founder was of Jewish nationality, but whose work and teaching were for the whole world, cannot be explained here in a few lines; we must refer our readers to the full and interesting exposition furnished in Professor Schürer's pages.

To these also we must refer those who wish to understand the extent to which Greek thought and culture had leavened Palestine. The chapters which unfold this (§ 22 and part of § 23) are very full and minute. Indeed, the enumeration and description of Hellenic towns in Palestine occupies nearly a hundred pages, and enters far too much into detail for an ordinary reader, while the accumulation of material is such as to interest and delight the scholar. The subject is too complex for us to do more than indicate its outline. On the one hand copious evidence may be adduced from the coins of the time, the forms of civil government, military words and usages, the public games, the baths and inns and other public buildings of the day, and especially from the department of trade and industry, and the free use of fabrics from all parts of the world, to testify to the influence of

Greek and Roman civilization on the outward life of Palestine. On the other hand, there is proof quite as abundant of the rigid legalism and separatist spirit of the Jewish leaders, who as far as in them lay endeavoured—but largely in vain—to keep back the rising tide of Gentile civilization and culture from overflowing their own sacred shores. On the proportion in which the Greek and Aramaic languages were spoken in Palestine, and the evidence thus afforded of the culture of the population, Schürer has some instructive remarks, to which we can only refer in passing. His description of the way in which the Jewish people were drawn, slowly, reluctantly, but irresistibly, into the advancing stream of Hellenistic—not to be identified with Hellenic—culture, deserves to be carefully considered by every student of New Testament history.

We must bring this brief and imperfect survey to a close. The student of history can find no more fascinating period—in some respects no more complex and difficult period—for study than that which forms the subject of our article. He can find no abler, no surer guide than Professor Schürer. With a firm and cautious step he advances over difficult and treacherous ground, in which are many pitfalls and marshy places, certain to be fatal to the unwary. In every case he makes good his pathway as he goes, by reference to the highest and best authorities available—authorities which, in their combined testimony, suffice to make each conclusion arrived at as certain as the conclusion of history can be. At every turn problems arise over which volumes of controversy have been written; and it is no small gain, in threading one's way through these, to have such aid as a guide like Schürer can give. When the remainder of his work is published and presented—as Messrs. Clark promise it soon shall be—in English dress, a student in this country will have the advantage of as complete and exhaustive an historical textbook as could be desired.

Here, however, the work of a student of religions, and of the rise of Christianity, only begins. It is for him, after having mastered such a work as this, to show the bearings of its various conclusions upon the early history of the

faith. Döllinger in his *Heidenthum und Judenthum* dwells chiefly upon the work of heathendom in preparing for Christianity, and points out how the "genius of antiquity essayed, exhausted every combination possible of the principles once entrusted and handed down to her, the entire of the plastic power that dwelt in her," and contends that only after Christianity had been for a couple of centuries at work on this heterogeneous material did the real revolution take place, and "a leaf in the history of a world was turned over." There is still room for a work which would follow out a similar train of thought in the case of Judaism, such as Döllinger in his too brief treatment of the Jewish religion failed to accomplish, and which, making full use of Schürer's materials, would show their value for the student of religion. The longer we look at the scene upon which Jesus of Nazareth appeared, at the mighty change in the religious history of the times which in a few short months He himself wrought, and the yet more mighty change which, according to His own prophecy, was in a few short years wrought out by His disciples when filled with His Spirit, the more we are lost in wonder. We know not whether more to wonder at the proofs that a Divine Providence had long been preparing a way for the coming of this true King of men, or at the marvellously new and demonstrably Divine nature of His teaching and work, when in the fulness of the times He came. Both are illustrated in the study of the *Jewish People in the Time of Christ*. The lessons of history are a help to faith. The sublime spectacle of the revolution in thought and life wrought by the Light of the World, as eighteen centuries ago He dawned upon our darkling earth, visiting it "as a dayspring from on high, to give light to them that sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death," is an illustration and a pledge of what will take place at last in that fulness of the times for which we look and must patiently wait, when all things shall be gathered together in Christ, both things in heaven and things on the earth, even in Him, when "in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Art. II.—THE ALTERNATIVE TO SOCIALISM.

1. *Co-operative Congress Reports.* Manchester. 1885, 1886.
2. *Working Men Co-operators.* By A. H. D. Acland, M.A., and B. Jones. London. 1884.
3. *Industrial Remuneration Conference Report.* London. 1885.
4. *Parliamentary Blue-Book, containing Reports of Her Majesty's Representatives Abroad on the System of Co-operation in Foreign Countries.* London. 1886.
5. *Distribution Reform.* By Thomas Illingworth. London. 1886.
6. *Profit-Sharing between Capital and Labour.* Six Essays. By Sedley Taylor, M.A. London. 1884.

THE alternative to Socialism is Co-operation—voluntary Co-operation. Socialism, on its constructive side, means Co-operation, but then the Co-operation is to be compulsory. Between these two forms of industrial and commercial life the choice now lies. Faith in Individualism, pure and simple, is fast dying out, and a new faith in association is springing up to take its place. The only question is as to the nature of the association. It is a question of method. The end to be desired and aimed at is the same according to all classes of theorists and reformers. Socialists, Economists, Philanthropists alike are aiming at an improvement in the condition of the community through a wider and more equitable distribution of wealth in all its forms. All alike see clearly that this end can only be attained by concert and co-operation. The masses of the people must obtain a larger control of the means of production and distribution—land, capital, and all the other objects and instruments of labour and exchange—and, when they have got these things into their own hands, they must manipulate and utilize them conjointly for the common good.

But here agreement ends. The question "How?" divides the theorists and places them in opposite and hostile camps. Compulsion is the watchword and the battle-cry of Socialists of every shade. Private property in land, in factories, in banks, in shops, in railways, must be abolished. Capitalists must be compelled to hand over all such instruments to the community. The State—by which they mean society organized on an industrial basis—must administer all affairs, must manage all production and distribution of commodities, must appoint to every one his occupation, and fix the hours and wages of every kind of work. Force, first or last, or, still more likely, first and last, would be the motive power in society, arranged upon a Socialistic plan.

There is a better way, say wiser men, a way involving neither violence and robbery at the beginning, nor tyranny and slavery in the process, nor penury and disappointment in the end; it is the way of individual industry and thrift and enterprise, of mutual sacrifice and mutual help. They quite agree with Socialists that the ideal industrial system would be that in which workmen would be their own employers by means of their own capital and skill. They look forward to the time when all who contribute to the production shall equitably share in the enjoyment of wealth. But these ideal ends, they are convinced, can only be attained by voluntary, peaceful, and painstaking means. And they are right. Nevertheless, we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that the opposite scheme has many attractions for a certain class of men; and our friends, whose habits and whose apparent interests incline them to cling to the present systems of trade and industry, would do well to bear in mind that the men who, with so much ability and persistency, are preaching Socialism in this and other lands, are men who are not likely to be restrained by prudence or deterred by fear from bold and rash and violent attempts to carry out their plans.

"It must be acknowledged," says Mr. J. S. Mill, in his posthumous 'Chapters on Socialism,' "that those who would play this game on the strength of their own private opinion, unconfirmed as yet by any experimental verification—who would forcibly deprive all who have now a comfortable physical existence of their only present means of preserving

it, and would brave the frightful bloodshed and misery that would ensue if the attempt was resisted—must have a serene confidence in their own wisdom on the one hand, and a recklessness of other people's sufferings on the other, which Robespierre and St. Just, hitherto the typical instances of those united attributes, scarcely came up to. Nevertheless, this scheme has great elements of popularity, because what it professes to do it promises to do quickly, and holds out hope to the enthusiastic of seeing the whole of their aspirations realized in their own time and at a blow."

In the controversy with Socialists, the advocates of voluntary co-operation have one great advantage—their system has been tried and is being tried in many forms in many lands.* Experiments, numerous, varied, long-continued, have been made; many of them with complete success. Failures there have been, both in distributive and in productive work; but these failures have not been so numerous, in proportion, as in other forms of trade and industry, and in most cases the failure can be traced to causes quite extraneous to the principle of co-operation. On the other hand, success has been achieved in face of almost overwhelming odds. In the pessimistic parts of his paper read at the Industrial Remuneration Conference, Mr. Frederic Harrison reminds us continually of George Eliot's old squire, whose "whole creed, political and economical, was summed up in the words: 'Whatever is, is bad, and any change is likely to be worse.'" Co-operation, in particular, Mr. Harrison pronounces to be a "melancholy failure." Losing sight of the moral side of the movement—of the training it has given to millions in self-restraint and self-reliance, in foresight and frugality and thrift, in business habits and in social ways of life, to say nothing of its wide-spread, beneficial reflex action on the ordinary methods of trade, Mr. Harrison is of opinion that "too much has been made of the fact that a small fraction of the labouring classes have learned to buy their tea and sugar in economical ways at stores and clubs." Of course there has, if that is all that co-operation has done. He then exclaims: "There is no social millennium in this." Of course there is not. Whoever thought there was? Millen-

* See Blue Book on co-operation in foreign countries, issued in June 1886. For a few pence, the reader may there obtain a mass of interesting information, comparatively little of which can be embodied in this article.

niums do not spring up like mushrooms. Even the Positivist Millennium has not yet arrived, and Comte began to preach a good while before the co-operators began to practise. Because in forty years the co-operative system has not "revolutionized industry, abolished the wages system, and organized production by associated labour," it must it appears be condemned as a "melancholy failure." What are the facts?

According to the Registrar's returns, published in the last Congress Report, the number of distributive societies in the United Kingdom formed on the Rochdale plan had risen from 1 in 1844, to 1248 in 1885; their membership from 28 to 799,982; their capital from £28 to £8,263,404; their sales to £29,021,976; their net profits to £2,967,946; and their reserve funds to £3,983,296. The total business done by these societies during the last twenty years has been over 250 millions, and the net profits over 20 millions, nearly the whole of which has gone into the pockets of the working classes.

Merely from a material point of view, this part of the melancholy failure, at all events, looks like a magnificent and marvellous success. Three-and-twenty years ago, in 1864, Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons that if, ten years previously, anybody had prophesied the success of the co-operative system as illustrated in the towns of the North, he should have regarded the prediction as absurd. "There is," said he, "in my opinion, no greater social marvel than the manner in which these societies flourish, combined with a consideration of the soundness of the basis on which they are built." Since then, continuous progress has been made. In twenty years, the members have increased sevenfold, the capital seventeenfold, the profits twelvefold. In some parts of the country, co-operators form more than 40 per cent. of the working population; and, in the whole of Great Britain, co-operators, reckoning in their families, cannot number less than two millions and a half. Should the progress be as great during the next twenty years—and it is likely to be much greater—in 1907 the number of members in these societies will have risen to over five-and-a-half millions (representing nearly eighteen millions of the population), the capital to 136 millions,

the annual net profits to thirty-six millions. We see no reason why the co-operators of this country, when they celebrate their centenary, should not find the bulk of the working classes included in their Union, governed by its wise and beneficent rules, and justly proud of the principles and methods by which they have been moved and moulded into worthier forms of life, and helped to share in all the gains and honours of advancing civilization.

When we turn from the results of co-operation in the distribution to the achievements of co-operation in the production of commodities, the record is not nearly so brilliant, nor the immediate prospect quite so bright. Indeed, allowing for a little rhetorical exaggeration, we might accept Mr. Harrison's estimate of what has been done in this direction:—

"Compared with the gigantic and deep-seated evils of our present society," he says, "these various schemes for the general distribution of capital (Peasant Proprietorship, Trades Unionism, Co-operation, &c.) are mere palliatives, stop-gaps, and insignificant experiments. Nine-tenths of our working people, nine-tenths of their wages, are hardly affected by them at all."

But when Mr. Harrison says of co-operative production that "the idea that it is about to reorganize modern industry is now an exploded day-dream," we once more pause and think, and hope that he is wrong. Again, what are the facts?

At present there are in England and Scotland forty-seven productive societies of various types, managed almost exclusively by working men, most of them with a fair amount of success. Of these twelve are engaged in the manufacture of cotton,* linen, silk, and wool; four in farming, seven in boot and shoemaking, eight in corn-milling; six are metal-workers, and ten are classed as "various." The following five are the principal forms which these societies have assumed:—

"1. Societies working on a system similar to that of the joint-stock

* These figures and the returns which follow do not include the Oldham Joint-stock Cotton-mills, which, although the shares are largely held by individual co-operators, are not co-operative concerns. They number over seventy, and employ a capital of over £5,000,000.

companies, being owned by (distributive) society and individual capitalists, and dividing all the profits on capital. 2. Societies on the federal principle, carried on by societies as collective capitalists, and dividing all profits between capital and purchasers. 3. Societies, such as corn-mills, &c., working under a mixed proprietorship of societies and individuals, paying a fixed interest to capital and dividing all profits amongst their customers. 4. Societies having a mixed proprietorship of societies, individuals, and workers, dividing profits between capital, purchase, and labour. 5. Societies carried on by workers only, sometimes with borrowed capital, paying a fixed interest on the capital, and dividing the remainder of the profits on labour only."

The totals returned by these forty-seven societies at the end of 1885 were as follows: members, 19,827; share capital, £604,979; loan capital, £177,572; reserve fund, £18,760; goods sold during the year, £1,717,305; net profits, £57,367. The results of these experiments, so far, are small, but far from insignificant. The profits realized are, as Mr. Harrison says, a mere "drop in the ocean of the total earnings of the working classes"—from 400 to 500 millions a year. But the drop is full of vital energy, and may in time expand into an ocean. Never were the working classes, as a whole, so well fitted for association in productive enterprises, or so well disposed towards fairly practicable schemes, whether emanating from their leaders or from their employers, for the reconciling of conflicting interests, and for the peaceful solution of the complex and perplexing problems of industrial life. Nor, we are persuaded, were employers of labour, as a rule, ever more sensible of the evils arising and apparently inseparable from the wages system, or so desirous that the relations between themselves and their employés should be of a righteous and more friendly kind. The way, therefore, seems to be open for further experiments on a larger scale. In what directions may experiments most usefully and hopefully be made?

For the present, chiefly in the direction of profit-sharing, and of industrial partnership between employers, individual and collective, and employed. By adopting these principles (to be illustrated further on) the Co-operative Union might lead the way, and strive more fully to realize its own ideal. One of the main objects of co-operation, as stated in the rules of the Union, is "the conciliation of the conflicting interests

of the capitalist, the worker, and the purchaser, through an equitable division among them of the fund commonly known as profit." Distributive stores are only meant to be a means to an end. By accumulating capital in the stores the way is to be opened for the establishment of factories and workshops. Such is the rule, and such is the ideal; but, so far, co-operators as a body have stopped short on the threshold of production. The stores have gone on accumulating capital by means of dividends on purchases until they have become embarrassed by their riches. In some instances they have begun the perilous process of returning surplus capital to shareholders. But, incredible as it may seem, neither in the stores nor in the workshops that they have started in connection with them, have co-operative societies, either wholesale or retail, admitted their employés into partnership with them, or given them any appreciable share in the profits of their work. There are many signs, however, that co-operators are awaking to the grandeur of their mission, and that they are now resolving to rid themselves of what was fast becoming their reproach. Amongst these signs we may note the impatience with which a recent Congress received the report of a Committee on the subject of co-operative production, the drift of which was to the effect that the time was not ripe for general work. Another of these signs is the growing unity of opinion as to the best method of organizing production in connection with the Union. A prize paper full of wise suggestions was read at the last Congress by Mr. J. C. Gray, and is being carefully, and, we believe, favourably considered by the various sections of the Union. The Midland Section, *e.g.*, held a conference at Derby in October last, at which seventy delegates were present, and, after a lengthened discussion on Mr. Gray's paper, unanimously passed the following resolutions:—

"1. That the true aim of co-operative production is to elevate the workers by means of their sharing in the profits arising from their productive work. 2. That, for this purpose, the workers in the various industries should be associated so as to create amongst them an active interest in their labours, and gradually convert them into joint-proprietors of the works in which they are employed. 3. That these various associations should be federated together by some common bond of union for the

purpose of mutual guidance and direction, and also to prevent those of a like character competing with each other to their mutual detriment."

What this common bond of union should be, it is not for outsiders to determine; but, to us, it seems that, in the Wholesale societies, co-operators have exactly what is needed for such a purpose. These great societies, doing a business of over £6,000,000 a year, are now the centres of co-operative capital and trade, and might easily concentrate the surplus capital in the stores for the purpose of production, and in the stores might find a ready outlet for the goods produced; whilst in case of failure, in particular instances, the loss being spread so widely would be scarcely felt. In an equitable distribution of profits, regard would be had to the claims of each of the factors in production—capital, labour, and trade. The proposals and suggestions made by Mr. Gray were eminently wise and fair.

"The payment of this wage to capital (say 5 per cent.), shall be a first charge upon any profits of the society, and, in order to be better able at all times to meet this indebtedness, there should be a reasonable portion of the profits devoted to a reserve fund for this and other contingencies. After providing for any other charges, such as depreciation, &c., the whole of the remaining profits shall be divided between the various factors which have helped to make them. . . . . We have provided that capital shall have its market wages, called interest. Labour has already had its market wages in the shape of weekly subsidies; and the customer has had the full market value in the goods supplied to him. Each of these factors has had a share, more or less, in the creation of the profits that accrue from production. Not one of the three can be dispensed with. . . . . *The proportion of the profits allowed to each factor should be determined by the value that each bears to the other in every particular trade or manufacture.* . . . . . The amount of profits allotted to the workers should in all cases be accumulated as shares in the society, until three-fourths of the capital is held by them, after which any profit accruing to them may be paid out as it becomes due. . . . . The federative centre should always hold at least one-fourth of the entire capital, and be represented on the management committee to the extent of its holding. . . . . Such is the outline of a scheme, which, if applied, would go far towards conciliating the conflicting elements of production, and aid in converging upon some common lines, our various methods of action. It would, in my view, act as a kind of *sliding scale* in every branch of manufacture,

and, while giving to each part its due proportion of results, would not seek to enrich any one of them at the expense of the others." *

The safest industries in which to experiment are obviously those in which capital bears a small proportion to the labour employed. In these, the risks are smallest and the advantages greatest; for it is in the improvement and economy of labour that this kind of co-operation will tell best. But, in order that these experiments may succeed (and failure on the part of the Co-operative Union at this juncture would be a national calamity) one further condition is absolute and imperative. The very best managers must be employed that money will procure. This is a matter of supreme importance. "Whatever the organization of industry, whether profits go to the few or to the many," as the Earl of Morley, not without reason, reminded his hearers at the last Co-operative Congress, "true skill will and must always earn its reward. And, if co-operation is to compete successfully with individual enterprise, it must spare neither pains nor money in obtaining the ablest administrators to conduct its business." Such men will of course be difficult to find at the outset. Capable managers in sufficient numbers will rise up within the movement in course of time and with the spread of technical education. Meanwhile, the amplest inducement must be offered to outsiders, both in the shape of salary and—what is hardly less essential and important—in the utmost practicable freedom from control. Advancing thus with cautious, calculated steps, we trust that some such plan as Mr. Gray's will speedily be tried by those to whom the country has a right to look for light and leading in the peaceful paths of wise industrial reform.

Alongside them, if not in front of them, and marching in the same direction, we should like to see large numbers of private capitalist employers in all branches both of trade and industry sharing their profits or entering into partnership with their employés of every kind and grade. For the principle of participation, about to be described and illustrated at some length, admits of almost universal and immediate application.

* Congress Report, 1886, pp. 74-5.

By land and sea, in agriculture, in manufactures, in shipping and fisheries, in railways, banks, and offices of every kind, in shops and warehouses, in industrial villages, and private firms, wherever and in what business soever the relations of employer and employed obtain, this fruitful, salutary system may be tried.

The principle on which the system rests is, of course, not new. We believe it has been in operation in China, from time almost immemorial, though in a most imperfect form.* The ancient metayer system of land tenure, under which the profits of agriculture are divided equally between landlord and tenant, is another imperfect application of the same principle. Profit-sharing has always prevailed in the whale-fishing business;† and "whenever commissions are given by way of percentage on orders got by commercial travellers, or on goods sold by tradesmen's assistants, or even in wages paid for piece-work, in building or mining, or what not, the principle is applied. Even when applied in the imperfect, piecemeal, unsatisfactory manner of the examples quoted, it works well. But it is its novel application in a direct, thorough-going, and logical manner to the great and complicated establishments of modern industry, and upon a permanent basis, to which the name of profit-sharing is *par excellence* applied."

M. Leclaire, a house-painter in Paris, was the first to apply the principle with anything like thoroughness. This was in 1842. His example was followed, in 1843, by M. Laroche-Joubert, a paper-maker at Angoulême, and, in 1844, by the Paris and Orleans Railway Company. Ten years later the principle was adopted by two great Parisian Insurance Companies, and subsequently by other establishments in various

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* "Only Chinese sailors seem to understand the value of working-men associations. A party of them large enough to man a junk will form a society; every member of it will subscribe a share, and will be one of the crew of the junk. No one will be employed on board except shareholders, and the benefit, after paying thirty per cent. to the capital, is divided between the men of the crew, according to the fixed salary of every one of them. Every new member is balloted for, and his salary fixed upon in the same way."—M. Jamatel, Territet, Vaud, Switzerland, Congress Report, 1886, p. 101.

† For instances in other kinds of fisheries on many coasts, see *Blue Book* on *Co-operation*, pp. 26, 136, &c. &c.

branches of business. The Bulletin of the Society for promoting participation in profits for the year 1885 (Imprimerie Chaix, Paris), contains a list of 95 firms or companies in which profit-sharing is practised.*

The "motor muscle" in this system is the increased interest that is given to masters, managers, and workmen in the success of the concern. After providing a certain sum for interest on capital (including risks, depreciation, &c.), and paying salaries and wages at current market rates, the surplus profits are divided amongst the various factors in various proportions and on various plans. Usually, in Continental firms, half the profits are appropriated to capital and half to management and labour in proportion to the amount of salaries and wages earned; but the principle of division and the manner in which the workman's share is distributed vary greatly, and no one method is essential to the working of the system. The annual Bulletin above referred to gives *in extenso* the regulations adopted by a number of firms. Some allot to their *employés* an invariable percentage of the profits; others fix the rate of participation from year to year. The majority, as we have said, distribute the *employés'* share among them in proportion to wages and salaries, but in a certain number of cases, length of service in the house constitutes a title to a larger participation. Some firms pay the share allotted to labour at once in cash; others retain it altogether for purposes of investment; while still others hand over a part each year in ready money, and either invest the remainder in shares in the business or capitalize it so as to provide a fund for old age, sickness, and death. A few of these firms permit their accounts to be verified by those participating in profits, and a considerable number have established consultative committees on which the workmen are represented. In industrial partnerships, where some or all of the *employés* have shares in the business capital, all the participants have a larger and directer share in the manage-

* Forty-nine of these are in France, eighteen in Germany, twelve in Switzerland, eight in England, and one each in Alsace, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Russia, and Sweden.

ment, and a more intimate knowledge of the affairs of the concern.

A priori, it might be argued that almost any system of profit-sharing would be sure to relieve the strain that is apt to arise between employer and employed when the relation between them is simply one of wage-contract, and almost certain to increase the efficiency and improve the condition of the workmen. Appealing to both classes and to the community at large, we might confidently ask, with Mr. E. Vansittart Neale:

"Do you wish to prevent waste, to stimulate invention, to create an honourable pride in the excellence of the articles produced, to call forth that watchful care and untiring activity which gives to labour the maximum of its productiveness; what better means can you devise than to make every worker feel that he is directly interested in all that conduces to the prosperity of the workshop? Do you wish to produce the absence of distrust, a general sense of harmony and mutual regard among employers and employed, what arrangements can be better adapted to give effect to your wish than a division of the results obtained by the union of past and present labour, such that the gain of either shall be the gain of both? Do you seek to insure provision against the needs of sickness, or to banish from old age the dread of failing means, what better basis can you have for applying the principles of assurance by which these results can be secured than is furnished by the mutual funds, which in such an institution can be made universal?"

But, remembering how much easier it is to understand a principle when its light falls on a fact, we shall by preference proceed further to illustrate the constitution and the working of this form of association and co-operation by a few selected examples, and shall reproduce some trustworthy and representative testimonies as to the results thus far obtained.

"In the Maison Bord Piano Manufactory, Paris, the workers have all the profits, the proprietor, who employs more than 2 millions of francs in the business, being content with interest ranging from 5 to 10 per cent. on his capital. There are about 350 persons employed, including apprentices and labourers, and all participate *pro rata* on wages, the amount due to each being paid in cash. The foremen go through the accounts, &c.; but the direction of the business is entirely in the hands of the proprietor.

"The paper-mills at Angoulême are now twelve in number, and employ about 1,500 persons, who all participate in profits, but in various ways.

Ten per cent. go to a reserve fund; twenty to the president of the Council and the two managers; ten to the foreman; twelve to customers who have bought 200 fr. worth at least of paper during the year, according to the amount purchased; three to wages; one to the deposit fund; and forty-four to capital. All employés of good character and of two years' standing are permitted to put their earnings into the business to the extent of 5,000 fr., and these deposits receive interest at the rate of 5 per cent., and 1 per cent. of the profits. As members retire, or as the business capital is increased, these deposits enter into it, and in this way the interest of the workmen in the house is being gradually increased.

"The capital is owned as follows: 1,600,000 fr. by the three partners, 1,125,000 fr. by nineteen former managers and workmen; 450,000 fr. by fifteen friends of the managers; 1,117,000 fr. in sums of not less than 1,000 fr. by thirty persons, and 225,000 fr. in sums of not less than 2,000 fr. by fifty-two persons actually employed in the establishment. So far, the house has always made profits, but, in case of losses, only those who have subscribed the business capital are liable to share in them. The division of profits is made as a favour, and the employés have no right to interfere in the management, or to examine the books, except those which give the details of the distribution of profits. The results of these arrangements have been 'increased production, better work, less waste. The business is not imperilled by strikes, and great care and zeal are displayed by the workers, who seldom leave the house.' 'I have studied the question,' says M. Laroche-Joubert, in all its aspects. Perfection, it is true, is not for this world; but if there be anything which approaches it, I believe it is the system of Profit-sharing, presenting as it does the smallest inconveniences. The unity of feeling created by it makes all my workmen superintend each other—a superintendence far more real than could be exercised by men paid the highest wages to overlook without being interested.' Financially, he has been a gainer. His brother, who objected to the system, continued business on the old lines, and failed. 'It is not to be supposed that the master has in consequence of participation given away a part of his profits; not at all—he has done a very good stroke of business.'"

The famous Familistère at Guise, in French Flanders, may be described as an industrial partnership in which the capital was furnished by the master, who gave to a number of his workmen a share in the surplus profits, and in the management, with a view to their becoming eventually the proprietors of the business. The association was founded by M. Godin, in 1860, but it was not fully organized till 1877. We have not space for a detailed description, but the following con-

densed extract will convey some idea of the thoroughness with which this social experiment is being made.

"In the foundry at Guise, and in the branch establishment at Läcken, near Brussels, 900 persons participate in profits. All are shareholders, some to the amount of £400. M. Godin's share of the business capital is £123,000; the share of the 900 is £48,000; there is also a reserve fund of £16,000, and an assurance fund of £26,800. This latter fund receives annually a sum equally to 2 per cent. of the wages and salaries, which is taken from the profits before any division of them is made—provision against accident, sickness, want, and old age being regarded as the first duty: this fund also receives interest at the rate of 5 per cent. Besides the 900 shareholders there are about 500 who do not participate in profits, but who have a right to assistance and to retiring pensions. There are now 35 pensioners in the enjoyment of perfect security against want. Affairs are administered by a directive council, M. Godin acting as managing director. Heads of departments have a seat in the council, and six persons are elected by the shareholders to represent the workers. Profits are divided according to the services rendered to the association. If a working shareholder, *e.g.*, derives £40 as interest on capital and receives £40 as wages, the total amount of the services rendered by him is valued at £80, and on this basis he participates rateably in the £ in the division of profits. Participants are of three kinds: a *participant* needs to have resided in the *familistère* one year, a *sociétaire* three years and an *associé* five years. The first kind share in exact proportion to the amount of their salary; the second, in proportion to one-and-a-half times; and the third, to twice the amount. M. Godin draws £9,000 interest on capital, and £3,200 as director—enormous sums, as he admits; yet they are only his share of the profits, as defined by the principles of participation. The workers receive in cash only the interest on the shares allotted to them, all other shares in profits being converted into shares in the association, without increasing M. Godin's capital. These new shares serve to repay the original shares. M. Godin says, 'My shares will thus in time be replaced in the society by those of the workers. The workers will have taken my place; but under our statutory provisions the repayment will continue indefinitely. It will act upon the oldest shares, so that the establishment will always remain in the hands of actual workers. This is a result which I consider to be very important in an economical point of view.'"*

The results realized are almost incredible. But for our desire to insert the following extract from the *Spectator*, and

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* *Distribution Reform*, pp. 133-5.

to make a few remarks upon it, we would give the figures. As it is, we can only say that

"if every group of 2,000 persons in France had been formed into similar associations to the one at Guise, and had been equally successful, the results in five years would have been as follows:—Spent on education, £95,760,000; accumulated for purposes of assurance, £308,000,000; individual savings, £1,080,000,000; accumulated in a national fund, £1,448,000,000."

Well may the Committee of the English Labour Association for Promoting Production based on the Copartnership of the Workers * add: "If such results were not based upon actual facts, practically worked out in the case of this French Labour Association, they would read like the dreams of Utopians."

Commenting on a description of the *Familistère* given by a correspondent of the *Times* on the 5th of January, 1886, the *Spectator* writes:—

"To all appearance, pauperism is extinguished, and an industrial community enjoys in peace, out of its own earnings, all the advantages of the middle class, including a fair amount of recreation, and a hope, when M. Godin is bought out, of larger profits still. Is not the question solved, then? Unfortunately, it is hardly approached. M. Godin has not touched the very fringe of the grand social difficulty. . . . The doubt is whether a society in which idleness is tolerated, and drinking is possible, and the human drift gradually accumulates, and there is no direct discipline from above, can be made comfortable; and that question is still unanswered."

We should have thought that no such question ever would have arisen. There is no doubt about it; such a society could not be made comfortable. At all events, universal comfort in such circumstances would either be an impossibility or an injustice. The real question is whether ordinary men and women can be formed into voluntary associations in which comfort can be secured and the social virtues fostered and developed by means of toil and thrift and mutual help; and, in the instance before us, the answer is as satisfactory as it is conclusive. If the industrial army at Guise had not been recruited from "thieves, drunkards and do-nothings," it would

* 1 Norfolk Street, Strand, London.

still have done a worthy work by preventing a number of workmen and their families from sinking into the "residuum;" and surely prevention is better than cure. But M. Godin assures us that the population he has collected round him was largely gathered from the very classes that the *Spectator* imagines he has scarcely reached.

"The population of the *familistère* to-day might appear to be a selected body of workers. But it was not such. The greater part of the members of the association were, when they joined us, in very distressed circumstances, sometimes in misery, often destitute of instruction. To-day our children are literate, instructed, and ease has replaced distress. To what is this remarkable evolution due? To the beneficent and renovating influence of the practical application of mutuality, of the principle of association, in short, of the participation of the workers in the advantages of the wealth created by their labour and industry."

So spoke M. Godin at the general meeting of the association in 1884, and we cannot forbear to quote and largely to endorse the opinion expressed by him on the same occasion:

"If what has been realized here was done for the workers generally, similar results would be obtained. Everywhere, habits of order, of cleanliness, of peaceable behaviour, and the love of instruction would be developed in their families. The population would rise to a moral and intellectual level which would efface the misery of our civilization. If there were a general effort thus to ameliorate the lot of the worker, and to divide the social resources equitably, if the whole people were called to profit seriously from the resources created by work, the true means of putting an end to the industrial crises which now paralyse production in all countries of the world, which throw so many workers into distress and misery, would soon be found. The workers would become consumers to a much larger extent, and over-production would be impossible."

Nor can we share the *Spectator's* fears as to the future. No doubt M. Godin has been the guiding and the ruling spirit hitherto, but it does not follow that, unless the members of the association elect another "dictator" after his decease, "the factory will either tumble to pieces or become an ordinary industrial undertaking." The Maison Leclaire, in Paris, did not tumble to pieces on the death of its founder in 1872, but has continued increasingly to prosper, the annual turnover having risen from £80,000 in 1872 to £125,580 in 1882; and yet neither of the managing directors chosen by the asso-

ciates to succeed M. Leclaire has either the spirit or the powers of a dictator. Management and discipline of course there must be in associations such as these, but experience shows that the members of them are gradually trained in them to administer their own affairs; and this is one of the strongest recommendations of the system.

So general was the interest excited by these and similar experiments in France that in 1883 an extra-Parliamentary Commission was appointed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Minister of the Interior, to examine the whole question of workmen's associations. Eight sittings were devoted to the subject of Profit-sharing, and the evidence was taken of the heads of thirty-one participating firms. The report,* in two large volumes, is full of interest, but we have only room for a few sentences from the President's closing address.

"The attentive study which I have made," said M. Waldeck-Rousseau, "has led me to two main conclusions. The first is that association in all its forms develops and improves the moral and material condition of the labourer. It procures for him a more equitable remuneration. It raises him a step in the social scale. He comes into contact with every social interest. A closer solidarity binds them together. There results a valuable guarantee for order and progress. The other conclusion relates to masters who share their profits. It is a good thing for them. You will find the affirmation on the lips of all whom you have heard. The labour, the co-operation they obtain is more efficient, more productive. We are amply repaid, they add, for the sacrifice we have made by the devoted co-help that we obtain."

Worthy and reasonable objections to these various voluntary forms of association and co-operation, it would be difficult to find. We will not seek for them. Obstacles in the way of their adoption and invitation, and difficulties in the way of their successful working, are great and numerous enough. We need not dwell upon them. That they are formidable is true; that they are not insuperable has been abundantly, perhaps superabundantly, shown. It only remains for us to remind our readers—though this, too, is perhaps, superfluous —that, if the prevalent industrial system needs a living

* *Enquête de la Commission Extra-Parlementaire des Associations Ouvrières.* Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1883.

Christianity to control and supplement it, the coming system will imperatively need a living and an all-pervasive Christianity to initiate, sustain, and foster it. To which, in closing, we may add our cordial commendation of co-operation as an antidote, as well as an alternative, to Socialism in all its forms.

Addressing prudent, patriotic men, we surely need not hesitate to follow Bishop Lightfoot's lead, and say that, if it is successful, co-operation, as above described and illustrated, "will work a beneficent social and economic revolution of the widest scope—a revolution, moreover, so conducted as to leave no heritage of suffering and no aggravation of bitterness behind. It aims at a noiseless, peaceful, gradual change. It interferes with no man, robs no man, oppresses no man. It wears no party colours, demands no exceptional legislation, courts no special favours. It will not be disgraced by any cruelties in the process, or endangered by any resentments in the issue. It readjusts the social burdens with so light and careful a touch that no vicious excess ensues from the relief on the one hand, and no painful oppression is felt from the imposition on the other. On these grounds it invites the careful consideration of all who are interested in the future well-being of their country. . . . The thrift, the patience, the helpfulness, the energy, the looking-forward, the mutual trust and fellow-feeling which alone can carry this movement to a successful issue, will be twice blessed—blessed in the flower and in the fruit—blessed in the moral education of the immediate workers, and blessed in the ultimate gain to the community at large."

ART. III.—A NEW FRENCH MORALIST.

Pensées. Par JOSEPH ROUX. Introduction par PAUL MARIETON. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre, Editeur. 1886.

THE modest-seeming title of this book is not a very humble one in the eyes of one who knows but a little of French letters; it suggests great names, to rival which would be a

high ambition. M. l'Abbé Roux, the hardy knight whom we now see touching with his lance the shield of Pascal and of Joubert, is but a parish priest of the Bas Limousin, a *curé de campagne*, the best years of whose life have been spent in the deep obscurity of two or three little-known country villages in the department of Corrèze. His ecclesiastical superiors, it is true, recognized in him the unmanageable quality which we call genius; but apparently they did not think that such an anomalous endowment fitted him for high promotion. Up to his fiftieth year he remained unknown to the world, merged in the crowd of the working provincial clergy. Conscious of a character "at once proud and timid," and therefore ill-adapted for the conflicts of life, he abstained from seeking distinction in the field of authorship, until the friendly urgency of a younger writer induced him to make the attempt from which he had previously recoiled. A slender volume of *Pensées*, published in 1886, with the signature of "Joseph Roux," won unexpected approval from the difficult critical world of France; and the modest author found himself suddenly advanced to a very distinguished literary position. This success is perhaps more unusual than surprising; for the little book is not unlike a humble flask containing some precious elixir—there sparkles through it in finely distilled quintessence the concentrated thought, the lifelong observation of a rare and vigorous mind—a mind which, developing in oppressive solitude, has lost none of its originality.

There is little indeed in common between this writer and the typical French curé of literature—a personage who commonly appears as a homely prosaic being, having little dignity beyond that conferred by his office. Sprung generally from the people, he is still a peasant in his tastes and sympathies; his intellectual cravings are not keen; he has accepted the creed imposed on him so completely as a matter of course, that if he recognizes the existence of Protestantism at all, it is probably to confound it with Atheism, or to deem it the more pernicious error of the two. His mother-wit and his bonhomie are his most engaging qualities; but the one does not save him from superstition nor the other from

uncharitable narrowness. M. Roux has perhaps two points in common with this familiar type. He is of humble origin, his father being an artisan of Tulle; he is also a devout Catholic, who has deemed it needful to terminate his book by this formal disclaimer:

"I declare that I retract every passage of this book which, however remotely, may seem to contradict religion and morality. No thought ought to be avowed unless it is Catholic. All which did not belong to the Roman Empire formerly bore the name of Barbarism; all which does not now belong to the Roman Church bears the name of Error. However ingenious a philosopher may deem himself or may be deemed, he propagates darkness and not light, scandal and not peace, unless he teaches like Peter, with Peter . . . . "

Here, and in a few other *Pensées*, we recognize the conscientious Romish priest; but our typical country curé, with his ignorant contentment and gossiping good-nature, is not discoverable in the book at all. Its author is not only serious, deep-thinking, contemplative; there is in him a melancholy vein which sometimes passes into bitterness; his too clear perception of human weaknesses and absurdities has nothing of the humorist's gaiety. Only in the rare and tender pathos of certain delicately touched incidents and figures we seem to perceive that the artist smiled compassionately while he worked. The sadness and heart-weariness which often breathes from the page cease to be mysterious when we study the circumstances of the writer's life—the people among whom he has lived, the office he has filled among them. The first are photographed for us in that section of the book entitled "La Campagne; les Paysans." Here we ought to find a picture of ideal beauty, if it were possible to trust the word of such democratic enthusiasts as the poet critic Swinburne, who cannot find language too rapturous for the marvellous change wrought by the Revolution in "that miserable and terrible multitude" which exchanged "the degradation of the lowest populace for the revelation of the highest people—for the world-wide apocalypse of France." We ought surely to see this astonishing transformation very visibly revealed among those good peasants who constitute the mass

of the "highest people," and who have profited so largely by the sweeping away of seigneurial privileges and by the redistribution of land. On them, indeed, the *ancien régime* weighed like a terrible nightmare; and its removal ought to have been like the return of daylight and reason to a spell-bound sufferer. Let us see what the Abbé Roux says of his countrymen to-day:—

"Madame de Sévigné and La Bruyère have written about the peasants certain gloomy pages which our economists and politicians, singularly moved, and with good reason, are wont to quote triumphantly: 'Ah! how much better is the condition of the country people, thanks to the Revolution!'

"In truth, the lot of the peasant is still the same.

"Take a great lady, accustomed to the splendours of the Faubourg, or some prince of finance, captivated by the luxury and comfort of Paris; show to them, all at once, and on the spot, the sordid dwelling of one of our good peasants, his wretched bed, his filthy table, his coarse bread, his harsh and heavy linen, his ignoble clothing, his sickening food, his nauseous beverage, his bitter, narrow, desolate life, cheated by every one, deceived by every one, embittered by every one; show them this, all this, and the rest, and if they do not utter the cry of horror, of pity, perhaps, wrung from the great moralist and the good-hearted letter-writer, it is because they have neither sense nor feeling."

After such a description, we might expect to find that the Limousin peasant had to contend with a soil as ungrateful and with a climate as treacherous as those of Ireland, and that he himself was slothful and unthrifty. The exact contrary, however, is the case. The land is very fruitful and well cultivated; the generous earth bears wheat and vines, the chestnut and the walnut, the apple and the peach, maize and buckwheat; the poultry-yard and the dairy are flourishing; and the peasant is not only industrious, he is painfully thrifty; he turns everything into money, and has learnt to find a pleasure in stinting and saving.

Yet his life is squalid and wretched in the midst of material plenty, and with all his prudence he remains poor. For this paradox the Abbé Roux is not disinclined to blame the new *régime* and its system of taxation. He pictures the poor rustic between the hygienist and the rate-collector, the first saying, "Air is as necessary as bread; you must have air and

windows!" and the second: "So much money for every opening in your dwelling; pay!" with the inevitable result that three windows out of four are blocked up—as in England during the dark days of the great war and its window-tax. He quotes also the words of "a child of the people," an ardent industrialist, who reproaches the peasantry with submitting to pay in taxes "three and four-tenths of their incomes," though their fathers shrieked lustily when from them only one-tenth was exacted. And without doubt these exactions will account for some of the peasants' suffering; but not for all.

The explanation of much that is miserable in his lot must be sought in his own character, which is nearly the same as in the days of oppression. Listen again to the Abbé Roux:—"The people of Tulle call our peasants *peccata*, a significant nickname. The peasant is in truth *sin*, original sin, still persisting and visible in all its brutal simplicity."

The greater part of the observations following these words do but add light and shade and colour to this grim outline. The peasant, "a man much in the sense that a block of marble is a statue," has some of a child's defects; he is a little untruthful, for he has not acquired the art of expressing his thoughts plainly; he can be caught with flattery; he has the contempt for women noticeable in savages and young boys. But there is nothing child-like in his money-worship, in his terrible parsimony. There are peasants who will not supply their household with clothing, though they find money for food; the poor wife has to eke out her scanty supplies by a kind of innocent theft; by the secret sale of eggs or butter. There are others who will calmly watch their childhood's home, with all its little heirlooms, being destroyed by fire, since it is fully insured! They do not care to check the flames, for the money they will receive dazzles their imagination. So intense is their devotion to money-saving, that it is hardly untrue to say "they die of hunger all their life in order to have a sufficient livelihood after death;" they grudge the expense of a doctor for themselves, but not for their cattle; the ox, the cow, the ass, are more precious than life; nor should the poet Dupont be blamed, who represents the peasant as saying that he could

better bear the death of his Jeanne—the wife whom he loves—than the death of his oxen. It must be remembered "that a woman costs nothing, and that oxen cost much; that a peasant can work and live without his wife, but not without his oxen." It is ignorance then that makes some people scoff at the Decalogue; "Moses knew the men he had to deal with."

Parsimony produces in this rustic the appearance of certain virtues which he does not really possess.

"There is not in creation an animal more sober than the peasant in his own home, less sober than the peasant away from home."

He objects to excess only when it is expensive. And it is not advisable to listen to the songs that he sings when his heart is merry with wine; there is neither wit nor decency in them.

What is the religion, what the sustaining faith of this being who does not love those who do him good, but fears those who wrong him; who is careless of securing the good opinion of an honest and therefore inoffensive man, but who takes pains to conciliate the rascal who may injure him? According to the Abbé Roux, the religion of the peasantry among whom he has so long laboured is really Deism, tinged with Paganism, and deeply dyed with superstition. "The peasant still lives under the law of fear; the law of love is a dead letter for him." Patient and resigned as he often shows himself, submitting in humble silence to the ravages of desolating hailstorms; he is capable sometimes of "Satanic revolts;" incredible as such rage may seem in its combined impiety and imbecility.

"Madmen have been seen shaking their fist in the face of Heaven, or aiming their loaded gun at the zenith and firing it off without blenching, as if they hoped to precipitate from His throne Him who reigns on high!" The peasant's love for the ministers of religion is small; he does not consider them very useful or necessary on the one hand, he suspects them of magical powers on the other. "Everybody knows that it is the *curés* who cause hailstorms," says a peasant woman; for was it not yesterday that the priest of such a parish was seen

bathing his arms up to the elbow in a fountain, then scattering the water abroad as he would holy-water, while he lifted his eyes to heaven and muttered something? and did not the hailstorm follow these proceedings? It is true the day was very hot, and the priest had stopped at the fountain to let his horse drink, but that was only a pretext.

In danger or distress the peasant will more readily apply for aid to a professional sorceress than to either priest or physician. Not even Paul Bert himself can deprive the peasant of faith; but what is the object of his most obstinate belief?—not always the Gospel.

"The rustic, in spite of schoolmasters, in spite of priests, still believes in witches and wizards, like the Romans, like the Gauls. Canidia is not dead, nor is Velléda;" they are re-incarnated in *La Merigale;* and this personage, the white witch of the Limousin, is a thriving and well-paid professional, consulted and relied on in spite of her failures.

So far the picture is very sombre; to leave it in unrelieved gloom would be unjust. The hard-toiling rustic, patient, sober, resigned as he is when engaged in his daily work, sometimes also shows a sweet and rare constancy in his domestic affections; the cares of this world are a heavy yoke on his neck, but they do not always crush him into the dust. Now and then also you find in a humble and tender wife and mother the ministering angel of a whole neighbourhood, helpful in deed and word, right-thinking and finely feeling. How is it that souls capable of so much that is good should not rise higher? How is it they remain content with a narrow, sordid, squalid life? We can see in imagination the Abbé Roux, a grave and massive figure, as he is described for us, going to and fro among his half-hostile and quite uncomprehending parishioners, asking himself such questions, and finding the answer difficult. Here in a picture from the life that he paints for us—a little study in the manner of Rembrandt—we see him at his priestly work, and perhaps shall find that he gives us unconsciously the clue to the mystery:

"The poor child was on the point of death. They lighted a taper to do honour to the Holy Eucharist, and also to make it possible to see in that gloomy den. The spectators knelt on the damp ground. Insensibly my

eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and I could discern the surrounding objects. The little cowherd was lying on a platform of ill-joined boards: his bolster was made of straw thatch, his sheet of packing-cloth; his vest and trousers, with I knew not what other shapeless rag, served for a quilt. . . . In the midst of this squalor, the child beamed with innocence and resignation. Only his face and the priest's surplice showed white; everything else was tan-coloured or livid in that hut, where the palpable obscurity seemed to crush the timid light of the taper. . . . There was heard a rattling of chains; first one animal's head and then another emerged from an opening in the partition near the pallet. It was a cow and an ass, stretching their heads affectionately towards the scarcely covered feet of him who used to tend them. . . . Tears sprang into my eyes, and as Christmas was at hand, I seemed to be transported to Bethlehem, on that memorable night; all was there—the stable, the manger, the child Jesus, since all the poor are representatives of Him; that woman, the mother, represented her who was highly favoured; these men, Joseph, the Shepherds, the Wise Men; that shining light, the wondrous Star; those two humble beasts, the ox and the ass; I myself, the minister of Salvation, the angel sent to announce the great joy."

In all simplicity a very lofty, if not the loftiest, part is assigned to the priest, for has he not "shed on the gentle patient the words of absolution, and laid on the lip already cold the God of all consolation"? words employed without any suspicion how tremendous is the character of the assumption therein implied. For this priest himself is humble; the arrogance is in the creed which his Church has formulated for him and imposed upon him, accrediting him with powers so far more than magical, that it cannot be deemed wonderful if a profoundly ignorant peasantry regards the possessor of such powers as a superior and authorized kind of sorcerer. "The peasants do not seem much the better for the sermons that they hear," admits Joseph Roux; "true; but how much worse they would soon appear, if they heard few sermons or none!" And we willingly grant this; but it must remain a weighty and terrible reproach to the Church of Rome, that after having had its own way entirely with this population during long Christian centuries, save for the brief space of the Revolutionary period before Napoleon, it can give no better account of its stewardship than *this*; that the peasant, after generations of the Church's teaching, is a deist merely, when he is not a pagan. Nor is this all; the religion which he

has accepted in blind submission to authority, the religion which has not been demonstrated to him as *reasonable*, is now imperilled: the apostles of infidelity lay siege to the peasant's faith which, all faulty as it was, still had a seed of salvation in it; "a new monster has recently appeared; *the impious peasant;*" and we may thank for his appearance those sinister teachers who "fill his pocket with mischievous newspapers and his heart with brutal covetousness." But some blame also is due to the Church which has kept its poor children ignorant and devout, and has left them weaponless against the specious arguments of Atheist and Communist. The Abbé Roux, a devout son of the Church, is incapable of making these reflections; but it is all but impossible not to find such conclusions suggested by his melancholy picture of his surroundings; it is impossible, too, not to feel a profound pity for the man of keen perceptions, of reflective spirit, and of sensitive heart, who has drawn this picture for us.

We do not pity him much less when we find him casting his sad and serious glance over the literary record of his fatherland, and lamenting the heathen character of the Renaissance in France, which

"aroused the *old man* who was not dead but sleeping; stirred up that Pagan, corrupt, intractable, and scoffing sediment which is in every man, and under the pretext of liberty and art, gave itself up body and soul to harmonious falsehood, eloquent vice, erudite wickedness. . . . Once more, everything was God except God Himself; the Prince of this world, after a downfall of many ages, reascended his throne; Pagan civilization flourished again.

"What is Villon? an obscene Pagan; Marot? a frivolous Pagan; Ronsard? a learned Pagan; Malherbe? a Pagan purist. Boileau himself is a Pagan; Racine, a Pagan also. Jodelle sacrificed seriously a goat to Bacchus, according to the Greek ritual. Boileau gravely invoked, perruque on head, that Phœbus and that Pegasus at whose names the augurs of Cicero's day laughed, and Horace and Varro, the guests of Augustus, yawned.

"Where is Jesus? Will He be found after three days in the temple? How can He be found there if He is not sought there?

"The eighteenth century regarded nothing with respect, not even Pegasus and Phœbus. You could not have said that this age believed in God, had it not recognized Him in its own peculiar style, by blaspheming Him. This third Paganism, of which Voltaire is the only God, breathes

forth first an odour of the gambling-hells and places yet more infamous —then of the scaffold. . . . Since that time the wheel-track of Paganism grows visibly deeper . . . full now of mud, it will perhaps soon be full of blood. . . ."

The picture may seem overcharged, but we who have suffered comparatively little from the recrudescence of heathenism thus portrayed must be careful in our judgment, and before condemning the Abbé Roux as a gloomy caricaturist, we must remember that in France the Renaissance was forcibly deprived of its natural complement, the Reformation; no religious revival was permitted there to work side by side with the literary revival, controlling and correcting it. That wholesome co-operation was rendered impossible by wars, massacres, dragonnades, in long succession; not even Port-Royal could be tolerated; thus no parallel can be found in French annals for the great religious awakening, so mighty in its indirect influence on both the literature and morals of England during the eighteenth century; instead of Wesley, hapless France had Voltaire; instead of Cowper, Rousseau. And scarcely was the latest persecution of Huguenot and Jansenist at an end, when the unchecked literary heathenism of France culminated naturally in the undisguised atheism of the Reign of Terror. There is a grotesque appropriateness in the classicalism of speech and thought affected by the chief actors in that sanguinary drama, who were never weary of attitudinizing and declaiming, like the stage-heroes of Corneille and of Voltaire. All their being was really saturated with this imitative Paganism, which was their best substitute for a free and noble religious faith.

"When," cries the Abbé Roux, "when shall we be altogether Christians . . . in thought, in word, in deed, in writing?" The answer which springs naturally to our lips would sound in his ears like a blasphemy. For not in England, not in Germany, not in any land over which the regenerating breath of a new religious life has once freely blown, do we find the curious Pagan taint which has long pervaded the ethics as well as the style of French writers and speakers, and which makes French art sometimes more heathen than the nobler art of frankly idolatrous periods.

"Antique art clothed the human body with modesty and with majesty; modern art unclothes even nakedness itself. It is shameless and sometimes impudent. Athens spread a soul over the flesh; Paris spreads flesh over the soul. The Greek statue blushed; the French statue makes the beholder blush . . ." a hard judgment, but not entirely unmerited by artists in whom consummate technical skill is sometimes found allied with a cynical contempt of human decency.

From the modern heathenism which remains dark in the midst of light, our author turns gladly to those sublime ancients who were honestly but not wilfully heathen, and whose lofty heads shine afar, gathering to themselves the stray rays of light that announced the coming day-star amid the darkness of antiquity. He regards with enthusiastic affection the noble Latin language, and the Greek, with its "sovereign sweetness;" he dwells fondly on the great writers in either tongue; Homer and Virgil are especially precious to him, names not to be spoken without a naïve joy; while he claims the "epic inspiration" for the troubadours and the trouvères of earlier France, it is Homer and his "sublime child's stories" over which he lingers with the most caressing fondness. Homer is "the genius of the ancient ages;" above him there is no one "except Job and Moses, those incomparable *secretaries of the true God.*" And this priest, who is honest enough to admit that one can be a Christian without being a Catholic—("even heresy and schism are Christian," he grants)—is not quite imprisoned within the limits of orthodoxy and of his college acquirements; he looks wistfully beyond both, beyond the shores, too, of modern France, to hail the great names of Shakespeare, of Goethe, of Schiller, "whose dramas, even when translated and ill-translated, attract, transport, and move one singularly;" he shows also a considerable acquaintance with the lesser stars of English, German, and Spanish literature. Among his books—those silent eloquent friends who ever sympathize, and never reproach—one perceives that the lonely *curé* spends his happiest moments. But it is not in these happiest seasons always that he is most impressive; it is not in his literary judgments—finely felt as they often are and expressed with

incisive neatness—that he is most noticeably original; therefore a few more citations from the section on Literature are all that we shall permit ourselves. Here is an enthusiastic appreciation of Shakespeare:—"Greater than history, as great as poetry, he alone would suffice for the literature of a nation;" a phrase which might have been signed by the Victor Hugo for whom our abbé has only this limited admiration:—"This masculine genius strikes strongly, if not often correctly. Not content with rambling, he raves." "It is himself that he pursues, that he admires, that he loves, that he adores; himself always, himself everywhere, himself alone."

"A courtier's head and a courtesan's heart" is an epigram flung at Voltaire, "since whose time we sneer, we laugh no longer." Bitter as this is, it is more true than the comparison of Byron to a high-mettled steed, impatient of curb and rein, "whom people consider vicious, when he is only freakish." In George Sand he recognizes, as did Carlyle, nothing but "a great . . . improper female;" "like Circe, she changes her lovers into beasts;" but in the Romanist Tom Moore he sees only patriotism and grace. Probably what is one-sided and faulty in these judgments may be credited either to the writer's intensely Catholic prepossessions, or to his limited acquaintance with the foreign authors on whom he pronounces too favourably. But whatever the cause, there is much more individual flavour in his observations on men than in his criticisms on books. The following parable, with its deep, terrible meaning, reveals the secret of his peculiar detestation for Voltaire. The ministers of Hell, summoned to a council, are quarrelling about a question of precedence; Satan promises the seat at his right hand to "the most worthy;" Lust, Falsehood, Pride, put forth their conflicting claims; the decision is difficult, until "Sarcasm is heard to say sneeringly, 'Not one of them is more worthy than I am, Satan. The evil which they cause is trifling compared with what I can do. People overcome these, from me they cannot escape; these destroy individuals, I destroy empires; these encourage vice, I discourage virtue. By me enthusiasm expires, justice succumbs, truth becomes afraid, duty ashamed; *Derisor perdet civitatem . . .*'

"'Take your place at my right hand!' says Satan."

Does this parable overstate the evil might of that modern fiend, the spirit of derision which finds food for ridicule in the most sacred things? Like a Will o' the Wisp, bred of corruption, he rises and floats gaily and mockingly over those "periods of decay" which "multiply the singular contrast of a noble intelligence and a vile character." Is ours such a period? Is it one in which it is not rare to find "gifted minds that have first lost their purity, then their manliness?" These are questions which a rightly thinking Englishman may address to himself with a certain apprehension, but, let us hope, not with quite so much alarm as our French Catholic neighbour.

"Simple, innocent, candid, naïf." . . . These words assume a meaning which raises a smile, just in proportion as public morals assume a character which calls forth tears."

The degradation of words in this sense is by no means peculiar to France; there was a time when the English word *silly* meant *sinless;* the application of the following stinging aphorisms, too, is wide as humanity:

"What is our experience? A poor little hut, constructed with the ruins of those golden and marble palaces which we call our illusions."

"Genius makes its way with difficulty, because the world is in the hands of two omnipotences—that of the wicked and that of the foolish."

"'Rejoice, if you have neither virtues nor vices; people will say you are good; be comforted, if you lack mind and imagination; people will deem you sensible and practical,' says the isolated thinker, whose voice has a certain thrill of indignation when he speaks of souls that are buried alive, hearts that are buried alive, intelligences that are buried alive—and who cares?"

Hitherto there has been always melancholy, and sometimes bitterness in the words we have quoted from this writer, who but the other day, could be numbered with these buried-alive intelligences; let us now turn to passages somewhat mournful still, but no longer bitter, since they speak of divine consolations, and witness to a sovereign confidence in the eternal truth.

"Many philosophers imitate that maniac who in broad daylight closed his shutters and wrote by candle-light. The wisdom of the ancients is the candle; eternal wisdom, manifested in the Gospel, is the noonday sun."

"If the *Son of Mary* is only a great philosopher, whence comes it, O freethinkers! that you love his philosophy so little and profess it so ill?"

"They do nothing but this; on the one side to affirm the eternity of Matter, on the other to contest the eternity of Life. Oh! contradiction! Oh! misery!"

"Philosophers have named God 'the great Unknown.' 'The great Misunderstood' would be more correct."

"O thou who art calumniated!—patience! God knows; thou who art misunderstood,—resignation! God sees; thou who art forgotten,—hope! God remembers."

"All is against us, even we ourselves; God alone loves us well, it is He alone whom we repulse!"

It would be easy to multiply similar citations, did space permit; we will limit ourselves to only two more, the first being a little parable in dialogue form, which expresses well the attitude of its writer in face of life and its mysteries.

"*The Grain of Wheat.*—O sower! why dost thou abandon me? Having survived winter frosts and summer storms, how I suffered when thou didst pluck me from the ripened ear and shut me up in a gloomy granary! Thou carest no more for me! Alas! I hoped to nourish thee one day, that is to say, to become flesh of thy body and blood in thy veins. . . . O sower, why abandon me?"

"*The Sower.*—I abandon thee not, I quit thee for a time. Soon we shall meet again. . . . Be fruitful. Wait. Do not complain. Do thy work. Thou must be reaped, I will reap thee; I abandon thee not.

"*Man.*—Sower of beings, why hast thou cast me on the earth, naked and alone? Day, night, summer, winter, I suffer. Dost thou know that I am wretched, nothingness being past for me and heaven not yet come? Why hast thou cast me on the earth naked and alone, Sower of beings?

"*God.*—I have not thrown thee away, I have confided thee to the fertilizing soil. Grow and prosper. In harvest time I will gather thee, and thou shalt be laid, a fragrant offering, on the table of the Father of the Household. I have not cast thee away."

Closely following on these confiding words we find a twilight scene, whose mellow dimness serves as a background to the figure of a fervent watcher, who looks not backward but forward and upward, with a tranquil, hopeful eye.

"The blue lake sleeps amid the green grass; the star of heaven reflected in its waters seems to hang below the glow-worm sparkling on the bank. Nature is wrapped in such tranquillity that we distinguish all the small sounds of evening: the cry of the grasshopper and of the toad, the mur-

muring breeze, the twittering bird, who is not yet asleep amid the leaves, though he has ceased singing. . . . . It is night, and the air is transparent; we shiver, yet the weather is mild; the soil resounds; space vibrates. . . . . The solitude is populous; the silence speaks. . . . . I look at the firmament; I question the earth; I examine myself also.

"What is this great universe? And I, what am I?

"I am here below a colonist of the Lord God.

"All that I see and hear, near, far off, at my feet, and above my head, has been created by God for me.

"This God, I ought to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him. Thus I shall enter into His joy—*Fiat!*"

Let us leave here the lonely dreamer, whose saddest musings are brightened by a gleam of trustful joy, and who has been able to retain the freedom of his soul even while his intelligence wears the fetters of the Romish priesthood. Having thought, observed, and suffered during fifty years without losing faith and hope, he will hardly lose them now.

ART. IV.—MR. ARNOLD'S REPORT ON CONTINENTAL EDUCATION.

1. *Special Report on certain points connected with Elementary Education in Germany, Switzerland, and France.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1886.
2. *First Report of the Royal Commission appointed to Inquire into the Working of the Elementary Education Acts, England and Wales.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. 1886.
3. *Die oeffentlichen Volkschulen in Preussischen Staate.* Berlin. 1883.
4. *Annuaire de l'Enseignement Elementaire.* Publié sous la Direction de M. Jost, Délégué dans les Fonctions d'Inspecteur Général de l'Instruction Publique. Paris. 1886.

5. *Dictionnaire de Pedagogie.* Sous la direction de M. Buisson. Paris. 1883.
6. *The Educational Code of the Prussian Nation in its Present Form.* London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

THE reports here introduced to our readers will remind them that the question of elementary education in this country is once more the subject of a Government inquiry. That inquiry has not been undertaken one moment too soon. The rapid extension of our educational system during the past fifteen years has greatly multiplied the interests involved in its administration, and has also given rise to complex and unforeseen problems which demand a prompt solution. Moreover, the Board Schools established by the Act of 1870 are being managed in some localities in a spirit of rivalry with the voluntary schools they were intended to supplement, which not only places these latter at a serious disadvantage, but even threatens them in many cases with total extinction. On the other hand, the small country schools, which number *more than half the whole*, have been seriously weighted by the growing demands of the Department at Whitehall, and by the ever-increasing severity of the conditions on which the grant is made to depend. These schools, which stand in need of the greatest consideration, are sustained at very considerable risk by their promoters; and though they are carried on both economically so far as the country is concerned, and efficiently, they are at this moment in greater difficulties than at any previous period of their history. In addition to all this, the condition into which our education has been brought by the dominance, for a quarter of a century, of the principle of "payment for results" is one which loudly calls for correction. The baneful effects of this principle were predicted in this Review many years ago; and the results of the past twenty years have too fully confirmed the unfavourable criticism which we gave of it from the first. The Government, therefore, acted wisely in appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Elementary Education Acts, and the Education Department deserves equal credit for the promptitude with which it determined to make an official

inquiry into the state of education on the Continent, especially in reference to those particulars which were made the subject of discussion during the general election. This latter step was specially necessary, because the last decade has been a period of great educational activity both in France and Germany, in which new methods have been introduced, new systems projected, and in many particulars a totally new direction has been given to popular education. Mr. Arnold, who had twice previously been sent to inquire into the systems of education in use in foreign countries, and to report upon them, was again sent to Germany, Switzerland, and France, and the scope and results of his inquiry are now before us in a report which is at least a model of lucidity, whatever may be in other respects its shortcomings. To the First Report of the Commission and to Mr. Arnold's Report the country will naturally turn with eager interest, in order to see what light they throw upon our present position, and what directions they contain for our future guidance. Mr. Arnold's report occupies twenty-five pages, and is presented to us in a clear and systematic form. The report of the Commission is more than twenty times as long, consisting as it does of 543 pages of evidence presented in the form of question and answer, and of statistical documents. It is more difficult to understand and digest in proportion to its length and character. Our remarks will, therefore, be mainly confined to the shorter report, which is complete in itself, and bears upon matters which have for us just now the greatest importance.

Although Mr. Arnold had more than once before reported on Continental education, and had produced charmingly written volumes, he had not shown the faculty of the statistician or the practical statesman, either in respect of the information which he gathered or the skill of analysis and induction with which he marshalled figures and facts. In the present case his task, if it were to be done effectually, involved the use of precisely those faculties of the statistician and the practical statesman in which he is confessedly wanting. Hence we have a report, not without its merit, and pervaded by an evident spirit of fairness—an intelligent and

amiable report, but one which is very disappointing. Its omissions are such as to detract most seriously from its pertinence and its value.

Mr. Arnold was instructed to inquire as to the following points in relation to German, Swiss, and French popular education:—

1. Free education; 2. Quality of education; 3. Status, training, and pensioning of teachers; 4. Compulsory attendance and release from school. As to the first of these points, he has presented us with a summary of evidence more complete and decisive than that which he has gathered as to the other points of his inquiry, and which is, on the whole, strongly opposed to free education, and confirmatory of the views that have been advocated in this Review. In the present article, however, we do not think it necessary to reopen this question, or that of compulsion, but shall confine our remarks to the second and third points in the Report, especially the second, which relates to the "quality of education" in the countries visited by Mr. Arnold.

As to the "quality of education," Mr. Arnold, in his comparative view, gives by far the greatest share of his attention to German schools. It is necessary, in considering the case of German schools, to remember the social and religious conditions, and also, more or less, the educational history of Germany. In Protestant Germany, especially Lutheran Germany, as in Scotland, educational organization was a direct, and in many parts of Roman Catholic Germany it was an indirect, effect of the Reformation. It was made part and parcel of the ecclesiastical organization. National education—popular education—came to Germany very early—three centuries ago, whereas popular liberty came to Germany very late. Mr. Arnold reminds us that compulsory education, in a stringent form, was established in Prussia so long ago as 1763, all parents being required to send their children to school from the age of five to fourteen. At that time the Prussian population were still, except the nobles and burgesses, in a condition of unmitigated serfdom, while the Crown had despotic sway over every class. Hence there was no struggle of sturdy, uninstructed liberty against

the salutary but, as Englishmen would have thought, hard decree. Not till fifty years later was serfdom, even in theory and in legal allowance, done away in Prussia. Nor was the work of emancipation completed in Germany till a good many years later. Whereas in England liberty came first and national education much later. Serfdom was done away in England more than two centuries earlier than in Germany. Compulsory education came a century later.

To this day, liberty in Germany is very unlike liberty in England. The drill and discipline of the millennial serfdom, the long centuries of social and religious stereotype—even liberty of conscience, in its most rudimentary form, having, till very recent years, been totally unknown—have left ineffaceable grooves of habit and sentiment on the people. When Mr. Mark Pattison reported on German schools nearly thirty years ago for a Royal Commission on Education—and it is well to read his report in connection with Mr. Arnold's—he wrote the following passage :—

"The influence of the elementary school on national character and national civilization appears to me to have been estimated too highly in this discussion, and power for good and for evil ascribed to it which it does not possess. As soon as the German youth leaves school he ceases to learn, or to have any motive for doing so. No one around him thinks of acquiring information except in his own pursuit (*Fach*). He is content to pursue, with a sort of military precision, the track of his profession and its adherent information. He is the creature of forms, and walks leisurely by rule. If the true form of civilization be political struggle, commercial enterprise, fortunes rapidly made and lost, ships, colonies, manufactures, European interests, then is the German Bauer, who is happy with his pipe, the society of his friends, the gossip of the town, and his few acres of land, not far advanced in civilization; but with this social difference the elementary school has little to do. It is a product, not a cause of civilization. The children learn to read, write, and cipher as a matter of course, just as they learn to talk, or to dress as neatly as they can afford. To be without the power of reading and writing would be to want one of the social comforts to which the whole population has been accustomed, and beyond this it does not calculate or aim."—*Report*, p. 243.

Although during the twenty-five years which have elapsed since this passage was written there have been great changes in Germany and in many parts, especially in some large towns,

there has been considerable social progress, yet for the most part Germany, in the respects spoken of, is little changed.* We have quoted the passage because it shows how strikingly the case of Germany is the converse of that of England, and that for a nation the mere education of schools, apart from that which liberty of movement and action affords, is as defective as the education which is the mere result of untrained and untutored liberty, apart from the organized education of national instruction. In England, liberty of movement, variety of industries, free organization of labour, self-governing institutions, furnished the basis of national self-education, and have carried manliness, self-reliance, and home comfort and dignity, far and wide through the land, and even among all but the lowest and most neglected of the working classes. In Germany, schools have furnished the main basis of civilization and progress; in some places, and in certain respects, the result is highly satisfactory, but, on the whole, the people of the soil, even with compulsory education, have not attained by any means to the ordinary level of refinement and comfort even in lowly English homes, and are far inferior in general activity of mind. It is impossible to apply the same maxims and principles of educational organization to nations so strongly in contrast with each other as Germany and England; and this will have to be borne in mind throughout our study of Mr. Arnold's report.

There were, however, some parts of Germany that were a striking contrast to the rest in the respects of which we have spoken. We refer now particularly to the great free ports, of which Hamburg has long been the chief. In Hamburg, the local liberty, the commercial activity, the manufacturing energy of England have co-existed with the German habits and traditions of school culture derived from the age of the Reformation. As a kingdom, Saxony, also, though not, like Hamburg, full of free life, has always been distinguished among German countries as foremost in culture and civilization. It was the

* In *La Société et les Mœurs Allemands*—an authorized translation by M. Victor Tissot, from the German of Dr. Johannes Scherr (Paris: 1879)—we find the German author describing as a leading feature in the German character "le manque d'élasticité et d'initiative de notre peuple."

very home and sanctuary of the Reformation—its princes were distinguished for their enlightenment. It has long been the seat of the arts, its universities are distinguished for learning, and it is renowned for its manufactures, both useful and artistic. Prussia, in comparison, is even yet a country of far inferior education and refinement.* Mr. Arnold was instructed to compare, as a whole, English with German education; it was a special part of his work to compare the country schools of Germany with the rural schools of England. This last point he has totally neglected. He has given a description at length of schools in Hamburg. He has also given some account of schools in Saxony. On the strength of what he has seen in these schools, he pronounces the education of Germany generally to be superior to that of England. And in so doing, he has shut his eyes to broad, wholesale views of matter of fact as to country school education, which were close to him, on which, in the latter part of his Report, he seems as if he were about to touch, but does not touch, and which would have led him to a different conclusion. He has also described the methods and principles of public elementary education in England in a surprising fashion, such as suggests that, in his inspectorship, English principles and processes of education have formed no serious part of his study, and that he has concerned himself mainly with paper-work and obvious results such as a passing visit of inspection might reveal. On this subject his statements are in contradiction to the recognized principles and maxims, and to the ordinary practice of English educational science as set forth by its professors, as embodied in its training systems, and as exemplified by its best teachers, for much more than a generation past. If inspectors like Mr. Arnold have not understood these subjects, and have had to visit Germany to learn their

* But, while this is true, it is proper also to note that among the countries of Germany, Saxony seems to be pre-eminent for immorality and misery. See Dr. Hayman's review of Von Œttingen's *Moral-statistik* in the *Fortnightly Review* for October last. The statistics given in this article as to suicides, including many boys and girls; as to murder and crime in general, illegitimacy and divorce, show a terrible rate of increase, and are absolutely appalling. So also are the statistics of Berlin and Munich in relation to the like points.

meaning and value, that fact is one to be noted by the Royal Commission on Education in its bearing on the qualifications of her Majesty's inspectors, who should certainly undergo some examination as to the theory and processes of education, and have gained some familiarity with its actual and every-day practice in the schools of the country, such as mere visits of inspection, or even of "surprise," will not afford.

Mr. Arnold was instructed to obtain materials for comparing the quality of German education with English by getting the teachers in German schools to set papers in dictation and arithmetic, on the model of those which are set in English schools under the code, and then to bring the papers away with him that they might be compared with similar papers worked in English schools. He altogether failed on this point. The German teachers were unwilling to meet his wishes, and he was too polite to press them. He, in fact, accepts and defends their *non possumus*. There was, first of all, he says, the difficulty that the English examination-cards contain questions in English money, and weights and measures. But then it was never to be imagined that the English cards were to be given to the German children. The German teachers were to be asked to set their own questions, and as their tables of calculation are all decimal, there could have been no difficulty on that score. Vulgar fractions and decimal arithmetic might surely have been tested in the way suggested. The comparison should have been favourable to the Germans because of the simplicity of all their arithmetic. He proceeds, however, to add as a justification for not even attempting a comparison in vulgar and decimal arithmetic, that "the whole spirit and course of teaching in a foreign school was opposed to setting in school hours a number of sums and leaving the children to do them by themselves." "Our notion," he proceeds to say, "is to give the children the rule for doing a sum and then test them by seeing if by that rule they can do so many sums right." It is very surprising if that has been Mr. Arnold's notion; certainly it has never been the notion held or taught in English training colleges, or by any English writers on the principles or methods of teaching. For half a century it has

been exploded in the best schools of the country, elementary or secondary, and there is no high-class work on arithmetic which does not give the denial to Mr. Arnold's statement. Let him, for example, refer to any edition of Chambers' Arithmetic, as published for many years past, to Cornwall and Fitch's Arithmetic—and these are only two of many high-class manuals on the subject—and he will see how complete is his error. Or let him refer to his colleague Dr. Fitch's *Lectures on Teaching*, and learn from that book how different are the English "notions" on the subject from that which he formulates. No doubt there are faulty teachers of arithmetic in English schools, as there are also, we cannot doubt, in German schools. But if English arithmetic were as simple as German —if the vexations of our incommensurate money system, and our difficult and complex weights and measures could be done away—we could afford to be as slow and leisurely about our work as German teachers, and as little anxious about practice and proved quickness and proficiency in the work.

"The notion of a German teacher," we are told, "is that the school-hour for arithmetic is to be employed in ascertaining that the children understand the rule and the processes to which it is applied. When, therefore, in order to test a class I put a sum in vulgar fractions upon the blackboard, the teacher, as a matter of course, asked me to call up children to the blackboard and let them work it before me, giving their reasons for every stage in the process."

Doubtless, this is good and proper, so far as it goes; and if Mr. Arnold were to visit picked schools in Liverpool, Birmingham, or London, or in any of our best towns, or even in rural districts, he would be able to witness a process gone through in such schools, analogous to that which he admired in the picked schools of Hamburg. But the English school would also furnish the test of practice—ready and accurate practice. Our complicated arithmetic and our limited school time alike demand in English schools that the test of practical expertness should always be kept in view. Our children cannot be retained at school as whole-day scholars till fourteen. Nor are our children, like those in Germany, kept in school for thirty-two hours a week. Bright, lively, rapid work is neces-

sary, if our English elementary education is to be accomplished within the necessary limits of time and age. And with our English school-rooms, so much better ventilated and better appointed than the German, our English shorter hours of confinement in school, and our superior national liveliness and energy, such work can be and is secured.

In connection with this subject we may note that our own English Code (Art. 31, Instructions) lays it down "that knowledge of the reasons of processes and mental arithmetic is to be considered in estimating the intelligence of the teaching for the Merit Grant." "Mental arithmetic" is an exercise in which German schools, we imagine, would scarcely challenge English schools. That article shows, however, that in requiring practice and proficiency in such work, "the reasons of the processes" are not to be lost sight of either by the teacher or the scholar. Such, indeed, are the arithmetical questions prepared and given by the English Education Department for solution in our elementary schools, that, without knowledge of the principles and reasons of arithmetical processes, many of them could not be answered. Comparing the Hamburg programme, the comprehensiveness of which Mr. Arnold signalizes, with our own, as indicated in the Schedules and Instructions (28–31) of the Code, we find that our English scheme includes all that is contained in the Hamburg programme, and more.

Mr. Arnold compares the German dictation-lesson with our own, seeming to prefer the German. But he makes strangely light of the differences between the German and English languages in respect of spelling. Moreover, English educational science, on other grounds, would condemn the slow German method and prefer the English, especially as in English schools there is no chance of the thirty-two hours a week, or the eight years' unbroken whole-day schooling. The German children were brought up, one by one, to the blackboard, writing what was dictated, and being questioned on punctuation and other matters as they wrote. Thus Mr. Arnold could take away no dictation-exercises, any more than any arithmetical papers. In England, spelling is taught mainly through the reading-lesson, the irregularities of English

spelling being so numerous and so eccentric, that very few rules of any value, especially for the use of children, can be formulated or used. To bring an English boy before a class, and allow him to make mistakes in spelling for correction by the whole class, would certainly result in multiplying the errors of individual boys.

But it is evident that Mr. Arnold has not at all mastered or realized what are the points of special difference and difficulty as to English spelling. He compares the difficulties of English spelling with those of the German printed or written characters, and thinks that the one difficulty is about equal to the other. Now, to begin with, if the German boy has to master the Roman, the Gothic, and the cursive characters, the English boy has to master both the Roman and the written characters. It is, of course, true that the English written hand is not difficult like the German, but is an easy adaptation of the printed character. But then there is but the one initial difficulty of mastering one or two additional alphabets, which need not take any scholar many weeks. After that, there remains on this account no difficulty; whereas English spelling is a difficulty for years, there is scarcely any end of it. The English child has forty-two sounds represented by less than twenty-six effective letters, and varyingly represented by single letters and by combinations of letters in ways that are full of surprising anomalies. There are, consequently, such irregularities, such confusions, such an almost entire absence of law, that any attempt at defining and fixing a consistent use of any single English letter has been abandoned. The child, of necessity, must fall back, to a large extent, on the power and habit of recognizing the words as independent symbols, with but little help from the consideration of the elements of which they are composed. This applies to thousands of words. In regard to spelling and pronunciation, the French language presents difficulties fairly comparable to those of English, but the German language presents no such difficulties. When the special difficulties of the language are added to the special difficulties of the arithmetic, it will be seen how great are the disadvantages under which English school education lies as compared with German. Surely in a

report on the comparative quality of education in the two countries, the recognition of these difficulties should have formed an important element in the premises on which the final judgment would have to be based. But the one difficulty —as to arithmetic—Mr. Arnold ignores: the other—as to reading and spelling—he does not appear to understand.

Mr. Arnold makes a great point of the superiority of German and Swiss schools to English in respect of the teaching of foreign languages, in Hamburg of English, in Zurich of French. But he does not tell us, what is nevertheless a fact, that in the great mass of German schools no foreign language is taught—he merely says that the taking of a foreign language is generally optional; and he seems to have no perception of the fact that the teaching of foreign languages, in the cases to which he refers, is no part of a general national provision, is not provided for the sake of its mere educational value, or of the mental discipline which it affords; but is a necessary provision for the boys—as to girls' schools Mr. Arnold preserves a singular silence—if they are to have a good chance in life. To the working youth of Hamburg or Bremen, English is a necessary instrument of success in life's hard struggle. The great hope of independence and comfort for the German is emigration to England or America. To remain in Germany is, for most, to renounce the hope of prosperity and, as to many things, of liberty. English is the key which opens the gate leading to citizenship and comparative wealth among ninety millions of people, in America and in England and its colonies—the freest, most prosperous, and most friendly and sociable people in the world. Hence English is taught in the popular schools of some of Germany's largest cities, and especially in the great free ports. Whereas, to an English boy of the working classes German opens the way to little or nothing; English is what he needs. French to the son of a working man is of still less use than German. But arithmetic and mensuration are worth very much.' So also as to the teaching of French in a certain school in Zurich, of which Mr. Arnold speaks with so much admiration, noting especially that the minutest refinements of conversational and written French are taught, and intimating that no such marvels

are to be found in any English public elementary school. Mr. Arnold should surely have noted the special reasons which make such a fact, although not at all to be expected in an English elementary school, quite natural in a model public school of Zurich—a school, by-the-by, intended for all classes of the essentially middle-class population of Zurich, where social distinctions may be said to be almost unknown. Switzerland is everywhere, more or less, a bilingual country. German, French, and Italian interlace each other among those central mountains of Europe, where the boundaries of races and nations are commingled in a confederation of small republics, of which all the citizens are of equal grade, and have equal public rights and faculties. In the Grisons German and Italian, at Basel German and French, are mixed up as English and Welsh are in South Wales. At Zurich, where every third man speaks French, it is as natural, and almost as necessary, that the children should learn French as that English should be taught in the public elementary schools of Carnarvon. Foreign languages indeed are the customary equipment of the Swiss population for the business of life. They, as naturally, seek their living in other countries and among people of a foreign speech as English youths seek theirs in England or its colonies, or in America. The Swiss are the polyglot servitors of the nations. As waiters, as valets, as ladies' maids or nursemaids, as couriers, as tutors, as governesses, they gain in other countries the living which their own poor, though glorious, country, could not afford them, often returning to their own land with at least the foundation made good of a frugal competency. Accordingly, in the best popular school of Zurich, it is hardly a subject for admiration that French should be taught with great grammatical precision. Foreign students and instructors commonly understand and teach the niceties of syntax, and often even of idiom, more perfectly and with minuter care than the native teachers of the same language. What we complain of is that Mr. Arnold does not take conditions and circumstances into account, but compares the teaching of French in a middle-class school at Zurich with the teaching of French in English schools for the working classes, to the disparagement of the latter.

Mr. Arnold refers to the German system of lessons, corresponding more or less with what in England are described as object lessons, but, according to his report, much superior. In connection with this subject he quotes a German maxim to the effect that the progress in teaching must be "from the intuition to the notion, from concrete to abstract; and not, as was formerly the rule in teaching, from abstracts to concretes." If this sentence were not here in print, we should have held it to be impossible that any one with the least knowledge of teaching and also of the meaning of the words *abstract* and *concrete* could have made such an assertion. The very etymology of the word *abstract* might be sufficient to indicate that the only intelligible or conceivable order in teaching must be from concrete to abstract. No intelligent teacher of any nationality would be any wiser for hearing or reading the maxim, *Von der Anschauung nach dem Begriff*, unless it were for learning the German words and their meaning. Abstracts have, of course, no meaning apart from the concretes from which the abstraction is made. This homely piece of common knowledge has guided the processes and the instructions of teachers from the beginning. In the Scotch Training Colleges and in Battersea College, forty years ago and more, the principle was insisted upon and amply illustrated. And in all our standard works works on Education it has always been a guiding line of precept and exposition.* Let us here add that our English works on the Science of Education are, in fact, translated into the Continental languages and recognized as very high authorities.

In a comparison of English and German popular education it should have been impossible to ignore, or all but ignore, as Mr. Arnold has done, the fact that the English infant school prepares the way for the after-instruction of the children, lightens the task of education after the age of six, and justifies the adoption in England of a half-time system for the later years of the child's elementary education, and the reduction of the

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* See Currie's *Infant Education*, pp. 22-23; Herbert Spencer's *Education*, pp. 54-58; Bain's *Education as a Science* (especially), pp. 191-8; and Sully's *Psychology*, pp. 40-72.

leaving age for the scholar by one or two years. The absence of infant schools from the German system—however German *savants* may pretend to justify it by that "science" which, against his instincts and personal taste and feeling, Mr. Arnold, in his evidence on that subject before the Royal Commission, humbly and implicitly submits to, without professing to have fathomed it—cannot but, in the judgment of most English educationists, be regarded as a grievous loss, the loss of one of the fairest, most attractive, and most truly scientific departments of popular education. We refer to them at this point, however, because in these schools a course of graduated Object Lessons must be taken throughout the year; and the varied occupations of the Kindergarten, which collectively form a system of Object Lesson training, constitute a third part of their regular course.

Mr. Arnold says that the methods of teaching "in foreign schools" are "more gradual, more natural, and more rational" than those in use in this country. This statement would carry more weight if it were not evident, that Mr. Arnold, strange and improbable as it might well at first be thought, is in reality but imperfectly acquainted with the methods and principles of instruction in English schools. That, under the payment for results system, there has been, and notwithstanding recent important guards and mitigations, still is, too great and uniform and mechanical a pressure put upon both teachers and scholars in English schools, is, as we think, indisputable, although, as to this, there has unquestionably been not a little exaggeration. But so far as the Report before us is concerned, there is no satisfactory proof of Mr. Arnold's statements. Nor have our own inquiries led us to such conclusions, which are certainly not to be accepted on the authority even of a Senior Inspector of Schools, when they are found in connection with such other opinions as those which we have reviewed, and some which we shall have yet to notice. It might naturally be supposed that an Inspector of thirty years' standing speaks with authority; but, besides the important fact that Mr. Arnold's special views differ from those of other equally accredited authorities who

have examined Continental schools, it must be remembered that an Inspector who merely pays annual visits to schools, and directs his attention, not to methods and processes, but to results, is not of necessity an authority upon the points as to which Mr. Arnold pronounces. We should concede far more weight to Mr. Arnold's judgment if we were assured that, with the express purpose of instituting a comparison as to the methods employed, he had visited schools in this country corresponding as nearly as possible with those he examined abroad. This, we believe, he has not done, nor do we think, judging from several statements in the report, that he has kept himself abreast of the progress made of late years in the theory and practice of education in this country. For instance, Mr. Arnold says quite truly that when a child is asked a question he is apt to answer by a single word, and that the questioner is apt to fill out the answer in his own mind and accept it; to which he adds that in Germany it is a regular exercise for the children to be made to give their answer complete. Mr. Arnold does not seem to be aware that the desirability of making children do this is strongly insisted upon in all the Training Colleges of this country and regularly practised by all the best teachers. The elliptical form of answering, except for infants or very young children, has been condemned by the standard authorities of English educational science for thirty years past.*

We have already indicated our opinion that there is a customary stress of undue pressure in the public elementary schools of our own country. In this respect the introduction of the "payment for results" principle, in 1861–2, has made a deep mark on English schools, a mark which it will be very hard to efface, so long as that principle retains any considerable force in our Government Code. The operation of that principle has given some ground for the unfavourable judgment, as to English in comparison with German schools, which is pronounced by Mr. Arnold in a passage we shall quote presently. At the same time, to any one who is familiar with English schools of all grades, from infants upwards, the

* On this point we may refer to Currie's *Common School Education*, second edition, 1862, p. 292; and Fitch's *Lectures*, pp. 167–8.

intimation given in the beginning of the extract, that English boys and girls in our schools are not "human," is even ludicrous in its absurdity. It must be the Inspector's presence, the awful pause in the usual routine, the formal muster, the terror of the annual visit, the mechanism of the inspectorial arrangements, which take the human play and life out of them on that special occasion. Even the most elaborate politeness would scarcely avail to do away with such an influence—indeed, such politeness might be one element of the total awfulness. There may be some inspectors who know how, by their homely ways and congenial brightness, to put a gathering of school-children at their ease in school; but this is not the gift of all, perhaps not of most. For the rest, that English boys and girls, even in school, under a good trained master or mistress, have lost their nature, have no play or elasticity, are less free and less human than German boys and girls, is a statement which Mr. Arnold must not expect Englishmen who, knowing English schools, have also any knowledge of German schools and German scholars to accept. Having entered this preliminary caveat, we quote the following passage, because it seems to be very deserving of attention:

"Again and again I find written in my notes, *The children human.* They had been brought under teaching of a quality to touch and interest them, and were being formed by it. The fault of the teaching in our popular schools at home is, as I have often said, that it is so little formative; it gives the children the power to read the newspapers, to write a letter, to cast accounts, and gives them a certain number of pieces of knowledge, but it does little to touch their nature for good and to mould them. You often hear people of the richer class in England wishing that they and their children were as well educated as the children of an elementary school; they mean that they wish they wrote as good a hand, worked sums as rapidly and correctly, and had as many facts of geography at command; but they suppose themselves retaining all the while the fuller cultivation of taste and feeling which is their advantage and their children's advantage over the pupils of the elementary school at present, and they forget that it is within the power of the popular school, and should be its aim, to do much for this cultivation, although our schools accomplish for it so very little. . . . .

"No one will deny that religion can touch the sources of thought, feeling, and life, and I had not been prepared for the seriousness with which the religious instruction is given in Germany, even in Protestant Germany, and for the effect which it produces. Little or nothing was

said in Lutheran schools about the Church and its authority, about the clergy and their attributes; but I was surprised to find with what energy and seriousness points raised by the Catechism—for example, the question in what sense it can be said that God tempts men—were handled, and the intelligence and interest with which the children followed what was said, and answered the questions put to them. The chief effect of the religious teaching, however, certainly lies in the Bible passages, and still more in the evangelical hymns, which are so abundantly learnt by heart and repeated by the children. No one could watch the faces of the children, of the girls particularly, without feeling that something in their nature responded to what they were repeating, and was moved by it. It is said that two-thirds of the working classes in the best educated countries of Protestant Germany are detached from the received religion, and the inference is drawn that the religious teaching in the schools must be a vain formality. But may it not happen that chords are awakened by the Bible and hymns in German schools which remain a possession even though the course of later life may carry the German adult far away from Lutheran dogma?"

There speaks Mr. Arnold at his best, the man of sympathy and moral sensibility, as well as of refined literary culture. Nor can there be any doubt that, if there were less hurry and drive in our English teaching, it might be more "formative" than it is. The pressure of the Code has tended to lower and to lessen the educational power, in the highest sense, of our English schools. Still, it must be remembered that Mr. Arnold has not enjoyed in English schools the opportunity of witnessing the sort of instruction corresponding to that of which he speaks in the German schools. His duties as inspector did not include any examination of the religious instruction. Otherwise, if he had been in the habit of hearing the English Wesleyan teacher give his Bible Lesson to the children, or if he could have heard the religious instruction given in the best schools of the Church of England, he would hardly, we venture to think, have assigned the superiority in religious influence to the catechetical and other religious instruction given in German schools. In reference to this point we have received a private letter from a very eminent clergyman in the Church of England, formerly for many years a Government Inspector, and we cannot refrain from quoting some of his words:

"The lower half," he says, "of page fourteen" (that is the passage in

question), "simply shows to me that Mr. Arnold, in his hurried inspections of our schools, never drew forth"—[he was not at liberty to draw forth] "the religious knowledge of our better sort of elementary schools. To me, in those delightful years of school inspection, the examination of a good boys' school in Religious Knowledge was always felt to be a cure of souls and a fulfilment of my ordination vows, and I felt that it was this part of my work that gave me the friendship of the teachers. Last Sunday I was preaching in a parish which I had not visited for twenty-five years. The clergyman, a stranger to me, said there were a score of men who wished to shake hands with me, middle-aged men, who had known me as their examiner in boyhood."

It is remarkable that, as we have already intimated, Mr. Arnold gives no place in his Report to the subject of girls' schools. The inferiority of girls' education in Germany as compared with England is a notorious and important fact. The almost entire exclusion of women from the profession of teachers, and the consequent want of girls' schools, specifically so called, arise out of the social conditions of Germany, where, as compared with England, the position of woman is one of marked inferiority, especially in respect of intellectual culture and fellowship, except in the highest classes, or in the case of women of the middle or professional classes distinctly trained for professional life, or to be foreign governesses. The English girls' school, indeed, is an almost unique thing. So far as we know, the Continent can show nothing like it; even in America its counterpart is scarcely known. It is pre-eminently a "formative" institution. A God-fearing womanly schoolmistress can say things, and train the personal habits of her girls, in an English girls' school, in a way that would be simply impossible in a mixed school even under a mistress, much more under a master. Surely in a Report on the "quality" of Continental education as compared with English, this subject of girls' schools and female education should not have been left out. Nor in such a Report should the advantage which rural England possesses over broad regions of Germany in its supply of admirable trained mistresses to take charge of junior mixed schools have been ignored.

As to school ventilation and sanitary arrangements—which have much to do with the quality and results of education—Mr. Arnold cannot but admit that German schools are inferior

to English. But he furnishes no general view or means of comparison on this subject; he deals merely with high-class town schools, especially those at Hamburg. It is a notorious fact, and one which American educationists, prepossessed as they are apt to be in favour of German theories and processes, have repeatedly published in their reports sent to the Washington bureau, that the great mass of German school-houses are every way inferior, even to American, and therefore still more to English, schools, in respect of building and accommodation, of furniture, and of light and ventilation. It is easy for English travellers to test this fact. Let them visit the public school or schools in any average town where they happen to be, and compare them with the inspected schools in an English town *of the like grade;* or let them compare the German with the English village-school. If, however, they can only visit the schools of a great city, such as Berlin or Hamburg, let them remember that the schools of such cities must be compared with those in our own country which adorn such great centres of population as London, Liverpool, or Leeds. The German model school furniture, indeed, is some of it of the highest excellence. Such a military nation, of course, excels in maps. All German public departments of the highest grade, indeed, do well what is professional and necessary. Neither are there any illustrations, such as those of natural history, superior to the German. But these splendid maps and these admirable illustrations are not to be found, as a rule, in German elementary schools. The fact that the entire organization of German schools rests with the municipality or the *Gemeinde,* and that there is no common national or even provincial standard of requirement as to buildings, fittings, and furniture, explains the condition of things we have now indicated. But the practical meaning and effect of this fact is altogether overlooked by Mr. Arnold.

From a view of the quality of education provided by the schools of a nation, the question of teaching staff and its proportion to the number of scholars, cannot justly be omitted. Yet, as respects Germany generally in comparison with England, Mr. Arnold wholly omits this point in his statements. At the very end of his report, apparently in some sort of con-

nexion with general statistics as to school attendance, he brings in some reference to the subject, though slight and vague. But in this earlier part, relating to the quality of education, he never refers to it. Yet the facts are very eloquent as to the "quality" of the education given in the majority of German schools. We take the statistics we are about to quote from a French official publication, for the year 1886, of the highest authority, M. Jost's "Annuaire de l'Enseignement Elémentaire," which gives a summary of statistical information in regard to the public schools of Prussia.* We translate as follows:—

"4,340,000 children attend the 30,040 primary elementary schools of Prussia. The number of classes is 65,968, of masters only 59,617. Thus a large number of schools have not yet the necessary masters. The most recent official statistics, relating to the year 1882, specify the number of schools where there is only one master instead of two as 2,989, where there are two masters instead of three as 3,681, &c. It enumerates the list, a very large one, of schools in which each master has 150, 200, 250, and even as many as 280 pupils; then the list of communes, nearly a hundred, in which the schools are too remote from the population, and where the children have to journey more than seven kilometres to reach school." †

This pressure is, however, considerably relieved by the half-time system, as to which we might have expected clear and sufficient information from Mr. Arnold, but which he barely refers to. On this system, the school is divided into two sections, each of which receives instruction three hours a day. Throughout the rural, and also some of the manufacturing, districts of Germany this convenient rule prevails. What the quality of the education may be which, under this system, is secured, or what the general character of the results are in those thousands of schools which are so inadequately supplied with teachers, Mr. Arnold does not enable us to understand.

It is, of course, the absence of the pupil-teacher system—which, however, is unfitted to German habits of dealing with or employing young people—that obliges the German teachers

* The authority from which the figures are taken is *Die oeffentlichen Volksschulen in Preussischen Staate.* Berlin, 1883. We have this Yellow-book before us. But we give the French summary, as being both accurate and convenient.

† It will be observed that there are only *masters*, no mistresses, in the schools.

to take charge of such large classes. Even in Hamburg, as Mr. Arnold informs us, the standard is fifty to a class—a proportion, we may add, often exceeded. The official Prussian standard prescribes sixty for a class, with its one teacher, although the actual average of scholars to a teacher and a class in Prussia is seventy-six. The effect of this scanty supply of teachers was in former years an undue reliance on the collective and simultaneous methods in teaching, to which Mr. Mark Pattison refers at length in his report. How far that system is still retained Mr. Arnold does not indicate. It might perhaps be inferred, from the stress he lays on the individual teaching in the schools, that it had been done away. But this cannot be the case. Where one master has from 50 to 120 children to deal with, he must avail himself very much of the system of simultaneous and collective instruction. This is a point as to which we should have expected, but do not find, specific information in Mr. Arnold's report.

We pass on to the third point in Mr. Arnold's report, which relates chiefly to the training and status of teachers. The German teacher of elementary schools, Mr. Arnold informs us, is taken from the corresponding classes to those which furnish public elementary school teachers for this country. He gives an account of the "training school course" in Saxony, informing us at the same time that the course is much the same throughout the whole of Germany, and also in Switzerland. We have compared Mr. Arnold's account with the provisions of the official Educational Code of Prussia, and find it difficult, at some points, to harmonize the Saxon course with the Prussian programme.* For example, Mr. Arnold says that the Saxon Training School course is for six years, beginning at fourteen. Whereas the Prussian course is one of three years, those who enter being at least seventeen years of age, and, except in very special cases, not older than twenty-four. Mr. Arnold, however, explains that "students can be admitted up to the age of eighteen, or even later, by permission of the Minister [of Education], if they can pass in the first case an examination, showing them qualified to take

* *The Educational Code of the Prussian Nation in its Present Form.*

the work of the third year, in the second case that of the fourth." From this we may infer that the first two years in Saxony are occupied in preparatory studies, and that the proper Training College work, including all that is necessary to prepare for school teaching, begins with the third year's course, leaving four years to be completed, while, for educated students of more than eighteen,—a three years' course of instruction and teaching practice is all that is required. This course of three or four years must be looked upon as parallel to the Prussian Training College course, of which the normal length and range are included within three years. The Saxon course is less comprehensive, especially in respect of mathematics and science, than the course in the English Training Colleges. It includes, besides religion, the German language and literature, Latin, geography, history, natural science, descriptive and theoretical, arithmetic, geometry, pedagogy, including psychology and logic, music, writing, drawing, and gymnastics. It is, however, more comprehensive than the course laid down in the Prussian code, in which no foreign language is compulsory, but French is preferred to any other, and in which pedagogy does not appear, although, we believe, it has been recently added to the Berlin course. The range of ordinary study in an average German Training College may be inferred from the account given in the Prussian code of the paper work to be done after the three years' course, at the terminal examination of those who go in for a provisional certificate. The work includes a composition on educational methods, an essay on some religious subject, the solution of three problems in geometry and arithmetic, answers to three questions, one in history, another in natural history, the third in geography, the notation of a chorale for those who have taken lessons on the organ, and translations into and out of a foreign language for those who have learnt one.* In Dresden, it is to be noted, there is what is very rarely indeed to be found in Germany,

* All that we have been able to learn on the subject would lead us to the conclusion that the examinations for certificates in this country are more severe, more thorough, and more advanced in their requirements than those in Germany or in any other country.

and is altogether modern, a training school for mistresses This, however, is peculiarly a city institution. It is a Day College.

The special conditions of life in crowded Saxony, with its manufactures and its mixed occupations, have no doubt much to do with the peculiarities of the training system there. Elsewhere, the *Seminaren*, or training colleges, are usually boarding institutions; in Dresden, day students are admitted in large numbers. According to the Prussian code, candidates for admission to the colleges must not only "produce certificates of blameless character and sound health," but also "prove themselves possessed of means to support themselves at the seminary" (or college); whereas in Dresden a certain number of free boarders, "gifted poor children," are admitted.

In Germany generally, at any rate in the agricultural countries, the youth who intends to enter a training college places himself, after the age of fourteen, under the care of some competent teacher, very commonly under the teacher of a country town school, who has himself passed through the course of training, or under the clergyman of the place, and, at the same time, availing himself of any other means of thorough instruction in the required subjects that may be in his power, thus prepares himself during three or four years for entrance at the college. In some of the chief towns of the more advanced countries, there are training institutions similar to that in Dresden.

Mr. Arnold prefers the German system to the English. He says that it makes better teachers, and he seems to see no reason why it may not be adopted in this country. As to the first point, we have said our say. We hold that there is no evidence whatever that German teaching, on the whole, is better than English teaching on the whole. We have no doubt in our own minds that, if the greater difficulties and the necessarily shorter time of school instruction in England are taken into account, a just and thorough comparison would demonstrate that English teachers, for the work they have to do, are at least as effective as German teachers are for their work. We recognize that, for the needs of England, a special organization of education is necessary, beginning in the infant

school, and ending at the age of eleven or twelve with half-time schooling. We regard half-time work for wages as itself a part—and a very valuable part—of the education of children in England for their life-work. Then, as to the second point, we think it certain, and that to practical men, acquainted with the social conditions of England, it will be evident, that if the German plan as to the preliminary provision and preparation of candidates for entering the training colleges were adopted, teachers for elementary schools would cease to be furnished from the classes from which they have hitherto been pro-provided. We believe there are educational theorists in this country who aim at bringing this about. They desire that public elementary schools should be provided with teachers from the ranks of the middle and professional classes, and that a large proportion of them should be University men. We shall not discuss this point in this article; but we think it important to note that to adopt the German plan, as Mr. Arnold wishes, would without doubt lead to the result indicated by a very sure path. Mr. Arnold, indeed, tells us that in Germany the schools are, on their plan, supplied with teachers from the same classes as in England; and he leaves it to be understood that, on the same plan in England, the schools might be similarly supplied—supplied from the same classes as at present. There could be no greater mistake. All the traditions and all the social conditions of the two countries point to a contrary conclusion.

In Germany the schoolmaster throughout the country at large is still, as in bygone ages, closely connected with the clergyman, the Church, and the ecclesiastico-political organization of society. He is a public person of considerable influence and importance; as to some matters he represents the clergyman, and, in subordination to the clergyman, he often represents what may be called the parish. If his salary is low, compared with that of the English teacher, it is not low compared with the general scale of official payments in Germany. As in Scotland a century ago, so in Germany to-day, next to the position of minister that of schoolmaster is the object of ambition to the better class son of the soil—the German *Bauer* being socially equivalent to the Scotch

small farmer, or superior peasant, of former times. Hence the promising pupil in the elementary school—especially the country elementary school—commonly looks to the position of schoolmaster as the crown of his ambition. Not only his own master, but the parish clergyman, takes a special interest in his preparation for entering the *Seminar*. As the Scotch peasant or small farmer, for his son's schooling, with a view to his entering college, so the *Bauer* and his family, with the help of the clergyman, save and strain to provide the youth with the means of prosecuting his course of training as a teacher, the cost of which in Germany is very low. No parallel to this condition of things is to be found in England. The boys of the working classes in England are very differently situated from the sons of the German commonalty, especially in country districts. Here large wages are to be obtained by the smart boy of fourteen; employments of many different sorts invite him to highly remunerated labour. Five shillings, eight shillings, ten shillings, even more than this, in weekly payments, tempt him, without seeking further schooling, to become at once a self-supporting youth. There is no such old-world parish life as in Germany, no such special and secure public or parochial dignity for life attaches to the office of a schoolmaster. It is highly paid, indeed, but not so highly as to compensate for years and years of dependence and sharp and saving scant in living. Nor is there any immemorial tradition and semi-sacred prestige, such as that which makes the teacher's office so great in the eyes of the German *Bauer*. In short, if the children of our working classes—whether boys or even girls—are not to be estranged from the pathway of the teaching profession, they must be early apprenticed to it, and put in the way of earning money for themselves, while the period of their separate training, during which they can earn nothing and must pay some little, must be made as brief as well may be. This is one reason—to us decisive—why the German plan of training cannot be adopted in England. It would transfer the employment from the working classes to the independent, professionally educated classes. We have no space here and now to show why we think that would in itself be an injurious revolution in our

national plan of education. Nor have we space to argue, though we think we could prove, that the result of such a change would be to leave the nation with a supply of teachers still more inadequate than unsuitable. But we must add that, besides these considerations, the change would be highly injurious, inasmuch as it would bring to an end the pupil teacher system. Education is an art and craft as well as a science, and it is, in our judgment, abundantly proved to be a very great advantage for young persons yet in their teens to acquire, in the most plastic and sympathetic period of life, such training of habit and instinct as is likely to make them easily and naturally, and with an almost unconscious mastery, adepts in their art and craft, through their after-life. In such an arrangement education does but follow the analogy of all other arts and crafts. The perfect theory will be all the better acquired afterwards for such an early partial initiation into the practice of the profession. Nor is instruction in the practical rudiments by a trained teacher itself an ignorant or unscientific process. Many hints are gained and many true ideas are assimilated, so that it is easier afterwards to apprehend and master all that belongs to the scientific induction and even to the psychological theory proper to the subject in its completeness.*

Besides which, it would be easy to show by analysis and comparison that in Mr. Arnold's model training institution at Dresden it is simply impossible that the student should have any such practice in school as must be absolutely necessary to effective training in the art and craft of teaching. In the practising school there are only 155 children, divided into four classes. In the institution there are 216 students, and the plan of training requires that ten students of the fifth and sixth years should be constantly in attendance in this small

* Those who refer to continental precedent and practice on this head continually ignore the fact that where there is no provision for apprenticed pupil-teachers, voluntary monitors—certainly a much inferior agency—are necessarily brought into use in order to cope with the excessive numbers of children in proportion to teachers found in schools on the Continent. As to this point, let us refer to a decisive passage in M. Jost's *Annuaire de l'Enseignement*, p. 242, relative to the necessary use of "*aides ou moniteurs*."

school of four classes—ten students, besides the ordinary teacher of the school, giving lessons to four classes!

But we have exhausted our space, and must stay our hand, however abruptly. There is not a little in other parts of Mr. Arnold's Report, especially as to what is called "free education," which invites remark. On that point, as we intimated at the outset of our article, Mr. Arnold furnishes powerful evidence against the adoption for this country of a broad principle which is radically identical with the social code of Mr. Henry George, and is in strict harmony with his demand for the working men of New York of the right of travelling, "free as air," by the elevated street-railways. But, leaving untouched many tempting *morceaux*, we desire, in conclusion, to express our sympathy with the regret intimated by Mr. Arnold, that he had not more time allowed for his inquiries. If he had been less pressed for time, his latest official contribution to the cause of education, which, especially in its literary and civilizing character and influence, he has lovingly served for a generation past, would have been worthier of his name and reputation. Mr. Arnold, however, is, after all, rather a poet and a critic of literature and society than an educationist. His literary work has been his passion, his inspectorship, taken up, as he himself has lately said in public, against his tastes, and felt for a long time, if not always, to be a very irksome and wearisome employment, was his profession. This Report is, in his history, but a trifle, and by thorough educationists will not be taken too seriously. One thing, nevertheless, must be always remembered, that whatever may be his defects as an educational authority, the teachers and managers who have known him as an inspector in their schools will not cease to cherish a grateful memory of the engaging and admirable qualities—the equity, the sympathy, the consideration and the perfect courtesy—which won for him the personal confidence and the warm regard of those who were brought into official relations with him.

Art. V.—THE RELIGION OF BURMAH.

1. *Buddhism: being a Sketch of the Life and Teachings of Gautama the Buddha.* By T. W. Rhys Davids. London: S.P.C.K.
2. *Chips from a German Workshop.* Vol. I. By Max Muller.
3. *Buddha: his Life, Doctrine, and Order.* By J. H. Oldenberg. Williams & Norgate.

THE recent inclusion of Upper Burmah in the British Empire will undoubtedly draw fresh attention to that interesting country. British manufactures and commerce will develop its unworked resources; British rulers will apply the lessons of Indian experience to a new field; education and science will soon destroy the immobility of Eastern thought and life; Christianity will not be slow to use a liberty of action she has not hitherto enjoyed in that country. As Burmah is purely Buddhist in religion, Christianity will be brought into contact with Buddhism more directly and on a larger scale than she has been brought before. Several reasons combine to invest Buddhism with special interest, among which the most obvious are the length and extent of its sway, the personal history of its founder, its complete expulsion from its native land, and the singular nature of its original teachings. After an existence of 2,400 years, Buddhism is now the ruling faith of South Ceylon, Burmah and the neighbouring States, of several small States bordering on India Proper, of Thibet, Mongolia, Manchuria, Corea, Japan, and a large part of China, numbering not far short of 500,000,000 followers. It derives its distinctive doctrines and character from the life and teaching of its founder. Though romance has gathered thickly round the story of Buddha's life, and his modern followers have greatly modified his teaching, no one doubts that there is a heart of truth in Buddha's history, and that modern Buddhism can only be understood by comparison and contrast with his original doctrines. His figure is unquestionably one of the most striking in the religious history of the world. His character

shows well beside that of Mohammed. Not the least remarkable feature about Buddhism is that it has completely disappeared from the soil of India, out of which it grew, and on which it flourished for ages. The south of Ceylon is the only part of Indian territory where it is now found; even North Ceylon is Brahmanical. Of the conflict between Buddhism and Brahmanism, the issue of which was the expulsion of the former from India, nothing whatever is known.

The date of Buddha's birth may be placed with some probability about the beginning of the fifth century B.C. Rhys Davids puts his death "within a few years of 412 B.C.," while Burnouf, Lassen, and H. H. Wilson put it at 543, and Max Müller at 477. He was more or less nearly contemporary with Zoroaster, the religious reformer of Persia, and Pythagoras in the farther west. It is evident that the age was one of widespread religious ferment. Buddha was the eldest son of the King of Kapilavastu, a petty State in the far north of India, immediately beneath the shadows of the Himalayas. "Buddha" is a title signifying Enlightened (Sage, Prophet), and was assumed afterwards; his family name was Gautama (cow-herd). It seems likely that a melancholy temperament was one of the causes of the pessimistic creed he afterwards adopted. He gave himself up to brooding on the evils and miseries of life, from which nothing, not even marriage with the daughter of a neighbouring prince, could divert him. The story says that his desire to abandon the world was finally confirmed by his encountering on his drives, first, an old man in a most abject state of wretchedness; secondly, a man wasted by disease, homeless and friendless; thirdly, a corpse surrounded by mourning friends; and lastly, a religious mendicant to whom abandonment of the world and deadness to desire had brought content and peace. The first three cases represented to him life in the world, which, he concluded, was not worth living; the last represented life out of the world, and on this he resolved. The story may well be mythical; otherwise it might seem strange that he could take such instances as typical of life on the whole, and could overlook his own position as an instance on the other side. Pessimists have generally been men well furnished with the conveniences and comforts of the world,

witness Schopenhauer. Buddha chose as the time for carrying his purpose into effect the evening of the very day on which his wife, after ten years of married life, had borne him a son and heir. Going alone into the chamber, he would not disturb the sleeping mother and babe, but took farewell in silence. He then rode away in the night with a single attendant. After going a considerable distance he sent back the servant and horse, and went forth to an ascetic's life in a forest-cave in modern Behar. In Buddhist story this episode is called The Great Renunciation.

In his search for inward rest and peace he first tried the two approved Hindu methods of philosophic study and bodily austerities. He attached himself in succession to two celebrated teachers, one of whom was attended by 300, and the other by 700 disciples. Disappointed in his search, he then gave himself for six years to a life of the severest self-mortification, the result being a thorough conviction that peace was not to be found in this way. On his giving up this life of penance, the five disciples who had shared his austerities abandoned him as an apostate to Hinduism. And, indeed, such was his position. Hinduism knows of only two paths to perfection—the path of meditation by which the philosophic few may at length reach the intuition of truth, and the path of outward rite and bodily penance for the ordinary multitude. Buddha tried both ways and failed. There was nothing on which he laid greater stress in his subsequent teaching than the uselessness of the extravagant penances recommended by Hinduism; for the speculations of Hindu philosophy he substituted a complete theory of his own.

Buddha stood now at the point from which he started when he left home. The answer given by Hinduism to his inquiry after the secret of existence, proved to be no answer. He had to find an answer for himself. All the accounts say that he then passed through a terrible inward conflict. Is there any answer? Had he not better give up the search, and acquiesce in the forms and conventions of the age? Thoughts of the sleeping mother and child, the forsaken father and throne, return strongly upon him. Shall he go and resume his place among his friends and people? Just now, when he

is on the point of relinquishing the struggle, after a day of intense reflection under the Sacred Fig Tree, the whole secret flashes upon him. What is it? *Misery and Existence are inseparable; the only remedy is to get rid of Existence.* Startling as it may seem, this is the very pith and kernel of Buddha's teaching. This is his solution of the great mystery of life. Setting aside for a moment the elaborate theories of Buddhism, its diagnosis of human life is that existence is the cause of misery; its remedy is to escape from existence absolutely. The four fundamental laws ("Four Noble Truths") of Buddhism are that sorrow and suffering are inseparably connected with birth, growth, decay, and all the other incidents of life; that the cause of this sorrow is desire excited by objects of sense; that sorrow and suffering can only be extinguished by extinguishing desire, and that desire can only be extinguished by taking right views, and pursuing right conduct, which Buddha goes on to describe (Rhys Davids, pp. 48, 106). The bearing of this will become clearer as we proceed.

The remedy is doubtless radical enough. How is it to be applied? The most obvious way would be by suicide. But suicide would only deliver from the present stage of existence, not from existence altogether, because man is subject of necessity to the law of successive births. This was the old Hindu doctrine of the transmigration of souls with a difference. Buddha could not use the phrase "transmigration of souls," because he had convinced himself in his meditations, like some modern philosophers, that there is no such thing in man as a soul. The phrase is merely a name we give to the sum-total of our thoughts and feelings. Man is merely a bundle of heterogeneous qualities, without any central self to give unity to the whole. Yet he maintained that this bundle of attributes, in its individualized form, was obliged to pass through successive states of being (Davids, pp. 90–99). There is no evidence of such a thing. Every one is utterly unconscious of any former state of being, although some in every age have favoured the notion of unconscious reminiscences of former states. Still, Buddha thought, as all Hindus do, that justice requires the supposition. Only in this way can the

inequalities and wrongs of the world be redressed. And yet the great query of Buddha was: How can man escape from this law of re-birth? The answer depends on another question: To what is this universal law or necessity due? Buddha's answer is: It is due to Karma, another distinctive doctrine of Buddhism. Karma means action, then the fruit of action, and so merit or demerit. According to Buddha, the necessity of birth is the penalty due to the demerit accumulated during life. No one can escape from the consequences of his own action. This is an inexorable universal law, which no forgiveness or miraculous interference from without can interfere with. Every man must suffer what he deserves. "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap," is held in the most rigid sense. All life is held in the grasp of unalterable fate. Man can only change his destiny by changing his conduct. Let him by virtuous character and conduct extinguish the record of demerit, and accumulate merit, and the law of re-birth ceases to operate, the necessity comes to an end. This, and this only, is the Buddhist way of salvation.

And what is the Buddhist salvation? Nirvāna, extinction—*i.e.*, extinction of being, annihilation. Efforts have been made to show that the phrase means merely extinction of evil desire, and so is equivalent to moral purity and perfection. But, on the other hand, according to the whole theory of Buddhism, the cessation of desire is only a means in order to cessation of existence, which is the only way of escape from misery. Desire being the only tie which binds us to existence, cut this tie and we fall into nothingness. Mr. Davids, in some passages of his admirable manual, seems inclined to favour the milder interpretation of Nirvāna. He says (p. 111), "What, then, is Nirvāna, which means simply going out, extinction; it being quite clear from what has gone before that this cannot be the extinction of a soul?" Quite so, because according to Buddha there is no soul to be extinguished. "It is the extinction of that sinful, grasping condition of mind and heart, which would otherwise, according to the great mystery of Karma, be the cause of renewed individual existence." We quite accept this interpretation.

But then it follows that if a "sinful, grasping condition of mind and heart" is "the cause of renewed individual existence," which existence again is inevitably attended by misery, when the cause is brought to an end the effect also is brought to an end. In this sense we accept Mr. Davids' further statement: "Nirvāna is therefore the same thing as a sinless, calm state of mind; and if translated at all may best perhaps be rendered 'holiness'—that is, in the Buddhist sense, perfect peace, goodness, and wisdom." The gist of Mr. Davids' entire previous exposition is to show that extinction of existence is the Buddhist goal, to which extinction of desire is the way. He is therefore scarcely consistent in saying, "It is better to retain the word Nirvāna as the name of the Buddhist *summum bonum*, which is a blissful, holy state, a moral condition, a modification of personal character" (p. 112). The true state of the case is put better, with some circumlocution, on the next page: "Now, when a Buddhist has become an Arahat (saint), when he has reached Nirvāna, he has extinguished upadāna (grasping, desire), and klesa (sin), but he is still alive; the upādi, the skandhas (qualities), his body with all its powers, that is to say, the fruit of his former sin, remain. These, however, are impermanent, they will soon pass away; there will then be nothing left to bring about the rise of a new set of skandhas, of a new individual; *and the Arahat will be no longer alive or existent in any sense at all;* he will have reached Parinirvāna, complete extinction, or Nir-upādi-sesa-nirvāna-dhātu, extinction so complete that the upādi, the five skandhas, survive no longer—that is, in one word, Death," extinction which leaves nothing else to be extinguished. Max Müller gives the same interpretation ("Chips," vol. i.). Oldenberg concludes that the nature of Nirvāna, whether it meant future being or non-being, was left an open question in early Buddhism (p. 276, &c.). The Buddhist Nirvāna differs from the common Hindu doctrine of final absorption in this, that the latter means the merging of the finite and individual in the infinite and universal, which, of course, implies existence in another form; whereas the former obliterates existence altogether. "Death, utter death, with no new life to follow, is then a result of, but it is not,

Nirvāna" (Davids, p. 114). The difference of view is immaterial. The older view identifies Nirvāna with absolute extinction; Mr. Davids makes it the condition and cause of such extinction. A favourite Buddhist simile is the comparison of life to the flame of a lamp; the oil is the demerit of Karma. "The parts and powers of the sinless man will be dissolved, and no new being will be born to sorrow. The wise will pass away, will go out like the flame of a lamp, and their Karma will be individualized no longer" (Davids, p. 114).

The means, the only means, by which man can reach the goal of Nirvāna is virtue. Buddha appropriated the ethical part of Hinduism, expanding and improving upon it greatly. Just as some in these days wish to appropriate Christian ethics, omitting the Christianity, so Buddha did with Hinduism. In the ethical details of Buddhism there is much that is admirable. Whoever would be free must enter upon the "noble path" of a thoughtful and virtuous life. The "path" includes eight divisions and four stages. The divisions are right views, feelings, words, conduct, mode of livelihood, exertion, memory, meditation. The stages are those of a beginner, those who will only return once to this world, those who will never return, the Arahats or saints, who are set free from the last vestige of desire. The evils overcome in the progress are the delusion that any self exists, doubt of Buddhist teaching, reliance on the efficacy of rites and ceremonies, sensuality, hatred, love of earthly life, desire for life in Heaven, pride, self-righteousness, ignorance. A Buddhist manual, speaking of those who have finished the path, says, "For such there are no more births." Another says, "Their old karma is exhausted; no new karma is being produced; their hearts are free from the longing after future life; the cause of their existence being destroyed, and no new yearnings springing up within them, the wise are extinguished like the lamp" (Davids, p. 111). Many beautiful things are said about the beauty and treasure of virtue. Thus, "The real treasure is that laid up by man or woman through charity and piety, temperance and self-control, in the sacred shrine or Buddhist church, in individual man, in the stranger and sojourner, in

his father and mother and elder brother. The treasure thus hid is secure, and passes not away; though he leave the fleeting riches of this world, this a man takes with him—a treasure that no wrong of others, and no thief, can steal. Let the wise man do good deeds—the treasure, that follows of itself." "As the bee, injuring not the flower, its colour or scent, flies away with the nectar, so let the wise man dwell upon the earth." One who talks but does not act well is compared to a lovely flower without perfume; one who does both, to a flower with beauty and perfume. "Let no man think lightly of sin, saying in his heart, 'It cannot overtake me.' As the waterpot fills by even drops of water falling, so the fool gets full of sin, ever gathering little by little." "Not by birth does one become either low caste or a Brahman; by his actions alone one becomes low caste or a Brahman." A young wife brings her dead child to Buddha and asks for medicine. She is told to obtain some mustard-seed from a house where no son or husband or parent or slave has died. When she returns, Buddha asks, "Have you the mustard-seed?" "My lord," she replied, "I have not; the people tell me that the living are few, but the dead many." The Buddhist decalogue forbids the taking of life, stealing, lying, drinking intoxicants, adultery, eating unseasonable food at night, wearing flowers and perfumes, sleeping otherwise than on a mat, dancing, &c., the use of gold and silver. The duties of parents and children, pupils and teachers, husband and wife, friends and companions, masters and servants, laymen and ministers are minutely regulated. A distinction is made between those who are content with ordinary virtue and those who aspire to perfection, and morality is graduated accordingly.

It will thus be seen that in its practical part Buddhism is a system of ethics, not of religion. If the Buddhist decalogue, given above, be compared with the Jewish decalogue, this is strikingly evident. The view is limited entirely to the duties and relations of human existence. No authority is supposed, no sanction invoked, no motive urged outside this. There is an entire want of reference to God. Mr. David speaks of Buddhism as "a religion which ignores the existence of God

and denies the existence of the soul" (p. 150). Buddhism is essentially Atheistic, Secular, Agnostic, all in one. Angels and gods are mentioned, but only as subject to the law of Karma. Man needs salvation; the evil he is to be saved from is existence; the means are a virtuous life, which he has to work out for himself. He is to be his own saviour, his own redeemer, from first to last. Help or hope or motive from without or above there is none. Prayer or worship is never mentioned among man's duties. Buddha discouraged inquiry into the origin of the world as unprofitable (p. 87). Buddhism reminds us strongly of the Comtist religion of humanity, and deserves as well to be regarded as a religion, if religion is possible without God, without a soul, without immortality, without worship. Mr. Davids says, truly enough, that the phrase, "to open the gate of immortality to men" is "quite unbuddhistic" (p. 43). Buddhism knows no immortality of personal existence. Noble as its ethical teaching is in detail, that teaching derives a peculiar stamp and colour from the relations in which it is placed. Perfectly unselfish morality is out of the question in such a system. In its highest form virtue is a means in order to a personal end. The thought of right as the expression of a supreme Will, which we spontaneously obey, of right as the perfection of our own being, apart from all personal consequences, is foreign to the spirit of Buddhist teaching. At best I am serving myself, not another. I never get out of or above the circle of my own interests. It is quite true that Buddhism did not long remain where its founder left it. Very soon Buddha himself became its deity, and his image was installed in its temples, just as future generations of Positivists will probably worship Comte. We can only say that of the two, Buddha is incomparably the most worthy of deification.

It seems strange that a system which formed so complete a contrast to Brahmanical Hinduism found so much toleration in India, especially when we remember further that Buddhism entirely rejected caste. Nothing in it is more admirable than its universal spirit. Before it all men are equal. Its teaching is open to all, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, men and women alike. The explanation is probably found in the rare

sagacity Buddha showed in simply teaching his own doctrines, ignoring, without expressly attacking, other doctrines. He ignored God and gods, worship and immortality, and caste. His wisdom in this respect is worthy of imitation.

Some modern teachers, like Schopenhauer, have professed immense admiration of Buddhism; but their admiration is very limited, referring merely to its pessimistic view of life. With Buddha this theory was a mere beginning, the mere premiss of the doctrines which form the major part of Buddhism. Buddha would have had but scant praise for disciples who go no farther with him. He at least proposed a remedy for the evils he admitted; his western followers admit the evil, but know of no remedy. The defects and omissions of his teaching are enormous. No epithet is strong enough to characterize the defects of their teaching. Indeed, it is precisely the most questionable part of his system which they borrow. Pessimism can only be accepted as the result of an utterly one-sided and jaundiced view of the world. It not only exaggerates, it grossly perverts facts. But admit it, and Buddhism at least shows a plausible way of escape. On the data assumed, it is consistent and complete as a theory, and may claim a respect which it is impossible to feel for the mutilated fragment served up in its stead in the west.

Not the least remarkable feature in Buddhism is its missionary spirit along with its employment of moral means only. This feature it has inherited from its founder. No sooner had Buddha found the truth, as he believed, than he began to preach it with all the ardour of new-born conviction, setting off to Benares, where the five disciples who had left him were living. On the way he expounded his new doctrine to an acquaintance he met, but only received the reply, "Venerable Gautama, your way lies yonder." In Benares the five disciples joined him, and in five months after his enlightenment he counted sixty followers. These sixty disciples he sent forth to teach and preach in different directions; and the plan of itinerant tours during the fine part of the year, which he adopted, has been carried out ever since in the Buddhistic church. Buddha himself followed this course for above forty years, devoting the rainy season of four

months to the instruction and training of his more intimate followers. It was by this means that Buddhism spread in India. We cannot help remarking that such systematic, persevering evangelism must form one of the most effectual agencies of Christian work in the East. It is carried on already to a large extent—it cannot be carried on too energetically.

Buddhism has no priests in the proper sense. The idea of sacrifice and mediation, so familiar to Hinduism, is unknown to it—another sign of its non-religious character. Its monks are simple students and teachers of the law. They are the typical Buddhists, devoted to the working out of the ideas of the system. They are bound, like monks in the West, to celibacy and poverty, living on alms, though in their case also the latter condition is evaded; the order may be rich while its individual members are poor. There is no vow of obedience, individuality is not sacrificed. Beside his order of monks, Buddha soon established, though with some reluctance, an order of nuns, to which his own forsaken wife was one of the first to be admitted. Among the first Buddhist monks were men from all ranks of society. The only distinction acknowledged within the order is that of personal character. At one place Buddha refused to preach to a hungry man until he had been well fed. At another time, when allaying some jealousies among his followers, he summed up his teaching in the celebrated saying, "To cease from all sin, to get virtue, to cleanse one's own heart—this is the religion of the Buddhas."

On his father's invitation Buddha once revisited his native town, staying in a neighbouring grove. His friends neglecting to provide him with food, he followed the practice of his order and went begging from door to door. His father, hearing of this, came and remonstrated with him, and brought him to his home. All his relatives came to do him honour except his wife, who said, "If I am of any value in his eyes, he will come himself." Gautama noticed her absence, and, attended by two of his disciples, went to the place where she was, first warning his followers not to prevent her, should she try to embrace him, although no member of his order might touch or be touched by a woman. When she saw him enter, a recluse

in yellow robes, with shaven head and face, though she knew it would be so, she could not contain herself, and falling on the ground she held him by the feet and burst into tears. Then, remembering the impassable gulf between them, she rose and stood on one side. The raja thought it necessary to apologize for her, telling Gautama how entirely she had continued to love him, refusing comforts which he denied himself, taking but one meal a day, and sleeping, not on a bed, but on a mat spread on the ground (Davids, p. 66), in fact, lived a recluse life at home. It is noteworthy that writers speak of her as "the mother of Rāhula," their son, rather than as Gautama's wife. She afterwards sent Rāhula to Gautama to ask for his inheritance, and Gautama taught him his doctrine and received him into the order.

As death approached, seeing his faithful attendant, Ananda, in tears, he said, "Do not weep. No being whatsoever, born or put together, can escape the dissolution inherent in it; no such condition can exist. You have always done well: persevere, and you too shall be quite free from the thirst of life, the fetter of ignorance." In confirmation of what was said before about Buddha's attitude to Hinduism, we may say that when a Brahman came to him in his last days to ask his opinion on the six systems of Hindu philosophy, he quietly put the question aside and went on to expound his own doctrine. He said again to Ananda, "You may perhaps begin to think now; the word is ended now our Teacher is gone; but you must not think so. After I am dead let the law and the rules of the order, which I have taught, be your teacher." His last words were, "Mendicants, I now impress it upon you, the parts and powers of man must be dissolved; work out your own salvation with diligence."

Buddhism has gone through the same process of development as other systems. One of the first additions was the notion that Buddha was the twenty-fifth in a series of Buddhas, who appear periodically to restore the truth that has been lost or corrupted. The twenty-sixth Buddha is to be "the Buddha of Kindness." Even here the Hindu idea of Incarnation (Avatara) is avoided. The most elaborate development both of doctrine and polity has taken place in Central Asia. The

analogy of Buddhism there to Roman Catholicism is striking. One might be a copy of the other, from the details of worship up to Cardinals and Pope. The details may be seen in Mr. Davids' manual (pp. 199, 249).

The year after Buddha's death the first great council was held in a cave near Rājagriha, the scene of Buddha's first retreat. It was attended by five hundred monks. About a century later two other councils were held at Vaisāli, attended by seven hundred monks, and still later the council of Patna. On these occasions Buddhist doctrine and piety were finally settled. There were the usual discussions and differences of interpretation; but although the differences continued to be held, they do not seem to have led to outward separation. There can be little doubt that the teaching accepted at these councils forms the substance of the Three Pitakas, the sacred writings of Buddhism. Buddhism received its greatest impetus in the days of Ashoka, king of Magadha, one of the most powerful of Indian monarchs (third century B.C.). He not only embraced the new faith, but made it the State-religion, and used all his genius and resources in its propagation. He has not been inaptly compared to Constantine and Charlemagne. He built monasteries and temples in all directions, gave expression to the humane spirit of Buddhism by planting trees, digging wells and founding hospitals, promoted missions in other countries. Much information about him and the Buddhism of his days is obtained from the edicts which he had inscribed on pillars and rocks in many parts of India. It is clear from these inscriptions that Buddhism was still comparatively pure. We hear nothing of metaphysical beings or hypothetical deities, nothing of ritual, or ceremonies, or charms. Obedience to parents, kindness to children and friends, mercy towards the brute creation, indulgence to inferiors, reverence towards Brahmans and members of the order, suppression of anger, passion, cruelty, or extravagance, generosity, tolerance, and charity—such are the lessons which "the kindly king, the delight of the gods" inculcates on all his subjects. It was in his days that the council of Patna sent missionaries to neighbouring lands. Ashoka's own son, Mahinda, who had become a monk, was sent to Ceylon. He took with him a

band of monks, and also, not in writing, but in memory, the Pitakas as just settled by the council. His sister soon followed as a nun, with other nuns to work among women. The beautiful hill of Mihintale, near Anurādhapura, became the missionary's home. From this as a centre he missioned the island. Mr. Davids writes:

"Here, on the precipitous western side of the hill, under a large mass of granite rock, at a spot which, completely shut out from the world, affords a magnificent view of the plains below, he had his study hollowed out, and steps cut in the rock over which alone it could be reached. There also the stone couch which was carved out of the solid rock still exists, with holes either for curtain rods, or for a protecting balustrade beside it. The great rock effectually protects the cave from the heat of the sun, in whose warm light the broad valley below lies basking; not a sound reaches it from the plain, now one far-reaching forest, then full of busy homesteads; there is only heard that hum of the insects which never ceases, and the rustling of the leaves of the trees which cling to the side of the precipice. I shall not easily forget the day when I first entered that lonely, cool, and quiet chamber, so simple and yet so beautiful, where more than 2,000 years ago the great teacher of Ceylon had sat and thought, and worked through the long years of his peaceful and useful life" (p. 231).

Mahinda's sister brought over a branch of the Sacred Fig Tree, under which Buddha discovered his theory, and planted it at Anurādhapura, "and there it still grows." Mr. Davids dates the planting 245 B.C. Sir Emerson Tennent (Davids, p. 232) has no doubt that it is the same tree. It must now, therefore, be 2,131 years old, the oldest tree in the world. Buddhaghosha, the greatest of Buddhist commentators, came as a missionary to Ceylon 430 A.D. Burmah and Siam were converted to Buddhism by Ceylon missionaries in the fifth and sixth centuries, A.D. Buddhism was brought from India to China in the first century of the Christian era, and in the fourth century it became the State-religion. Corea and Japan were converted from China about the same date. Intercourse between India and China was very common in those days. Hiouen Thsang, a Chinese traveller in India in the seventh century, gives us much information of the state of Indian Buddhism in his days. He was present at a Buddhist council held at Kanoj 634 A.D. From his account it is evident that Buddhism was still powerful in India, but Brahmanism was

everywhere disputing the ground with it. Powerful Buddhist monarchs ruled over Afghanistan and Cashmir, at Kanoj in the Ganges valley, in Scinde, at Nagpur. South India also was Buddhist. The chief seat of learning was near Rajagriha, where students were gathered from all parts of India. Here Buddha lived. This was the Buddhist Holy Land. Buddhism must have greatly degenerated before it could be so completely swept out of the country as was actually the case afterwards. In the north-west of India it was overwhelmed by the Mohammedan invasion.

Modern Buddhism is far from identical with Buddha's original teaching, on which large portions of Hinduism have been grafted. Buddha himself is to all intents and purposes the god of modern Buddhists. To this extent the modern form seeks to satisfy man's religious instinct as the ancient form did not. But Buddha's spirit rules the system still. His word and example are law to the myriads of his followers. His name is the object of their unbounded reverence. There is no need to plead for a sympathetic treatment of a faith that has commanded the homage of a large portion of the human race so long. The danger in these days is rather in the other direction. Leniency to gross and dangerous error is in the eyes of many a venial fault. Christianity will have no difficulty in justifying itself to reason as against Buddhism. Where Buddhism is impotent—namely, in providing for the wants of man's spiritual nature, Christianity is strong; and where Buddhism is strong—namely, in ethical truth and inspiration, Christianity is incomparably stronger.

Now that a new chapter is being opened in Burmese Christian missions, let not the past be forgotten. Judson will never lose his place as the Apostle of Burmese Christianity. The story of his life, of his sacrifices and sufferings, his faith and toil, is as heroic as anything in Christian annals. Those who are to prosecute on a larger scale the work which he loved more than life, will draw inspiration from his name and the scenes of his sacred toil, and still more from the truth he preached.

Art. VI.—THE TURKISH ADVANCE AND RETREAT IN EASTERN EUROPE.

1. *Kölnische Zeitung*, Freitag, September 3, 1886.
2. *Histoire du Roi Jean Sobieski et du Royaume de Pologne.* Par N. A. De Salvandy, de l'Académie Française. Nouvelle édition, revue et augmentée. Paris: Didier. 1855.
3. *The Sieges of Vienna by the Turks.* From the German of Karl August Schimmer, and other Sources. London: Murray. 1847.

THE recent celebration at Buda of the two-hundredth anniversary of the great deliverance of that city from the hands of the Turks, draws attention to a series of incidents which, taken singly, are of high interest and picturesqueness; but, taken as a chain of events, present a grandly imposing phenomenon in European history. Few things in the annals of the modern world impress the mind more deeply than the story of the rapid Mahometan advance over the face of Europe in the early years of our era, when Christianity was still in its youth; and, on the other hand, nothing is better adapted to produce a calm and tolerant spirit in handling the politics of the day than a glance at the slowness of the remedial movements of past centuries. Are we impatient at the continued presence of the Turk in Europe, spite of his manifest decay and very much out-of-placedness? Let us calm our hot spirits with a survey of the Saracen conquest of Spain early in the *eighth* century, and let us note that it was near the close of the *fifteenth* century before Ferdinand and Isabella wrested Granada from the power of the Moors. Eight centuries spent in recovering lost ground from the followers of the False Prophet in one European country! "They shall not have our Spain" was the spirit which the steadfast mothers instilled into the sturdy little Gotho-Spanish lads; and, inch by inch, the ground was wrested from those who had been the invaders, but who, by centuries of possession, as well

as by splendid feats of chivalry and the exercise of the highest arts of peaceful industry, had become as attached, and, indeed, as much entitled, to the soil as the Gothic race whom they had displaced. But what a long, wearisome vista of strife! How paltry in each tedious century seemed the results!

The Byzantine Empire had but just passed the zenith of its glory in Justinian's brilliant reign, when there was born the arch-impostor who has served as a model for so many false prophets and real scourges of humanity, even down to our own day. The birth of Mahomet can scarcely be regarded as anything but a calamity to a very large portion of the human race. Granted that his system of religion had its good points, and that in some Eastern countries it overthrew certain corrupt and idolatrous practices, still its blighting influence on great part of Europe was most disastrous. However superior to the degenerate superstitions of the East, Mahometanism was vastly inferior to even the lower types of Western Christianity; and while the latter presented at once better morality and higher forms of civil freedom, the former, in its narrow bigotry, its gross sensuality, its proselyting mania and destructive rage, was utterly unfitted to develop and invigorate the infant States then rising on the ruins of the old Empire of the West.

After Mahomet's death the tide of conquest ran rapidly and irresistibly under the Caliphs, his immediate successors. With the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, they speedily overthrew the ancient empire of Persia, and relieved Rome of her outlying provinces of Syria and Egypt. Crossing the Oxus, they subdued the Turkish tribes who were in after years to furnish them with a race of conquerors, and, invading India, took brief possession of Sind. The rest of Latin Africa was not so easily conquered as Egypt had been. It was a task of many years to defeat and exterminate the Carthaginians. The Moors and other inland people, after a long and brave resistance, at length succumbed to the power of the Crescent, and became its most devoted servants and soldiers.

It was in the fatal year 709–10 that the Saracens, aided by their new converts the Moors, crossed the Straits of Gibraltar and invaded Spain. Their first assault on European Christendom had taken place thirty-seven years previously,

when they had stepped over its Eastern border and laid fruitless siege to the well-fortified city of Constantinople. Now they assailed the Western peninsula, and carried all before them with a deplorable completeness of victory. Roderick, "the last of the Goths," hazarded his kingdom in one grand pitched battle, and lost it and his life together. Spain was soon overrun by the Moors, and the majority of its inhabitants became Mahometans.

Yet in the very heart of the lost land there sprang up an oasis of hope. A few brave Spaniards, under the leadership of Pelayo, the fallen king's warrior son, took refuge in the rugged defiles of the Asturian mountains, and here, among the rocky fastnesses, a new Christian kingdom was founded, which was destined, in the slow march of centuries, to avenge the beaten monarchy on the swarthy hordes of invaders. Meantime the tide of conquest rolled on into the South of France, and for a while there was a possibility that all Western Europe, from the Mediterranean to the English Channel, would be subdued to the Arabian faith. It was a crucial moment for Christendom. The very cradle of its faith was occupied by its bitterest enemies, and the fair scenes of its early triumphs were blurred and blotted by a pagan fanaticism. But, so far as the West was concerned, the tide was already on the turn. Zama, the Moorish general, had advanced with a large army as far as Toulouse, and there met with a total defeat at the hands of Eudes, Count of Aquitaine, who drove him back to Spain. A few years later—A.D. 732—Abdalrahman crossed the Pyrenees with at least 300,000 men, all bent on great conquests and rich booty. Count Eudes met them at Bordeaux, but this time was completely routed, and the victors marched triumphantly into the heart of France. Here a man awaited them who was equal to the occasion. Charles Martel had allowed the Moors to move northward nearly as far as Tours, willing that they should clog themselves with booty and exhaust their ardour of attack, while he was strengthening and drilling his army. When at length they met on the road to the south of Tours, one of the great epochal battles of the world was fought, and the question of superiority was settled for the north-west of Europe. For five days Moors

and Arabs rushed with terrific force on the Christian army, but the Franks bore up unflinchingly against the unbelievers, and on the sixth morn the latter began to flag. On the seventh long day of fight Charles led his reserve, a corps of heavy-armed Germans, to the attack, and in one gallant charge bore down the wearied and wavering Paynim host, slew its leader, and scattered it to the winds. It was a picturesque sight on those seven October days to watch the dark Moslem horsemen from Arabia and Syria and Persia and Tartary and Morocco ride again and again, with furious but gradually slackening impetus, on to the fair Frankish foot. But the white turbans at last went rolling in the dust, and the stout champions of Christendom won a glorious and eternal victory.

But we cannot stay to catalogue the repulses of the Mahometan power in the West, or to trace its glory and decay, more particularly in Spain, where it rose to a height of luxury and learning, of art and chivalry and poesy, which had a counterpart in the Christian kingdoms that sprang up around it, and vied with it in culture and courtesy. Merging finally into one monarchy under Ferdinand and Isabella, these little States laid low and finally uprooted the Mahometan growth of centuries, and freed the Spanish soil from its ancient yoke—only to undergo the cruel and relentless thraldom of the Inquisition.

Turning to the East of Europe, we find that in 717, fifteen years before the battle of Tours, a Saracen army was again besieging Constantinople, but was driven back with great slaughter by Leo the Isaurian; and the imperial city, though suffering from various vicissitudes, had rest for centuries from the foe that longed to plant the standard of Islam on its towers and pinnacles. Towards the end of the ninth century, the Eastern Empire, which had suffered largely from the encroachments of the Caliphs, revived under the vigorous Basilian dynasty, and recovered a large portion of its lost ground. But in the latter part of the eleventh century Alp Arslan, leader of the Seljukian Turks, defeated the Imperial forces in the battle of Manzikert, and so became ruler of great part of Asia Minor. Nicæa, the seat of the First

General Council, was now made the capital of the new Sultanate of Roum; Antioch, the time-honoured mother of the Christian name, was betrayed into the hands of the infidels; and finally the Holy City itself, captive already, became doubly captive under the sway of rude and fanatical Turkish warriors. Their rough treatment of Christian pilgrims at last roused the slumbering West to action, and resulted in the Crusades—those wonderful combinations of religious enthusiasm and worldly ambition, of prowess and chivalry and wasteful, hopeless incapacity and folly. Rich as they were in gallant deeds and picturesque contrasts, in alternations of success and reverse, when they came to an end they left Jerusalem captive once more, and soon after all Christian rule in Palestine disappeared.

The modern period of Mahometan encroachment on Eastern Europe may be said to have begun with the Ottoman dynasty, the founder of which was Othman, or Osman, son of Ortogrul, the leader of a wandering tribe of Turks, who, driven westward from Persia—where they had first settled after leaving Scythia—by the advance of the conquering Moguls, had entered Asia Minor and been welcomed by the Seljukian Sultan Aladdin, who was now attempting to stem the torrent of Mongolian invasion. But the united forces of the Sultan and his new ally were powerless against the warlike swarms from the East. The result was the erection of several small States on the ruins of the Seljukian dynasty; but these were soon swallowed up by Othman, who, sallying forth from his strongholds in the mountains of Bithynia, conquered the chief places in the plains of Asia Minor, and acquired possession of Brousa, which became the imperial seat of the Ottoman Sultans.

Othman proved himself a bold warrior and a sagacious ruler; he gave fresh impulse to the spread of Mahometanism by his enterprising audacity, and by his ingenious adaptation of the precepts of the Koran to the exigencies of absolute power. His son Orcan, who was as valiant and intelligent as his sire, was the founder of the famous corps of Spahis, which consisted of Christian youths whom he had taken captive in his numerous raids, and who were brought up in

the Moslem faith, and trained to military service and hardship.

Orcan, having made himself master of all Asia Minor, and extended his dominions to the borders of the Hellespont, looked with longing eyes across the narrow strait to the fertile fields beyond, and found in his son Solyman one possessed of the requisite daring to undertake the perilous enterprise of attacking the Greek Empire at its magnificent and world-renowned chief city—the Eastern Rome. Nothing daunted by the want of boats to cross the strip of blue, young Solyman had a large raft constructed, and, under cover of night, landed on the European shore with eighty-two trusty followers, and took possession of a small fort called the Hog's Castle. The Greeks, intent on their vintage and corn-treading, troubled not themselves about such a trifling invasion; so the young prince improved the opportunity by bringing over 8,000 veterans, and making good his position on the doomed soil. It was but a small beginning, and the Greek Emperor, John Palæologus, indicated his appreciation of its importance by the ill-timed jest, that it was "but a *hogsty* lost." When the Ottoman troops, reinforced, proceeded to occupy the Thracian Chersonese and to take Gallipoli, the imperial wits amused themselves with the sorry joke, that "the Turks had now taken from them a pottle of wine."

Solyman's career came to an early end by a fall from his horse, and Orcan survived him but two months, when he was succeed by Murad or Amurath I., who assumed the title of "God's labourer," and showed his conception of the Divine attributes by shedding an amount of blood unusual even in that savage and bloodthirsty period. Adrianople and Thessalonica soon fell into his hands; and the Emperor Andronicus having had the imprudence to call in his aid against the King of Bulgaria, he availed himself of the invitation by overrunning not only Bulgaria, but Servia and Albania, and imposing a tribute on the conquered countries. At length the Emperor woke up to the importance of his losses, and went on a pilgrimage to the West, to solicit from the potentates of Europe aid against the Turks; but he brought back to Constantinople no better fruit than the Pope's blessing, and a

portable altar on which mass might be said by a Romish priest!

Indifferent though the West was to the Turkish advance, some of the smaller States in the East of Europe saw the threatening danger; and a confederacy was formed between Hungary, Wallachia, Dalmatia, Albania, Servia, and Croatia, who put on the field about half a million soldiers. With this immense army Amurath joined battle on the plains of Kossova, and, after a well-fought day, defeated it. Lazarus, King of Servia, was slain; but Amurath himself, in the hour of triumph, when walking over the field of the dead and dying, was mortally stabbed by a wounded Albanian, who thus avenged his country's cause on the Mahometan invader. Bajazet, surnamed "The Thunderbolt," now became Sultan, and proved a scathing meteor to Eastern Europe. He penetrated to the Danube, and took the strong city of Widdin. The great river was first crossed by the Turks in 1390, and from that inauspicious year to the present its banks have witnessed many a dreadful scene of carnage. Having despoiled Wallachia and Bosnia, Bajazet passed the following winter at Adrianople. Subsequently, during his absence in Asia, his forces met a determined foe in Stephen, the Sovereign of Moldavia, and were often defeated. On his return to Europe, the Sultan threw a bridge across the Danube, entered Moldavia, and utterly routed Stephen's army. After again pursuing his Asiatic conquests, he recrossed the strait and marched against Wallachia, and then attacked Thessaly and Epirus.

The next year found him threatening Constantinople, and hemming it in by land and by sea. At this crisis Hungary began to figure largely as the champion of Christendom, coming to the relief of the imperial city. Its king, Sigismund, mustered 100,000 men, who boasted that if the sky should fall they could prop it up with their spears, and therefore they had no need to fear the Turks. Vain was the boast, however; for the Ottoman army, with its impetuous Spahis and Janissaries, in less than three hours routed the Christian troops in the battle of Nicopolis. Still this unsuccessful struggle helped to defer the fate of the great city for a season.

Bajazet, seemingly satiated, for the time, with slaughter, luxuriated in the pleasures of Adrianople and Broussa; but, unwilling to relinquish his attempts upon Constantinople, he tried to effect his object by stratagem, and played off against the Emperor Manuel his nephew John, who lived under Turkish protection. Manuel, foreseeing the destruction looming in the distance, prudently surrendered his perilous position to his nephew, on condition of being allowed to depart in peace with his treasures and galleys. John became possessor of the grand title of Emperor of the East, and of a capital swarming with foes. Once installed in his dangerous elevation, he was loth to fulfil his pledges to his Turkish patron; and Bajazet was putting forth his strong hand to seize the city, when he himself was arrested by a stronger hand still. Timour, or Tamerlane, the Alexander of the day, had pursued a career of conquest right across Central Asia, and displayed the highest talent both in strategy and in impetuous onslaught, as well as the true Tartar tendency to wholesale bloodshed and ruthless cruelty. Witness his burying alive 4,000 Armenians for a brave defence of a fortress; and his piling up a pyramid of 90,000 heads on the ruins of Bagdad. To this Grand Khan Bajazet's victims, dispossessed of their dominions, appealed; and Timour, who aimed at the conquest of the known world, was not unwilling to try conclusions with his Turkish rival, whom he met and totally defeated on the plains of Angora. The battle lasted from dawn to sunset; and some idea of its magnitude may be formed from the fact that about 200,000 Turks were killed, and nearly as many Tartars. The haughty Bajazet, whose favourite punishment for recalcitrant princes had been to deprive them of sight, was now carried about as a spectacle in a cage, or grilled litter, and, wearied of life, is said to have beaten out his brains against the bars of his portable prison.

Thus Constantinople found a reprieve from destruction by the Turks, who now, having had their own house knocked about their ears, had for a time enough occupation in assorting the ruins and building up a new dominion. In this operation Mahomet I. was the chief agent, and came to be regarded as the second founder of the Turkish Empire. He was an able

and, for an Ottoman, comparatively mild prince, and transmitted to his son, Amurath II., a grand extent of territory. The latter strengthened his hold upon Europe, and took from the Venetians the beautiful city of Thessalonica. Ultimately nearly the whole of Greece fell under his sway, and Athens itself, spite of its glorious memories, became an ordinary Turkish town.

Hungary now made a stand against the Turkish advance; and its army under the great captain Hunniades marched to the defence of Belgrade, which had been committed to the care of King Wladislaus by George, Prince of Servia. The Turks here experienced a new sensation in a cannonade, which astonished and affrighted them; and Amurath was obliged to retreat. The Hungarian general achieved several splendid victories over the unbelievers, and, in conjunction with the Servian army, made his way to the Balkans. His successes encouraged George Castriot, Prince of Epirus, better known as Scanderbeg, to revolt, and to win renown by desultory warfare against the Turks, and wonderful feats of daring. The Sultan was at length obliged to conclude a ten years' peace with Wladislaus, to restore Servia to its prince, and relinquish Bulgaria and Moldavia. Eastern Europe might now have enjoyed for a time the unwonted blessing of peace. But the Greek Emperor and the Latin Pope were dissatisfied at the treaty; and at their urgency Wladislaus broke through it, formed a league, and massed together an immense army of various nationalities. Amurath met the Christian forces at Varna, where, after a sharp contest, the rash King of Hungary lost the day and his life. His head, embalmed in honey, was carried, a grim trophy, to Brousa, and there displayed to view on the point of a spear. By this and subsequent successes the Ottoman power regained much of its sway in Western Europe; but Constantinople was left as a dainty morsel for the insatiable palate of the next Sultan, Mahomet II.

Mahomet "the Great" was an illustrious member of the Ottoman line, and one of the greatest scourges to humanity that ever existed. Clever, bold, crafty, unscrupulous, he began his career as Sultan by ordering his infant brother to be strangled; and before he completed his reign he is cal-

culated to have caused the death of eight hundred thousand men. While making quiet preparations for the siege of Constantinople, he kept on good terms with the Emperor Constantine. The first intimation of his warlike designs was given by building a fort on the European shore of the Bosphorus, opposite the one built by his grandfather on the Asiatic bank. Mounting large guns on both sides, he became master of the great water highway. The Emperor, seeing that his design was to stop his supplies and starve him into submission, prepared for the threatening storm by fortifying the city, strengthening the garrison, and getting in stores of corn. Help from the Christian powers he could not command; and even the nobility and rich inhabitants of the city itself refused to contribute money or aid, with an infatuation which met with ample retribution before long.

It was in the spring of 1453 that Mahomet brought his immense army to bear on the doomed city. By the fire of heavy artillery, by vain endeavours to fill up the great fosse, by mines and wooden towers, and all the appliances of ancient and modern warfare, the stronghold was assailed. On Sunday, May 29, began the storm of the Christian metropolis. Breaches had been opened on every side, and at dawn on that sacred day the barbarians assaulted the city by sea and land. The merciless Sultan ordered to the front his worst troops, and compelled them to plant scaling ladders against the walls, and then to mount them, not in any expectation of their being able to reach the top, but in order that their poor bodies, hurled back by the defenders, might serve to fill the fosses, and form a road for their superior comrades to pass over. For two hours the Greeks and their allies, headed by the brave Emperor, though but 8000 in number, repulsed every assault. But the drums and other martial instruments sounded for a grand charge, and the Sultan by word and gesture urged on his best troops, the Janissaries, to the assault. The Turkish historians record that they rushed to the breach like lions in search of their prey, regardless of the storm of arrows, stones, balls, and bullets showered upon them. The sky was darkened with dust and smoke; the cannon thundered unceasingly; the enemy forced his way through

manifold breaches, and the last imperial Constantine fell at his post doing his duty as a brave, undaunted Christian warrior.

So fell the Rome of the East, the noble city which the first Constantine had made the seat of empire more than eleven hundred years before. The apathy of its own sons and of the great Christian powers left it to a terrible fate: its inhabitants were slaughtered or enslaved; its splendid church of St. Sophia, built by Justinian, was degraded into a mosque; its noble libraries, containing 120,000 MSS., were destroyed or scattered; and now, to the disgrace and disadvantage of Christendom, for four hundred years it has been in the hands of the Ottoman Turks. What is to be its future?

> "Beneath Sophia's dome the Moslem prays,
> The crescent gleams amidst the olive bowers;
> In the Comneni's halls the Tartar sways:
> But not for long."

So wrote an English poetess fifty years ago; but the situation is still unchanged, and Europe does not seem anxious that the ease-loving, semi-civilized Turk of the present day should give place to the barbarous northern power that dishonours the Christian name of which it dares to make its vaunt.

To keep his soldiers employed, and to occupy his own restless spirit, Mahomet proceeded to reconquer Greece. Then Servia, wearied of constant warfare, anticipated its fate by dethroning the reigning family and submitting itself to the Turk. Hunniades, the great Transylvanian, now came to the front, and displayed, on behalf of his own country, the energy which had slept while Constantinople was stormed and Servia enslaved. When the Sultan, not yet satiated with success, marched on Belgrade with 150,000 soldiers, while his fleet of 200 galleys went up the Danube from Widdin to assist in the siege, the Christian general proved more than a match for him. Dashing through and destroying the Moslem fleet, he crossed the Danube with his miscellaneous but enthusiastic army of 40,000 volunteers, and rushed upon the trenches of the besiegers. The Sultan himself received a dangerous wound. Hunniades also was wounded, and retired into

Belgrade. But Mahomet, unused to disaster, slunk away in the night; and Hunniades, dying of his wound, had his last days glorified by the sight of the retreating besiegers and by the salvation of the city. After turning away for a time to easier enterprises in Asia, Mahomet, in 1462, completely subjugated Wallachia, and Bosnia soon shared the same fate; but the Albanians, under the famous Scanderbeg, for some time managed to hold their own. Cephalonia and Zante having been seized, the Sultan sent his best general to open a way into Italy; and he, having taken Otranto, was about to advance on the trembling peninsula, when he was recalled to Asia, and Italy was reprieved from the Moslem yoke. Soon after the tyrant died, in his fifty-first year, and Europe and Asia were delivered from the demon who had kept them in dread for thirty years, and whose debauchery was not less horrible than his cruelty.

Passing over his son, Bajazet II.—a less able and more pacific prince—we come to Selim I., "the Inflexible;" a ferocious man, who, during his brief reign, added Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia to the Ottoman dominions, and, happily for Europe, died before he could carry out his intentions with regard to it. Under his successor, Solyman, or Suleiman, the Turkish Empire reached the height of its power and splendour. Acute of intellect, an accomplished linguist, lofty in aim and generous in conduct, he in some measure redeemed the character of the Sultanate. But the rapacious instincts of his race and religion were strong within him; in the very first year of his reign he took Belgrade; in the next year completed the conquest of Rhodes, and then directed his attention to Hungary—the great battle-field of Europe—availing himself of the ambition of John Zapolya, who had the baseness to accept Turkish aid in his attempts to gain the crown of Hungary. On the disastrous field of Mohacs, Solyman, with 200,000 men, fought and routed the small Hungarian force of 20,000, while the traitorous Zapolya, with his Transylvanian cavalry, held aloof. Pushing on, the Turk laid waste the country far and wide, burnt Fünfkirchen and Pesth, then suddenly withdrew to Asia, carrying off 200,000 captives.

But it was not long before Solyman re-appeared in Eastern Europe in still greater force. This time his object was to reach Vienna itself. The Archduke Ferdinand having succeeded to the crown of Hungary on the death of King Louis in the rout of Mohacs, as a matter of course the Sultan supported the rival claimant, Zapolya. Leaving Constantinople at the head of a large army in April, 1529, he quickly arrived before Pesth, the garrison of which capitulated, and, after surrendering, were massacred by the Janissaries on some slight or pretended provocation. Town after town fell before the advancing army, which soon crossed into Austria, and appeared at the gates of Vienna. Of the horrors suffered by the invaded countries at the hands of the Turkish army, and of its forerunners, the plundering bands of "the Sackman," let it suffice to say that in Upper Austria *scarcely a third* of the inhabitants survived the invasion.

And now a sight presented itself fitted to strike terror into all Christendom. The beautiful city of Vienna, the great barrier against encroaching Islam, was to be seen surrounded by thousands of Turkish tents; while the Jewish Solomon in all his glory could scarcely have surpassed the splendour of the Mahometan Solyman in his field-of-war tabernacle. The garrison of the threatened city amounted only to 23,000 men; but these included some of the stoutest veterans of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Spain, under princely and knightly commanders. Under pressure of stern necessity the suburbs were burnt, and thus many noble buildings were destroyed. The Turks were indefatigable in their attack. Their musketry fire was incessant and well aimed; and their arrows darkened the air in one continuous shower. But when a breach had been opened in the massive walls, and the stormers rushed into the yawning gap, the garrison were always on the alert, they drove back the turbaned swarms, and speedily repaired the breach. Then the trumpets would blare forth their joy from St. Stephen's tower, and martial airs would ring out from the Place of St. Clara, to the great disgust of the Sultan. In October the weather was becoming cold and stormy, and did not at all suit the Oriental constitution. On the 11th an enormous breach was made, and strong bodies of troops rushed

in as at a gateway; but the defenders were as alert and resolute as ever, and after three hours' fighting the assailants were driven back. Enraged at this repulse, the Sultan ordered the assault to be renewed on the next day. Again an immense breach was made, and the Turks rushed in; but the ruins of the wall were already occupied by a gallant company of Spaniards with colours flying and in high courage. Repeated assaults that day had the like result; and at a grand council of war at night the bewildered Turks resolved to prepare for one other grand attack, and if that failed, to give up the siege. The 13th was taken up with elaborate preparations, and at daybreak of the 14th the best Turkish troops were set in array and marched to the assault—not, however, with their usual impetuous valour and fearlessness of death, but urged forward by whip and stick and sabre edge. A tremendous gap was made, and desperate were the efforts of the stormers; but all to no purpose; each attack failed disastrously, and Solyman abandoned the siege. The retreat began with a horrible massacre of all the Christian prisoners in camp that were too old or too young to be of present value in the slave market or the harem. The ravages of the retreating army took years to repair.

But though Vienna, and so Central and Western Europe, escaped, Hungary was soon revisited by the terrible Sultan, and parts of Austria again suffered from Turkish occupation. Charles V. now put himself at the head of the Imperial army, and Solyman retreated before him precipitately. Instead, however, of following up and annihilating the Turkish force, Charles went off to Italy to indulge his theological proclivities by figuring at the Council of Trent; and so Hungary was left to be the battle-ground of Christian and Mahometan, Protestant and Papist for many a long and dreary year.

Yet this check at Vienna may be regarded as the turning-point in the Turkish run of success, although Solyman "the Magnificent" reigned many years after his repulse, and gained many victories. The Ottoman dominions in Europe had now reached their widest extent, embracing Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, Albania, Croatia, Bosnia, the greater part of Hungary, Wallachia and Moldavia, &c. Austria, whose Arch-

duke, Ferdinand, had risen to be Emperor of Germany, was now marked out to be the bulwark of Christendom; but the miserable "Catholic" bigotry of her rulers alienated her best subjects in Hungary, and led them to prefer the less intolerant sway of the Sultan. So for a century the strife went on, with kaleidoscopic combinations. With but one or two exceptions the emperors were the tools of the Jesuits, those arch-meddlers in the government of Europe; and thus the growth of Spain and Austria, nations of the highest promise, was lamentably stunted, and the East of Europe, with its noble rivers and fair plains and rising churches, was left under the heel of its Ottoman conquerors.

In 1682, Austria having alienated the Hungarians, whom she treated as a conquered nation, and having neglected the defence of her frontier, the hour seemed to have arrived for a fresh Turkish advance. At least that was the opinion of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, whose ambition it was to invade Austria, secure for himself the kingship of Hungary, then march upon Italy and seize Rome. With such grand dreams painting the future for him, his preparations were on the largest scale, and had been spread over seven years. To the standard of the crescent had been brought whole tribes of Arabs and Kurds, Albanians, Greeks, and Tartars; and at length a well-equipped army of 300,000 men was massed at Adrianople, and during the winter of 1682–3 was marched to Belgrade and Buda, ready for the summer's campaign.

Austria was unprepared for this new irruption. The Emperor Leopold had by his harsh rule made enemies of his Hungarian subjects; whilst the French King, Louis XIV.—another worthy son of that Church which was the curse of Europe in those days—so far from aiding his imperial brother, rejoiced at the impending ruin, and was in secret alliance with the advancing infidel. The army, unable to withstand the approaching myriads, retired towards Vienna, where Count Stahremberg took the command and set about active measures of defence. The bright summer months of 1683 that should have clothed the landscape with the glories of golden grain and blushing fruit, were sullied with the desolation of the

Tartar forerunners, who burnt villages, trampled crops, destroyed life, and changed the smiling country into a desert. In the dark hours of the sweet midsummer nights the course of the approaching scourge could be traced from the walls of Vienna by the red glow which stained the heavens from the burning houses in the far distance. The Emperor, who was not possessed of much courage or of any military genius, was the first to take the alarm and to retreat with his family to Lintz. Not feeling safe even here, he left his own dominions to their fate and crossed the frontier to the Bavarian fortress of Passau. His discreet withdrawal from the post of danger set the example for a throng of wealthy fugitives, whose carriages crowded over the Tabor bridge at night, lit up by the flames of burning buildings. On the 6th and 7th of July some 60,000 people left Vienna, and a large proportion of them fell into the hands of the enemy. Next day Stahremberg arrived—a host in himself, a clear-headed, sound-hearted soldier—who at once set every one to work on the fortifications. A few days later the approach of Turkish horsemen within gunshot warned him no longer to defer the terrible step of setting fire to the suburbs, so as to leave no shelter for the besiegers.

Some Imperial infantry marched into the city on July 13, and then all the gates were built up and barricaded. The total number of men under arms, including the various guilds —butchers, bakers, brewers, shoemakers, &c.—amounted to about 20,000, and the non-fighting population to 60,000. Next day the Turkish main body was to be seen on the heights of the Wienerberg; and speedily their camp was marked out, and 25,000 tents rose up as if by magic. On the 15th the active siege began, and a ceaseless shower of shot and shell was poured on the unfortunate city. The unwearied Stahremberg traversed every quarter, animating the workers, cheering the injured, directing the fire of the gunners. When wounded in the head by the fragment of a shell, he caused himself to be carried about in a chair. High up in the spire of St. Stephen's the stone seat is still shown, from which he daily watched the movements of the enemy, and detected the plans of their engineers, while he

looked with longing eyes for the army which he expected Sobieski to bring to his relief.

The details of this famous siege cannot be given here. On the evening of September 10, when it had lasted two months, the hearts of the besieged were gladdened by the sight of signal flames on the top of the Kahlenberg, and subsequently by the sound of firing. It was the Saxon advanced guard opening fire on the Turks. The Imperial army had at last received its contingents from Saxony and Bavaria, and had been joined by the Poles under the brave John Sobieski; and now, with some difficulty, they were occupying the Kahlenberg heights, which the Turks had neglected to seize till too late. Sobieski was in chief command, acting in unison with Duke Charles of Lorraine. A brave fellow swam the Danube with a brief despatch from Stahremberg to the Duke: "No time to be lost! No time indeed to be lost!" On the morning of September 12 the great battle took place which routed the invading army, and set free the long-suffering citizens and soldiers of Vienna. Sobieski's presence struck terror into the foe; the Vizier found his ambitious hopes shattered in a few short hours, and fled for his life; leaving his grand tent and much spoil behind. The preparation for battle, on his part, had included a fearful massacre of prisoners; at least 30,000 men, women, and children were slaughtered in cold blood. But all his precautions were vain, as were his scoffs at Sobieski and his army. When the Turks, late in the afternoon of the eventful day, saw the burly form of the fearless Pole advancing in the thick of the fight, and making for Kara Mustapha's tent, the cry went through their ranks, "By Allah! the king is really among us!" and the recollection of their defeat at Choczim took all nerve from their arms and courage from their hearts. It was a grand and brilliant picture: the king, in his sky-blue uniform, mounted on a splendid bay, flanked by his Polish cavalry, with their gilded cuirasses flashing in the light of the setting sun, whilst the war-cry, "Live Sobieski!" ran along the line; and in front the mass of Eastern soldiery in their gay variety of costume, wavering at sight of the dreaded general, and then turning heel, and seeking safety in flight.

The discomfited Vizier made the best of his way to Buda, and there received intelligence of the fall of Barkan, and of Gran, which had been in Turkish occupation for nearly eighty years. Departing in haste for Belgrade, he there had to give audience to a messenger from the Sultan, whose mission it was to take his head back to Adrianople. The interview was brief; the bowstring did its work; and the Vizier's head was on its way to the Sultan's hands.

The rout at Vienna was followed by a series of disasters to the Turks, which culminated at Buda in September, 1686. This unhappy city had been in the hands of the Turks for more than 150 years; and now they had gathered here their shattered forces, determined to make a stand against the Imperialists under Lorraine, Stahremberg, and Prince Eugene. The Prince, still but a youth, had the honour of taking from the Moslem the sister town of Pesth, and then of leading the van in the assault on the almost impregnable fortress on the opposite side of the river. Buda was completely invested on June 21; and the Duke of Lorraine was anxious to capture it before the arrival of the Turkish army under the new Vizier, Solyman. But the commandant, Abdi Pasha, proved a sturdy adversary, and by fierce *sorties* and energetic repulses rendered the position of the assailants very critical. On August 8 Solyman arrived with his 80,000 men. But happily he was no general, and, instead of annihilating the besiegers, he only succeeded in getting 300 soldiers into Buda, and, after a series of indecisive engagements, began to retreat on September 1. The Imperialists saw their opportunity for a final assault, and at twilight on the evening of the 2nd the whole army marched upon Buda, made good its entrance, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued, which lasted through the night, and ended in a total defeat of the Turks; Abdurrahman Abdi was killed, and the town was for the most part burnt, and remained for some time a dreary heap of ruins.

Well may the Hungarians of our own day celebrate the great victory of September, 1686. It was the stormy prelude to a glorious series of reconquests which drove the Turkish invader steadily back towards Constantinople, and terminated in the Treaty of Carlowitz. In the deliverance of Buda the

Hungarian troops played a notable part; but both Austria and Hungary owe their freedom from Turkish thraldom very much to the Poland which was so unjustly obliterated from the map of Europe one hundred years after, among others, by the very power whom its king and army had preserved from utter ruin a century before. To John Sobieski belongs the crowning glory of stemming and driving back the Turkish tide. He was cast in heroic mould. His mother, Theophila, had instilled into his youthful mind the high-toned patriotism which animated herself; often reciting to him the death of her grandfather, who fell in battle against the Turks, and teaching him to feel that the Mahometan power was the great foe to civilization and Christianity and freedom in Europe, and that it was the duty and privilege of a true Pole to withstand it to the death. Trained up in a hardy school, he showed of what mettle he was made when, in November, 1673, he delivered at Choczim a stunning blow to his hereditary enemy. "Religion and your country" was his watchword on that field; prayers offered up in various parts of the camp cheered the hearts of his troops; then, drawing his sabre, he led them on, with a rush, to victory. The value of this one man to Eastern Europe, when it was in its greatest need, can scarcely be overestimated. Salvandy's Life of him—a most interesting and spirited book—tells how at Vienna, when he entered as a deliverer by the same breach by which but for him the barbarians would that same day have made their way into the city, the inhabitants, cropping up from amongst the blackened ruins, cheered lustily the hero to whom they owed their lives, and, pressing his hands and kissing his uniform, while comparing this saviour from afar with the miserable Sovereign who had fled at the first blush of danger, they cried, "Ah! why is not *he* our master?" But, with that impassioned devotion which was a striking trait in his character, Sobieski marched on to the church of the Augustines, and there, finding no clergy to offer prayers, himself intoned the grateful *Te Deum*. Afterwards it was sung "with greater pomp" at St. Stephen's, when the priest made that happy choice of a text for his discourse: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was JOHN." His letter to his wife on this occasion begins in

characteristic fashion: "Sole joy of my soul, charming and well-beloved Mariette,—God be praised for ever! He has given our nation the victory; He has given it such a triumph as past ages have never seen the like of."

The youthful prince who drew his maiden sword at Vienna in the company of Sobieski, Eugene of Savoy, proved himself also a great conqueror of the Turks, and gave them a final crushing defeat at Zenta in 1697. Of their numerous reverses the last year of the seventeenth century witnessed a solid result in the Treaty before-mentioned, which, though, like all treaties, it was not perfectly satisfactory to either side, ceded the Morea to Venice, Hungary and Transylvania to Austria, and Podolia to Poland; and was especially valuable as bringing the restless and aggressive Ottoman power into the restraining meshes of modern diplomacy. Of the brilliant feats of arms which led up to this Treaty—or truce, for so the Turks regarded it—the relief of Vienna and the recapture of Buda stand out as the chief landmarks in the struggle of centuries; and while the Austro-Hungarian of our day does well to celebrate these noble achievements, he will do right to remember that but for Sobieski the Pole and Eugene of Savoy the citizens of Vienna and Buda and Pesth would have had little left to rejoice over.

In the nineteenth century Turkey has lost much ground in Europe; the chief causes of her steady decline being her own oppressive treatment of the Christian populations still left in her hands, and the intrigues of Russia, which has acted the part of the fox to the Turkish crow, and, by fair means or foul, has annexed territory and steadily pushed forward her frontier. In 1821, when Europe had been lifted into fresh life by the wars which ended in the deposition of the great disturber of Christendom, Napoleon I., Greece showed signs of renewed youth, and began a struggle, in which Lord Byron and other illustrious men took part; but her independence was only achieved by the interference of England, France, and Russia, who, when their squadrons had destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino, compelled the Porte to let the oppressed Hellenes go free. It can hardly be said that Greece, as a nation, has realized the hopes of her well-

wishers; yet, after the lapse of half a century, she is still independent, retains a popular constitution, and will in time, we trust, possess a body of statesmen who will command as high respect in the political world as her merchants do in English commercial circles. After the Crimean War, the Treaty of Paris checked for a time Russia's ardour for conquest. The protectorate which she had assumed over the Danubian Principalities was brought to an end; Western Europe being of opinion that her object in her encroachments was not to free her fellow-religionists, but to bring as much land and wealth as she could under her own intolerable despotism. Yet, while Russia's lust of conquest from a weak, decaying neighbour has met with deserved condemnation, matter for rejoicing has been found in the results of some of its later phases. In 1875 the Herzegovina, wretchedly misgoverned by the Porte, burst into insurrection, and the flame soon spread into Bosnia, Montenegro, and Servia. In the following year the atrocities of the Turkish irregulars in Bulgaria excited great horror in England, and aroused a strong feeling amongst the Russian populace. Alexander II.—who deserves a tribute of respect as an enlightened and well-meaning, but unfortunate Czar—finding that Turkey, heedless of strong remonstrances, neither repented nor reformed, declared war against her, and, after a long contest, forced her to conclude the Treaty of San Stefano, which, by the intervention of other Powers, was modified into the Treaty of Berlin, in July, 1878. The latter, however much it has been criticized and abused, may fairly be regarded as the great charter of the Balkanic group of long-oppressed nationalities. Under it Roumania, which had fought bravely for her freedom, became independent, as did also Servia and Montenegro. The northern portion of old Bulgaria was made into a principality, only nominally dependent on Turkey; and the southern part became an autonomous province, christened Eastern Roumelia, under a Christian governor-general appointed by the Porte; whilst Bosnia and Herzegovina were virtually put under the protection of Austria.

Here, then, we have before us nearly the last flutter of the Turkish *retreat* in Eastern Europe. The splendid sweep of country over which the Porte held an uneasy sway some two

hundred years ago, has now dwindled down to an area of 67,340 square miles, or about a fourth of that of Austria. No longer is Europe afraid of being overrun by her unsparing hordes; no longer do millions of Christians in the fruitful Danubian plains and valleys cower before the Turkish official. Risen into the bracing air of freedom, the Bulgarians can bear themselves like men in the face of their unscrupulous patron the Czar. Their recent trials have but served to win them the respect of Europe; and, whatever the temporary discomfort caused them by Russian brutality, it will be impossible for them to be subjected permanently to either Ottoman or Muscovite tyranny. They and the other junior States of Eastern Europe deserve our best wishes and best offices for their future welfare. It matters not whether their mode of government, the leanings of their alliances, or their forms of religion, tally exactly with ours. Having struggled out of thick darkness, may they abide peacefully in the blessed light of rational freedom, their hearths and altars no more to be desecrated by the tramp of a licentious soldiery. It would be a bad day for England, a sure token of *her* decadence, should her sons ever cease to take interest in the fortunes of these brave little States, or should they ever be ashamed to avow for themselves and foster in others a healthy, steadfast opinion in favour of their free action and untouched independence. Ere long, we cannot doubt, the Turk will be cast out of Europe, which his presence has so deeply cursed for centuries; and civil freedom under Christian forms will bless the fair countries of East-Central Europe.

Art. VII.—SIR FRANCIS DOYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

Reminiscences and Opinions of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, 1813–1885. London: Longmans. 1886.

PROBABLY there are, besides Sir Francis Doyle, a few veterans of seventy-six who from boyhood have mixed much with famous men, and who, not taking an active part in public affairs, have therefore had a clearer insight into many things than those who were in the thick of the battle.

But a good deal more than insight is needed to produce such a wholly delightful book as "Recollections and Opinions." First you must be an accomplished *raconteur*, with the clear memory that ensures prominence to every telling point, and the exquisite tact which knows when to leave off in a good story. Next, you must have something of "the faculty divine;" and this Sir Francis has, being (as every one knows) a poet of no mean order. Then you must have a certain amount of verve and abandon, his abundant stock of which Sir Francis would doubtless attribute to his Irish ancestry, and which (whatever its source) at once puts him in touch with his reader.

All these are here in large measure, and their presence distinguishes this book from books like the Greville memoirs. The latter class is, of course, much richer in facts. To them the future Macaulay will go for the little details, the obscure scandals, the doubtful testimonies for and against prominent men, which, insignificant as they are in themselves, are so essential to the modern historian. But for wholesome present enjoyment in one's easy chair, or for reading aloud in the family circle, the "Reminiscences" are perfect; while no one but a cynic can get much except hints as to the secret motives of public men, and the hidden springs by which smaller political movements were worked, from reading Charles Greville. The one forms an excellent set of *mémoires pour servir*, as our neighbours say; the other belongs to that rarer class of books which we revel in without a thought of their ever being useful by-and-by, and the good things of which we never forget, just because we never contemplated getting anything out of them beyond the pleasure of the moment.

Throughout Sir Francis Doyle's book, too, there runs a vein of sharp, though thoroughly genial, personality. He talks of people as he talked to them; and this gives an intense naturalness to all that he says. To read him is not like reading a book, but like talking with a friend. We notice this especially in the continual reference to Mr. Gladstone. Sir Francis is a Tory of the Tories, and he takes a mischievous delight in accentuating the early Toryism of the ex-premier. From beginning to end he never loses sight of him, nor misses an opportunity of lamenting (sometimes humorously) his

political transformations. They were together at Eton and at Oxford; he was at the Oxford "Union" when the embryo statesman made that brilliant speech against the Reform Bill which, reported to the Duke of Newcastle by Lord Lincoln, won for him the seat for Newark, then in the gift of that "stout, unbending Tory." He was Mr. Gladstone's "best man" when he married the lady of Hawarden; and so he has a right to speak with freedom of his old friend, and to make every now and then an almost comical lament over mental changes which are wholly beyond his comprehension. We are speaking of the earlier part of the book, which the author regrets that he did not publish ten years sooner, because then he "could have written what had to be written, whether from a personal or a public point of view, with greater freedom and cheerfulness." In his *Epilogue* matters are unhappily changed: "Home Rule," which has sundered so many chief friends, has seemed to Sir Francis Doyle "such a fearful subject," as to force from him the painful confession (to him it must be an inexpressibly painful one) that he now has to struggle with a continually increasing dislike to Mr. Gladstone as a statesman, and a continually deepening distrust of his character as a man. He had long ceased to be a political adherent of his old comrade; but in 1880 the personal friendship between them had not disappeared. Sir Francis was away ill in Madeira, when Mr. Gladstone was borne into power on that tide of popularity which was raised by the Midlothian harangues. He could not help twitting the grand orator with what he had said at least forty years before. Mr. Gladstone had then pronounced: "A Scotch Tory to be worse than an English Whig; a Scotch Whig worse than an English Radical; but a Scotch Radical worse than the devil himself." "Yet now," wrote Sir Francis, "because Scotland has surrendered herself to this sulphureous element, you quote poor Lady Nairne's verses only to misapply them, and make her call this infernal region of yours 'the land o' the leal.'" And then he went on to implore him who was still his friend to reconsider his position, and, "for God's sake, to have a care lest he should end by ruining the Empire." Letters have now ceased between them; but still Sir Francis can say, in words that have the true ring: "Old associations and old

recollections fight hard against my present instinct, so that my heart is filled with mixed feelings of angry amazement and of genuine sorrow. If, indeed, Mr. Gladstone should turn out to be a really great statesman, and not what I now consider him, a parliamentary rhetorician, liable to be tossed about from one side to the other by every gust of impulse; if hereafter he is able to say triumphantly: 'Look round and judge me by the result,' I will read my recantation, not only with readiness, but with real pleasure. The renewal of our old affection before I die would be as welcome to me as the freshness of some unexpected fountain to a solitary traveller toiling through the desert; but" (he mournfully adds) "such a fountain I do not now hope to light upon."

Into the pros and cons of Home Rule we have no intention of following Sir Francis—to do so would be an act of injustice to the rest of his work, which, bright and joyous as it is, he rightly characterizes as a series of "pictures, not mere records, with more glow and colour in them than in all 'Mr. Wordy's History of the Late War in forty volumes.'" We regret that "the pain of enforced silence" on what every one feels so deeply about, should have driven him to write his epilogue. And for ourselves, now that those twenty pages have been written, we shall leave them almost untouched, confining ourselves, here as elsewhere, to literary, and abstaining from political criticism.

The other serious question touched on in the epilogue is the fate of General Gordon, of whom Sir Francis says: "No Englishman with a heart in his bosom, writing about these late miserable years, can pass over in absolute silence his abandonment and death." He does not trust himself to speak of it in prose, but prints some noble stanzas, from which we extract the following:—

"And so a mighty life is marred,
By babblers, without heart or shame;
Who played it, as men play a card,
To win their worthless party game.
Let them repent; we may not pause
In this dread hour, to brand that crime;
But trust it to the Eternal Laws,
And to God's safe avenger—Time."

From the remarks in his Epilogue we see that Sir Francis is a hard hitter; and this is equally proved by the rest of the book; witness how he is down on the Rev. William Ormsby for making a quite excusable mistake in his life of Hope-Scott, a fellow-Etonian, who parted from our author when (like other contemporary Oxonians) he took the road to Rome. Shrewd he is, too; overthrowing, for instance, in a single sentence all Mr. Bright's theories about wars being the work of what used to be styled "the bloated aristocracy." "Up to the present era, certainly," he says, speaking of the Exhibition of 1851, "the spirit of commerce has not been on the whole a pacific spirit." He is right, and Mr. Bright (who forgot "Jenkins's ears;" and the long wars with France, due more to Napoleon's Berlin decrees than to any other cause; and the China wars; and many others) was wholly wrong. Yet he is often unfair, as all politicians more or less unconsciously are to their opponents. Of this, what he says about "that skinflint Hume and his cheese-paring economies" endangering the safety of the Empire is an instance. Most of Hume's retrenchments dealt with sinecures and pensions and excessive salaries and waste in departments. The older statesmen had a very paradise of "places"; but (witness the Walcheren expedition) they were not superior to their successors in their military enterprises.

This mention of "places" reminds us of one of the best things in the book. Our author's great-uncle, Sir John Doyle, who fought in America and in Egypt, is better known for his speeches in the Dublin Parliament. He was one of the incorruptibles, and never tried to enter the Imperial Parliament; and it is remembered that, when a noted Liberal had gone over to the other side and had been rewarded with an appointment, Sir John attacked him with sarcastic banter. The victim retorted that these were not times for such flippancy, and bade him remember the maxim, *Dulce est desipere in loco*. Sir John instantly replied: "I am very much obliged to my right honourable friend, and beg to return him a literal construe of his quotation: "It is pleasant to make a fool of oneself *in place*." The whole chapter on the Doyle family is interesting; the gallantry of the writer's grandfather,

Welbore Ellis Doyle, is told with natural *gusto*. It was he who, at the battle of Famars, rallied his regiment, the Fourteenth, and flung them on the French to the tune of "Ça ira" ("Come along, my lads; let's break these scoundrels to their own damned tune. Drummers, strike up 'Ça ira!'"), which long continued the favourite tune of the regiment. Our author has versified the event:

* * * *

"Then like a stream that bursts its banks
To *Ça ira* from fifes and drums,
Upon their crushed and shattered ranks
The cataract charge of England comes;
Whilst their own conquering music leapt
Forth in wild mirth to feel them run;
Right o'er the ridge that host was swept,
And the grim battle won."

Sir Francis's father served under Nelson at Copenhagen, his regiment having volunteered to act as marines. He was afterwards arbitrator, along with Sir R. W. Horton and Dr. Lushington, between Lord and Lady Byron. On this well-worn topic we are told: "These three, all men of the world, yet so different in their antecedents and characters, were completely in unison, and held that Lady Byron had no choice except to separate herself from her husband. . . . . If his conduct were pardonable at all, how is it that they never suggested to his wife that she should pardon him?" Here, again, Sir Francis seems to be rather begging the question; for, as the arbitrators felt themselves bound in honour to disclose nothing, we are not sure but that Lady Byron's determination was so strong as to make them feel that all suggestions of pardon would be in vain. Col. Doyle also endeavoured to reconcile Lord and Lady Lytton (the latter being his cousin) but with equal ill-success. Among the Peninsular anecdotes (an uncle served all through the war in Spain) is one which strikingly testifies to Wellington's foresight. While forcing the passes of the Pyrenees, Wellington astonished his officers by saying, after he had put everything in order, "Now I shall go to bed." "But what, my lord, if the French attack during the night?" "Oh, dear, no! we're quite safe till ten to-

morrow morning." He afterwards explained to Alava the grounds of his confidence. "I saw three French vedettes gallop off in such and such a pass. Well, they went and reported to Soult; and he, I felt sure, would at once call a council of war, and say: 'Lord Wellington, being there in person, must have got up his reserves; before attacking I must get up mine;' and I knew they could not be got up till ten the next morning." The best part of the story is that, when Sir Francis was telling it in the All Souls' common room, Sir Charles Vaughan remarked: "Ah! I know that; and I told it years ago at a Paris dinner. A French general looked sulky and discomposed, but at last broke out with: 'Yes, I was second in command, and these are the very words Soult used.'"

Doyle is an Irish name, though whether it is altered from some Celtic word or is the Norman d'Oyley, Sir Francis is doubtful. The Doyles were uprooted, like many other Irish clans, by James's Plantation in 1616. The head of our author's branch escaped, but only to be crushed by Cromwell, the estates being given to an English family. The next head, and first Protestant in the family, recovered its fortunes; and his grandson William was reputed one of the most brilliant Irishmen across a dinner-table. Once, as he was going to fight a duel with Provost Hutchinson, with whom, though they were close friends, he had blundered into a political dispute, his second thought him looking smarter than usual, and said so. "Well, I could hardly help dressing for the Provost's ball," was the retort. How his branch of the family came to England, Sir Francis does not tell us; but he was born at his maternal grandfather's, Sir W. Milner's, house, Nunappleton, near Tadcaster. His birthplace accounts for his fondness for horses, which was quite worthy of what "Eothen" calls, "A Yorkshireman hippodamoio." Once he used his horsey knowledge to set right his Oxford tutor about the chariot-race passage in Sophocles's "Electra," boldly rendering ὑστέρας ἔχων πώλους, "holding his horses in hand behind," in opposition to Herman and Elmsley, who translate "having inferior horses." Our author supported his view by quoting a line a little further on, τῷ τέλει πίστιν φέρων, "putting his confidence in the end," *i.e.*, making it

a waiting race. "But," said the tutor, "Mr. Doyle, that is not in accordance with Herman's views." "I can't help that, sir; Herman, I am sure, was never either at Doncaster or Newmarket," was the reply. Yorkshire fashion, racing anecdotes are often introduced to give more point to a story; but it was scarcely "Yorkshire" in Sir Francis to let himself be done by a London cabman, who, having bought a horse of him for £4, afterwards declined to pay more than 30*s*. Even out of this anecdote, however, our author extracts humorous consolation. Foolish as he was in not insisting on being paid on the nail, he was less foolish than Sir W. Harcourt, who bought a hundred guinea steed in Oxfordshire, and forgot all about it while immersed in his London briefs. At last he wakened up, and sold the animal for seventy guineas to the dealer from whom he had bought it; but when he asked for the money he was met with the reply: "Pardon me, you've forgotten the keep, a farrier's bill, &c. &c. In point of fact, you owe me 30*s*.; but under the circumstances, I won't insist upon that." From a child Sir Francis was always able to hold his own in repartee. One evening when he came down to dessert, and began greedily applying himself to some cherries, a guest asked, in that jesting way so terrible to children: "If your papa was turned into a cherry, would you eat him?" The answer was (we can fancy the demureness with which it came out, after much solemn thought), "Well, if my papa was going to be turned back again from a cherry into my papa, of course I shouldn't eat him; but if he was to keep always being a cherry, why shouldn't I?" After some private lessons from Dr. Noehden, young Doyle went to M. Clément's fashionable school at Chelsea, a school where Romillys, Harcourts, Hamiltons, Russells, &c., had been prepared. Here the boys were made adepts in French by the system of passing on *la marque* whenever they ventured on a word of English, "a plan which irrecoverably rubbed off some of the bloom of my natural frankness and sincerity." Pudding came before meat at M. Clément's; and Wednesday's pudding was specially odious to the head boy, Codrington, the future admiral. Once he, sitting by Mme. Clément, gave a look of disgust. Clément, at the other end of the

table, caught sight of him, and roared out: "M. Codrington, Que faites-vous là? Si le Prince Régent venait dîner ici, je ne lui donnerais pas de meilleur pouding que cela. Mettez-vous à genoux, M. Codrington; et mangez cela tout de suite." As soon as the last morsel had disappeared, the tormentor called out: "Madame Clément; donnez encore du pouding à M. Codrington."

At Eton our author thinks his character was formed; "I became much the same Frank Doyle that I have continued ever since." Lameness and short-sightedness made him awkward at games; and he preferred a walk with Gladstone, Arthur Hallam, the future Lord Elgin, or others whom he met at Miss Hatton's debating club. At this club he heard Gladstone's maiden speech: "Sir, in this age of increased and still increasing civilization. . . ." on which word Sir Francis's comment is that "this so-called civilization has mainly dragged into being a populace whom it has "impoverished and degraded," and whose condition in our great cities he thinks ought, more than anything else, to make us ashamed of the human race. "I am a Tory," he says, "because history is not quite hidden from me; because I have learnt what evils democracy passing into ochlocracy is sure to bring upon its victims. I would rather therefore adjourn free government for a time, and hand over the reins to some firm, vigorous patriotic dictator, *if only we could find him*, than encourage a huge eyeless Sampson to drag down the pillars that sustain what is left of our social edifice, on the chance of his rebuilding a nobler temple of life out of its ruins." Such reflections are almost too serious to be called forth by the words of a boy, however prophetic these words may seem to have been; but the seriousness is, after our author's fashion, relieved on the next page, where we are told how narrowly Gladstone escaped a flogging because, while being instructed by Milnes Gaskell in the various modes of Parliamentary cheering, a tutor, hearing the noise, thought he was "under the influence of liquor," and all but handed him over to the head master. Of Arthur Hallam Sir Francis is astonished that lovers of "In Memoriam" think so seldom; and *apropos* of "In Memoriam" we may remark how strange it is that in a book

by an Oxford ex-poetry-professor there is so little of poetical criticism;* for that he refers us to his lectures, which he says are really good, though audiences preferred hearing Mrs. Scott Siddons recite to listening to them. The best Eton story is one of Dr. Keate's. When "Swing" was destroying the agricultural machinery in the supposed interest of the labourer, Keate got an anonymous letter threatening him that his house should be burned unless he stopped flogging. He read it out in school with the comment: "This is all nonsense, boys. 'Swing' can have no complaint against me, for I always use my hands; never machinery of any kind." At Oxford, our author tells us, Mr. Gladstone used to take him round to dissenting chapels, his reward being that he heard both Chalmers and Rowland Hill. Of the latter he repeats a stock anecdote; how, having stayed sacrament with some obscure congregation at a Presbyterian church, he was questioned by an elder as to his belief. "I am a sincere Christian," was the reply; "but I do not suppose I am exactly one of you." "In that case we cannot admit you to *our table*." "Oh, indeed! I beg ten thousand pardons. I would not intrude for the world; but then, you see, I thought it was *the Lord's table*." The story is old; but Sir Francis is right in thinking that a good thing will bear repetition, though occasionally he applies the same rule to an unworthy joke, as when (twice over) he tells how the Bishop of London's gardener said, "It was cruel cold; the glass gone down five degrees below Nero."

"As soon," we are assured, "as Mr. Gladstone dawned upon the Union he took the first place, till then held by Manning, the present Cardinal." Mr. Gladstone's double first was a splendid one, all the more creditable because Eton then did not fit her sons to compete with other schools. "The only

* He breaks a lance with Mr. Matthew Arnold, on behalf of Macaulay's "Lays," which he stoutly (and, we think, rightly) maintains to be true poetry, excusing the shortcomings by the remark that "we take a poem as we take a wife, for better for worse"; and reminding us that Goethe said (doubtless in a moment of ill-humour) that "the 'Inferno' is abominable, the 'Purgatorio' doubtful, the 'Paradiso' tiresome." "Lycidas" he agrees with Dr. Johnson in condemning: "it seems as if written to order." Keble, he thinks "commonly stammered rather than spoke, and yet the 'Christian Year' has deeply influenced beautiful souls."

mistake he made in his *viva voce*, to which I listened most attentively, was one which I, a Yorkshireman, was sure to detect. The examiner asked him to name the finest horses brought over by Xerxes when he invaded Europe. He said Arabs, whereas the Arabians in the Persian host rode on camels." For much more about Mr. Gladstone we refer our readers to the book itself; though we must note the following trait of energy and pertinacity. The two were riding near Mr. Gladstone's father's place in Kincardineshire, Gladstone on a skittish mare, Doyle on a cob "as quiet as a sheep." "Let me open that gate for you," said Doyle, when Gladstone's mare began to sidle and rear and plunge. No; he insisted on doing it himself, though it took him forty minutes to tame his beast out of her obstructiveness. It is interesting, too, to be told that Mr. Gladstone "never felt nervous when called to speak on political questions, but was often troubled at first at a literary fund dinner or the like."

We commend to *doctrinaire* reformers the remarks on sweeping away local scholarships and exhibitions. It was a "liberal" change, yet it was "robbing the poor to bestow undue advantage on those whose greater riches enable them to give their children the best coaching. In this way you may bar the door against a Newton, arrest his mental development at the most critical time, and end by driving him into a grocer's shop."

In 1834 Sir Francis was taken by Baron Parke as his marshal on the Northern Circuit; and some of his best stories belong to the time immediately after he was called to the bar. Among his own experiences as revising barrister the best is the way in which at Halifax he put down a red-bearded giant who, in a towering rage, came to defend his vote, and shook his fist across the table, crying, "You d—d little *lickplatter;* I'll break every bone in your skin." Having no javelin men, Doyle thought his best chance lay in an appeal to the man's business interests and Yorkshire thrift. "Now," said he, "I'm not going to stand any of this nonsense here. If you can't behave properly I shall adjourn the court and go out for a walk. This may not suit you or your neighbours; but it will suit me perfectly, as I shall be on duty for another day, and

pocket an extra ten guineas." The man at once became "as docile as a carefully trained elephant."

But we must lay down a book, to read which at once makes one feel towards the author as towards an old friend. We may not always agree with him; we are glad now and then to have a little of that word-fencing which sharpeneth wits as iron sharpeneth iron; but we never vary in our estimate—the writer is always a genial, kindly gentleman, and on almost every page we are sure of a good story. Such a book is certain to be popular, and will, therefore, we presume, be remunerative. Hitherto Sir Francis tells us he has made nothing by literature but a loss; and he laments the time when his lessons with Dr. Noehden used to bring pence or sixpences according as the tutor's verdict was only *bene* or *ultra perbene*. We hope this volume will make a change in that respect. It ought to do so; and pecuniary success may, perhaps, cure the pessimism with which the author declares he is afflicted. A sign of this pessimism is his conviction that Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and Free Trade were each a mistake; at least, that in each case "the Tory Cassandras" have been right. The first involved the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; and with regard to that measure "Mr. Gladstone was told by his dearest friend that till he had refixed the Roman Church in its pre-Reformation state he would have done nothing and earned no gratitude." The second led to that "Reform Bill of 1884" about which even advanced Liberals are not quite easy in their minds. The third, "by driving wheat out of cultivation, may reduce us, in case of a war forced on us by others, to absolute surrender or to a famine recalling that of Jerusalem." These are serious questions, too serious to be attempted in our remaining space. They prepare us to learn that Sir Francis is also an alarmist; he thinks our Navy should be much stronger than it is, and considers Sir Farrer Herschel quite nonsensical for saying: "Ironclads so often prove failures that it is wise to save our money and wait till we can secure perfect ships." On this point we hope he has since been satisfied; our Navy is now asserted to be at least twice as strong as that of any of our neighbours. On another point he says—strikingly for a Tory, but not, we think, quite wisely—"Our aristocrats missed

a wonderful opportunity at the time of the cotton famine. The late Lord Derby, for instance, by subscribing £100,000 to begin with, and promising £500 a week while the famine lasted, might have made himself 'King of the North,' had he accompanied his gift by telling the Lancashire lads how deeply he was indebted to them for the position he occupied, and that they should never 'clem' so long as he had anything to share with them." We must add that Sir Francis gives a qualified assent to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, first advocated by Lord Ellesmere and "Jim Wortley," to correct the general looseness in manufacturing districts. We must now take leave of a work which has given us real pleasure, and which will be sure to delight every class of readers.

Art. VIII.—LEIGH HUNT: HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WORK.

1. *The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.* London: Smith, Elder & Co.
2. *The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt.* Edited by his Eldest Son. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
3. *List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged.* With Notes, &c. By Alexander Ireland. London: John Russell Smith.
4. *The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.* London: Edward Moxon.
5. *The Collected and Uncollected Prose Works of Leigh Hunt.*
6. *The Real Lord Byron.* By J. Cordy Jeafferson. London: Hurst & Blackett.

At a time when a biographer is found for almost every man who becomes known in any degree to the world at large, it is strange that we should be unable to name at the head of this Article any adequate record of the life of

Leigh Hunt. Specially strange is it that no place should have been found for him in the very catholic series of volumes devoted exclusively to "English Men of Letters" which is being so admirably edited by Mr. John Morley. True, Hunt was less eminent than some who are there commemorated: he cannot, for example, be fitly placed by the side of Chaucer and Milton, Bunyan and Burke; but there are others among whom he might sit as among his peers, and there is, perhaps, not one in Mr. Morley's gallery of worthies who can be more accurately defined as a man of letters pure and simple. He was not, like Gibbon or Wordsworth or Dickens, pre-eminent in any one province of the republic of letters, but he was a free citizen of the whole domain. Loving literature with a passionate ardour, the work of his life was an expression of his love; and he is best described by the vague but large phrase of his friend Carlyle as a "writer of books."

Though a formal biography is wanting, a fairly satisfactory record of the really productive years in the life of Leigh Hunt is to be found in the *Autobiography* and in the two volumes of *Correspondence*, edited by his son; the former being one of the most fascinating personal narratives with which we are acquainted, and the latter a singularly attractive contribution to what may be described as postal literature. James Henry Leigh Hunt—the first two Christian names were dropped early in life—was born at what was then the little village of Southgate, Middlesex, on the 19th of October, 1784. His father was a Creole, being of European race, but of West Indian birth. Beginning life as a lawyer, he forsook law for divinity, and, after his emigration from Barbados to England, became a popular metropolitan preacher, but in his later years adopted Unitarian and Universalist opinions. His mother, an American of English descent, had Quaker blood in her veins; and those who love to note the phenomena of heredity will find in Leigh Hunt very noteworthy "strains" both of the paternal and the maternal stock. His father had what may be called a tropical temperament—eager, sanguine, pleasure-loving, careless; and from him his son doubtless inherited the bright cheerfulness, the healthy optimism, and the lack of ordinary practicality by which he was always distinguished; while

there is as little doubt that he derived from his mother that dainty refinement and exquisiteness of discrimination, both in matters of art and of conduct, which gives a peculiarly winning charm at once to his life and to his work. To both parents he probably owed something of that genial enthusiasm of humanity which informs every line that came from his pen, and which found its most memorable and perfect expression in the little poem entitled, "Abou Ben Adhem."

Hunt's was a childhood full of the quick terrors and the vitalising delights which are the dower of an actively procreant imagination and a singularly sensitive physical and intellectual organism. He was sent to school to Christ Hospital—commonly, and, as he assures us, erroneously known as Christ's Hospital—and the long chapter in the *Autobiography* which is devoted to his school-days is, as a piece of delightful gossip, unexcelled by any of the more eventful chapters by which it was followed. Hunt describes himself with obvious truthfulness as "an ultra-sympathizing and timid boy"; but his timidity was evidently that which comes of quick sensitiveness rather than of what we ordinarily understand as cowardice; indeed, it is clear that where occasion called he was deficient neither in physical nor in moral courage. In one sense of the word Hunt may be spoken of as a precocious boy—that is, if the epithet can be applied to taste as well as to talent. He revelled in such literature as came in his way, which seems to have been principally the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and what he admired he imitated, writing "odes" because Collins and Gray had written them, "pastorals" because Pope had written them, "blank verse" because Akenside and Thomson had written blank verse, and a "Palace of Pleasure" because Spenser had written a "Bower of Bliss." The elder Hunt, who was proud of his boy's gifts, purely imitative as it was, collected these verses and had them published by subscription in 1802, the volume being adorned with an engraved portrait of its juvenile author, who thus in his eighteenth year had the proud satisfaction of feeling himself a full-blown man of letters. Of course he still continued to write, but a casual occurrence turned his attention from verse to prose. He was presented by his father with a

set of the British Classics, and, becoming at once enamoured of the art of essay-writing, contributed to the *Traveller*, an evening journal of the period, a number of papers, which were accepted with effusion; though the writer had to be content, and, as a matter of fact, was more than content, with a very unsubstantial return in the form of five or six copies of the issues in which his lucubrations appeared. Other and somewhat more profitable journalistic work followed; in 1807—that is when he was twenty-three years of age—we find him contributing theatrical criticisms to the *Times*, and in 1808 his brother John and himself established a weekly paper, the *Examiner*, by which he was destined to win what his friends called fame, his enemies notoriety. This was not the first experiment in journalism made by the two brothers, for in 1805 they set up a little paper called the *News*, which had but a short life and little influence; though Leigh Hunt's own articles on matters theatrical attracted attention by their novel independence of tone, it having been the practice of pressmen, up to this date, to accept "orders" as payment in full for indiscriminate puffery. Drawn by the current of circumstance rather than inclination, Leigh Hunt soon found himself in the whirlpool of controversies far more tumultuous than those earlier ones concerning the merits of this actor or that play. Hunt says of the *Examiner*, "It began by being of no party; but Reform soon gave it one. It disclaimed all knowledge of statistics; and the rest of its politics were rather a sentiment and a matter of general training than founded on any particular political reflection." As a matter of fact, *nascitur non fit* is as true of the politician as of the poet; and it was one of the oddest of the ironies of fate that a man who was absolutely devoid of native bent towards politics, and to whom one Spenser or Petrarch was of more consequence than a score of Broughams or Burdetts, should be known earliest and longest, not as a gentle flower-gatherer on the slopes of Parnassus, but as the fiery irreconcilable who had been sent to prison for libelling a prince.

It is impossible here to give the details either of the history of the *Examiner*, or of Hunt's private life at this time. With regard to the latter it must suffice to say that on the

3rd of July, 1809, he was married to Miss Marianne Kent, a young lady to whom he had been engaged since his very early youth; so that, roughly speaking, his life of quiet domesticity and of very unquiet publicity may be said to have begun together. As for the *Examiner*, it was soon in stormy waters. Having, as Hunt describes, drifted into an alliance with the party of Reform, its fealty knew no half-heartedness; and the legal functionaries of a Tory Government soon found that a new and formidable antagonist was in the field, and aimed their artillery in his direction. Several attempted prosecutions were more or less ineffective; but at last Hunt gave the enemy an opportunity, of which advantage was promptly taken. That never heroic or admirable person, George, Prince of Wales, had become George, Prince Regent, and the popularity which had been his when he was supposed to be the advocate for popular reform measures, and especially for concession to the Catholic claims, had not only vanished, but had been replaced by an aggressive unpopularity which expressed itself with no reticence or shyness. On St. Patrick's Day, 1812, there was held the annual banquet of Irishmen resident in London; and the name of the Prince, which had at previous similar gatherings been received with rapture, was greeted first with significant silence and then with still more significant hisses. The occurrence could not well be ignored by the Ministerial party, and its organ, the *Morning Post*, endeavoured to compensate its royal patron for the annoying incident by a leading article so crammed with ludicrously misapplied compliment that, if the Prince had possessed a keen sense of humour, he would have felt that the eulogies of his journalistic friend were harder to bear than the hisses of his convivial foes. To this article the *Examiner* replied; and a few sentences from this reply—which was written by Hunt himself—serve to show something of the rather crude manner in which newspaper flattery was administered and newspaper controversy conducted in those blithe days of the Regency. The writer is nearing the close of his article, and has evidently warmed to his subject. He asks:

"What person unacquainted with the true state of the case could imagine that this 'Glory of the people' was the subject of millions of

shrugs and reproaches!—that this 'Protector of the Arts' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen!—that this 'Mæcenas of the age' had not patronized a single deserving writer!—that this 'Breather of eloquence' could not say a few decent extempore words, if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal!—that this 'Conqueror of hearts' was the disappointer of hopes!—that this 'Exciter of desire' [bravo! Messieurs of the *Post*]—this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, this *delightful*, *blissful*, *wise*, *honourable*, *virtuous*, *true* and *immortal* prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity. These are hard truths; but are they not truths? And have we not suffered enough—are we not now suffering bitterly—from the disgusting flatteries of which the above is a repetition? The Ministers may talk of the shocking boldness of the press, and may throw out their wretched warnings about interviews between Mr. Percival and Sir Vicary Gibbs; but let us inform them that such vices as have just been enumerated are shocking to all Englishmen who have a just sense of the state of Europe; and that he is a bolder man who, in times like the present, dares to afford reason for the description. Would to God that the *Examiner* could ascertain that difficult, and perhaps indiscoverable point which enables a public writer to keep clear of an appearance of the love of scandal, while he is hunting out the vices of those in power."

It may reasonably be inferred that such an article would be the subject of more than one of those interviews between Mr. Percival and Sir Vicary Gibbs. The result of the interviews was a prosecution, and the result of the prosecution was that the brothers Hunt were sentenced to undergo two years' imprisonment in separate gaols, and to pay a fine of a thousand pounds. They had previously been informed in a quiet, but evidently authoritative manner, that if they would take a pledge of total abstinence from attacks on the Regent means should be found to remit both fine and imprisonment; but the compromise was rejected, and Leigh Hunt was conveyed to Surrey gaol, while John was immured in Clerkenwell. To no man of sensitive physical, and emotional organization can the closing behind him of a prison door be anything but a shock, and to Leigh Hunt it was specially trying, for he was at the time in feeble health. His was, however, a spirit of brave,

invincible cheerfulness; and most even of those who know little else about him have heard the story of how he had the walls of his room papered with a trellis of roses, the ceiling covered with clouds and sky, the barred windows screened with Venetian blinds, while for companionship he provided himself with his books, his busts, his pianoforte, and—it need hardly be added—unfailing relays of flowers. Modern æstheticsm would, perhaps, consider the arrangement a little flamboyant, but there was something about it which corresponded to a certain expansive, dainty luxuriousness in the nature of the arranger; and even people who write these little manuals on "Art in the House," which make some of us feel such terrible Philistines, are unanimous in insisting on the necessity of this very correspondence between man and his dwelling-place. The cell thus transformed into a bower was a surprise and delight to troops of friends, for the prisoner was not debarred from other society than his books and flowers. He had much of the companionship of his wife and children; and, besides his old friends, he was visited by new ones drawn to him by political or literary sympathies. Among his many prison guests were Brougham, Byron, Hazlitt, Charles and Mary Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke; and here, too, he made the one supreme but too brief friendship of his life, for one of his visitors was Percy Bysshe Shelley. This beloved name was now added to a list of literary intimates of whom any man might well be proud—a list which, in addition to the names just mentioned already, included those of Thomas Campbell, James and Horace Smith, Theodore Hook, and others, and in which the still more memorable names of Keats and Coleridge were soon to be enrolled. Indeed, even these early years of Leigh Hunt's career were so rich in all the interest that attaches to poetry, art, literary converse, and all such gracious sweeteners and adorners of life that we are almost tempted to resent the rough intrusion of these turbulent political polemics which seem to be, and, in a measure really were, alien elements. And yet, if one considers it again, it is impossible to wish that Hunt's life had been other than what it was. The friends who have spoken in his praise—and is not their name legion?—have dwelt first and last and most lovingly upon those genialities and graces and

sweetnesses which give to character its charm; it is worth much to those of us who admire Hunt as warmly as we love him to know that he was in no wise deficient in those less fascinating, but more essentially virile qualities, which give to character structure, organism, power of influence, and power of resistance. It is, as Goethe has somewhere said, a weakness to be devoid of a capacity for noble indignation. Hunt had the capacity, and he had also the courage and fortitude to make it effectual. Still, we are glad of the opportunity provided by this period of enforced leisure in Hunt's life to speak for a moment or two of those interests which were more truly representative of its peculiar quality than even the most sincere and eager attack upon corruption enthroned in high places. It was in February, 1813, that Leigh Hunt entered Surrey gaol, and of his purely literary work up to this date the *Autobiography* gives a somewhat discursive and imperfect account. We are therefore all the more grateful for the complete and accurate information concerning the purely literary side of Hunt's career, which is to be found in Mr. Ireland's fascinating volume. The epithet is not one that we should usually think of applying to a bibliography, which is for the most part a harmless, necessary, but very sawdusty production. In the hands of Mr. Ireland, however, bibliography is sublimated, and springs from the rank of the useful into that of the fine arts. His book not merely gives a complete list of the works of the authors represented, but gives us a general idea of the nature of their contents; tells us what has been said about them by their authors or by others; and supplies such a delicious olla-podrida of characteristic *ana* that a clever literary charlatan might easily compile an apparently adequate criticism of Hazlitt or Hunt without reading a single work by either writer. We need not say that we are not in these pages attempting such an adventurous task; but as we may not have occasion to make another explicit mention of Mr. Ireland's work, we must here acknowledge once for all our many obligations not only to it, but to the collection of inedited letters and other documents which its compiler has so generously placed at our disposal. We may express in public the wish which we have often ex-

pressed in private, that Mr. Ireland would issue a new edition of a book which has long been out of print, and which has always had a merely private circulation. To thorough students of the works of the writers with whom it deals, it is simply indispensable.

But we must return to Hunt, his work, and his friends. At the time of his imprisonment, he had published a lively volume of essays on the principal London actors; he had been editor of five volumes of *Classic Tales*, and author of various essays by which they were accompanied; had contributed other essays to the *Reflector*, a very miscellaneous collection of such compositions, also edited by himself; had written many articles of literary interest in the columns of the *Examiner;* and had reprinted from that journal a series of less praiseworthy papers, which being more than half forgotten, may be wholly forgiven. They were entitled, *An Attempt to show the Folly and Danger of Methodism.* What they succeed in showing, are simply the writer's keen eye for the extravagances and eccentricities which are sure to mark the early stages of a great popular religious movement, and his inability to discern the nature of the spiritual force which made Methodism powerful enough to court an attack. Hunt's tender and beautiful, but heterodox volume, *The Religion of the Heart*, is one of many proofs of the reality of his religious feeling, and his was a nature to which bigotry was quite alien; but here he wrote with imperfect knowledge, and, therefore, with imperfect sympathy. During his imprisonment he published *The Descent of Liberty: A Mask*, the subject of which was the downfall of Napoleon; and shortly after his release he published, with a dedication to Lord Byron, his first really important work in verse, *The Story of Rimini*, which had for its subject that love story of Paolo and Francesca made immortal by the *Inferno* of Dante, and concerning which we shall have, later on, a word or two to say.

The friendship of Shelley was now the pleasantest element in the life of Leigh Hunt, and after, his emancipation from Surrey gaol, the only noticeably unpleasant elements were provided by his occasional ill-health and his almost constant pecuniary anxieties. Of these anxieties it is only

necessary to say here, that they were caused partly by the drain upon his purse, which necessarily resulted from the Government prosecution; partly by Hunt's own want of business capabilities, which he repeatedly acknowledges and deplores almost as if it were a crime; and partly by a fact, in no way discreditable to Hunt himself, and which was, and is, well known to many of his friends, but which cannot be touched upon, save in this allusive fashion without inflicting undeserved pain upon innocent living persons. The correspondence of this period is rich in most delightful letters from Hunt to Shelley, from Shelley to Hunt, and from the two wives, each to each, the four falling quickly into an easy, intimate, brotherly and sisterly fashion of converse. Of Shelley, Hunt was not merely friend, but champion; for the author of the revolutionary *Queen Mab* was running the gauntlet of criticism, the ferocity of which was intensified by both political and theological hostility, and the *Examiner* was not merely staunch in defence, but enthusiastic in eulogy. In Keats, Hunt found another friend in need of a defender, and the defence was not lacking either in vigour or constancy. So far as the general reading public are concerned, Hunt was the discoverer of Keats, and not only his discoverer, but his faithful interpreter, pointing out lovingly, by means of his "sign-post criticism," as it has been called somewhat disparagingly by those who profess to need no guidance along the by-ways of literature, those magical felicities of insight and expression which even in his earliest and crudest work testified that here was a poet of the true royal line. The loyalty of the elder singer to his younger but greater competitor—for we do not pretend that any of Hunt's work in poetry can rank with the "large utterance" of *Hyperion*—is very beautiful; and it cannot but be regretted that Lord Houghton, in his memoir of Keats, gave permanence to the petulant complaining, engendered by the morbidity of mortal disease, in which Keats at one time indulged. To these complainings Hunt in the *Autobiography* makes a reply, needless to those who are familiar with the files of the *Examiner*, but in itself so affecting and persuasive in its restrained pathos of remonstrance, that we quote a few sentences. Hunt writes:

"I learned the other day, with extreme pain, ... that Keats at one period of his intercourse with us suspected both Shelley and myself of a wish to see him undervalued! Such are the tricks which constant infelicity can play with the most noble natures. For Shelley let *Adonais* answer. For myself, let every word answer that I uttered about him, living and dead, and such as I now proceed to repeat. I might have been as well told that I wished to see the flowers or the stars undervalued, or my own heart that loved him. . . . . Keats appears to have been of opinion that I ought to have taken more notice of what the critics said against him. And perhaps I ought. My notices of them may not have been sufficient. I may have too much contented myself with panegyrising his genius, and thinking the objections to it of no ultimate importance. Had he given me a hint to another effect I should have acted upon it. But, in truth, as I have before intimated, I did not see a twentieth part of what was said against us; nor had I the slightest notion, at that period, that he took criticism so much to heart. I was in the habit, though a public man, of living in a world of abstractions of my own; and I regarded him as of a nature still more abstracted and sure of renown. . . . . I little suspected, as I did afterwards, that the hunters had struck him; and never at any time did I suspect that he could have imagined it desired by his friends. Let me quit the subject of so afflicting a delusion."

We will quit it also, but before quitting it we must refer to a reiteration and elaboration of Keats' complaint, which are to be found in a volume entitled *Cobwebs of Criticism*, by Mr. Hall Caine, which was published in 1883. Mr. Caine, one of that too numerous class of persons who think that loyal admiration is incompatible with reasonable discrimination, adheres to the view which the dying poet in his saner hours repudiated, and asks scornfully what Leigh Hunt did for Keats. The question is an impertinence. What rather, it should be asked, did Hunt not do, except reply to criticisms of the very existence of which he was ignorant? From the close of 1816, when Keats, who was then entirely unknown, was introduced by Hunt to the reading public, to the day of his untimely taking off, the pages of the *Examiner* and the *Indicator* are rich in the warmest tributes to his genius, and it is noteworthy that in 1818, which witnessed the appearance of the notorious review in the *Quarterly*, and which Mr. Caine specially notes as the year of Hunt's silence, Hunt published, in the little volume of verse entitled *Foliage*, three sonnets addressed to Keats, in which his genius is

celebrated in phrases which may almost be described as those of affectionate hyperbole.

This friendship, however, loyal and enthusiastic as it was, had but a brief continuance. Poor Keats bade farewell to all his friends but one, and set out on his journey southward and sunward, in search of the health that might bring with it new visions of beauty, to find only the one solemn vision of the beyond. Shelley also found his way to Italy, and also to death; but in his case the end was not yet, and before it came Hunt and he were destined to meet on the shores of a land dear to both. This Italian visit of Hunt's was but an episode in his life, which might be very briefly dismissed were it not that in some of its occurrences Hunt's calumniators have found material for their most malignant attacks; and therefore in Hunt's vindication a somewhat full statement of the facts is necessary. In the beginning of the year 1821, not only Shelley, but Lord Byron, who had been driven from England by the voice of public opinion, was making for himself a temporary home in Italy; and the two poets were brought into tolerably close companionship. Byron was determined that though condemned to exile he would not be condemned to silence, and confided to Shelley a scheme for the establishment of a periodical publication through which his voice might still be heard. The result of the talks between the two friends was a letter addressed by Shelley to Hunt, dated August 26, in which Hunt was invited to come over to Italy to assist in the production of the new venture, and to be an equal sharer in the profits with Lord Byron, as Shelley himself, though promising co-operation, refused to accept any portion of the gains. Hunt was naturally tempted by the offer. The fortunes of the *Examiner* were languishing; the health of its editor was in a most precarious condition; Italy was dear to Hunt, as the land of poetry and romance; and dearer still was the friend to whose side he had been summoned. Monetary difficulties were really the only obstacle, but by Shelley's assistance it was removed, and Hunt and his family set sail for the South. After a voyage full of delays and dangers the voyagers reached their destination, landing at Leghorn early in the July of 1822. Here they

were joined by Shelley, and in a few days removed to Pisa, where rooms had been provided for the Hunts, in a palazzo rented by Lord Byron. The two friends were delighted to be again in each other's society, and both looked forward to a period of long and happy companionship. The hope was vain, for the mutual greetings had hardly been exchanged when Shelley bade the little circle at Pisa what turned out to be his last farewell, and started on the fatal voyage from which he came back no more. This terrible catastrophe, which robbed Hunt of his best friend, and the world of one of its truest poets, had also the effect of bringing Hunt into an unfair and wholly unexpected relation of dependence upon Lord Byron. Byron's enthusiasm in the matter of the *Liberal*, the name which had been proposed for the new magazine, had begun to cool; but, instead of acquainting Hunt with this fact, he adopted a policy of simple procrastination; and Hunt, who had come out, relying upon assurances that the work would be commenced at once, was condemned not only to enforced indolence, but to the humiliation of having to ask for aid which, by no fault of his own, was unearned, and which when asked for, was doled out grudgingly and contemptuously, as it might have been to a too importunate mendicant. Byron found Hunt uncongenial; Mrs. Hunt he positively detested; and the children irritated him, though he seems to have condescended to an endeavour to corrupt the morals of one of the boys. His letters to friends in England were full of expressions of dissatisfaction with his own scheme, and of complaints against Hunt, buttressed by the lying statement that he had only engaged in the undertaking, because Hunt and his brother had pressed him to do so. Eventually, the first number of the *Liberal* appeared, and it was followed by three others, though it was clear from the first that it lacked the kind of vitality which is essential to permanence. Certainly it contained *The Vision of Judgment*, that greatest satirical effort of a writer who was greater in satire than in anything else, and it contained also Shelley's translation of the *Walpurgis Nacht* from *Faust*, and some of Hazlitt's most vigorous essays; but it had no obvious unity of purpose which would make any special class of readers eager to welcome it, and when,

after the publication of the fourth number, Byron withdrew in disgust, the fatal blow only antedated an inevitable and early natural decease. Hunt's own articles were quantitatively the most important part of the contents, and they were bright, graceful, and eminently characteristic; but they certainly had not body and weight enough to supply the intellectual momentum required for a literary projectile which was intended to accomplish such great things in the battering down of strongholds. The *Liberal* died, as it was bound to die; and Hunt and Byron parted for ever, the former travelling westward to life in England, the other eastward to death in Greece. After Byron's death, Hunt published a work entitled *Recollections of Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, in which he told the story of his relations with his noble brother poet—truthfully it need hardly be said, but not unnaturally with some touches of bitterness. Byron's friends were, as naturally, enraged, and retaliated, we were about to say in kind; but the phrase is hardly appropriate to describe a retaliation in which unpleasant truths are met by still more unpleasant falsehoods. These and other falsehoods have been adopted without any serious question by Lord Byron's latest biographers, Prof. Nichol and Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, and one of them, which is at once the most injurious and the most recently invented, has even found its way into Mr. Lealie Stephen's otherwise trustworthy article on Lord Byron in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Hunt was accused, in the first place, of flagrant ingratitude to a man who had been his lavish benefactor, and whose only offence was that he had resisted Hunt's importunities when they became too frequent and eager to be longer borne. To this charge even the very brief statement of facts that we have been able to give is a sufficient reply, and Hunt was able to dispose of it triumphantly by publishing in the *Morning Chronicle* a letter in which he proved that, so far from Byron having been generous, he had not been even just; that instead of loading Hunt with favours, he had not even fulfilled his pledged obligations. To other charges Hunt could not reply, for the sufficing reason that they have only been formulated since his death. It has been asserted that the commoner poet had disgusted the lordly one by assumptions of undue

familiarity, the necessary implication being that the *Recollections* were prompted by wounded vanity. Prof. Nichol, for example, tells us that "Hunt could never recognize the propriety of the claim to deference which the 'noble poet' was always too eager to assert, and was inclined to take liberties which his patron perhaps too superciliously repelled." This statement sounds plausible, but it has the one defect of being inconsistent with facts which compel us to acquit Hunt of presumption and Byron of superciliousness. It has been more than once remarked that while Byron had an intense and prideful consciousness of his rank, he was anxious to be thought superior to such a weakness; and Hunt annoyed him, not by taking liberties, but by the diametrically opposite offence of constantly showing his remembrance of the social gulf which separated the journalist from the peer. In the early days of their friendship the formalities of ceremonial intercourse had been dropped on both sides, and, after the manner of intimates, they had addressed each other as "Byron" and "Hunt." Events had sundered them for a time, and when, on Hunt's arrival in Italy, the intercourse was renewed, his increased knowledge of the world, and probably an instinctive perception of Lord Byron's weakness, prompted him to conform to habits of action and of speech which acknowledged decorously but not effusively the claims of rank. His lordship recognized the change, and visibly chafed under it, expressing his annoyance in a half-serious, half-humorous manner, by beginning a letter to Hunt with the words "Dear Lord Hunt"—a piece of harmless banter at which the recipient of the letter laughed so heartily and good-naturedly that he compelled the writer not only to join in his merriment but to leave him to act upon his own notions of etiquette unrestrained by further protests.

We perhaps ought to apologize for devoting so much space to what may seem a trifle, but it is not a trifle when a man of the severest delicacy and most exquisite refinement of nature is accused by a responsible writer of one of the vulgarest and coarsest forms of assumption. Still more brutal—it could not well be more baseless—is the accusation made by Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, and unfortunately accepted to some extent

by Mr. Leslie Stephen. We have no patience for elaboration, but, put in its briefest form, the accusation is this—that when Hunt went out to Italy there was a distinct understanding that he should continue to edit the *Examiner*, so as to insure the support of that journal for the new magazine, and that therefore in abandoning his post he was guilty of a scandalous and unscrupulous breach of faith. It will hardly be believed that the only foundation for this monstrous charge is a casual statement by Trelawny that Lord Byron's loss of interest in the *Liberal* was largely the result of his discovery that Hunt on leaving England had severed his connection with the *Examiner;* and even this statement, which has been so shamefully elaborated, is clearly incorrect—not that Trelawny wilfully misrepresented the facts, but that his information was imperfect or his memory defective. Byron, in his letters to friends in England, had much to say about the Hunts, and made the most of all kinds of trivial or imaginary grievances: it is simply incredible that had a grievance of such reality and magnitude as this actually existed he would have refrained from mentioning it. He does, however, so refrain, and for most people of common-sense this fact would be enough; for it is clear that if Byron had shown that there was even *primâ facie* ground for such a charge against Hunt it would have been a complete justification of himself. But Byron's letters provide positive as well as negative testimony to the absurdity of the calumny. In a letter written in September, 1822, when Hunt had been some months in Italy, he distinctly says, "I believe the brothers Hunt to be honest men;" and during the following month he writes, "As to any community of thought, feeling or opinion between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but *I think him a good-principled and able man*, and must do as I would be done by." It is surely needless to point out that Lord Byron would not have spoken of Hunt as "honest" and "good-principled" had he himself been the recent victim of a breach of faith such as that which we owe to the fertile imagination of Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson. After such conclusive evidence, it is a work of supererogation to add that in the letters of Shelley arranging for Hunt's visit to Italy there is

no hint of the alleged understanding, or to suggest the obvious absurdity of the idea that in the year 1822 a weekly newspaper in London could be conducted successfully, or at all, by an editor in Pisa or Genoa.

But enough of this. Such a discussion is always irritating, and it is a scandal to literature that it should ever be necessary. It is pleasant to leave these wrangles for a necessarily brief glance at Hunt's laborious, anxious, but always brave and cheerful life in England. In events, other than personal and domestic ones, it was poor; in work, in love, and in honour it was rich indeed. He had his share of quiet home joys; he had, perhaps, more than his share of home sorrows; but for due account of these we must needs refer readers to the *Autobiography* and the *Correspondence*. His public life would be best summarized by such a descriptive catalogue as is given in Mr. Ireland's bibliography, for since the severance of his connexion with the *Examiner* he had left the leaders of the political world to wander at their own sweet, or bitter, will. This retirement from the arena of political strife to the flowery meads of literature, where Whigs and Tories can lie down together, did much to bring to an end literary animosities which had their origin in party antagonism; and Christopher North, who had been one of Hunt's fiercest assailants, confessed that by the mere force of genius and geniality, the "Cockney poet" had triumphed. "The animosities," he exclaimed, with that impulsive generosity of his, "are mortal, but the humanities live for ever," and then went on to indulge in a fine panegyric upon *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, which he declared lay weekly upon his breakfast table, "like a spot of sunshine dazzling the snow."

Of the multitudinous works of these later years, we may not here speak in detail. The greater part of it consisted of criticism—that special kind of criticism of which Hunt was one of the first and best masters, and which is not an application of rigidly defined canons but rather a spontaneous expression of appreciation for those things which appealed to a sense of beauty at once delicate and catholic. This criticism often took the form of brief papers, sometimes of more elaborate productions, such as *The Book of the Sonnet* and *A Jar of*

Honey from Mount Hybla; and while celebrating the poets whom he loved, his own muse was not forsaken, for much of his most graceful and winning verse sprang into being during these years of toil. Then, too, there were such pleasant books of historical and topographical as *The Town* and *The Old Court Suburb,* to say nothing of other attempts and achievements "that weighed not as his work yet swelled the man's amount." Of the quality of all that was done in these crowded years we must say a word or two before we close: its mere quantity may well be a theme for wondering remark; and when we remember that it was work produced by one whose health was never strong, and who was pressed down by pecuniary and domestic anxieties, it is impossible to regard without admiration that warms into affection, such unremitting industry, such quiet courage, such heroic serenity and cheerfulness.

When the end came it found Hunt in harness. He had gone to visit a relative at Putney, not far from his humble but pleasant Hammersmith home, and had taken with him the materials for work. His work, however, was done, and on the 28th of August, 1859, he received the call to rest, which he obeyed with that quiet, contented faith, that simple natural piety, which had sustained him through the troubles of a more than ordinarily troubled life. With him passed away not only a typical man of letters, to whom every lover of literature must award the tribute of an ungrudging admiration, but a brave, gentle and loyal spirit, whose memory must be peculiarly dear to those who are touched and won by things lovely and of good report. To most of that which constituted the grace and beauty of Hunt's character scant justice has been done in the preceding pages, for the simple reason that we have felt it our duty to deal, as adequately as possible, with the miserable calumnies by which he has been assailed. This has placed us at a disadvantage, for when a man is made the object of persistent attack by those who seem to gain no advantage by defaming him, the uninformed "reading public" is apt to think that the attacks must at any rate have some justification. It is high time, both in the interests of humanity and literature, to show that in Hunt's case at least there was *no* justification, and we have

attempted with unsatisfactory brevity to perform a task which should ere this have been performed by some abler hands.

Curiously enough, the blow which has been perhaps most damaging to Hunt's fair fame was dealt unwittingly by the hand of a friend who loved and honoured him. In an unfortunate hour Charles Dickens conceived the idea of giving a bright life-likeness to one of his most despicable creations by investing him with a certain atmosphere of gay sentiment, and by attributing to him certain tricks of manner which were generally recognized as Hunt's, the not unnatural consequence being that the real Hunt was proclaimed to be the original—in morals as well as in manner—of the imaginary Harold Skimpole. It is true that as soon as this miserable *canard* reached the ears of Charles Dickens he published in *Household Words* an earnest, unreserved and almost tearful repudiation; but the mischief had been done, for thousands had read the novel and heard the story who knew nothing of the writer's just and generous vindication of his dead friend. Even a writer to whom reference has already been made, and to whom the fact can hardly be unknown, has dared to apply the name of Skimpole to the man whom the creator of Skimpole regarded with the warmest affection and the profoundest respect.

But Charles Dickens was only a single member of a veritable troop of friends; his voice was only one among many raised to do honour in life and in death to this fine, gentle spirit. Mr. Ireland—himself one of the truest of Hunt's friends—has collected a number of these tributes to Hunt's character and genius, and among the tributaries we find names such as those of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose beautiful description of Leigh Hunt in his old age we all remember; Edmund Ollier, Lord Macaulay, William Hazlitt, Judge Talfourd, R. H. Horne (the author of "Orion"), Miss Mitford, John Forster, and Mr. James Russell Lowell, who vie with each other in doing homage to the man and the writer. To these we might have added the loyal and generous reference of Charles Lamb in his memorable letter to Southey, one of the most simple and touching passages even in the writings of "Elia," which are so full of such. One other

he does add, and it is perhaps the weightiest; for its writer was not, as we know too well, given to words of genial praise. When Hunt's pecuniary anxieties had reached a climax, and an attempt—which proved successful—was being made to secure him a pension of £200 a year from the funds of the Civil List, Thomas Carlyle wrote certain "Memoranda concerning Mr. Leigh Hunt," from which, though the boundaries of our space are in sight, we must quote a few decisive sentences:

"That Mr. Leigh Hunt is a man of most indisputably superior worth; a man of genius in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant varied gifts, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of child-like open character; also of most pure, and even exemplary, private deportment; a man who can be other than loved only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.

* * * * *

"That he is heavily laden with domestic burdens, more heavily than most men, and his economical resources are gone from him. For the last twelve years he has toiled continually, with passionate diligence, with the cheerfullest spirit, refusing no task; yet hardly able, with all this, to provide for the day that was passing over him; and now, after some two years of incessant effort in a new enterprise that seemed of good promise, it also has suddenly broken down; and he remains in weak health, age creeping on him, without employment, means, or outlook, in a situation of the painfullest sort. Neither do his distresses, nor did they at any time, arise from wastefulness or the like, on his own part (he is a man of humble wishes, and can live with dignity upon little); but from crosses of what is called fortune, from injustice of other men, from inexperience of his own, and a guileless trustfulness of nature: the thing and things that have made him unsuccessful make him in reality *more* loveable, and plead for him in the minds of the candid.

"That such a man is rare in a nation, and of high value there; not to be *procured* for a whole nation's revenue, or recovered when taken from us; and some £200 a year is the price at which this one, whom we now have, is valued at."

We had intended to express at some little length our own feeling for the character of Leigh Hunt, but when a man like Carlyle speaks from his very heart—from what in him is best and truest and most really his own—he is a bold man who would dare to speak after him. Indeed to some of us it is difficult to speak of Leigh Hunt at all, save in language which

sets at defiance the ordinary reticences of literature. There are writers who inspire us with unbounded enthusiasm of mere admiration, but who stir in us an intimate and personal emotion; there are others the very mention of whose names evokes an answering thrill of outgoing affection. It is to the latter class that Leigh Hunt belongs; he is primarily, and above all things, the friend of our heart, and he has won his right to a place among our loved ones, not by this or by that quality—by his utter unworldliness, his quick sympathy, or by his disinterested enthusiasm—but by the victorious winningness of his entire personality: he is dear, not because he *had* one beautiful gift or many beautiful gifts, but because he *was* Leigh Hunt.

Nor can we even say what we had wished and hoped to say of those works through which he still speaks, and of which the greatest charm is, perhaps, the personal accent which brings the writer near to us. It seems strange at first sight that we should feel this with regard to a man whose work was so largely critical, for the traditional view of criticism is that it is something essentially abstract and *un*human—not to say *in*human—but the very thing which makes Leigh Hunt a memorable worker in this field of literature is that in his hands criticism became vascular and alive, a thing of flesh and blood. Professor Dowden, in a sentence which would have, in itself, endeared him to Hunt, has said that "the best criticism . . . . is not that which comes out of profound cogitation, but out of immense enjoyment; and the most valuable critic is the critic who communicates sympathy by an exquisite record of his own delights, not the critic who attempts to communicate thought." This is a penetratively truthful utterance, but long before the truth had been formulated by Mr. Dowden, it had been vindicated by the practice of Leigh Hunt. His criticism was, indeed, the outcome of an immense enjoyment, and we feel that this enjoyment has been at once the primary and the most powerful impulse to expression. It is because he enjoys, and because he expresses his enjoyment with such *naïveté* that he almost compels us, by a very sweet and gracious compulsion, to enjoy with him; and our debt to Hunt is the debt we owe to one who has

multiplied indefinitely our purest and most super-sensual delights, and, while multiplying them, has given to each of them a new and peculiar poignancy.

Hunt, like all members of the *haute noblesse* of literature, leaves on the minds of his readers a sense of effortless mastery; many a time and oft does his fine genius snatch a grace beyond the reach of art; but there are doubtless occasions when his work lacks what one may call the classical note. It was inevitable that it should be thus. He often had to write hastily, under pressure not of the spirit within but of the necessity without; and even when the pressure was of the true kind—the pressure of inspiration—this very fact engendered a certain impulsive, uncalculating eagerness of utterance hardly compatible with that nice perfectness of phrase which Hunt valued so much in others, but which he may have felt in his heart might be won at too great a sacrifice of something better. We may smile—and indeed we have often smiled—at the utterly prosaic and fatuous criticisms, by Mr. Macvey Napier, of Hunt's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*; but, as the common phrase has it, there was "something in them," by which we mean that there was *this* in them—that Hunt's style would at times be found irritating by one to whom the mint, anise, and cummin of expression were everything, the weightier matter of adequacy nothing. For Hunt is adequate: he does say what he had to say, not hint at it blunderingly; his rendering of his thought and emotion may at times be careless but it is always complete.

Still, we doubt whether it is as a critic that Hunt would have best cared to be remembered. Poetry was his first, his last, his most constant love; and if by prose he had to win the meat and the raiment of life it was poetry that was to him life itself. In one respect—and sufficient note has hardly been taken of it—Hunt's place is a singularly high one, for he is among the originators. Readers who have studied these poems of Hunt which had been published before the appearance of *Endymion* can hardly fail to recognize that to him Keats owed much of what has often been regarded as most distinctly his own; and a man of whom it can be truly said that he influenced Keats is a man of whom it can be said as

truly that he has influenced the whole course of English poetry since Keats was laid in his Italian grave. But, however, this may be, those who admire and love the poetry of Hunt need not be afraid of allowing him to be judged by his own achievement without thought of any such side issue. Even among poets who are poets beyond all doubt we recognize some as specially poetical poets, and Hunt is one of these. He is never supreme in the way that some poets are supreme, and even on his own level, which, though not the highest, is very high, he is at one time less felicitous than at another; but there is one thing in which he never fails—that imaginative glow and glamour which takes us into another world than the prosaic life of every day, and enables us to forget the dulnesses and the meannesses of the actual. Whatever else it may lack, his work never lacks gusto—the sense and expression of quick, keen delight in all things naturally and wholesomely delightful. To us who are familiar with the heated tones of some contemporary verse it may seem almost ludicrous that such an instinctively stainless poem as "The Story of Rimini" should have been considered to be in some way an offence against the ordered proprieties of life; but the fact is that Hunt had a singular healthfulness, and therefore a singular purity, which enabled him to handle worthily and with a sweet wholesome simplicity of touch themes which in the hands of coarser or more self-conscious men would inevitably catch some glow of unwholesome voluptuousness or hint of subtle pruriency. We know what the age of the Regency was, and we can imagine how difficult it was for the average man of the world in that age to conceive the possibility of treating with absolute purity—purity that was instinctive and unconscious of itself—a subject which in any way lent itself to grossness or suggestiveness of expatiation. Hunt, however, though in the age was not of it. The companions of his spirit were Petrarch, Chaucer, Spenser; and in the Una of the last-named poet who rode unharmed upon the lion we have an imaginative type of the passionately pure genius of Hunt. No most solicitous mother of any carefully nurtured English girl need look with even a momentary glance of suspicion upon any line written by this stainless soul, and the guarantee

for her confidence is not to be found in any of Hunt's opinions or convictions, but in the fact that his nature was not one in which anything but the sweet and the innocent could live.

Hunt's mission among English poets was to be a celebrator of the beauty and gladness of nature and of human life, and to the Puritan element, which has as yet hardly worn out of the English character, beauty is a temptation and gladness a snare. But this feeling is a result of intellectual action—of considering too curiously—and Hunt's was a nature framed for fine emotion and keen sensation rather than for ethical or other considering. He simply turned instinctively to the sun in whatever region of sky or home the sun might be, and it is little wonder that the sunlight is reflected in his verse. A sunny spirit—that is the true name for Leigh Hunt. His sky indeed was often clouded, but he waited cheerfully and hopefully for the clouds to pass away; and when now and then he touches some sad theme he dwells most insistently, not upon the sadness itself, but upon that element of beauty which inheres in all sadness which is not ignoble. He was a good man: he was also, in spite of troubles which would have crushed the heart out of most of us, a happy man; and it is impossible for any spirit who has been "finely touched" to be long in his company without being consciously both better and happier. It is difficult to leave him, but the parting must come. Let it be brief. Beloved Leigh Hunt, *Ave atque vale!*

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY.

A Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament; being Grimm's Wilke's Clavis Novi Testamenti, translated, revised and enlarged. By J. H. THAYER, D.D., Professor of New Testament Criticism in Harvard University. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.

THIS edition of a standard work has been long expected in this country and will be eagerly welcomed. A lexicon in these days cannot be completed by one man's learning and industry, however great. The one before us is mainly the work of Professor C. L. W. Grimm of Jena. He used as his basis the "Clavis" of C. G. Wilke, and the second edition of his lexicon, dating 1879—the first edition appeared in 1868—has ever since its appearance been acknowledged as the standard work on the subject. It is, however, a Greek-Latin lexicon, and an English edition was felt to be desirable for students to whom the slender barrier of Latin was an obstacle to free and ready use. In addition, New Testament study advances just now with such rapid strides, that a volume which takes no account of Westcott and Hort's text is already somewhat behind the times; and a lexicon, which is bound to be exegetical on every page, has hard work to keep pace with the rapidly multiplying exegetical works of a high order which every year produces.

Accordingly, an accomplished American scholar, Dr. Thayer of Harvard University, undertook some years ago to translate and revise "Grimm" for English use, and the result of his work is now before us in the handsome quarto volume, which Messrs. Clark have recently issued. As to the style in which the book is presented, we can only say, that it is worthy to stand side by side with the edition of Cremer's "Biblico-Theological Lexicon," which the same firm have published. The clear print and ample margins make reading a pleasure, and the publishers at least have done all they could to give to the English edition of this important work a dignity and character of its own.

Dr. Thayer's share in the work is extensive and important. Translation was quite a secondary part of his labour. It would be too much to say that he has added very largely to the substance of the work, except in the case of a few special words, but the labour bestowed upon the

detailed presentation of Grimm's matter is extensive and minute, and the additions made are very valuable. If Dr. Thayer has not done as much for this standard lexicon as Dr. Moulton has done for Winer's grammar, his work is similar in many respects to that of Dr. Moulton on Winer, and will in like manner make his edition of a German authority the standard in this country. Some of Dr. Thayer's chief additions are—a full notice of all the various readings in Tregelles and Westcott and Hort, an extensive revision of etymologies in light of modern philological methods, a verification of Grimm's references, with copious additions, especially to standard grammars, and Winer's seventh edition, including Schmidt and French on synonyms, as well as to a large number of first-class exegetical works, such as are usually consulted in England and America.

The value of these additions will be best appreciated by the most careful students. Every page contains many. Sometimes the square brackets, which mark the editor's own work, enclose quite a little bibliography on the question discussed. Dr. Thayer does not often indicate a personal difference of opinion; but where Grimm's treatment of a word and consequent interpretation of a passage does not appear to be fully sustained, or where difference of opinion amongst exegetes is marked or inevitable, a brief note apprises the reader of the fact. In making these additions, the editor tells us that he has been guided by the wants of different classes of readers. Primarily the needs of the average student are consulted; but the beginner has not been forgotten, and specialists will find much to interest them. A useful appendix gives lists of New Testament words used only in later classical writers, of words peculiar to New Testament Greek, and those peculiar to individual New Testament writers, as well as of specially noteworthy grammatical forms.

We have carefully examined this edition of a book which we have been accustomed to use for years, and gladly acknowledge the great value of Dr. Thayer's thorough and masterly handling of his text. Almost every word gains something from his treatment; and while in some cases the addition is infinitesimal, yet the systematic bringing up to date of each portion of the work is very valuable. The subject will not admit of much detailed illustration. But if we take such an important word as *διάν* for example, Grimm's analysis of which occupies about two columns, Professor Thayer's additions occupy at least a column and a half. First of all, new light is given on the etymology of the word; secondly, there are scattered references throughout the article to Winer's Grammar, and Westcott and Hort's readings; while additional examples of the use of the word in the classics and apocryphal writings are given. But in smaller print we have almost a second treatment of the word in the light of modern discussions. Copious illustrations from Plato and ecclesiastical writers are given, the passages from Philo presenting quite a study in themselves, and the reader is placed abreast of the latest and best researches.

We must not pursue our illustrations under words like σαρξ and πίστις, each of which has gained considerably under Professor Thayer's hands. We need only say that while all students of the New Testament are indebted to Dr. Thayer for his work, the average student especially will find the issue of this edition of Grimm's Lexicon a great boon. It will do for New Testament lexicography what Dr. Moulton's Winer has done for New Testament Grammar among average theological students in this country, and this is high praise. It brings within easy reach material which many would otherwise have to seek far to gain, and there can be no doubt that this will supersede all other New Testament lexicons in England and America and give a considerable impulse to the accurate and scientific study of those "στοιχεία of theology"—the words of the New Testament.

The Ignatian Epistles entirely Spurious. A Reply to the Right Rev. Dr. LIGHTFOOT, Bishop of Durham. By W. D. KILLEN, D.D., Prof. of Eccles. Hist., and Principal of the Presbyterian Theological Faculty, Ireland. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.

This is but a small book, yet sufficient to show that the large book of Bishop Lightfoot has not convinced every one. The latter has not produced much fresh evidence in this *lis adhuc sub judice;* but he has brought together all the facts, and summed up strongly in favour of the documents. Dr. Killen, on the contrary, thinks that the bishop has not answered the "marks of their imposture" which he pointed out in his book "The Old Catholic Church." He laments that a divine so learned should have spent so much time and labour "to convince his readers that a number of the silliest productions to be found among the records of antiquity are the remains of an apostolic father." Yet he admits, with Professor Harnack, that as a literary monograph, it is the most learned and careful that has appeared in the nineteenth century.

It would be very strange if Dr. Killen could reply to the arguments of so voluminous a work, and so "learned and careful," in one-twentieth of the space. But he has stated his objections strongly, and advanced some reasons. He points out the weakness of the external evidence before Eusebius, the doubtfulness of the connection with the Peregrinus of Lucian, and is very strong upon the discrepancies with the Epistle of Polycarp, and upon the date of Polycarp's martyrdom. Of course he notices the extreme depreciation of the learning of Jerome to which Bishop Lightfoot has recourse in favour of his hypothesis, and also the surpassing improbability that episcopacy could have been established in A.D. 107. He raises a counter-theory that the Ignatius of Polycarp's letter was a Philippian Christian, and that *Syria* was *Syra* in the Ægean.

The author of the epistles, of which that to the Romans was first, might, he thinks, have been Callistus, afterwards Pope, to whose strange life-history he thinks he can detect some references.

But an effective reply to Dr. Lightfoot, and to Zahn, whose arguments have brought Dr. Lightfoot to his present opinion, will require more than eighty pages. Recent and rapidly-progressing investigation has raised new questions, and an enormous literature. The transition from the Agape to the Eucharist, the exclusion of the Jewish Christian from the Catholic Church, the rise of episcopacy and of the canon, are questions which must be discussed and settled in connection with that of the validity of the Ignatian epistles. The case of the latter involves innumerable details—literary and historical, which demand learning and leisure seldom at command by any but the members of the wealthiest church. Meanwhile, such a brochure as Dr. Killen's shows how precarious is the possession of the last foothold in the apostolic age which survives to the Episcopalian theory under even its mildest form.

Liberalism in Religion, and other Sermons. By W. PAGE-ROBERTS, Minister of St. Peter's, Vere Street. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1886.

"Liberalism" used in reference to religion is an ambiguous and unhappy expression. Cardinal Newman understood by it the anti-dogmatic tendency, and denounced it accordingly; even Mr. Page-Roberts' master, Maurice, disliked the term as indicating a party that did not believe in theology, and were tolerant of differences more through contempt than catholicity of spirit. Mr. Page-Roberts, however, contends that "Liberalism *in* religion is Conservatism *of* religion," and has published this volume of sermons mainly in defence of his position, and to illustrate the value of the "liberal" spirit when it is rightly understood.

The sermons are thoughtful, vigorous, interesting and anything but commonplace. They are certainly not expositions of Scripture. The pages are studded with quotations from Newman, Mozley, Carlyle, Clifford, Arnold, Martineau and modern thinkers of all sorts and sizes; but of unfolding of Scripture truth there is little trace. The book exhibits a frank and practical spirit in dealing with the problems of religious life in our own day, and a genuine and firm hold of a few elementary religious truths. These sermons could not but be useful to congregations composed of educated men of sceptical or semi-sceptical temper, and are readily distinguishable from the utterances of some clergymen who delight to pose as representatives of the "Broad" Church by the clear and unfaltering tone in which certain great verities of the Christian faith are spoken of, and the earnest way in which thorough-going honesty in regard to them is pressed home. Mr. Roberts, in his style and treatment

of subjects, reminds us more frequently of Kingsley and Robertson than of Maurice, who was his predecessor at Vere Street, and whose disciple he especially professes to be.

But the main position taken by the writer of these sermons is one that cannot long be held by any one who cares for logic and consistency. Mr. Roberts understands by Liberalism in religion the spirit which rejects authority, and accepts the doctrines of revelation only in so far as they commend themselves to the individual reason. He declares himself "positively for dogma," but vehemently contends against all doctrine which is believed because "declared to be true by competent authority," and as vehemently upholds that the only valid ground for acceptance of doctrines is that "their truth commends and asserts itself to the human understanding." Yet he believes in the doctrine of the Trinity, rightly denounces a commonplace and ineffective belief in God, holds that men are responsible for their beliefs, and appeals often very forcibly and eloquently to the conscience to accept truths of revelation which no worldly and sceptical man could accept on the grounds of rational comprehension alone.

The truth is that Mr. Page-Roberts, in protesting against the decisions of Councils and Synods as fallible—which all true Protestants admit—attacks the principle of authority in religion, in a style which will please pronounced Rationalists and on lines which have been proved over and over again in the history of the Church to be fatal to the fundamental principles of religious life. It is not thus fatal in the writer of these sermons. But that is because, by a happy inconsistency, common if not defensible, Mr. Roberts' practice is better than his creed. The authority of revelation, according to him, does not extend to "mysteries;" and the authority of the spiritual teacher who understands religion best can have no just weight with any disciple except in so far as his reason —save the mark!—however shallow the vessel, however slender its capacity, however leaky and untrustworthy an unfaithful life has made it!—can comprehend the truth declared. Mr. Page-Roberts would of course smile at Chillingworth's "The Bible is the religion of Protestants." He is quite sure that the individual reason forms the only valid and sufficient test of truth, and is content to get rid of authority by making every man his own Pope. Surely there is a difference between spiritual and mechanical authority, between truth, perhaps but partially understood, yet accepted through reverence for the spiritual knowledge and legitimate authority of an inspired teacher, and truth blindly and unintelligently accepted upon the mere pronouncement of an ecclesiastical assembly or in formal subscription to the *ipsissima verba* of an ill-studied ecclesiastical formulary.

If Mr. Page-Roberts means all he says, his Liberalism in religion will certainly not prove to be conservative of true religion, but will surely sap its foundations. A far more truly "liberal" principle is that of an

unhesitating and generous trust in an authority proved to be worthy of confidence, a trust which will not fetter the mind, but free it from the narrow trammels of self-confidence and self-regard. Only by following a Master for a while in faith can true sight—whether insight or foresight—be obtained. Not by rejecting everything in Christ's teaching which we cannot understand, but by continuing in His word, do we come to know the truth which gives real freedom, a freedom which is to "Liberalism" what the substance is to the shadow. There is enough in Mr. Page-Roberts' sermons to show that he would not be satisfied with the shadow, but there is unfortunately also enough, if fully carried out, to prevent his hearers from attaining the substance; and for once it would be safer to follow a preacher's example than his teaching. The noble sentiments and faithful counsels in this little volume are its best characteristics.

Still Hours. By RICHARD ROTHE. Translated by JANE T. STODDART. With an Introductory Essay. By the Rev. J. MACPHERSON, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

The new "Foreign Biblical Library" has opened well. Rothe is the perfect type of a German speculative genius, and *Still Hours* is a characteristic book. The extraordinary feature about Rothe was the union of an intensely speculative turn, not only with great learning and precision of thought, but also with profound personal piety. Amid all his philosophical and theological aberrations, and they were not few or small, his deep spiritual life, of which devotion to Christ was the centre, never waned or wavered. This religious experience was acquired during his early and long connection with the Pietist or Evangelical school. We may safely say that it would never have been acquired in the chill atmosphere of his later "freethinking" friends, who were wont to boast of him as the "saint" of their school. Indeed how far he was at one with Rationalism is very doubtful. Like our own Stanley, he chivalrously defended men whose principles he was far from sharing. His heart remained true to his earlier creed, though his brooding genius led his intellect astray. His practical exposition of St. John's first epistle is thoroughly Johannine in spirit. His volume on the *Beginnings of the Christian Church* opened out a new line of investigation. His greatest work, *Theological Ethics*, "traverses the whole range of moral theology, developing speculatively the entire system of Christianity." His *Still Hours* consists of unconnected jottings of thought on the most miscellaneous subjects, classified under twelve heads. We should be sorry to be supposed to agree with all the views expressed. In the paragraph on "The Unity of God," Rothe more than intimates his dissent from the doctrine of the Trinity. The truth is, that it would be impossible to name the school or party or church with which he was in complete

agreement. He was original in everything. His impatience with dogma is constantly cropping up. Still the volume is rich in suggestive, stimulating thought. One of his sayings given here indicates his standpoint as well as it can be indicated, "Our theologians have to write 'moral-religious,' while I write, 'religious-moral.'" So his masterpiece is entitled *Theological Ethics.* "Without speculation the sciences cannot live." "Christians fight as though they fought not." Would that it were always true! "God cannot suffer, but He can sympathize." "The true real is not the real in itself, but the real in its indissoluble union with the ideal." "If ever a purely original man existed, it was Jesus." "When the image of Christ has truly risen in our hearts, it must take in our spiritual life the place of the sun." "Jesus Christ was a true Greek, not less than a true Israelite." "Before Christ, we had heard of God; in Christ we have seen Him;" and much more and better. Mr. Macpherson's introduction is helpful to those new to Rothe. The translator's work is done faithfully and neatly.

The Jewish and the Christian Messiah: a Study in the Earliest History of Christianity. By V. H. STANTON, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.

This work is emphatically what its second title describes it to be, a study in the earliest history of Christianity, and as comprehensive, valuable and suggestive a study, allowing for its special point of view, as has appeared for a long time. Mr. Stanton has chosen an important and very fruitful subject, and treated it with consummate ability. To unfold, first, what was precisely the Jewish conception of the Messiah at the time of Christ's coming—secondly, the relation to this of our Lord's claims and early Christian belief as to Christ's person and mission—then, thirdly, to develop from these conclusions an argument in favour of the lofty claims of Jesus of Nazareth, and show the impossibility of the naturalistic explanation of the Gospel history so confidently urged upon this generation—was a task worth attempting, by any one who could do it justice. Mr. Stanton has done this work thoroughly and provided a valuable addition to our apologetic literature.

So full and so able is the volume that we are unable to do justice even to the outline of the argument in a brief notice. Suffice it to say that the foundations on which the reasoning rests are laid broad and deep in historic facts which the most destructive critics are compelled to accept. Mr. Stanton, who is evidently well acquainted with the whole range of modern Rationalistic literature, assumes no premisses which are contested by any but the most extreme and unreasonable anti-supernaturalists; but by a careful comparison of the Jewish expectations and Messianic hopes with

the language of our Lord and Christian belief as evidenced in the four uncontested Pauline Epistles, he constructs a line of defence for Christian truth of great strength and value. Mr. Stanton's treatment of his subject is fuller than was possible to Canon Westcott in his very suggestive chapter ("Introduction to the Gospels," ch. ii.), and the book is more comprehensive and valuable to Christian readers than Professor Drummond's learned and able treatise on "The Jewish Messiah." Some conclusions arrived at in the discussion of Jewish apocryphal literature are, however, doubtful; and Mr. Stanton's treatment of the important question of the Jewish or Christian character of the Enochic "Book of Three Parables," and one or two other subordinate questions raised, leaves something to be desired. It would not be difficult, further, to criticize his exposition of Christ's teaching concerning the Kingdom of God.

But we have no disposition to carp at details. The book is a very strong and valuable one. It deserves careful study at the hands of Christian ministers and educated men, especially all who are at all concerned in strengthening the defences of the faith. And it is full of interest for all who care to read a masterly unfolding of the history of thought during *the* great Era of the world's history.

The Miraculous Element in the Gospels. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

The present work, intended to be a companion volume to the author's admirable work on the Parables, differs from it in being apologetic, rather than exegetical. It "deals with the philosophical, historical, critical and dogmatic questions raised by the Evangelic miracles." While acknowledging the need and value of such apologies as the present volume, we scarcely agree with the intimation of the preface that an exegetical treatment of the miraculous narratives is unnecessary. On the contrary, we think the necessity an urgent one. We need a work on the miracles as far in advance of Trench on the miracles, as Dr. Bruce's and Goebel's works on the parables are in advance of Trench on the parables. Considered as an apology, Dr. Bruce's new volume has many excellences. It is comprehensive in plan, acute in criticism, ample in learning, and on the whole, firm and decided in tone. The tendency to needless and perilous concessions, so apparent in the author's work, "The Chief End of Revelation," is indulged chiefly on points of critical detail. While disposed to give large latitude to tentative explanations, he often parts company with writers like Weiss and Beyschlag. He sees and says plainly that Christ and Christianity are committed to the miraculous and cannot live without it. "All the miraculous must go, if any goes on speculative grounds. The moral miracles must be sacrificed to the Moloch of naturalism, not less than the physical—Christ's stainless

character, as well as his healing ministry." Strauss, Paulus, Renan are far more logical than Beyschlag and Abbott. It is distressing to find Beyschlag in the latest *Leben Jesu* returning in many points to the crass naturalism of Paulus, and making the stilling of the storm a mere coincidence (p. 211). Throughout, the author has in view mainly the naturalistic teachings of Keim, Beyschlag, Weiss, while Renan and Strauss are taken by the way; and the exposition and criticism of their views are full of instruction. It is no doubt wearisome to go so often over the same objections; but, while they are raised, they must be met, and it is well for them to be met by a master of knowledge. The gist of all the objections is the demand to know the *modus operandi* of miracles. Such knowledge is inaccessible, even in reference to natural events.

The first two lectures, dealing with the bearing of miracles on theories of the universe and the order of nature, discuss the views of teachers of evolution like Fiske, of Pfleiderer, Mozley, M. Arnold, Bushnell, Rothe, and Drummond. Any necessary connection between evolution and agnostic conclusions is of course denied. "Evolution, so far as I understand it, excludes neither God nor the knowledge of God." Dr. Bruce's friendly criticism of his colleague's celebrated book is to the point. He shows that analogy between natural and spiritual law is mistaken for identity. If the same law runs in the two worlds, why the distinction between them? "One expects every world, like every land, to have its own laws. The kind of law should determine the kind of world. Accordingly, the alleged identity cannot be maintained without overlooking a radical distinction between the natural and the spiritual worlds —viz., that the one is the sphere of necessary physical determination, and the other the sphere of freedom." In the third lecture, the result of an able argument is to show that, whatever hypothesis be accepted as to the composition of the gospels, the primitive gospel must have included miraculous histories, and that the eleven miracles common to three out of the four gospels contain examples of each class of miracle—those of healing, those on men's bodies and souls, on the spirit-world, and on nature. The cases of possession are submitted to a very careful and thorough examination (p. 172–192). Every variety of opinion is canvassed, and treated with an excess of toleration. The starting-point is the existence of physical or mental disease, which is admitted. This disease was evidently attributed by the people to diabolic possession. Was this opinion well founded or not? Did Christ sanction it or not? Dr. Bruce states with great skill the views of those who think that the opinion may be regarded as mistaken, without prejudice to the character of Christ; but we think any one who reads the discussion will conclude that a case which requires such ingenious pleading, and even then fails at critical points, is a very poor one.

The seventh, ninth and tenth lectures are full of rich exposition and noble thought. In them Dr. Bruce is at his best. The subject

of the seventh is the light which miracles throw on the Worker. Their perfect consistency with his Messianic character, the restrictions under which they were performed, other views as to their source, are ably discussed. Still finer is the ninth lecture on Christ as the "Moral Miracle." The originality of Christ's teaching and character, his pre-eminence above the Church and Paul, are expounded with great beauty and force. The last lecture on Christianity without miracle is substantially a *reductio ad absurdum* of naturalistic rationalism, worked out with great skill. We are glad to hear Dr. Bruce speaking out against faith-healing. "This theory unduly magnifies the benefit of merely physical health. . . . . Its exegetical basis is very slender."

Messianic Prophecy: a Critical Study of the Messianic Passages of the Old Testament in the Order of their Development. By C. A. BRIGGS, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.

In no field of Biblical study has the advance, and indeed revolution, of thought been more rapid than in that of prophecy. We are not far from the time when prophecy and prediction were held to be synonymous, and the chief, if not the sole, purpose of prophecy was supposed to be evidential. It is now seen that both the meaning and purpose of prophecy must be greatly enlarged. The natural and historical side of the prophet's office is made more prominent, with the result that the office becomes much more intelligible. At the same time the supernatural and divine side is by no means sacrificed, but is set in a more striking light. Dr. Briggs' volume is a good representative of the new school of thought. His aim, in which he is fairly successful, is to combine evangelical faith with the assured results of historical criticism. While availing himself of the labours even of extremists like Kuenen, he dissents sharply from their "naturalistic" theories. After recognizing the presence of similar phenomena in other religions, he says, "That which is peculiar to Hebrew prophecy is of such a character as to prove its divine origin and guidance" (p. 17). Dr. Briggs's work proceeds on the same lines and in much the same order as Dr. Orelli's able work, "The Old Testament Prophecy of the Consummation of God's Kingdom, traced in its Historical Development," which is evidently largely used and sometimes referred to (p. 61, &c.). We note his agreement with Orelli respecting Isaiah, Zechariah, Daniel, and other points. While both works expound the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament in chronological order, one makes the Divine Kingdom on earth the central theme, the other the Messiah's person and work. The difference is little more than nominal. We hope that Dr. Briggs' volume will lead some readers to study Orelli's ampler expositions.

The only discordant note in the volume is the frequent girding at the "traditional" and "scholastic" line of interpretation. The author

wonders that the Book of Daniel has survived the "cruel manipulation" it has received at the hands of this school. The same weakness marks the author's excellent work, "Biblical Study." He has no such words of contempt for Kuenen and the naturalistic critics, from whose conclusions he is much farther removed. He is in substantial accord with the "traditional" interpreters, and yet he deals them out such hard measure. Is not this somewhat inconsistent?

Future Probation: a Symposium on the Question, "Is Salvation Possible after Death?" London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1886.

The want of a common basis of argument or an acknowledged supreme authority makes itself felt as strongly in the present volume as in former volumes of the series. Beyond the question discussed there is nothing in common between the two schools of writers. One argues on the ground of Scripture only, the other on grounds outside Scripture only. In these circumstances the only value of the discussion is in showing what can be said on these different grounds. Dr. Cairns, Bishop Weathers, Mr. Olver, all rightly point out the necessity of the common meeting-ground which is wanting in the present case. We have just as little doubt which of the two classes reasons best, as we have which is in the right. The case may be safely left in the hands of the writers named, along with Dr. Mac-Ewan. When we turn to the other school, we find nothing but vagueness. Mr. Hopps appeals from Scripture to "the great facts of nature," and "the infinite perfections of the Creator," *i.e.*, to his own interpretations or theories of these. It is surprising how narrow and literal broad teachers can be, when convenient. Mr. Hopps says, "Whatsoever a man soweth *that* shall he also reap; if a man could reap an eternity of misery for the sin or unbelief of a few heedless years, he would not reap what he had sown." On this Mr. Olver pertinently remarks, "If Mr. H. is right, the farmer whose seed-corn brings forth a hundred-fold does not reap what he had sown." Rabbi Simeon Singer, to whom the Old Testament is silent on the question, also argues on abstract grounds. His very first abstract principle, that all punishment must be either deterrent or reformative, is most questionable. Even granting that this were true of human punishments, it is essentially a low, utilitarian view. Must not regard for supreme perfect justice, such as we ascribe to the Divine Being, deal with right and wrong in themselves? Mr. Edward White argues for the necessity of probation after death in the interests of the heathen and others who have no means of knowledge in this life, thus assuming that this is the only way in which their case can be met. We may not thus limit divine resources.

Abraham: his Life and Times. By Rev. WILLIAM J. DEANE, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1886.

This is the first volume of a series on "The Men of the Bible," for which there is a real need. Professor Rawlinson is preparing one on Moses.

Archdeacon Farrar is at work on Solomon. Other eminent writers are busy in the interests of the series. We wish that the paper and type had been better. In this respect the volume before us is distinctly inferior to the "English Men of Letters" series which has now found so many imitators. Mr. Deane is a safe guide for biblical students. His work is not brilliant, but it is painstaking, and free from the vagaries of criticism. He has availed himself of all light thrown by modern research on the scenes in which Abraham moved. The patriarch's life in Ur of the Chaldees, Palestine, and Egypt is illustrated by succinct descriptions of the peoples and times. Those who wish to study the subject will find this volume marked by thoroughness, good sense, and sound exegesis.

The Gospel of Union with Christ. By the Rev. J. CHALMERS, M.A. London: T. Woolmer. 1886.

Mr. Chalmers touches a subject which is the very heart of Scripture and of the spiritual life. Grievously as the truth has been perverted by Mysticism and Pantheism, it is one that we can never afford to leave out of sight. Just because it has been so perverted, clear and definite teaching on the subject is necessary; and such teaching, based on and faithful to Scripture, Mr. Chalmers gives. The Rise of the Union, its Life, its Relations, are all well expounded. Under the latter head the relations of leader and followers, teacher and disciples, master and servant, friend and friend, brother and brother, spouse and bride, are treated. We hope the brief treatise will have the wide circulation it deserves. All who desire to disseminate sound, solid knowledge on one of the chief questions of the day, will do well to recommend a book which needs to be meditated as well as read.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. VIII. Smith, Elder & Co.

A VOLUME cannot fail to be unusually interesting which contains such lives as "Bishop Butler," by the Editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen; "The First Two Dukes of Ormonde," by Mrs. Osmond Airy and Prof. A. W. Ward respectively; "Lord Byron," by the Editor; "Lord Cairns," by Mr. J. A. Hamilton (ending with the downright assertion:—"He was a supporter of the coffee-house movement, and looked askance upon the stage. He was not popular);" "Camden," by Mr. Mansell Thompson;

"The Camerons," "The Campbells"—the poet by Mr. T. Bayne, the chancellor by Mr. G. P. Macdonell, the statesman by Mr. Kebbel; "Clemency Canning," by Sir A. J. Arbuthnot; and "Lord Stratford de Redcliffe," by Mr. Stanley Lane Poole. Indeed, of all the volumes which have yet appeared of this really national work, this undoubtedly contains far the largest number of eminent lives. Of Mr. L. Stephen's fellow-workers it is needless to speak. Each is thoroughly fitted for his work, because in almost every instance each brings not only knowledge, but also full sympathy to his portion of the work. Among the briefer lives, that of C. S. Calverley (by the Editor) is a remarkable case in point. Mr. Stephen is able, from affectionate recollection, to say that "what Professor Seeley calls his elfish mockery was the exuberant playfulness of a powerful mind and a tender and manly nature." On the vexed question of Admiral Byng, Professor Laughton remarks that the phrase "judicial murder" has caught the popular fancy, and that Macaulay is quite right in pointing out that the Admiral could not have been shot for "an error in judgment." The article under which he was condemned distinctly specifies: "through cowardice, disaffection, or negligence." Byng was acquitted of the first two; therefore it remains that he was condemned for negligence so gross as to be in the highest degree criminal. The hardship was that only eight years before had the discretionary power been taken from the Court. It had been abolished owing to its gross abuse in a score of instances; and Byng was the first to feel its stringency: "to have shrunk from the first occasion of giving it effect would have been imbecile." Mr. P. F. Henderson's notice of Jack Cade, though it leaves something to be desired, is a notable instance of the progress of historic research. The uncertainty which overhangs Cade's origin, the doubt whether he was really the original leader, or replaced one of high rank, who had somehow disappeared before the attack on the capital, are well brought out. Mr. Henderson has used Gregory's contemporary *Collections of a London Citizen* (Camden Society), and from this and other sources is able to pronounce that "the rebellion was a much more formidable thing than the older historians lead us to suppose. . . . . Though no nobleman, and only one knight openly took part in it, the greater part of the gentry, the mayors of towns, and the constables of the different hundreds, rose with the rebels . . . . and the original leader, whoever he was, established good discipline ("kept the people wondrously together"). In the amnesty which resulted from the mediation of Kemp, Cardinal Archbishop of York; Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury; and Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, "Cade's pardon was unfortunately made out in the name of Mortimer, and, therefore, was invalid, though he, trusting to its security, neglected to escape." Of the whole Clan Campbell, perhaps the most generally popular life will be that of Lord Clyde by Mr. H. M. Stephens. It is worth noting that the carpenter's son, who, in five years, had fought his way to his captaincy,

was nearly thirty years before he got his regiment, and that he could not have attained this rank, and so have been ready to help in the Sikh war, but for powerful friends, who never forgot his youthful gallantry in the Peninsula. Lord Clyde's weariness in later middle life has been noted by all his biographers; the man who was to be so largely instrumental in saving our Indian Empire wrote in 1854, being then in his sixty-second year, "the rank of major-general has arrived at a period of life when the small additional income is the only circumstance connected with the promotion in which I take any interest." Five years earlier he had written:—"I am growing old, and only fit for retirement." The first was actually written during the excitement of the Crimean war, in which he gained such well-deserved distinction, but during which he certainly did not get among his brother officers the recognition that he merited. Though he had received the continual thanks of Lord Raglan, and had led the storming party at the Redan with the same gallantry with which as a boy of fifteen he twice led the forlorn hope at San Sebastian, Lord Panmure wanted to shunt him to the Governorship of Malta, and then proposed that he should serve under Codrington, his junior, who had never seen a shot fired till the Alma. "This was too much for the veteran, and on Nov. 3 he left the Crimea on leave," and did not return till personally solicited by the Queen. In India he felt he should be free from the annoyance of drawing-room generals, and therefore he at once accepted from Lord Palmerston the Commandership-in-Chief vacant by General Anson's death; and though ill-health prevented him from finishing the work, it is certain that, but for him, Sir Hugh Rose would never have been able to carry out in Central India what he had accomplished in Oudh and Rohilcund.

Of the care bestowed on minutiæ, such care as the names of those engaged on the work warrants us in expecting, a good instance is Mr. H. Bradley's discussion on the identity of Calenius, whereby it appears that Calena (Silchester) was for some time a fancy name for Oxford.

Readers of this volume will naturally turn to the quarrel between Lord and Lady Byron. On this Mr. L. Stephen says:—"The problem must remain unsolved;" but he notes that "Byron, according to Lady Byron's statement in 1830, consented to the separation on being told that the matter must otherwise come into court." Mr. Stephen thinks the allusions in the last cantos of *Childe Harold* unpardonable; and says (the words are Lady Blessington's):—"Her dignified reticence irritated and puzzled him." Of course his wife never could understand Byron's life-long habit of "inverse hypocrisy" (he used to send paragraphs against himself to foreign papers, so as to mystify the English public). Very probably Lady Byron took some of his foolish brags too seriously. The explanation of the horrible story to Mrs. Beecher Stowe in 1856 (*Quarterly Review*, July 1869), is:—"She thought by blasting his memory she might weaken the evil influence of his writings, and shorten his

expiations in another world. . . . . It can only be surmised that she became jealous of his pointed expressions of love for his sister, contrasted so forcibly with his utterances about her, and in brooding over her wrongs, developed the hateful suspicion communicated to others besides Mrs. Stowe." Her letter to Hodgson soon after he was married, complaining that Byron "had married her with the deepest determination of revenge, avowed on our wedding-day and executed ever since with systematic and increasing cruelty," prepares us for a great deal of delusion on her part.

Saint Augustine, Melancthon, Neander. Three Biographies. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1886.

The biography of St. Augustine occupies nearly two-thirds of this volume. Dr. Schaff has set himself "to popularize the Confessions." The choice passages of that most precious of all autobiographies are supplemented from the voluminous works of the great theologian. In one hundred pages a bird's-eye view of Augustine's life and work is given in the happiest style—lucid, full, and profoundly interesting. To Melancthon, only twenty-one pages of the volume are devoted, but Dr. Schaff succeeds in that brief space in presenting a vivid portrait. The gem of the volume, however, is the biography of Neander. It is the more valuable because no life of the learned Church historian has yet appeared. Readers of this sketch will wonder at such an omission. Materials are abundant. A more interesting subject for the biographer could not be desired. Neander's father "was a common Jewish pedlar and usurer," who neglected to provide for his family. The children owed everything to their mother, "a respectable, pious, and agreeable Jewess," related to Moses Mendelssohn the philosopher. She left her worthless husband, and struggled hard to bring up her five children in Hamburg. The graphic description of Neander must be given in Dr. Schaff's own words:—"Even his clothing—a well-worn coat of ancient cut (we never knew him to wear a dress-coat); jack-boots reaching above the knees, a white cravat carelessly tied, often on one side of the neck, or behind it; an old-fashioned hat set aslant on the back of his head." He had strongly marked Jewish features, with very bushy eyebrows. The stories of his absent-mindedness are racy. Once he walked through the streets with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella; another day, having accidentally got one foot in the gutter, he stumbled along the whole length of the street in this fashion. When he reached home he sent for a doctor to cure him of his supposed lameness. He never married. His sister was his good genius. The happy pair were known as the "Neander children." The Professor did everything his sister

wished. When she brought medicine or food he took it without question; when she got him a new suit he put it on, provided she took the old one away. He was a devoted Christian, a most gifted lecturer, a profound historian, a simple, humble man.

William Tyndale. A Biography. A Contribution to the Early History of the English Bible. By the Rev. R. DEMAUS, M.A. New Edition, Revised by RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. With Portrait and Facsimiles. London: Religious Tract Society. 1886.

There is no grander name in English annals than William Tyndale's. His service to the English race puts every other into the shade. We cannot profess to regret that, like other great benefactors, he has received such scant measure of public recognition; for his true monument is the English New Testament, of which his translation formed at least the warp—a monument durable as time itself. The highest praise that can be given to Mr. Demaus' biography is that it is worthy of the subject being written with as much sympathy and insight as scholarly accuracy, and taste. "Demaus wrote out of a full knowledge, and his task was a labour of love." Every scrap of knowledge is gathered up and fitted into its place. No trouble was too great to verify every detail, and state everything in its true light. The story of Tyndale's passionate devotion to the work of his life, of the tenacity with which he clung to his task in privation, exile, and wandering, of his wonderful qualifications and unswerving fidelity, of the base return made to the great Englishman by the authorities of the land whose good was always in his thoughts, is told with unsurpassed clearness and force. We only need to mention the improvements in this new edition—the larger page and better type from the Oxford Press, the fine reproduction of the best portrait of the martyr, the facsimiles of pages of the New Testament, and of a portion of Tyndale's pathetic letter from his last prison, begging for some warmer clothing, and, "above all," for his Hebrew Bible, and an exhaustive index.

John à Lasco: his Earlier Life and Labours. A Contribution to the History of the Reformation in Poland, Germany, and England. By Dr. HERMANN DALTON, St. Petersburg. Translated by the Rev. M. J. EVANS, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

The author of this biography takes us into one of the unfrequented bypaths of Reformation history, a circumstance lending great value and

interest to his work. John à Lasco was one of the minor figures in the great drama then being played, and would scarcely merit such prominence on his own account; but the author makes his life the occasion for giving vivid sketches of the circle in which he moved, and the circle includes many of the best known and least known figures of those stirring times. The work is as much a study of Lasco's times and the different persons he met as of Lasco himself. Indeed, the writer's great difficulty was the extreme scantiness of the records about Lasco. It is no mean testimony to the biographer's skill that while the picture is filled in with other figures, the whole work is natural and of a piece. Lasco belonged to a noble Polish family, and was born at the end of the fifteenth century. His uncle was Primate of Poland, and he himself soon rose to high preferment in the Church. He studied at Rome and Bologna, and lived a considerable time with Erasmus at Basle. To Erasmus he attributed the first impulse to his new views:—"Erasmus mihi autor fuit, ut animum ad sacra adjicerem, imo vero ille primus me in vera religione instituere cœpit." We have no further light on the steps of the process by which he was led to the truth. The sincerity of his conversion is proved by the fact that he gave up high position and the certainty of higher for the life of a fugitive. He lived about ten years at Emden in East Friesland, and took a leading part in the organization of the Church there. Driven thence by persecution, he came to England, where he was a guest of Cranmer's. Here the work breaks off, the author promising a further instalment with an account of Lasco's share in founding the church at Austin Friars, London. Lasco never met Luther, his own attachments being rather to the Swiss side of the Reformation. He was a man of pure and noble life, inflexible where conscience was involved, but tolerant in other matters. Incidentally we have many charming vignettes of Reformation life, as of the meetings for Bible-reading at Louvain (p. 212). One and another of these quiet figures are sketched, intelligent burghers, their wives and children. All they asked was to be allowed "to live quietly according to their faith," caring for each other in poverty and sickness. "They lived and moved in the Word of God as their native element. When in the evening, after labour, they met in their walks along the ramparts, or when on the warm summer days they passed beyond the city gates, perhaps to the adjacent Rosselberg, and met, as they supposed, unobserved, the one or the other would draw forth his securely guarded Testament from its leathern pouch; a few verses would be read, and would afford to those walking in the truth abundant material for coveted interchange of experiences. . . . . A little believing congregation earnestly striving after sanctification of life; loyal forms, strong in the faith, ready on the morrow to go to the stake. The dawning light of this coming day already rested upon those illuminated features, the aurora of their martyrdom."

The Autobiography of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury: with Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and a Continuation of the Life. By SIDNEY LEE, B.A. London: John C. Nimmo. 1886.

This handsome reprint of a fascinating book is worthy of the high repute of both editor and publisher. Mr. Nimmo is well known as one of the most enterprising and successful of publishers. Mr. Lee's name is a guarantee of conscientious and scholarly editing. Moreover, the edition was badly wanted. No worthy edition of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography had ever appeared, former editors having, as Mr. Lee justly remarks, treated the book as a mere curiosity of literature. Mr. Lee, on the other hand, has sought to concentrate upon his subject every ray of light that the most careful research could supply; and though it might be rash to say that he has left nothing for future scholars to discover, we do not hesitate to predict that this edition will for a long time to come "hold the field." For all who love books that enable them to reinstate in imagination the real life of the past, Lord Herbert's autobiography will always have a unique charm. A thinker of great boldness and acumen, albeit sound from no point of view, a poet of no mean pretensions, an historian who made a really strenuous effort to reach the fact in an age when most men thought of nothing less, a soldier and courtier, proud of his skill in manly exercises, and of conquests, or what he deemed such, over the fair sex, and sensitive to the verge of Quixotry upon the point of honour, a latitudinarian in creed, yet fully persuaded of a special revelation vouchsafed to himself, a lukewarm royalist, who escaped proscription and earned the name of traitor by surrendering the "Key of Wales" to the Parliament, Lord Herbert is one of those strangely blended characters whom, as Lord Clarendon said of Cromwell, "it is impossible to condemn without commending."

Such as he is, however, he stands revealed, in his autobiography and Mr. Lee's admirable introduction and "continuation," in living moving portraiture. Concise notes elucidate such points of difficulty as the text from time to time presents, or supply biographical details concerning the various historical personages with whom Lord Herbert came in contact. Some more elaborate notes and some letters of Lord Herbert make up an interesting appendix.

Where there is so much to praise, the critic's functions are almost in abeyance. Nevertheless, there is one point on which we venture to dissent from Mr. Lee's opinion. He remarks of Lord Herbert's philosophy that it "has the greatest virtue of all speculative writing, the virtue of originality." In the first place, we hold not originality but truth to be the greatest virtue of speculative writing, and in truth Lord Herbert's philosophy has small part or lot. We do not, indeed, estimate the worth of a philosopher by the positive amount of truth contained in his writ-

ings, but we do determine his rank by the amount of truth which he discovered or suggested. Now Lord Herbert we hold to have been altogether on the wrong track, nor can he even claim the humble distinction of having been the first to go astray there. The *à priori* portion of his theory, that so energetically attacked by Locke, is only a spurious form of the Platonic doctrine of *ἀνάμνησις*, while alongside of this he builds up a wholly empirical theory of truth which is substantially identical with that elaborated in the fourth book of Locke's essay. In the latter portion of the "De Veritate" Lord Herbert, like Locke, treats truth as consisting essentially in agreement, and as divisible into two species (1) agreement of idea with idea; (2) agreement of idea with reality. Neither thinker explicitly so formulated his doctrine, but probably both would have accepted some such statement as the following:— Truth is the agreement of a proposition with that which it purports to express; if such purport is a mere relation between ideas (*e.g.*, in mathematics), the truth of the proposition depends upon whether the ideas are capable of being joined in the way asserted by the proposition or not; if the proposition purports to state a matter of fact, its truth consists in its joining ideas of which the archetypes are not repugnant. This theory fits mathematical truth very well, but it invites scepticism as to matters of fact. For supposing—a large supposition—that ideas really do agree with their archetypes, how are we to know that they do so? If all that we know rests in ideas, it is plain that we cannot compare any idea with its archetype; and that by consequence we can never be sure of the truth of any proposition of matter of fact. The entire course of English philosophy from Locke to Hume is little more than a variation on this theme.

As applied to religion, Lord Herbert's ideas were hardly less destructive. He could think of no criterion of religious truth except universality of acceptation, and as that he found nowhere he summarily rejected all religion except five essential points which he thought common to all religious systems. These were—(1) the being of God; (2) the duty of worship; (3) that good works are essential to worship; (4) the duty of repentance; (5) the assurance of immortality and of retribution.

It is easy to understand how Lord Herbert, living when he did, should be tempted to restrict his creed to the foregoing simple articles; but at the same time the criterion applied—viz., common consent—can only establish after all a presumption in favour of truth, and can never prove a negative. If nothing were true but what all are agreed upon, truth would be a comparatively small and trivial matter. Lord Herbert's summary method with the religions would be equally fatal to the sciences; there is much in every science which is, and will probably always, remain wholly incomprehensible to the majority of the human race. The existence of a multitude of incompatible religious systems proves certainly that most of them are false, but not that there is no

one true. As the real founder of English deism, Lord Herbert will always hold an important place in the history of religious controversy, but undoubtedly his chief claim to immortality is furnished by his autobiography. At the same time it is by no means creditable to his countrymen that no adequate edition of his philosophical works has ever appeared in England. As a connecting link between the schoolmen and the empirical movement, his writings are of real importance to the student of the history of philosophy.

The Life of John Wesley. By JOHN TELFORD, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

This does not profess to be an exhaustive biography of John Wesley, still less a complete history of the rise and early progress of Methodism. It is an attempt to present, in picturesque and therefore popular form, the salient features of a life which, the more perfectly it is understood, appeals to an ever-widening circle of Christian readers in every Church. In other words, it consists of a series of sketches, carefully drawn and pleasantly coloured, which go far to demonstrate the possibility of producing frescoes worthy of a place in the temple of history. Every one will rejoice that Mr. Telford has been content to limit himself to the rôle of popular exponent. Whether he would have succeeded equally well in the more ambitious task of standard historian may be doubtful. It is not often within the competency of one man to fulfil both functions. Certain it is that in his chosen line Mr. Telford has met one of the most urgent biographical needs of the day, and by the style and spirit in which he has done his work has achieved a very conspicuous success. He has given to the world, and not merely to his own community, a life of Wesley which everybody will read, from which a just and eminently suggestive conception of a great historical figure may be formed, and to which the coming historian of Methodism, anxious to obtain carefully verified details of out-of-the-way facts, may turn with no little advantage. The book is free from the mere bookmaker's tricks. It is absolutely destitute of padding. We have searched its pages in vain for mere verbiage. Every chapter begins well. In no single instance has the reader to wade through muddy shallows before reaching deep clear water. Yet there is no aiming at histrionic effect. In simple straightforward fashion the writer addresses himself to the task of telling his story. As we pass from chapter to chapter, we are instantly arrested, not by a brilliant word-painter, but by the intrinsic interest of the subject treated. It is John Wesley, and not John Telford, with whom and with whose work we are charmed. This we conceive to be the perfection of the story-teller's art, especially when, as in this case, he is striving to win for his subject the popular ear. Moreover, Mr. Telford always ends well, not abruptly, but naturally, and without risk of watering down the interest already excited.

When we have come to the end of one chapter we want to begin the next. Many books, otherwise good, are marred by prolix preaching which simply blunts the keen edge of their section-cutters. Mr. Telford invariably avoids this error. By sheer force of sustained interest he compels his readers to eat the last crumb of each course, and brings them to the next dish with an unimpaired appetite.

The chief difficulty for a biographer of Wesley, who desires to be brief and yet to omit nothing essential to an adequate portraiture, is the overwhelming mass of material, all ready to his hand, and all clamouring to be interwoven in the texture of his fabric. Mr. Telford has shown no little skill, not in shirking the difficulty, but in turning it to excellent account. Instead of pursuing his narrative stage by stage to its close, he has seized the moment when the stream opens into the ocean, that he may present, from a loftier elevation, a series of bird's-eye views. Typical facts illustrative of Early Methodist "Controversies," of the "Methodist Societies," of "Encounters with the Mob," of "Wesley as a Traveller," of "Wesley's Preachers," of "Love and Marriage," of "Wesley's Journals," of his "Churchmanship," of the "Preacher, Writer, and Philanthropist," are grouped together after a method which no other writer on this subject has attempted. The drawback to this kaleidoscopic mode is an occasional repetition—a blemish, however, which may in part be remedied in a future edition. Were the book intended for students only this departure from the historical sequence of events would be objectionable. But for popular purposes the device is admirable, and in this instance it is admirably executed. No part of the book will be read with greater avidity than this unique grouping of facts.

Several substantial incidents, many fine touches of local or personal colour, and not a few resettings of old facts are, we believe, quite new. Mr. Telford holds that Wesley was never a Moravian, as Southey and most writers about Fetter Lane have stated. Taken separately most of the new features are minute; but a true artist despises nothing which gives vivacity, sharpness of definition, tone, or atmosphere to his picture. It is surprising how the slightest touch of colour or shading will freshen a twice-told tale. Illustrations of this abound in this newest life of Wesley. The whole book is surprisingly fresh. Very beautiful are the lineaments of Wesley's character which Mr. Telford has sketched. The apocryphal harshness is gone. In boyhood and manhood, as well as in his lovely old age, Wesley was of like passions with ourselves.

Whether because of natural kindliness, or through the influence of the noble character he is portraying, Mr. Telford has happily avoided offence to other Churches. Of the Church of England he might have been tempted to write bitterly; but we do not remember a single passage to which any reasonable man could take exception. The good as well as the evil in the Church, as it was in Wesley's day, is fully recognized, and

nothing more is made of the persecutions which did so much to sever Methodism from the Mother-Church than the justice of the case demanded, or, indeed, than Church of England writers have themselves sorrowfully admitted.

Great care has been taken exactly to define the true germ from which Methodism sprang. For the student of ecclesiastical history this will be the most interesting feature of the book. Popularly, Oxford has been regarded as the birthplace of Methodism. But Oxford, like Epworth, the Charterhouse, and Georgia, in reality only prepared the way. In Aldersgate Street Wesley passed out of the twilight, "into the glory of the liberty of the sons of God." In Fetter Lane the great awakening began, and Methodism was born. It was there that the earliest Methodist Society met, and there, on New Year's Day, 1739, at a Lovefeast, the Wesleys, Whitefield, and some sixty others being present, the Pentecost of Methodism came. Mr. Telford has shown his appreciation of the significance of this great crisis by printing in facsimile, as a frontispiece, a corrected draft of a letter written by Wesley to Law. The controversy of which the letter formed a part exactly defines Wesley's spiritual attitude at this time. Mr. Telford has described it fully and clearly. It is one of the most important features of the book, and the old, yellow, much under-scored and altered letter may be regarded as a symbol of Methodism's most essential characteristic, personal experience, springing from conscious pardon and a realized new birth unto righteousness. The book is not perfect. Here and there a page, or even a subsection, might be rewritten with advantage. But it is an ungracious task to find even slight fault with a work which has placed Methodism and the people of England under such deep obligation.

The *Life of Charles Wesley*, by the same author, published by the Religious Tract Society, has just come to hand, but the exigencies of our space compel us to postpone our notice of it, although written. We may simply state that it has equal merit with the *Life of John Wesley*, and equal freshness and originality, if not more, and supplies a not less pressing need.

Life of Goethe. By HEINRICH DÜNTZER. Translated by THOMAS W. LYSTER. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

At the present moment Goethe is a figure of the very deepest interest. No works have produced a greater effect on modern thought than those of the German poet; the depth and splendour of his views attracting and subduing some of the very greatest contemporary minds, and profoundly influencing the thought of the whole civilized world. Germany seems to have reached once more the parting of the ways, and she seems strongly disposed to forsake the guidance of Luther and put herself under the direction of Goethe; with what result remains to be seen. And what is

thus true of Germany holds to a considerable degree of the civilized world generally; many writers of great importance turn from theology to humanism, and much of our literature is devoted to the task of establishing for culture a claim beyond that of religion and ethics. The battle between Paganism and Christianity is being fought out still, and on its decision depends the fate of civilization. To estimate aright the humanistic movement which has of late exhibited itself with so much fresh force and determination, it is essential to understand the personality of Goethe himself. The great poet wrote out of his heart, painted the scenes of his own history, dramatized his own experiences, set forth in moving forms his personal hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and his philosophy will therefore find its best interpretation in his biography. It is not enough to read him as if his works were the product of his imagination, standing entirely apart from his individual circumstances and fortunes; the consideration of his character, and the part played by him in actual life, furnishes the indispensable commentary to those writings which have so deeply impressed the mind of the age. Goethe himself is a microcosm in which may be studied with great advantage the whole humanistic movement. The tranquil indifference of culture to all that has been called religion, its ignoring of the sad side of existence and finding refuge in a superficial cheerfulness, its neglect of the deep, serious business of human life and government for artistic and theatrical shows, its glorification of intellect and calm contempt of morals, its determination to find the full satisfaction of human life in the refinements of sense, all this is epitomized graphically in Goethe's own character and career. He is himself the false sublime he draws, and history must not be neglected by those who wish to understand the retrograde movement of which Goethe is the chief apostle.

We feel assured the English reader will nowhere find a fuller or more faithful representation of Goethe than is given in the work before us. Not that we can endorse Herr Düntzer's lofty estimate of his hero, or recommend our readers to accept that estimate as fairly correct; but our author is confessedly the best informed of all the biographers of Goethe, and he gives ample material for the reader to form an independent judgment. The reader may feel the story sometimes a little tedious, but it is minute and faithful, and gives a living idea of the subject of the memoir. In our opinion it is immensely superior to Lewes' "Life of Goethe," alike in the fulness of information and in the insight it affords into the real Goethe. In Lewes we have a free portrait painted by a somewhat dashing hand, whilst in the photographic presentment of Düntzer we see the man and the environment as they really were, and consequently feel the satisfaction which springs from a deep, true acquaintance with a subject. All students of "Faust," and they are increasingly numerous, should by all means study this portraiture of its mighty creator, and read in the meanness and misery of his life the condemnation of his philosophy. The foot-

notes and references added by the translator give additional interest and value to the work.

Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

No fewer than thirteen volumes already, concerning the life of the Prophet of Silence! Two volumes of "Reminiscences" and three volumes of Mrs. Carlyle's letters were followed by four volumes of biography by Mr. Froude, two volumes of correspondence with Emerson have been published, and now two volumes more of *Early Letters* appear, which Professor Norton has judged it due to Carlyle's memory to publish. The interest of these letters, which cover the years 1814–1826, or from Carlyle's nineteenth to his thirty-first year, is twofold. In the first place we are enabled better to trace the formation of Carlyle's character, his opinions and his style. In the second place so much controversy of an unpleasant kind has taken place regarding the way in which Mr. Froude has discharged his office of biographical executor, that the publication of some at least of the correspondence of this early period seemed to Carlyle's friends to be imperatively called for.

It is curious to trace the gradual emancipation from the fetters of precision and formality exhibited in these letters, and to watch the change into the Carlyle we know, from the writer of the following passage, which we find in a letter to Miss Welsh, in 1821: "Nourishment of any kind may indeed, by injudicious application, be converted into poison; and mental nourishment forms no exception to the rule. But if its *abuse* may lead to isolation from our brethren and to every species of wretchedness, its prudent *use* does not of necessity exclude from any other source of happiness." "*Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*" The affectionateness of Carlyle's nature, especially to the members of his own family and one or two early friends, appears very pleasantly in these pages; though here again it is possible to trace the beginning of those storms of unworthy petulance and "atrabilious" wrath which afterwards covered his sky and darkened his life.

Into the Froude controversy it is not our purpose to enter in detail. Professor Norton's charges against Mr. Froude are stated in his preface—viz., that the biography had "distorted the significance of the facts," and "had given a view of the relations between Carlyle and his future wife in essential respects incorrect and injurious to their memory." A portion, therefore, of the correspondence between Carlyle and Miss Welsh is here published; and in an appendix Professor Norton certainly goes very far towards proving his serious charges against the biographer. The controversy has been continued in the *Times*, Mr. Froude's reply being, we must confess, feeble and inadequate, while some of his statements were directly denied by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle in a letter published shortly

afterwards. Mr. Froude declines to discuss the subject further, and virtually allows judgment to go by default.

Many extracts from letters published by Mr. Froude were undoubtedly, from some cause or other, very inaccurately quoted. But the most serious part of Mr. Norton's indictment is that Mr. Froude's account in the biography, coupled with the omission of portions of the correspondence with Miss Welsh, virtually misrepresents the relations between the two, as well as Irving's position with regard to both; and here it certainly appears that the letters as now quoted in full present both Carlyle and his future wife in a much more satisfactory light. But the subject is not an attractive one, and needs to be pursued only in so far as it is necessary to clear the character of the dead from unjust aspersions. And this, now a rough-and-ready judgment has been once pronounced by the public, cannot very easily be done. The moral of the whole story is too obvious to draw. We cannot regret, however, that these letters have been published, as they shed a pleasant light upon the early history of one who, whatever sorrows of his own or others' making embittered his private life, has rendered a service to literature and history in England which posterity will know how to appraise more accurately and justly than is at present possible.

Lights of the Western World; or, Sketches of Distinguished Americans. By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. London: T. Woolmer. 1886.

Abraham Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, Elihu Burritt, Longfellow, and J. B. Gough are the distinguished Americans to whom Mr. Marrat devotes his pleasant pages. Brief though the sketches are, they do not miss the salient features of each life. We do not know a better book of this kind to put into the hands of young readers. It is well written, full of capital lessons, and is most attractively illustrated. Self-help and true manliness will be more attractive to all who turn over these pages.

British Science Biographies: Natural History. By Professor H. A. NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc. W. & R. Chambers. 1886.

The object of this book is to trace the rise and progress of natural history studies in Britain. The life and labours of every prominent naturalist, from Aristotle to Charles Darwin, are briefly surveyed, and their respective contributions to science indicated. A lucid and not too voluminous history of zoological science has for some time been wanted, especially by amateurs. Professor Nicholson has now met that want in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. Experts who require more of detail and technicality are not here aimed at, for they have easy access to other sources. It is just because this book makes no attempt to satisfy the necessities of the professional scientist, but is written in a

popular style, that it will be gladly welcomed by the large and growing number of those who find pleasure and profit in natural history pursuits. Although the book deals mainly with the development of natural history studies in Britain, yet it takes account of those more distinguished foreigners whose labours have exerted special influence upon zoological research and speculation. The classification of Linnæus, for example, is described, and the merits and demerits of his system, which, though vastly in advance of what Ray and Willoughby followed, was yet artificial and arbitrary, are carefully balanced. One of the most interesting portions of the book is the chapter on Cuvier, who may be regarded as almost the founder of modern zoological science. His recognition, for the first time, that comparative anatomy is the true basis of scientific classification, marked an epoch in the development of zoology; while his anatomical researches in some special directions, as for example, in regard to the mollusca and the osteology of fishes and mammals, constitute the foundation of everything that has since been accomplished. Then, as is well known, his investigation into the fossils of the Paris tertiaries formed the most important contribution to palæontology that had been made up to that time. The speculations of Lamarck, who first opposed the doctrine of the fixity of species by the theory of their transmutation, are expounded, and their influence in shaping later developmental and evolutionistic hypotheses is traced. A large portion of the book, however, is devoted to the biographies of British naturalists, concerning some of whom it is rather difficult for the general reader to get pleasantly written records. To all who have scientific tastes, or who feel any interest in the modern philosophy of science, this volume will form an inexpensive and reliable source of information in regard to the growth of natural history and of zoological science to what they now are.

Carthage; or, the Empire of Africa. By A. J. CHURCH, M.A., with the Collaboration of ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

This is the new volume of the series entitled, *The Story of the Nations.* Professor Church begins with the legendary account of Dido's flight from Troy, and follows the history of the merchant-city of Africa down to its destruction by Scipio. Maps and woodcuts add much to the interest and value of the book. Its bold type and excellent "get up" also deserve a word of praise. The story itself is not open to very popular treatment. One might almost say that Dido and Hannibal are the only figures of abiding interest that emerge. Certainly one could count on the fingers of one hand all that have any claim to rank with the unhappy queen and the still more unhappy general. Both Dido and Hannibal were worthy of a better fate; both seemed at one time to hold it in their hands beyond the power of adverse fortune. Carthage itself will never cease to be an

object of interest to all lovers of the general who has kept alive her name for all generations. But closer acquaintance with Carthage inspires indignation and disgust. To have a Hannibal, and to treat him as that jealous, selfish city did—that is, to deserve what Carthage does not lack—the contempt of all the ages. Professor Church vindicates the memory of the great soldier from the charges of cruelty, treachery, and avarice. He thinks that there is no fair ground for attributing any deeds to Hannibal which were not sanctioned by the customs of the age and the stern necessities of war. Many passages from the ancient historians or poets are quoted in full in this volume. We can scarcely forgive its author for not letting Livy himself tell the story of the exiled soldier's last hours. "Hic vitæ exitus fuit Hannibalis," still rings in our ears with the pathos of Livy's narrative. We miss it sadly in this volume.

BELLES LETTRES.

Gycia. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Lewis Morris. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

Mr. Lewis Morris' lyrical genius has been generally recognized. Not a poet of the first or even of the second rank, he has thoroughly established his claim to be more than a writer of graceful verse, and some of his lyrical poems and the Epic of Hades are likely to live. He has now essayed tragedy, and the poem before us was written with a view to stage representation. Mr. Morris pleads in his preface that the drama should therefore be judged as an acting play rather than as a dramatic poem.

The story is dated in the tenth century, and is founded upon a story told by Constantine Porphyrogenitus in his *De Administratione Imperii.* The scene is laid in the adjacent countries of the Bosphorus and Cherson, and the plot is mainly concerned with the relations of Asander, Prince of Bosphorus, and Gycia, the daughter of the Archon of Cherson. It is complicated, however, in a way that we need not in detail describe; and while the by-play is on the whole skilfully managed, the general effect of the whole lacks the force derived from unity and simplicity. The part played in the drama by Irene, who is in love with Asander, and Theodorus, who is in love with Gycia, while leading to more than one unpleasant, not to say repulsive, situation, does not throw into relief, as it should, the traits of the main characters.

Some dramatic power is shown here and there, but the artist's hand appears somewhat unsteady; and the element of comedy introduced by the chamberlain Megacles cannot, to our thinking, be considered success-

ful. But here and there in individual speeches and in shorter scenes the writer reveals his undoubted poetic power. It is difficult to make short extracts from a drama, but the following reply of Gycia to her lover's earnest pleadings shows both the author's strength and his weakness :—

"Nay, my lord,
Tell thou me first what magic 'tis hath turned
A woman who had scoffed so long at love
Until to-day—to-day, whose blessed night
Is hung so thick with stars—to feel as I?—
That I have found the twin-life which the gods
Retained when mine was fashioned, and must turn
To what so late was strange, as the flower turns
To the sun—ay, though he withers her, or clouds
Come 'twixt her and her light,—turns still to him,
And, only gazing, lives."

Mr. Morris displays in this new venture of his the poetic talent which he has hitherto shown to greater advantage in other fields. In spite of some beauties which we gladly recognize, we fail to trace the clear conception and vivid portraiture of character, the keen eye for scenes and situations and the vigorous, rapid hand in execution which mark the writer of a successful dramatic poem; and still less do we perceive in *Gycia* the qualities likely to produce a good acting play. Mr. Morris can give his generation something better than a good play.

Through Dark to Light. By A. EUBULE EVANS. New Edition. London: Wyman & Sons. 1886.

This is a volume of poems which will not fail to win a welcome in many circles. Mr. Evans has both the gift of expression and the power of thought. His verses not only please the ear by their melody, but also stir mind and heart by their earnest grappling with great questions. The poet has worked his way to quiet faith through a sea of doubt. Christ is to him the link between man and God. There he rests his hope.

"The golden link, which lacking, all were dross,
And a great void remained for evermore,
Is that Incarnate Form upon the cross,
Whose radiant Godhead our weak manhood wore;
For there in union consecrate, complete—
A wedding of two worlds in love divine—
The earthly and the heavenly smiling meet,
Re-knitting life's else torn and ravelled line."

The spirit of another piece is well expressed in four lines which may be quoted as a happy contrast to the gloomy pessimism of so much modern verse.

"The gloom has a bright design,
Though it hides our joy for a while;
And the face of Love Divine,
Wears still when unseen a smile."

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

The second September issue of *L'Art* (J. Rouam, Paris; Gilbert, Wood & Co., London) contains a really magnificent etching by William Peters of his own painting, "Norwegian Fishermen Drinking." This young and we fear in England comparatively little known Norwegian artist, is the equal if not the superior of Teniers at his best in realistic power, and, so far as our experience goes, his work is marred by no touch of vulgarity or commonplace—those besetting sins of the realistic school. In the same number, M. Oscar Berggruen concludes his careful and learned monograph on "The Work of Rubens in Austria." The articles on French *boiserie*, in the sixteenth century, by M. Edmund Bonaffé, in the October and November issues, are of high interest; as also are the articles on Gros, by M. Dargenty, and the Department of Sculpture in the Louvre, by M. Emile Molinier, and M. Paul Lafond's study of the Psyche tapestries in the Château de Pau.

The Princess Casamassima. A Novel. By HENRY JAMES. Three vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

The subject of these three volumes is not New England Transcendentalism and Spiritualism, as in the "Bostonians," but Socialism, the Socialism of the "International" in England. We cannot call the work a study, it is evidently the product of speculation and imagination, rather than of knowledge and insight. Want of reality is stamped on almost the whole. Miss Pynsent, the humble, sympathetic dressmaker is a living picture; so is the shop-girl, Millicent. The real hero, also, Hyacinth Robinson, is, in general outline, well-conceived and carefully thought out; nor are Poupin and his wife, the French Communists, without their realistic traits. But the basis and by-play of Socialistic plot and conspiracy are forced and yet tame, are dull and tedious; the conversations, especially, are dreary. The "aristocrats" brought on the scene, also, as sympathizing with the Socialistic movement, are quite unnatural and by no means interesting; while the princess herself, who gives name to the story, and who is apparently an American, is a highly fantastic character. Though there is, of course, not a little ability, and the first half of the first volume is clever, viewed as the work of an American student of London and London ways, the whole story, which is much longer than the average fiction, must be pronounced disappointing and tedious. In dramatic unity and movement it is wholly wanting. Nor does it at any point take any real hold of the reader's sympathy or impress the imagination.

Margaret Jermine. By FAYR MADOC. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

The plot of this story is unnatural even to absurdity. A father, over-

whelmed with grief at the loss of his wife on the birth of their only child, resolves to love no more, refuses even to see his daughter, and directs that she shall be trained from infancy on an ultra-stoical theory of life, from which affection of every kind is to be rigorously excluded. The account of the girl's training is full of unnatural and incredible situations, and on the father's death she is solemnly enjoined never to marry. Of course she has meanwhile fallen in love, but she obeys her father's injunction, and her lover in pique marries another girl. Too late she discovers a letter revoking the absurd paternal interdict, but she burns the letter, and only reveals her secret as her lover is dying. The names of some of the characters—"Minimy," "Velvetine," "Ife," "Ovid"—are oddly chosen, and the characters themselves, if we except Margaret herself and Dr. Wheble, move for the most part like puppets rather than men and women. The scenes with the children in the first volume are, in our judgment, the best, and here and there is some clever writing. But a book with such a plot is irremediably marred.

Messrs. Macmillan send us the first issue of the Jubilee edition of the "Pickwick Papers." As to the substance of the two beautiful volumes before us, any critical observations from us would be not only gratuitous but absurd. The merits of this edition consist in the illustrations, and in the general excellence of the type and get-up. Whether the illustrations are simply picturesque and commemorative, or whether they are humorous, they are always excellent. There is a preface, and also an introduction, from the pen of the editor, Charles Dickens the younger, who also furnishes a number of illustrative notes. The edition is called the Jubilee Edition, because it is just fifty years since "Pickwick" was written and published. All admirers of Dickens should possess the present edition.

1. *The Young Carthaginian; or a Struggle for Empire.* By G. A. HENTY. With Twelve full-page Illustrations, by C. J. STANILAND.

2. *A Final Reckoning: a Tale of Bush Life in Australia.* By G. A. HENTY. With Eight full-page Illustrations, by W. B. WOLLEN.

3. *The White Squall: A Story of the Saragossa Sea.* By JOHN C. HUTCHESON. With Six full-page Illustrations. by J. SCHÖNBERG.

4. *Down the Snow Stairs; or from Good Night to Good Morning.* By ALICE CORKRAN. With Sixty Illustrations, by GORDON BROWNE.

5. *The late Miss Hollingford.* By ROSA MULHOLLAND. Illustrated.

6. *Tales of Captivity and Exile.* Illustrated.

7. *Rip Van Winkle.* A Legend of the Hudson. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. London: Blackie & Son. 1887.

1. In the *Young Carthaginian* Mr. Henty has found a congenial historical theme. Boys who turn these pages will become familiar with all phases of the great struggle between Hannibal and Rome. Malchus, the hero of the story, passes through the endless hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures which young readers seem to claim from their own authors. He is cousin to Hannibal and leader of his body-guard. The scene shifts rapidly from Carthage to Spain, Gaul and Italy. The reader's sympathy and interest never flags.

2. This *Tale of Bush Life in Australia* is a new world for Mr. Henty and his readers. The characteristics of his writing appear, however, in the fresh field. An English boy is his hero, but he passes through scenes scarcely less exciting than those of which Malchus is the central figure. By the spite of a schoolfellow, Reuben Whitney loses his situation, and is tried for burglary. He is acquitted, but determines to seek another home. In the voyage to Australia his manly, cheerful spirit wins all hearts. He has the good fortune at Cape Town to save the daughter of a wealthy Australian sheep-farmer from a mad Malay at the risk of his own life. He becomes an officer in the Colonial constabulary, marries the daughter of the English squire in whose employ he had once been as gardener's boy, and finally becomes a prosperous engineer. Great are the marvels of fiction!

3. Mr. Hutcheson has written a capital book. In *The White Squall* a boy's return from his father's plantation in the Windward Islands to England is woven up into a delightful and thrilling sea-story, which cannot fail to please young people.

4. *Down the Snow Stairs* is another story of the *Alice in Wonderland* type. It is well-written, but somewhat too grotesque, except for very little folk. For them it will be a treasure. The artist has entered into the spirit of the story. His illustrations well catch the oddity and weirdness of the letter-press.

5. *The late Miss Hollingford* is a story which appeared many years ago in *All the Year Round*, where it won the special admiration of Charles Dickens. It certainly deserves all that the great novelist said in its

favour. Its idyllic purity and grace are sure to make this beautiful story a favourite wherever it comes.

6. The *Tales of Captivity and Exile* range from Lacedemonian times to the close of the first quarter of this century. The Exiles of Siberia, the Man in the Iron Mask, Napoleon at St. Helena, and Baron Trenck, with a host of less-known prisoners, have found a place in these sad but exciting narratives.

7. All have heard of Rip Van Winkle; the number who have read the legend, as set forth by one of the most charming and perfect writers who ever wrote English, is, we fear, comparatively limited. Washington Irving's taste and style are hardly such as to suit the present loud and sensational age. Perhaps Gordon Browne's exquisite illustrations, which admirably reflect the subtle humour of the text, may help to attract readers to this American-English classic.

Amongst those who cater for our young people at Christmas there is no publishing firm that shows more industry or better taste than Messrs. Blackie; nor do any supply better illustrations.

Among their publications are two by Dr. Macdonald, which are new editions. Of these, one, *At the Back of the North Wind*, is well known as an exquisite fairy tale, which reminds us of Charles Kingsley at his gentlest and best. It is full of tender touches, very picturesque, and instinct with grace and beauty. We suppose it is our own fault that *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood* does not charm us equally with its companion volume. It is, however, a well-tested favourite with boys and girls who can enjoy a Christmas book which contains little or nothing of wild adventure or boisterous sport. Dr. Macdonald preaches more or less in all that he writes. Sentiment, rather than incident, is characteristic of his writing. The moral purpose is never far to seek.

1. *The Prairie Chief.* A Tale. By R. M. BALLANTYNE.
2. *The Queen of the Family.* By Mrs. HORNIBROOK.
3. *Enid's Silver Bond.* By AGNES GIBERNE.
4. *Five Thousand Pounds.* By AGNES GIBERNE.
5. *Gran.* By E. A. B. D.
6. *High and Lowly.* By ELLEN LOUISA DAVIES.
7. *Hidden Homes; or, the Children's Discoveries.* By M. A. PAULL RIPLEY.
8. *Golden Links in a Life Chain.* By EVA TRAVERS EVERED-POOLE.
9. *See for Yourself.* By GRACE STEBBING. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1886.

1. *The Prairie Chief* is crowded with the adventures with which Mr.

Ballantyne's never-failing fancy has supplied our boys for so many years. A Wesleyan missionary sows seeds of truth among the Red Indian tribes which bear happy fruits. Shooting, hunting, fighting all have their share of attention in this story, but like all the writer's stories it is marked by an earnest religious tone.

2. The wilful but loving *Queen of the Family*, Wyvil Treavor, will be dear to all girl readers. The story is full of movement, and has a happy ending, when trouble has chastened the heroine and her circle.

3. That cannot be said of *Enid's Silver Bond*. It is a pity that a girl of such charms as Enid Carew should lose her heart to a man like Francis Vivian, who basely deserts her and marries another woman. The story wants a more happy sequel. No one can fail to be interested in some of the characters of this book.

4. *Five Thousand Pounds* is a sharp lesson on the curse which a fortune of five thousand pounds brought to a builder's workman. It is full of sound moral teaching.

5. *Gran* is a happy narrative of an old woman's influence. It would be an excellent book for every workman's home.

6. *High and Lowly* is another book of the same stamp. What thrift and kindliness can do, even in a humble home, could scarcely be better taught. The story also shows what influence a Christian lady may win over rough working men. It should do much to strengthen the desire for such usefulness.

7. *Hidden Homes* is natural history woven into a story. The facts are given skilfully and with some amount of incident, so that children will master them more easily. It is one of the volumes which combine recreation with increase of knowledge, but there is not enough movement in the story. It is apt to get dull.

8. *Golden Links in a Life Chain* is devoted to a young lady, a happy and useful worker for Christ among the poor. It is well written and ends with a happy marriage.

9. *See for Yourself* opens with considerable freshness of style. The gentleman philanthropist who wakes up to the sorrows of the poor, is a character that all readers will admire. We have been both touched and pleased with this simple story.

The Leisure Hour, 1886.

The Sunday at Home. A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading, 1886. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The *Leisure Hour* maintains its position as one of the best magazines for general readers. The variety of topics treated is a striking feature of this volume. Travel, invention, natural history and sketches of London life are happily interwoven with fiction and poetry. The best writers have contributed to this volume. It is a marked success. The

illustrations of this year's *Sunday at Home* seem peculiarly happy. It is a pleasure to turn to these tasteful, beautifully executed pictures. Hymnology has a prominent place in the contents, and biography, history, and poetry are well represented. The papers on the history of the Modern Jews have great interest. The volume is a delightful treasury of Sunday reading. Dr. Bersier contributes a paper on Onesimus, which opens with the unfortunate sentence:—"One day, in a gloomy dungeon at Rome, two prisoners met." How he could write thus when St. Luke tells us that Paul dwelt in his own hired house we cannot understand.

Castle Malling. A Yorkshire Story. By ANNIE E. KEELING. London: T. Woolmer. 1886.

Miss Keeling has a happy gift in writing such stories as this. *Castle Malling* is a pleasant book, written in a graceful, simple style.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Report of the Royal Colonial Institute. Vol. XVII. 1885–6. Sampson Low & Co.

THE fact of the Colonial Exhibition gives increased zest to the always interesting reports of the Royal Colonial Institute. Next year's report will, we hope, help us in deciding some puzzling questions in connection with the Exhibition. Are things in Australia, for instance, as prosperous as the rose-coloured official reports make them out? Or is it true, as others have strongly asserted, that the depression which is so painfully felt at home, weighs with equal severity on the Greater Britain of the South Pacific? Meanwhile the report for the current year contains much food for thought, several of the burning questions of the day being, as usual, treated of in the papers read at the meeting, and then argued by men of very different views in the discussion. For instance, the liquor question in South Africa, one of which our missionaries know too well the importance, came to the front in Sir Charles Warren's able and instructive paper on "Our Position in South Africa." There is, to those who can read between the lines, much significance in the warning:—"Let us take care that in giving the natives protection we are not in reality forcing the brandy-bottle upon them;" and Colonel A. Tulloch hinted that "scares" were got up by those whom it paid to keep bodies of troops in the country, because the presence of troops means a large consumption of drink, and canteens once set up in a district have a sad tendency to outlast the military occupation, and become permanent. Sir

C. Turner spoke very strongly against the Boers; at any cost, he thinks, the Boers must be prevented from trekking, or else tribe after tribe will be absorbed in the Transvaal, or perish in the process. He animadverted most strongly on the brutal way (it is his own epithet) in which chief has been set against chief, and organizations of native tribes destroyed, and the natives extirpated. The Boers, he says, have a most ingenious way of getting a hold on land. Farmers will cross, on the plea of hunting, into native territory, and, after a careful study of the features of the country, make a rough sketch, dividing it into squares of 6,000 acres each. To these sketch-maps they attach a printed inspection-report, so vague that it would suit any piece of land thereabouts; and then they give or sell these "inspection reports of farms" to their neighbours. The possessors of these plans will wait for years; their opportunity being when "the land has been annexed, and some one else has built on an inspected plot. Then they at once not only claim the land with all the buildings, but also claim rent for the interval since the date of the plan; *and the Dutch law allows the claim.* We should say that Sir H. Barkly stood up for the Boers, but failed to answer Sir C. Warren's charges. The crisis will come when the gold, of which there is said to be a great quantity in Zululand, and almost as much among the Matebele, gets opened up. On the African yellow race, and its resemblance to the Chinese in language and physical appearance, Sir C. Warren spoke at some length. Strangely enough to those who see them only in the degradation to which Dutch tyranny has reduced them, they appear to have come as conquerors (where from?) moving northward, and driving the black races before them. Sir C. Warren thinks they are a race which has once been civilized, and has retrograded. "They possess many arts unknown to the other South African family, especially in medicinal knowledge; and they have several remarkable mythological legends." The discussion on Mr. E. Combes's paper about the material progress of New South Wales, was, perhaps, too much in the mutual admiration style. Mr. Arman Bryce, in his paper on "Burma, the latest addition to the Empire," endorsed the story that permission to work the ruby mines was the subject of one of the French intrigues that led to Thebaw's downfall. He gave some remarkable facts about the relative value of precious stones; sapphires have been found so abundantly at Bangkok, and near Simla, that they are almost unsaleable. Jade is even more precious than rubies. The Burmese love for *gnapi* (rotten fish paste, half-cured with salt) he might have compared with the Maoris' preference for fish well *faisandé*. The picture of the Burmese is not promising: "They are passionately fond of the drama, will leave work for a week to watch a play, and do their best, with much success, to turn life into a perpetual picnic. They must, therefore, go to the wall before the more industrious Chinese, Shans, &c." Mr. Bryce scoffs at the Chinese claim for cession of territory—a decennial exchange of presents is no proof of subjection. The annexation he strongly

reprobates: "the sentiment of nationality, which a protectorate would have allowed to continue, is not so entirely absent in the native races as most Anglo-Indians would have us believe. . . . . Might it not be well, at the cost of some ill-government, to leave room for pride of race and self-reliance?" In the discussion on "Our West Indian Colonies," Mr. G. Bourne pointed out the cruel way in which the negroes were treated immediately after emancipation—forced to accept 4½*d.* a day wages, or else to have their cottage and cocoanut-trees levelled to the ground; whereas, while slaves, the blacks had got 1*s.* 6*d.* for the one day, Saturday, which belonged to themselves. This did more than anything else to demoralize the emancipated negroes. His remarks bear out the remarkable statements in "Our Crown Colonies," by Mr. C. S. Salmon of the Cobden Club, with a special chapter on the West Indian blacks by Mr. Haliburton, son of the author of "Sam Slick." In Chief Justice Dobson's paper on Tasmania, the killing out of the aborigines is so skilfully toned down that one who did not know would not suspect the horrors with which that operation was accompanied. It is pleasant to think of scholarships of £200 a year to be held at English Universities. Mr. Dobson gives a new fact about the only non-marsupial animal in Tasmania, the Platypus—that the inner claws of the male's hind feet are perforated like a snake's fang, and secrete a poison not fatal, but causing discomfort for several days. It is curious that from Tasmania to Victoria there is a large trade in fruit, jam, and cut flowers. The suitableness of this "sleepy hollow of Australia" to the English constitution is very remarkable. Mr. Adye Douglas, Tasmanian Agent-General, said that gold and tin will both be, ere long, among the chief products of the island. Among other interesting papers is one by Sir G. F. Bowen on Federation contrasted with Home Rule. The volume closes with a number of papers read in "Conference Hall," at the Colonial Exhibition, one of which, "Imperial Federation," by Mr. Labillière, gave rise to a complaint by a planter from Fiji that in those islands labour costs 1*s.* 6*d.* a day; while in Java the price is only 6*d.*, and that therefore we ought to protest against Java produce if we wish to treat our own Colonies as children ought to be treated. Among these papers, that by Captain Colomb on "Imperial Defence" is full of warning and suggestion. This seventeenth volume is, as we have shown, of unusual interest, and proves that the Institute is really doing an important work.

Preacher's Library: Hints on Theological Reading. By the Rev. J. S. BANKS. Second edition, revised.

A Preacher's General Reading: Companion to a *Preacher's Library.* By the Rev. J. S. BANKS. London: T. Woolmer.

We are glad to receive a second edition of Mr. Banks' pamphlet on

Theological reading. It will be a welcome guide to many students, and will save much precious time, which otherwise would be lost in finding out the best books. Those who take Mr. Banks as their adviser will soon be in a position to add other books of their own choosing to his list. That is one main end of such a pamphlet—to direct the student until he is able safely and wisely to take the reins himself. The hints on "General Reading" appeal to a larger circle than the first pamphlet, though Mr. Banks addresses them also to preachers. After some preliminary notes on English Literature, the subject is mapped out under the headings, Philosophy, History, Poetry, Fiction, Biography, Travel, General. Under Fiction, "Consuelo," Lorna Doone," and "John Inglesant" deserve a place. Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant," which Ruskin describes as the most interesting volume of travel he ever read might come in when a second edition of this pamphlet is required. Mr. Day's translations of Homer are not mentioned. We should plead for these additions by-and-by. Suggestive hints as to the character of the works recommended brighten up this useful handbook.

The New English. By T. KINGTON OLIPHANT. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

This is a supplement to Mr. Oliphant's work on Old and Middle English. Of the industry and the learning shown in this work it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. The periods of English are divided from first to last into eight stages. The changes in the language in these stages successively are illustrated with remarkable fulness of knowledge, and in minute detail. It is a work for students, and students will know how to value it.

Contributions to the Science of Education. By WILLIAM H. PAYNE, A.M., Professor of the Science and the Art of Teaching in the University of Michigan. London: Blackie & Son.

This volume contains much that is useful about education, and shows the result of not a little reading. Unfortunately the writer is not a clear thinker—not, indeed, himself a thoroughly educated man. What, for instance, can be imagined more unscientific or confused in thought than the distinction which he would make between *science* and *art*—viz., that "*science* denotes a higher order of knowledge, and *art* a correlated, but lower, order of knowledge?" Or, again, what can be worse in the way of writing than such a sentence as the following?—"In stating these problems I shall doubtless, through inadvertence or purpose, indicate a probable solution." These are samples, taken at hazard. A similar character of obscurity in thought and slovenliness in style belongs more or less to the whole volume. Nevertheless, by diligence in compilation

and much use of good authorities, the writer has produced a volume from which a good deal may be learnt. His idolatry of Herbert Spencer, and his exaggerated ideas as to German achievements in educational science, are only what might be expected from one whose knowledge of the subject, though extensive, is but superficial, and who has not mastered the fundamental distinction between the science of education and education as an art.

Hymn-Writers and their Hymns. By the Rev. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS. Third Edition. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

This book is a pleasant store-house of facts about hymns and hymn-writers. It well deserves the popularity gained in earlier editions. Mr. Christophers covers a wide field in his twenty-four chapters. The "Psalter" and the "Fathers" give him congenial themes. Hymns from palaces and cloisters, songs for the sea and songs for the night, funeral hymns, judgment hymns, and songs of glory are all included here. The book is crowded with facts, and lit up with good stories. The selections of poetry are well made. We are rather surprised, in a third edition, to find it stated that Heber caught the inspiration for his famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," in Ceylon. It was written at Hodnet, in his quiet English parsonage, for a missionary service which he held there. If the young woman into whose mouth this statement is put really made such a mistake, it should have been set right in a foot-note. Ken, too, is described in 1703, as "on a visit to his nephew, so dear to those who love good biography, Isaac Walton, then Prebendary of Salisbury." The author of "The Complete Angler," who was a retired hosier married to Ken's sister, died in 1683. This is confusion, indeed. It is almost too grotesque to read in reference to Susanna Wesley's death, that, "*all the* saintly woman's daughters sat *on her bedside*, and sung a requiem to her parting soul." Mr. Christophers is severe on those who have versified the Psalms. Against much of his criticism we make no objection; but no one can read Charles Wesley's exquisite versions of the 23d, 24th, 118th, 121st, and other Psalms without feeling that the strictures in this chapter are too sweeping. These and some other slighter flaws ought to be removed at once from this instructive and enjoyable volume.

Hume. By WM. KNIGHT, LL.D., Prof. of Moral Philosophy, University of St. Andrews. London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

An excellent addition to the list of able monographs already published in the *Philosophical Classes for English Readers* series. Professor Knight writes from a transcendental point of view, and ably shows how

Humism is at once the logical result of empiricism, and the propaedentic to the Kantian, or perhaps we should say the Hegelian, system. He has evidently felt the influence of Green very strongly. The account of Hume's life is clear and good, though we think he takes rather too complaisant a view of Hume's character.

India Revisited: its Social and Political Problems. By SAMUEL SMITH, M.P. London: W. Isbister & Co. 1886.

Mr. Smith's pamphlet deserves careful study from all students of our Indian empire. He tries to show what the natives think of our administration, what flaws they find, what remedies they suggest. The recent visit paid by the writer to India enables him to speak with authority as to the present state of feeling on such subjects. Three reforms would, he thinks, produce excellent results. "Representation of natives by election on the Legislative Councils of India, the return of a few members directly from India to Parliament, and the election of a proportion of the Indian Council in London by the natives of India." Many suggestions, which merit careful consideration, will be found in this careful and judicious pamphlet. Mr. Smith's tribute to mission schools in India, and his statements as to the eager appreciation of them by the natives, will cheer all the churches who are engaged in this work.

Persia, the Land of the Imams. A Narrative of Travel and Residence, 1871–1885. By J. BASSETT, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board. London: Blackie & Son. 1886.

The American missionary societies are greatly to be commended for the tenacity with which they have pursued their special work among the nations of Western Asia, the youngest and most progressive nation labouring for the good of the most ancient and effete. Amid great difficulties, hampered and restricted on every side, they have faith in the future of the seed sown with tears. Mr. Bassett, an American missionary gives us the result of eleven years' residence and travel in Persia. His travels, apparently for pioneering purposes, opened up most of the country. His object is less to describe missionary methods and work, of which little is said, than to give a picture of the country up to date and this he does very successfully. His journies take us to Ooromiah Tehran, Tiflis, Ispahan, and Mashhad in the far East. We have much information about Armenians, Nestorians, Jews, Sufees, Turkmans, Babees, Guebers, Yezdees, about the government, popular customs, given with no glow or colour, but in clear, plain style. The picture is far from a pleasing one. A despotic, careless government, a barren or uncultivated country, a fanatical faith, a wretched people, poverty, famine, disease, and cruelty, are its chief features. Admirers of the Shah may be

interested in the description of a garden-palace:—"A slide of smooth alabaster, inclining at a sharp angle, and about fifteen feet along, terminates near the fountain. It was a favourite amusement of the Shah to slide down this pavement, and to see his wives slide down. The performance was attended with the danger of bruises on the pavement below." The Shah's visit to Europe led to the dismissal of an energetic, reforming Minister of State. This Minister, who had advised the visit, also advised that one of the Shah's wives should be left behind, and the lady intrigued successfully for his ruin. The author puts his readers on their guard against Orientals who come on begging expeditions to the West. There are the usual peculiarities of American orthography—"offense, defense, skepticism." We notice also a novel idiom, occurring several times, "Quite all the gardens of the king."

Some of the Great Preachers of Wales. By OWEN JONES, M.A., Newtown. Second Thousand. London: Passmore & Alabaster. 1886.

In an introductory essay on Welsh preaching, Mr. Jones ascribes its power to divine unction, and to earnest prayer resulting in deep conviction of the power of the Gospel to save. He rightly protests against any attempt to explain it away as due to mere enthusiasm or Welsh fire. We do not think, however, that he allows due weight to the character of the audience. Certainly the illustrations given here fail to impress us very favourably with the sermons of the Welsh preachers. The mannerisms and the colloquial style would be fatal to the claims of these preachers with a cultivated audience. Christmas Evans' description of the Wise Men searching for the infant Saviour is absurd and ignorant. He actually represents them inquiring of John the Baptist, who stands at the river brink in his camel's-hair raiment, surrounded by a crowd of people, "Do you know anything of the young child?" "Lo! there he is," replies John. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the World." Such a jumble of the infancy and the opening of Christ's ministry we have never seen. This extract is given in a foot-note from another volume. We should have thought more of the preacher if this had been left out. After the introductory essay careful biographical sketches are given of seven great preachers—Daniel Rowlands, Robert Roberts, Christmas Evans, John Elias, William Williams, Henry Rees, and John Jones. Abundant illustrations of their different styles are added. Some interesting particulars of the origin and organization of Calvinistic Methodism are given. The Calvinism of the book is moderate, and is not made obtrusive. Mr. Jones describes Whitefield as one who "gave undue and unjustifiable prominence to the doctrine of election," and justly denounces the caricatures of Arminianism which Welsh preachers of later times have drawn. His volume is full of interesting details and racy stories.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (November 15).—M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu reviews the progress of "French Colonisation in Tunis." With the results of her five years' work there he thinks that France may fairly indulge a general feeling of satisfaction. To give oneself up entirely, however, to self-gratulation would be to ignore the natural impatience of the colonist in general, and the French colonist in particular. French people imagine that it is only necessary to change their home in order to gain a fortune in a few months. They think that every speculation ought to succeed, and that time has nothing to do with the matter. "It has much to do with it," he holds. "It is the great master." Long effort is indispensable in a colony as well as in the mother country. France seems to be taking the colonization of Tunis in hand as a serious matter. The country has become the favourite colonial settlement of the French public. A great number of capitalists have bought estates and set themselves vigorously to work to render them productive. Tunis has many attractions. Its superb position confers advantages such as few countries possess. Numerous gulfs pierce the coast and offer excellent ports for war or commerce, the amount of fertile soil considerably exceeds that which other parts of North Africa possess. The prevalence of north winds tempers the dryness of the air and gives more regular and frequent showers than in other parts of Barbary. Algeria is near. Sicily and Malta send over the excess of their population, so that robust, sober, industrious settlers are not wanting. The moral and social conditions are not less favourable. The colonists, however, are not content. The development of the country has not been so rapid as they expected. Their first dreams have not been realized. Some valuable particulars as to the colony and its prospects are given in this article.

(December 1.)—Renan is contributing to this Review a series of articles on "The Origines of the Bible." The present paper deals with "The Law." "The profound religious movement which was at work in the kingdom of Israel in the ninth century before Christ is gathered up in the affirmation that Jehovah is a just God, that He wishes good only, and demands that men should rule their lives by the absolute principles of right. The almost immediate corollary of such a conception was a written law, judged to emanate from Jehovah, and declaring itself to be the expression of His will. . . . . It was natural that the chief who brought the people out of Egypt in the name of Jehovah should become the interpreter of the pact of Jehovah with His people." After extensive quotations from the law as given at Sinai, which M. Renan calls "the first Thora," many pages are devoted to his theory of the growth of the law; then the writer proceeds to unfold his views as to "the code born under Josiah," or, in other words, the Book of Deuteronomy. He describes Hilkiah's action as "one of the most daring attempts ever made to give currency to a fable." That code, he says, "is the programme of a kind of theocratic Socialism, proceeding on the lines of solidarity, ignoring the individual, reducing to almost nothing the military and civil order, suppressing luxury, industry, and lucrative trade." He sees in Deuteronomy "the complete realization of the ideal which Jeremiah preached. He is at a loss when he comes to consider who was the author, but holds that the book was composed in the time of Jeremiah, by one of those who immediately surrounded that prophet, and according to his ideas. We could wish that M. Renan had been better employed than in constructing such a baseless theory.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE (October 15).—M. Eugène Forgues, in an article on "India and the English," takes a gloomy view of our prospects in the East. He first surveys the question from its economical side, where he thinks that one important argument against our administration may be found. He then discusses the aspirations awakened by the educational work we are carrying on in India. The resolutions of the National Indian Congress occupy a large place in his paper. He considers that the highest and most intelligent classes in India are almost unanimous in their opposition to our supremacy, and that the marked awakening of national sentiment there threatens to make India another and a more dangerous Ireland. We may refer our

readers to Mr. S. Smith's able pamphlet, "India Revisited," for a more hopeful view of this subject by one who writes from personal observation of Indian society.

(December 1.)—M. Malapert, a veteran legist of seventy-two years, breaks the silence of his retirement to claim a Commission on Legal Studies. The existing arrangements, he holds, are inadequate to train up men capable of passing their examinations, or serving themselves and the State. The faculties of law are not "schools of application," in which people can master their profession. He contents himself with pointing out the faults of the system, carefully guarding himself from any reflections on the able jurists who now act as professors. The blame is not theirs, but is inherent to the method of study. He urges that the Commission should be formed and set to work without delay.

Deutsche Rundschau (November).—Herr Rodenberg contributes to this month's magazine another of his interesting "Pictures from Berlin Life." It is entitled "In the Heart of Berlin." He writes about the Mendelssohn family and Nicolai in their old homes, and gives some pleasant details of their connection with various parts of the city. No. 68 Spandauerstrasse was the home of Moses Mendelssohn. It stands there as it has stood for the last century, but the tree in front of the house, under the shade of which Mendelssohn often sat meditating in his last days, is gone. It has four windows in front, two modest stories and a little chamber in the roof. Modern improvements threaten soon to sweep away this relic of the past. The inscription, "Here lived and worked Moses Mendelssohn" is fast becoming illegible. The march of opinion in Jewish circles is illustrated by the fact that when Mendelssohn came to Berlin as a boy of fourteen, a member of the synagogue (an ancestor, it is said, of Herr von Bleichröder) was expelled because a German book had been found in his pocket. Thirty years later Klopstock's "Messiah" and Luther's translation of the New Testament might have been seen in Mendelssohn's library. Herr Rodenberg's articles will have a hearty welcome from all lovers of Berlin.

Unsere Zeit (December).—Herr von Hellwald, in the fifth paper of his series on "Egypt and the Soudan," gravely impeaches our administration. The condition of the people under the worst pasha was, he says, less dangerous and burdensome than it has become in our hands. We can never reckon on the good-will of the Egyptian official Press. Native officials will rather allow a criminal to escape than deliver him into our hands. It is impossible to bring the slave-trade to an end. Taxes are rising; the law is in the hands of commissioners, not of judges. "The English functionaries, if the interest of the moment seems to require it, get over the written law as easily as they break the principles for which they themselves have fought. Thereby the condition of the natives grows worse from day to day; the Fellahin become more and more miserable. They have more wants, and less respect for their superiors. Obedience is a thing of the past. Moral and physical disorder rules in all public administrations, corruption in the Ministries." "The power of the Khedive is almost null, the Ministerial Council is under English influence, the Premier is only the obedient servant of England; the real masters of the country are Sir Evelyn Baring, her Majesty's Consul-General, and Sir F. C. Stepbenson, General Commanding the Army of Possession." The grave charges in this article should have an early answer. Our position is, without doubt, difficult and unsatisfactory, but our critic evidently makes the very worst of it.

North American Review (September).—Dr. Crooks' article, "Why am I a Methodist" gathers up the testimonies of historians and divines to the far-reaching results of the Evangelical revival and then gives the reasons which suggest the title of his paper. Dr. Crooks is a Methodist because he believes Methodism to be the recovery of the original spirit of the Protestant Reformation. Methodism restored the zeal for piety which had been almost swallowed up the rage for orthodoxy. "I am a Methodist, also," he says, "because I conceive that the true test of a Christian church is its power with the common people, and Methodism bears that test. As the reformation of the individual proceeds from within outward, so the reformation of society proceeds from beneath upward. I am a Methodist, therefore, because I think that, in this regard, Methodism is in the right line of progress, and follows the procedure of original Christianity. The uncommon people in the world are a small minority; what is needed is a faith that can sit down as a friend at the humblest fireside, that can be the companion of the lowly in their struggles with want and sin, that can bring cheer to souls that have little else to cheer them; and such a faith

Methodism has been. I hope it will preserve this most precious trait of character; for it is a strong reason why, passing by other churches in which I see so much to love, I am yet a Methodist."

(October.)—Henry George continues his interesting papers on "Labour in Pennsylvania." The mining regions of that State have received a large number of the panper labourers of Europe. Italians, Poles and Hungarians, or Huns as they are properly called, have streamed in, as labourers and outside workers. The Huns, who were thoroughly obnoxious to the American miner, have, Mr. George says, reversed the popular verdict by the bold action they took in the Connellsville strike at the beginning of the year. This strike originated with one man, who at first only found one supporter; but the Huns backed up the demands so effectually that the rise of wages was secured with comparative ease. As to the general condition of the miner, Mr. George has made careful comparison between England and the States. "The condition of the miner has for some years grown worse in Pennsylvania, and better in Great Britain. The British miner works less hours in the day, but more days in the year. He does not get as high wages in money, but he does not pay high rent, nor is he swindled by pluck-me stores. The general fact is that the average of wages in the United States is higher than in Great Britain, and that the condition of the working-class as a whole, is better. But in the very occupations which we so tax ourselves to 'protect,' the English workman has, as a rule, the advantage." Mr. Butler, the chief assistant in the Bureau of Industrial Statistics, well known throughout Pennsylvania as a consistent and able advocate of working-men's interests, has recently declared himself an absolute free-trader, and expressed his conviction that all tariffs, either for revenue or protection, are injurious to labour. The Philadelphia *Record*, which steadily assails the Protectionist policy, has a larger circulation that any other paper in the State. "The recent State Democratic Convention took heart to declare for a tariff for revenue only—the halfway house to free-trade. The world is moving, even in Pennsylvania."

(November.)—Edmund Kirke discusses the question, "How Shall the Negro be Educated?" He states that there is no better position for studying the present condition of the coloured population than Knoxville, Tennessee. There, he thinks, the problem of their education has been solved. About six thousand of them are settled in Knoxville—house-servants drawn from Virginia, plantation-hands from Georgia and the Carolinas. They have full liberty for development, and are generally preferred to the miserable whites as house-servants and mechanics. They mingle freely with the white population in street-cars and in places of public gathering. On the railways they have separate compartments. They have also their own schools and churches. Mr. Kirke says, "My observation is that, when left to himself, the negro prefers to keep with his own kind, both in social intercourse and in religious assemblies." He thinks no candid observer will deny that freedom has not only improved the physical, but the moral character of the blacks. They are better husbands and fathers, more useful members of the community. This remark does not apply so fully to the Georgia and Carolina field-hands, who were little better than brutes in their days of slavery. Freedom has not lifted them at once above their animal condition. The negro "will still mistake other people's property for his own, drink more whisky than is good for him, loll lazily in the sunshine, and do only just enough work to keep his soul and body together. Doubtless he was a better producer when he worked under the lash of an overseer; but I question if he was then as much of a man as he is now in freedom. He gives, no doubt, too free a rein to his natural indolence, but I have noticed that he does that only in his prime, when he need have no great anxiety about the morrow. When he sees old age creeping upon him, he bestirs himself, takes to more frugal and industrious ways, and thinks of a roof to cover him, and a grave in which to lay his bones." Mr. Kirke looks hopefully to the development of a better spirit even here. The town negroes and the plantation-hands he has met from Virginia and the upper Carolinas—"where they were well trained when in slavery—do work, and work as well as any white people. I have met very many of them who have accumulated comfortable little properties—snug homes, with money laid by for a rainy day, or to educate their children. They are uniformly frugal, industrious, self-respecting, and law-abiding." One pleasing incident is given of a coal-black fellow who was just twenty when he heard that Lee's surrender had

set him free. His mistress had lost her husband, who was a physician turned medicine-vendor, in the war, and the loss of her slaves reduced her to beggary. In her desolation the black greeted her thus: "Cheer up, missus, and doan't griebe. I knews how massa used ter make de nostrums. I'll make 'em, and I'll sell 'em, and 'fore long I'll hab you as well aff as eber you was." The ex-slave was true to his word. His popular medicines soon put his mistress in comfortable circumstances. Almost any week he may still be seen in the streets of Knoxville, with a gaudily painted waggon and gaily caparisoned horses, vending nostrums which he warrants to cure "pains and aches, and scalds and burns, and in short, sir, all the ills that flesh is heir to." The negroes have been educated in subjects which are of no practical use to them, Mr. Kirke states, to the utter neglect of everything that might fit them for their work in life. He claims that the problem of education has at last been solved by a Christian lady, who for sixteen years has been at work in Knoxville. For twelve years, though ostracised by many of her white friends, and even denied communion by the church to which she bore letters of introduction, this good woman laboured amongst the blacks till six thousand of them had learned to regard her as their best friend. Then, however, she discovered that her teaching had gone on a wrong basis. She at once set to work to train the girls to be good housewives, and the boys to be efficient bread-winners. A sewing-school and kitchen-garden, a carpenter's shop and a cooking-school, for both boys and girls, are now in active operation. This experiment has been successful from the outset. She has now had to build large premises for an industrial school, and is turning out hundreds of skilled workers in a community "where skilled labour in any department is always in demand at high wages." "Train the negro to do useful work, and you will make of him a good citizen," is the motto suggested by her experiment. "Her system," Mr. Kirke says, "generally adopted, would revolutionize labour at the South, and solve the problem which is now puzzling the heads of the wisest statesmen—namely, 'What shall be done with the Southern negro?'"

The Presbyterian Review (October.)—The Rev. J. K. Wight's "Home Missions and the Presbyterian Church," shows that the problems of London evangelization are not unfamiliar to New York. A few years ago, in twelve wards of that city containing a population of 400,000, 172,000 of whom were foreigners, there were nine Presbyterian Churches and five missions, with 3834 members. To-day, in the six wards in which are the offices of the Presbyterian Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, they have not a single church. The district is largely given up to business purposes, but has a population of 75,000. Within the memory of people still living, all the Presbyterian Churches on the island were within those six wards. Mr. Wight urges that some effort should be made to reach the masses in this and in similar districts in other great cities. Put under the charge of the Presbytery, with collections to support it, a committee to guide the work, and an Evangelist to get among the people, he thinks his church might do something to overtake this pressing need.

Methodist Review (American) (September).—Dr. Atkinson's paper on the "Origin of the Methodist Episcopal Church," and Mr. Phœbus's account of the first years of the "Book Concern" of that Church, contain some interesting letters from Bishop Ashbury. The articles throw considerable light on the early stages of American Methodism. The "Book Concern" was cradled amid debt and difficulty. Dr. Atkinson shows that when Coke arrived Asbury would not take upon himself the office of co-superintendent till the preachers approved the appointment. The relations between England and America had been so much changed by the War of Independence, that he wished to have the Methodist work in the States set on a sound basis, and to carry all the preachers with him in sympathy.

Southern Methodist Review (September).—This review appears in an improved form—the first number of a new series. Dr. Hinton, who has been editor for the past four years, takes leave of his readers. Dr. Harrison is his successor. It seems that contributors hitherto have received no remuneration. The late editor himself wrote about one-fifth of the number, besides attending to his editorial duties. All this while he was engaged in active ministerial work. The circulation was "not large, but select." On Dr. Hinton's suggestion, the last General Conference "decided to print a Review, and to give it all the prestige of the publishing house of our Church." It is surprising that Dr. Hinton was able to do so much in the face of the

grave disadvantages under which he laboured. We shall watch the progress of his successor with interest. The present number is not a fair specimen of what is to be expected, as the new editor was burdened with the work which follows Conference when he took up this post.

(November.)—The Article on "Preaching," which appeared recently in the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, is reprinted here with due acknowledgment. Dr. Neely, in a study of the "Episcopacy of Methodism," points out the opinions held since Coke's time as to the relation of the bishops to the ordinary ministry. His conclusions are given in the closing paragraph of his article: "The history of the Methodist Episcopal Church establishes the fact that it has always considered its episcopacy an office, and not a ministerial order superior to the eldership; and now, after a hundred years of progress, it will not go back to the dark ages for technical terms and ecclesiastical ideas, no matter how plausibly the false may be presented. With an episcopacy just as valid as any in the world, it will not weight it down with the dead body of an ancient error."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (October, November and December).—There are several articles of great interest in the October number of this Magazine. "Gloucester Fishers" describes the life of those bold and hardy fellows who ply their perilous trade on the banks of Newfoundland. The loss of life during the gales is enormous. One thousand were drowned in the last ten years. In the winter of 1879, 249 men perished. Many interesting particulars of the fishery are given in this bright paper. Matthew Arnold's Address before the University of Pennsylvania on "Common Schools Abroad," is printed as an article. "Abroad" means the Continent of Europe. Mr. Arnold considers that the education given in the common schools of Germany and France succeeds better than that in England in training the children to what is "really human." In England, he says, religion is excluded from our official programme in popular schools, so that one great factor in producing these humanising influences is lost. In German countries religion is one of the foremost subjects of instruction in the popular schools. In the capital of Saxony, which is said to be the stronghold of Socialism, Mr. Arnold asked an inspector what proportion of the working-classes were Socialists and opposed to the established religion. "At least two-thirds," he answered. "Well, then, how do they like all this Lutheran religion for their children?" "They do not like it at all," he replied; "but they have to submit to it." He added that the religious instruction did the children good; that the mothers in general could perceive this, and some even of the secularist fathers." In France religion has been ruthlessly pushed out of the public schools, but the religious teaching orders have been enabled to make enormous development of their schools, so that they now actually educate one-third of the children of Paris. One pitiful specimen is given of the "Civic" teaching in a municipal school. "Who gives you," said the questioner to the children, "all the benefits you are enjoying: these fine school-buildings with all their appliances, your instructors, this beautiful city where you live, everything in which the comfort and security of your life consists?" "I was attentive," writes Mr. Arnold, "for I said to myself, surely the child must be going to answer what children have from time immemorial been taught to answer to the like question, 'God gives me all this.' The name of God must not be named, however, in a Parisian municipal school. The children were ready with the required answer, 'It is our country gives us all this.'"

(November.)—The special feature of the new volume of the *Century*, which opens with this number, is a Life of Lincoln, by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, who were his private secretaries during his presidency. One or both of them were constantly at his side from 1860 to 1865. For sixteen years they have been gathering material for this *opus magnum*. The sketch of the Backwoods society, in which the patriot was reared, shows from what strange surroundings the great man came. Despite the illiteracy and the rough practical jokes, there was a stern honesty in that primitive society. The camp-meeting kept the pioneers from utter spiritual stagnation. The sermon of the itinerant preachers was addressed exclusively to the emotions of their hearers. It was often very effective, producing shouts and groans and genuflexions among the audience at large, and terrible convulsions among the more nervous and excitable. We hear sometimes of a whole congregation prostrated as by a hurricane, flinging their limbs about in furious contortions, with wild outcries. The emotions did not die away with the moment, but produced

abiding results. As a rule the men walked to the preaching services, whilst the women went on horseback with the little children in their arms. Arrived at the place, they "threw their provisions into a common store, and picnicked in neighbourly companionship. The preacher would then take off his coat, and go at his work with an energy unknown to our days." The sketch of Lincoln's youth given in these first chapters bears witness to his ardent desire for self-improvement, and to his influence over all his comrades. He reached his full height, six feet four, at the age of nineteen, and had enormous physical strength. In May, 1831, as he passed through New Orleans at the age of twenty-two, his heart bled to witness the cruel wrongs inflicted on the negro. That sight was afterwards to bear fruit in his efforts for the emancipation of the slave.

(December).—The *Century* for this month has some valuable biographical papers. The second part of Mr. Martin's article on "Old Chelsea" is very pleasant reading. Mr. Howells' story, "The Minister's Charge," does not close in a satisfactory manner. It is, however, a study of life and manners which no student of American fiction should overlook.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (October, November and December).—In the September Magazine, the story of Tunis—the Zoan of the seventy-eighth Psalm—is a profusely illustrated paper on one of the most famous cities of ancient Egypt. All biblical students will enjoy this readable article. The December number is monopolized by lively Christmas stories, poetry and timely papers, such as that on "The Boyhood of Christ." It is an attractive number, crowded with capital illustrations.

A Manual of Christian Evidences. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

Mr. Row is known as one of our ablest writers on the evidences of Christianity—as one especially who knows how to meet the thought of this age. We have seen nothing from his pen superior, if anything equal, to the small volume before us. Its matter is admirable; the style also is exceedingly clear; the logical sequence of thought is direct and distinct. First, and properly first, comes the "moral evidence," the life, character, and teaching of Jesus Christ being historically treated. Then follow chapters on "The Miraculous Attestation of Christianity, its Nature and Evidence."

In his introduction, Mr. Row lays it down that there is "one key which commands the entire Christian position"—viz., "the historical truth of the person, work, and teaching of Jesus Christ our Lord, as it is depicted in the Gospels." "Christianity differs from every other known religion in the fact that it is based on the person of its Founder." Starting from this principle, Mr. Row sets himself first to demonstrate the truth of Christianity in its highest claims and its full-orbed glory. The history is real and true; and hence unfold the doctrines; of such a history, underlying such doctrines, miracles are a necessary and also an evidential part; the history of Paul confirms and coalesces with the history of Jesus. Let our readers obtain this valuable little book, and read for themselves the close and convincing arguments.

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