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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1891.

ART. I.—SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

1. *The French Revolution.* By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P. In Four Volumes. Vols. I., II. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. *Madame Roland.* By MATHILDE BLIND. Eminent Women Series. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1886.
3. *Charlotte Corday.* By Mrs. R. K. VAN ALSTINE. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

THE stormy excitement aroused in Paris the other day over M. Sardou's play, *Thermidor*, the hisses and the tumult which greeted the work of a very popular playwright, and the singular action of the Government in prohibiting the drama, thus deferring humbly to the little clique of malcontents who disturbed the representation instead of punishing them for their breaking of the public peace—all this *affaire Thermidor* furnishes curious evidence that those observers are right who decline to rank the French Revolution among accomplished historical events, who affirm that it is still in progress, and that the questions raised by the dead-and-gone actors in its first scenes are burning questions still. What was M. Sardou's offence? It seems to us, calm and distant spectators, an offence as fantastic at first sight as that of one who should "speak disrespectfully of the equator"—or of Pontius Pilate.

He had failed in enthusiasm for the Reign of Terror; he had discerned error in the wholesale guillotinings of the Comité du Salut Public; he could even see blemishes in the flawless excellence of Maximilien Robespierre; he had gone as far in hostile criticism of these holy things as did Danton, as did Camille Desmoulins, some of whose very phrases, from the *Vieux Cordelier*, he had, it would seem, imitated or reproduced in the dialogue of his play. And there are to-day in Paris Republicans of so extreme a type that all this is an intolerable offence to them—political and socialist dreamers devoted to the cult of Robespierre as much as if he were an incarnation of the Deity, resenting as a blasphemy against the god of their idolatry any slur on the infallibility of the "Sea-green Incorruptible," and very ready to make things uncomfortable for the rash mortal who should publicly disparage him—as M. Sardou has recently experienced.

Nor is it Robespierre alone who can still find worshippers as well as revilers. There are Dantonists and Maratists, as there were a century ago; there are those who, with Adam Luchs, would style Charlotte Corday "greater than Brutus," and those who see in her only a mischievous criminal; there are those who adore and those who decry Madame Roland; and the fiercest faction fight of all rages round the fair fame of hapless Marie Antoinette. The average English reader, long satisfied with regarding all the Terrorists as equally detestable, and with pitying their victims as guiltless martyrs, now looks on bewildered at the paper war that is being waged with increasing spirit between historical students of opposing tendencies; for British opinion is no more unanimous on these matters now than French opinion, and the always keen interest aroused by the events and characters of the Revolutionary period grows in intensity, while books dealing with them multiply.

A historian, whose avowed aim is to deal fairly and impartially with this popular subject, who tries to portray character without exaggeration, and events with insight and accuracy, and who can write of both with graphic charm and real dramatic power, is therefore well worth listening to. Such is Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, from whose two first published

volumes we are proposing to borrow some of our studies of character. He has begun his work on so grand a scale, with such profuse detail, that we may doubt if the two more volumes he promises will suffice for his panoramic work; but we must thank him for the lavish pains he has taken to make each figure vividly distinct, and strongly relieved against its right historic background. He is neither forgetful nor scornful of the monumental work of Carlyle. But the later labours of many a busy inquirer have enabled him largely to supplement some of Carlyle's "magnificent guess-work," and either to correct or confirm it. This is noticeably the case in respect to Mirabeau—Mirabeau who aided so mightily in fashioning the unshaped Revolution into its gigantesque form, and in breathing a fiery life into it, and who then, a luckier Frankenstein, died quietly in his bed, before the monster he had helped to mould could turn on him and rend him as it did his co-workers.

Here Mr. McCarthy, despite his sympathy with the Revolutionaries at large, has a hard word or two to say of his hero, that Carlyle, for all his melancholy scorn of revolutionary futilities, has left unsaid. Carlyle accepted as genuine that imposing family history of the Mirabeaus, which later researches have proved to be curiously untrustworthy, owing many of its grander touches to the amplifying hand of the last, the strongest, the most turbulent of a strong, fierce, and turbulent race—Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau, the great Tribune of the People, and their self-elected champion. It is no flattering light that shines on his character when we see him taking stealthy pains to prove that the rank he affected to disdain as an idle trinket, as a bauble that he flung from him for any passer-by to pick up and wear if he would, was, *in its way*, a gem of the purest water. And it was but a paste diamond after all, though at first he himself believed it to be a genuine article.

For who were those Riquetti, who in 1564 bought their seigneurial title along with the house and lands of Mirabeau in Provence? They boasted a noble Italian origin; but their pedigree was a chaos of inconsistencies; it claimed for them now a Guelf, now a Ghibelline descent, it sought to link itself

now to Arrighetti of Florence, now to Arrigucci of Fiesole; it played fast and loose with dates, marriages, inheritances, and was no witness of truth. It appears likeliest that the ancestral glories, which were dear to the hungry vanity of Gabriel Honoré, and which he toiled to burnish into greater splendour for his own delight, owed their existence mainly to the fruitful imagination of bygone plebeian Riquets of France, vain, daring, and pushing, like the last and greatest Riquetti de Mirabeau—only less gifted, and living in times less momentous. It is quite consonant with the mingled baseness and grandeur of the Revolution, that this strongest Titan among its makers, whose massive figure dominates all the scene in the opening act of the great drama, should have stooped to the littleness of tampering with family records to flatter his own vain glory.

There are other flaws and stains marring that great and striking shape—as numerous and disfiguring as the smallpox scars that seamed his visage. But, in view of the brutal tyranny that oppressed his youth, it is some evidence of native force for good that Mirabeau's ripe manhood did not turn wholly to evil. Not the Great Frederick of Prussia himself suffered so much from a paternal despot as the young Gabriel Honoré, stubborn forceful child of parents whose "very decided detestation" for each other darkened with perpetual storm the atmosphere in which he grew up. As the boy's rare powers unfolded themselves, his father by degrees transferred to him much of the fierce aversion in which he held the mother; and when he had reached manhood, the paternal loathing could scarce express itself adequately through all the machinery of oppression furnished by the Ancien Régime. From the moment when old Marquis Mirabeau had "goaded his son into making a marriage as unlucky as his own," until the other moment, eight years later, when a decree of separation freed the unhappy young pair from their miserable bond, it is a long story of paternal persecution and filial revolt. Every fiery outbreak of the son was chastised by the father, by means of a *lettre-de-cachet*— terrible instrument of irresponsible punishment, the abuse or which by such men as the older Mirabeau was almost in itself a sufficient cause for Revolution,

and which assuredly helped to determine the attitude assumed by the younger Mirabeau in the impending struggle. His stormy youth did more than acquaint him with the horrors of oppression; it taught him his own power over men and things; it made him desperate of good from the old order; it made him ready and willing to fight with his giant's strength for change and reform. So, amid his wild loves and wild pleasures, his studies and his soldierings, his lonely prisoned years at Château d'If and Joux and Vincennes, his Paris pamphleteerings for mere bread when his tyrant father had set him free to starve or to thrive as he might, unaided, we see him gathering iron strength for the strife; and when once he has got himself elected to the States-General as deputy for Aix, we find him easily leading, easily dominating the Third Estate, with which he has ranked himself, seizing the right moment, saying the right word with infallible instinct, his lion's voice rolling out its thunders ever more masterfully, more fatefully, until the family scapegrace, the renegade noble, the penniless pamphleteer, stands before us revealed in his formidable majesty, the first and most fortunate of the national leaders of the Revolution—most fortunate, because he died timely, ere the hurricane he could no longer have controlled had risen to its height.

To that point of time Mr. McCarthy has not yet carried his history. But he has given us a very impressive, if rather too sympathetic, picture of Mirabeau in his glory, not unworthy of standing beside the sombre magnificence of Carlyle's portrait of the same great agitator.

We must praise him also for the keen sense of the moral picturesque which has made him set beside the stormy, splendid Mirabeau the strongly contrasted figure of "the cold, passionless, methodical Robespierre"—Robespierre as the Revolution found him, as it did not leave him; for in hardly any character did the fever and frenzy of the time work so baleful a transformation, yet without destroying its main outlines. Here, at the outset of his career, the fated Terrorist stands before us, a model student, a model brother, a model citizen. There are sentimental touches, too, in his story, that give it all the air of such a moral tale as a French writer

might indite for the edification of virtuous youth; only the grim conclusion too often recurs to the mind of the reader, and spoils the effect. He is the son of an Arras advocate, of Irish descent, who, losing his wife when their eldest boy Maximilien is but seven, is bewildered and half-crazed by his grief, and abandons home, children, and profession to wander uncertainly about Europe, and die in far-off Munich. In this strait the young Robespierre does all that a mere schoolboy can; he works hard and works well, makes his way as student and lawyer, lives sparingly, thriftily, scrapes money together, and provides honourably, being aided by sympathising friends, for his one brother and two sisters, who in turn appear to have regarded him with tender admiration and pride.

The affection of his sister Charlotte has preserved for us some curious traits of his excessive youthful sensibility, his agony of grief over the death of a favourite pigeon—he who was to look on dry-eyed in days to come, when human victims perished by the score; his overwhelming misery when in his judicial capacity he had to record the death-sentence on a vile murderer—he who was to send many guiltless men and women to the scaffold. But his suffering in those Arras days was real enough; it compelled him to renounce the profitable and honourable judgeship which entailed such horrors. He seems to have loved birds, flowers, poetry; he was enrolled among the Rosati, Arras æsthetes who composed a society devoted to roses and rhyming; he wrote frigid love verses, with which some dim, faded love-story of his own is connected; he sat, a reverent disciple, at the feet of Rousseau, and is reputed to have made a pious pilgrimage to the shrine of that morbid genius, then nearing his unhappy death. It was to be his ill-fortune, in later life, to put Rousseau's theories of human nature to a terrible test, and find them break in his hands, like the worthless reeds they are.

But in this rhyming sentimentalising young Robespierre, with his girlish sensitiveness, some formidable traits reveal themselves. He had pushed his way to success by persevering energy, rigid method, tireless industry; he had the narrow, bitter convictions of a one-sided mind; above all, he had a profound unalterable faith in himself. This it was which

made him offer himself, with modest, but undoubting confidence, as a fit deputy to represent Arras in the States-General; this secured his election; this gave him, at last, the despotic power he used with all the remorselessness of an absolutely sincere fanatic. Other revolutionaries may have wavered in their opinions, may have doubted of their own wisdom, have had their remorses and repentings; Robespierre, never. Sure of his own integrity, he was not less sure of his judgment. Enthusiastic followers called him, not untruly, the "Incorruptible;" his own unworded thought echoed "Infallible." And such is the living power of that intense faith in himself, joined as it was to uprightness of life and honesty of purpose, that not all the horrors of his rule can alienate from him the admiring esteem of a certain class of French thinkers. To our English eyes he may appear as hideously masked in "coagulate gore" as any murderer; to *their* eyes he is still a martyred philanthropist, whose peculiar methods were justified by his circumstances. Without adopting this view, Mr. McCarthy makes it evident that he will deal gently with this Terrorist. Not much, however, of Robespierre's political action comes within the scope of these volumes. We have one significant speech of his uttered in the States-General—a piece of grim, well-timed advice to an effusive clergy, who were bewailing the miseries of the poor, that it were well for them to act instead of talking, and to strip themselves of pomp and wealth in order to aid the miserable, thus following in the steps of their Master. This we are shown, and little more, of Robespierre as a statesman. Mr. McCarthy, who hopes to get at "the real Robespierre," will, we may be sure, not handle him after the merciless fashion of M. Taine. But indeed Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's personal training, experience, and connections would, of themselves, dispose him to be generous in his judgment of Robespierre.

The same tendency to mild and lenient judgment is evident in the portrait of Saint-Just, though "it is not now the time" for our writer to estimate him fully. For M. Taine, Saint-Just is "a young monster, with a calm, beautiful face—a sort of precocious Sylla," who began life at nineteen by robbing his mother, and wasting her substance in riotous living among

the Parisian harlotry; who went on to publish a filthy poem, "after the *Pucelle*,"—that darkest blot on Voltaire's memory—and then, at twenty-five, "hurled himself head-first into the Revolution," where he made his way to notoriety and power "by dint of atrocity."

"A colossal pride, an unhinged conscience, a flawed and twisted intelligence, shameless sophistry, and murderous lying." Such are some of the qualities to which the Saint-Just of M. Taine owes his brief success. Mr. McCarthy rejects with some scorn this "fiend-in-human-shape theory," and, while declining to enshrine Saint-Just as "a young archangel," does very visibly lean to mercy's side in judging him. He reprobates duly the "dull, cold licentiousness," the "frigid, drear indecency," of Saint-Just's luckless poetic attempt, the *Organt*; but he earnestly pleads in excuse the corrupt moral atmosphere breathed by its author; he says much of the deep mutual affection between the young man and his widowed mother, but nothing about the heartless domestic robbery attributed to this devoted son; he dwells on the winning charm of his manners, the rare beauty and almost feminine sweetness of his face, and warns us, when we estimate the career of "such a man," not to be too much led away by the bad actions of his youth.

For ordinary judges the deeds of Saint-Just in his mature manhood suffice; the disciple and ally of Robespierre, harder, and more bitter in his fanaticism than his master, more cruel in his vanity, appears dark enough, and the sins and follies of his youth need not be called up to blacken him further. It remains to be seen how Mr. McCarthy will succeed in lightening the shadow that overhangs this sinister celebrity.

The task of rehabilitating Marat offers not inferior difficulties; yet it has been repeatedly attempted; attempted even by an English writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, whose words Mr. McCarthy "cordially endorses," and who boldly describes Marat as "a man of great attainments and acknowledged position, who sacrificed fortune, health, life itself, to his convictions; a man, and a humane man too, who could not keep his head cool in stirring times, who was rendered suspicious by constant persecution, and who has been repre-

sented as a personification of murder because he published every thought in his mind, while others only vented their anger and displayed their suspicion in spoken words."

There is something of special pleading in this defence. The man whose inmost thoughts ran all on slaughter; the man who printed and published, and industriously disseminated his insane suspicions and murderous fancies as fast as they arose, was not far from being the "homicidal monomaniac" of Taine. But it may be freely granted that Marat's pre-Revolutionary career was much more creditable than has been commonly allowed, and that the blood-madness which invaded his brain deprived society of a valuable member.

Born in 1743 at Neufchâtel, of parentage half Swiss, half Italian, Jean Paul Marat was a sickly docile child, who cared nothing for play, and had no boyish mischief in him, but who could show on occasion an ominous flash of savage sullen pride. The wild beast in him was, however, restrained and tamed by careful education in a pure and wholesome home, and he reached man's estate untainted by the follies or vices of youth—perhaps kept in rigid ignorance that such things were. The death of his mother changed the scene for young Marat. His father, a medical man of some eminence, had cared more to make his son learned than to make him happy; and the youth soon began to feel he ought to leave the home-nest and try his own wings. At sixteen years old, therefore, he set forth into the world "to seek his fortune," little dreaming what a wild fortune, dark fate, and blasted fame he would find—and was thenceforth practically homeless. He had always been thirsty for fame: he sought to find it in literature and in science, at which he worked unweariedly. It is curious to read of the M.D. degree he took at St. Andrews, the ten years he passed in London, the one year in Dublin, the other year in Holland; one wonders how he impressed the good subjects of King George, the steady thriving Dutchmen—this hungry-hearted wanderer. The spectacle of constitutional freedom would seem to have impressed *him* as much as it did Brissot, as it did the Rolands, as it did André Chénier, who all left our shores in love with liberty.

A nineteen years' residence in Paris—Revolutionary Paris,

with its splendours and its squalor, its "dense population and appalling poverty," was more hurtful to his excitable nature. It acquainted him too intimately with the miseries and crimes of a despotism; it fevered him with wild hopes and insane projects of reform. Excessive literary effort helped to unsettle his brains. He had written continually on the scientific subjects of which he had no mean knowledge; on Light, on Optics, on Electricity, on Aërostatics, varying these with translations from Newton, and dissertations on the dual nature of man. In 1788, he deserted science for politics; in 1789 he began his too-famous journal, *L'Ami du Peuple*. Thenceforth, till Charlotte Corday's knife cut short the frightful career of the political *enragé* in 1793, Marat's story is one with that of the Revolution. He had fallen away from the austere purity of his youth; Parisian licence infected his morals; a poor Simonne Evrard, his wife in all but the name, had laid her slender fortune at his feet, and saw it dissipated on behalf of his frantic journal; his sister Albertine, who also shared his Paris fortunes, died long years after him, old and destitute.

Association with him was not good for his personal friends nor for his political associates. Yet we may grant, with Mr. McCarthy, "that there never was a man in more deadly earnest," more sincere, if not more upright. Certainly there hardly can have been one on whom Revolutionary frenzy worked a more terrifying or a more unexpected change—not even Robespierre.

Danton, who must share with Marat the dread responsibility for the *days of September*, for the prison massacres and all their unspeakable horrors—Danton, who in 1792 will say boldly of that wickedness, "It was I who did it," and who will declare with a certain pride, "I have never shrunk from crime when it was necessary, but I disdain it when it is useless"—has yet never inspired the peculiar horror associated with the name of Marat. It is with his memory as it was with his physical aspect. His massive features had little native comeliness, and the ravages of the small-pox had combined with the scars and injuries sustained in youthful struggles with bull and wild boar to make them curiously ugly;

yet "there was a commanding quality and rugged charm about his face which generally commended it"; and it is hardly possible to hate, it is not at all possible to despise him. He had accepted the sinister axiom, approved alike by Jesuit and Jacobin, by irresponsible despot and irreconcilable Communist —"The end justifies the means"—and he acted on it with fatal thoroughness. But there was a man's heart in that rugged breast, a lucid intellect behind the rough-hewn granite brow. He was a true leader of men, "blinded neither by fear, hatred, nor theories . . . . without illusions about men, or things, or others, or himself;" capable of extending a rescuing hand to a sinking enemy, capable even of destroying himself by unseasonable mercy and unpopular honesty; a man better than his theories, who among the dreamers and the fanatics of his time—in spite of the blood-stains on his hand —produces something of the impression of a sane person walking amid raging lunatics, controlling them awhile, but overpowered and destroyed at last.

In Mr. McCarthy's pages we see him only as a wild youth, strong and sturdy, running away from school to see "how kings were made" at the coronation of Louis XVI., and making much sport of the performance, as a young lawyer pushing his way in Paris, marrying a charming wife whom he never ceased to love, and looking on shrewdly at the opening scenes of the Revolution.

We are afforded a clearer view of Camille Desmoulins—that poet-soul gone astray in politics—who comes on the stage haranguing a mob with shrieking incoherence and all but inarticulate passion—who is destined to pass off it in like manner. Him, with his black eyes blazing with excitement, his dark skin, dark hair, and aspect of a gipsy of genius, we find exciting the Parisian populace to wildest indignation, wildest enthusiasm, over the dismissal of Necker by the Court in July 1789, organising and leading a demonstration that shall end very inconveniently for the Court. A few years shall pass, and amid the insults of the same populace he shall go to the scaffold, side by side with Danton. Opinion is little divided as to his character and deeds. "Wayward, erring, brilliant, fantastic; an artist, a visionary, a dreamer of dreams;"

full of ideas drawn from Tacitus and Cicero, he fancied himself a free citizen of Rome in its palmiest days, and awoke to find himself the victim, not wholly guiltless, of the Reign of Terror and of his own republican illusions. Two or three letters, addressed from his prison to the lovely, loving, beloved wife who followed him to the guillotine, are likely to survive all the pamphleteerings on which he imagined his renown would rest, so piercing in their pathos, so eloquent with the irresistible eloquence of despairing love, are those utterances from the very heart of the passionate poet. Theirs is the eternal interest of truth and nature.

"I need to persuade myself that there is a God more just than man, and that I shall see you again," wrote the poor Camille from his dungeon. He was not the only actor in the sombre tragedy who learnt in anguish how imperious was that need of the human heart.

The men of La Gironde—those gifted enthusiastic republicans who would not forego the luxury of a conscience, and who fell and perished as much because they had scruples, as because they lacked daring and decision—occupy no great space in Mr. McCarthy's pages, which do not carry us beyond the fall of the Bastille. Nor has he very much to say as yet of the remarkable woman who was the heart and soul of their party, and whose feminine antipathy to the rough Danton did much to seal her fate and theirs—Madame Roland, "high-minded, beautiful, ardent revolutionary and patriot."

It is plain, however, that he will not treat her so cavalierly as does Taine, who finds in her famous Memoirs, so touching as written under the shadow of the guillotine, only a masterpiece of the pride that apes humility; "no true modesty, but gross improprieties committed through bravado, in order to seem superior to her sex;" an estimate rather startling in its contrast to that of the fair Roland's last biographer, Mathilde Blind, who knows no bounds in her admiration, and who would even enshrine as "the Saviour of her country," this ill-starred Manon Phlipon, wife and ruler of the austere, but not very able Roland, who cut his hands so cruelly by grasping the sword of power. She was no saviour of France, this heroine distinguished not more for genius and ambition than

for intense self-consciousness, morbid self-esteem, and high-pitched sentiment, who had dreamed of playing the part of Egeria in a regenerated France, with an adoring Buzot for Numa Pompilius; and awoke in the dungeon, to find her hopes trodden down, with her husband, her friend, and her party, under the myriad hoofs of a maddened, wholly unregenerate democracy. But something there is ineffaceably pathetic, heroic, even sublime about those last days, in which with undaunted dignity and gracious womanly gentleness, she faced an unjust doom and a hideous death, which quite redeems, in the eyes of generous and tolerant judges, the mistakes and faults, neither inexcusable nor unintelligible, of her happier years.

Similar considerations have done much for the memory of a woman very differently estimable and pitiable; a woman dragged from her palace into a dungeon, not without the complicity of Madame Roland, and who, a few short weeks previously, had passed to her death from the damp, dark cell in the Conciergerie, next to that which was Madame Roland's last earthly home. There exists a prison portrait of Marie Antoinette, engraved for ord Ronald Gower's monograph on her last days, on which an instructed eye may see legibly written the secret of her fate. Relieved against black prison walls, the head is still proudly imperial under its humble muslin cap of a *bourgeoise* widow; the delicate patrician features, the large scornful eyes beneath the high fine brows, confront us with an air of resentful, almost contemptuous patience. It is a victim whom her native pride and strength of will, unaided by large intelligence, have conspired to betray to her doom; without these, even those tragic times might have spared her. This woman could forgive her murderers, but never disarm their hatred, never conciliate an opponent; nor would she ever understand what a dread inheritance of wrong and of retributive suffering she had wedded in espousing the heir of the throne of France. Mr. McCarthy has dealt gently with this most woeful of all queens, on whose head such humiliation and such anguish were heaped as might well atone for the blackest sins charged against her by those who hate her—and that is saying much, for surely never was any

human creature assailed with such impossible calumnies. He has a word of condemnation for these, he has some impatient scorn, too, for the "cold judicial ferocity" marking Mr. John Morley's hard estimate of the fair young child-queen, who in her utter ignorance moved with such reckless gaiety on the brink of the black abyss that devoured her; but he does not acquit her of her imprudences and errors; he will not revile, he will not adore her; and in this one instance, perhaps, is too really impartial to please either the friendly or the hostile critics of the Revolution.

Many another woman-shape came into sudden blaze of notoriety, and passed suddenly into the darkness of death, in the days of Madame Roland; a childlike, innocent Princesse de Lamballe on one side, hated and martyred because the Queen loved her—"a shadow like an angel, with bright hair dabbled in blood;" a wild Théroigne de Méricourt, anything but spotless, on the other; aspiring at first to be the Aspasia of a new Athens, but ending shamefully in a madhouse, and raving for blood to the last; and between these two, women of every type, famous and infamous, made equal by misery alone. None perhaps incarnated in herself more perfectly the power, the terror, the aspiration and illusion of the Revolution than the slayer of Marat, the "cruel-lovely" Charlotte Corday.

One may legitimately wonder how Mr. McCarthy will appraise her character and her deed, when he comes to deal with them; for as to these, opinions differ widely. "Without the knife of Charlotte Corday," pronounces Taine, "it is almost probable that this trio—Marat, Hébert, and Henriot—madman, rascal, and brute—would have removed Danton, suppressed Robespierre, and governed France." Other historians echo the cry of the Girondin Vergniaud, "She destroys us, but she teaches us how to die!" regarding her action as a piece of mistaken heroism, which precipitated instead of arresting the Terror. This view, most consonant with fact, is that taken by Mrs. van Alstine, in her recent careful biography of the patriot murderess. About Charlotte's motives and character, unbiassed judges cannot much disagree. To us, her every trait recalls the fact that she was Corneille's grand-daughter. She embodies the sombre Roman enthusiasm,

the singleness of aim, the intrepidity and the hardness of his favourite heroines. Even her strange beauty had the antique cast that might have befitted that "adorable fury" the Emilie of his *Cinna*. We are reminded how, a century before, the great dramatist introduced the rage for Roman freedom, Roman virtue, Roman heroes, transfigured into impossible grandeur by his fancy; how Voltaire, with less genius, but with an anti-Christian passion unknown to Corneille, carried on and amplified the legend of pagan perfection; and we see whence the men of the Revolution drew their fatally false ideas of civic, as distinct from human or Christian virtue. The Terror was a legitimate outcome of those ideas. The sincere self-devoted Charlotte, quoting the sonorous lines of Voltaire, and of Corneille, while she meditates murder and self-immolation as a patriot duty, illustrates for us most vividly the truth written large on every page of modern French history, that for poet, for moralist, for statesman, it is a deadly error ever to hold expediency a justification for crime. No figure could more fitly stand last therefore in our little group of representative men and women of the Revolution.

Art. II.—PHILIP HENRY GOSSE: A PURITAN NATURALIST.

The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. By his Son, Edmund Gosse, Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1890.

A GLANCE at the portrait given as a frontispiece to this biography will show that it introduces us to no ordinary man. Decision of character and strength of will are written in every feature. It reminds us of some sea-captain accustomed to walk his quarter-deck with no one to dispute his rule. These first impressions are borne out by every page of this Memoir. It is the record of a life which, to students of human

nature, will be full as interesting as to Gosse himself was the study of the rotifera, or wheel animalcules, which, among all his studies, "fascinated him longest and absorbed him most." It never seemed to occur to the ardent naturalist that human nature might deserve a place in his curriculum beside the observations of earth, sea, and shore to which he devoted himself. His skill in drawing and colouring animal shapes was extraordinary, but he was utterly unable to sketch a man. No solicitation from his little boy could ever tempt him to undertake that task. "No!" he would say; "a humming-bird is much nicer, or a shark, or a zebra. I will draw you a zebra." His biographer adds the significant comment, "Man was the animal he studied less than any other, understood most imperfectly, and, on the whole, was least interested in. At any moment he would have cheerfully given a wilderness of strangers for a new rotifer." Five thousand illustrations from Nature this gifted artist and observer drew, but not a man is to be found among his drawings.

No one will deny the claims of those scientific studies which Philip Henry Gosse has surrounded with such charms for a multitude of readers. But the Puritan naturalist, who looked on Christmas as "a heathen survival to which the name of Christ had been affixed in hideous profanity," and once at dinner lifted the dish-cover, under which appeared a magnificent goose, with the words: "I need not assure you, dear friends, that this bird has not been offered to the idol," is certainly a man whose personal character and opinions will repay somewhat microscopic observation.

All the material for such a study is furnished for us by Gosse's son and biographer, who is evidently at many points the exact antipodes of his father. "I have taken it," he says, "to be the truest piety to represent him exactly as I knew him and have found him." Certainly the old naturalist who used to express his contempt for "goody-goody lives of good men," would have no reason to complain of the treatment accorded to himself in these pages. The minute, yet withal loving and admiring, analysis of his character and work, of his opinions, and his manner of life makes us familiar with the man as he lived. Sometimes, so faithful is the biographer to

his method, we are almost surprised into asking can these two men be father and son? but there is no lack of hearty appreciation or of filial affection in this outspoken record. Such features of the book add not a little to the eagerness with which we follow the course of a singularly instructive and fascinating biography.

Philip Henry Gosse is not the only figure that claims minute study. His father, whose skill as a miniature painter was inherited by the naturalist, was a voluminous author, who yet never managed to secure the much coveted honour of publication for one of his many manuscript tales or poems. Gosse's mother, a yeoman's daughter without education or capacity to understand literature, but with a strength of purpose and sterling sense which made her a strange contrast to her dreamy husband, was such a character as Thomas Hardy might seize upon to figure in one of his Wessex novels. Nor must we overlook the two gifted women to whom Philip Henry Gosse was married, and who both proved in their differing ways true helpers in his work. The sketch of her husband supplied by the second Mrs. Gosse as an appendix to this biography presents in its hero-worship a somewhat striking contrast to the severe candour of her stepson, but is not the less a touching tribute to his memory, written by one who filled the difficult post of stepmother with such "tact and gentleness and devotion through no less than thirty years" that she is called in these pages "that good genius of our house."

The Gosse family are said to have come over from France at the time of the Restoration. They settled at Ringwood, Hampshire, where the naturalist's grandfather, William Gosse, was a wealthy cloth manufacturer. The Gosses had carried on this business from the reign of Charles II. William Gosse had Welsh estates, which led to his being chosen High Sheriff of Radnorshire, and he was in his day a local magnate at Ringwood. The introduction of machinery, which changed all the conditions of woollen manufacturing, much reduced his fortune. When he died there was little left for the naturalist's father, the eleventh of William Gosse's twelve children.

Thomas Gosse was then nineteen. He studied at the Royal Academy schools, under Sir Joshua Reynolds, and afterwards gained a somewhat precarious living as a mezzotint engraver; destitute of ambition or energy, and without a spark of business faculty, he grew familiar with disappointment and "sank lower and lower into the depths of genteel poverty." His scanty patrimony was soon exhausted, and when the fashion for mezzotints passed he turned his attention to miniature painting, strolling among the country towns in his search for clients. Long practice as an engraver had taught him to draw with accuracy, and his best work had a certain delicate charm of colour, but even at its best it lacked distinction, and Gosse was not the man to advertise himself, or carve out his road to fortune.

Such was the man who in the spring of 1807 stepped out of the Bath coach on its arrival at Worcester. His clothes spoke of waning respectability, his somewhat rueful countenance told the story of its owner's disappointments. He was in his forty-third year, tall and thin, with hair prematurely grey. Besides the box which contained colours, brushes, and leaves of ivory—his stock-in-trade as a miniature portrait painter—he had a slender wardrobe with two books, his Bible and his Greek Theocritus, "which never quitted him, but formed, at the darkest moments of his career, a gate of instant exit from the hard facts of life into an idyllic world of glowing pastoral antiquity."

Thomas Gosse was "ready to despair of life," as he entered the old cathedral city. But a change was coming over his lonely bachelor existence. At the house of his particular friend and patron, Mr. Green, Gosse met a girl of twenty-six, who had recently entered the family as "half lady's maid, half companion." Hannah Best came from Titton Brook, near Stourport, where her father was a small yeoman. Mrs. Best's tongue and temper were the scourge of that household. She would sometimes whip off her high-heeled shoe, and administer personal chastisement to her grown-up daughters. Smarting under such an outrage, Hannah had fled to Worcester. To the student of Theocritus, the girl's beauty, strength, and rusticity made her appear like a Sicilian shep-

herdess who had stepped out of the old poet's pages. Gosse fell hopelessly in love. The girl shrank from the addresses of one so much older than herself. But she soon learned to appreciate his character, and to see what a door of escape the marriage opened to her in her present anomalous position. The oddly assorted couple were therefore married at St. Nicholas' Church, Worcester, on July 15, 1807.

They at once set out together on pilgrimage. The omens were sadly discouraging, for at Gloucester—their first halting place—no one could be found to sit for a portrait. They fled in panic to Bristol, where affairs proved more favourable. Here their first son, William, was born in the following April. Two years later, on April 6, 1810, when they had returned to Worcester, the future naturalist "was born in lodgings over the shop of Mr. Garner, the shoemaker, in High Street." After two or three years' experience of this migratory life, the young wife opened a grocer's shop on her own account at Leicester. Here she remained whilst her husband set out on a tour through the West of England. Before he returned she had, however, discovered her own unfitness for the life of a shopkeeper, and was ready to accompany her husband to Poole, where three of his married sisters were living, and where it seemed as though there would be some chance of success for the struggling artist. In June 1812, the family had taken furnished lodgings in the Old Orchard, at Poole.

The prosperous little seaport, with its red brick houses, had then a population of six thousand people. Its busy quay, with merchants, sailors, and fishermen bustling about, and piles of salt cod, barrels of train oil, and stores of fresh fish, was full of never flagging interest for the observant boy, who grew up in the midst of this ever-changing life. "Pilots, fishermen, boatmen of various grades, a loose-trousered, guernsey-frocked, sou'westered race, were always lounging about the quay."

The father soon had to start again on his rounds, but not before his family had been safely housed at No. 1 Skinner Street. His prosperous sisters helped with the furnishing, but did not conceal their feeling that their artist brother had married sadly beneath him. All this made things harder for

the young and lonely wife. She was both superstitious and timid, so that she was glad to have her sleeping children in a crib in her parlour until it was time to go to bed. She afterwards secured some company by letting lodgings to two ladies who taught "Poonah painting," an art which they kept a profound secret from all save the young ladies whom they initiated into the mysteries of "the Indian formulas."

Philip Gosse was two years and a month old when the family moved to Poole. In travelling across country from Leicester, a visit had been paid to Mrs. Gosse's parents at Titton Brook. Philip was in his mother's arms, when he saw a team of oxen or horses pass along the main road, guided by the driver's cry: "Gee, Captain! Wo, Merryman!" "These two names," he said long afterwards, "I vividly recollect, and the whole scene." This was the first instance of the powers of memory and observation, which were afterwards so conspicuous in Gosse's work as a naturalist.

Another reminiscence may be referred to because it describes an experience which Gosse's father had known as a child, and which in turn tormented his son also: "I suffered when I was about five years old from some strange, indescribable dreams, which were repeated quite frequently. It was as if space was occupied with a multitude of concentric circles, the outer ones immeasurably vast, I myself being the common centre. They seemed to revolve and converge upon me, causing a most painful sensation of dread. I do not know that I had heard, and I was too young to have read, the description of Ezekiel's 'dreadful wheels.'"

The boy's love of Nature awoke early. He had formed a friendship with a nephew of a lodger who had taken the place of the Poonah painters. This was John Hammond Brown, who, like Philip Gosse, found greater pleasure in a book than in a game with other boys. They eagerly studied the plates of animals in the *Encyclopædia Perthensis*, and after a time began to copy them. An Aunt Bell, the wife of a Poole surgeon, who had a taste for natural history, was his first guide. When he found any interesting specimen the boy took it off to her for information. Gosse thus began to study the transformation of insects, and learned something about the

sea anemones which he found around the quay at neap tides. Mrs. Bell also taught him to keep the anemones in a jug of sea-water, little thinking that her young pupil was by-and-by to make the aquarium a popular scientific toy in England.

Gosse's mother looked somewhat askance on these boyish hobbies, and was terribly frightened when some green lizards were brought home as a treasure in her elder son's handkerchief. She regarded them as venomous, and ordered them, to the great grief of the young naturalist, to be instantly despatched.

Mrs. Gosse had a struggling life. Her husband was not at home more than a month or two in the year. His scanty earnings were largely spent on himself, yet the mother managed to keep her four children clean and neat, "sufficiently fed and decently educated." She had a horror of debt, and her rent was, with the rarest exception, paid on the very day it was due. She was a striking contrast to her painter spouse, and the widening alienation between them in thought and feeling, though much to be regretted, was almost unavoidable. His ambition for authorship she looked upon as a craze which interfered with his legitimate work. She "waged incessant and ruthless war against it, scrupled not to style it 'curséd writin',' and scolded him whenever she found him at it." In later years the old man used to point to his son: "But there's Philip, he writes books; you don't find fault with *him!*" "Philip! no," said the wife; "his books bring in bread-and-cheese for you and me! When did your writings ever bring in anything?" The would-be author could only close the discussion with his favourite exclamation—"Pooh! my dear!"

When finishing a miniature in the back parlour Gosse would sometimes lay down his brush and take up a poem, but if his wife's step was heard, "he would hastily whip it under his little green baize desk and set to work on the ivory," much to the amusement of his children, who watched the scene from some quiet corner. The boys eagerly awaited the Salisbury coach when it was to bring back their roving father. Speculation as to the costume in which he would appear was rife on these occasions. "Once he arrived in yellow-topped boots and nankeen small clothes; another time in a cut-away snuff-

coloured coat; and once in leather breeches." It was no wonder that his hardworking, practical wife grew sarcastic as she looked at him. The artist's unvarying answer was "Pooh! the tailor told me it was proper for me to have!" His wig drove her to extremities. He had been growing grey when they married; before he was fifty his hair was pure silver. His wife had long suspected that he wore a wig, but it had always been prudently concealed on his return to Poole. On one occasion, however, he ventured to appear in a "lovely snuff-coloured peruke. My grandmother," says the biographer, "was no palterer. Her first salute was to snatch it off his head, and to whip it into the fire, where the possessor was fain ruefully to watch it frizzle and consume."

When Philip was nine he stayed for awhile near Wimborne while his mother visited her parents at Titton Brook. Here the young naturalist found his first kingfisher's nest, and watched with eager delight "the brilliant little gem" flit above the river Stour. Next year at Swanage they found a conger eel in the hay-field, half a mile from the shore. Two years later, the elder brother, then fourteen years old, sailed for Carbonear, in Newfoundland, where he was to be a clerk in his uncle's office. The younger brother's cleverness was already noticed at Poole. It is pleasant to find that his mother, with all her limitations, saw that the boy must have the best education she could afford. She therefore managed to procure admission for him into the school at Blandford. His chief friend, John Brown, accompanied him. The two boys now began to make coloured drawings of animals, and greatly enjoyed a visit to the town paid by Wombwell's menagerie, where they saw the South African hyena, then a great curiosity in England.

One year at Blandford gave the boy some knowledge of Latin and a smattering of Greek, which proved of great service in later years. When the straitened means of the family stopped his boarding-school life, Philip returned home to pursue his studies for another year with any help he could get in Poole. He then went as a junior clerk to the counting-house of Mr. Garland, a Newfoundland merchant. His salary was twenty pounds a year. There was not enough work to keep

him employed during office hours, but he was allowed to fill up his spare moments by turning over the volumes in an old book-case which stood in the counting-house. Here he found Byron's *Lara*, which proved, to quote his own words, "an era to me; for it was the dawning of poetry on my imagination. It appeared to me that I had acquired a new sense."

The office closed at five, so that when his friend Brown returned from Blandford and entered a neighbouring counting-house, the boys spent many a pleasant evening together, over science, music, and chemical experiments. They gave, however, their chief attention to natural history, gleaning all the information they could obtain about the size, colour, and habits of birds and beasts. Gosse also made his first appearance in print with a contribution inserted in the *Youth's Magazine*, entitled, "The Mouse a Lover of Music." When the Garlands found no further use for a junior clerk, young Gosse was offered a post in the counting-house of a firm at Carbonear, in Newfoundland. He sailed on April 22, 1827. The voyage lasted forty-six days. This gave him time to finish a volume on *Quadrupeds*, begun at Poole, and to prepare a Journal, illustrated by coloured plates, of whales spouting, porpoises leaping and plunging, icebergs, and sea-birds of various kinds. He never forgot the daily Bible readings which his mother had enjoined upon him. No ridicule had the slightest influence over one of whom his biographer could write that then, as always, "his conscience was a law to him, and a law that he was prepared to obey in face of an army of ridicule drawn up in line of battle."

He found Carbonear a more important town than he had expected. The Labrador fishing fleet, consisting of seventy schooners, was just about to start on its usual expedition. After it sailed, the new clerk took his place in the counting-house. Here is his own description of himself: "I was thoroughly a greenhorn; fresh from my Puritan home and companionships; utterly ignorant of the world; raw, awkward, and unsophisticated; simple in countenance as unsuspicious in mind; the very quaintness of the costume in which I had been sent forth from the paternal nest told what a yokel I was. A surtout coat of snuff-brown hue, reaching to my ankles, and

made out of a worn great-coat of my uncle Gosse's, which had been given to mother, enveloped my somewhat sturdy body; for I was

'Totus, teres, atque rotundus;'

while my intellectual region rejoiced in the protection of a white hat (forsooth!) somewhat battered in sides and crown, and manifestly the worse for wear."

His elder brother, then rejoicing in the matured wisdom of nineteen, was still at Carbonear. He presented Philip with a code of regulations for his behaviour in his new surroundings, which the boy scrupulously set himself to observe. One of his fellow clerks was a William Charles St. John, who belonged to a Protestant Tipperary family, which claimed relationship both with Lord Bolingbroke and Cromwell. This bright youth, full of fun and sparkling wit, became the bosom friend of the new clerk.

The state of affairs at Carbonear was not congenial. The Protestant population lived in habitual dread of the Papist Irish, who were intensely jealous of the Saxon colony. It was necessary to guard your words in such a place. The new comer made a pert reply to a captain's question about his impressions of Newfoundland. "I see little in it, except dogs and Irishmen." An ominous silence followed. At last, his brother, who was in the company, asked "Do you not know that Mr. Moore is an Irishman?" Fortunately the captain came to his rescue. "There's no offence; I am an Ulsterman, and love the Papist Irish no better than the rest of you." It was a lesson which Philip Gosse did not forget.

Office work was comparatively light from the middle of June, when the fleet sailed for Labrador, until the end of October, so that the young clerk was able to enjoy the brief summer. Jane Elson, his master's younger daughter, inspired the boy with his first love a few months after his arrival; but he kept his secret locked up in his own breast. She was present at the only ball Gosse attended, and he obtained the honour of escorting her home. "She took my arm; and there, under the moon, we walked for full half a mile, and not a word—literally, not a single word—broke the awful silence! I felt the awkwardness most painfully; but the more I sought

something to say, the more my tongue seemed tied to the roof of my mouth." His boyish passion gradually wore off, and the young lady married a merchant at St. John's.

After twelve months at Carbonear, Gosse was sent to a new office at St. Mary's. This seemed like exile. St. Mary's had only three or four hundred residents, mostly Irish labourers or fishermen. The managing clerk was a consequential fellow, who once told Gosse in the presence of the labourers, "You shan't be called *Mr.* Gosse any more; you shall be called plain Philip." Fortunately his clerk had an answer ready, "Very well; and I'll call you plain John." The labourers grinned approval of this well-merited snub.

After a few months in this dispiriting place Gosse returned to Carbonear. He travelled across the pathless snow with an old trapper and furrier, who regaled him with beaver's meat. "He declared to the end of his life that no flesh was so exquisite as the hind quarters of beaver roasted." The young clerk saw the otter-slides on the steep banks of a lake. Each of the otters in succession lay on its belly and slipped swiftly down the steep bank till it plunged into the water. Whilst the first was crawling up the bank again the other otters were on the slide. By the time they had enjoyed their fun the first otter was ready for another turn. The wet which dripped from their bodies froze as it fell, making a perfect gutter of ice. The old trapper had frequently seen this sport "continued with the utmost eagerness, and with every demonstration of delight for hours together." "My father used to say," adds Mr. Edmund Gosse, "that he knew no other example of adult quadrupeds doing so human a thing as joining in a regular set and ordered game."

It was in 1832 that Gosse "suddenly and consciously became a naturalist and a Christian." He bought Kaumacher's edition of Adams's *Essays on the Microscope* at a sale of books belonging to the Wesleyan minister in Carbonear, the Rev. Richard Knight. In this quarto minute instructions were given as to the collection and preservation of insects, which led Gosse to become an entomologist in earnest. He used often to meditate on the providence which brought him so much of his life's happiness from the ten shillings spent at a

booksale. The same year, as he wrote forty years later, he "definitely and solemnly yielded himself to God, and began that course heavenward, which, through many deviations and many haltings and many falls, I have been enabled to pursue, on the whole, steadfastly until now." His religion was the fruits of Wesleyan Methodism, and he found it suit well with his science. He was a "devout philosopher" to the end of his life, and he felt pleasure, when he had become a famous naturalist, in contributing articles to the pages of this REVIEW, with whose editor, five-and-twenty years ago, he had some friendly acquaintance.

The illness of his only sister led Philip to visit England. He sailed on July 10, 1832, and found, to his unspeakable relief, that his sister was on the high road to recovery. At four the following morning he got up to search for insects. The change from the dreary colony to the beautiful and luxuriant hedgerows, the mossy, gnarled oaks, the fields, the flowers, the pretty warbling birds, the blue sky and bright sun, the dancing butterflies of his own county made him feel as though he were in Paradise. He did not stray three miles from Poole during his brief visit. Entomological pursuits alternated with study in the new Public Library. On the first of November he was back at Carbonear, holding the second place in the office, and filling up his leisure with his pet studies. In the year 1833 he collected 388 species, besides specimens sent to friends in England.

He was now a member of the Wesleyan Society in Carbonear. He took his place in the choir, where his elder brother played the first violin. He formed an intimate friendship with a Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, who also belonged to the Wesleyan Church, and found them a great help to him in his spiritual life. The friends were turning their eyes towards Canada, where they thought they might do well as farmers in the region round Lake Huron. Accordingly, in June 1835, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, Gosse left the little town where he had spent eight years. At Quebec they were persuaded to abandon their intention of settling near Lake Huron, and to take a half-cleared farm in the township of Compton, about ninety miles south of Quebec. Gosse

was greatly attracted by the entomological treasures of the region. Long afterwards he wrote, "I felt and acted as if butterfly-catching had been the one great business of life." At first, things promised well, but it soon became clear that they had chosen a bad location. Notwithstanding all their exhausting labour with the axe and the plough they could not make ends meet. Happily, Gosse secured an appointment as teacher during the winter months, with free board and ten pounds salary pay for twelve weeks' tuition. He was also elected a corresponding member by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec and the Natural History Society of Montreal. All toil was forgotten as he roved the forest insect-net in hand. He was thus collecting material for his *Canadian Naturalist*, the book which afterwards made him a name.

Meanwhile, success as a farmer was becoming more and more hopeless. Gosse began to ask what he should do next. He had some vague thoughts of starting a school at Poole, or seeking an opening at Philadelphia. In March 1838 he sold his farm and stock, and turned towards the United States. The last three years, so far as finances went, had been disastrous. "He was twenty-eight years of age, and he was not possessed, when all his property was told, of so many pounds." After four days' journey he reached Philadelphia, where he had much pleasant intercourse with leading men of science. Three weeks later he set out for Mobile in a dirty little schooner, with a surly captain and crew, who sneered much at the "Britisher." The novelty of his surroundings, however, helped the enthusiastic naturalist to forget these discomforts. At Mobile he took steamer for Alabama, and was fortunate enough to meet on board the Hon. Chief Justice Reuben Saffold, who was settling at Dallas, and wished to find a schoolmaster for the sons of himself and his neighbours. He at once engaged Gosse.

The school-house stood in a clearing of about a hundred yards square, shut in by towering forest trees a hundred feet in height. The nearest house was three quarters of a mile distant. The schoolmaster lodged with a neighbouring planter. He used to breakfast at six. "The 'nigger wenches' brought in the grilled chicken and the fried pork, the boiled rice and

the homing, the buttered waffles and the Indian bread." Then the schoolmaster-naturalist snatched up his net and set off to chase butterflies before school. Work began at eight and was over at five. The place had many attractions. It proved a rich hunting ground for an entomologist; and as Gosse gained expertness with his rifle he was able to form a good collection of birds, especially of woodpeckers. Bears made serious depredations on the crops, but the squirrel was the greatest thief. An amusing story is told of a lecturer who promised to reveal an infallible remedy against the squirrel, and gathered a large company who gladly paid a considerable entrance fee. After some preliminary observations he wound up with these words: "You wish to hear my infallible preventive, the absolute success of which I am able to guarantee. Gentlemen, I have observed that the squirrels invariably begin their attacks on the *outside row* of corn in the field. *Omit the outside row* and they won't know where to begin!" The entrance money was in his pocket, he bowed himself out at the platform door, mounted his horse, and was seen no more. There was a roar of stupefaction and anger, then the audience burst into good humoured laughter at themselves, and returned to their homes.

The place was in some respects far from congenial to Gosse. He found slavery "more horrible, and the discussion of it more dangerous than he had in the least degree imagined." He could only compare it to some "huge deadly serpent, which is kept down by incessant vigilance, and by the strain of every nerve and muscle: while the dreadful feeling is ever present that, some day or other, it will burst the weight that binds it, and take a fearful retribution." His religious life, however, did not suffer at Alabama. He had cast in his lot with the Methodists, and felt that he had a call to spend his life in the State as a preacher; but soon afterwards circumstances led him to leave for England, where he arrived in February 1839.

He hoped to become a Wesleyan minister in this country, and laboured for some time as a local preacher at Wimborne, where his mother was then living with her youngest son. His age, however, proved a serious drawback, and this door closed

against him, though he was, to his surprise, conscious of no disappointment at such a result. He had been drawn towards a Miss Button, daughter of a deceased Wesleyan minister; but, when Gosse's entrance to the ministry was barred, the engagement was broken off. She afterwards married a Wesleyan minister.

On June 7, 1739, Gosse set out to push his fortunes in London. He bore with him the manuscript of his *Canadian Naturalist*, which, through the good offices of his cousin, Thomas Bell, a prominent member of the Royal Society, was placed in the hands of Mr. Van Voorst, the scientific publisher. Whilst his decision was pending the poor author was growing daily more impecunious. He had to content himself with a herring in his Farringdon Street attic. When the day came for him to call on the publisher he had lost all hope of a favourable reply. Mr. Van Voorst began, "I like your book. I shall be pleased to publish it. I will give you one hundred guineas for it." Poor Gosse broke into hysterical sobs at this happy sequel to his sorrows, much to the distress of the friendly publisher, who quickly brought wine and biscuits, and ministered to the overjoyed, but also overwrought and exhausted, author. For nearly fifty years the two men did business together without even a momentary disagreement. Many struggles still lay before Gosse. He endeavoured to get employment as a teacher of flower-painting in private schools and families, prepared views for a history of Sherborne, and did other work. His outlook was far from promising. He got few new pupils, and was losing money, so that he began to think of returning to America. In September 1840, however, he opened an "Academy," or classical and commercial school, at Hackney, which had some measure of success. He brought his mother up from Dorsetshire to keep his house, and planned many a happy excursion with his scholars to the borders of Epping Forest.

In 1843 his school was reduced to eight boys. But better days were in store. He was asked to write an introduction to Zoology for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. For the two volumes he received £170. His charming book on *The Ocean*, published early in 1845, brought him £120.

It ran through edition after edition, and made him regret that he had parted with the copyright. A few months before it was published Gosse went out to Jamaica to collect insects. He took up his quarters with a Moravian missionary at Bluefields, engaged a negro boy as assistant in his entomological research, and soon found congenial work. For twelve months his health was excellent, then he had a sharp attack of fever, brought on by wading in deep mud in a fœtid creek. He took a little holiday, and started again, but his strength was gone, and he found it wise to return to England. He was prostrated by brain fever on the voyage, which left him very weak and wretched when he reached London, in August 1846. His father had died whilst Gosse was going out to Jamaica, but his mother was alive and well. His success more than satisfied the zoologists who had urged him to undertake the voyage. Residence in the tropics had greatly changed him. He had gone out slight and slim; he returned thick-set, and troubled with a not altogether healthy corpulence. He had not been a month in London before he began his *Birds of Jamaica*, which greatly added to his reputation. He was also busy with a series of zoological manuals for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which won great and deserved success.

We are now approaching a turning point in Gosse's life. When he taught school at Hackney he had been a Wesleyan class leader and local preacher. In June 1842 Mr. Habershon, who had two sons under Gosse's care, sent him his *Dissertation on the Prophetic Scriptures*. The book took great hold upon him. "The destruction of the Papacy, the end of Gentilism, the Kingdom of God, the resurrection and rapture of the Church at the personal descent of the Lord, and the imminency of this—all came on me that evening like a flash of lightning. My heart drank it in with joy. I found no shrinking from the nearness of Jesus." He at once began the practice of praying that he might be one of the favoured saints who should be alive at the coming of Christ, which he continued for forty-six years. His grey hairs found him still praying. It is truly pathetic to find how the non-fulfilment of his prayers disappointed him. "It undoubtedly was connected

with the deep dejection of his latest hours on earth." Such a story may well point a warning against millenarianism.

About the time he read Mr. Habershon's book one of his friends, also a Wesleyan class leader at Hackney, introduced him to his brother, Mr. William Berger, who belonged to the Plymouth Brethren. Gosse cast in his lot amongst them. Soon after his return from Jamaica, at the Hackney meeting of the "Brethren," he met a lady of American parentage—Miss Emily Bowes. Her father had wasted a large fortune, so that the household was now in reduced circumstances. The daughter had received a liberal education, and had shown no little pluck in the downfall of the family fortunes. She was now, at the age of forty-three, keeping house for her parents in Clapton. But for her pallid and much freckled skin, we are told that Emily Bowes would still have been "a very pretty woman." She had published two little volumes of religious poems. This lady soon attracted Philip Gosse's attention "by her wide range of knowledge and by her literary tastes." One Sunday evening in September 1848, he proposed to her as they stood together at her gate. They were married at Tottenham on November 22.

There was no time even for a day's honeymoon. It was rather a trying year for the new wife. Mrs. Gosse had little in common with her uneducated mother-in-law, but she was allowed to creep into her husband's study, where he worked in silence and solitude, and where she sat, feeling the unwonted silence a heavy burden. In the following June Gosse made his first independent examination of a rotifer, and was soon deep in microscopic work. This was the situation when his son and biographer first saw the light. We must quote the amusing record of this event: "In the midst of all this, and during the very thrilling examination of three separate stagnations of hemp seed, poppy seed, and hollyhock seed, his wife presented him with a child, a helpless and unwelcome apparition, whose arrival is marked in the parental diary in the following manner: 'E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica.' Two ephemeral vitalities indeed, and yet, strange to say, both exist. One stands for ever behind a pane of glass in the Natural History Museum at South Ken-

sington; the other, whom the green swallow will, doubtless, survive, is he who now puts together these deciduous pages."

Gosse was now in fairly comfortable circumstances. His books brought him in a modest income, and a relative of his wife's had left them a helpful legacy. His *Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica*, published by Longman in October 1851, received a warm welcome from such men as Darwin, Richard Owen, and Bishop Stanley. He had actually published thirteen books since his return from Jamaica, little more than five years before. It was no wonder that his health suddenly gave way. He feared that it was paralysis, but the doctors pronounced his complaint to be acute nervous dyspepsia. This illness drove him to the seaside. He could not "read or write, and to put his eye to the microscope was agony." It was a great joy when the family found their way to South Devon. Gosse spent much of his time on the shore, "chipping off fragments of rock bearing fine seaweeds and delicate animal forms." He preserved them in vases and open pans, and as soon as strength returned set to work to describe them in a new volume. When they removed from Torquay to Ilfracombe, Gosse found a still richer field. His notes, taken with lens in one hand and pen in the other, were gathered into *A Naturalist's Ramble on the Devonshire Coast*, which was finished at the end of 1852. This volume contained a large number of coloured plates, so that it was an expensive book to produce, but Gosse had determined to be his own publisher, and the result abundantly justified his decision. *The Devonshire Coast* yielded more than £750. The naturalist was now pressed to lecture. He chose the subject of sponges, on which he was then busy, and illustrated it by chalk sketches on the blackboard. For the next four or five years he became widely known as a popular lecturer.

In December 1852, the Zoological Society enlisted his services in stocking seven tanks with marine animals and plants. He sent off every evening some seventy or eighty specimens from Weymouth for the Zoological Gardens. These happy months have found record in his *Aquarium*, which tells of his dredging expeditions, and describes the way to prepare and stock a marine aquarium. This volume, with its wealth of

coloured plates, was Gosse's most successful venture. It sold like "wildfire," and yielded its author more than £900 profit. In July 1853, a happy correspondence began with Charles Kingsley, which soon ripened into close friendship and co-operation. Kingsley sent Gosse many specimens, and did his best to popularise the marine aquarium. His review of Gosse's book on the *Aquarium* was afterwards expanded into his delightful volume, *Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore*. He also helped to collect a band of enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen, who spent an hour or two a day on the shore at Ilfracombe with Gosse, studying natural history and hunting for specimens.

In the midst of his honour and success, Mrs. Gosse was seized with cancer. She shrank from an operation, and turned to an American who professed to cure the terrible disease by a new process. Under his treatment she, like too many others, suffered horribly without benefit. She sank under her agony in February 1857. Her husband published a "memorial" volume, which sketched the course of the illness with dreadful minuteness, and in an "acrid and positive" style, which greatly grieved his friends. But whilst his son says that it is exceedingly difficult to describe this book, "so harsh, so minute, so vivid are the lines, so little are the customary conventions of a memoir observed," he shows that this was not due to any want of love, but rather to the morbid and unstrung condition into which he had fallen.

In this same year, 1857, Gosse found the home where he spent the last thirty years of his life. This was at the village of St. Marychurch, near Torquay. His *Omphalus; an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot*, was published a few weeks later. It was a protest against evolution, with a pet theory of the author's as to Creation. Every living object, he argued, has an omphalus—an egg or seed—which points to the previous existence of a living object of the same kind. God, he said, produced all things full grown. The teeth of brutes were broken as though they had already lived many years; trees appeared as if they had shed bark and leaves; even the geological strata indicated buried fauna and flora which had never really seen the sun. Gosse was naturally

charged with teaching that God had thus intended to deceive. Kingsley wrote a kind but vigorous protest to his friend. "I would not," he said, "for a thousand pounds put your book into my children's hands." Gosse defended his position, but few even of those who do not accept the evolutionary theory would endorse his startling hypothesis. He printed a large edition of the book, but the greater part of it was left on his hands.

The change to Devonshire soon set Gosse free from this morbid mood. He was busy with his *History of British Sea-Anemones and Corals; Evenings at the Microscope; Romance of Natural History*, and other work. The chapter on "The Sea Serpent" in the last of these volumes created quite a stir, and the book itself is one of Gosse's happiest efforts. A few days before its publication, the naturalist had married Miss Eliza Brightwen who, as wife and mother, brought much happiness to the lonely naturalist and his son. She had attended the little meeting-house where Gosse preached every Sunday, and soon became an enthusiastic admirer of him and his teaching. We owe to this lady a happy sketch of Gosse's home-life, and of his care for his little flock. It is not easy to understand from Mr. Edmund Gosse's narrative the reason for the sudden lull in his father's activities which succeeded the publication of *A Year at the Shore* which appeared in *Good Words* for 1864, but Mrs. Gosse tells us that at this time she had a considerable accession of property, which saved her husband from the necessity of lecturing or writing.

He busied himself with his flock at the meeting-house, and became a zealous cultivator of orchids; he also had some happy correspondence with Darwin, who was glad to avail himself of Gosse's wide experience as an observer of nature. In November 1875, his interest in the shore revived, and he had an ingenious reservoir constructed, which gave him great pleasure. He also assisted Dr. Hudson of Clifton in the preparation of his two splendid volumes on the *Rotifera*—a task which gave the old naturalist great satisfaction. In March 1888, his health broke down, and after five months of "great weariness and almost unbroken gloom," he died on August 23, 1888, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Few men have done more to popularise natural history than Philip Henry Gosse. He was not only an observer of the first rank; he knew how to describe common objects in a way that delighted ordinary readers; he was also a skilled draughtsman, both rapid and exquisitely accurate in his work. His son says he would return exhausted and wet through from his rambles on the shore, bearing in triumph some delicate and unique creature which could only live for an hour or two. With this he would march to his study, regardless of dinner or rest, and adroitly mounting his treasure on a glass plate under the microscope, would immediately prepare an elaborate coloured drawing. What wonder that such an enthusiast communicated his passion for Nature to a multitude of readers?

Gosse was one of the most whole-hearted of Christians. His *Confession of Faith* bears witness to his entire acceptance of the Bible as the "religion of Protestants," without reserve or modification. He knew God's word as few men do. He was essentially self-centered, and soon lost confidence in the Plymouth Brethren. For thirty years he was unconnected with any Church, and spoke of his own little flock, somewhat arrogantly, as "the Church of Christ in this parish." The same spirit showed itself in his somewhat short-lived friendships; but, with all his limitations, Philip Henry Gosse must be acknowledged as a man of lofty character and unflinching integrity, whom both science and religion will unite to hold in honour.

Art. III.—THE WRITINGS OF DEAN CHURCH.

1. *The Gifts of Civilisation*, and other Sermons and Lectures delivered at Oxford and in St. Paul's Cathedral. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.
2. *Human Life and its Conditions.* Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in 1876–1878, with three Ordination Sermons. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

3. *On Some Influences of Christianity upon National Character.* Three Lectures delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, February 1873. By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

4. *Discipline of the Christian Character,* and other Sermons. By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

5. *Advent Sermons,* 1885. By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

6. *The Sacred Poetry of Early Religions.* Two Lectures in St. Paul's Cathedral. By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

7. *Miscellaneous Essays.* By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

8. *Dante and other Essays.* By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

9. *St. Anselm.* By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

10. *Bacon.* By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

11. *Spenser.* By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE remark is sometimes made, that in England there is no more place for public men of modest and retiring habits. If a speaker or writer would gain influence, he must, we are told, make strenuous exertions to keep himself before the public; and not fastidiously disdain, at all events, the more honest arts of self-advertisement. Those who are too modest, or too independent to do this, must expect neglect in a democratic society, which is too busy to seek for concealed worth or wisdom. If this view is correct, we shall have to put up with an unpleasantly base alloy in the characters of our future leaders, which will rob them of some of the qualities that are the best security for the right employment of influence. Manly modesty, and a delicate sense of honour, will hardly survive the experiences of the inglorious apprenticeship which they will have to serve when making their way toward

the front. Fortunately we have not yet quite reached the Paradise after which the advocates of competition hunger. The ecclesiastical career of the late Dean of St. Paul's, and the growing appreciation of his writings, are conspicuous examples of honour and reputation coming unasked for and unsought. We have heard recently of the reluctance with which he exchanged a quiet country parsonage for the Deanery of St. Paul's; and of his refusal to accept the Metropolitan throne of Canterbury, when the great prize was within his reach. While others thought that he would make an ideal Archbishop, recalling the memories of St. Anselm, he himself judged the office to be beyond his powers, and even contemplated, it is said, the resignation of the Deanery of St. Paul's to make room for his brilliant colleague, Dr. Liddon.

The same modest estimate of his own powers, which led Dean Church to decline ecclesiastical preferment, has given their unassuming form to most of his writings. Some of the most important of them, although the fruit of prolonged study, were fugitive pieces contributed to little known periodicals; and they would have shared the natural lot of such writings, had it not been for the persistent references made to them by writers of reputation, who recognised their unusual value. Some of his sermons were published by himself; others, however, which gained the admiration of most competent judges at the time of their delivery, must still be sought for in back numbers of the *Guardian*.

Writings which the public were so determined to possess, and to which men of letters referred with such unusual enthusiasm, must not only have high qualities, but likewise qualities distinctively their own; for a writer rarely makes a great impression upon well-informed readers who has not a distinctive voice and a separate message. Some of Dean Church's qualities as a writer were not exceptional. He possessed great historical erudition, especially in the history of the Middle Ages. He was also a most skilful expositor, never ponderous or pedantic, his descriptions and criticisms being marked by almost conversational ease, and by unfailing grace. Many of his readers did not guess to what a feat of exposition they were listening; only indeed those who had attempted to

read his sources, could fully appreciate his masterly treatment of the subject. But the power of giving exposition at once exact and luminous, of the most erudite subjects, is not very unusual among English writers; and would not explain Dean Church's exceptional position. He owed his distinctive position to the attitude which he took up, in regard to civilisation and letters on the one hand, and to religion on the other. He felt, and he boldly expressed the most ungrudging admiration for the great spectacle of organised society, which has been brought into being by man's powers of invention and rule. He recognised in it, not only the greatness of man, but the goodness of God—"one of God's ways, as real as the sun and air, of doing good to men." In a fine passage in one of his sermons, he gives utterance to the feeling of admiration and awe with which he contemplated the progressive history of a great nation.

"Follow the history of a great people, and consider what it brings forth. Observe that one great fact, the progressive refinement of our human nature, passing unconquerable when once begun even through ages of corruption and decline, to rise up again after them with undiminished vigour; keeping what it had gained, and never permanently losing; bringing of course new sins, but bringing also new virtues and graces of a yet unwitnessed and unthought of type. Observe how, as time goes on, men gain in power—power over themselves; power to bring about, surely and without violence, what they propose; power to have larger aims, to command vaster resources, to embrace without rash presumption a greater field. See how great moral habits strike their roots deep in a society; habits undeniably admirable and beneficial, yet not necessarily connected with the order of things belonging to religion; the deep, strong, stern sense of justice as justice; the power of ruling firmly, equitably, incorruptly: the genius and aptitude for law, as a really governing power in society, which is one of the most marked differences of nations, and which some of the most gifted are without; the spirit of self-devoting enterprise, the indifference to privation, and to the pain of effort, the impulses which lead to discovery and peopling the earth with colonies; patriotism and keen public spirit, which some religious theories disparage as heathen, but which no theories will ever keep men from admiring. If nations have what, judging roughly, we call characteristic faults, there grow up in them characteristic virtues; in one the unflinching love of reality, in another the unflinching passion for intellectual truth, in another purity and tenderness, or largeness of sympathy. This is what we see; this amid all that is so dark and disappointing, has come of God's nurturing of mankind through the past centuries."

To the thoughts expressed in this noble passage, the author often returned, saying in another place, that not by religion only are tones of goodness struck from the human soul which charm and subdue us; God has yet other ways secret in working, yet undeniable in effect, of bringing out the graces which tend to make men like Himself. As a natural result of this view of civilisation, he took a keen interest in public affairs, notwithstanding his retiring disposition, and gave his generous sympathy to more than one political struggle. To candidates for ordination, he once said: "Be zealous for great causes which carry in them the hopes of generations to come."

The praise of social order, and of intellectual and social progress, is not a new note in the Christian pulpit; there are preachers, and their number appears to be on the increase, who make political and social subjects the chief subject of their sermons, who seem to think that the Church should resolve itself into an institution for the promotion of social reform and intellectual enlightenment. But Dean Church was not one of those preachers; he held fast to the ancient doctrine of the religious mission of the Church as firmly as any High Churchman or older Evangelical; but he refused to disparage or revile civilisation, as many religious teachers have done, animated by the feeling that it is a dangerous and pretentious rival to Christianity, whose claims must be reduced, or, if possible, repudiated. Even when Churchmen have fully recognised the powers which reside in civilisation, and in learning, and have sought to capture them for use in the service of the Church, they have often done this in an ungracious and thankless spirit, in accordance with the traditional illustration of the Middle Ages, which represented the pursuit of secular learning in the light of a going down to the country of the Philistines to sharpen weapons which were afterwards to be employed against their entertainers. It was the complete absence of this suspicious bigotry, in Dean Church's mind, that gave such perfect unity to his twofold vocation of man of letters, and religious teacher. He studied history and literature with a good conscience. We experience no sense of incongruity, as we sometimes do in the case of literary clergy-

men, when we pass from his works on literature, to his religious writings. We find the same spirit in both; an unnigardly recognition of the nobility of human civilisation, in spite of its faults, accompanied with a clear perception that the noblest human civilisation cannot completely heal itself, or overcome the sad conditions which render Utopian hopes either melancholy, or absurd, to the well-informed student of history, according to his disposition.

Dean Church saw in Christianity the one power which could preserve moral aspiration from final despair; and he was fond of dwelling upon what it had already accomplished in purifying and ennobling human life. In a lecture entitled "Civilisation after Christianity," he thus writes of the might which Christianity has shown in meeting evils, which were formerly considered to be without remedy.

"That terrible disease of public and stagnant despair which killed Roman society has not had the mastery yet in Christian; in evil days, sooner or later, there have been men to believe that they would improve things, even if, in fact, they could not. And for that power of hope, often it may be chimerical and hazardous, but hope which has done so much for the improvement of social life, the world is indebted to Christianity. It was part of the very essence of Christianity not to let evil alone. It was bound, it was its instinct, to attack it. Christian men have often no doubt mistaken the evil which they attacked; but their acquiescence in supposed evil, and their hopelessness of a victory for good, would have been worse for the world than their mistakes. The great reforms in Christian days have been very mixed ones; but they *have been reforms*, an uninterrupted series of attempts at better things, for society, for civilisation, successive and real, through partial recoveries. The monastic life which was, besides its other aspects, the great civilising agent in the rural populations; the institutions in the Middle Ages, on a broad and grand scale, for teaching, for study, for preaching, for the reformation of manners; the determined and sanguine ventures of heroic enthusiasts, like St. Bernard, Savonarola, or Luther, or of gentler, but not less resolute reformers, like Erasmus and our own Dean Colet; the varied schemes for human improvement, so varied, so opposed, so incompatible, yet in purpose *one*, of Jesuits, of Puritans, of Port Royal—all witness to the undying unwearied temper which had been kindled in society, and which ensured it from the mere ruin of helplessness and despair. They were all mistakes, you will say, perhaps, or full of mistakes. Yes, but we all do our work through mistakes, and the boldest and most successful of us perhaps make the most."

In three lectures delivered in St. Paul's, this view of the

transforming influences of Christianity was applied to the three leading races of Europe in succession, all of which, it was pointed out, had received from its teachings, a discipline and an enlargement of spirit which had materially modified and ennobled their characters.

To the childish and frivolous Greeks it gave, by its lessons of awful seriousness, a corporate toughness and permanence which did not originally belong to their characters, which was manifested in the long endurance of the Byzantine Empire as the bulwark of Europe, and still more in the persistent survival of Greek nationality and of Greek religion, after the fall of Constantinople. Then, when the greatness of Constantinople was gone it appeared how the severe side of Christianity, with its patience and its hopefulness, had left its mark upon Greek character, naturally so little congenial to such lessons!

In the lecture on the Latin races an ingenious attempt is made to show that they gained emotional enlargement through Christianity. A contrast is drawn between the ancient Romans, with whom the affections were allowed small play and within a limited circle, and the Italians, who owe their place in modern civilisation to the great part which the affections have taken in their national character. The weakness of which the literature and manners of Italy have most to be ashamed, and the loftiness and strength of which she may be proud, both come from the ruling and the prominent influence of the affections, and the indulgence, wise or unwise, of their claims. From it has come the indescribable imbecility of the Italian poetasters. From it has come the fire, the depth, the nobleness of the Italian poets. The question is asked, whether we can conceive among the old Romans, of a personage like St. Francis, in whose life and character there was such a development of the affections, overflowing with that sympathy for man and beast, which we find so wonderfully expressed in the *Canticle of the Creatures?* Dean Church traced the emotional enlargement of the mediæval Italians to the troubles through which they passed after the downfall of the Empire, and to the presence among them of the Christian Church in the hour of their distress, which then spoke to their hearts as it had never been able to do before. In writing of Christianity and the Teutonic

races, the lecturer was on more familiar ground; for the influence of the Church upon the early development of the Teutons is acknowledged by all writers of history. But Dean Church traced this influence into later times, especially in the philosophy and poetry of Germany, even during the days when they were most professedly alienated from the Church. As in the Latin races, new fountains of affection were reached and touched; a new insight into the depths of being, into the riddles of soul and life, were ministered by the Church to the thought of Germany. The Teutonic races are usually credited with the virtues of truth and manliness, with the moral courage which enables men to hold their own judgment, if reason or conscience bid them, not only against the sneers and opposition of the bad, but, what is much harder, against the opinion and authority of the good—a form of moral courage of which there are many examples in the religious history of Germany and of England. These qualities, according to Dean Church, spring from the deep and pervading belief that this life is a period of trial, discipline, effort, to be followed by a real judgment.

It is hard to speak of the influence of Christianity, or, indeed, of anything else, upon national character, without falling into the one-sidedness of ascribing more to a single cause than rightly belongs to it. National character is very complex, it is constantly undergoing changes; and the history of every civilisation shows how civilisation may pass from coarseness to refinement, from hard selfishness or pride, to moods of gentleness and of humanity; these changes, as the history of ancient Greece proves, are not confined to races which have come under the influence of Christianity. Nor must we forget, when speaking of the influence of Christianity upon national character, that there is another and less pleasing side to the picture. If Christianity has influenced national character, national character has influenced Christianity; it has sometimes suffered fantastic changes, rendering it almost unrecognisable, at the hands of the strong-willed and imaginative races who professed to accept it. But, even if we make some abatements, the lectures form a singularly ingenious and suggestive contribution to a great subject; the author was

certainly right in his main contention that Europe owes more to the teaching of the Church than to any other single influence.

Dean Church spent some of his early years in Italy ; and young as he was at that time, the influence of those years, we cannot doubt, helped to make him what he was, an English scholar and Churchman, with cosmopolitan views and sympathies, in all that concerned the Latin races. Such Churchmen were rare among Church's Oxford contemporaries, who, even when, as in the case of Dean Stanley, they had abounding goodwill towards foreigners and foreign institutions, were apt to betray, by their manner of speaking of them, their English prejudices, and a certain deficiency in the sense of proportion. Church always wrote like a scholar, whose chief interest lay in the main currents of history, and to whom the Empire and the Papacy were of more moment than the history of English dynasties and parties. This un-English interest in the continent gave an aloofness to his character and writings, which was, perhaps, a weakness in an English public man; but it delivered him from many insular prejudices, and, fortunately, made it impossible for him to be a thorough-going Anglican partisan.

Dean Church, with his large stock of double sympathies, seemed to be specially fitted to mediate successfully between the Church, and the large number of cultivated men who are at present alienated from its faith and worship. Himself of the highest and widest culture, and with a genuine respect for culture, he was not likely to give just offence by ignorant and unreasonable attacks on anything that deserves the honour of humanity. On the other hand, his hold on historical Christianity was so firm and undoubting, that there was no danger of his making concessions fatal to his own cause. He showed, however, little inclination to take part in the apologetic debate ; he seldom alluded to sceptical theories in public, and he never discussed them with any fulness. This did not arise from neglectful indifference towards the theories, nor from contempt of their advocates. In a striking sermon preached at Oxford, he spoke of the religious crisis amid which we are living, as a conflict between Christianity and ideas and beliefs which would

destroy or supplant it; and he sought to deepen in the minds of his hearers the sense of what he termed the seriousness of a "tremendous debate," which, if it ended in victory for the assailants, would leave darkness and shadow over the whole of moral life. "For the facts of sin, of unhappiness, of pain, of death, there is no longer any remedy but what nature—and we know what that is by the experience of centuries—can give." The scholar's dislike of inadequate treatment, and of any treatment of a great subject before an unprepared audience, may perhaps account for his reluctance to meet the opponents of the faith in dialectic encounter; perhaps he doubted the efficacy of words, at all events of controversial words, in matters which concern the life of the Spirit. He preferred to appeal to the acknowledged needs of man, to the historical services of Christianity, and to leave the gainsayers face to face with these, judging them to be more convincing arguments than any which human wit or logic could invent. He lets fall the remark, when speaking of another subject, that a cause or an idea are often infinitely better than the arguments which have been used to support them; the latter having often prevented them from receiving justice. He did not burden Apologetics with the doubtful boon of a fresh stock of arguments; he contented himself with indicating the spirit in which the Christian Apologia should be conducted. He thus writes of the temper in which the sceptical movement should be met:

"We owe it, we all know, the debt of a witness to the Faith, distinct, outspoken, unshrinking; we owe it the debt of an earnest and fearless witness of the truth and depth of our convictions. But we owe it the debt of showing our convictions, as wise and self-commanding men show them; men penetrated with the greatness of what they oppose; penetrated, too, with the entangled and complicated character of all human questions. We owe the debt of keeping from ignorant and indiscriminate hostility, of not assuming *to ourselves* and our own persons, with empty and boastful impertinence, the superiority and the sacredness of our cause; of keeping clear of that dreadful self-complacency which so often goes with imperfect religion. We owe the debt of not raising false issues, of not meddling with what we may know that we do not understand; of not darkening counsel, hard very often to reach at best, with a multitude of ill-considered words. We owe it to our august ministry; we owe it to those who observe and perhaps oppose us, to be brave,

to be honest, to be modest. Perhaps it is all we can do. Probably it is the best we can do for them."

Dean Church, though, as we have intimated, he could not be a strong Anglican partisan, was always reckoned among Anglican High Churchmen, and he probably would have accepted the designation. He was the personal friend and warm admirer of Newman; he played a prominent part in the memorable struggle between the Tractarians and their opponents, when he shielded Ward's "Ideal Church" from condemnation, by an unexpected use of the authority vested in him as one of the Proctors for the year. His promised work on the Oxford Movement may throw fuller light on his attitnde towards Tractarian doctrine; few indications are to be found in his published writings of distinctive High Church teaching.* He does not appeal to the authority of the Church, but to the mind and conscience of man; nor does he concern himself with her historical claims to apostolic descent. His method of dealing with Church history is essentially different from that of the Tractarian leaders. Some of these were learned in the sources of Church history, especially in the history of the early centuries, but they can hardly be called historians, so completely were their writings dominated by dogmatical prepossessions and polemical aims. One period of Church history was always unduly exalted, and invested with a supernatural areole, while large tracts of modern Church history were treated as a mere record of revolt and apostasy, only a fit subject for anathemas. The grace of expression which never failed them, conceals from many the raw and unreasoning bigotry, with which scholars and divines allowed themselves to speak of the Churches of the Reformation—a bigotry which may be explained, although it cannot be excused, by the circumstance that whether they wrote poetry, history, or fiction, their writings were always, in motive, polemical pamphlets. As an illustration of the views of a typical Tractarian regarding the Church founded by the Pilgrim Fathers, and the religion of the great Republic of the West, let us cite an amazing stanza on America by the gentle Keble:

* As this sheet passes through the press, the promised work is announced as published.

"Tyre of the farther West! be thou too warned,
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'erspread,
Touching two oceans: wherefore hast thou scorned
Thy father's God, O proud and full of bread?
Why lies the cross unhonoured on the ground,
While in mid air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be blessed where Saints and Angels haunt?"

With the polemical upholders of Tractarianism Dean Church had nothing in common. Having studied the history of the Church, and the general history of Europe, with eyes unblinded by ecclesiastical prepossessions, he knew how vain it is to claim perfection or normal supremacy for any period; how unjust to deny to any period the presence of Christian faith and Christian feeling. His references to the Puritans, whom he compares to the Guelf *Piagnoni* of Florence, if not very cordial, are free from bitterness, and from the tendency to violent caricature which disfigures the writings of Mozley whenever that able and vigorous writer refers to the party to which England owes the best part of its social and political virtues.

It was not in his religious writings, but in those on history and on literature that Dean Church showed his full strength, his vast knowledge, and the sureness of his critical judgment. As a critic he can be compared only with the most eminent of his contemporaries, with Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Morley. Less original and brilliant than the first named writers, his moderation and the moral wisdom always apparent in his judgments, make him a safer and more trustworthy guide than either. Unlike Mr. Ruskin, he is never hurried into bathos and extravagance by impatience and caprice; nor does he indulge in the *ad captandum* exaggerations which mar Mr. Matthew Arnold's really brilliant and profound criticisms; for Mr. Arnold had such a contempt for the British Philistine, that he sometimes thought it necessary to pander to his taste in order to get a hearing. Of the history of the Middle Ages, and of its strange fascinating literature, Church wrote with the knowledge of a specialist; and likewise with a moderation, and with an understanding of

its inner spirit, by no means common even in France or Germany, and still rarer in England. While many English authors have written well on the subject of classical and of modern history, the Middle Age has often, for some reason or other, refused to reveal its spirit to them. They have either been fascinated by its pursuit of impossible ideals, and have written of it, as Tacitus wrote of the barbarians, to flout and rebuke the present; or they have sat in judgment upon its blunders in a crude modern spirit, filled with amazement that it had not anticipated all the teachings of modern philosophy, and all the newest theories of political science. Even Archdeacon Farrar, a writer of real learning, cannot speak of Fathers and mediæval doctors without betraying his strange want of the historical spirit, rating them as one rates naughty schoolboys, because they did not think and write like modern Broad Churchmen.

Whether treating of the earlier Middle Ages, as in his essays on Cassiodorus and Gregory the Great, or of the later and greater times, as in his essay on Dante, Church always spoke as one who had gained the full rights of intellectual citizenship, and could, therefore, judge with fairness, sympathy and moderation. The essay on the *Letters of Gregory the Great*, contains a beautiful character sketch of the Pope, and a luminous exposition of the early causes which contributed to the foundation of the power of the Papacy. The chief cause undoubtedly was that the greatest city upon earth was handed over to the Popes. Dean Church admits that much is to be said for Constantine's transference of the seat of empire to Byzantium from Rome—an accidental site, which no one would have chosen as a capital, from among the cities of Italy. But he adds, that Constantine made one oversight, and one fatal to the objects of his policy, and to the unity of the Empire. "He forgot, when he transferred the throne of Augustus to Byzantium, that he left behind him at Rome, consecrated and justified by the matchless history of a thousand years, jealousies which were unappeasable, and hatreds that nothing could wear out. When he erected a new capital he ought to have destroyed the old one, and passed the ploughshare over it, as Totila the Goth meant to do." But if the

Popes received much, when Rome, with its heritage of great memories, was given to them; they strengthened their power by their personal qualities, and to some extent, especially in some distinguished instances, by their personal virtues. In the blinding confusion of the times, when civilisation was in danger of suffering permanent shipwreck; and while men's hearts were everywhere failing them for fear, the Christian priests manifested courage and steadfastness, and inspired others with hope. Gregory displayed the firmness of a Roman, in combination with the charity and gentleness of a Christian. Amid a scene of almost universal robbery and oppression, he acted the part of a just landlord in the vast estates which belonged to the Roman Church. He protected his distant tenants from the rapacity of his own agents as well as from the exactions of foreigners, and gained for the Roman Bishop the respect of all Italy. We may almost say that he saved Western civilisation. Of his public services, Dean Church writes:

"The condition of Italy and of Rome was very precarious. It was not impossible that the Lombards might repeat the policy of the Vandals, and that the fate of Carthage might become that of her rival. A city surrounded by a rising flood of barbarism, not a half-tamed and friendly one like that of the Goths, but coarse and intolerant like that of the Vandals—a population unable to defend itself except behind its walls, and dependent on the sea for half its food—might (it is no extravagant supposition) have perished to make way for some Lombard capital. If it is not idle to attempt to trace influences and results in the tangled threads of history, Gregory's reign prevented this. Suppose that at this critical moment of jealousy, depression, and danger, there had been a succession of weak, or unfortunate, or wrong-headed, or corrupt Popes, the east and the Lombards between them might have irretrievably ruined the growing power of the Roman See. But instead of this, the See was held for thirteen years by a man who impressed his character on the Church with a power unknown since St. Augustine, and even more widely than he, for in the East St. Augustine's name hardly counted for much, and Gregory's did. Instead of pompous feebleness and unenterprising routine there was not only energy, purpose, unwearied industry in business, but there was a passion for justice, vigilant, fearless, impartial to small and great, a pervading conviction that righteous dealing and conscience in duty was above all zeal for the interests of a cause, a readiness for trouble and for change, when reform and improvement called for them, a large and statesmanlike look abroad over the world to see where new efforts might be made to

strengthen, or to extend the kingdom of the Redeemer. And this was the spectacle presented at Rome to a despairing world, when all other powers of order or of renovation seemed spent or paralysed. *There* sat a ruler who, if he was severe and peremptory, was serious and public-spirited in approbation and in judgment, in making not only bishops and clergy, but governors and magistrates attend to their business and protect their people. What right he had to call upon exarchs at Ravenna, or the Emperor's captains at Naples to do their duty, people did not seriously inquire, so long as in this neglected land there was some great person whom all revered, and who was not afraid to call any one to account. There, at Rome, sat a representative of the love and compassion of the Apostles, whose ear was open to every suppliant; whether it was brought to him in the cry of a multitude, or in the wrecked fortunes or pressing needs of a debtor, or of starving orphans; there sat a great landlord, who was not above entering into the petty details of long-accustomed fraud or exaction, which made the lives of his distant tenants, whom he would never see, hopeless and wretched; one who raged against the unjust weight and the fraudulent bushel, and who thundered the anathemas of a council against those who removed landmarks and usurped fields, on behalf of the patrimony of the Church."

Many of our readers, looking at the subsequent history of the Popedom, will demur to the conclusion that the authority of the Bishop of Rome was a "heavenly-sent compensation" for the old powers of the world which had failed. They may even regret that Rome did not fall to the share of the rude Lombard Kings. However this may be, Dean Church's admirable exposition of the causes of the rise of the Papacy yields a lesson with which all may agree, which is not unneeded at present, for there is a disposition among a certain class of historians to ascribe the origin of all power among men to superior brutality or cunning. The Popedom, however, as he points out, laid the first foundations of its power by means of virtues which gained the respect of Europe. It would never have been so mighty afterwards for evil, had not good men given it moral dignity. It is humiliating enough to have to confess that power gained by the good, so often passes into the hands of the unscrupulous; but it is not so disturbing to the idea of a divine government of the world, as the cynical doctrine that it is only the evil and unscrupulous who can get power in this world. St. Augustine's doctrine of the rise and fall of Rome, in spite of its exaggerations, has more truth in it, than the teachings of some recent sociological historians.

The essay on Dante has a twofold interest. It is one of the most solid and brilliant pieces of literary criticism in our language; and its publication in 1850, in the pages of the *Christian Remembrancer*, marks a great revolution of feeling regarding Dante and his works. Dante was not unknown in England before Dean Church wrote. Mr. Carey's translation had appeared, and Macaulay, in his essay on Milton, had contrasted him with the English poet in a fashion which showed familiarity with his verse, but not much insight into his spirit. On the Continent it was different. In Italy he was never forgotten, and in Germany and in France, where Ozanam had made him the subject of some striking lectures, Dante had been already re-discovered. Englishmen, even when they knew his verses, regarded him as a strange separate spirit, of semi-Oriental magnificence, whom modern readers could never take to their hearts, for Dante's Hell, as well as Dante's Paradise, seemed foreign to their faith and feelings. Dean Church's essay did much to alter this. He pointed out that Dante was a prophet, and a prophet whose words might have very modern applications, if sufficient pains were taken to understand him. The closing words of the essay sufficiently indicate the spirit in which he introduced the poet to his readers.

"Those who know the *Divina Commedia* best will best know how hard it is to be the interpreter of such a mind; but they will sympathise with the wish to call attention to it. They know, and would wish others also to know, not by hearsay, but by experience, the power of that wonderful poem. They know its austere, though subduing, beauty; they know what force there is, in its free, and earnest, and solemn verse, to strengthen, to tranquillise, to console. They know how often its seriousness has put to shame their trifling, its magnanimity their faint-heartedness, its living energy their indolence, its stern and sad grandeur rebuked their low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truths. They know how often they have found, in times of trouble, if not light, at least that deep sense of reality, permanent, though unseen, which is more than light can always give—in the view which it has suggested to them of the judgments and the love of God."

The sketch of the life and times of Dante which is prefixed to the criticism of the works is still the best introduction to the

study of the poetry. Others have since written with greater fulness and accuracy, although it is an accuracy unfortunately which only convinces us that of Dante's life we know less than we thought, but no subsequent writer so well prepares the readers to understand the poet by making his times live before our eyes. Mediæval Florence, the second European Athens, is admirably described as the gay, capricious city, endowed with a wealth of intellectual and artistic endowments; destined, however, like Athens, to lose its cherished liberty through the spirit of jealousy and faction. The two great factions which disturbed public life in Italy, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, whose strifes are so mysterious to English readers, are illustrated by comparisons which at once make us at home with them. The Guelfs were the party of the middle classes, austere, frugal, and independent, intolerant of evil, but also intolerant of everything displeasing to themselves, presenting in a more simple and generous shape a resemblance to our own Puritans. The Ghibellines, on the other hand, are the cavaliers, the men of court and camp, proud of ancient lineage and their relation to the Emperor. By touches such as these, the characters of the contemporaries of Dante are brought out, and we are led up to the poem in a manner which clears away much of the mystery which rendered the greatest work of Italy a sealed book to so many Englishmen.

In explaining the secret of the fresh power of Dante's poem, as compared with the verses of his predecessors, Dean Church ascribed it to a new grasp of reality and to the presence of a real life around the poet, which led him to leave the conventional subjects of poets and poetasters. Dante had, as a youth, he says, high aspirations and a versatile and passionate nature, gifts of language, and noble ideas on the capacities and ends of man. But it was the factions of Italy which made him a great poet, lifting him above the Guidos and Cinos of his day, by opening his eyes to see motives and passions stronger than lover's sentiments, evils beyond the consolation of Boethius and Cicero. This recognition of the power of reality to awaken original power, and to enrich literature, recurs often in Dean Church's criticisms, and it shows that he was a more masculine critic than one would infer from his style, and gentleness of

speech. He repeats it in his essay on Wordsworth, whose absorbing although transient interest in the wonderful ideas and events of the French Revolution, gave largeness to his sympathy, and reality to his ideas. Without this baptism of passion he would have been simply a poet of Nature, a follower of Thomson, Akenside, and Cowper. Dante's stern, unflinching realism often led him into paths which it seemed dangerous for a poet to tread; for in the Middle Ages especially, only great personages and great events appeared to be fitting subjects for poetry. The poet was, however, conscious that he possessed the power of conferring immortality upon subjects which seemed mean to common eyes, and he had the rare gift to perceive elements, in familiar and lowly subjects, which made them not unworthy of verse. He felt, as Dean Church says, what the modern world feels so keenly, that wonderful histories are latent in the inconspicuous paths of life, in the fugitive incidents of the hour, among the persons whose faces we have seen.

Dante's introduction into poetry of contemporary persons and of homely scenes certainly tended to enrich poetry as well as life; but Dean Church does not sufficiently bring out, we think, that the poetic temper was sometimes lost in the bitterness of the partisan. What in the case of Milton found expression in the party pamphlet, but was fortunately excluded from his verse, and what Shakespeare's serene spirit never felt, party and personal hatreds, and even personal spites, disturb our full enjoyment of some pages of the *Divina Commedia*.

Dante's attitude towards the Church has given rise to much discussion, and to some wonderful theories. He has been spoken of as a concealed revolutionary and an Atheist, whose sinister design it was to bring into discredit the Church, and even the Christian religion. On the other hand, he has been represented as a most dutiful son of the Church, and Dr. Hettinger found no difficulty in finding in his works a proof passage for every Christian and Catholic dogma. What, however, puzzles many readers, if Dante was the Church's dutiful son, is the licence of denunciation the poet permits himself when speaking of the Church, and of its chief shepherds; and his calm imperial reversal of papal judgments. Like

Charlemagne, the Kaiser-Pope, the Kaiser-poet pronounces sentence upon Popes and Bishops; and does not hesitate to condemn where the Church has approved; and to absolve where the Church has condemned. It required a less profound knowledge of the Middle Ages than Dean Church's to explain much of this seeming anomaly. Catholics, especially Italian Catholics, never put into practice the abject doctrines regarding the Popedom which their own divines taught, and which Protestant controversialists attributed to them. They criticised the Papacy with as great freedom as at the present day Her Majesty's Opposition, without any loss of patriotic sentiment, criticises Her Majesty's Government. The poets especially, mostly adherents of the great House of Swabia, were hereditary critics and opponents of the Popedom; but they were neither Protestant Reformers nor, except in perhaps in a few exceptional cases, concealed enemies of the Christian religion. Inconsistency of practice with theory was a prevailing characteristic of the Middle Ages, for men were governed by impulse, and only made use of theories when they found they could use them to justify their impulses. In Dante, however, the opposition to the Church has a seriousness and a dignity, a consciousness of moral vocation, which is wanting in earlier poetical antagonists of the Papacy. Dean Church, as it seems to us, somewhat under-estimates the presence of the modern spirit in the poet. Dante was not a Protestant, nor a modern revolutionist, not even a man of the Renaissance; but he gave expression to ideas which prepared the way for the liberal theorists of the Renaissance, and for the preaching of the German Reformers. He emboldened laymen to utter moral judgments, not in a satirical, but in a serious spirit, and thus deprived Popes and Priests of a monopoly of the serious concerns of mankind.

Dean Church's criticisms were not confined to mediæval literature and history. Had he been a mere specialist, he could not have done such good work as he did in his own department, for the pure specialist has not that opportunity for comparison which is necessary for the highest style of criticism. It was not until classical subjects were approached by cultivated men of letters that we received a really satisfying

criticism of the great works of classical antiquity; although the old-fashioned scholars prepared the way in a very meritorious fashion. Church wrote on modern poets and essayists, as well upon mediæval popes and prophets; one can notice, however, that the subjects he selected for criticism had usually a certain inner relationship, although widely separated from one another by time. The student of the Italian Middle Ages and Renaissance passes naturally to our own Elizabethan period, which was steeped in Italian influences. Of Spenser, he wrote in Mr. Morley's *English Men of Letters*, and the excellent series contains no more attractive and suggestive volume. Spenser received full justice, especially for his originality in form, which was very remarkable. The grace and music of Spenser's verse was his own, for none had shown him the way, and his training in the disputations of Calvinistic theology, although it might develop his reasoning powers, was not fitted to train a poet to the art of expression. Spenser had to create his forms for himself, and in this respect he is to be regarded as the harbinger of the new English poetry which was about to take the world captive by its reality, depth, sweetness, and nobleness. But Church, notwithstanding the praise he gives him, does not place Spenser among the greatest of the Elizabethan poets. To the last, he says, Spenser's poetry allied itself in form at least with the artificial, moving in a world which was only a world of memory and sentiment. He never threw himself frankly on human life as it is.

The picture given by Dean Church of the condition of Ireland may be accepted as an apology for the poet who sought refuge in an ideal world, surrounded as he was by a real life, prolific only in horrors. The description of the condition of Ireland fully bears out the view so frequently expressed of late that Englishmen have suffered from Ireland as much as Ireland has suffered from England, although in a different way. They have suffered in character. Lord Grey of Wilton, to whom Spenser was secretary, a noble-minded and God-fearing man, became, as an Irish ruler, an unscrupulous despot, and left behind him in Ireland a reputation for unbridled ferocity. And Spenser, the gentle poet, whose name suggests all that is pure and noble, "learned to look upon Ireland and the Irish

with the impatience and loathing which filled most Englishmen, and it must be added with the same greedy eyes." One of Spenser's sayings about Ireland anticipates a well-known saying of Thomas Carlyle. "Men of great wisdom," wrote Spenser, "have often wished that all that land were a sea-pool." Dean Church adds that in Spenser's writings the unchanging fatalities of Ireland appear in all their well-known forms; some of them as if they were what we were reading of yesterday. Spenser was the friend of order and of good government, and is sensible of English mismanagement and vacillation; but like most Englishmen of the governing class who have resided in Ireland, there is no trace of consideration in his words for what the Irish might feel, or desire, or resent.

Nothing could be better in its way than the paper on the first great essayist of Europe, Michael de Montaigne. There is much in Montaigne that is not quite pleasant; his unblushing egotism, his fondness for indecent allusions, and his sceptical spirit. But Montaigne had also great virtues, which will always make him a favourite with a large circle of readers. An observer so urbane, tranquil, and open-eyed has rarely looked upon the varied scenes of human life. He was the favourite author of the austere and earnest Pascal, because he found himself brought nearer to reality by Montaigne than in works of greater apparent edification. Church felt the same attraction for Montaigne as an author who has written well, though partially, on the great commonplaces, and the mystery of human life. He says of him that apparently superficial, Montaigne had a depth of his own, the depth of the seeing eye and hearing ear; the faculty of discriminating the real marks and features of what was open to the sight of all, although others missed them there, of recognising boldly and widely, though he could not explain or reconcile, the inconsistencies and contradictions which mark our manifold nature and the law of our condition. Some serious reflections are added on Montaigne; the most serious being that he felt the attraction of truth, but none of its obligations; yet he does not conceal the delight he felt in reading the garrulous effusions of this man of the world. But Montaigne was a

more serious thinker than he professed to be, with a singularly clear hold of the natural, and what we may surely call the providential alleviations of human life, which the tranquil thinker can perceive. He was a true successor of the later moralists of the Empire; and men overwhelmed with the serious thoughts of a serious time have often found consolation and instruction not to be despised from his varied page. The thoughts which he suggests are not always light and careless thoughts; for his thoughts, as Dean Church says, may lead in many directions—to the solemn and composed conviction of practical duty which is seen in Butler, to the bold philosophy of Pascal, or to a lazy, good-natured, contented scepticism. He sets men thinking on the facts of life, by placing them before them with homely vivacity.

On the question of Montaigne's religious faith, Dean Church differed from St. Beuve, who ascribed to Montaigne the deliberate and crafty purpose which directed the doubts and pointed the irony of Bayle and Gibbon. Montaigne certainly often writes like a heathen, but Dean Church, justly, as we think, maintains that he thought the religion of his country true and a gift of God, but regarded it as a sort of art or mystery, with rules and grounds independent of, and unconnected with, the ordinary works or thoughts of life. He did not dare to look into religion and its claims, lest he should find something which would perplex and dislocate his philosophy, or put him on the task of reconciling difficulties; something which would either tempt him to give up his religion, or else oblige him to accept it more in earnest, and submit to it more thoroughly. This view receives support from his dislike of the Protestant Reformers, who were, indeed, held in less favour than their Catholic adversaries, by most men of sceptical temper in the sixteenth century. Montaigne expresses his fear and dislike of them, as men guilty of unsettling what they could not again build up, and warns his own party against paring any articles of their own belief, in order to make their ground apparently more easy to hold. This is not the language of a man who desired to sap the foundations of the popular creed, but of one who regards creed and worship as things divorced from thought and life, and who had no wish to attempt to

bring the two worlds into harmony. Montaigne is an instance, and by no means an uncommon one, of a man attached to ceremonial Christianity, but whose views, both of life and death, were entirely unaffected by the fact of his professing to receive the Christian faith.

Two characteristics are everywhere apparent in Church's criticism of literature. In the first place, he is a severe critic, or, if that is too strong an expression, he is a critic who never fails to bring out with perfect clearness the faults and weaknesses of the writers with whom he deals. The blame is expressed with great gentleness of language, but it is none the less searching, and one often feels it to be final. Another characteristic of his criticism is his indifference to form as compared with matter. Grace of expression and perfection of form are seldom referred to; what is always recognised is fresh and strong thoughts; and when these are present the critic can bear with uncouthness of expression. The two poets of our century whom he made subjects of his criticism—Wordsworth and Browning—sufficiently indicate the bias of his literary taste among modern writers. The paper on Wordsworth is especially valuable, not so much, perhaps, for his appreciation of Wordsworth's greatness, which is now fully acknowledged, as for the discerning criticism of his faults. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. John Morley have written in their best style, on Wordsworth, but even their essays do not render Church's criticisms superfluous. The remark is substantially correct that Wordsworth sought to invest with imaginative light the convictions of religious, practical England, as Goethe thought out in poetry the moods of inquisitive and critical Germany. At first sight, however, this is not quite apparent. Wordsworth claimed to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing. Dean Church quotes his own description of the mission of his poetry: "To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous." We cannot imagine Goethe giving such an account of his mission; for he was fond of representing himself as indifferent to the public, and writing because it was a necessity for him to give musical expression

to the thoughts which moved him. But Goethe was less indifferent to the public than he professed to be; and Wordsworth reached his highest flights when he forgot his deliberate purpose of teaching, and yielded himself freely to the prompting of his own genius. Wordsworth, however, was much more limited in range than Goethe, whose eye surveyed all nature and all art, and who has in this respect no equal except Shakespeare. Dean Church does full justice to Wordsworth's greatness, and to the beneficent influence of his poetry upon English thought. "The influence," he writes, "which gathered around the once despised poet of the Lakes was one of the best influences of our time." He is not, however, blind to his defects. Much that Wordsworth wrote, in his later days especially, was hard to read, and could scarcely be termed poetry; this is to be ascribed in large measure to the exaggerated place which the poet gave to his own personality. This gave pompousness, a tone of individuality and apparent egotism to much that he wrote; it was only in his highest moods that he could rise to that self-forgetfulness which, whether spontaneous or the result of supreme art, marks the highest types of poetry.

We cannot speak at length, as we should wish to do, of Church's other works, for we have exhausted our space; every one of them, however, will well repay perusal. His sermons on *The Discipline of the Christian Character* are filled with that hopeful glow of spiritual enthusiasm tempered by wisdom and self-distrust, which made him such a valuable counsellor on the spiritual life. The books on Anselm and Bacon, and the lecture on Pascal are beautiful character studies—the first only wanted a somewhat fuller account of Anselm's writings to have made it the best monograph on Anselm in any language. The unpretending little book, published for the use of schools, on *The Beginnings of the Middle Ages*, is a marvel of skilful condensation, from which more may be learned than from many portly volumes. A natural regret has been expressed that he did not concentrate his powers on some monumental work, and leave behind him, as he could well have done, a great history like Dean Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*. A history of Italy during the Middle Ages, from his pen, would probably

have been a permanent addition to the small number of great histories in the English language. But, fragmentary as Dean Church's writings are in form, they have a unity not always possessed by works of a more systematic and continuous character. They are pervaded by the same spirit, and the same governing purpose, to speak justly and reasonably of things of this present world, in their connection with the world to come. His serious and generous interest in history and in literature is manifest in every page which he wrote. He did not profess that they were to him pastimes of idle hours; they formed a part of his life vocation, and he derived from them elevating and encouraging views of the destiny of man. The world and its ways, notwithstanding its woes and sins, had for him a charm and beauty as unfailing as they had for Goethe; but he always wrote as one to whom the vision of faith was ever present, who believed that the earthly scene is not confused and darkened, but enlightened and explained by the introduction of hopes derived from man's highest moral aspirations, and from the teachings of revelation. It was his sense of the seriousness of the vocation of the critic that gave such elevation and justice to his literary and historical judgments. Exaggeration and flippancy are the besetting sins of our present criticism. If the critic does not become shrill in his praise or blame, he fears that his words will receive no attention. Dean Church was less anxious to be listened to than to speak the exact truth of books and histories, as he would have spoken it of living men. And many of his readers have learned to trust his judgment as an almost final court of appeal. Men of different tastes, and of widely differing views are at one in regarding him as one of the writers who may be most safely accepted as guide on the subjects of which he has written.

Art. IV.—PROFESSOR W. KITCHEN PARKER.

1. *On Mammalian Descent.* The Hunterian Lectures for 1884. By W. K. Parker, F.R.S. London: C. Griffin & Co. 1885.
2. *The Morphology of the Skull.* By W. K. Parker and G. T. Bettany. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.
3. *On the Structure and Development of the Shoulder-Girdle and Sternum in the Vertebrata.* By W. K. Parker. Ray Society. 1868.

IN the midst of the busy whirl of great cities, no less than in the calm restfulness of rural retirement, are to be found quiet workers occupied in searching out the secret things of God, in discovering "parts of His ways." Too often they spend their strength in their search while as yet they can have no pecuniary reward for their labour; and when at length recognition comes, if it come at all, it finds them broken in health, though happily, if they are true lovers of their subject, not less attached to their study. Such a man, worthy of high regard for the spirituality of his life, the nobility of his aims, and the value of his researches to science, has lately passed away from us in the person of William Kitchen Parker, sometime Hunterian Professor in the Royal College of Surgeons of England, who did no discredit to the chair which has been made famous through its tenure by Sir Richard Owen and Professor Huxley.

Let us take a glance at this worker as he might have been seen on many a morning and evening in a quiet study on the ground floor of one of the tall houses in Claverton Street, Pimlico, bearing the modest door-plate of "Mr. Parker." The room is very secluded from noise, looking out mainly upon crowded back premises, but embracing within the outlook a large and carefully tended aviary, containing pigeons and doves; while in front of the window, within the room, is an aquarium, into which a tiny stream of water always trickles, and which may contain a salamander or two, and some water tortoises and fishes, with plenty of suitable water-weed.

Nearly all round the room are shelves, many of them occupied with bound and unbound scientific *Transactions*, mainly on anatomical subjects, with not a few volumes bearing the autographs of honoured names in the scientific world. Some of the shelves are crowded with boxes of all shapes and sizes, many of them cigar and pill boxes, but containing neither cigars nor pills. Each holds its precious treasure of a tiny skeleton, beautifully clean and pure-looking, in which the slightest bony part, usually wanting in museums of former days, is present in perfection of detail. One cabinet has a glass covering, and exhibits a series of rare skeletons—this a gift from Bennett the Australian zoologist, that a welcome acquisition from an explorer of world-wide renown; this the result of a casual request to a non-scientific friend going to settle in Barbadoes or Trinidad, that the offering of a celebrated professor; while many had been prepared by himself in his student days. Then there is the miscellaneous collection of bottles small and large, but almost all alike in this, that they are all wide-mouthed, contain spirit, and are carefully covered or stoppered. In many of them may be discerned perchance some small egg-shaped objects, varying in size from a large pin's head to the dimensions of a hen's egg—the early embryos of animals; some of them contain wondrous little box-like structures, with rods and spikes, and other delicate bony projections, and a few stray films of nerves floating about, and perhaps a coloured glass rod to keep parts in position or to indicate a feature of special interest. Insignificant as these might appear to the casual or uninterested observer, they form the most precious treasures of the "den," as you would soon learn on asking a question as to what they may be, from the thin-visaged genial-looking man, rather above middle height, seated on a stool at a somewhat high working table or desk, with a microscope ready to hand, and some small dishes with clear water in them, in which is faintly visible some object under dissection by the finest forceps and needles. Once the head is raised, a light comes into the face, at first of great and pleased surprise that you should take any interest in such matters; and then, as you testify by earnest attention, or by a pertinent question, that you have a special interest in

the queer little objects, the tongue of a fluent speaker is unloosed, and the wonderfully bright piercing eye of an eager student is fixed upon you till you are fascinated. The speaker, from a slight exposition of the latest thing he has made out in the developing skull of some frog or lizard, at the same time showing his numerous drawings from Nature, carries you back to the long-past ages when he believed that creature branched off from a parent stock, and when just that tiny trace was left in the bodily structure to inform future ages of its genealogy, and to enable us to reconstruct the past which we shall never see. The enthusiasm of the worker glows, and before long he will certainly let fall some apt quotation from Shakespeare, some fine passage from the book of Job, or some words from an inspiring Psalm, illustrative of his work, or of some aspect of it which appear to him paralleled by the expressions of days when modern science was not dreamt of. And happy was the young anatomist or physiologist who spent an evening now and again among the treasures of that little retreat, imbibing some of the self-denying spirit of scientific investigation from that true man of science, or, happier still, catching some ray of the spiritual life which informed and made beautiful the heart of the truly Christian man, with whom work, reverence, and worship were one.

William Kitchen Parker, the youngest son of an excellent yeoman farmer, was born on June 23, 1823, at Dogsthorpe (anciently Dodsthorpe), Northamptonshire, a hamlet in the parish of Paston, formerly belonging to the parish of St. John, Peterborough, and two miles north-east of it. His earliest schooling was at a dame school at Dogsthorpe, and later he went to school at Werrington, north-east of Dogsthorpe, and then in the same parish of Paston. This school was kept by an old-fashioned master, who, however, understood and appreciated his unusually observant and thoughtful pupil. Accustomed to outdoor life, and taking a boyish interest in many aspects of the farm, the youth grew up an ardent lover of Nature. The forms, habits, and songs of birds, the haunts and manners of small mammals often not seen by an ordinary observer, were intimately known to him. He kept many pet animals, and dissected and prepared skeletons of a considerable number.

The following passages, written down almost immediately after they had been spoken, give a brief autobiographical account of Mr. Parker's early life:

"January 6, 1877.—Thirty-nine years ago this day (viz., in 1838) I came home from the turnip-field, from cropping-up the ball of the turnips after the sheep had eaten all they could get at,—wet, and weary, and utterly miserable; and I made up my mind that should be the last of it. Next day—Sunday—in the afternoon, I said to my father: 'Father, I'm going to school to-morrow. This is not the sort of work I'm cut out for in life, and I can't stand it any longer.' He said, 'Thee shalt, lad.' I said, 'Thank you, father,' and was happy. My idea then was that I would be either a bookseller or a lawyer.

"After that I had three short quarters at Peterborough Grammar School (under the Rev. William Cape), I went to Stamford, and was apprenticed to Mr. Woodroffe, a chemist, where we opened at 7 A.M., and shut at 10 P.M. So I used to get up often three hours before seven, and go out over the fields and woods botanising: and thus in two summers I collected and preserved five hundred species of plants. I have them now. I used to go out with my fellow apprentice, Dick Day; and sometimes I had to pull him out of bed, or pommel him before he would get up. At night Dick would say to me, 'Oh, do wake me in the morning, and make me get up!' Then we would get the keys of the back door, first visiting the larder to take a little bread and butter, or bread and cheese.

"I read my first Physiology while making sheep ointment in a huge trough, with a lot of pestles revolving by machinery, into which two quart bottles of quicksilver were emptied, and mixed with grease and various other ingredients, and then revolved till the *quick*silver was *killed*, and then again mixed. While this was going on I managed to do some reading.

"All the Latin and Greek I know I took in during those short quarters at Peterborough, and I am so thankful to remember a bit now, and find I can get at most of the Greek derivations of words I want, or in scientific terms or names.

"I did not get my Shakespeare till later, till I was twenty-three: and then how I devoured him! But I could not remember him as I did earlier books. I can't make sure of some passages, such as the speeches of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. [This is a vivid indication of the remarkable extent to which Mr. Parker assimilated the books he read.] Before that, early, all my books were Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Homer*, Cowper's Poems, and about two others. My mother's family was a reading family: my mother read, and her brothers still more so, though they were simple farmers. One of them would sit up reading sometimes till two in the morning, or read all Sunday, and nothing could stop him. Another was very fond of geology and archæology, and took a childish delight in some fine ammonites."

After three years with Mr. Woodroffe, young Parker, now in his nineteenth year, left Stamford, and was apprenticed to Mr. Costal, a general practitioner at Market Overton, in Rutlandshire, about six miles north of Oakham. With improved opportunities the instinct for anatomy, which had had so strong a fascination for him in his boyhood, was gratified, and many a thorough dissection of birds and small mammals was made, and most carefully drawn. Many years afterwards Mr. Parker referred with pride and pleasure to these drawings as affording him most useful and trustworthy material. The drawings of what he saw were correct, even when his interpretation of them afterwards became very different.

Strange to say, this love for dissection was accompanied by a keen and permanent distaste for its unpleasant aspects. "I always have a horror," he said, "of the flesh of anything that has been alive. My dissection is done against a continual sensitive repulsion to it, and to the odours characteristic of different animals. The coarse exhibitions of the butchers' shops are horrible to me. When very young, I saw much of the necessary killing that took place on the farm, and could not help feeling a sort of dreadful interest in the rough surgery and dissection that went on. I made skeletons of many animals in my boyhood with no instruction how to prepare them."

In December 1844 Mr. Parker left Market Overton for London, and went as resident assistant to a Mr. Booth, a general practitioner in Little Queen Street, Westminster, after a time becoming a student at Charing Cross Hospital. In 1844–6 he was student demonstrator at King's College, London, to Dr. Todd and Mr. (now Sir William) Bowman. Sir William Bowman remembers him very well in those early days. "Every one," he says, in a letter to the present writer, "was charmed by his almost boyish simplicity, passion for nature and anatomical work, lovableness." Before this in London he had prepared many skeletons. Among other purchases was a young donkey, which he thoroughly dissected, and then set up as a skeleton. He made many beautiful injections of organs, introducing chromate of potassium into the veins as soon as the animals had been killed, and then,

following it with acetate of lead, got a beautiful deposit of chromate of lead. During the same period, he also made many microscopical preparations. He thus described his personal life at this period:

"When I was a young hospital student, no one led a more regular life. I worked hard till five in the day, then went home, read my Bible for an hour it might be, and often spent part of the evening at prayer-meetings, class-meetings, or in visiting the sick. Coming home at ten o'clock to supper with a gloomy surgeon and his silent wife, I would explode with fun and humour so as to astonish them. It was just the same when visiting my father at home, then partly paralytic; I would talk to him over texts of Scripture and thoughts I had gathered up from my better opportunities, and then at supper I would be boiling over with fun, till father would say, 'What's come to the lad!'"

And this genial pleasing humour rarely left him, even when greatly depressed by illness. It was a child-like fun, a genuine effervescence of a pure heart, the sign of happiness, of a mind firmly resting in confidence on the divine order, however painful might be his personal experiences.

Having qualified as a Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Society, in 1849 Mr. Parker commenced general medical practice in Tachbrook Street, Pimlico, and soon afterwards married Miss Elizabeth Jeffery, whose excellent qualities proved the greatest comfort and blessing to him. After a few years he removed to Bessborough Street, where he remained many years, and about 1870 to Claverton Street, Pimlico. In these years Mr. Parker had won a considerable practice, and was especially successful in midwifery, in which his comforting geniality as well as his skill made him exceptionally welcome, although his sympathetic nature rendered it always very trying to him. He was for many years medical adviser to the Westminster Training College for Teachers, and, as the students were drawn from all parts of the country, he gained an experience of ethnological types and their characteristics which enabled him almost invariably to pronounce at once from what locality a newly arrived student had come.

A considerable portion of Mr. Parker's time for study in his earlier years of practice was devoted to one of the minutest but most interesting groups of animals, the Foraminifera, whose tiny skeletons when upheaved have formed

mountain systems, and which are now perhaps accumulating the material for future mountain systems at the bottom of the Atlantic. We believe he was first attracted to this study by the examination of specimens collected during a visit to Bognor, being further interested by discovering many in the sand extracted from new sponges and from Indian sea-shells. After having sorted, mounted, and drawn many of these microzoa, he was induced, about 1856, by his friends, Professors W. C. Williamson and T. Rupert Jones, to work systematically at the Foraminifera. A long series of memoirs followed which we need not detail—they can readily be found by referring to the Royal Society's Catalogue of Scientific Papers *—some in conjunction with Mr. Rupert Jones, others with the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter and Mr. H. B. Brady.

In these papers the natural classification of the immense variety of Foraminifera was greatly advanced, and the conditions of their life as to depth in the sea, &c., were carefully examined, thus greatly aiding the interpretation of geological phenomena where their remains occur. One aspect of the subject for which Mr. Parker had special aptitude will be appreciated by microscopists; he was exceedingly quick, and rarely mistaken, in his identification of forms as belonging to identical or to diverse species and families, which is rendered extremely difficult in these minute forms by the isomorphisms, and parallel polymorphisms of many species. Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in his *Introduction to the Study of the Foraminifera*, published by the Ray Society in 1862, acknowledges the valuable aid which he received from Mr. Parker, which was indeed very considerable.

In his work in the upper grade of anatomy, Mr. Parker's early fascination for skeletons in general began to be concentrated on two main regions—the skull and the skeleton of the limbs. Here we must remind those who have not studied anatomy that the skeleton in its full meaning includes all parts—bones, cartilages, or fibres—which form part of the supporting, or enclosing, systems—not merely bones—and involves problems far beyond being able to call

* Also in C. D. Sherborn's *Bibliography of Foraminifera*.

bones by their names. Many of the beautiful skeletons he prepared during those studies are now to be seen in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Educated in the Cuvierian and Owenian ideas of "types" and "archetypes," when as yet Darwinism was not launched, Mr. Parker acquired an enormous amount of detailed knowledge and material for comparison, but failed to find an explanation for many phenomena on the type principle. Features of similarity and dissimilarity, and odd minglings of type, were discernible in many skulls, especially those of birds; and it was not until Mr. Darwin's epoch-making hypothesis was put forward that a clue to the natural history of these resemblances and divergences was presented. For some years the light obtainable on the perplexing variations of the skull in vertebrates was but dim. In 1864, however, we find Professor Huxley, in his Lectures on the Vertebrate Skull, delivered at the College of Surgeons, speaking of "my friend, Mr. Parker, who possesses a remarkably extensive knowledge of the details of the structure and development of the vertebrate cranium," and quoting his authority for the identification of certain bones in the skulls of very many different vertebrate groups. Early in 1865 Mr. Parker presented to the Royal Society the first of his remarkable series of Memoirs on the Structure and Development of the Skull, beginning with the various forms of ostriches, in such early stages as he had been able to obtain, and illustrated by many tinted lithographic plates, from his own drawings, marked by a rare fidelity to Nature. Mainly in consequence of this paper, Mr. Parker was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1865; and it may be mentioned to his honour, and to the credit of the distinguished men of science concerned, that the friends who urged him to become a candidate for election, knowing the strain upon his resources which election would entail, claimed the privilege of privately contributing the sum requisite as a composition fee for all immediate and future payments. The charming way in which he gratefully accepted this kindly act, and would at times refer to it in later life, was in itself an index to the true heart as well as scientific ardour of the man.

A higher and public honour awaited him very soon after his election, for, at the anniversary meeting of the Society, on November 30, 1866, Lieut.-General Sabine, then the President, announced that a Royal Medal had been awarded to Mr. W. K. Parker for his researches in comparative osteology, and more especially on the anatomy of the skull, special reference being made to the "Ostrich" paper, and also to two important papers previously published by him in the *Transactions of the Zoological Society of London*. "In these elaborate and beautifully illustrated memoirs," the President said, "Mr. Parker has not only displayed an extraordinary acquaintance with the details of osteology, but has shown powers of anatomical investigation of a high order, and has made important contributions towards the establishment of the true theory of the vertebrate skull." At the anniversary dinner which followed Mr. Parker was called upon to respond to a toast, and those who knew his constitutional nervousness and especial horror of great public functions were in some anxiety as to the result. We have learnt from several sources that the new medallist's speech was a complete success, telling mainly the story of his own life and study, with such modesty, candour, naturalness, and indescribable interest, that it has always been a subject of regret that it was not taken down in shorthand. But this success could not tempt him to depart from his instinctively retiring habits. Public assemblies rarely saw him; he never, we believe, attended a meeting of the British Association, though often invited; and we well remember how his abhorrence of ostentation was marked by his more than once directing that "Mr. So-and-So's carriage," naming the job-master—not Mr. Parker's carriage—should be called for, when he was to be so conveyed. He humorously, but firmly, maintained that it was not his carriage: he had not one, and would not have it assumed that he had.

Before completing another memoir on the skull, Mr. Parker had issued, through the Ray Society, in 1868, his *Monograph on the Shoulder-Girdle and Breast-Bone in Vertebrates*. In this great work, sufficient of itself to make an anatomist's fame, the author used the comparative and the developmental methods through a very wide range of the vertebrata, from

the fishes upwards, and attained results which set the proper nomenclature and relations of various bony parts about the chest and neck on a secure basis, however much they might be improved. Mr. Parker showed himself a valuable assistant to Professor Huxley in the attack on Professor Owen's incorrect and old-fashioned interpretations. He also incidentally strengthened himself for the study of the skull by the unravelling of phenomena met with comparatively simplified in the shoulder-girdle, but much more complex in the skull. The way in which superficial ossifications in the skin, deeper ones in the subcutaneous tissue, and the internal deposits in or on the surface of cartilage, are related or combined, or replace one another in the shoulder-bones, had a most important bearing on the fuller comprehension of the skull which he was now attempting.

Although the paper on the Ostrich tribe had been recognised as containing valuable facts and suggestions, Mr. Parker ingenuously confesses in his next great memoir (on the Skull of the Common Fowl, 1869): "It was shown me by my most judicious friend, Professor Huxley, that my work missed its end, in some degree, from its diffuseness, and that it would be better to get a perfect history of one type of skull than an imperfect knowledge of any number whatever." He then went on to describe very thoroughly the successive stages and transformations of the skull of the chick while yet in the egg, and so small as scarcely to be capable of dissection, except by a master hand, ending with the following pregnant sentences:

"Whilst at work, I seemed to myself to have been endeavouring to decipher a *palimpsest*, and one not erased and written upon again just once, but five or six times over.

"Having erased, as it were, the characters of the culminating type—those of the gaudy Indian bird—I seemed to be amongst the sombre Grouse; and then, towards incubation, the characters of the Sand-grouse and Hemipod stood out before me. Rubbing these away in my downward work, the form of the Tinamou looked me in the face; then the aberrant Ostrich seemed to be described in large archaic characters; a little while, and these faded into what could just be read off as pertaining to the Sea-turtle; whilst, underlying the whole, the Fish in its simplest myxinoid form could be traced in morphological hieroglyphics."

It should be explained that the progress of the anatomical

investigation had been backwards, from the adult state to the minutest embryos in which the skull was recognisable, and that we have in the passage just quoted an exemplification of a general fact in development about which there can be no doubt, whatever explanation may be adopted. In deciphering the stages by which all skulls grow into their adult shape and build, the skilled anatomist can see quite plainly, not merely reminders of lower types, but often the most startling resemblances in shape, arrangement, and relative proportion of parts—suggesting to almost every one that there is a relationship of descent indicated by these stages. Many facts inexplicable on any theory of utility in the present state of the species are easily explicable when we consider the present condition as in part the survival of a past stage when these things had their appropriate work in an earlier realm of life. The sentences we have quoted above were, we believe, those on which the late Charles Kingsley remarked as being of extraordinary force, and proving to him the truth of the evolution theory of descent with due modification more than anything else.

Persistently working at the same style of research, varying the ground within the vertebrates according as material came to hand, or as important problems pressed for solution, Mr. Parker in succession wrote monographs upon the skull in particular species or genera, or in wider groups which needed comparison; and gradually he covered almost the whole extent of the vertebrata. When it is remembered that careful drawings of all stages and many aspects of each stage were made by him, and compared and related with one another in writing, some idea of the work he did may be gathered. We believe the plates accompanying his published memoirs reach something like 1600; and some of these plates might include as many as thirty distinct drawings. Two of his later papers, extending to 275 quarto pages of text, with 44 plates, formed by themselves one entire part of the *Philosophical Transactions for* 1885; and, as the expense of illustrating these memoirs adequately was very heavy, it is no secret that the cost was partly defrayed by several munificent gifts to the society for that purpose by a member of the Budgett family, who were

all Mr. Parker's staunch and warm friends. We must not attempt here to present the results of these investigations, as their appreciation depends essentially upon the possession of an adequate anatomical education.* But we may refer briefly to the two separate books published by Mr. Parker, in which many of the results are summarised. The *Morphology of the Skull* is essentially a student's book, giving the chief facts to be observed in the development of selected types of skull, and the conclusions to which their comparison leads. It was put into systematic and literary form by his friend Mr. Bettany from the larger monographs, and by constant consultation and work with Mr. Parker. The book which is named first at the head of this article, *On Mammalian Descent*, is more thoroughly an expression of Mr. Parker's individuality, and should be read by all who wish to gain an idea of the way in which his mind worked. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Mrs. Fisher, better known as Miss Arabella Buckley, author of a *Short History of Natural Science*, &c., for many useful suggestions.

The book is rather a congeries than an orderly exposition. It contains many important facts, many valuable and original and poetic touches, many references to the higher life, with the suggestions of evolution, as developed in his own mind, almost inextricably interwoven. A few quotations will indicate the characteristics of style and matter—technical passages not being selected.

"The vestments and ritual of Nature may take up all the attention, and use up all the energies of her votaries; these superficial observers fail, however, to find the real religion of Nature—the beautiful but awful omnipresence which every flower and every insect reveals. The phenomena of Nature are all mere fading pageants, and the really cultivated mind only finds lasting satisfaction in meditation upon the recognisable forces that underlie all sensible appearances" (p. 216).

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"'*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*'—do not trust the cobbler in things outside his calling—is a proverb that cuts both ways. The biologist may surely be

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* At the reading of one of Mr. Parker's papers before the Royal Society, Professor Huxley, then one of the secretaries, commenced his remarks by saying: "It was said of Shelley that he wrote poetry for poets: Mr. Parker writes anatomy for anatomists."

allowed to know things that relate to his own calling: the man who never dreams of life, and the science of life, should be careful how he contradicts its experts. On the other hand, bigotry is not confined to one class of controversialists. Some very bitter things have been said against faith by men whose culture and science ought to have tanght them better" (p. 217).

"The labour of the embryologist may be likened to that of a scholar who finds his work at one time in ransacking a huge Bibliotheca, and at another in scanning the pages of a delightful abstract of a huge folio, where the gist and essence of the subject is put as in a nutshell. The whole organic kingdom is the Bibliotheca; man is the consummate abstract; he 'seals up the sum,' being, in his perfection, full of beauty, if not always full of wisdom. Man may be said to be an excellent manual on the teleology—the final purpose—of creation" (p. 214).

This slight sketch must suffice to indicate the character and amount of work which this solitary worker accomplished. A systematic teacher, a systematic writer he could not become, owing partly to constitution, partly to lack of suitable early training. But he was an invaluable stimulus and help to the young biologist just far enough advanced in his subject to perceive and appreciate the facts he was elucidating, and his enthusiasm often increased and established that of others; thus, his ideals live on in a number of younger and successful workers. Only the members of a very small circle, however, can even guess at the worry and intense physical suffering amid which much of his work was carried on. After a severe and protracted illness, which kept him indoors for months, he was obliged to decline all night work, and much of his practice left him. About this time some of his friends at the College of Surgeons arranged that the Hunterian Professorship should be shared by him with Professor Flower, the latter being foremost in bringing about the arrangement. But even this was attended with a trial. The Hunterian Professors must be members of the College; Mr. Parker had not qualified as a surgeon in the old days, and the idea of an examination in his mature life, with his shattered nervous system, was a horrible nightmare. However, he braced himself up for the ordeal, went to the dreaded *viva voce*, and was met by a question on a modern surgical topic which "flabbergasted" him. With great good sense, however, the examiner passed to a subject where Mr. Parker's great knowledge of the

skull and skeleton came in, and the remaining time of *viva voce* was spent in a sort of triumphal disquisition by the examinee on something of which he knew everything and the examiners probably very little. In 1874 he delivered half the Hunterian lectures with considerable success, and continued to do so for about ten years. He also had hopes that a share of the Gilchrist Fund might be granted to him, for which he might deliver lectures on his favourite topics. But a legal opinion seemed to bar the way; and this was first made known to him at a College of Surgeons' dinner, about the time of his greatest depression. Though the trial was great, he bore up through the dinner, laughing and joking as usual. But when he reached home, as he told the writer, the bitterness of death came upon him, and he wept bitterly. He had, whether by reasonable or visionary hopes we cannot be precisely sure—he always thought he had been led to rely on it as a certainty—been trusting to this chance as a relief from pressure. After deep suffering, and after reading about God's care for the sparrows in the Sermon on the Mount, he was calmed, and felt that all was well, and he could once more go on bravely; and he said: "I am more happy to have overcome that trial than if I had had the money."

This passage in his life will indicate how sorely the "endowment of research" was needed to enable this true worker to accomplish the work he was so evidently cut out for. "I know and feel," he said, "what it is to 'die daily' by constant experience: my suffering is so intense at times. Much of my work is done as an anodyne, and when free from pain it is the greatest delight." At last the needed help came when the Royal Society received a grant of £4000 from Government for the promotion of research by payments to workers as well as for materials. A grant of £300 per annum, continued for a number of years, served as the safeguard of his necessities, which became greater as his young family grew up to adult life.

In 1872–3 he was President of the Royal Microscopical Society. In 1876 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of King's College, London, where he had worked thirty years before, and a number of honorary distinctions were conferred

upon him by scientific societies. In 1885 he received the Baly Medal of the Royal College of Physicians, "Ob physiologiam feliciter excultam." When the endowment from the Royal Society was reduced, in 1889, a Civil List Pension of £100 was conferred upon him, which unfortunately he has not long lived to enjoy.

A directorship of the Star Life Assurance Society was also conferred upon him in 1876, and the weekly visit to the City proved a new interest to him, and enabled him to utilise much medical knowledge and insight into human character. The intercourse with his brother directors, was refreshing to him, and called off his mind from too exclusive dwelling on anatomy. In later years he removed to Tooting; his children as they grew up became a joy and comfort to him.

Two followed his beloved pursuit, and gained professorships —T. Jeffery Parker, F.R.S., at Otago, New Zealand, and W. Newton Parker, at the South Wales University College, Cardiff—and became successful both as investigators and teachers. Another aided his work in another way, becoming an accomplished draughtsman and lithographer. Nature was an ever fresh joy to him; and the week or two which he spent every year at Stoke Bishop, Bristol, with his attached friends, the Budgetts, were brightened by delightful conversations and walks among natural beauties. But gradually the shock of the departure of dear friends told upon him more and more; and when, early in 1890, his faithful wife was taken away, he was greatly broken. Nevertheless, he rallied considerably, and towards the end of June last was able to pay a visit Mr. W. H. Budgett at Stoke Bishop. His conversation at this time was as bright as ever, and when he went on to visit his second son, at Cardiff, on Wednesday, July 2, he was as cheerful as ever in talking over his plans for future work.

After taking a short walk on the morning of July 3rd, he was resting after lunch on the sofa in his son's study, talking brightly and hopefully about all the family, and about the work he had in hand, when he suddenly, quietly, and, as far as can be judged, painlessly passed away. He was buried on Monday, July 7, 1890, in Wandsworth Cemetery, London.

The accumulation of testimony is scarcely needful in the case of such a transparent and ingenuous character. One living physiologist of renown, of whom we have already spoken, his old friend Sir William Bowman, after referring to his early connection with Mr. Parker, writes:

"At a later period I always thought it very touching to notice him quite unchanged, devoted with passionate zeal and delight to the researches in which he was immersed, and by which he was winning so much renown (though renown he never dreamt of), while patiently and most conscientiously enduring the daily round and toil of a commonplace general practice, and rearing a young family in slender circumstances to an upright and honourable future.

"He was a bright, happy, loving man, full of reverence, intensely feeling the pure pleasure of the contemplation and investigation of Nature, who greatly advanced knowledge because apparently he could not help doing it, the joy was so pervading. He much, in many ways, reminded me of Michael Faraday."

Mr. Parker's spiritual life was delightfully happy, pure, and child-like. His simplicity of faith, his restfulness upon Divine Providence, his conscious assurance of God's forgiveness and mercy, were an enlightening influence, diffusing even into those who differed from him a sense of its reality to him, and of the pure blessedness and comfort of such a faith. He was reared among Wesleyan Methodists, and till late in his life was a member of a Methodist congregation near his residence in Claverton Street. Once he said to the writer—it was on the 30th of December 1876—"You believe in conversion? Thirty-eight years ago this night at eight o'clock I knew that my sins were forgiven—as surely as I know anything." On another occasion he said: "I live by prayer; prayer is my life. I know what that means, 'Pray without ceasing.' The books of Job and Ecclesiastes are great favourites of mine; the Psalms, too, many of them especially. I feel that in them something more than human speaks. Ages before things are known, the Psalmist speaks words of full enlightenment, which nothing can transcend."

"I pray in everything; before beginning anything. When I sit down to my work in a morning, I feel that God has a perfect right to do with me as He will for that particular morning: and I am content whatever happens. All through I see His glory and His handiwork. I commune with God as

with a dear friend, telling all my thoughts and all my ways to my ever-present counsellor and friend. He lifteth me up when I am cast down; and at times I rise into an ecstasy of spiritual joy and feeling, and am almost beyond the earth. Afterwards I suffer a severe reaction and exhaustion."

It must not be inferred that Mr. Parker was at all wont to "preach," or to turn conversation round to his religious beliefs; it was more especially with kindred spirits that he would delight to speak of the things they believed in common. He could not readily bring forward such matters, if pressed to do so. But, as he said, "if a poor woman comes to me in the surgery, and I see she is in trouble, I can talk to her for any length of time, and comfort her, and tell her all about myself and my spiritual history, and be delighted."

Some forms of religious excitement, and especially revivalism, irritated and worried him, and in his later years he habitually attended the Church of England service, gaining from it a feeling of greater peace and order. His essential religious feelings and sympathies, however, underwent no change. His religion seemed to some who knew him to be something still higher and broader than adherence to any particular doctrines or forms.

Intellectually, he rather lacked logical and argumentative power; but, though this was often a source of difficulty to him, it did not affect the value of his researches, for they were appeals to Nature, records of Nature, which will retain their value however they may be interpreted. His resolute persistence in the path of scientific research was as great as his firmness in Christian faith. He had no dread of any conflict between science and religion. He insisted that "our proper work is not that of straining our too feeble faculties at system-building, but humble and practical attention to what Nature herself teaches, comparing actual things with actual." With this clear utterance in our ears, we will lay down the pen, rejoicing that our country has produced a man so worthy of the mantle of William Harvey and John Hunter.

Art. V.—A PLEA FOR LIBERTY.

A Plea for Liberty: An Argument against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation. Consisting of an Introduction by Herbert Spencer, and Essays by various Writers. Edited by Thomas Mackay, Author of *The English Poor*. London: Murray. 1891.

THAT "we are all Socialists now" is not more true than sweeping statements usually are; but that we are on the incline towards Socialism, and that the pace is quickening, cannot be denied. As is not unnatural, the masses of the people are bent on using their political power to improve their material condition. So long as the government was in the hands of the upper and middle classes, workmen, and especially British workmen, had a wholesome jealousy of State control. But successive extensions of the franchise have "changed all that." *L'etat c'est moi*: I am the State; why should I fear myself? exclaims the workman, as, after centuries of servitude, he begins to feel his freedom and to exercise his power. Government is now self-government; it is government by the people as well as for the people; and, therefore, the masses in every civilised community, with a self-reliance which, however rash or excessive, we cannot but admire, are pressing their Parliaments in all directions for measures to improve their lot. Emancipated politically, they will be strongly tempted to employ the powers of the State, both local and central, to effect what they imagine will be their social emancipation. Already in this country large bodies of the workers have yielded to the temptation. The Trades Unionists carried no less than forty-six demands for legislation in a Socialist direction at their last Congress. During the last ten years upwards of three hundred Acts of this character have passed the House of Commons, and the cry is still for more. The Government is called upon to supply work, to fix the hours of labour, to build houses for artisans, to nationalise the land and the railways, to municipalise all local monopolies in water, light, and locomotion, and to do we know not what besides. With not a few these

measures are calculated steps and stages in the transformation of society into one vast Industrial Democracy on a Socialistic basis, in which private capital shall be abolished, and all the means of production placed under collective control.

It is, therefore, time to look the danger in the face. Rival politicians of both parties, while competing with each other in furthering many of these intermediate measures, admit that "the end thereof is Socialism." "But," say they, "we do not mean to go to the end; we shall know where to stop." Will they be able to stop? They admit that complete Socialism is the logical outcome of these tendencies; "but," say they, "Englishmen are not governed by logic." And this, as all our history shows, is true. But there is a "logic of events" as well as of ideas; and, though there is no fatality in the matter, there is a momentum in affairs which often carries men and nations farther than they mean to go. If we are not governed by logic we are governed by precedent; and thraldom, as well as freedom, broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent. Not only so—

"There are many concurrent causes which threaten continually to accelerate the transformation now going on. There is that increasing need for administrative compulsions and restraints which results from the unforeseen evils and shortcomings of preceding compulsions and restraints. Moreover, every additional State interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the State to deal with all evils, and secure all benefits. Increasing power of a growing administrative organisation is accompanied by decreasing power of the rest of society to resist its further growth and control. The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy tempts numbers of the classes regulated by it to favour its extension, as adding to the chances of safe and respectable places for their relatives. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, have their hopes continually excited by the prospect of more. . . . . Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice to augment their chances of success; and leading statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favour by countenancing them. Getting repeated justifications from new laws harmonising with their doctrines, political enthusiasts and unwise philanthropists push their agitations with growing confidence and success. Journalism, ever responsive to popular opinion, daily strengthens it by giving it voice; while counter-opinion, more and more discouraged, finds little utterance. Thus influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action. . . . . The numerous socialistic changes

made by Act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by-and-by be all merged in State Socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised."

Mr. Herbert Spencer, from whom we have just quoted, and whose introductory essay gives its chief weight and value to the volume before us, is sometimes accused of lack of sympathy with the labouring classes. Because he is so strongly opposed to the governmental regulation of their industries, and to the various Socialistic schemes for the improvement of their condition, he is supposed to be indifferent to their welfare and callous to their woes. But this a mistake. Profoundly as he is convinced of the mischievousness of Socialistic legislation and of the fatuity of Socialism full-blown, he is not blind to the evils of the present competitive system, or unmoved by the miseries arising out of it. "Albeit unused to the melting mood," his voice trembles as, in gently answering his opponents in this latest essay, he exclaims: "Not that the evils to be remedied are small. Let no one suppose that I wish to make light of the sufferings which most men have to bear. The fates of the majority have ever been, and doubtless still are, so sad that it is painful to think of them. . . . . The present social state is transitional. There will, I hope and believe, come a future social state differing as much from the present as the present differs from the past."

It is in the interests of the workers themselves that Mr. Spencer is fighting so strenuously against Socialism, which he thinks would stop the progress to this better social state. He does not under-estimate the vices incident to competition. For more than thirty years he has been describing and denouncing them. But, as he observes, "it is a question of relative evils; whether the evils at present suffered are or are not less than the evils which would be suffered under another system; whether efforts for mitigation along the lines thus far followed are not more likely to succeed than efforts along utterly different lines."

The evils arising out of the present system are patent and distressing; but it does not follow that the present is the worst of all possible systems. Even if its defects could not be supplied, and its evils remedied by voluntary effort, it

might still be wiser "to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." The present system has one great recommendation—it works. Under it a tolerable amount of freedom is enjoyed—freedom of domicile and residence, freedom of occupation, of sale and purchase, of consumption, of investment and bequest—freedom of a hundred kinds, of which, conceivably and of necessity, we might, under another system, be deprived. Then again, the present system is admitted on all hands to have permitted if it has not favoured an enormous increase of wealth; and, whilst there is much to be desired in this direction, it cannot be disproved that the tendency is for that wealth to be more and more widely diffused.* And, lastly, amid the free play of individual energies and interests, there is room for voluntary association and co-operation. Combination in a thousand forms and for a thousand purposes can complement the present system, and can greatly lessen, if it cannot neutralise, the evils caused by it. Of the opposite system, no one can say with certainty that it would work at all: for Socialism, in the collective as distinguished from the Communistic form, has never yet been tried, and cogent reasons can be given for the opinion that, if by either violent or peaceful means Collectivism should ever be established, it could not be made to work without destroying both the freedom of the individual and the progress of the community.

Confining himself to one aspect of the question, and reasoning from the observed tendencies of human nature and the laws of all organic structures, Mr. Spencer seeks to prove, not

* One of the cardinal mistakes of Karl Marx—a mistake on which much of the Socialistic critique is based—was to suppose that the tendency in his time towards the accumulation of capital in ever fewer hands would continue until the proletariate would find themselves face to face with a few mammoth millionaires, and that then the workers would arise and "expropriate the expropriators." Owing to exceptional and temporary causes, such as the monopoly of foreign markets, this tendency did no doubt exist in England in Marx's time; but through other causes, such as increased competition, increased wages, decreased prices, the multiplication of companies, &c., the tendency had become much weaker before Marx died, and it has now almost ceased. At present the tendency is to "the massing together of separate portions of capital, owned by many capitalists, small, great, and of moderate dimensions; to the concentration of capital certainly, but not in single hands."—See Graham's *Socialism Old and New* (p. 406). Kegan Paul. 1890.

that Socialism is impracticable, or that it would intensify the misery of the world, but that it would inevitably lead to the most complete and crushing tyranny the world has ever seen. By way of introduction to his argument, he sets forth with fresh and copious illustrations the distinction familiar to students of the political portions of his philosophy between the "militant" and the "industrial" form of society—activities in the former being carried on under a system of compulsory, and, in the latter, under a system of voluntary co-operation. In order to live in society at all, men must co-operate with one another. When they work together under the impersonal coercion of Nature only, they may be said to be socially free. When they work together under the coercion of their fellow-men, they may be said to be socially enslaved. In the latter case, of course, there are degrees of bondage; and the history of civilisation, in the economic sphere, has been a history of progress from slavery and serfdom to the comparative freedom of the present day. We say comparative freedom; for it is obvious that until the worker is the owner of the land he tills, and of the other instruments of production, he cannot be entirely free. But, even under existing conditions, his state is one of freedom compared with either the servitude from which by centuries of effort he has been emancipated, or the bondage into which he would be brought by the contemplated Socialist *régime*.

For, what is the regimen proposed? Government of some kind there must be under any system of associated life. What is to be the form of government under Socialism? So far, the Socialists have been too reticent upon this vital point. Either because they have been too busy criticising the existing order and creating discontent, or because they have not thoroughly thought out their schemes, or, possibly, because their modesty forbids them to presume to dictate laws to the "impending Revolution," the constructive part of their philosophy is vague and meagre in the extreme. It is not impossible, however, from their principles and writings, to infer and gather the main outlines of a Socialistic state. Marx, whose book on *Capital* is the *fons et origo* of Collectivism, is very chary of suggestions. The Social Democratic Federation, the Socialist

League, and the still more recent Fabian Society, composed of "cultured young enthusiasts," to whom the effort must amount almost to miracle, contrive, for the present, to repress their altruistic impulses, and to hide their light beneath the bushel of destructive criticism. Occasional gleams escape, however, and for these we must be thankful till the time arrives when they shall deem it possible to allow the day to dawn upon us with impunity.*

From all we are able to gather, it would appear that the State of the future is to be ruled by a sort of elective aristocracy of talent. By some means—we had almost written "by any means," for Socialist writers somehow give you the idea that they are only too ready to endorse the Jesuitical maxim that the end justifies the means—by some means the community is to get possession of the land and the capital of the country, and then it is to produce and distribute all the commodities needed for home consumption, and for foreign trade, by means of one vast central and innumerable local organisations, under the direction of officers chosen for the purpose. All kinds of workers are to be State functionaries, and are to be paid by the State in kind. Private property in such commodities as the State may think fit to produce is to be permitted: but no one will be allowed to engage in any undertaking on his own account. According to the scheme proposed by Mr. Grönlund,† the workers in each industry will choose their foreman; the foremen will appoint their superintendents; the superintendents district superintendents; they in turn will appoint a Bureau-Chief, and all the bureau-chiefs will elect a chief of department. In this way, the ablest administrators will be sifted from the mass. A similar process is to "riddle" the wise and virtuous and capable to the top in the domains of education, law, finance, medicine, transport, defence, art,

* Our American friends are more highly favoured Mr. Grönlund, to whom we refer in the text below, in his *Modern Socialism*—one of the recognised text-books on the subject—devotes a chapter to "The Administration of Affairs in the Co-operative Commonwealth." His forecasts and suggestions coincide in all essential matters with the prognostics of Mr. Spencer. The work is current in England, and an epitome of this particular chapter may be found in Professor Graham's book, already referred to (pp. 253, 254).

† *Modern Socialism*, pp. 180–2.

literature, &c. &c. "There is not a social function that will not converge in some way in such chief of department." These chiefs are to form a "national board of administrators, whose function it will be to supervise the whole social activity of the country. Each chief will supervise the internal affairs of his own department, and the whole board will control those matters in which the general public is interested." All promotion is to come from beneath; but, "in the interests of obedience and discipline," the various officials are "not to be removable save by their superiors." Who are the superiors of the chiefs is not quite clear. Possibly these "omniarchs," as Fourier picturesquely called them, will be required to set to the community a supreme example of altruism by appointing an irresponsible protector of the commonwealth with power to dismiss them all. This, however, is a detail. We merely mention it to complete the outline of the scheme of government proposed. "That the scheme will work well in practice," says Mr. Grönlund, "the Catholic Church may teach us: cardinals elect the Pope; priests nominate their bishops, and monks their abbots. That Church, by the way—the most ingenious of human contrivances—can teach us many a lesson, and we are fools if we do not profit by them."

We are now in a position to admire the accuracy with which Mr. Spencer, reasoning on general principles, describes the *régime* necessary to a Socialist State:

"Some kind of organisation labour must have; and if it is not that which arises by agreement under free competition it must be that which is imposed by authority. Unlike in appearance and names as it may be to the old order of slaves and serfs, working under masters, who were coerced by barons who were themselves vassals of dukes or kings, the new order wished for, constituted by workers under foremen of small groups, overlooked by superintendents, who are subject to higher local managers, who are controlled by superiors of districts, themselves under a central government, must be essentially the same in principle. In the one case, as in the other, there must be established grades, and enforced subordination of each grade to the grades above."

Not less prescient is his forecast of the manner in which the machinery would work:

"Before a man can be provided for, he must put himself under orders, and obey those who say what he shall do, and at what hours, and where; and who

give him his share of food, clothing, and shelter. If competition is excluded, and with it buying and selling, there can be no voluntary exchange of so much labour for so much produce; but there must be apportionment of the one to the other by appointed officers. This apportionment must be enforced. Without alternative the work must be done, and the benefit, whatever it may be, must be accepted. For the worker may not leave his place at will, and offer himself elsewhere. Under such a system he cannot be accepted elsewhere, save by order of the authorities. And it is manifest that a standing order would forbid employment in one place of an insubordinate member from another place: the system could not be worked if the workers were severally allowed to come and go as they pleased. . . . . Obedience must be required throughout the industrial army as throughout a fighting army. 'Do your prescribed duties and take your appointed rations' must be the rule of the one as of the other."

"Ah, but," say sanguine social system makers, "you forget that Socialism is based on Democracy. The workers will choose their officers, and they will see to it that only those shall be appointed who can safely be entrusted with authority. Moreover, in the constitution contemplated, there are full provisions against the abuse of power."

To which it might be sufficient to answer that this cheerful confidence is strangely inconsistent with the complaints these very people make continually against the present system—complaints based on the belief that men have neither the wisdom nor the rectitude that would be absolutely necessary to the successful working of the new *régime*. Unless we are to suppose that a mere rearrangement of the units of which society is composed would result in the regeneration of those units, it is vain to expect that the new social system will be productive of less injustice and oppression than the old. The same causes, in both systems, would of course produce the same effects.

To bring the matter home, however, abstract reasoning needs to be supplemented by the rude rhetoric of fact. What, then, is the teaching of facts as to the probable outcome of the scheme of government proposed? Briefly, it is this: the outcome would be widely different from, and probably the very opposite of, the end desired. Freedom, as regarded from our present standpoint, is the end desired. Social democracy, as above described, is the means proposed. Would the means

be likely to be effectual? The answer based on observation must be "No." For, first, as Mr. Spencer, by a wide induction, shows, not only is the development of the regulative apparatus a cardinal trait in all advancing organisation, but the regulative structure always tends to increase in power; and, secondly, in the action of the workers and their leaders now we have, to say the best of it, an insufficient guarantee of freedom in the time to come.

Change is the all but universal law. It is especially the law of living things. In plants, in animals, in human individuals and communities, we trace its workings. Societies as wholes or in their separate institutions are always in a state of flux and change. They never end as they begin. Would a Social Democracy be an exception to the rule? The Roman Catholic Church, from which, as Mr. Grönlund says, we shall be foolish if we fail to learn, in spite of her proud boast *semper eadem*, has not been able to evade the law. To take a single illustration out of Mr. Spencer's teeming quiver: "When the early Christian missionaries, having humble externals, and passing self-denying lives, spread over pagan Europe, preaching forgiveness of injuries and the returning of good for evil, no one dreamt that in course of time their representatives would form a vast hierarchy, possessing everywhere a large part of the land, distinguished by the haughtiness of its members grade above grade, ruled by military bishops who led their retainers to battle, and headed by a pope exercising supreme power over kings." The present system of society is the outcome of numerous forces, physical, intellectual, moral, social, working along the line of the same law of change, of metamorphosis; and if our English ancestors with their simple needs and institutions could see themselves in their successors with their highly organised and complex social life they would indeed "have much ado to know themselves." These forces are still operative, still effecting changes, which, according to Lassalle and Marx and all their followers, are bringing us, rapidly and inevitably, to the Revolution which will usher in the Socialist *régime*. And then? Why, then, of course, the law of change will be suspended. Nature will have then achieved her masterpiece. The mighty mul-

tifarious forces which have made for evolution will thence-forward work together to preserve stability and peace. The kindly race shall slumber lapt in socialistic law.

There is something so pathetic in such dreams that it is almost cruel to disturb them. So suggestive are they of the greatness and the misery of man, and so prophetic of his destiny, that we restrain the ridicule for which at first sight they might seem to call. The pattern of a perfect society is, as Plato said, laid up in heaven, and, so far as that is possible, a copy of it some day will appear on earth; but that day is not yet, nor will it dawn as the result of any change outside the heart of man. To dream that any rearrangements in society will of themselves bring in the millennium is mere midsummer madness. Such rearrangements, if they be wisely and gradually made, will help to hasten on the Golden Age predicted and ordained; but sudden and fantastic changes such as those sometimes proposed would throw the race back through the Age of Iron to the Age of Stone. Eventually, if not at the outset, and by the very exigencies of the system, Socialism would crush out all personal freedom, weigh down the springs of activity and enterprise, and reduce society to one dead level of dulness, poverty, and commonplace.

This of course is not the opinion of its advocates. They believe that theirs is the only system under which the masses of the people can enjoy true freedom and the benefits which flow therefrom. Is this belief well founded? What is true freedom? It is, broadly speaking, the maximum of opportunity for all the members of human society alike to make the most and best of themselves. This is a definition of freedom which would be accepted, we venture to think, by Socialists and Individualists alike. Moreover, Socialists would not refuse to adopt the words of Spinoza so far as they go: "The end of the State is not to transform men from reasonable beings into animals or automata; its end is so to act that the citizens may develop in security, body and soul, and make free use of their reason; the end of the State, in truth, is liberty." Would Socialism fulfil *this* end for which the State exists? Would it cherish or destroy true liberty in thought and life and work? A question well worth asking, but too wide for

us to enter on just now. The inquiry must be limited to the bearing of Socialism on freedom in the economic sphere.

It is possible that, working under an official hierarchy such as we have described, the members of a Socialist community might for a time enjoy a fair amount of liberty. But only for a time. The tendency observable in all organisms of the regulative apparatus to increase in power and stringency would be accelerated and intensified by the necessities of the situation. Think of the vastness of the area to be covered by the official eye; of the responsibilities of the central government; of the minuteness, the multitudinousness, the bewildering complexity of the affairs it would have to direct and control. Imagine the administration needed for the distribution of commodities of every kind in every town and village in the land; for doing all that farmers, merchants, manufacturers now do; for the management of all the mines and roads and railways, of all the postal telegraphic and carrying businesses; for the conduct of the export and the import trade; to say nothing of the army, navy, and police.

"Imagine all this, and then ask what will be the position of the actual workers? Already on the Continent, where governmental organisations are more elaborate and coercive than here, there are chronic complaints of the tyranny of bureaucracies—the *hauteur* and brutality of their members. What will these become when not only the more public actions of citizens are controlled, but there is added this far more extensive control of their respective daily duties? . . . . How will the individual worker fare if he is dissatisfied with his treatment—thinks that he has not an adequate share of the products, or has more to do than can rightly be demanded, or wishes to undertake a function for which he feels himself fitted, but which is not thought proper for him by his superiors, or desires to make an independent career for himself? This dissatisfied unit in the immense machine will be told that he must submit or go."

But whither shall he go? *Ex hypothesi* he is shut up to the system under which he groans. Private trade and industry do not exist. Outside the public works he could not find employment, and outside the public stores he could not buy a pair of stockings or a loaf of bread. Submission or starvation would soon come to be the alternative in a Socialistic State. Remonstrance would be treated as rebellion and rebellion as a crime. And, as Burke once said, "A Government against

which a claim of liberty is tantamount to treason, is a Government submission to which is equivalent to slavery."

But Britons never would submit to this. They "never shall be slaves." So it is said, and we admit the prospect is unbearable.

> "It is not to be thought of that the flood
> Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
> Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
> Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters unwithstood,'
> That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
> Should perish."

Those Continental peoples which for generations have submitted to conscription, and whose lives in almost every detail are now subjected to Government inspection and control, may possibly be brought to labour in the Socialistic yoke. But Englishmen, who have been nursed in freedom; in whose very veins the blood of freedom runs; who "augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze;"

> "Patient of constitutional control,
> He bears it with meek manliness of soul;
> But if authority grow wanton, woe
> To him that treads upon his free-born toe!"

So Cowper sang; and so it would be easy to believe if countervailing evidence did not so rudely stare us in the face.

We do not need to cross the Channel to discover proof that Socialism might be synonymous with slavery. Mr. Grönlund writes as if we were on the brink of the Social Revolution; and, whilst the more sober and considerate Socialists are kind enough to put off the catastrophe a century or so, they nearly all agree in holding out the possibility of its speedy advent. It is only fair, therefore, to assume that the kind of men who would be chosen to command us would be similar to those who now supply the light and leading to the labourers of the land; that they would act as these now act; and that then, as now, the masses would elect and follow and submit. What kind of leaders, then, do the industrial masses choose and follow now?

We cannot do more than call attention to the startling chapter in this volume on "Socialism in the Antipodes," in which the writer—Mr. Charles Fairfield—with what sounds to us much like exaggeration, speaks of the Federated Trade Unions of Australia as "perhaps the most efficient, rapacious, and unscrupulous organisation in the world." The Trades Unions at our doors—especially the newer ones—will furnish all the facts we need. These are composed of the classes which would constitute the great body of the Socialist State, and their character would determine its nature. What are the prevailing characteristics of these classes as manifested in their present organisations? How far are the unselfishness, the consideration for each other's feelings and interests, the mutual help and sympathy which—so we are assured—will render possible and permanent the new *régime* displayed by British workmen towards each other now? Alas for the prospects of any system of society that is to depend for its existence on such qualities as these. One has only to take up the first daily newspaper to perceive that Mr. Spencer's picture is quite underdrawn: "'Be one of us or we will cut off your means of living,' is the usual threat to those of their own trade outside the unions. Individuals who maintain their rights to make their own contracts are vilified as 'blacklegs' and 'traitors,' and meet with violence which would be merciless were there no legal penalties and no police."

With this there goes peremptory dictation to employers as to whom they shall employ; in some cases strikes occur if the employer dares to trade with other firms who have presumed to give employment to non-union men. On the other hand, the men submit to their leaders in a most astounding way. They give up their individual liberties and sacrifice their personal convictions, and submit to rules and regulations and exactions just as they would be obliged to do in the most rigorous Socialist State. Only, from a State like that, as we have seen, there would be no escape, and these despotic and submissive qualities would be relieved from all restraint. At present these bodies are surrounded by a public, partly passive, partly antagonistic, and are subjected to the criticism of a fairly independent press. And "if in these circumstances these bodies

habitually take courses which override individual freedom, what will happen," asks Mr. Spencer, "when, instead of being only scattered parts of the community, governed by their separate sets of regulators, they constitute the whole community, governed by a consolidated system of such regulators; when functionaries of all orders, including those who officer the press, form parts of the regulative organisation; and when the law is both enacted and administered by this regulative organisation?" The answer could not be more accurately and powerfully put: "The vast, ramified, and consolidated body of those who direct its activities, using without check whatever coercion seems to be needful in the interests of the system (which will practically become their own interests) will have no hesitation in imposing their rigorous rule over the entire lives of the actual workers; until eventually there is developed an official oligarchy, with its various grades, exercising a tyranny more gigantic and more terrible than any which the world has seen."

The Socialist rejoinder is that in a purely democratic State, and with the Referendum in full play, oppression such as this would be impossible. Impossible it might be at the outset, but we think that Mr. Spencer proves that without a large amount of tyranny a Socialist *régime* could not be long maintained, and that the needful pressure from above would not long be wanting, nor the necessary acquiescence and submission from below.

The great political problem, according to Rousseau, is "to find a form of association which defends and protects with all the public force the person and the property of each partner, and by which each, while uniting himself to all, still obeys only himself." The latter part of the problem, as here stated, is a paradox, and cannot be solved. No form of association for political purposes, or for any other purpose, is possible if each member is to be a law unto himself. But the first part of the problem has been solved, so far as England is concerned. It is for us to see that public force is not perverted so as to deprive us of the liberty outside the sphere of politics, the liberty in our industrial and social life of which we make our boast. At the same time it is possible to use our freedom to much better purpose. We may combine in countless ways to remedy the evils incident to the free play of individual and

competing wills. What might not be achieved throughout our social life if all the sections of our vast community would unite in common effort for the amelioration and improvement of the common lot? What might not be accomplished through a not impossible growth of temperance, prudence, sympathy? To use the glowing and yet sober closing sentences of Mr. Leonard Courtney's recent splendid lecture at University College on "The Difficulties of Socialism" (Feb. 11, 1891):

"Poverty, as we understand it, would disappear. Strong men and free men, with personal independence unabated, yet imbued with mutual respect, would associate and dissociate and reassociate themselves as occasion offered and reason suggested, working out an elevation of the common life through individual advancement. The individualist has his ideal, and there is an inheritance of the future which he, too, can regard with hope. Life remains rich, nay, is richer than ever in variety and beauty; for while the toil which is necessary to support existence is abated, and the condition of all has been raised, character and independence, vivacity, self-reliance, courage—all the elements that constitute the personal genius of each citizen, have been strengthened, to the ever-increasing enhancement of the charm and grace and well-being of humanity."

But the paramount condition and pre-requisite of all this is, that each man shall be free to follow his own aims and interests so long as in doing this he does not trespass on the like and equal liberty of every other man.*

Art. VI.—LORD HOUGHTON.

The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton. By T. Wemyss Reid. Two vols. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1890.

MR. WEMYSS REID has given to his book a title which expresses in one word the distinguishing feature of Lord Houghton's life and character. He was a man of *friendships*. From his high-spirited youth to his genial old age, his presence came as sunshine to every company in which

* Among our "Short Reviews" will be found one containing notices of some of the essays in *The Plea for Liberty* not referred to in this article.

he appeared; and, best of all, his generous spirit lit up with its glow the neglected, the disappointed, the defeated in the battle of life, especially if they were members of the literary fraternity, in which he himself held a high position. His birth, attainments, genius, qualified him for taking a leading part in the government of the country; but, like his father, he did not seize the prizes offered to his ambition, and was of too independent a spirit to "give up to party what was meant for mankind." If he had a mission in the world, it was to diffuse happiness, to soften the asperities of life, to dispense to others not merely of his substance, but out of the ample stores of cheerfulness with which Heaven had blessed him. A few months before his death, he wrote in a copy of his poems these lines, which he had composed in his youth, and which, he told the lady to whom the book belonged, had formed the "text" of his life:—

"AFTER GOETHE.

"Demand not by what road or portal
Into God's city thou art come—
But where thou tak'st thy place as mortal
Remain in peace and make thy home.
Then look around thee for the Wise,
Look for the Strong who there command;
Let Wisdom teach thee what to prize,
Let Power direct and brace thy hand.
Then, doing all that should be done,
Labour to make the State approve thee,
And thou shalt earn the hate of none,
And many will rejoice to love thee."

Whether he thought he had carried out this ideal we do not know; but it is certain that the promise of the last two lines was more happily fulfilled in him than in most men. When young Tennyson first met with him at Trinity, he said to himself, "That is a man I should like to know; he looks the best-tempered fellow I ever saw;" and in later years, recalling his interconrse with Milnes, the aged Laureate paid him this fine compliment: "He always puts you in a good humour." Still finer was W. E. Forster's estimate of Milnes's capacity of friendship. "I have many friends," said he to Lord Dalhousie one evening when Milnes had stepped out of the Cosmopolitan

Club, "who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace, and he has just left the room."

Richard Monckton Milnes, the future Lord Houghton, was the son of a famous Yorkshire squire, Robert Pemberton Milnes, and was born in Bolton Street, Mayfair, on June 19, 1809. About two months later, his father and mother were at breakfast at Scarborough, when a postchaise and four drove up, and a king's messenger entered the room, with a despatch from the Premier, Mr. Perceval, offering Mr. Milnes a seat in the Cabinet, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as Secretary of War. It was a flattering compliment to be paid to a young man of five-and-twenty, and by most men the offer would have been accepted without hesitation. But Milnes at once said: "Oh, no, I will not accept either; with my temperament I should be dead in a year." And though his wife, as she herself records, "knelt and entreated that he should" (accept), "and represented it might be an advantage to" their "little boy, please God he lived," he stuck to his resolution, and ceased to take a prominent part in the Parliamentary arena, in which he had already won a great reputation. He had, in fact, become disgusted with the ignoble strife, the petty aims, the self-seeking and place-hunting of a political career. His tastes, too, were fastidious, and his health had been shaken by a severe illness soon after leaving college; so that he naturally shrank from the excitement and wear and tear of public life. Descended from a long line of Derbyshire squires, one of whom had migrated to Wakefield in 1670, and there laid the foundation of the family fortunes in the cloth trade; and succeeding to their wealth and large influence in the West Riding, Pemberton Milnes held the life of an English country gentleman, living among his own people, to be the most enviable position in the world.

His career at Cambridge had been a brilliant one. At twenty-two he had entered Parliament as member for Pontefract, and at twenty-three had made a great speech in defence of Canning, that had thrilled and astonished the House, which the oratory of Pitt and Fox had but just ceased to command.

But this seems to have been his one grand effort in that line; and, though his eloquence in after years was often exerted to stimulate the energies of his political friends in Yorkshire, he had, so far as St. Stephen's was concerned, earned a right to be put in the same category as "Single-speech" Hamilton. Handsome, accomplished, polished and courtly in manners, he was a favourite in Mayfair and St. James's, as well as amongst the country gentlemen whom he outrode in the hunting field. But he was not exempt from the great vice of the leading statesmen of those days—gambling. Yet he esteemed himself moderate and prudent in comparison with his luckless, infatuated brother, Rodes; and his idea of moderation was a little amusing. "Jack," he said to a friend, "if you ever hear any one say I am a gambler, contradict it. I never lost a thousand a night but twice." Another weakness of his was his dandyism. In his early manhood he was the friend of Beau Brummel; and that he did credit to the example of that renowned dress-man may be seen in the fact that Milnes's own bill for waistcoats alone—"the gorgeously embroidered silken vestments of the day"—amounted on the average to £500 per annum!

It was in perfect accordance with Pemberton Milnes's estimate of the position of a country gentleman and commoner that when Lord Palmerston, as Prime Minister, in 1856, was wishful to confer a peerage on his old friend, he gratefully declined the offer. That he had "the root of the matter" in him is shown by the touching message which he left for Lord Palmerston among his papers:

"Dear Richard,—Tell Lord Palmerston he has my dying remembrances; and I pray, he having so soon to follow me, he may ask for forgiveness for sins committed, by the atonement of Jesus Christ.

"R. P. Milnes, 1856."

That, with all his talents and advantages, his good looks and eloquent tongue, he felt he had not fulfilled the bright promise of his youth, was probably the reason why he evinced an undue anxiety that his son should make a great figure in the Commons, and perhaps carry out the high ambitions which he had dropped so early. Richard was not sent to a great public school, but was educated chiefly by a private tutor, and

in 1827 was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, as a fellow commoner. His mother witnessed his entry upon the new scene from a gallery, where she "could see him dine in Hall for the first time;" and she records in her journal that "he seemed as much at home as if he had been there for years." Young as he was, he had already developed that faculty for making himself "at home" which was throughout life an agreeable feature of his character. Here at Trinity he found himself in the midst of an illustrious circle. Wordsworth, the poet's brother, was Master; Whewell, senior tutor; Connop Thirlwall was Milnes's own tutor, and became his intimate and lifelong friend; and around him were Buller, Sterling, Trench, Kemble, Blakesley, Julius Hare, and others scarcely less distinguished. His letters home give his impressions of his novel surroundings. On his first night at the Union "a Mr. Sterling told us we were going to have a revolution, and he 'didn't care if his hand should be first to lead the way.'" On a Sunday evening he hears Mr. Simeon, and criticises his action as "absurd in the extreme. He brandishes his spectacles when he talks of the terrible, and smirks and smiles when he offers consolation." Spurzheim, the craniologist, dines with him—"the most good-natured creature possible," and after dinner and close study of his head informs him that—

"I should never do any great harm—I had too much benevolence for that. I was fond of music and poetry; and the two faults I had to guard against were, first, love of approbation, an inclination to like flattery, and to hear my own praises; second, a propensity to satire and ridicule, too fond of classing people, and to like looking on the gay side of things rather than the prudential—these two things would be of use or disadvantage as I used them well or ill."

The diagnosis was true enough, in Milnes's own estimation; but it is easy to see that an hour or two in his company would bring out all these points of character without manipulating his bumps or marking his lack of them. Making his maiden speech at the Union, he met with applause and compliments, though himself not over well satisfied with his success. Later on, however, he sends the gratifying intelligence for his father: "Kerry says I am the most Parliamentary speaker in the Union." About this time Arthur Hallam, writing to Mr.

Gladstone, speaks of Milnes as "one of our aristocracy of intellect here. . . . . A kind-hearted fellow, as well as a very clever one, but vain and paradoxical." In 1829 he tried his poetical powers on the prize poem. The subject given was *Timbuctoo*, and it is no discredit to him that he was not the winner, for the prize fell to his friend Tennyson.

Meantime the family prosperity had suffered a severe reverse. Milnes's uncle, Rodes, who was a reckless spendthrift, had by gambling and extravagance run through all his resources, and was hopelessly sunk in debt. Mr. Pemberton Milnes, though under no obligation to do so, undertook the payment of his brother's debts, gave up his country house at Thorne, near Doncaster, with its large hospitalities, and removed his family to the Continent, where their stay continued for many years, chiefly in Italy. It was to this circumstance that Monckton Milnes's long sojourn abroad, and his consequent acquisition of foreign manners and aspect, were chiefly due. Previously to joining his family on the Continent, in the summer of 1829, he had an adventure of a kind that pleased him, and gave him for the time a little of the notoriety to which he had no objection. He went up from Cambridge in a balloon with another undergraduate and Green, the aeronaut. Whewell gave leave for the aspiring student to take his upward flight in these words: "Ascendat Mr. Milnes, May 19, 1829. W. Whewell." The voyage extended over forty miles, and Milnes acquitted himself in its novel perils with coolness and courage, writing in the air an appropriately high-flown note to his friend, Arthur Hallam.

At Paris, *en route* to Milan, he was introduced to Lafayette, Cuvier, and other eminent men; and then, travelling about in Switzerland, he made acquaintance with the splendour and majesty of Alpine scenery. Reaching Milan, where his father and mother had now established themselves, he found the society of the grand old city, as yet under the Austrian yoke, divided by a great gulf into two sections. But the English exiles, with their cultivated tastes and agreeable manners, were equally acceptable to the governing party and to the governed. Richard Milnes was only able to be with his family at intervals during his University life, but, from the first, Italian skies and

Italian character enchained his sympathies in a close bond of attachment. Many Italians of distinction were received into his friendship, and he unconsciously adopted something of their demonstrative style of address, which fitted in well with his natural leanings, and his disregard for the tame conventionalities and repressions of English society. "Conceive the man!" writes Carlyle to Emerson a few years later, when the great literary bear had just met with the youthful lion of the day. "A most bland-smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianised little man, who has long, olive-blonde hair, a dimple, next to no chin, and flings his arm round your neck when he addresses you in public society!"

Just then the great subject of discussion in the Cambridge Union was, the comparative merits of Wordsworth and Byron. Milnes and other rising wits and poets of the University were doing their best to fan into flame an enthusiasm for the great, but as yet unappreciated, poet of the Lakes; and Keats and Shelley also came in for their patronage. In a speech lasting eighty minutes Milnes acquitted himself manfully in defence of Wordsworth, and in December was sent by the Cambridge debaters as one of a deputation to the kindred society at Oxford, to maintain the superiority of Shelley to Byron. With Hallam and Sunderland—then the most brilliant orator of Cambridge—he drove through the snow to Oxford, and there upheld the honour of the University and the poetic merits of Shelley. He thoroughly enjoyed the whole affair, and tells his mother how they were awed by "the contrast from our long, noisy, shuffling, scraping, talking, vulgar, ridiculous-looking kind of assembly, to a neat little square room, with eighty or ninety young gentlemen sprucely dressed, sitting on chairs, or lounging about the fireplace." About this time he became a contributor to the pages of the *Athenæum*, which, started by James Silk Buckingham, was now edited by Maurice, and largely contributed to by Sterling and others of his set. In the early part of 1830 he spent some time in London as a student of the University in Gower Street, thus proving his freedom from the narrow prejudices with which the new seat of learning was regarded by the older ones. His attendance at the classes gave him the pleasure of frequent intercourse

with some of his old Cambridge friends, Sterling and Maurice especially; and he saw a good deal of John Stuart Mill and the Kemblea.

He was now a regular attendant at Edward Irving's church, and says of him: "He is indeed the apostle of the age, and his English is more like Jeremy Taylor's than any I ever read or heard." In June of this year his long fostered wish to spend some time in Germany met with fulfilment. On arriving at Bonn, he "found it just such a spot as that in which literature ought to have a home." Here he stayed several months, living entirely amongst Germans, picking up the language, reading omnivorously, and making acquaintance with the celebrities of the place—Professor Brandis, Niebuhr, Madame Schopenhauer, &c. Of Schlegel he was told:

"He thinks a great deal more of rank and political eminence than anything else. So I wish I could say that papa had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, if it was only for twenty-four hours. He is insufferably vain of his person, though near seventy, and arranges his wig from a little looking-glass in his snuff-box, and ill-natured people say he rouges."

A description which is almost as severely realistic and disenchanting as Carlyle's portrait of Schiller, recorded in Milnes's *Commonplace Book*: "A man with long red hair, aquiline nose, hollow cheeks, and covered with snuff."

After leaving Bonn, he spent part of the winter at Milan, where his sympathies were still on the side of the oppressed and dejected Italians, but his early enthusiasm for their society seems to have cooled down considerably. He writes to his aunt, Caroline Milnes, that "the Italian women are in general grossly ignorant; and the men—whose only employment is paying their devoirs to the women—if they have anything in them, are afraid to display it." In May 1831, he took his degree at Cambridge, where the public orator complimented him in "a very pretty Latin speech," tracing his father's career, and pronouncing him *indole et natu æque ac studio oratorem*. Spending some weeks in London, he heard Macaulay in the Commons; danced at Almack's; dined at Lord Barham's, with a characteristic motive—"To meet an Indian Brahmin, who was making a furore and had taken an immense fancy to him;" went with Hallam to hear Edward

Irving preach, and to witness the first manifestation of "the tongues," which was also the visible token of the breakdown of that noble mind.

In the summer of this year he paid his first visit to Ireland, and renewed his friendship with such men as Richard Trench and Eliot Warburton; making the acquaintance of Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and other notabilities. It is in connection with this visit that Mr. Reid introduces some of the choicest passages in his pleasant volumes, from the pen of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who gives, in his reminiscences of this period, a life-like picture of the young Englishman whose acquaintance he now made.

"We showed him," he says, "whatever of interest our neigbourhood boasts, and he more than repaid us by the charm of his conversation, his lively descriptions of foreign ways, his good-humour, his manifold accomplishments, and the extraordinary range of his information, both as regards books and men. He could hardly have then been more than two-and-twenty, and yet he was already well acquainted with the languages and literatures of many different countries, and not a few of their most distinguished men, living or recently dead. . . . . Milnes used to speak with a special affection of his sister, but in his own quaint way, 'I don't resent her being beautiful when I am plain, but it is really too bad that she should also be taller than I am.' . . . . His wit had no sting in it; it hurt nobody, and he was not easily hurt himself. . . . . Some time or other the world will discover, with much pleasure and surprise, what a true poet there lived in a man whom it regarded chiefly as a pleasant companion with odd ways and manifold accomplishments."

When Milnes joined his family at Rome, he found its grandeur almost too much for his impressionable spirit. St. Peter's "nearly knocked" him "down; the Vatican blinded" him "with its multitude of treasures; and the Coliseum had a glory of ruin which must be grander than its first perfection." His father, on the other hand, seemed "much disappointed at not finding more of old Rome," was content with nothing but the aqueducts, spoke "with the most shocking disrespect of the Forum, and with absolute contempt of half the temples," and declared that everybody else would do the same if they dared. Milnes himself made many friendships among the English residents. One of these was with Cardinal Weld, head of the British Catholics in Rome, who introduced him to Dr. Wiseman, afterwards the well-known Cardinal, under

whose care was Charles MacCarthy, then preparing to take orders as a Roman Catholic priest. These and other ecclesiastics, in particular the Irishmen Cullen and McHale, evidently laid themselves out to captivate the young English *dilettante*, whose imaginative temperament was an instrument which such accomplished performers knew how to touch with perfect skill. Fortunately, besides the modern representatives of mediæval errors and pretensions, Rome at that time possessed as members of its society the Bunsen family, with their bright intelligence and freedom of thought; and Montalembert and Lamennais, with their healthy strugglings towards the light. The influence of the last-named prevailed in turning MacCarthy from the priestly profession; and Milnes had the pleasure of helping his emancipated friend to obtain an appointment under the Colonial Office—a career in which he rose to distinction, becoming eventually Governor of Ceylon. In addition, while in Italy, there came to Milnes the Anglican influence of his college friend, Christopher Wordsworth, who arrived at Naples while Milnes was there, and accompanied him on his much longed-for tour in Greece. This tour was a source of great enjoyment, and gave fresh scope for the exercise of the poetic powers which he was now developing. His wanderings through the parts of Greece still under Turkish rule inspired him with "an affection for the Turkish character which he never entirely lost," and fitted him, in after years, to look at events in the East with a statesmanlike discernment. Yet, while he was enlightened and tolerant in his views of the Turkish character, he never wavered in his attachment to the cause of Greek independence, which he regarded as the cause of freedom and Christianity.

About this time (1832–3) the family affairs were at a very low ebb, through the losses incurred in clearing off his uncle Rodes's liabilities. And while his buoyant nature was sadly depressed by the domestic *res angusta*, by the anxiety and prolonged exile endured by his father, mother, and sister, and the dark cloud hovering over his own prospects, Milnes was passing through a formidable spiritual crisis. Brought up in the cold shade of Unitarianism, attracted and warmed at college by an evangelical form of faith, then, through the charm

of friendship, drawn very close to a section of the Romish Church; he may, for a time—in these dark hours when religion in some shape was specially needed to bear him up—have hovered on the brink of the Papal communion; but there he paused, and ultimately contented himself with the less objectionable Anglicanism of the day. The young poet, on whose speedy adhesion the whole colony of Romanised Englishmen were eagerly reckoning, slipped on one side from "the snare of the fowler," which perhaps was laid a little too openly, though with consummate art. "Mezzofanti," writes MacCarthy to him, "talks always most kindly of you, and is full of hopes that you will return to the bosom of her whom Carlyle calls 'the slain mother,' but who, I trust, is not dead, but only sleepeth." But this sleeping mother was not thus to be gratified; and though Milnes always retained a kindly feeling for the Church which held some of his intimate friends and appealed strongly to his liking for colour and pageantry, in later life much of the glamour had faded away from his conception of Romanism, and we find him voting in favour of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in sympathy with the national feeling of the hour, and, in 1863, characterising his friend Wiseman's lecture at the Royal Institution as "deplorable—an hour and three-quarters of verbiage, without a fresh thought of any kind." Evidently the illusion had dissolved.

After being tenderly nursed through a fever by Walter Savage Landor at his villa at Fiesole, November of 1833 found Milnes in London, occupied with the correction and publication of his little book, *Impressions of Greece*, which met with generous appreciation from his many friends. With his usual oddity, he wrote to his aunt that he hoped his book was not going off at a "vulgar rate," but was achieving popularity in the special circle to which he had desired to appeal. At length the long night of exile for Mr. Pemberton Milnes and his family drew to an end. Through the death of the Dowager Lady Galway and of his mother, Mr. Milnes had come into considerable property, and was able to resume his rightful place in English society. In the summer of 1835 his son Richard returned to England, and in a letter of welcome Julius Hare told him he should rejoice to know that he had "given

up vagabondising, and was thinking of taking a rest somewhere." When in January 1836 he accompanied his parents to Fryston, the old family seat, he found within reach his college friend, Connop Thirlwall, with whom henceforth he kept up an interesting correspondence. Among the winter amusements at Fryston this first year were charades, in one of which were presented scenes from the new story, *Nicholas Nickleby*. Stafford O'Brien played Nicholas, while the grave Grecian and embryo bishop, Thirlwall, "made an inimitable Squeers, whose antics were the delight not only of the residents in the house, but of the village children whom O'Brien swept in" as spectators.

In the spring Mr. Pemberton Milnes took a house in South Street, Hyde Park, and here his son's friends were made specially welcome. Of these Richard was daily adding to the number. Clothed with the fascination of youth, high intellectual gifts, charm of manner, and, not least, easy circumstances, he found the best London society thrown open to him. Wits, poets, critics, and brilliant talkers thronged to South Street. Wordsworth and Tennyson, Campbell, Moore, and Rogers, Bunsen, Hallam, and Lockhart, Maurice and Sterling, were a few of his illustrious visitors. A new friend was Thomas Carlyle, who, two years before, had left "the solitudes of Craigenputtock," and taken up his abode in the classic region of Cheyne Row. With him Milnes speedily became intimate, looking up to the rugged genius with profound admiration and affection. By this "friendship" the readers of these volumes are the gainers, as it has given them several letters from Carlyle, marked with his racy outspokenness, as well as a collection of his sayings from Milnes's *Commonplace Book*, of very unequal value.

Like all men of warm poetic temperament, Milnes was not without sudden, short-lived outbursts of irritation, when his sensitive nature had been too severely tried. With Carlyle he seems never to have had the slightest misunderstanding. The rugged, growling sage, and the pleasant, loving poet, intensely sensitive as they both were, kept unbroken friendship to the last. But some of Milnes's best friends had an occasional experience of his passing storms. In that heyday of

Annuals he had engaged to assist the Marquis of Northampton in procuring poetical contributions to *The Tribute*, to be published for a charitable purpose. He drummed up all his friends—Trench, Alford, Aubrey de Vere, &c.—and few of them failed to help him. Amongst the rest he applied to Tennyson, who wrote him a humorous letter, declining the honour. "To write for people with prefixes to their names is to milk he-goats; there is neither honour nor profit." This refusal from one on whose aid he set the highest value impelled Milnes to write an angry letter, which evoked from the poet a good-natured reply, and a promise of help, which was amply fulfilled. Another incident of the same category was in connection with Sydney Smith, who, on first acquaintance, does not seem to have appreciated Milnes's merits, and occasionally turned his harmless peculiarities into ridicule. Against some of the nicknames supposed to have originated with the clerical wit, Milnes, in 1842, sharply protested, drawing forth the following reply:

"DEAR MILNES,—Never lose your good temper, which is one of your best qualities, and which has carried you hitherto safely through your startling eccentricities. If you turn cross and touchy, you are a lost man. No man can combine the defects of opposite characters. The names of 'Cool of the Evening,' 'London Assurance,' and 'In-I-go Jones,' are, I give you my word, not mine. They are of no sort of importance; they are safety-valves, and if you could, by paying sixpence, get rid of them, you had better keep your money. You do me but justice in acknowledging that I have spoken much good of you. I have laughed at you for those follies which I have told you of to your face; but nobody has more readily and more earnestly asserted that you are a very agreeable, clever man, with a very good heart, unimpeachable in all the relations of life, and that you amply deserve to be retained in the place to which you had too hastily elevated yourself by manners unknown to our cold and phlegmatic people. I thank you for what you say of my good-humour. Lord Dudley, when I took leave of him, said to me: 'You have been laughing at me for the last seven years, and you never said anything which I wished unsaid.' This pleased me.—Ever yours, SYDNEY SMITH."

Thirty years afterwards, Lord Houghton read this letter to Mr. Wemyss Reid at Fryston, with evident enjoyment, and then said: "Don't you think that that was an admirable letter for an old man to write to a young one who had just played the fool?"

No. 26 Pall-Mall was for many years, from 1837 onward,

the scene of Milnes's hospitalities; and here he got the reputation of "always bringing out some society curiosity." A story was current—"absolutely without foundation," says his biographer—that at his table one day some one asked whether a particular murderer had been hanged that morning, and that his sister made answer: "I hope so, or Richard will have him here at his breakfast party next Thursday." Years afterwards, when Milnes was expressing some disappointment at not having been offered a post in Sir Robert Peel's administration, Carlyle said: "No, no, Peel knows what he is about; there is only one post fit for you, and that is the office of perpetual president of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." But, as Mr. Reid justly remarks:

"It would indeed be a pity if any apology were needed for a characteristic which is at least not a common one in a social life so largely founded as that of England is upon narrow prejudice and violent prepossessions. But one thing at least may be said here. Many of those whose admission into society through the hospitable door of Milnes's dining-room caused at the moment the greatest consternation among fashionable cliques and coteries, were men who have long since by universal consent secured their place in the best social circles."

At these gatherings, Milnes himself was the great attraction. Brilliant in wit and paradox, well travelled, a perfect master of the art of conversation, he had a great horror of the tyrannical monopoly sometimes exercised by gifted talkers. Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Carlyle, all sinned conspicuously in this respect. When Macaulay returned from India in 1838, Carlyle and Milnes met him for the first time at Rogers's breakfast-table.

"The fame of Carlyle's utterances—for, as I have shown, I can hardly speak of his talk as conversation—was then at its zenith, and Rogers's guests had gone hoping to enjoy a rich treat. But Macaulay, his mind overflowing with the stores of knowledge which had been accumulating during his sojourn in India, seized the first opening that presented itself, and having once obtained the ear of the company, never allowed it to escape even for a moment until the party was at an end. Greatly dissatisfied at the issue of a morning from which he had expected so much, Milnes followed Carlyle into the street. 'I am so sorry,' he said to the philosopher, 'that Macaulay would talk so much, and prevent our hearing a single word from you.' Carlyle turned round, and held up his hands in astonishment. 'What,' he said, with the

accent of Annandale, 'was that the Right Honourable Tom? I had no idea that it was the Right Honourable Tom. Ah, weel, I understand the Right Honourable Tom now.'"

From this time, Milnes saw a good deal of Carlyle, and was a warm friend to him, helping the struggling giant in every way—trying to increase the attendance at those lectures on German literature which made him better known to the public;—riding out with him, when he "went galloping through all manner of lanes and green, shady, and windy desert places, much to" his "benefit," and when, we may be sure, they were "merry together under the blessed sunshine;" —introducing the melancholic dyspeptic to such men as Spedding and Thirlwall, Bunsen and Hallam, and others worth knowing;—rendering him hearty assistance in the foundation of the invaluable London Library. Carlyle's letters in these volumes throw rather a pleasing light on his character; and one of the many of the gems is a long epistle to his wife, in which he gives a vivid picture of "Richard" and his friends at the family seat in Yorkshire.

But Milnes's career was not simply one of social success and enjoyment. Cosmopolitan as he was in spirit, he took special interest in the public affairs of his own country, and at the general election of 1837 he entered Parliament as member for Pontefract, in company with "young Disraeli" and other rising men. When Disraeli abruptly ended his maiden speech with the prophetic protest, "The time will come when you *will* hear me," Milnes was sitting next him, and said, "Yes, old fellow, it will." The next night it was his own turn to make his *début*, and he subsequently wrote of his performance as "good of its kind, giving promise more than anything else; an earnest, almost passionate remonstrance against something that had just been let fall, and lasting about five minutes." Stanley—afterwards Earl Derby—spoke of "the powerful and feeling language of the member for Pomfret"; and Peel pronounced it "just the right thing." His political career, however, though long and useful, to a certain extent disappointed both himself and his friends. Pleasant companion as he was, full of quip and quirk, poetry and paradox, he was also an independent and earnest thinker, and

he failed to impress his own party with the conviction that he would make a good placeholder. When Lord Canning resigned the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, Peel passed him over, although eminently qualified for the post. Milnes felt severely this blow to his reasonable expectations, and henceforth seems to have lost all desire to take such a place in the Government as would have led him to devote his high talents to the actual work of administration. Yet as a private member his work was of sterling value. He took great and practical interest in the rescue of the lowest classes from crime and want, and persevered till at length an Act was passed for the establishment of Reformatories. He was also not afraid to give privately, by letter, some admirable advice to Ministers of State on the conduct of foreign affairs; and much is to be learnt even now from his shrewd opinions on the problems of the times.

Year by year it became more and more one great object of his energies to assist his friends, and unknown or needy authors in general. Appeals of all kinds poured in upon him fast, claiming the aid of his purse—never a very heavy one, or requesting the exercise of his known influence with the Prime Minister; for Peel "had formed a habit of consulting him with regard to the bestowal of the slender pecuniary assistance which is all that the Crown reserves for men and women of genius, or those who are dependent upon them."

In 1845, when Hood lay dying, with anxious care as to both present and future needs weighing down his spirits, Milnes for months laid himself out to relieve his distresses and soothe his mind, not only by providing money when required, but also by giving assistance to the sensitive poet in a way he much preferred—in the shape of gratuitous literary work for his *Magazine*. Later still, he made the acquaintance of Charlotte Brontë, and not only through the remainder of her brief life was her constant friend, but after her death tried to smooth her father's path and to secure preferment for her husband. In this class of painstaking benevolence comes the case of the young poet David Gray, whom Milnes treated with a delicate kindness and generosity which it is pleasant to read about. In fact, his middle and later life was one long

chain of untiring, discriminating help to others. Besides the monetary aid which he bestowed so liberally on needy sons and daughters of genius, he delighted to bring "modest merit" to the front. Whenever he saw a man or woman of high desert, but who had no faculty for pushing themselves forward in a world that has little belief in the bashful, he delighted to take them by the hand and lead them up into their rightful position. In a letter dated August 12, 1874, Lady Burton has happily described this rare sort of helpfulness:

"I do not like —— for neglecting you. He and Richard and I, and many others, I know, would have remained very much in the background if you had not taken us by the hand and pulled us into notice; and I abominate ingratitude. At any rate, please God, you will never find that with us."

These acts of kindness were not confined to his own country. When, in 1875, he spent some months in the United States, the literary men received him as an old and welcome friend, for there were not many of them in the New World whom he had not tried to help in the Old.

Amongst his inner circle of friends in the middle years of his life, one of the most noteworthy was Mrs. Procter—wife of the poetic "Barry Cornwall," and mother of the gifted Adelaide Procter—who was to the time of his death always a most welcome guest. Her letters interspersed in these pages are written with much spirit, and are full of literary gossip and smart sayings. Then there came Robert Browning and his wife, for whom, as well as for the young Yorkshire manufacturer, W. E. Forster—another valuable acquisition—Milnes entertained a lifelong affection. Another intimate friend now, and for some years, was distinguished on a different field to these. The aged Duke of Wellington delighted in his conversation, consulted him on literary topics, and was always glad to receive him as a guest.

In 1851, after a long and brilliant bachelorhood—which to a man of his strong affections had probably become somewhat tedious and lonesome, especially after his mother's death in 1847—he had the happiness to find a charming wife in the person of the Hon. Annabel Crewe. His old friend Thirlwall, now become Bishop of St. David's, congratulated him in a humorous letter; and on their wedding trip on the Danube

the young couple made the acquaintance of a Mr. Thomson, a young clergyman, with whom a steadfast friendship continued through life, and who died a few months ago Archbishop of York. On returning home they settled at the family country seat, Fryston—a delightful house, which resembled Southey's home at Keswick, in that it was pervaded by books, from the hall, up the staircases, along the corridors, and in odd nooks and corners throughout the rambling building. Mr. Reid's description of it, as it was and still is, will make many a book-lover's mouth water. Here and at their town house in Upper Brook Street were held those delightful gatherings of fully accredited or just dawning celebrities, poets, prophets, and obscure *protégés*, in which Milnes's hospitable soul delighted. But though these memorable breakfasts and dinners cost him a very large amount, the sum fell short of that which he quietly and unobtrusively dispensed in help to the distressed. In these middle years he continued his efforts to get Reformatories established, and in other ways to benefit and rescue children born amidst temptation and want. How sincere he was in this benevolent work is beautifully shown in a letter written by Miss Nightingale to his sister after his death:

"His brilliancy and talent in tongue or pen—whether political, social, or literary—were inspired chiefly by goodwill towards man; but he had the same voice and manners for the dirty brat as he had for a duchess, the same desire to give pleasure and good: for both were his wits and his kindness. Once at Redhill [the Reformatory], where we were with a party, and the chiefs were explaining to us the system in the courtyard, a mean, stunted, villanous-looking little fellow crept across the yard (quite out of order, and by himself), and stole a dirty paw into Mr. Milnes's hand. Not a word passed; the boy stayed quite quiet, and quite contented if he could but touch his benefactor who had placed him there. He was evidently not only his benefactor, but his friend."

His independence of character was well illustrated in the time of the American Civil War, by his breaking away from the leanings and prejudices of his own class, and ranging himself on the side of the friends of the North. Rather to his own amusement, he found himself suddenly to have gained amongst the masses in Lancashire and Yorkshire a popularity which his public-spirited words and deeds had hitherto failed to secure for him.

In July 1863, the offer of a peerage, which had been peremptorily rejected by his father, was made to Milnes himself, and by him was accepted. He became Lord Houghton of Great Houghton, and had to bid good-bye to his constituents, and leave the House in which—conscious as he was of great powers—he had once hoped to achieve brilliant success, for the calmer atmosphere of the House of Lords. Many congratulations, and some friendly banter, flowed in upon the new-made noble. He now had amusing experience of the fact that, however democratic the present age may be in theory, we still "dearly love a lord." In the press several sycophantic eulogies were offered at the shrine of one who was pronounced to be at once "a peer, a poet, and in receipt of £20,000 a year." More to his taste were the hearty congratulations of old friends like Mr. Gladstone, Bishop Thirlwall, Delaine of the *Times*, Dean Stanley, Landor, and Carlyle. Stanley tells him he cannot help regarding him "as a *spiritual* peer without the temptations of bishops—a rose without thorns." Among the many greetings which the post brought on the Christmas Eve of that year (1863) was one which Lord Houghton valued above all the rest. It was a sheet of note-paper, dated by Thackeray from Palace Green, Kensington, and bearing simply a little sketch of a robin-redbreast perched on the coronet of a baron. That same evening the great novelist passed away: and a few days afterwards Carlyle paid this tribute to his memory:

"He had many fine qualities, no guile or malice against any mortal; a big mass of a soul, but not strong in proportion; a beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about in him. Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style. I predict of his books very much as you do. Poor Thackeray!—adieu! adieu!"

The disastrous fire which, in 1876, destroyed a large portion of Fryston Hall, served to bring out the manly spirit in which Lord Houghton treated a misfortune which he felt acutely. In a speech at Pontefract soon after, he pleasantly said that he was now "keeping open house" in a new sense of the word. In a letter dated from "½ Fryston Hall," he tells his friend Henry Bright that "the morning room is open to the morning sun and the evening sky. All the front is gone—that is, all the best rooms." It was a consolation to his sympathy-craving

nature that his disaster brought him a crowd of letters from friends and men of letters, who regarded Fryston as a great gathering place of good company, under the best of hosts. "I feel it as a personal loss," wrote W. E. Forster; and Motley regretted the injury to "that delightful and most hospitable home of yours, which so many, many people of various stations and pursuits, highest and humbler, rich and poor, and of different countries—your thousands of friends, in short—have learned to regard with so much affection that the sense of the calamity will be a widespread one indeed." Not unmindful of the unscrupulous passion of the relic-hunter, Lord Houghton gaily propounded the theory that the books missing after the fire—belonging in most cases to valuable sets—had been taken as mementoes of the disaster by friends of his own.

His later years were remarkable for the cheerfulness with which he bore up under the increasing infirmities of old age. His reputed cynicism—which was simply a harmless expression of his innate fondness for paradox and smartness—was beautifully merged in that love of bestowing pleasure which had been the great motive power of his long life. To the last he excelled all other men in his after-dinner speeches, made on behalf of such excellent charities as the Newspaper Press Fund. A poet himself, he was always thought of as the most appropriate person to do justice to the memory of poets of past generations. One of his last public appearances was at the unveiling of the bust of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey on May 7, 1885. A few weeks later he took part in a similar ceremonial at Cambridge with reference to the poet Gray, and his last speech of all was at the house of his sister, Lady Galway, at the annual meeting of the Wordsworth Society.

He had himself done good work in various fields of literature. Amongst his prose writings his *Monographs, Personal and Social*, published in 1873, stands pre-eminent. It is a choice book, to be taken up again and again, remarkable for its fine perception and sympathetic treatment of widely different characters. We have not space for a critical estimate of his poetry. He was a master of the lyric art; and it is to be hoped that these charming volumes will lead many readers to

turn to the collected edition of his *Poetical Works*. Among much excellent verse they will find some remarkable poems on Eastern themes. He had a rare faculty for throwing himself into the very heart of other men's thoughts and feelings, and setting them forth at their best. In *The Mosque, the Tent, the Hareem*, there is a quiet beauty which is very pleasing. In the last the poet touches on an awkward theme with incomparable tact and purity. Again, in his *Poetry of the People* are verses instinct with the strong sympathy for the poor which was a constant element of Lord Houghton's character. *The Patience of the Poor* is a striking instance.

In August 1885, when he had entered on his seventy-seventh year, he went to Vichy, in the hope to recover some measure of strength; but late in the evening of the second day after his arrival he was seized with difficulty of breathing; no remedy at hand had any effect, and his strength ebbed quickly away. Early on the morning of August 11 his kind heart had ceased to beat, and, as his biographer says with perfect truth, "the shadow of a great sorrow fell on a thousand homes of rich and poor, of cultured and simple, scattered throughout the world, in all of which his presence had been welcomed as that of a friend."

Mr. Wemyss Reid has done his work admirably, and the result is a faithful presentment of one of our later English worthies—a true lover of his species. Mr. Allingham's lines form a fitting close to the book and to this article:

> "Adieu, dear Yorkshire Milnes! We think not now
> Of coronet or laurel on thy brow;
> The kindest, faithfullest of friends wast thou."

Art. VII.—THE REWARDS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF MEDICAL PRACTICE.

HOWEVER small may be the dignity investing the average medical practitioner of our day, it requires a positive effort to picture the times so well described by Mr. Sidney Young in his recent admirable work, *The Annals of the Barber*

Surgeons of London. The modern surgeon often complains, perhaps with justice, that he is not recognised as on quite the same level as barristers, officers, and clergymen of the Established Church; but what would he say of a time when the surgeon was far less intelligent and competent than the druggist of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and not a quarter so much respected, and when, according to our standard, he was little more than a rude and impertinent meddler in matters of which he was almost wholly ignorant?

Some rough surgery must always have been practised in remote antiquity; indeed, even the most uncivilised races, however barbarous they may have been, had their surgery and their medicine-men, and have contrived to acquire some little dexterity in the treatment of wounds and fractures.

"The origin of the ancient *Misterie or Crafte of the Barbor Surgions of the Citie of London* is of immemorial antiquity. We know that 'Ric's le Barbour, dwelling opposite the church of Allhallows the Less,' was sworn master at the Guildhall in 1308. We know that eighty years later the masters and surveyors of the 'fraternite des Barbers de la Citee de Londres,' then a regularly constituted craft guild, certified the King's council that they had found a paper of articles 'made of the time to which memory runneth not,' and most of which 'the Company had not used in their time.' But when these very curious articles were compiled, and the brotherhood formed, 'al honourance de Dieu et touz ses Seyntes,' and to the worship, profit, and common weal of its members, we have no evidence to show. Curiously enough, the first enactment 'de Barbours,' in the City records relates to their practice of surgery. It is dated 1307, and forbids them 'to put blood in their windows' as an advertisement. Barbers were constantly told off to keep the City gates, probably, to judge from a record of 1375, as quarantine officers to exclude the lepers. In 1376 they obtained from the Mayor's Court the important privilege of assaying and examining all barbers resorting 'from uppelande' unto the City, and there intermeddling with 'barbery, surgery, and the cure of other maladies while they know not how to do such things.' This privilege, however, was not undisputed. The rival Guild of Surgeons, with whom 'the Rector and Supervisors of physic' sometimes made common cause, had a concurrent authority to examine practitioners. Professional rivalry was keen in the fifteenth century, and this multiplicity of qualifications led to heartburnings and confusion in times so rude. The barbers, however, had the best of the controversy. Men who weekly did 'feats of barbery' upon the polls and chins of their neighbours had manifest opportunities for insinuating their cunning in 'fleabothomye,' and the mystery of healing. In 1462 the barbers obtained a decisive advan-

tage by getting a charter. The document is not very complimentary to the craft, for it begins by reciting, no doubt with truth, that 'through the ignorance, negligence, and stupidity of some of the men of the said barbers as of other surgeons, some of our said liege men have gone the way of all flesh, and others have been by all given over as incurable, and past relief.' These evils, the charter declares, happen for want of due supervision, and accordingly it grants the barbers stringent powers over their members, and for the exclusion of interlopers. An ordinance of 1482 throws a strange light on the social and sanitary condition of London in the fifteenth century. It directs the presentation of every apprentice to the Master and Wardens that they may examine 'if he be avexed or disposed to be lepur or gowty, maymed or disfigured, or if there be on hym any bonde claymed.' A diploma issued to Robert Anson in 1497 shows that licences to practise surgery were granted upon public examination only. This certificate, which is probably the oldest English surgical diploma extant, recites that the candidate, a freeman of the Company, 'at the comyn hall of the same in London appered in his proper person, submytting hym self to the examynacion and the apposition of Mastur John Smyth, doctour in phesik, Instructour, and examiner of the seide felishipp,' and there, 'in a great audiens of many ryght expert men in surgery and other, was opynly examined in dyvers things concerning the practise operatife and disectife in the seyde Crafte of Surgery,' and 'was founde abyll and discrete to ocupy and use the practise of surgery,' and thereupon the Masters and Wardens declare that they 'have lycensid hym and grauntid to hym by those presentes' 'to ocupy and practyse in the seide faculte.'"

The very same difficulties which face us met our ancestors—difficulties due to a vast field of study, which we are at present vainly trying to reconcile with a short cheap curriculum and severe examinations. Our forefathers were perplexed by the incapacity and imperfect preparation of many of their barber surgeons. These have their counterpart in our day. At one time the Royal College of Surgeons of England only granted its diploma to persons twenty-two years of age and upwards, and now, that at least five full years are needed to cover the ground and to get the rudiments of a good medical education, we have actually lowered the minimum age to twenty-one, and we have not extended the curriculum beyond four years. True, many students read hard for six, seven, and even eight years, and do not qualify till they are twenty-seven or twenty-eight; but these are the best men, those from our ancient seats of learning, aspirants for the highest diplomas, while the inferior and less fortunate, those whose preliminary education is the most superficial, and those with the smallest amount of leisure and

money, are precisely the men who try to scramble through—we cannot use a milder word—at twenty-one or twenty-two.

The next great reform in medical education will be to extend the curriculum to at least five years, and the minimum age to twenty-two. We are glad to find that many of the highest authorities are agreed that these changes are urgently called for, and though some poor students may thereby be excluded, we shall, as one result, have better practitioners. There is no reason to fear any dearth of surgeons and physicians. Indeed, every addition to the standard of qualification has, so far, actually brought in more candidates. By compelling the student to give at least one additional year to his studies, and to wait another year for his diploma, the whole curriculum could be re-arranged, and the work could be better done and the more in accordance with modern requirements.

But to return to Mr. Sidney Young's work:

"Despite the Company and 'Mastur John Smyth,' we learn by a statute of 1511 that 'a great multitude of ignorant persons, including smythes, weavers, and women, who can no letters on the boke' take upon them great cures, 'in the whiche they partly use sorcerye and witchcrafte, partly apply such medicines unto the disease as be very noyous and nothyng metely therefor, to the highe displeasure of God, great infamye to the facultie, and the grevous hurte, damage, and destruction of many of the Kynge's liege people.' Wherefore it is enacted 'to the suertie and comfort of all maner people,' that none shall practise as physicians or surgeons without the licence of the Bishop or the Dean of St. Paul's in London, or that of his bishop or his vicar-general elsewhere. The precise effect of this measure seems doubtful. It is, however, certain that the bishops occasionally gave licences to practise down to the eighteenth century, for in 1710 the Company formally petitioned Archbishop Tenison to refrain from licensing unqualified persons. In 1540 the long rivalry between the barbers and the surgeons ended by their incorporation as a single body under the style of 'the Barbours and Surgeons of London.' This curious union lasted till 1745. The incorporating statute confirmed to the Company the privileges granted them by Edward IV., and granted them the bodies of four felons yearly 'for anatomies.' Hervey was himself a dabbler in medicine, and gave substantial tokens of his favour, not only to the Company, but to many of its individual members. Chief amongst these was 'Butts, the King's physician,' whose memorable service to Cranmer and the cause of the Reformation at a critical moment is recorded by Shakespeare and by Strype. Doubtless the Company conformed to the King's views in his lifetime. But, in 1554, we hear of a 'solempne masse or other dyvyne servyce'—an accommodating phrase—at their charges; and next

year of 'a goodly mass' and the 'blessyd sacrament borne with torche-lyght about and from thens unto the Barbur-hall to dener.' By 1596, however, the Court were raising money 'to annoye the King of Spaine'—he had confirmed their charter in 1558—and two years later they 'lend' Elizabeth £100 for suppressing rebels in Ireland. In the last year of the great queen—five years after 'Henry IV.' was printed 'wee' petitioned her Majesty, and 'spent the same nyghte at the bores head at supper X^s IIIjd.' In 1632 the 'still-vex'd Bermoothes' appears in the Company's minutes as the 'Barmoothoes Lland,' and in 1627–8 'a poor souldier that showed a Mandrake to this Courte' received five shillings."

It is a constant complaint that the medical profession has no Court of Honour, no Court of Appeal to adjudicate upon disputes between its members, and hence the unseemly letters which flood the medical periodicals, and which, whether they settle anything more important or not, leave the ill-temper and professional rivalry of too many medical practitioners in no possible doubt. But would a Court of Appeal have any advantages? We believe that a professional Court of Appeal possessing legal status and authority would be useless in promoting loyalty to the profession and to the claims of the community in general, though such a self-constituted Court of Appeal might be used as a terrible engine to ostracise those young and obscure candidates for medical employment who are already sufficiently weighted in the race with their seniors. Most of the discreditable bickerings which are the reproach of the profession are the outcome of jealousy, that bane of medical practice. But then, what other class of professional workers is so much exposed to fierce rivalry—rivalry which not only touches the reputation, but the means of earning a living? To win their daily bread is a bitter struggle for very many competent practitioners.

"In its palmy days," says our authority, "the Court was much occupied by disputes between masters and apprentices. The latter constantly 'had their correction' for 'pylfering,' for 'running awaye,' and 'going to the sea,' for 'pleaing at dice,' and 'dealing unhonestly with maydes.' The 'Almes of the howse' was bestowed 'unto auncyent custom with roddes,' but by 1603 a more elaborate implement was in use, for that year we have the item, 'paid to the Goldsmythe for amending the Corrector vIIj^d.' The 'Corrector' did not last long. In 1604–5 the Court had again to buy '2 whippes for correction xIIIj^d,' while a precept of 1611, issued by royal authority, and complaining of the 'apparell used by manye apprentises,' and 'the inordynate pryde of mayde

servaunts and women servaunts in their excesse of apparell and follye in varietie of newe fashions,' required stern enforcement. But if the Court flogged its apprentices, it saw that their masters did not 'give them unlawfull correction,' that they were duly trained in 'barbinge and surgery,' that they were not kept 'lowsie,' but maintained 'with sufficient meate, drynck, and apparell,' and that covenant servants were not 'myssused in their boxe money.' Ordinances of 1556, and again of 1566, forbid the letting out of the Hall 'for weddings, sportes, or games therein, or playes, or daunceinge, or for any other like entente'—perhaps a token of the incipient Puritanism of the City. Nevertheless, there were occasional dispensations, as on October 10, 1570, 'when Margaret y' was Mr. Vaughan his mayde is graunted to kepe one Sonday her wedyng in the hall and no more.' The practice was not extinct in 1708, as the clerk was then entitled to a fee of £1 'for the use of the Hall for funeralls, country feasts, or weddings.'"

The change is great indeed since those days when the craft of *Barbinge* was actually put before that of Surgery, or what was then accounted surgery—dressing gunshot wounds with boiling oil, removing limbs with black hot knives, and other enormities of which our generation has no experience, while, as for the drugs, the veriest old village crone's nostrums to-day are more scientific, less loathsome, and more useful. In those days the mortality of London stood, it is said, at eighty per thousand against the sixteen or seventeen which we have lived to look upon as the normal figure, though, of course, much of this improvement cannot be credited to advances in surgery and medicine, but to improvements in food, hygienic surroundings, and, let us hope, in some degree to better morals and a higher religious tone.

The Barber Surgeons basked in the favour of the Court and long kept up their connection with the Royal Family, as indeed did other City Companies of the time. So, at any rate, Mr. Sidney Young tells us:

"In 1603 the barbers received 'the most high and mightie Prince James' upon his entry into the City 'in greater number and more statelie and sumtious shew' than in any former pageant. James harassed the companies for the plantation of Ulster, and under his son we have surgeons despatched 'for the cureing of the wounded souldiers that come from the Isle of Ree.' Still the Barbers flourished in the earlier years of Charles. They made divers contributions for the ransom of surgeons 'captivated and enthrawled under the slaverye of the Turke,' and at the request of 'William, Lord Bishopp of London,' afterwards Archbishop Laud, for 'the repairs of the decayes of

St. Pawles Church.' In 1636 they employ 'his Ma'.'s Surveigher,' Inigo Jones, to build them an anatomy theatre, and they celebrated the dedication thereof in 1638 by a great banquet to 'the Lords of ye privye Counsell and other Lords and persons of State,' many curious items for which still appear in their books. The theatre itself was built because the 'Anathomyes' were in the cook's way, 'a great annoyance to the tables, dresser boardes, and utensills in o^r. upper kitchin,' as a grisly minute runs. The same year (1638) they paid a long bill for brasses, rings, 'swiffles,' and chains for chaining up, 'o^r bookes and auntient Manuscripts in o^r new Library.' 'Ship-money' had been paid to Elizabeth in 1596. In 1638 it is paid again with some demur. In November the Company were fined in the Star Chamber, and in April 1639, surgeons are pressed for the King's service in Scotland. Then come forced loans by 'order of the Lords and Commons,' and sales of plate to meet them, the tendering of the covenant to the Company, the erasure of the oath of allegiance from the oath of admission (March 19, 1649), and of the Royal Arms from the insignia, a 'gift' to the 'Chaireman to the Committee for the Army,' charges expended in procuring a Protection from the Lord General, payments for seats in church on days of humiliation and thanksgiving, and presently disbursements 'when the Lord Protector was enterteined by the Citie.' The Court itself became infected with the Puritan austerity. In 1647 it cut the hair of a 'sawcy' apprentice, the same, 'being ondecently long,' and disbursed three shillings 'for mending the corrector *twice*.'

"After the Restoration we find the Company, as examiners of naval surgeons, in close relations with the Navy Office. Thus, on Audit-day 1664–5, there was 'given to Mr. Pepis his man that day 1*s*.,' and the year previously 'Mr. Pepis' himself attended a lecture in the theatre, and 'had a fine dinner and good learned company,' many 'Doctors of Phisique,' and was 'used with extraordinary respect.' The terrible 'visitacion' of 1665–6 leaves its marks upon the Company's books, and the great fire burnt down their hall. We have the surrender of their charter in 1684, after the *quo warranto* had issued against the city, and a somewhat fulsome address of thanks to James II. for the 'Declaration of Indulgence' in 1687. Three years later the Company atoned for their servility by pressing forty surgeons' mates 'for their Majesties' service in Ireland.' In 1710 a surgeon out of Lancashire refuses the oath of allegiance. In 1714 the Barbers are bidden to be in readiness 'with their ornaments of triumph' to welcome 'our Most Gratious Lord King George upon his comeing into this kingdome.' In 1735 they drink seventy-nine gallons of wine at a sitting. In 1741 'S^r Rob^t Walpole' gives them a buck, and they buy a 'Punch Laddle,' and we have just read in the medical journals that this grant of a buck continued until our own generation."

For thirty years the profession which has seen such changes has been a great favourite with the middle classes, and thousands of perplexed parents have turned to it as a fitting field for the abilities of their sons. All liberal callings are

now seriously overstocked, and matters are rapidly getting worse; while in the Army, the established Church, and at the Bar the pressure is exceedingly great. In one important particular the popular estimate of medicine differs *toto cælo* from that of other professions, for while it is generally recognised that the Army can hardly be said to *keep* those who enter in, at least not for some years, and the Bar and the Church are little more to be depended on as a certain and regular source of income, it seems often to be thought that physic provides splendid opportunities for any number of imperfectly educated and very ordinary lads, and the money emoluments are enormously exaggerated. Many persons frankly admit that physic is not an agreeable calling, and that the work is responsible and engrossing, but they nevertheless fancy that a diploma is a sure passport not merely to a livelihood, but to opulence, and that good openings are easily found in any number. The experience of medical practitioners does not confirm this view. Of course, a man necessarily knows the difficulties of his own calling better than he does those of others; and nothing is more common than to under-estimate the drawbacks of other walks of life. It is sometimes asserted that, in proportion to the large pecuniary returns expected from medical practice, doctors are not, as a rule, equal in attainments and training to the other professional classes, and that an inferior man will get a larger income as a general practitioner than in any other liberal calling. On such a point it is not easy to speak positively, but according to the writer's experience—a sufficiently large and varied one—successful practitioners are almost invariably able men with a competent professional education and great self-reliance and knowledge of character. It has been estimated, with much show of reason, that hardly one medical man in forty rises to professional eminence and social dignity. If that is so, even moderate success must be the exception.

No data exist for forming a thoroughly trustworthy estimate of the earnings of doctors, and as they cannot be ascertained with the same precision as those of officers and clergymen, the best informed may easily go far astray. Still, facts enough exist to throw some light on this point, and properly used,

they would seem to demand a reconsideration of the opinion generally held. But it may be objected—How comes it, unless that opinion is correct, that the wealthier classes hold such erroneous views? Surely if it is thought—and most people do think so—that any steady young doctor can almost infallibly get a good income at once in any part of the Three Kingdoms, there must be some foundation for the belief. Let us see what explanation can be offered. Whenever a rich man is ill he sends for a practitioner of standing, and gives him much trouble, and often makes great inroads on his time for weeks and months, and when at the end of a long attendance, he receives a bill of £40, £80, £100, or, in very rare cases, £150, he jumps to the conclusion that physic is a most lucrative calling, quite overlooking the enormous amount of attention the doctor has given him—the mere visits sometimes not representing one quarter of the time needed to go and return—and forgetting that not one practitioner in five has any rich patients at all, while the very man who has charged him £100 for six months' untiring care has perhaps only got £3 or £4 from a poorer client for the same amount of attention. Half a successful doctor's income is sometimes drawn from three or four families; this is especially the case in village and open country practice, but is not without its parallel in towns. For three years and a half a single wealthy family, whom we had to visit once or twice a day regularly all the time—and for eighteen months we did not once sleep away from home, so as always to be within immediate call—paid us several times as much as we got from all the rest of our work. One of the most disagreeable features of medical practice is that the rich are often and almost necessarily charged sums enormously in excess of any money value which the doctor's time can be supposed to have, while the poor, from their indigence, pay fees that would hardly satisfy a ploughman. No medical man can escape a vast amount of practically unpaid work; if a hospital physician or surgeon, he does it, without any pretence at renumeration, in the ordinary routine of his hospital duties, while, if a club or parish doctor, he gets his full share of it. In our own case we have paid thousands of visits and gone hundreds of long journeys with-

out always getting thanks, much less any remuneration, and as for unpaid prescriptions, they have reached a very high figure for several years past. In short, the problem how to supply the masses with competent medical practitioners at fees not beyond the means of the poor is not yet solved, and is apparently insoluble. We do not think that any other case could be cited of highly educated men, expected to live up to a certain standard and compelled to spend large sums in carrying on their occupation, being so often in the direct employ of the very poor. Hence the difficulties of hospital, club, and parish practice; hence, too, the bickerings over medical accounts, when the poor sufferer is charged £3 or £4 for services honestly worth five times that amount, but which the indigent invalid, accustomed to think in pence, considers enormously overcharged; hence, again, the burden of bad debts which weighs down most doctors to the ground.

Nothing is more touching than the enormous amount of trouble which medical practitioners will sometimes take on behalf of clients who never will, and sometimes never can, pay anything. When we were in London we knew a man, now a rising physician in a South Wales town, who was always ready to go to any case of emergency the moment he was called. We have sent for him in the middle of the night, and he has hurried to our assistance without a moment's delay —always coming in cheerful, full of resource, and ready to help to any extent, and as long as needed. We have known this man, though the heir of a large fortune, attend confinements in out-of-the-way Welsh villages, sometimes by himself, lighting the fire, cooking the food, making the bed, and washing the baby. Such work is not pleasant, but such kindly services as these go a long way to atone for the irritability often shown when a brother practitioner gets a well-to-do client, to whom his discarded rival considers he has a vested right.

Before dealing with the emoluments of successful practitioners, we will say a few words as to the ordinary routine of a doctor's life, as it is well to understand exactly what lies before any one entering upon it. Only a small percentage of the young men commencing medical studies are well born and

affluent, so that the profession has a far smaller percentage of persons of high rank and ample means than the Bar, the Church, and the Army; although, even in the Army, the number of these gilded sons of fortune is not very large. The rank and file, however, of medical practitioners are fully as well connected as average clergymen, lawyers, and officers, while we venture to assert that the large body of semi-educated non-university men, often of very humble antecedents, which accounts for two-fifths of the clergy of the National Church, has hardly any counterpart in medicine, at any rate among the practitioners who have commenced practice during the past thirty years. Medical men, without including peers or sons of peers in their ranks, represent a fair grade of the middle classes, and have almost invariably had superior advantages of education and social intercourse. When the doctor is moderately successful and well-to-do he easily holds his own in the competition of life in the liberal callings, though few even among consulting physicians are recognised as being in "the county," and not many move on terms of equality in those narrow circles which comprise the judges, the bishops, and the deans, distinguished military and naval officers, and writers of national eminence.

The discomforts of practice are always great; and, without attempting to magnify them or to underrate those of other callings, they are very acutely felt. The strain is sometimes terrible. Broken nights and frequent exposure to rain, wind, and cold, are added to regular business hours of work, that may commence at seven or eight in the morning and go on till midnight. Often, indeed, the doctor, especially in large towns, labours bravely but unsuccessfully against time, vainly trying to overtake his work, going without his meals, and starting four and even six times a day on his weary rounds. In towns of any size, indeed, he hardly pretends to have fixed hours for anything, or to go regular rounds; he is on the rush all day long. This, however, of itself, is not a matter of complaint; for it only means press of work, and he would complain still more sharply had he less to do. Were the work reasonably well remunerated, it would be bearable, but its drawbacks deserve consideration. In the first place, the busy practitioner is always in harness—he cannot

cast his duties from him night or day. Holidays he hardly ever knows; those he has are spoiled by telegrams to return home, by pre-occupation, and worry. Only the doctor in actual practice can fully understand what the pressure of the work often is. Not a day is free, not an hour. A single case of severe illness, with its possible urgent calls, and grinding anxiety, may tie a man, very far from successful or prosperous, for weeks. There comes a most pressing invitation to lunch at a great house some way off, but the doctor must decline it, because a client is so ill that he dare not be away from home an hour longer than absolutely necessary. A week later he has an opportunity of seeing something he wants very much to see, but though his patient is now better, he dare not think of it, as it would mean being out a large part of the day. Even were he to go, and nothing went wrong, half his pleasure would be lost by the conviction that he ought to be at home. Yet this patient, more likely than not, never shows one particle of gratitude, and would be surprised to learn what sacrifices had been made for him. The ordinary routine is often severe enough—thousands of respectable practitioners are always busy dispensing or seeing poor patients in the early morning, at midday, and the whole evening. To this constant drudgery there is no intermission—out-door amusements, visiting, entertaining, and other relaxations are simply impossible and are unattempted. We have known men who had not left home for a single day in twenty or even thirty years, while thousands more, even in these times, when holidays are quite an institution, have one short, broken, uncomfortable holiday every third, fourth, or seventh year. We speak from knowledge and experience when we say that eight years may pass without a fortnight's holiday. The long changes of the clergy, and the vacations of the barrister, are wholly unknown; the nose is ever to the grindstone, and no one so lives in his professional duties as the ordinary doctor. This is equally true of many practitioners of the highest eminence in the largest towns; they seldom see a friend and hardly once a year go out for an evening. An eminent Dublin physician told us that in forty years he had only twice for a few days left home, while on two occasions that he invited us to

dinner he was called away, and we had the dinner but not our dear old friend's society. A Birmingham surgeon of distinction had not for years been out for an evening, when his daughters, with much difficulty, persuaded him to go to a place of amusement; he had hardly reached the assembly-room when he was sent for. He was induced to take tickets several times soon after, and with the same result; he positively could not go out for an evening without being called for. Every doctor knows the irregular hours, the frequent urgent and impatient calls, and the interruptions which, if they do not make life intolerably wearisome, rob it of more than half its enjoyment. The late second visit, which he is told will only mean a few minutes, is one of the doctor's worst miseries—an hour, or even two, and sometimes three may be lost, and the weary, elderly practitioner—for it is he who generally comes in for the two visits a-day patients—is completely exhausted by a visit which, to the sufferer and his friends, seems, a trifle hardly worth mentioning. Mainly, no doubt, as a result of this preoccupation and worry, it is very rare to find medical men attending public gatherings in any numbers; forty clergymen may be counted for each doctor, and, still more remarkable, the disciples of physic are seldom found to have the serene manners and good humour of the more fortunate classes. The high spirits, the hearty enjoyment, which the country rector out for a holiday so often shows are exceptional in the surgeon out for his change; the latter takes things far less easily; a glance discloses that he is weighed down by the problems of existence, that he is less urbane, sharper tempered, rougher tongued, less cultured, and less capable of unreserved enjoyment. Something may be due to the narrower resources of the doctor, who, though he may earn more, has usually a smaller private income than the rector or the colonel, and consequently takes a lower place in good society and, indeed, sees far less of it.

The difficulties of active practice are not few; the uncertainty in making out what is the matter with the sufferer is sometimes great; the symptoms are often exceedingly perplexing and the ablest practitioner can hardly form a trustworthy opinion as to their character. This uncertainty as to the

nature of the complaint and the course it will run is most trying, and wears the medical attendant out. No practitioner—we care not what his eminence or ability—could truthfully say that he had not repeatedly made serious mistakes, especially as to the probable course and duration of an illness. In spite of the marvellous advances of the medical art, it must be confessed that in a considerable percentage of cases, more than many men would care to confess, this uncertainty continues, and the doctor cannot for the life of him tell what is the matter. When this happens his hypothetical prognosis is probably wrong; or sometimes he takes a gloomy view, and prepares the sufferer for evil, of which, after months of unremitting attention, he discovers that there is no danger. At other times he takes a favourable view, and buoys up the friends, until some day he is startled and shocked by a *contretemps* for which he was wholly unprepared, and for which he had not been able to warn the family. The ablest men are not exempt from these disheartening and painful uncertainties. A hospital surgeon of great eminence and astuteness was hastily called to a young man of rank, the son of a very distinguished county family. The sufferer had been kicked at football, but the surgeon saw no cause for alarm. After a long examination, and after cheering up the family, who were not particularly distressed, he left the young man lying on a sofa apparently not much the worse for the injury. When the surgeon returned a few hours later from a long round he learnt to his chagrin that his patient had suddenly expired—and that a bitter rival had been hastily summoned. The friends were naturally furious, and the subsequent loss of practice represented a very large sum. In the next place, the difficulty of getting the patient's full confidence is often very serious. Some people never respect or like any medical adviser, and the doctor finds that his attendance upon persons of this type is disagreeable and mortifying; he is perpetually on thorns, and his visits give him even less satisfaction than they do his clients, who some day unceremoniously dismiss him to call in someone else. Experienced practitioners assert that this class of patients is greatly on the increase. There are fewer and fewer people who make friends of their

doctor, and treat him with confidence, while there are more and more who regard him as a nuisance, begrudge his fees, make him understand his dependence on his employers, and, whenever an opportunity occurs, wantonly wound his feelings. If this be so, it may be because of the increased number of uneducated people of wealth, the *nouveaux riches*. A sensitive man feels such conduct acutely, and is not disposed to make light of it; although the bold practitioner may take matters with a high hand, and openly resent affronts, but with the almost certain penalty of being summarily dismissed.

What again of the vast army of "Invalids," male and female? People of this class are exacting and unsatisfactory. They waste an hour giving the doctor the minutest details, going into symptoms, describing complaints that have no existence, and then looking for sympathy and skilful treatment. Self-centred, selfish, idle, and heartless—their management, to speak plainly, demands a world of tact. A patient said to us the other day that he had 3000 prescriptions in his desk; he is a strong man of forty-two, without a complaint, who has consulted scores of physicians: this is his occupation. An extreme case, doubtless, but cases more or less resembling this are not at all uncommon. The weariness of listening to such a sufferer's incoherent tale of misery is not to be described; nothing stops him; every detail must be given with as great circumlocution and diffuseness as possible—deliberation and prolixity mark every step in the conference. Should the doctor be so ill-advised as to ask a question, it leads the patient off in another direction. Such people are deaf to hints; they want to tell their tale, and they will not be cut short.

What we have said—and we have not exaggerated—will show that whatever may be its emoluments and advantages, a medical career is very engrossing, very harassing often, and peculiarly trying. Relaxations are not commonly to be looked for—gardening, visiting, literary work, reading with pupils, and the pleasures of congenial society can rarely be indulged in, certainly not by the busy, successful surgeon. True, the work may not always be hard and constant, but then the emoluments are small, while it is so spread over the day, and so uncertain, that there is no opportunity or inclination to turn to other pursuits. This

is the routine of the general practitioner's life. When one comes to hospital physicians and surgeons, and the medical teachers of the metropolis and the larger provincial towns, the strain is still more terrible, and hundreds of miles have to be travelled over every week, while a thousand hospital patients may have to be seen, in some sort of fashion, in that time.

So far our readers will follow us patiently. They will admit the uncertainty of the medical art, and perhaps will make merry over it; and they will not deny the exacting nature of the duties, the irregular hours, and the terribleness of that *bête noir*, the invalid; but they will nevertheless contend, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, that the calling is on the whole highly remunerated, and that of all men the doctor can most certainly count on the reward which sweetens labour. Before dealing with the compensations of practice—and there are compensations—we will try to ascertain what income an average practitioner can count upon; and we think that on this point we can give some facts that will be startling.

No doctor dares proclaim to the world that he is earning little. The briefless barrister, the curate dependent on his stipend, the officer of slender fortune, are pitied, not usually blamed, but the ill-paid surgeon cannot appeal to the public for sympathy. If he complains of small fees, he is told that he should charge more, as though the clerk and the shopman could meet heavy bills. If he candidly confesses that he is not fully occupied, people retort—"Of course not, other men are greater favourites." No small number of dull preachers and inefficient clergy are credited with working hard, and forgiven their want of talent because of their goodness. But incompetence in the medical man is, of course, a fatal fault. Occupied and worried more than most other professional men, with shorter and more uncertain holidays, a smaller chance of State rewards, and less social consideration, the doctor ought to have better pay than other professional men. Some doctors, indeed, are very highly paid. But the remuneration of the average medical man is much less than is commonly supposed. Except among consultants of eminence, when medical practitioners succeed to large fortunes, as not a few do, sooner or later, the

rule is to give up active work altogether, a rich man seldom liking the trying routine of general practice, and not always that of the pure physician.

A friend of ours, an Edinburgh M.D., the son of a general officer, took a house in a Liverpool suburb, after having been some time a house-surgeon in that city. In three years he did not receive one farthing—not a single paying patient ever darkened his doors. Another friend of ours, living in a leading London thoroughfare, had one patient in seven years. One of the most polished and accomplished hospital surgeons we know, a man of mark in a Midland town, received £29 in a crowded thoroughfare in that town in his first year; a second, in another flourishing town, in a very busy street, £16; both took capital houses, and were ready to attend any one; indeed, they asked no questions, and hurried off to any sender; both were considered to make a good start. The second honorary physician to one of the leading provincial hospitals, in a town with only one consulting physician besides himself, got in twelve years £1100, but we have little doubt that our friend's rent and taxes could hardly have come to less than £1800. This gentleman was hard-working, tall, handsome, and accomplished, a graduate in arts and medicine in high honours, and even his rivals admitted that he was no ordinary man.

But many men buy a practice or a partnership. What then? A good partnership costs from £500 to £4000, besides, generally, considerable demands for furnishing and the current expenses of the first two years; a practice costs as much to buy, so that to start well means little less than the command of £3000; nor is there any cheaper way of going to work. Unfortunately, many men have not the command of three thousand pence.

When we come to even the highest class of general practice in the great towns, the gross receipts are less than commonly supposed. The following speaks volumes: A friend, a man of good position socially, and of very handsome presence, was a partner in one of the best practices in London; the connection had been made by very distinguished men, and is no common one; that practice brought in £3400 gross a year. We do not know our friend's share, probably a thousand a year.

He was there about twelve years; he has only young children, and is very economical. So much, however, went in rent, taxes, horses, servants, cabs, and carriages, drugs, and instruments, that he assures us that he spent £4000 more than his receipts—say £350 a year above his share, and he adds that it was a rush night and day all the year through—the life of a slave.

Some of our readers, dazzled by the excessively heavy fees somtimes received by eminent London and Provincial consultants and specialists, will be ready to object to our statements, and will contend that although a general practitioner may not have very splendid prospects, a consultant is in a far different position. This may be true; but how many men have it in them to become famous? One might as well expect all the contributors to a good class magazine to become as illustrious as Mrs. Oliphant, or John Tyndall, or Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Competent and experienced authorities assert that the *average* remuneration of the general practitioner is very considerably in excess of that of the specialist or consultant; the latter occasionally does well; he aims high, but the chances are many against him. If he makes a name, his rewards are large, and his anxieties correspondingly tremendous; but if he fails, his failure is complete. Leading consultants are men of commanding ability and high academical reputation, or they have large means, or they are drawn from the flower of the most successful general practitioners. As a consultant it takes no common man with no ordinary advantages to make a figure. There are hundreds of consultants, who, for all they get, might as well go a tour round the world. As for specialists—a great metropolitan oculist, a fellow student of ours, tells us there are now seventy in London alone, and of these only twelve, he believes, have any reputation or professional standing.

At the present day there are among club and parish doctors in country places hundreds of public schoolmen and Oxford and Cambridge graduates, a fair percentage of the latter having taken honours or been scholars of their colleges. Immense sums are spent on medical education—eight and nine years not uncommonly being passed at one of the universi-

ties, and in medical training proper, and then, when the young doctor, with the M.A. and M.B. after his name, which adorn so large a proportion of the younger men, looks around him, what is he to do?—buy a practice, or fight his way slowly, painfully, and sadly; and to what?

What the prospects of consulting or specialist practice are a few facts will show. It has been calculated, on good grounds, by a high authority, that such a great city and important centre as Birmingham would hardly fully employ more than four consulting physicians, as many specialists, and two pure surgeons. If this estimate is accepted, and it probably errs on the side of liberality rather than of deficiency, when allowance is made for small country towns, remote rural districts, and poor mining and manufacturing populations, it would hardly seem as though even this wealthy and overcrowded country of ours could fully employ more than 300 physicians, as many specialists of one sort or another, and 150 pure surgeons—the fact is, the work is not forthcoming. Not every sufferer wants a second opinion, or requires an operation to be performed.

But are the average emoluments of ordinary practice large or even sufficient? If an advertisement is inserted for an assistant—and a medical man's assistant is in a wholly different position from a curate, socially and as regards the amount of work—and £100 a year is offered, forty answers are received, many of them from experienced men, no longer very young, so that there are evidently many men of some standing in the field glad of any employment. On telling a friend that we were engaged on this paper, he informed us that not many years ago a well qualified medical man of spotless character, the son of a cathedral dignitary, took charge of our friend's father's practice; the *locum tenens* had only one shirt, and was touchingly grateful for a little employment; it supplied him with food and shelter. So also in the case of a paid hospital appointment, even if that pay is simply board and lodging, from six to sixty candidates offer themselves, and should the hospital be one of importance, though the salary may not exceed £50 a year, and the appointment will probably not lead to anything, a hundred applicants will come forward, among

whom there may be several university men of good standing, so that in such a competition the possession of ordinary diplomas counts for little more than waste paper. In our own acquaintance, forty-eight well qualified men competed for a house-surgeoncy worth £100 a year; and the successful candidate, after stopping four or five years in the town, found no opening for practice, and went elsewhere. Moreover, the number of candidates is only a fraction of the unemployed practitioners who would apply, had they any local influence.

Twelve hundred men qualify every year in the United Kingdom; a large and rapidly increasing percentage are Oxford, Cambridge, or Trinity College, Dublin, graduates, while the London and Scotch universities send out a very strong contingent. As only six hundred deaths occur among registered practitioners, the candidates for employment are vastly in excess of the additional requirements due to growing wealth and increasing population. But it must not be forgotten that in less than a generation the general death rate of the country has fallen at least six per thousand, and the sick rate in still larger measure. Heaven be thanked for this! but it tells hard on the doctors; and when it is remembered that hospitals are springing up like mushrooms, and the country is being covered by cheap benefit clubs, which are certainly not confined to labouring men, it can be shown that three-fourths of the sick are attended gratuitously at the hospitals, or pay a nominal sum to club doctors. Under these circumstances, it will not surprise any one that a paying practice is increasingly hard to get; how hard, facts will show, though, as a set-off, the very rich pay much heavier fees than they did forty, or even thirty years ago.

Three years ago, Dr. Paget Thurstan, a Cambridge graduate and scholar of his college, then of Tunbridge Wells, undertook some tedious and exhaustive inquiries, which attracted a good deal of attention in the daily and weekly press. He took 175 practices advertised in the *Lancet*—particulars of these being fully given. Perhaps half the medical men in England are not in actual independent practice, and those who have no practice worth the name would rarely try to sell; moreover, many sellers are successful men of long standing, retiring from ill-health,

age, or succession to ample private means. The average gross value of these 175 practices was given as £625, and Dr. Paget Thurstan accepted that as substantially correct—although from inquiries which we have made, we should unhesitatingly say that the advertised gross value is generally put at a very high figure, and in several cases that we have investigated, we have been convinced that fifty per cent. should be taken off. Doctors always return the gross value, so that the cost of drugs, instruments, books, assistants, dispensers, horses, carriages, cabs, and railway fare must be deducted to get at the net or true income. Doctors, too, often pay heavy rent and taxes far in excess of their net income. Dr. Paget Thurstan made reasonable allowance for working charges and excessive expenditure, and found that the mean net annual value was £355. Seventy-three of these practices were country ones, that is in villages, and their gross advertised mean value was £442. When allowance is made for the large number of house surgeons, qualified assistants, men without saleable connection, struggling consulting physicians, ship surgeons, and we know not what besides, the net income is cut down by this distinguished and reliable writer to an average of £200 a year for all the medical men pretending to work in some sort of way, a profcssional income probably equal to that of the clergy and of officers, and larger than barristers earn; but £200 a year does not seem much for all the worry, confinement, and perplexity of medical practice. Nevertheless, if a man starts without friends and means he will not in a dozen years get a gross income of even £200. The doctor cannot advertise; partnerships and practices have a substantial market value; appointments are practically locked up, and not to be got, and the penniless young surgeon almost infallibly comes to grief. Even able men of means, surrounded by relations, and starting in good houses in places where they are well known and ready to do any kind of work—going anywhere, night or day—will hardly succeed in getting £50 in their first two years. But, as in all else the more money a man has the more he will earn; while the more urgent his necessities the less chance he has of getting on.

Henry Fielding made the same observation in *Tom Jones*,

showing that English society has altered little in a century and a quarter. Worse than all, there are not a few competent practitioners of good education and great industry, who, though willing to undertake anything honourable, do not receive £2000 in twenty years; for if a man does not make a good start he cannot possibly get into the running, and he must live on his creditors, or on his friends, or drift into the over-full ranks of indigent assistants and the broken down. Those who know the low streets of large towns have seen something of this numerous class of unfortunates, who are not always intemperate and worthless, and certainly are very far from necessarily incompetent and unskilful.

The most costly and tedious way of making a position, that is of earning an income, is to put one's name on a doorplate, and wait patiently till the public find out one's merits. Rival practitioners, who have paid heavily for their connections, and regard their clients as so much private property, will take very good care that your merits shall not soon be found out, indeed, they will hardly recognise you as a member of their profession, until your growing reputation forces them to do so.

But if medicine is exacting and trying, if its rewards are frequently small and disappointing, its professors, from the very force of circumstances, and the impossibility of brooding over their personal troubles and ailments, suffer less from *ennui* and depression of spirits than any other class. They have also the most singular opportunities of getting to know human nature thoroughly, and among them keen observers and kind hearts abound. When received, as they frequently are, as friends, when their visits are a pleasure to their clients, and these clients confide in them, their position is not only most influential but very enviable. No medical man could without impropriety have written the following passage, nor could any clothe his thoughts in language so polished and graceful. Canon Liddon has in a single page, and in a passage of surpassing beauty and truth, given his view of the case, and we venture to believe that it might be read and remembered with decided benefit by all medical practitioners.

"And lastly, the profession of medicine is from the nature—I had almost dared to say from the necessity—of the case a teacher of benevolence. Often we have witnessed the transformation—one of the most striking and beautiful to be seen in life—by which the medical student becomes the medical practitioner. We may have known a medical student who is reckless, selfish or worse, and we presently behold him as a medical practitioner, leading a more unselfish and devoted life than any other member of society. What, we ask, is this something akin surely to ministerial ordination, which has wrought this altogether surprising change—which has brought with it such an inspiration of tenderness and sympathy? The answer apparently is, that now, as a practitioner, he approaches human suffering from a new point of view. As a student, he looked upon it as something to be observed, discussed, analysed if possible, anyhow lectured upon, anyhow examined in. As a practitioner, he is absorbed by the idea that it is something to be relieved. This new point of view, so profoundly Christian, will often take possession of a man's whole moral nature, and give it nothing less than a totally new direction; and thus, as a rule, the medical practitioner is at once a master and a teacher of the purest benevolence. This is true of those great heads and lights of the profession, whose names are household words in all the universities of Europe, and who have some part of their reward, at any rate, in a homage which neither wealth nor birth can possibly command; but it is even more true, at least in this country, in the case also of many practitioners of whom the public takes no note, and pre-eminently so in the case of the obscure country doctor, whose sphere of fame is his parish or his neighbourhood, and upon whom the sun of publicity rarely or never sheds its rays. His life is passed chiefly in the homes of the very poor, and in acts of the kindliest and most self-sacrificing service. For him the loss of rest, and the loss of health, is too often nothing less than the law of his work, and as he pursues his career, so glorious, yet so humble, from day to day, his left hand rarely knows what his right hand doeth; and yet such men as these, in the words of Ecclesiasticus, maintain the state of the world, while all their desire is in the work of their craft. They pour oil or wine, as can, or do, few or none others, into the gaping wounds of our social system. They bind and heal, not merely the limbs of their patients, but the more formidable fractures which separate class from class; and unless He, Whom with honour we worship on the throne in Heaven, is very unlike all that He was eighteen hundred years ago on earth, such lives as these must be, in not a few cases, very welcome indeed to Him, if only for the reason that they are so like one very conspicuous feature of His own."

There are times when the physician has power for good or evil almost exceeding that of any other man. When the mind of the patient is full of gloomy forebodings, when the past seems dark and the future is without hope, when the sins of a lifetime rise up in judgment before him, the sick

man is more ready than at any other hour to listen, more likely to be impressed. He feels that the doctor is his friend, that he can confide in him, and, perhaps, the confessional alone excepted, more solemn revelations are made to the medical attendant than to any one else. When his attendant is a Christian gentleman, imbued with right feeling, capable of sympathising with sinners whose offences he has never committed, though from the very nature of his profession he cannot but be familiar with their character and effects, he can plead and counsel with a tenderness, a directness, an earnestness that often make a deep and lasting impression. Were all doctors men of culture and refinement, imbued with the spirit of the Divine physician, what a power for good they might wield in this dark and evil world.

Once again let us quote from the writings of Canon Liddon, who never handled a subject without investing it with increased dignity:

"The physician is a prophet, and this character is never so apparent as when life is drawing towards its close. Often, when to the sanguine ignorance of friends the bright eye and the buoyant step seem to forbid serious apprehension, medical science already hears, not uncertainly, the approaching footsteps of the King of Terrors. There is a point, my brethren, at which all forms of cultivated knowledge become instincts, and are certain of their judgments, even when they are not able at the moment to produce a reason; and no man can have passed middle age without being struck with the sort of second sight, as it may well seem, which is at the command of a competent physician. Would that I might be permitted, in the freedom of my ministry, to say one word as to the use of this tremendous power. Too often when science knows that death is inevitable, the dying man is allowed to cherish hopes of life with a view to possibly prolonging for a few days or hours more the struggle for mere physical existence, and thus the precious, the irrevocable moments pass, during which the soul, by acts of faith, and hope, and love, and contrition, may unite itself to the Divine Redeemer, and may prepare for the presence chamber of the Judge. It is not for this, my brethren, that your higher knowledge is given you; it is not for this that the departed will thank you, when you, too, meet them in the world of spirits. But the medical profession may also be a teacher of reverence. Whatever else may be said of our age, reverence is not one of its leading characteristics. We have, as we think, explored, examined, appraised, all the sublimities, all the sanctities, all the mysteries which commanded the awe of our less cultivated or more imaginative forefathers, and as a generation we have ceased to revere; and the absence of reverence, depend on it, is a vast moral loss. What is

reverence? It is the sincere instinctive acknowledgment of a Higher Presence, which awes and which attracts the mind that gazes on it. We grow up insensibly towards that which we revere, and to revere nothing is to fall back upon self as the true standard of attainable excellence, and to be dwarfed and blighted proportionately. Now, the profession of medicine should be the apostolate of reverence, for its field of action is the human body, and in no other school can reverence be learned more thoroughly."

The money rewards may be small, the social distinctions insignificant, but, entered upon in a lofty spirit, no other calling, with the possible exception of the clerical, gives its disciples such privileges. To know, as the accomplished physician does know, the human heart, to read its aspirations, and to guide them aright, to hold out the helping hand, and to make life easier, happier, and better—can anything equal this? Surely if instead of approaching a medical career for its supposed advantages and doubtful emoluments it was more often entered upon as affording the noblest and highest opportunities of helping his fellow-man, it would rarely happen that the doctor, especially if he had some private means, would complain of failure. The profoundest intellects, and the subtlest thinkers from our greatest seats of learning, might well crowd its portals. The medical profession is not one for untrained hearts and feeble brains; it demands the devotion of a lifetime, the possession of ability far above the average, and a training which only the amplest opportunities can ensure.

Will any uncultured young man rashly embrace such a career; will he dare to enter upon a calling which, in the words of the great preacher from whom we have twice before quoted, has such glorious perspectives? Let him weigh our final quotation, and if he finds that he is fit to take his place in the ranks, let him do so with fear and trembling.

"Of the immense perspectives which are thus opening before it on these high themes, it would be impossible to dwell here; but as a prominent teacher of truth, medical science, I may be allowed to say, has other powers and responsibilities which are all its own. The physician can point out, with an authority given to no other man, the practical, operative force of some of the laws of God. The laws of Nature, as we call them, its observed uniformities, are not less the laws and will of God than the Ten Commandments. Knowing that moral law finds its echo and its countersign in this physical world, and is justified by the natural catastrophes that follow on its neglect, it is not the

clergyman, but the physician, who can demonstrate the sure connection between unrestrained indulgence and the decay of health and life; who can put his finger precisely upon the causes which too often fill, even with strong young men, the corridors, not only of our hospitals, but also of our lunatic asylums; who can illustrate, by instances drawn from experience, the tender foresight of moral provisions which at first sight may appear to be tyrannical or capricious. To be able to show this in detail, to give men thus the physical reasons for moral truth—this is a great prophetic power; this is a vast capacity which we who stand in this pulpit might well envy in its possessors; this is a vast responsibility, which they who wield it, like other prophets, must one day account for. The physician can point out with an authority which is felt to be so real in no other man of science, the true limits of human knowledge. He knows that to-day science is as ignorant as she was two thousand years ago of what, in its essence, life is. Of the physical conditions under which life exists, science has, indeed, much that is wonderful to say; and she has just been telling us, through the voice of one of her most distinguished sons, that life, viewed on its physical side, is the sum of the joint action of all the parts of the human system, of the lower or inferior, as well as of the higher or vital parts; that there is no one seat of life, since every elementary part, every cell, is itself a seat of life; and we listen with sincere respect and attention, but we observe that this only states, after all, in language of beautiful precision, what are the points of contact between life and the animal organism. We still ask what life is in itself, and we hear no answer. No; just as science pauses before each atom of matter, unable to satisfy herself whether it be infinitely divisible or not; so, when she has exhausted the skill of the anatomist in endeavouring to surprise the life principle in some secret recess of the animal frame, she again must pause to confess that the constituent essence of the life principle itself is a mystery still beyond her ken. And never, never is science more worthy of her high prophetic duty than when she dares to make this confession. True science, like prophecy, from Moses downwards, knows not merely what she knows, but the limits of her knowledge; and when she has attempted, if ever, to forget this, as by him who whispered into the ear of the dying La Place some praises for his reputation, who seemed for the moment to ignore it, she replies with the great Frenchman, 'My friend, do not speak of that; what one knows is little enough, what we are ignorant of is enormous.'"

Truly the physician may not, in the judgment of the world, take his place in society as the equal of the fashionable curate and the dashing cavalry officer, but in that world where things are seen in their true colours he may be called upon to fill a seat above many, who in their life regarded him as an inferior.

Art. VIII.—THE CRITICAL PROBLEM OF ISAIAH.

1. *Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament.* Fünfte Lieferung. *Der Prophet Jesaia.* Erklärt von Dr. Aug. Dillmann. Leipzig: 1890.
2. *Biblical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah.* By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated from the Fourth Edition. T. & T. Clark. 1890.
3. *The Book of Isaiah.* By Rev. George Adam Smith. Two vols. Hodder & Stoughton. 1889–90.
4. *The Prophecies of Isaiah.* Expounded by Dr. C. von Orelli. Translated by Rev. J. S. Banks. T. & T. Clark. 1889.
5. *Isaiah, his Life and Times.* By Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. James Nisbet & Co.

IT has been said that in the great battle-grounds of the higher criticism just now, "the fields of combat are mainly three: the Five Books of Moses, the Book of Isaiah, and the Book of Daniel. These are the three most prominent questions in the higher criticism at the moment—viz., whether the Pentateuch is of simple or compound structure, whether Isaiah is homogeneous, and whether Daniel was written in the Babylonian or the Maccabean age."* This is, perhaps, a fair selection, where it is difficult to make a selection at all. When a battle is being waged along a whole line it is difficult to determine precisely where the fire is hottest, and the result of the engagement at each several point is inextricably bound up with the result of adjoining contests. The critical questions which concern the Psalms and the historical books cannot be separated from the controversy which is being waged round the Pentateuch, and the whole subject of the canon of the Old Testament is raised by the discussion concerning the date of Daniel.

Granted, however, that the crucial points at issue in Old

* Cave, *Battle of the Standpoints*, p. 16.

Testament criticism have been rightly indicated above, there is one most important difference between the Isaianic problem and the other two. The Pentateuch controversy has been recently dealt with in the pages of this Review,* and all familiar with the subject recognise that in that controversy, not only the accuracy of the Old Testament records, but the trustworthiness of the Old Testament writers is at stake. If the Kuenen-Wellhausen hypothesis be accepted, the credibility of the Old Testament as a whole is gone. The same is true if the visions of Daniel, put forward as prophecy, are really *vaticinia post eventum;* because, though the laws which govern the production of so-called pseudepigraphical literature are said to permit of such literary representations without any want of good faith on the part of the writer, we have not to deal with certain stray pages of ancient literature, but with part of a volume which claims authority as a sacred book. If rationalistic speculations concerning Daniel can be proved, then, so far as that book is concerned, and so far as it represents the canon of which it forms a part, all its authority as a sacred guide is irretrievably gone.

It must be clearly understood, however, that the case is otherwise with the controversy concerning the unity of Isaiah. A change in the traditional opinions concerning the authorship of the later chapters may be startling, more or less of a shock, to many readers. But there is no question at issue which affects the good faith, the accuracy, the authority of any portion of the book. If two great writers have been engaged, instead of one, as we have been accustomed to believe, both prophesied in the fullest sense of the word, both were inspired by the Spirit of God to see and to say what they could not have seen and said without supernatural gifts and guidance. It will appear in the course of this article that, on the supposition that more than one pen is traceable in the composition of Isaiah, it by no means follows that the orthodox believer need regard the book with less confidence or reverence, nor need any man's belief in the supernatural character of its prophecies and the Divine character of the

* See London Quarterly Review, Jan. and July, 1890, Nos. 146 and 148.

inspiration which prompted its utterances be in any wise diminished. Christian teachers of undoubted orthodoxy and earnestness are found on both sides in this contest; and it is easier to enter upon it with unbiassed minds, open to argument and conviction from any quarter.

This is one great advantage in the critical discussion on which we propose to enter. Another is that the question may more easily be considered by itself than most others. It stands apart, self-involved, capable of being determined on its own merits. The date and character of certain other books, *e.g.*, the Books of Kings and the Prophecies of Jeremiah, enter slightly, but only slightly, into the matter. Further, the subject possesses a fascination of its own, derived from the character of the book in question. The majesty of style characteristic of the "royal" prophet, the genius and imagination which make his pages live and glow before the eyes of all readers, even those who recognise in them only the same kind of "inspiration" which marks an Æschylus or a Dante—the moral and spiritual power which is so pre-eminently present in this noble book and which makes Isaiah's message of permanent value throughout history; all these features, but far more, the insight and foresight which have gained for the writer the name of the "Evangelical prophet," the atmosphere of New Testament universality and free, superabundant grace, the revelation of the New Testament secret of glory through suffering and shame, the by no means rare or obscure fore-gleams of the Christ-spirit which light up so many of Isaiah's pages, throw a special charm over this book in comparison with all other books of the Old Testament, and lend a special interest to any discussion concerning its authorship and the history of its composition.

This is no new question. It may appear to some very late in the day to be dealing with the critical problem of Isaiah. But there are certain facts which make the full discussion of the subject just now very desirable. During the past few months Dillmann's *Jesaia* has appeared. During the same period also English readers have been brought face to face with the fact that the veteran Delitzsch, so long a tower of strength to the defenders of the unity of the book, had

quite changed his views before the close of his life, and the last edition of his commentary puts a very different face upon the whole discussion from that presented in former editions. The publication of Mr. G. Adam Smith's vigorous exposition, also, has brought before a wider public than hitherto the views of scholars and critics, and is likely to popularise the view of the book which he entertains and announces in no hesitating tones. Many are asking questions concerning this matter who never troubled themselves concerning it before; and it has seemed to us desirable just now to present to our readers the considerations on which the decision really turns. That decision, it will be understood, chiefly concerns the authorship of chs. xl.–lxvi., though this cannot strictly be separated from kindred questions concerning certain sections in chs. i.–xxxix. Putting on one side the historical portion, chs. xxxvi.–xxxix., which must be studied by itself, we may say that nearly all critics are prepared to accept as Isaianic the first thirty-five chapters, with the following exceptions:—ch. xiii. 1–xiv. 23, xxi. 1–10, xxiv.–xxvii., and chs. xxxiv. and xxxv. In saying this, we have followed the view of Dillmann, the latest German expositor, who fairly represents the current critical view. He describes these portions as being composed partly in and partly after the exile.* We proceed to describe the arguments used on either side of the main controversy as impartially as possible, reserving till the close of the article our own view of the question.

1. It is understood, then, in the first place, that the undivided consent of ancient tradition is in favour of the unity of "Isaiah," down to about a century ago. The book of Ecclesiasticus (xlviii. 24) identifies the Isaiah who delivered the prophecy concerning Sennacherib with him who "comforted those who mourned in Zion." Josephus (*Antiq.* xi. 1) distinctly attributes Cyrus's proclamation permitting the Jews to return from exile to his reading the prophecy of Isaiah uttered 140 years before. In the New Testament, as all readers of it know, quotations from chs. xl.–lxvi. are comparatively frequent, St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. John, and St. Paul

* *Jesaia*, Einleitung, p. 25.

all attributing this portion of the book to Isaiah.* This tradition is virtually unbroken. "For 2400 years after Isaiah's death," says Dr. Kay, "there is only a single person known to have so much as hinted at the possibility of doubt on the subject."† This person is the well-known Ibn Ezra ("the subtle-minded," as Canon Cheyne calls him), whose language on the subject is by no means clear, and his doubts are very mildly hinted, rather than stated. It is true there is one other slight indication which runs counter to the almost unanimous testimony, and it is made the most of by Mr. G. A. Smith when he says, "Ancient tradition itself appears to have agreed with the results of modern scholarship. The original place of the Book of Isaiah in the Jewish canon seems to have been after both Jeremiah and Ezekiel, a fact which goes to prove that it did not reach completion till a later date than the works of these two prophets of the exile."‡ But the facts are not quite so. The Talmud in one place § sets Isaiah after Ezekiel, as do the MSS. of the German and the French Jews, but in those of the Spanish Jews and in the Massorah, as well as in our own editions, it stands before Jeremiah.‖ Bleek and Orelli are indeed disposed to think that the arrangement indicated by the Talmud is the more ancient, but it is going too far to claim that the earliest authority confirms the latest criticism, because in some MSS. a different canonical position was given to the book. The fact, however, must be taken into account for what it is worth, and it remains that tradition is virtually unanimous down to the close of the last century.

Since that time, however, when the work of criticism fairly began, the tendency has been all the other way. We need not trouble our readers with details; suffice it to say that doubts were first expressed regarding certain chapters, then concerning the whole of Deutero-Isaiah,¶ then of the pro-

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* *Cf.* Matt. iii. 3, Luke iii. 4, John xii. 38, Rom. x. 16.

† *Speaker's Commentary*, vol. v. p. 8.

‡ *Isaiah*, vol. ii. p. 23.

§ *Baba Bathra*, fol. 14 b.

‖ *Cf.* Bleek, Introduction to Old Testament, vol. ii. p. 36.

¶ For convenience' sake we may speak of Prot- and Deutero-Isaiah, or of I. and II. Isaiah, without begging the question implied in these designations.

phecies against Babylon, chs. xiii. 1–xiv. 23, and xxi. 1–10; then other portions were attacked. Gesenius first clearly laid the foundations of this modern critical structure, Ewald and Hitzig diligently laboured at the building, and since the time of these critics, opinion both in Germany and England has been steadily setting in the direction of disintegration. Kuenen, perhaps, may claim to have put on the top-stone when he says in his cool, dogmatic way, "We know for certain that the last twenty-seven chapters are the production of a later prophet, who flourished in the second half of the sixth century B.C." This is represented as the "result of the entire intellectual work of Europe during the last century."* Kuenen might safely be left to lay down the law from his rationalistic papal chair, but it is otherwise when we find a writer like Delitzsch, who has spent a lifetime in defending the unity of the book, confessing himself converted by the arguments of his opponents, and saying, "It seems to me probable, and almost certain," that Isaiah did not write the later chapters of this book.† Comparatively few are the names that can be quoted on the other side. Hengstenberg, Hävernick, and Keil among German writers; Dr. Kay amongst Englishmen, may be mentioned as representative names. All the writers quoted at the head of this article give up the Isaianic authorship of the latter portion. Dillmann says that he would gladly defend that position, but finds it impossible.‡ Canon Cheyne, who has studied the subject as closely as any living Englishman, and whose views have been maturing from the time when he wrote "Isaiah Chronologically Arranged," through the successive editions of his commentary and his article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, entertains no doubt on the question. So with Canon Driver and Mr. G. Adam Smith. Even Prof. Banks in editing the English edition of Orelli, who advocates the dual authorship, says, "It is difficult to see how the arguments in favour of this view are to be met." In this case it seems almost to be true, as

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* *Religion of Israel*, vol. i. pp. 7, 15, E. Trans.
† Vol. i. p. 39. ‡ *Jesaia*, p. 347.

Keim mistakenly boasted in reference to St. John's Gospel, that the judgment of centuries has been reversed.

2. The explanation of this is largely to be found in a sentence or two of Prof. Cheyne found in the article above referred to. He says, "The existence of tradition in the three centuries before Christ"—and therefore of all subsequent tradition—"is of little critical moment." And again, "Exegesis is the only safe basis of criticism for prophetical literature." The dangers that lurk in that passing *dictum* are obvious, and were we now discussing general principles, we should very emphatically point them out. But in the case of Old Testament problems, internal evidence must be of great weight. Exegesis, carefully undertaken and properly safe-guarded, must be a main court of appeal in these days, and to the examination of the book itself we now turn.

We must premise, however, that we cannot consent to have the way of this examination barred on either hand by rationalists or orthodox, who from separate sides seek to prevent discussion. On the one hand, some rationalistic critics contend that it was *impossible* for Isaiah to have foreseen events so long beforehand in such detail, and that the mention of Cyrus's name virtually closes the whole controversy. With such critics we can hold no argument, since no meeting-ground is possible. But that is by no means the position taken by writers like Delitzsch and Orelli, or by Cheyne, Driver, and G. A. Smith. Some orthodox critics insist that this is the real issue, but it is not so. If Deutero-Isaiah was written about 550 B.C., still Isaiah himself, a century and a half before, had manifested prevision attributable only to supernatural endowment, and the writer of the later chapters prophesied as only a man specially endowed by the Divine Spirit could prophesy. "The question is not," says Mr. Smith, "*could* the prophet (Isaiah) have been so inspired? To which question, were it put, our answer might only be, God is great. But the question is, *Was* our prophet so inspired? Does he offer evidence of the fact?"* Those who believe in

* Vol. ii. p. 7.

a living God may well hesitate before ascribing limits to His power and grace, but those who do so intelligently will always ask, Is this supposed supernatural intervention according to His method of working, and have we evidence of a kind and degree sufficient to warrant us in believing that He so wrought?

On the other hand, discussion need not be precluded by the fact that certain writers in the New Testament speak of the whole book as "Esaias." It is clear that in the time of the Evangelists the whole sixty-six chapters were included under one common name. That is important evidence as to the opinion of the time, but does not conclusively prove the question of authorship, as an examination of one or two passages will show. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews (iv. 7) quotes the Book of Psalms as "David," a sufficiently accurate designation for his contemporaries, but not necessarily implying that the ninety-fifth Psalm was written by David himself. In St. Matthew's Gospel (xxvii. 9) we find a passage from Zechariah attributed to "Jeremy the prophet," and in other cases passages from various prophets are blended with a freedom which shows that the inspired writers of the New Testament were thinking more of the substance of the words quoted than of the precise authorship of every passage adduced. In order to be intelligible to contemporary readers, it was necessary that the whole book which we know as Isaiah should be quoted under its current designation. The language used may be cited as proving this—no less, but also no more.

Turning, then, to the book itself, what is its own witness? Does it profess to have been written throughout by Isaiah? How far do the plan and outline, the statements of the book itself, testify to its authorship? It cannot be said that the book, as a whole, claims to have been written by Isaiah. Here and there we find scattered indications of authorship, though it is doubtful whether these come from the pen of the prophet himself. Taking the book as a whole, though there are signs of careful arrangement, it would appear most probable that the prophet was not the editor. The title prefixed to chap. i. cannot be understood to apply to the whole book.

It is limited to "Judah and Jerusalem," and to the reigns of certain kings. It cannot include within its scope the "burdens" pronounced on foreign nations (chaps. xiii.–xxiii.), and apparently applies only to the first chapter, prefixed as an introduction to the whole. This is confirmed by the fact that another title is found in chap. ii. 1.: "The word that Isaiah, the son of Amoz, saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem." The section thus introduced includes chaps. ii.–v. Then follows the account of what is usually described as the prophet's "call," narrated in the first person. The next section clearly consists of chaps. vii. to xii., a series of prophecies more or less closely welded into one whole, and dated by the introductory verse as belonging to the times of Ahaz. The first of the burdens, that against Babylon in chap. xiii. 1, is headed by a separate title: "The burden of Babylon, which Isaiah, the son of Amoz, did see." Without pursuing the arrangement of the book into further detail, it is clear that in chaps. xxxvi. to xxxix. we have a separate historical section occurring in the very middle of the prophecies, and looking backwards and forwards, linking together the earlier and later portions. Whether these chapters were written by Isaiah or not forms part of our problem. A close critical investigation of the parallel chapters, 2 Kings xviii.–xx., fails to make it quite certain whether the annalist borrowed from Isaiah—who is known from 2 Chron. xxxii. 32 to have composed separate historical works — or whether the supposed compiler of "Isaiah" included in the book an illustrative passage from the historical annals. Delitzsch thinks the former hypothesis the more probable, Cheyne and the majority of critics are tolerably certain that the latter is correct. In either case, this historical section intervenes, and then come the chapters with which our discussion is chiefly concerned, but without any indication of author or date.

On the whole, it seems fair at least to say that this leaves the discussion open. Isaiah himself does not claim to have written these chapters, nor does the editor of the book—if editor there has been — distinctly attribute them to him. The evidence for unity lies in the association of these parts together from the earliest times, not in any distinct statement

of the writer himself. Mr. G. A. Smith says that "those who maintain the Isaianic authorship of the whole book have the responsibility cast upon them of explaining why some chapters in it should be distinctly said to be by Isaiah, while others should not be so entitled."* That would be so if tradition were silent or neutral, but an unbroken line of tradition, necessarily "uncritical," but not, therefore, necessarily untrustworthy, throws the *onus probandi* upon those who would establish duality or plurality of authorship. But that is not worth discussing. When the battle is joined, the burden of maintaining its own cause belongs to each side; and we quite agree with Mr. Smith that there is nothing in the language of the book itself which claims chaps. xl.–lxvi. for Isaiah, but that the construction of the book as a whole points rather in the other direction.

3. It is not denied on any hand that the point of view from which chaps. xl.–lxvi. are written is Babylonian. With the exception of a few passages, which must be separately dealt with, the prophet's addresses throughout these chapters do not so much contemplate the Exile as presuppose it. Those who support the Isaianic authorship hold that the prophet was carried away in spirit, and moved by Divine power to pour forth words of encouragement and comfort which had no reference to his own times, but implied a Judah that had long mourned in captive exile, had long been desolate and in misery. According to this view, "The Isaiah of the vexed and stormy times of Ahaz and Hezekiah is supposed in his later days to have been transplanted by God's spirit into a time and region other than his own. He is led in prolonged and solitary vision into a land that he has never trodden, and a generation on which he has never looked. The present has died out of the horizon of his soul's vision. The voices in his ears are those of men unborn, and he lives a second life among events and persons, sins and sufferings, fears and hopes, photographed sometimes with the minutest accuracy on the sensitive and sympathetic medium of his own spirit, and he becomes the denouncer of the special sins of a distant genera-

* Vol. ii. pp. 4, 5.

tion, and the spokesman of the faith and hope and passionate yearnings of an exiled nation, the descendants of men living when he wrote in the profoundest peace of a renewed prosperity."* That it was abstractly possible for God thus to inspire His servant is a part of our hypothesis; it remains to inquire whether the prophecy lends itself most readily to such a supposition. There can be little doubt that difference of tone and phraseology would be observable between the language of such ideal anticipations on the one hand, and, on the other, that of a prophet actually looking back on the Captivity as nearly over, and dwelling upon the redemption of the people at last drawing nigh. It is not by way of prejudging the question that we remark that there is no parallel in the whole prophetic writings for such an elaborate and prolonged ecstatic utterance as would be implied in the former supposition. It is possible that this is the only case of the kind, permitted for special reasons, such as have been suggested by Dr. Kay and a long line of expositors before him, that by this means a motive might be supplied to induce Cyrus to liberate the Jews, and a marvellous example of prescience and fulfilled prophecy be furnished to them and to all mankind. Let us examine the facts of the case.

According to Deutero-Isaiah, Jerusalem and the Temple are in ruins. "Thy holy cities are become a wilderness," so the people are represented as passionately pleading in prayer. "Zion is become a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste" (lxiv. 10, 11). "Our adversaries have trodden down Thy sanctuary: we are become as they over whom Thou never barest rule, as they that were not called by Thy name" (lxiii. 18, 19). The nation is in captivity. "This is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes and hid in prison-houses; they are for a prey and none delivereth, for a spoil, and none saith, Restore" (xlii. 22). The period of Assyrian oppression is long past, and new tyrants are in the

* Dean Bradley, from a University sermon, quoted by Cheyne, *Isaiah*, vol ii. pp. 203, 4.

ascendant. "My people went down aforetime into Egypt to sojourn there, and the Assyrian oppressed them without cause. Now, therefore, what do I here, saith the Lord, seeing that my people is taken away for naught? They that rule over them do howl, saith the Lord, and my name continually every day is blasphemed" (lii. 4, 5). It is from Babylon that they are to be delivered. "Go ye forth from Babylon, flee ye from the Chaldæans" (xlviii. 20; lii. 11). There is no need to illustrate this at greater length. It is more to the purpose to observe that the redemption foretold is not depicted as by one who foresees also the captivity from which it is a deliverance. It is the habit of the Proto-Isaiah, as Dillmann has remarked,* to pass at once from the Assyrian period to the far-off Messianic consummation, without the declared intervention of any Babylonian period. Jeremiah predicted both exile and deliverance, but in this prophecy the exile is represented as past, the deliverance as shortly to come. The Hebrew idiom of the "prophetic perfect" will not explain this distinction between what is represented as past and what is described as still future. Deutero-Isaiah speaks as to a people who have been long disciplined. His opening words herald coming comfort, because "her time of service is accomplished, her punishment is accepted; she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." This tone and attitude is so completely maintained, at least in chs. xl.–lvi. 9, that unless strong counter reasons be shown, it seems not unfair to say "Had Isaiah been the author, he would, according to all analogy, have predicted *both* the exile *and* the restoration. He would have represented both, as Jeremiah and Ezekiel do, as lying equally in the future."†

But it is not merely with an argument from analogy that we have to do. The argument that the prophets, even when predicting the farthest future, always rise to their highest flights from the circumstances of their own times, has a deep significance. It impresses upon us the truth that the first duty of the prophet was to be a preacher of righteousness to his own contemporaries; that his forecast of the future was

* *Jesaia*, p. 34. † Driver, *Isaiah, his Life and Times*, p. 186.

largely made in order to point the lessons of the present. The prophet was essentially a moral teacher; and though it was perfectly possible for God to enable any servant of His to utter a message that was not intended for his contemporaries, but that might be opened out after the lapse of generations, and found to be full of supernatural insight and strong consolation to the great-great-grandchildren of those to whom he ministered, such a course is so contrary to the essential character of Hebrew prophecy that we must be very sure of our ground before accepting it as a fact. The point of view of Deutero-Isaiah is such, the allusions to captivity are so numerous and incidental, that it would be hardly too much to say that Isaiah's contemporaries could hardly have understood it, and could not have benefited by it, if they had. If Isaiah wrote these words, it must have been under other conditions and for other objects than those characteristic of Hebrew prophecy in general.

4. The sharpest edge of this argument is found in the language used concerning Cyrus. A large part of the phraseology of Deutero-Isaiah is general; the writer soars above the region of the actual, and of some passages of the prophecy at least it might be said that they were equally suited to pre-exilic days. From time to time, however, the prophet particularises, and nowhere is his language more remarkable than where he speaks of the personality of the deliverer through whom the restoration was to be brought about—Cyrus the Persian. Orelli—a most moderate critic, in spirit truly conservative—puts the argument to be deduced from the way in which Cyrus is named, at the same time fairly and strongly, thus: "If, indeed, it were said, Ye hardened Jews, the king of Babylon will destroy your cities and carry you away captive into his own land. But after seventy years I will deliver you by my servant, whose name is Cyrus, saith the Lord," it might still be disputed whether such a prediction really oversteps the limits of the possible. But instead of this, the Persian conqueror is spoken of as a well-known hero of the day, whom one need not mention by name to be understood in alluding to him (xli. 2, ff. 25); only afterwards is his name mentioned, as it were casually (xliv. 28), or this king is addressed as one who

has already appeared (xlv. 1)."* We must bear in mind that the argument in this case turns not only on the mention of the name, in itself unusual, perhaps unprecedented.† But what is said concerning Cyrus is made, as is usual with the prophet, the basis of an argument. The prophet contends that a well-known hero, whose deeds are supposed to be more or less familiar to his readers, is in very deed a servant of Jehovah, controlled, directed, shaped by the Most High to His own ends, and this to such a degree that he is actually styled Messiah, the Lord's anointed one. The announcement is not, as might have been expected were Isaiah the author, "A deliverer shall come, and that ye may know that Jehovah hath raised him up, such and such shall be his character," nor have we such a use of the idiomatic "prophetic perfect" as would in Hebrew convey this idea. The appeal is made to those who know the personage described as "one from the north, and he is come; from the rising of the sun one that calleth upon Thy name; and he shall come upon rulers as upon mortar, and as the potter treadeth clay." Cyrus, as has been shown by recently discovered inscriptions, was no pure-minded monotheist; he appears to have been in many respects indifferent to religious considerations, making concessions for policy's sake to the gods of the country, and in Babylonia bowing down in the house of the Babylonian Rimmon—Bel and Nebo, the local divinities. All the more emphatic is the appeal, and all the more striking the prophecy of him who claimed this victorious hero as a servant of Jehovah, who says to him: "I have surnamed thee, I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me; I will go before thee to open the doors, and the gates shall not be shut, to give thee hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I am the Lord." The nations of the East were waiting in wondering expectation to see what would be the career of this new Persian ruler, how far his dominion would extend, and how it would be exercised; the prophet in effect claims him for the Lord, appeals to those who

* *Prophecies of Isaiah*, p. 212.

† For in the only parallel case, 1 Kings xiii. 2, the mention of Josiah's name is regarded by even such orthodox commentators as Prof. Rawlinson as in all probability a marginal gloss.

are eagerly watching the next step in the evolution of events, and stakes all upon the announcement that he shall do God's work, prepare God's way, and deliver God's people. (Compare carefully the reasoning contained in xli. 21–29.)

So strong is this argument, that the defenders of the Isaianic authorship of these chapters are at great disadvantage in dealing with it. Dr. Kay does not enter upon it at all. Mr. Urwick, in his thoughtful and interesting volume on *The Servant of Jehovah*, pleads, as if in extenuation, that Cyrus is only mentioned by name twice—which is rather an argument the other way, considering how much is said about him—and that "the name *Koresh* is originally not a proper name, but an honorary title, explained by the Greek writers as signifying the sun, a title given to Persian kings," as was Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt. This view, suggested long ago by Hengstenberg and Hävernick, is not really tenable, and the attempt to *minimise* Isaiah's knowledge is an argument out of place in the lips of those who are contending for the maximum of supernatural revelation. Sir Edward Strachey, whose treatment of the whole subject is full of interest and instruction, feels himself driven here to the critic's last resort—an interpolation. As he says, the author of the Book of Ezra could have known of no direct prophecy of Cyrus as the coming deliverer of the Jews, or he would have referred to this instead of to the more general utterances of Jeremiah (Ezra i. 1). Consequently Sir E. Strachey, who upholds in the main the unity of "Isaiah," favours the view that the word *Koresh* in chap. xlv. 1, is superfluous, and should be treated as a gloss, while its occurrence in xliv. 28 is to be understood as an explanatory addition of the Synagogue, added after the time of the Exile. He is clearly but half satisfied with this explanation, but adds, "The question whether our existing text is not a work of Isaiah, revised and re-edited during or after the Exile, and not a new work of that date, seems to me at least to claim a more complete discussion than it has yet received."* There can be little question, indeed, though the mention of Cyrus's name is

* *Jewish History and Politics in the Times of Sargon and Sennacherib*, p. 359. This was written in 1874.

not conclusive against the Isaianic authorship to those who believe in Divine inspiration, that it is in itself a very strong argument for the later date of these chapters.

5. When we turn to consider the evidence of language, style, and thought, the case is by no means clear. Nor indeed is it easy to marshal on either side the considerations which present themselves, inasmuch as internal evidence of this kind is notably subjective and uncertain. It is easy enough, for example, to prepare lists of words found in the former but not in the latter part of the book, as easy as it is to meet these by corresponding lists of words common to the two sections. Those accustomed to weigh evidence will pay little attention to either the one or the other, till such lists have been carefully analysed and sifted, and till it is clearly shown that the author of the second portion deliberately, repeatedly, and in a distinctive manner uses the characteristic words or phrases of the former portion; or, on the other hand, when referring to the same subjects deliberately eschews these, employing others of his own. Even so, the evidence for identity of authorship from identity of phrase will by no means be strong, because the possibility of imitation has not been eliminated, an imitation which in the case before us is not unlikely, either consciously or unconsciously, to have taken place. On the other hand, no difference of phraseology can be allowed to have weight in argument, which does not take into account the difference of subject-matter presented in the passages under consideration.

A number of characteristic words and expressions are found in both portions. For example, the Divine name so characteristic of Isaiah, "The Holy One of Israel," occurs twelve times in the former part, thirteen times in the latter. A similarity is observable in the formulæ when the word of God is delivered, כֹּה אָמַר יְהוָה in its occurrence at the beginning and נְאֻם יְהוָה in the middle or at the end of a sentence. The phrase, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," is found both in Proto- and Deutero-Isaiah, and nowhere else in the Scriptures. The figure called *epanaphora*, the repetition of a kind of catchword of a verse at the end, though occasionally found elsewhere in Scripture, is in both parts of this book

quite a favourite rhetorical expedient. Delitzsch notices nine examples in the former part of the book, thirteen in the latter. Mr. Urwick has accumulated further examples, with a view of showing that a similar familiarity with the processes of agriculture is exhibited in both parts of the book, and many of the coincidences taken by themselves are striking. Perhaps the most complete examination that has been made is by an American writer, the Rev. W. H. Cobb, who puts the argument for the unity of Isaiah, as derived from language, very completely. He says that the total number of words used in Deutero-Isaiah is 1313; of these 368 may be considered common words and all but 6 of them are found in Proto-Isaiah, while 25 are wanting in Ezekiel, a writer of the time of the Exile. Of the remaining 945 words, 486 are found in I. Isaiah, only 373 in Ezekiel, and of 70 rare words in II. Isaiah used to express miscellaneous ideas, none are used by Ezekiel, who instead employs 83 others. Mr. Cobb contends that he has proved that the phraseology of II. Isaiah agrees with that of I. Isaiah and differs from that of Ezekiel, in several diverse subjects—*e.g.*, the names of God, the region of inorganic nature, of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and of human life and activities.*

On the other hand, a favourite phrase of I. Isaiah, "In that day," one which might have been expected from the nature of the subject to be found still oftener in the second part, is found once only. A similar difference occurs in the case of the introductory phrase "And it shall come to pass." Other expressions, such as the name "Lord Jehovah of Hosts," the phrases which describe God as "exalted," "lifting Himself up," or "stretching out the hand," and others, such as "the escaped" of Israel, very likely to occur in the second part, were it written by Isaiah, are not found there. Many phrases abound in the latter part which do not occur in the former—*e.g.*, "all flesh," "lift up your eyes on high," "to shoot or spring forth" of moral events, "to clothe oneself" (metaphorically), "the isles," the verb "to create," a peculiar word for "covenant," and such phrases as "I am Jehovah and none else," "I am the

* See a series of articles in *Bibliotheca Sacra* for the years 1881 and 1882.

First and the Last, saith the Lord." A list of later Hebrew or Aramaic words found in Deutero-Isaiah has been prepared, and on these Professors Cheyne and Driver lay considerable stress. The attempts to explain these away have not been very successful, and some weight must be given to this argument. Gesenius, however, admits that the Hebrew literature of the date of the Exile is free from *strong* Chaldaic colouring, and Cheyne makes this argument quite subsidiary. Indeed, in the present condition of the text, argument either way is very precarious.

As to style and thought there appears to be no difference between the two parts which could not be accounted for by lapse of time and change of subject. Deutero-Isaiah exhibits characteristics of development both in style and thought, but if these had not been present it would have been natural to argue that we have in the latter portion the work of an imitator, not of the same author at a later stage. Delitzsch says: "In chaps. i.–xxxix. of the collection the prophet's language is for the most part more compressed, rigid, sculpture-like, although even here assuming every hue of colour. But in chaps. xl.–lxvi. it has become a broad, clear, shining river, bearing us on majestic, but gentle and transparent waves, as into a better world. . . . . We may say that the second half of the Book of Isaiah is in course of progressive growth as to its theme, standpoint, style, and ideas throughout the first part."* It is especially to be borne in mind that the full stress of this argument is felt only if the earlier part of the book is not tampered with. It is not fair to remove chaps. xiii., xxi., xxxiv., and xxxv., the connecting links between the two portions, and then say that no connecting links are visible. The case of those who contend for unity must be taken as a whole. That there is a certain difference in the thought or theological style of the two portions must be admitted, though Professor Driver speaks too strongly when he says that "the prophet of the Exile moves in a different region of thought from Isaiah," that he "appropriates and dwells upon different aspects of truth," and when he says that "it is exactly what

* Vol ii. pp. 123, 128.

would be expected from a later writer, expanding and developing, in virtue of the fuller measure of inspiration vouchsafed to him, elements due to his predecessor," it is easy to reply that the words would have been at least as fitly used of a later stage in the history of the same prophet. There is a decided difference between the characteristic thought of Isaiah, "A remnant shall return," and that of the later prophecy, "All flesh shall see the glory of the Lord," but there is nothing forced or extravagant in the idea of the development from the former thought to the latter in the history of one prophet. The kind of argument used here by many critics would make short work of the genuineness of some of St. Paul's Epistles.

A similar discussion arises as to the presence and character in Deutero-Isaiah of what is known as "local colour," allusions to scenery, natural features and surroundings, as indicating Palestinian or Babylonian authorship. In a considerable part of the prophecy there is no local colour at all. The writer lives and moves among the exiles, but to a great extent "like a spirit without visible form," so that we learn nothing about the time or place of his own appearance. Delitzsch says: "He floats along like a being of a higher order, like an angel of God." This is so far an argument for the ideal or the Isaianic character of the prophecy. But at times local knowledge of Babylon seems to be implied; the branching rivers and canals (xliv. 27), and the traffic upon them (xliii. 14), the characteristic superstitions of Babylon, astrology and magic (xlvii. 13), its markets and commerce (15), the description of Bel and Nebo as gods of Babylon, and the way in which they were carried in procession (xlvi. 1). Still, there is nothing decisive in such allusions as these, as even Dillmann admits, saying that the prophet did not condescend to dwell upon details of this kind. On the other hand, chaps. lvi.–lviii. contain many allusions to Palestinian scenery, and to the habits of the Jews in earlier days, and the customs and forms of idolatry referred to in chaps. lxv. and lxvi. do not appear to be Babylonian. On the whole, we may, perhaps, sum up the conclusions arrived at under this head by saying that there is nothing in the thought, language, or style incompatible with the Isaianic authorship, though, on the whole, the differ-

ence of standpoint already remarked is borne out by a corresponding difference of style, which would fit in with, though it would not of itself demand, the supposition of a different authorship.

6. Space will not permit us to enter upon another line of argument based upon the relations between Deutero-Isaiah and other books, especially Jeremiah. Considerations of this kind are of considerable importance in their place, but the discussion of them is necessarily complex, and the conclusions arrived at precarious. Many modern critics contend that it is easy to show the close dependence of the writer of Isaiah xl.–lxvi. on Jeremiah, Mr. G. Adam Smith going so far as to say, "This debt is so great that Second Jeremiah would be a title no less proper for the prophet than Second Isaiah." * We must not complicate our present discussion by presenting the arguments of those who agree with Mr. Smith, or those which are presented on the other side, to show that Jeremiah is the copyist, not the original. We prefer to point out that arguments of this kind on either side are open to grave question, and that "parallel passages" may easily be handled so as to be entirely misleading. Prof. Cheyne himself says: "How prone we are to fancy an imitation where there is none, has been strikingly shown by Mr. Munro's parallel between the plays of Shakespeare and Seneca; and even when an imitation on one side or the other must be supposed, how difficult it is to choose between the alternatives! That there are parallels between 2 Isaiah on the one hand, and Jeremiah or Zephaniah on the other, is certain, and that the one prophet imitated the other is probable, but which is the original one?" † The way in which unconscious bias affects a decision under the circumstances may be seen by a comparison of the arguments used by Delitzsch and Driver respectively on this particular topic, and we must leave them to neutralise one another, passing to another topic.

7. On the supposition of the non-Isaianic authorship of chs. xl.-lxvi., it is urged that it is passing strange that there should be two Isaiahs, two stars of the same exceptional magnitude and beauty so near each other, and that one of them

* Vol. ii. p. 15. Introduction. † *The Prophecies of Isaiah*, vol. ii. p. 215.

should have remained from his own time and throughout the centuries the "Great Unknown," his very existence hardly suspected till more than 2000 years after his death. Modern critical analysis makes light of the difficulty of there being "two Platos." Now that disintegrating analysis has accustomed us to the idea of Homer being put into commission and Moses being dissolved away into a multitude of anonymous and insignificant legislators, it is held by critics a small matter to suppose that two, three, or more hands have been occupied upon the composition of the book we call "Isaiah." But the difficulty remains a serious one, and should not be slighted. The most candid among the critics acknowledge it. Orelli says: "But after all, one thing remains utterly unexplained—the anonymity of so glorious a book, carefully arranged by the author himself. In a time when Haggai and Zechariah so carefully dated their prophecies, how could the name be lost of the seer who had unquestionably done most towards the revival of the theocratic spirit and the home-coming of the faithful ones?" * Delitzsch points out that on the supposition of the dual authorship, we have a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of the prophetical writings. "Something exceptional may have happened to the Book of Isaiah. Yet it would be a strange accident if there should have been preserved a quantity of precisely such prophecies as carry with them in so eminent a degree, so singular and so matchless a manner, Isaiah's style. Strange, again, that history knows nothing whatever regarding this Isaianic series of prophets. And strange is it, once more, that the very names of these prophets have suffered the common fate of being forgotten, even although in time they all stood nearer to the collector than did the older prophet whom they had taken as their model." † To this a double reply is given by the critics, but unfortunately the two answers are hardly consistent. Mr. G. A. Smith says that it is tolerably certain that the whole of II. Isaiah is not by one man, and that chs. xl.–lxvi. must be further analysed and resolved into their constituent elements; that if all had been due to one author, his name would cer-

* Page 215. † Vol. i. p. 39.

tainly have come down to us. Prof. Driver, on the other hand, urges that "genius is not tied to any particular age or period of a nation's life," that circumstances are needed to draw it out, and that such circumstances were certainly combined about the period of the return of the Jews from captivity.

We have by no means covered, even in outline, the whole ground of the arguments on either side of our question, and we especially regret to have been compelled to pass by the interesting topic of the "Servant of the Lord," as treated in II. Isaiah. But it is time that we began to gather into one focus the pleadings and counter-pleadings of rival advocates, and to sum up, with however little of judicial ability, the features of the case presented. And, first of all, it seems desirable to say, that with our present evidence, judgment, whatever it is, must be pronounced with more or less of reserve. Difficulties of a somewhat serious kind remain, either upon the supposition that Isaiah wrote the whole book, or that one author wrote chapters xl.–lxvi, about 550 B.C., or that several authors, some pre-exilic, some post-exilic, have been engaged upon these chapters, which were welded into one composite whole, and then called by the well-known name of Isaiah. Shallow and confident dogmatists who delight in striking results, assured conclusions, triumphant victories, are not likely to guide us safely here. The wisest critics recognise this. Complexity, not simplicity, is characteristic of this problem. Most of those who assign chapters xl.–lxvi. to another author than Isaiah detach also several chapters from the earlier portion, while they are compelled to acknowledge that at least some chapters—*e.g.*, the section lvi. 9–lix., are of earlier date, and were either incorporated in the later book, or themselves embody the writings of earlier prophets "worked up" by a writer about the time of the Exile. Mr. G. Adam Smith, for instance, holds that "the Second Isaiah is not a unity, in so far as it consists of a number of pieces by different men whom God raised up at different times before, during, and after the Exile, to comfort and exhort amid the shifting circumstances and tempers of His people: but that it is a unity, in so far as these pieces have been gathered together by an editor very soon after the return from exile, in an

order as regular both in point of time and subject as the somewhat mixed material would permit."* Delitzsch also, who was at last reluctantly compelled to give up the Isaianic authorship of the later chapters, says that "these later prophecies so closely resembled Isaiah in prophetic vision, that posterity might on that account well identify them with himself." He conceives that there was a school of Isaiah's disciples (chap. viii. 16, "Seal instruction among my disciples"), and adapts the language of viii. 18, "Behold I and the children whom God hath given me" to this group of followers, who inherited his spirit and carried on his work.† Nägelsbach and Sir E. Strachey hold that chapters xl.–lxvi. are virtually Isaianic with later interpolations. Klostermann,‡ Bredenkamp and others, assign the second part in the main to a later author, but think that certain passages in it were written by Isaiah himself. Cheyne, who formerly maintained the unity of Deutero-Isaiah, now subdivides it into nine distinct portions, ranging from the time of Manasseh to Nehemiah. Without adducing further varieties of critical opinion, we have probably said enough to make it clear that the one conclusion, unwarranted by the evidence, is that of the confident dogmatist who indulges in sweeping generalisations.

Our own opinion is that the balance of evidence on the whole turns against the traditional view, which attributes the whole of the book called "Isaiah" to the prophet himself. Bearing in mind, first, that the tradition comes down to us from times when the five first books of the Bible were called "Moses," and the Psalms indiscriminately called "David"; secondly, that the Book of Isaiah does not claim as a whole to be written by Isaiah, and bears upon the surface some obvious marks of compilation; thirdly, that the standpoint of the greater portion of II. Isaiah has been conclusively shown to be Babylonian, and that the language used concerning Cyrus would naturally imply that he had already appeared on the stage of history; fourthly, that this difference of standpoint, seems, on the whole, to correspond, more or less, with a certain difference in

* Vol. ii. p. 21. † *See* vol. i. p. 38; vol. ii. p. 132.
‡ Article in Herzog-Plitt. *Real-Encyclopädie*, sub voce.

language, style, and thought, while the influence of Isaiah on the writer is clearly discernible; we are inclined to regard with favour the view that the greater part of Deutero-Isaiah was written shortly before the Return, about 550 B.C. We should attribute the phenomenon—startling, indeed, with our modern ideas of literature—that so notable a prophet has remained unknown by name, to the habits of the time respecting prophetical literature. It is coming to be more clearly understood that in the composition of law, and of history, and of prophecy, there was more of editorial and anonymous work among the Jews than has hitherto been supposed. For example, it is now generally accepted by critics of all schools that in Isaiah ii. 2–4 and Micah iv. 1–3 we have embedded a short prophecy by an unknown author, which both of the prophets just named used, as we should say, without marks of quotation, each adapting and applying it in his own way. The prophecy is couched in lofty language, and takes its place among the words of Micah or Isaiah without our being able to discern the lines where the piece of old cloth is woven into the newer garment. The Spirit of God in old times moved many men of most various types and gifts to carry His message and do His work, and we only enlarge the area without injuring the completeness of His inspiration, if we are brought to the conclusion that the gifts vouchsafed to an Isaiah and a Micah were shared sometimes in less degree, sometimes in hardly inferior measure, by those whose names have not come down to us. If Eldad and Medad prophesy in the camp, instead of begrudging the extension of the Divine gifts, we may say with Moses, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them!"

We are not blind to the difficulties and objections which beset this view. We are glad to imitate the caution with which a veteran like Delitzsch expressed himself, when acknowledging that the evidence as a whole points to a conclusion which entails a long series of questions very hard to answer. Much of the doubt which clings round the determination of these Old Testament problems arises from the deficiency of external evidence, and our ignorance of the circumstances under which

the Old Testament canon was formed. Long and unbroken tradition must have its due weight. But the value of that tradition needs to be examined by historical criticism. Of such criticism, fairly conducted, and of the fullest investigation of the evidence as to authorship borne by the sacred text itself, we must not be afraid. Where it does not involve rationalistic assumptions, criticism, which means full investigation, ought to be courted, not eyed askance. Suspicion of it may mean godly jealousy; it may also mean rooted prejudice or an unworthy reluctance to face facts. Without rashly deserting venerable tradition, which at least in the first instance holds the field, all who would truly honour the Sacred Books must welcome fresh light upon the composition of its records from whatever quarter that light may proceed. It might well be maintained that the whole of the latter part of Isaiah gains in force, point, and significance by our viewing, say, chaps. xl.-lvi. 8, as the composition of a prophet writing after the appearance of Cyrus, but some years before the Restoration of the Jews. But that thesis is not within our scope at present.

It only remains to say that the student of Scripture who troubles little about "critical problems," will lose little or nothing, whichever solution of the Isaian question be adopted. Delitzsch says: "The influence of criticism on exegesis in the Book of Isaiah amounts to nothing;" and Cheyne, "The chief thing is not to know who wrote the prophecies, but to understand and assimilate its essential ideas. There are points that are vague and obscure till we know the circumstances, but in Isaiah these form but a small proportion of the whole." Professor A. B. Davidson says: "There is no part of Scripture to the understanding of which criticism contributes so little."* Especially is it clear that those who are chiefly anxious to hear the voice of God speaking through the instrumentality of man, and who fear lest the attempt to set traditional views on one side should impair the supernatural character of prophecy, and resolve the Divine illumination into an intensified human fore-

* In an interesting series of papers on "The Servant of the Lord," see *Expositor*, second series, vol. vi. p. 85.

sight, may, so far as the question before us is concerned, be entirely reassured. Both according to the traditional view and the alternative view increasingly accepted by scholars of all schools,* it holds that both in the earlier and later portions of Isaiah there are genuine prophecies, altogether beyond the power of unaided man to utter. But on the one view Isaiah, rapt in spirit, uttered words which were not intended for himself or his contemporaries, but were launched, so to speak, into the void, to find their mark after the lapse of a century and a half, and on the other, a prophet was inspired to give a message of encouragement direct from the heart to the needs of the Exiles in Babylon, some of them faithful, some of them wavering, some of them actually apostate, and upon this prophet there rested a special measure of the spirit of his master Isaiah. So Elisha was endowed with the first-born's double share of the legacy left by the departed Elijah. So God, when He buries one of earth's master-workmen, raises up others to carry on His work. These may be, in their turn, well-known and honoured, or they may be content to have passed on the torch of truth and hope, without handing down their own names to posterity. It is for us of a later day to drink as deeply as we may into the spirit which animates alike the former and the latter portions of this wonderful book. To "Esaias" it was given, as St. John reminds us (joining together the lessons of the sixth and the fifty-third chapters) to discern Christ's day and be glad, to "see His glory and to speak of Him." Better far than any technical solution of a critical problem, than any happy guess which settles a disputed question of authorship, is the ability to learn the spiritual lessons of perennial value which abound in all the pages of this inspired prophecy, and to discern the lines which lead from the servant to the Master, from the herald to the King, from Isaiah to Isaiah's Lord.

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* Professor Herbert Ryle of Cambridge describes this view as being "among the best scholars now scarcely disputed, and rapidly passing out of the sphere Biblical controversy."—*Critical Review*, No. 2, p. 172.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Living Christ and the Four Gospels. By R. W. DALE, LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

WE hardly know how to express our sense of obligation to Dr. Dale for this admirable volume. It brings within the category of logical argument and scientific evidence the experimental evidences of the truth of Christianity as has never been done before. It agrees with High Church apologists in showing that the foundation of faith in the Scriptures of the New Testament and in Christianity is to be found in the living history of the primitive and early Church; but it transfers the basis of confidence from what Anglicans speak of as the Apostolic Succession and Tradition to the living aggregate of Christian witnesses and Christian forces which, at a period earlier than the completion of the New Testament canon, had combined to maintain and extend the Faith and the Gospel of Christ among the nations of the earth, and which had already effected a critical change in the condition of the world. Dr. Dale vindicates the legitimacy and sufficiency of the confidence which Christian believers, who have a living experience of Christ's power and grace, maintain in the character and claims of Christ, in the doctrines of Christianity and in the New Testament generally, altogether apart from the scientific grounds which critical investigation supplies. Having so done, he proceeds to state and summarise the external evidences of the authenticity of the New Testament with admirable clearness and completeness, so far, at least, as it is possible to set them forth in a course of popular lectures. Altogether the volume is a *vade mecum* for perplexed Christians at the present day, and, for those who are not perplexed, an excellent and suggestive treatise, full of matter that will be serviceable in dealing with modern criticisms and ministering to troubled and bewildered understandings. The glow and eloquence, as well as the depth and vigorous logic, of the earlier lectures are most inspiring. It is a book not only to settle the understanding, but to warm and elevate the soul. Let our readers buy it, and recommend it as the best book of the day for the subject with which it deals. It has the additional recommendation of being a handy and low-priced volume.

The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. Revised and enlarged from *Good Words*. London: Isbister. 1890.

Mr. Gladstone has done real service by this admirable series of papers. He discusses the chief points raised by Old Testament criticism, not as an

expert, but as an intelligent Christian thinker, to whom questions about the truthfulness of the Biblical record are vital. There is no disposition to slur over difficulties, and the writer is throughout scrupulously fair and courteous to those from whose conclusions he most emphatically dissents. His sketch of the paralysis caused by untested doubt is singularly valuable, as also is the passage in which he describes his chapters as "the testimony of an old man in the closing period of his life." "Few persons of our British race," he says, "have lived through a longer period of incessant argumentative contention, or have had a more diversified experience in trying to ascertain, for purposes immediately practical, the difference between tenable and untenable positions." It is not easy to dispute the justice of this claim, and Mr. Gladstone shows great acumen in dealing with his subject. We have been specially interested by his remarks on the composition of the Books of Psalms (p. 135), and on the fact that the Pentateuch bears evidence of no such attempt to harmonise its various part as we might expect to find if it belonged to the time of Hezekiah. Its "somewhat loose and irregular form" is an abiding protest against the critics. Mr. Gladstone's book will be read with delight by every lover of the Bible. His sketches of the impurity of the Canaanitish nations, of the enduring influence of the Psalter and its anticipations of the Gospel, his tribute to the influence of the New Testament on human society, and the way in which the Christian tradition has influenced even those who reject it, should all be carefully studied. We might, perhaps, put our finger on one or two less satisfactory pages of the book, but, taken as a whole, it is a notable exhibition of the cumulative evidence for Revelation which makes us feel more fully the force of the title of this volume: *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.*

1. *The Development of Theology in Germany since Kant, and its Progress in Great Britain since* 1825. By OTTO PFLEIDERER, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by J. FREDERICK SMITH. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

2. *The Methods of the "Higher Criticism."* Illustrated in an Examination of Dr. PFLEIDERER'S Theory as to The Resurrection. By WILLIAM P. DICKSON, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity, University of Glasgow. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1890.

The first of these publications is a large volume, the second is a pamphlet. It will be well for those who read the first to read also the second. Dr. Dickson's is a calm, we might say a cold, criticism—a detailed, searching, analysis, showing the hollow pretence of Pfleiderer's hypotheses, the tangled heap of loose and gratuitous assumptions which he has vainly tried to weave

into an argument, the hypotheses and the assumptions being intended to explain away the great fact on which the faith and hope of Christianity rest. Dr. Pfleiderer's volume is what might be expected from his position in regard to the Resurrection. He is a philosopher first, belonging to the modern Hegelian school of Germany; hence he cannot be a Christian believer. His volume is able and instructive, though of course it needs to be read with critical caution; he is a complete rationalist, and sympathetic in spirit with Baur, although he cannot ignore the fact that Baur's hypothetical fabric is untenable. His book is useful as illustrating the dependence of theological rationalism in its variations and development on the development of philosophy. In regard to English theology, his view is in certain respects well informed, especially as regards the relations of philosophic thought in this country to its theological schools, and the successive phases of religious thought and controversy. But he is quite incapable of doing justice to our great orthodox pillars of modern Christian criticism and what may be called Church learning. He has no worthier recognition than a sneer for the power and accomplishments of such writers as Westcott and Lightfoot; as might be expected, however, he recognises sympathetically the merits of Dr. Hatch.

The Book of Proverbs. By R. F. HORTON, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

The volume before us well sustains the high level for the most part preserved in *The Expositor's Bible*. Mr. Horton wisely forbears from entering upon critical questions, though his brief Introduction gives the reader an insight into the general construction of the Book of Proverbs, and the view which the author is disposed to take upon it. In this, as in other respects, the scholarship of the author is shown, though it is never obtruded upon the reader. Some of Mr. Horton's translations from the Hebrew are very happy, and where he does not suggest a new translation, he often vivifies the meaning of the old and familiar words for the English reader.

Some readers will hesitate a little as to Mr. Horton's language concerning Inspiration; but we think his distinction between the *level* of the Divine and of the human wisdom contained in the Book of Proverbs to be both just and important. The writers who take their stand upon the lower level were, doubtless, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, as were those who compiled and arranged all these words of wisdom. But many of the utterances of the book become quite misleading, if the above distinction is not observed.

Mr. Horton's treatment of his exceedingly diverse themes is very skilful, so that he contrives in the compass of one volume to cover most of the ground. His practical remarks are often admirable, though we do not discern in a remarkable degree the faculty either of sententious speech or of illustration, such as characterised Arnot and some other writers upon Proverbs. Very graphic, however, is the delineation of the "realism" in the picture of Folly in chapter vii., and equally able in another direction is the sketch of the "idealism" in the description of Wisdom in chapter viii. The section on "The

Tongue" is excellent. We have read with pleasure this vigorous, scholarly and practical exposition, which must prove a great help to all students of the Book of Proverbs.

Why Does Man Exist? By ARTHUR JOHN BELL. London: W. Isbister. 1890.

The present volume is a continuation of a previous work by Mr. Bell, entitled *Whence Comes Man?* In that volume the author claims to have proved that man is the highest development of the power called "Life," a power added at a comparatively late period of geological time to powers already existing, and that both man and Nature owe their existence to the Infinite, Eternal Being—GOD, who created all things. We cannot, however, the author says, help asking, What was GOD's reason for causing man to exist? The answer to this question, he adds, becomes peculiarly difficult from the fact that while man desires to procure pleasure and avoid pain, and thus attain happiness, he is, in the present state of his existence, far indeed from happiness, or the prospect of securing it, and it appears as if the Creator of all must have been either malevolent, or altogether indifferent to the happiness of man. Is this world-old problem capable of any more satisfactory solution than has yet been reached? Mr. Bell thinks that it is, and here propounds his answer.

We may say that he reaches this answer by a very circuitous route. A large part of the volume is made up of copious extracts from the most various sources, and a great part of the argument consists of very questionable physio-psychological speculation concerning the nature and functions of "patriarch-ego-cells" and "child-ego-cells," and matters still more mysterious. Mr. Bell's conclusion on this part of his theme is, that every cell is inhabited by its own ego or soul, and that "the ego, the I, the me, the self, the myself" in every man is a certain "patriarch parent germ-cell," the seat of which is in the *Lamina terminalis*, the anterior end of the primitive medullary tube, which is the oldest part of the whole organism. We will leave Mr. Bell to settle this question with those who locate the soul in the pineal gland, and pass on to the answer given to the question of his title: *Why Does Man Exist?* "Man exists for the self-acquirement of knowledge, for the self-evolution of justice and love, and through their action the self-evolution of happiness." Man is not happy yet, because it was impossible for GOD to *make* a being virtuous; he must learn to make himself so. Free-will is possible, because man has the power of creating thoughts, hence of creating motives, hence of virtually creating right and wrong. When he has learned to subordinate all his actions to justice and love, he has learned the primary lesson of his existence. GOD is not indifferent to the sufferings of man, because GOD is omnipresent, all things "are identical in place with Him," hence He Himself, not only by sympathy, but "by direct experience," feels all these pains Himself, and the cost of man's arriving at goodness is an

unspeakable amount of pain in the Deity Himself, who "suffers all that man and all other living creatures suffer," and, indeed, infinitely more than this.

We have probably done considerable injustice to Mr. Bell's argument in thus presenting its bare skeleton; but we think we have fairly expressed his meaning, and enabled our readers to judge of the scope of his work. It cannot be denied that Mr. Bell has read largely, though he appears not to have fully assimilated what he has read, and he has certainly thought for himself, though his thoughts are often crude and strangely "mixed." We will not dwell upon a certain awkwardness of style, and the frequent use of such words as "efforting," "motivation," "plantal," to "self-cause," and the like, while we have already spoken of the heaping together of long extracts from Quain, Huxley, Foster, and others, the results of which should have been mastered by the writer and succinctly presented by himself. But Mr. Bell, with all the acuteness and ability which characterises his book, fails to see that it is impossible to cross the line which separates between the subjective and the objective, between consciousness on the one hand and matter, or that which is the cause of sensation, on the other, while his doctrine that GOD is (physically ?) diffused throughout the whole creation, and feels the pains of all sentient beings, because they are "identical in place with Him," shows similar crudity in another region. We are not charging Mr. Bell with materialism, because the whole tenour of his book, including some vigorous argumentation concerning free-will, points quite the other way. But if we have rightly understood the author, a materialist would accept one-half of his book, and with that overthrow the arguments of the other half. Indeed, a large portion of what is constructive in Mr. Bell's scheme of the universe is speculative only, not a reasoned-out conclusion. Hence the weakness of a well-intentioned and, in some respects, able book.

Sheaves of Ministry: Sermons and Expositions. By JAMES MORISON, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

In 1889 Dr. Morison celebrated the jubilee of his ministry. The enthusiasm of his friends, he tells us in his Prefatory Note, "thrilled me through and through. I wondered, and still wonder and adore." Happily, some of the doctor's friends would not be content without a Memorial Volume which should gather up some of the ripe fruit of his completed ministry. Those who have learned to prize Dr. Morison's Commentaries and Expositions will not be disappointed in these *Sheaves of Ministry*. The clearness of style corresponds well with the lucidity of thought and reasoning which we find in every sermon and exposition. "Is there a larger hope?" may be specially commended to thoughtful readers. Dr. Morison holds firmly to Bible teaching while objecting to the use of certain words employed by our translators which have changed their meaning with the lapse of time. It is a singularly well-balanced paper. "If Indifferentism increase and mature, what then?" deals with the growth of infidelity in a striking way. Dr. Morison shows how the Sabbath rest would be lost for the world, how "everything that can irradiate

the gloom of the death-chamber would go," and the sanctity of family life would perish if infidelity triumphed. It is a prospect the possibility of which makes us shudder. The volume will not only be helpful to the thinker; those who are seeking comfort in life's cares and sorrows will find here many consoling words. New lights are poured on old themes. Those who study these pages will better understand both their Bibles and their own hearts.

1. *The Foundations of the Bible: Studies in Old Testament Criticism.* By R. B. GIRDLESTONE, M.A.
2. *The Battle of the Standpoints. The Old Testament and the Higher Criticism.* By ALFRED CAVE, B.A., D.D.
3. *A Select Glossary of Bible Words; also a Glossary of Important Words and Phrases in the Prayer Book.* By the Rev. A. L. MAYHEW, M.A. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1890.

1. Mr. Girdlestone endeavours to set forth the literary claims of the Pentateuch and the later historical Books of the Old Testament in the light of the critical principles accepted in dealing with any other ancient literature. He is thus led to make certain reasonable modifications in the older view of Biblical criticism, whilst vindicating the literary fidelity of the writers and the substantial integrity of the Books. His able and timely survey of the whole ground will help to reassure many who have been disturbed by modern criticism, and show clearly that the antiquity and integrity of the Pentateuch remain unshaken. His detailed study of the Old Testament Books abounds in suggestion and information which will be very welcome to all devout and intelligent readers. Such a volume ought to be widely circulated.

2. Principal Cave's reassuring pamphlet, which deals with the Pentateuch alone, is just the thing for a busy man who wishes to see the argument for the older view of its authorship put concisely and clearly. It is a capital summary, and will have great weight with candid readers.

3. Mr. Mayhew's *Glossaries of the Bible and Prayer Book* are concise, yet at the same time adequate, notes on obsolete or unusual words, with references to English versions, such as Wyclif and the Genevan, to Shakespeare and other writers who are cited, with references to the work and page from which any quotation is made, so that a student can turn at once to the illustrative passage. The Glossaries will be of great service to all lovers of the English Bible and Prayer Book.

The Miracles of Our Saviour. Expounded and Illustrated. By W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

This will be a very welcome volume to the expositor of Scripture. Very little has been done of late years in the way of practical exposition of the

miracles. The parables have received the lion's share of attention, the miracles having been regarded too exclusively in their evidential aspect. The number of works on the former is legion; the exegetical treatment of the latter is yet to come. Considering the rich stores of instruction in the miraculous narratives of the Gospels, their neglect is strange. While Dr. Taylor's volume will not meet the needs of the thorough student, it will be exceedingly useful to the busy preacher. All available sources of exposition and illustration are used, as in the author's similar work on the parables. The standpoint is thoroughly conservative, the style eminently clear and readable, the homiletic suggestiveness abundant. Yet we long for something of higher aim and wider range, something corresponding to Goebel's masterly exposition of the parables. On the miracles Trench's work still holds the field for students. Thankful as we are for Dr. Bruce's masterly discussion of the apologetic aspect in his *Miraculous Element in the Gospels*, we should have been even more thankful for a volume from his hand in the same line as his *Parabolic Teaching of Christ*. Laidlaw's *Miracles of our Lord* is admirable, but not comprehensive enough. Here is a gap waiting to be filled.

Natural Religion. By the Author of *Ecce Homo.* Third Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

This is a reprint, without alteration, of the second edition issued with new preface in 1882. That preface seems to intimate that the author is arguing from premisses which he himself does not hold. If so, he certainly succeeded before in concealing his true purpose from the majority of readers. Whether the residuum obtained by this extreme method deserves to be called religion is more than doubtful.

1. *A Handbook of Biblical Difficulties; or, Reasonable Solutions of Perplexing Things in Sacred Scripture.* Edited by Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A.
2. *Principia; or, The Three Octaves of Creation.* By the Rev. Alfred Kennion, M.A., Vicar of Gerrard's Cross.
3. *Balaam; and other Sermons.* By the Rev. Alfred Owen Smith, B.A., L.Th., Curate of Hoylandswaine. London: Elliot Stock.

Mr. Tuck's book is the outcome of twenty years' study given to those portions of the Bible which are especially used in the pulpit and the Sunday School. It is always assumed, he says, that the inquirer who turns to this volume is sincere and reverent. Such readers will give the handbook a hearty welcome. It is divided into three sections, which deal with difficulties relating to moral sentiments, to Eastern customs and sentiments, and to the miraculous. The difficulty is briefly stated, then a clear explanation is given with quotations from commentators and writers of recognised authority. An index of topics

and another of texts helps any one to find in a moment the passage on which light is needed. It is a workmanlike volume, which is both sagacious and suggestive. Every student of the Bible will be grateful to Mr. Tuck for this valuable handbook.

Mr. Kennion's *Principia* is a thoughtful and brightly expressed study of the story of Creation. He holds that the different groups and half-groups of the narrative each take up a particular thread which they follow to the end, then returning to take up some collateral branch of the story at a point already perhaps some distance back. He thus escapes the chronological difficulties. He thinks the chapters "steer clear of all collision with scientific discoveries, and allow free play for all scientific researches." Mr. Kennion borrows his theory in part from St. Augustine, and however little we agree with him, we feel that he works it out with great acumen.

Mr. Smith's new volume of *Sermons* will distinctly increase his reputation as a thoughtful and spiritually-minded preacher. His forcible and well-balanced phrases give weight to his utterances, which do not lack the charm of apt poetic quotation and illustrative incident. The opening sermon on Balaam points the moral of that wonderful life; "Affliction Beneficial" has a message of comfort for the sorrowful; "An Evangelical Sermon" brings out with much felicity the chief points in the story of the Ethiopian eunuch.

The Practical Teaching of the Apocalypse. By the Rev. G. V. GARLAND, M.A., Rector of Binstead, Isle of Wight. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

Mr. Garland's volume may almost be described as a commentary on the Apocalypse. The whole book is discussed seriatim, and few difficulties are passed over without careful treatment. His chief pivot of interpretation seems to be his explanation of the Beast or Therion as "the earthly organisation of Political Government, by which Satan acts," and of the Lamb as "the Divine Organisation for the political governance of the earth, through which the Christ rules mankind." The writer says that the Baptist pointed to Christ as the Amnos or Lamb of God; whilst in the Apocalypse the word is Arnion, "the Little Lamb; a term expressive of inferiority, an offshoot of the Amnos, the true Lamb." He holds that the usual explanation of the phrase is hardly applicable to the personal Christ, and can only be thus applied by the help of somewhat unsatisfactory explanations, whereas the difficulty vanishes if the term be understood to apply to the Church of God, which has in plain fact been slain "from the foundation, or rather the fall of the world," as in the martyrdom of Abel, the crucifixion of Christ, and "in every act of sacrifice submitted to by every elect member of the Church of God, as a witness of his faith in the Crucified." This is too ingenious for us. We much prefer the old explanation. What warrant is there in Scripture, one asks, for an explanation which is alien to the whole tenour of the Church's exposition in every age? Mr. Garland's fault is that of most writers on the Revelation; he detects subtle meanings and is too eager to support them. His section

(pp. 32–3) on our Lord's words, "I am," is another illustration of this tendency. He finds "a remarkable use by our Lord of this 'sacred name' connected with seven characters, under which He describes His official position towards His hearers." The further fact that they are all in one Gospel, that of John, is said to connect "them with the sevenfold arrangement of the Apocalypse and the seven Epistles of Paul to the seven Churches. Our Lord says of Himself:—

'I am the door of the sheep,'

and so on. This is putting a very unfair strain on the phrase, and it is characteristic of much of Mr. Garland's work. His chapters on the Seven Letters to the Churches show the same tendency, but they are often very suggestive. The book is written by an English Churchman, who holds that his Church, while rejecting what was false and superstitious at the Reformation, was yet "careful to retain all the essentials of a true Church. By such determination the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession remained inviolate." We cannot accept the writer's views here or in his attempt to explain the mysteries of the Apocalypse, but he has certainly given us a thought-stirring book.

The Doctrine of the Death of Christ in Relation to the Sin of Man, the Condemnation of the Law, and the Dominion of Satan. By the Rev. NATHANIEL DIMOCK, M.A., late Vicar of St. Paul's, Maidstone. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

Mr. Dimock upholds the orthodox view of the Atonement of Christ with a great wealth of quotations from the Fathers and copious notes on the views of theologians of all schools. His main chapters were originally published as contributions to the *Churchman*, but he has made large and important additions in the foot-notes and appendices which will make the book valuable to scholars. It is a carefully reasoned vindication of the New Testament doctrine on the saving work of Christ, which will repay studious perusal. Mr. Dimock's scholarly note, "On Christ's redemption as viewed in relation to the dominion and works of the devil," discusses the patristic view of Christ's death as a ransom received by the devil with much acumen. It is the part of his book which will be found most suggestive.

1. *Are Miracles Credible?* By the Rev. JOHN JAMES LIAS, M.A., Vicar of St. Edward's, Cambridge. Second Edition. Revised.
2. *An Introduction to the Old Testament.* By the Rev. CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, D.D., Ph.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

1. The call for a new edition of *Are Miracles Credible?* has given Mr. Lias the opportunity of revising it and adding some notes. It is now a manual

which may be placed in the hands both of theological students and thoughtful readers in general. It deals with all phases of the subject in a lucid way which will greatly assist those who wish for guidance in a subject of supreme importance.

2. We can heartily recommend this little volume. It is brief—too brief, perhaps—but it is admirably condensed. The point of view is that of a learned and critically enlightened orthodoxy. Many points are, of necessity, in the present condition of Old Testament criticism, left open questions. The bibliography is wonderfully copious and complete. Dr. Wright will be recognised as the Bampton Lecturer for 1878 and the Donnellan Lecturer of 1880-1.

1. *Ezra and Nehemiah: their Lives and Times.* By the Rev. Canon RAWLINSON.

2. *Gideon and the Judges.* By the Rev. JOHN MARSHALL LANG, D.D. Men of the Bible Series. Nisbet & Co.

1. The first of these handbooks is by the learned and orthodox expositor of Scripture history, Canon George Rawlinson. Very heartily we recommend it. The fascinating history of Ezra and Nehemiah is just now of much importance in relation to the Scripture canon and revelation. It is a great matter to possess manuals which combine such a mastery of all the learning proper to the subjects with a firm and enlightened faith in the Old Testament basis of our Christian Revelation.

2. *Gideon and the Judges*, by Dr. Lang, is one of the most interesting and vigorous studies on the subject of the Judges that have come under our notice.

1. *The General Epistles of St. James and St. Jude.* By the Rev. ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., D.D.

2. *Ecclesiastes.* Revised and Enlarged Edition. By Rev. SAMUEL COX., D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

1. A more thoroughly scholarly and workmanlike volume than this has not, we think, been issued in the series of the Expositor's Bible. All is close, conscientious work. Of Dr. Plummer's learning and ability there is no need to speak. They are severely taxed by the difficulties of the two epistles dealt with in this volume. Fearless truthfulness and strict discrimination are also among his merits as a Biblical critic. They are conspicuous in his dealing with the many and grave perplexities which embarrass the interpretation of these two epistles, especially that of Jude.

2. Students of Scripture will hail the publication of this second edition of Dr. Cox's volume on *Ecclesiastes*. It is carefully revised, and is also enlarged. It is very able and exceedingly interesting. No student of *The Preacher* can afford to neglect it.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.

Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi. With Notes and Introduction. By the Ven. T. T. PEROWNE, B.D., Archdeacon of Norwich.

The Epistle to the Galatians. With Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. E. H. PEROWNE, D.D., Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press. 1890.

The Cambridge Bible has established its reputation for sound and painstaking scholarship, and every one who studies these neat little volumes will feel that it deserves the high place it has won in schools, colleges, and ministers' libraries.

English readers could find no better pocket commentary on the last of the minor Prophets, and on Galatians than these. The questions of date, authorship, and canonicity are discussed in introductions which are models of clear yet condensed statement; the notes are thorough and adequate, whilst any special difficulties are dealt with in a short appendix.

Dr. Perowne, in his *Galatians*, deals with difficult questions, such as those in ch. i. 17 and iv. 13–18, in a style that shows that he has studied Dr. Lightfoot's Commentary with care, and caught much of its spirit. Archdeacon Perowne's notes on "the desire of all nations" in Haggai, his explanation of Zechariah's visions, and his exposition of Malachi iii. 17 and iv. 5, 6, are models of brief commentating.

1. *The Biblical Illustrator.* By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. *Genesis.* Vols. I. and II. *St. John.* Vol. I. Nisbet & Co.
2. *The Sermon Bible.* St. Matthew xxii. to St. Mark xvi. Hodder & Stoughton.
3. *The British Weekly Pulpit.* A Companion Journal to the *British Weekly.* Vol. III. Hodder & Stoughton.
4. *The Preacher's Magazine*, for Preachers, Teachers, and Bible Students. Editors: M. G. PEARSE and A. E. GREGORY. C. H. Kelly.
5. *The Expositor.* Vol. II. Fourth Series. Hodder & Stoughton.

1. *The Biblical Illustrator* is certainly a marvel of industry and condensation. It forms a cyclopædia of sermon outlines, anecdotes and illustrations which will often help a busy preacher or teacher. The portly volumes on Genesis cull their ample and varied material from writers of all ages and schools. The fact that the first volume on St. John's Gospel covers only

seven chapters will show what a wealth of matter is thus brought together. Anecdotes and incidents of every sort are here at the service of the preacher. We can only hope that those who have the key to such a treasure-house will use their opportunity wisely.

2. The new volume of the *Sermon Bible* is full of suggestive extracts and summaries of discourses on the close of St. Matthew's Gospel and on that of St. Mark. It often quickens a preacher's mind to turn over such pages. The wide area from which the quotations are drawn also adds to their interest and value, whilst the references given to other sermons on the same subject will sometimes be very useful to those who have access to good public libraries. No volume could be more tastefully got up.

3. *The British Weekly Pulpit* is henceforth to be discontinued as a weekly paper. This will enable the editor to secure uniformity of type, so that the next volume will wear a more pleasing appearance. The best preachers have been laid under contribution, and the result is a volume that ought to be both stimulating and suggestive.

4. *The Preacher's Magazine* is more varied in its contents than the two previous volumes. Its contributors are, as a rule, less well-known that those of the *British Weekly Pulpit*, but the year's work may be described as a distinct success. It is the most attractive looking of the three volumes.

5. In this volume, the principal place, as we think, is due to Professor Beet on the "Future Punishment of Sin." But many other contributions are of notable value. Professor Ramsay writes on "St. Paul at Ephesus," Professor Milligan on "The Resurrection of the Dead," Professor Bruce on "The Epistle to the Hebrews," Arthur W. Hutton on "Cardinal Newman," the venerable Emeritus Professor David Brown on "The Study of the Greek Testament." These are only specimens; there are other contributions, scarcely, if at all, less important.

The Rise of Christendom. By EDWIN JOHNSON, M.A. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

Father Hardouin, it is well known, in the early part of the eighteenth century wrote an extraordinary and ingenious work to prove that the writings of the classics, including Virgil and Horace, were the inventions of Middle Age monks. The writer of this present volume goes far beyond Father Hardouin. He maintains that the sacred writings of both Testaments are simple forgeries, and also the whole of the early Christian and patristic literature. The Christian Church, according to him, is a purely mediæval institution, without either literary or oral links with the past. The Roman Church, he holds, came into being as the rival of the Church of Islam, and was borne to power upon a passionate current of anti-Semitic feeling, which set in from the time of the conquests of the Turks. For us to attempt to explain this monstrous, and, indeed, crazy hypothesis would be to waste time and space. The writer seems to be soberly insane; his book is no mere *tour de force*, and no ironical

purpose lurks beneath its absurdities. As a curiosity, the volume may possibly have a certain value. The author has paid Sir John Lubbock the doubtful compliment of dedicating it to him.

Gethsemane; or, Leaves of Healing from the Garden of Grief. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1891.

This book, Mr. Hall says in a prefatory note, is the fulfilment of a purpose which he has cherished for many years. It is composed of meditations on our Lord's agony in Gethsemane, which are both tender and devout—full of words of healing for the broken-hearted and weary. Appropriate selections are given from his own *Songs of Earth and Heaven*. The whole book is full of helpful thoughts, which will make it, as the writer desires, a welcome comforter in many a sick-room.

Illustrative Notes. A Guide to the Study of the Sunday School Lessons for 1891. By JESSE L. HURLBUT, D.D., and ROBERT R. DOHERTY, Ph.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. 1891.

Dr. Hurlbut says in his preface that the Sunday school of America brings together every week of the year nearly ten millions of people. "The constituency of the Sunday school is one-sixth of our population, and it is an element which influences the other five-sixths." For such a constituency this handsome volume has been prepared. It supplies an exposition of the Lessons for the year, with illustrative anecdotes, notes on topography and customs, pictures of the chief places referred to, maps, and all the apparatus for a teacher. It is a book which every Sunday-school worker will find of great value in preparing for the Sunday's work.

Three Christian Tests. London: B. J. Batsford. 1890.

The writer's three tests of true Christianity are the germ test, that is, the possession of the germ of spiritual life; the colour test—a life coloured by love; and the brotherhood test. It is on the last head that he has most to say. The idea of brotherhood carried into practice is, he holds, the cure for all our social evils. The writer urges that we should treat our criminals and murderers as moral lunatics. Cure them if possible, confine them if inevitable, but not punish them. This illustration will show that the pamphlet is the work of a visionary, though an amiable and earnest one.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XXV. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.

THE twenty-fifth volume of this great national work includes an average proportion of famous names. The greater part of it is not taken up, as in some volumes, with almost interminable lines of Scotch nobles or clansmen, nor are there many Irish among the names. This is an English volume. Harris, Harrison, Hastings, Hawkins are amongst the longest lists, although there is a long line of Scotch Hays and a good share of Hendersons. The greatest historical name is Henry I., of which a full, careful, and clear memoir, succinct and well digested, is given by the Rev. William Hunt. No less an authority than Dr. Gardiner has contributed the autobiography of Henrietta Maria. Perhaps no more distinguished scientific name is found in the volume than that of Dr. Harvey, the great physician and anatomist, of whose career an interesting and comprehensive account is given by Dr. Norman Moore. The capital memoir of the great Marquis of Hastings, whose extravagance left him wretchedly poor, notwithstanding his Indian viceroyalty, is written by Mr. Russell Barker, who also has written the sketch of Dr. Hawksworth, of the *Adventurer*, the adept in Johnsonese style, who in the last century ranked high as an essayist. Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntington, is briefly done by that master of the literature of the Evangelical Revival, the Rev. J. H. Overton. Dr. Greenhill contributes the sketch of the great Provost of Oriel, Hawkins, who, however, does not occupy very much space in the *Dictionary*. The senior editor, Mr. Stephen, contributes a good account of Hazlitt. He also writes the sketch of David Hartley, the philosopher, and of Harris, the author of *Hermes*. Mr. J. M. Rigg contributes a good account of Queen Elizabeth's favourite Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, and of Sir Matthew Hale, and also a biography of Sir John Hawkwood, the famous English soldier of fortune and leader of Italian condottieri, which shows great and exact research. There is a slight article on James Heald, the Wesleyan philanthropist, and at one time M.P. for Stockport, which informs us that "Sir Joseph Napier, the lawyer, described his character as a rare combination of evangelical earnestness and wise moderation." From Mr. Kingsford's sketch of one of the most distinguished among the early Barons Hastings, a great line, we borrow one quotation. Of Baron Hastings, Baron Bergavenny, of the time of Edward I., the writer of the *Song of Caerlaverock*, says: "In deeds of arms he was daring and reckless, in the hostel mild and gracious, nor was ever judge *in eyre* more willing to judge justly." Surely a fine picture of a true knight and noble!

Sir Charles Napier. By Colonel Sir WILLIAM F. BUTLER. Macmillan & Co.

In the series of *English Men of Action*, Messrs. Macmillan have been happy in securing, almost in all cases, writers in peculiar sympathy with their subjects. In the case of Sir William Butler sympathy counts for very much, and antipathy for still more. He wrote the biography of Gordon, a splendid piece of work, but one in which he cannot conceal his Romanist predilections, and, in praising the religious character of such a Protestant as Gordon, finds his opportunity to have a fling at Protestants generally, whilst his Celtic predilections come out again and again in such a way as to disparage the Anglo-Saxon. Similarly, in the present volume, only much more so, the writer's fanatical hatred of Teutons and the Saxon, and of English government in every part of the world, colours the book throughout. Next to Irishmen, the objects of his admiration are Frenchmen, and above all (though *he* was no Frenchman) the first Napoleon. We quote one sentence as a sample of the spirit and tone of the whole book: "A soldier who had in his veins the blood of the victor of Ivry, of Mary Stuart, of Scottish chief and Norman noble, and whose whole nature had imbibed in Ireland, in childhood, boyhood, and youth, that 'Celtic spell' to whose potent influence our most unemotional historian has borne witness, could no more make friends of the Teutonic type of humanity, than an Arab horse in the deserts of the Nile could gambol with a rhinoceros lying on a mudbank in mid-river."

With Charles Napier, however, the author is always in fullest sympathy, and the result is a most interesting biography of a singularly energetic and chivalrous soldier of genius—a leader and military student equally capable and painstaking, a fiery, generous, resolute, and irrepressible paladin, an administrator also, alike in Cephalonia and in India, and a military commander in the Northern District of England, whose sympathies with the people and instincts of government were imbued with a burning passion for liberty and hatred of injustice. His career as a soldier, from Corunna to Meanee, is unparalleled in modern history. In spite of fierce prejudices, which, though founded in part on injustice, his temper and behaviour did much to aggravate, he finished his active life of service as Commander-in-Chief in India. His boyhood's story is singularly romantic. His mother was the greatest beauty of England's Court, desired as wife by George III.; his father was considered the handsomest man in the English army. These parents made their home and brought up their family in a condition very like poverty, in the village of Selbridge, ten miles west of Dublin, though neither of them was of Irish blood. Charles entered the army early in his teens. His brother William was the historian of the Peninsula War; both he and the third brother, Robert, were distinguished soldiers.

Sir Francis Drake. By JULIAN CORBETT. Macmillan & Co.

In this volume of the *Men of Action* Series, as in the life of Sir Charles Napier, the publishers have secured the services of an enthusiastic admirer of

his subject, although even Mr. Corbett is not blind as to the "other side" of very many of his hero's splendid achievements. Some years ago Mr. Corbett, in his novel *For God and Gold*, made Drake the hero of a romance. The facts, however, of the sea-king's life completely outdo all romance, even Mr. Corbett's, which is woven in part out of those facts. The splendour of his seamanship, of his sea-generalship, of his dash and daring, of his inexhaustibly resourceful genius, of his discoveries and exploits as a voyager, as well as his feats as a prize-hunting privateer and rover, it is almost impossible for language adequately to describe. Doubtless he was a sort of a buccaneer, although he attacked none but the Spanish enemy of his country and his religion. The greatest part of his life was passed in what cannot be regarded as lawful warfare, although the Queen privately encouraged, and even subscribed toward, while she publicly disowned, his unlawful ventures. All this is true. But yet it was he, and no other, who shook the power and brought low the prestige of Spain, who, when statesmen, courtiers, generals, admirals, were afraid to strike or stand up for England, reanimated the nation, and created the naval power and prestige of England. It was he, too, that forced his passage through the Magellan Straits, and so, after scouring the Spanish seaboard, rounded the world in his voyage home. Mr. Corbett indulges somewhat too much in the style of a romance writer occasionally, and, in particular, says far too much about the influence, at every turn, of "Drake's frank blue eyes." But he has written a very careful, complete, and spirited account of the great, overbearing, invincible Devonian hero.

Sir William McArthur, K.C.M.G. A Biography, Religious, Parliamentary, Municipal, Commercial. By THOMAS McCULLAGH. Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

An Ulster Irishman, a Methodist, and the son of an Irish Methodist minister, a Londonderry merchant, alderman, and mayor, afterwards, for many years, an Australian merchant, resident in London, sheriff and alderman of the City, Lord Mayor, M.P., a leading Wesleyan layman in England, a leading Christian philanthropist, in Parliament taking a distinguished part in Australasian and colonial affairs, a man of the finest Irish *bonhomie*, of great hospitality, and unresting energy; such was William McArthur. We ought to add that for many years he was one of the proprietors of this journal, and acted as treasurer on its behalf. Mr. McCullagh has in this volume furnished a model biography, well arranged, exact, succinct, and comprehensive. The book is well written, and the work is done with judgment and good taste. As the life of its subject was a very busy one and much occupied with important affairs, there was, perhaps happily, no space for very full details, and no temptation to undue expansion. The largest space, in proportion, is most properly given to the very interesting account of his early years, and his opening life as a man of business. Persons interested in real religious life and experience—and there are many besides "professors of religion" who are

so interested—cannot but be touched with the account given of his early relations with his parents, brothers, and young companions, of the moral lessons learnt by him in his early commercial career as a "traveller" in Ireland and England, of his manly and decided, but never narrow or ungenial, profession and practice as a Christian believer in the most testing and formative period of his life, and of his fine Christian development, first in Ireland and then in England, taking his place, as he did, among the most distinguished, within his circle, of those who realised both the promise of the "life that now is" and of "that which is to come." After he settled in London he led an amazingly active life, as a leader in many different spheres of influence; and his life was further diversified by voyages and visits to both the Transatlantic and the Australian continents. The present writer cannot affect to write critically, or even coolly, of one whose warm friendship he enjoyed for many years, and whose loss he cannot cease to mourn. We will only further say that, in our judgment, the biography is every way a fit record and a worthy memorial of a man so honoured and beloved as the late Sir William McArthur.

The Church in the Mirror of History: Studies on the Progress of Christianity. By KARL SELL, D.D. Translated by ELIZABETH STIRLING. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1890.

It will not surprise those who remember that Dr. Sell was the pastor of the late Princess Alice, and the editor of her *Life and Letters*, to find that the Queen has been pleased to accept a copy of this book, and that it is dedicated to Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The volume, however, needs no royal patronage. It is an admirable sketch of some leading epochs in ecclesiastical history, such as primitive Christianity, the early Catholic Church, the Middle Ages, the Reformation, the Counter-reformation, Christianity during the last century. The lectures were delivered to a Ladies' Union in Darmstadt, and deal with their subject in a popular form. They are both bright and fresh. The contrast between the Roman State religion as "the worship of the material faith in the divinity of the present world," and Christianity as "the spirit of faith in an unchanging God, ruling over a changing world," is happily brought out. The section on the "Middle Ages" is one of the most successful. The chapter on "The Counter-reformation" contains this indictment of Jesuitism: "There is no place left for the living God in such a religion; it takes for granted that He has abdicated in favour of his earthly vicar and his adjutants, who imagine that they direct the destiny of the nations by invisible threads." Dr. Sell does not know much about Methodism. Any one who reads his words on that subject will almost wish that he had repeated the little note which forms the previous sentence—"(I do not speak of America for lack of reliable information)." We must quote the paragraph at full length:

"In England all religious movements have issued from *Methodism*, which,

within narrow compass, has again revived the suppressed Puritanic spirit. The question of personal salvation and redemption is the one and all in Methodism. For that it subjects itself to a soul discipline akin to that prescribed by Jesuitism. It advances its claims in the same propagandist spirit. It recks not to whom it turns, let him be a member of a Christian Church or an utter heathen. In its estimation, a man has only so much religion as he carries ready for use in his hands or on his tongue. It possesses no psychologically matured certainty of Divine grace, like Lutheranism or Calvinism, but rather a mathematically ascertained assurance of salvation, like that of Jesuitism. It therefore manifests itself in sudden conversions by such drastic measures as street, field, and lay preaching. Its last phase is the Salvation Army, which seeks, by all sorts of concessions to the liking of the English mob for noisy public demonstrations, to attain the great end of saving souls, without any Church training."

This grotesque travesty of facts helps one to understand the bitter opposition which Lutheranism offers to Methodist work in Europe. It is a pity Dr. Sell does not know more about John Wesley's sermons and writings.

A SHEAF OF CENTENARY VOLUMES.

1. *Wesley and his Successors. A Centenary Memorial of the Death of John Wesley.*
2. *The Living Wesley.* By the Rev. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. Second edition, revised throughout, and greatly enlarged, containing several new chapters and also a supplementary chapter on the progress of Universal Methodism during the century since the death of Wesley.
3. *The Father of Methodism: or, the Life of the Rev. John Wesley*, M.A. Written for Children. By NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, sen.
4. *Wesley his own Biographer.* Selections from the Journals of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1891.

Wesley and his Successors is, perhaps, the handsomest volume ever sent out from the Methodist Book Room. It was a happy thought to issue such a memorial of the Centenary. Here are the men who for a hundred years have sat in the chair of Conference—Wesley's sons and successors, under whose care his *societies* have multiplied and spread "Scriptural Holiness throughout the Land." The chief place is given to Wesley and his kindred. The first, John Wesley's thoughtful, somewhat plaintive look, is in keeping with the life of trouble which is outlined by the brief sketch of his course given here He had five children, so that it is scarcely correct to speak on page 9 of his

numerous family. He was forty-two at the time of his death, not thirty-four. The Rector of Epworth's face is one which every lover of Wesley history will like to study. There is a masterful look about it which is certainly characteristic of the man. No one has a better right to a place here than Susanna Wesley—the mother of Methodism. Wesley himself is represented by Romney's portrait given as the frontispiece, that by Williams, and Fry's engraving, from a scarce print by Bland. There is also his tomb in City Road burial-ground, his tablet in the chapel, the new statue by Mr. Adams-Acton, and the Westminster Abbey tablet. We confess our preference for Romney's presentment of our founder, but a capable critic has expressed his judgment that Williams' ranks higher as a portrait. We have never seen a happier portrait of Charles Wesley. The facsimile signatures and the famous agreement of 1752 have special interest. William Thompson, Alexander Mather, poor John Pawson, and their successors for twenty years, are somewhat scarecrows. It is their own fault. Perhaps if they had seen the immortality in store, they might have exerted themselves to provide us with better portraits. A happier time dawns with the work of John Jackson, the Methodist, R.A., and precentor at Hinde Street. John Gaulter's likeness is a notable advance on those of earlier presidents. The portraits from this date [1817] are a credit to the Connexion. The series closes with Dr. Moulton, whose scholarship and high religious tone would certainly have won him a warm place in the heart of John Wesley, who delighted so much in the Hebrew knowledge of Thomas Walsh. Wesley's Field Bible, with its leather case and the Seal of the Conference, form a very pretty final picture for this delightful and most tastefully got-up Centenary memorial.

The position which Dr. Rigg holds as editor of this review precludes us from giving any extended notice of his *Living Wesley*. We have quoted its title-page in full that our readers may see what changes have been made in the new edition. The *Times* uses its statistics in the leading article devoted to the Wesley Centenary, and refers to the interesting character of the volume. The portrait by Romney is a new feature, and much additional matter has been incorporated in the book, which is well and tastefully bound and excellently printed. The sketch of "The Progress of Universal Methodism since the Death of Wesley" is peculiarly valuable at this centenary time. The account of his life-work as an Evangelist has been greatly enlarged.

The late Mr. Curnock's tiny volume has blossomed into this handsome Centenary edition, under the skilled editorship of his son, who has carefully preserved the character of the book as the Children's Life of the Father of Methodism. It is written in a style which will win the attention of little folk; it has a good picture on almost every page, is printed in bold type, and issued in four kinds of cover, from paper covers to a handsome cloth edition with gilt edges, at prices ranging from sixpence to eighteenpence. It is full of information, and ought to be widely distributed in homes and Sunday schools.

We are glad to find that *Wesley his own Biographer*, of which the first five monthly parts are now published, is already a distinct success. When com-

pleted it will form the best memorial in popular form of the wonderful itinerancy of John Wesley. No man knew the England of the eighteenth century better than he; perhaps no man has done so much to make it known to later generations. Dip where you will into this record, there is something to instruct, delight, or even amuse the reader. Profusely illustrated as it is, this edition cannot fail to be popular. Wesley's journals certainly lend themselves to such treatment, and the energetic Book Steward is sparing no pains to make this illustrated edition of the *Journals* worthy of Methodism and its founder, as well as of this Centenary year.

The Life of Ferdinand Magellan and the First Circumnavigation of the Globe, 1480–1521. By F. H. H. GUILLEMARD, M.A., M.D. London: George Philip & Son. 1890.

This is the fourth volume of *The World's Great Explorers and Explorations*, which deserves a high place among the new serial libraries. It is a curious fact that no life of Magellan has been published in English. Indeed, there is only one Spanish biography of the great circumnavigator. Dr. Guillemard has taken pains to make his book a standard authority on the subject. After an introductory sketch of the condition of geographical knowledge in Magellan's time, which helps us to understand his own work, the voyager's early life in Spain and India is described. Seven chapters are devoted to his great voyage. It is a wonderful story of invincible resolution. One feels sad at heart to watch such a life wasted in a miserable skirmish with savages. Magellan was a born leader of men, ever ready to sacrifice himself for others. Even in that ruthless age he never stained his name by a single deed of cruelty. Maps and illustrations add much to the interest of this valuable and painstaking biography.

Rulers of India. The Earl of Mayo. By Sir W. W. HUNTER. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

Sir W. Hunter having already written a large biography of the Earl of Mayo, has brought ample knowledge to this new task. After a graphic sketch of the Earl's distinguished services as Chief Secretary for Ireland, we follow him to India in 1869. His work there is not the brilliant record of conquest and annexation with which we become familiar in the *Life of Dalhousie*, but the financial reform which made India solvent entitles Lord Mayo to rank as one of the most sagacious of our India Viceroys. Sir William Hunter's book will help all English readers to understand the man and his policy. It is a sketch which only an Indian expert could have given us. Every one who is interested in our Eastern empire ought to get this valuable series of *Rulers of India*.

The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe. By POLITIKOS. With Portraits. London: T. F. Unwin. 1891.

We infer from his brief preface that this chronicler of kings and courts looks forward to the time when monarchy will cease. "Still, so long as kings remain, they must have a certain measure of influence upon their peoples and surroundings." He wishes, therefore, to make them and their courtiers better known. His sketch of the "Sultan of Turkey" gives the best account of that prince and the enormous difficulties which stand in his way that we have met with. He had lived for years in retirement, and was with difficulty induced to accept the throne when his brother was found to be incompetent for the trying post. He has introduced many reforms since his accession in 1876. The school system has been much enlarged and perfected, the schools for females being under the Sultan's own direct patronage. "The strides made in women's education under his reign are little short of marvellous." Primary education is now obligatory, and each commune must possess a school where instruction does not consist merely in reading the Koran, but where more modern and useful acquirements are to be gained. The Sultan has consistently discouraged expenditure on the Harem, but the difficulties in the way of reform here are terrible. There is a mass of information in this charming volume which will go far to make its readers thoroughly understand the personal character of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe. It is beautifully bound, and has thirteen full-page portraits. An intelligent boy or girl could scarcely have a more delightful present.

English Constitutional History from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Time. By THOMAS PITTU TASWELL-LANGMEAD, B.C.L. Oxon. Fourth Edition. Revised, with Notes and Appendices, by H. E. CARMICHAEL, M.A. Oxon. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1890.

We noticed the third edition of this work when it appeared, and have only again to repeat our commendation of what has long been recognised as a standard book of the highest authority.

BELLES LETTRES.

Studies in the Arthurian Legend. By JOHN RHYS, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

PROFESSOR RHYS, holding as he does the Chair of Celtic language and literature at Oxford, has naturally given much thought to the legends about Arthur and his Court. We are glad that the results are available to the general

public in this volume. It will be eagerly scanned by students of folk-lore and etymology, but it also appeals to all lovers of our Arthurian romance. Professor Rhys seeks to throw light on the legends from Welsh literature. He treats Arthur as a Culture Hero, though he feels that he may perhaps rather be a Celtic Zeus. He is inclined to hold that there was a historical Arthur, who may have held the office which, under Roman administration, was known as Comes Britanniæ, and have been partly of Roman descent. "His name was either the Latin *Artorius*, or else a Celtic name belonging in the first instance to a god Arthur. His *rôle* was that of Culture Hero, and his name allows us to suppose that he was once associated in some special manner with agriculture over the entire Celtic world of antiquity. On the one hand, we have the man Arthur, and on the other a greater Arthur, a more colossal figure, of which we have, so to speak, but a *torso* rescued from the wreck of the Celtic pantheon." The treatment of the subject is such as to delight even a general reader. There are chapters on "Lancelot and Elayne"; the origin of the Holy Grail, and other subjects which are of unfailing interest to English readers. Professor Rhys' discussions and researches add much to the pleasure with which one reads Malory and Tennyson.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

The most noticeable thing in this quarter's *L'Art** is M. Philibert Audebrand's *causerie* on the "Salonniers" of the last hundred years. By a "salonnier" is meant primarily one who "does" the Salon in the interest of some literary journal, and with fine silent satire M. Philibert Audebrand, after enumerating the multifarious accomplishments indispensable for the *rôle* of art critic, comprehending, in fact, the entire range of things knowable and practicable, proceeds to show us in detail the kind of person by whom the work has been done. Diderot, it appears, was the first "salonnier." Well, Diderot's knowledge, like Mr. Samuel Weller's, was "extensive and peculiar," and he was not without flashes of insight into art, but his preoccupation with more serious matters, such as the destruction of the Christian faith, and European society, prevented him from really developing into an art critic in the proper sense of the term. After him came the Revolution, and art was submerged until the Consulate, nor did it really recover until the Empire, when the true line of "salonniers" begins. David and his school were then in the ascendant, and Madame de Staël was their *sacra vates* in the press until Napoleon courteously "invited" her to leave the country for injudiciously mixing political allusions with her criticism. She was succeeded by M. Guizot, of all people in the world, then a young and poor man of letters, and a young lady, who afterwards became his wife, Mdlle. Pauline de Meulan. Guizot's critiques were, as might have been expected, written in "a style chaste but grey, without colour, warmth, or brilliance." Thiers also made his *début* as a "salonnier," and discovered Delacroix, saluting him while still

* *Libraire de L'Art.* Paris.

quite young, and almost unknown, with the prophetic words, "Macbeth, tu seras roi." During the reign of romanticism, Jal, Delécluse, Stendhal, and De Musset wielded the critic's pen, the last-named without any better qualification for the office than a capacity to write elegant sentences about anything that took his fancy.

Then came the era of religious art and sceptical artists, of conventional battle-pieces and realistic landscape, and Auguste Barbier and Alphonse Karr raised criticism to the rank of a fine art. But we have said enough to show our readers that there is much that is entertaining and instructive in M. Audebrand's reminiscences. M. Gabillot's papers on Oriental Religious Art ("Le Musée Guimet et les Religions de l'Extrême Orient") are curious, and well worth attentive perusal.

A South Sea Lover: a Romance. By ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON. London: Macmillan & Co.

This is a romance of Polynesian pre-Christian life. Its descriptions are vivid and eloquent, but the story is a mere improbable dream of romance, and the state of society as described never had any existence. The Polynesian savage is here idealised. The book reminds us of some of the popular French romances of one hundred years ago. It is not a real book, nor is its tone and teaching wholesome.

A Royal Physician. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. London: T. F. Unwin. 1891.

This is a pleasing sketch of peasant life in Tyrol. Lena's constancy to her lover, a gifted wood-carver, when tempted by the comparative wealth of a rival suitor, makes a pleasing study. When the artist loses his sight through an injury inflicted by his rival, she takes him to Duke Charles Theodore, the Royal physician, whose skill leads to the sufferer's entire restoration. The strolling photographer, whose camera plays the part of detective when Függers is about to roll the stone down on his rival, introduces a new and somewhat improbable element, whilst the wood-carver himself, with his finely strung nature, is a good subject for the novelist. *A Royal Physician* is a pleasing story, with much freshness in incident and plot.

1. *Miss Meyrick's Niece.* By Miss EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.
2. *The High Ridge Farm.* By SARA MOORLAND. London: C. H. Kelly. 1890.

1. *Miss Meyrick's Niece* is certainly a girl to love. The story is not one of Miss Green's best pieces of writing. The description of the doctor bursting into the sewing meeting to secure the ladies' help for some men injured in a boiler explosion is so stilted that is quite irritating to a reader. The tale, however, is bracing, and will teach young ladies the blessing which must come to themselves and others through earnest work for the sick and poor.

2. The most attractive figure in Miss Moorland's story is Alan Whitfield, the self-contained young master of High Ridge Farm. His grief for his mother's death, his love for a young Methodist lady, who refuses him because he is not a religious man, and his untimely death, are vigorously sketched. The book is somewhat crudely written, and has a sad close, but Alan Whitfield interests us from first to last, and the good he received at the Methodist meeting is a happy preparation for his fatal accident.

A Return to Paradise, and other Fly-leaf Essays in Town and Country. By JOHN JAMES PIATT. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

Mr. Piatt deals gracefully with some novel subjects, such as "Going to Bed in a Cold Room," "A Boy's Sight of a Ghost," &c. The essays, though slight, are suggestive and entertaining. The "Thanksgiving for a Day of Spring" is singularly happy in style and expression. The description of the writer's acquaintance with his countryman Longfellow contains no incident of special interest, but it gives a pleasing impression of the warm-hearted poet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Plea for Liberty. London: John Murray. 1891.

THE full title of this opportune and interesting volume will be found at the head of an extended article in this number, in which we have dealt with the questions raised by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his valuable introductory chapter. The editor, Mr. Thomas Mackay, author of *The English Poor*, contributes a brief preface and a suggestive paper on "Investment." The other essays are of varying worth and interest, from the not very powerful paper on "Free Education," by the Rev. B. H. Alford, to the terrible indictment of "State Socialism in the Antipodes," by Mr. Fairfield, and the bold and statesmanlike "Conclusion," in which Mr. Auberon Herbert marks out "The True Line of Deliverance." Mrs. E. S. Robertson writes on "The Impractibility of Socialism," and Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe on "The Limits of Liberty," with knowledge and acumen; Mr. Edmund Vincent on "The Discontent of the Working Classes," giving by the way as good a sketch as we have seen of the character of the chief leaders of the new Unionism—especially of Messrs. Tillett, Mann, and Burns. "Free Libraries," by Mr. D. O'Brien; "The State and Electrical Distribution," by Mr. F. W. Beauchamp Gordon; and "The Evils of State Trading as Illustrated by the Post Office," in which Mr. Frederick Millar tries to rob the Socialists of their pet illustration, are all of them worth reading, though none of them are of equal calibre with the papers, the special merit of which

we have noted, and which give tone and value to the book. The volume, as a whole, is exceedingly well timed, and will be serviceable in those controversies which are gathering round the social questions of the day. Not the least interesting paper is the one that we have reserved for separate mention, for the purpose of extracting from it a capital suggestion. In his essay on "The Housing of the Working Classes and the Poor," Mr. Arthur Raffalovich says:

"Would it not be possible for insurance companies to make advances to workmen for the purpose of helping them to become owners of their houses? Workmen desirous of owning their own home could easily take out a policy sufficient to give a reasonable security for the required advance. . . . . We suggest the following procedure: The workman must accumulate his savings in a bank until the sum collected amounts to a guarantee for the loan which he wishes to obtain. He then withdraws his deposit from the bank, takes out a policy from the assurance company, with which he also makes his deposit, and obtains a loan. In this way, if he dies to-morrow, it is certain that, by means of the policy, the debt will be extinguished."

Another alternative scheme is mentioned, for which we have no space. The suggestion appears to us to be of much practical value, and we should like to see the opinion of experts upon it.

The Letters of S. G. O.: a Series of Letters on Public Affairs, by the Rev Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, and published in the "Times," 1844–1888. Edited by ARNOLD WHITE. In Two Volumes, with a Portrait. London: Griffith & Farran. 1891.

These volumes not only form Sidney Godolphin Osborne's best monument, but also furnish another illustration of the debt which England owes to the *Times* newspaper. For forty years the columns of the great journal were open to this faithful and fearless friend of the agricultural labourer and of all that were oppressed. Without such a pulpit at his service the writer of these letters could never have gained the ear of the English-speaking world. He sturdily preserved his independence, however, even in his relations with the *Times*, for he could never be prevailed on to accept pay or favour of any sort as the reward of his work. His one aim was to secure justice for the downtrodden, and the fact that he lived to witness such a happy change in the condition of the Dorsetshire peasant was his sufficient recompense for the unwearied labours of forty years. Mr. White's Introduction sketches briefly the chief facts of the uneventful life of this friend of the peasant. He obtained the rank of a duke's son when his eldest brother became Duke of Leeds in 1859. He entered the Church at his father's wish without either inclination or repugnance. After some years spent as Rector of Stoke Pogis, he accepted the living of Durweston, Dorsetshire, which he held from 1841 to 1875. The last fourteen years of his life were spent at Lewes. By his marriage to one of the daughters of Mr. Grenfell, of Taplow Court, he became

brother-in-law to Charles Kingsley and Mr. J. A. Froude. These are the facts of his life. He was more devoted to medicine and the microscope than to theology, but his letters on "Religion and the Church" show that whilst he abhorred Sacerdotalism he was eager for the reform of the Church, and wished to bring the bishop closer to his clergy, in order that confirmations and ordinations might be the means of real blessing to all concerned. It is pleasing to find this aristocratic clergyman recognising the good work done among the peasantry by the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists. He saw that their more simple and often ruder ministrations were bearing gracious fruit, and in this he heartily rejoiced. The state of the peasantry when S. G. O. began to plead their cause in 1844 was appalling. A labourer's wage was seven or eight shillings a week—most of it paid in kind, at a heavy loss to the peasant. Overcrowding and neglect of the most elementary laws of sanitation brought disease and immorality into the villages, the mere recital of which makes one shudder. The champion of these wretched people had a hard uphill struggle, but happily he was a born fighter who never feared the face of man. Perhaps he made difficulties for himself by his method of attack, but one forgets all this in admiration of the man's unselfishness and whole-heartedness. But it was not only the peasantry for whom S. G. O. fought his battles. There is scarcely a social question of the day which is not treated in these letters. Famine in India, war, emigration, disease, sanitation —on all these topics and many more S. G. O. has counsel and warning to offer. His letters are a mirror of the past, into which we look with unfeigned thankfulness that better days have dawned. S. G. O. will be honoured and loved by all readers of these manly and tender-hearted letters.

THREE BOOKS ON AFRICA.

1. *Across East African Glaciers. An Account of the First Ascent of Kilimanjaro.* By Dr. HANS MEYER. Translated from the German by E. H. S. Calder. With forty Illustrations and three Maps.
2. *The Development of Africa.* By A. SILVA WHITE. Illustrated with a set of fourteen Maps, specially designed by E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S.
3. *Home Life on an Ostrich Farm.* With ten Illustrations. By ANNE MARTIN. London: George Philip & Son.

Dr. Meyer was already a past-master in the art of travel when he set out for his African expedition in the autumn of 1886. The interests of science seemed to be overlooked by the German Government, so that he saw little hope of any geographical research in East Africa, unless it were taken up by private individuals. To this cause he patriotically resolved to devote himself and his means. This superb volume is the narrative of his three journeys.

On the first, he managed to get as far as the lower edge of the ice cap on the higher of the two peaks of Kilimanjaro, but found that he could not scale the peak without the usual Alpine climbing tackle. The second expedition proved a disastrous failure through the insurrection of the natives, and Dr. Meyer was "thankful to have got off with bare life." Undaunted by this sharp experience, the veteran traveller prepared for a third expedition, which was crowned with success. Dr. Meyer says "it is easier to make a journey than to tell the story of it," but he has succeeded in the latter task as well as in the former. He and his companion managed to scale the virgin peak of Kibo, 19,260 feet high, after a wonderful climb. The descent was killing work for men with wearied limbs, but at last this perilous task was safely accomplished. The two climbers were not able to get to the very summit of the other peak, the hoary Mawenzi, but they gained all the geographical information on which the explorer had set his heart. By the aid of his detailed descriptions and the magnificent maps and full-page illustrations with which the book abounds, we follow him step by step, till, at the height of 15,260 feet, he had to face the most break-neck bit of climbing it had ever been his lot to experience. Only an expert in mountaineering could have accomplished what Dr. Meyer did. It was often perilous work, but the explorer was undaunted by dangers, and successfully accomplished his exploration of the crater. It is a wonderful story of pluck and endurance, which those who delight in travel will follow with unabated interest. His volume is one of the handsomest and best illustrated books of the season, as well as one of the deepest interest both to general readers and scientists.

Mr. White's *Development of Africa* is an attempt to deduce from its physical and political phenomena the general laws which should govern the opening up of that vast continent. He says that the great river-systems furnish easy access to the interior as far as the Cataracts, where railways could carry on the internal communications. A study of the climatic conditions makes it clear that a base on the coast is essential for European administration, whilst the fact that the African tribes can offer little or no resistance to a European force shows our responsibility. Mr. White stoutly protests, in the interests not only of humanity but of national honour, against the introduction of spirits and weapons of destruction, the most widely spread agencies of European influence, "which are the curse of Africa." His volume is a notable attempt to grapple with a grave problem. Every student of Africa ought to master these chapters. Coloured maps enable a reader to follow Mr. White's descriptions of the configuration of the continent.

Mrs. Martin's *Home Life on an Ostrich Farm* is a singularly entertaining book. She went out to Africa in 1881, after her marriage, and assures us that the pleasure which she anticipated from her novel surroundings has in no way fallen short of her expectations. It is right to add that she is a woman of a thousand. She revelled in the hot weather that drove even her husband to his bath and lemon-squash. Whilst the spirits of "everything human, four-footed and feathered," sank to zero, this veritable salamander sat outside revelling in her bath of hot, dry air. She delighted also in the ostriches,

about which she has a host of good stories to tell, and was Stoic enough to bear with composure the dreadful havoc made by a thunderstorm, when the water streamed in through the roof of the bedroom and turned it into a vast, shallow bath. Her pets furnish some graphic sketches; her trials from incompetent and stupid servants serve to brighten the pages of this charming record. One girl, hastily called in after a bottle of salad-oil had been broken on the floor, began operations by whisking off her bright handkerchief-turban. Her hands were soon plunged in the oily mess and rubbed vigorously over her head and face till her woolly locks were like a wet sponge. The girl, happy in this good fortune, was oblivious to the amusement given to hosts and guests by her odd performance. We recommend every one to get this delightful book. Its stories of the viciousness of ostriches entirely corroborate the striking sketch given in Mr. Rider Haggard's *Jess*.

Wayfaring in France. By EDWARD HARRISON BARKER. With Fifty Illustrations. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1890.

Mr. Barker's love for out-of-the-way corners and for the more sombre aspects of Nature has led him far from the beaten tracks followed by the ordinary tourist. It is not every traveller, indeed, who could enjoy the long trudges and put up with the somewhat meagre fare which he often found at remote village inns, but those who wish to know something of the less frequented parts of France will hail this volume with pleasure, and read it with growing delight. It is evidently written by a keen antiquarian, who never forgets to visit the village churches, and has an open eye for every quaint bit of architecture in town or village. But Mr. Barker is not only an antiquarian; he is also an attentive student of Nature and human life, who finds something to interest him everywhere, and makes the reader take almost as deep an interest in these experiences as though they were his own. There is much quiet humour in the descriptions, with not a little tenderness and pathos. We first start with Mr. Barker for the desolate region of *The Landes* in the extreme south-west of France. His sketch of the excursion train in which he travelled from Bordeaux to Arcachon shows how observant the writer is of the manners of the people. Two lovers were in the compartment. "In France," he tells us, "lovers are treated with the utmost consideration. They may be pitied, but they are not laughed at. Kindness is the secret of all true politeness. It is not in their hat-lifting, their bowing, their gracious smiles, and their neatly turned compliments that the French are the most polite nation in the world. These things may be mere accomplishments, tricks of the born actor, who sagaciously knows their value as current coin of life. It is their innate kindness, their tolerance of one another's weaknesses, their horror of the jest that pains for the sake of paining, their keen sensitiveness to the roughshod ridicule that rides ruthlessly over their own tender places, which make the proverbial politeness of the French a reality." With knapsack on his back

Mr. Barker set out from Arcachon on his walking tour. He left on his right the desolate coast, where you may walk for thirty miles without finding a human habitation, unless it be a resin-gatherer's hut, and kept to the plains, where there were better opportunities for studying the ways of the people. For four days he journeyed through pine-woods, catching the "subtle spirit of gladness that dwells" there, and "fills all living things with joy." The land is so marshy during the winter that stilts are absolutely indispensable, and the Landais can step from tuft to tuft of heather as fast as a horse can trot over a good road. Some good pictures help the reader to form a clear idea of this odd use of stilts. Resin-gathering is one of the chief industries of the district, and Mr. Barker gives much information about it. There is a charm about the wild and solemn country, and the everlasting sighing of the pines in a vast forest, which the wayfarer drank in with delight. The section of the book entitled "In Dauphiné" describes a visit to the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse and a long scramble in the darkness in order to reach it. In Dauphiné Mr. Barker and a friend did much mountaineering, and plucked the blossoms of the Alps not without fatigue and risk, though their toil was well repaid. In Lower Languedoc we are surrounded by memories of the Papal exile at Avignon. At Domazan Mr. Barker spent a pleasant hour in the library of the *curé*, Abbé Blanc. The priest took peculiar pride in his Milton, which he kept in a velvet wrapper, and pointed out his Shakespeare and Byron with great satisfaction. Lower Brittany, with its simple-minded devout people, its Calvaries—on one of which, at Plougastel, there are over two hundred figures illustrative of the Passion—its superstitions, its beggars, and its quaint customs, is one of the most delightful regions for a wayfarer in France. Thence we cross to Alsace, where we trace the desolations of the Franco-German war, and find, with a sigh, that our wayfarings in France are at an end. Besides the charm of Mr. Barker's description the book is full of pictures of great interest. It is one of the best illustrated books of the season.

Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words, in the Days of Oak and Hemp. By ROBERT C. LESLIE. With 135 Illustrations by the Author. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

We are not surprised that Mr. Ruskin sent Mr. Leslie the note that is given in his brief preface. "I never saw anything half so delightful or useful as these compared sails so easily explained. Do set yourself at this with all your mind and time on this plan." Mr. Leslie had then only made some sketches and notes on old ships, boats, sails, and rigging, but he has been gathering material during the last six years for the volume before us. His book is indeed the outcome of many years devoted to the study of everything connected with the sea, and embodies experiences on board ship as well as "in the boat-yard, building, repairing, or fitting out his own boats." Mr. Leslie has reached the conclusion that the seamanship of men who carried on the

world's commerce before the fifteenth century has been much underrated, and that their craft were much better fitted for their purpose than is generally understood. The home-like love of his ship which found expression in all kinds of decoration has largely disappeared. Passenger-vessels have changed. "The ship was a bit of old England afloat," where the passenger rented a comfortable state-room, furnished according to his own notions. Those leisurely days for ships and men have vanished. One is therefore the more thankful to Mr. Leslie for these glimpses into the past. The Chinese pirate junk and the Arab dhow are good specimens of the speed which can be attained by Eastern navigators in a stiff breeze. Mr. Leslie gives a careful description of the rig of these and other sailing vessels, illustrated by drawings which it is a pleasure to study. The spritsail topmast strikes us as the most ingenious of them all. The fishing boats of Beer and Brisbane are specially interesting as early types. Mr. Leslie points out that our boat expedition up the Nile suffered greatly from the fact that the sails were adapted for English waters rather than for a great tropical river. He also thinks that the misfortunes of our yachts in the competition for the America Cup are largely due to the difference between our short steep seas and the longer and truer-running Atlantic waves. The wherry and the Thames sailing-barge come in for high praise as well adapted to their special work. The description of the galley has special historic value. Probably, however, the latter half of Mr. Leslie's book will be the most popular. His chapters on figure-heads are full of curious and delightful reading about the fighting *Téméraire*, the *Royal George*, and the *Sovereign of the Seas*. The account of "Old Sea Lights," of the "farm-yard" which passenger ships used to have on deck, of the "Black X liner," and the pilot will be eagerly scanned by all lovers of the sea. The glossary at the end adds to the usefulness of the volume. The notes on bitt, garland, rate, strike us as specially good. Skilful and well-finished illustrations profusely scattered throughout the volume help a reader to see with his own eyes the ships and ship-furniture of other days. The whole book could only have been produced by an expert who is also an enthusiast on all matters connected with the sea. It deserves a warm welcome as a workmanlike and most enjoyable volume on a subject of inexhaustible interest to every Englishman.

The Birds of Iona and Mull. By the late H. D. GRAHAM. Edited by J. A. HARVIE-BROWN, F.Z.S. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1890.

Mr. Graham's autobiographical notes form an appropriate introduction to his sketches of bird life in Iona and Mull. On that stormy coast only a sailor like himself could have handled his little boat in all weathers without a mishap, or have climbed rocks and descended into caves in search of birds and eggs. There are some passages in the memoir of considerable interest. As a schoolboy he ran away from Dr. B.'s at Coombe Wood, near Kingston-on-Thames. Happily he found a good Samaritan in the shape of a journeyman

tailor on Westminster Bridge. The old man took the runaway to his own lodging over the "Cheshire Cheese" in St. Clement Danes, and actually pawned some of his furniture (including his poker, on which he raised a half-penny) in order to get supper for his guest. The boy was soon found out by his friends, who saved the old man from starvation, and enabled him to spend his last days in comfort. At the age of thirteen Graham became a midshipman, having successfully passed through the hands of the naval schoolmaster, who set him two examination questions. He had to write from dictation, "I have joined H.M.S. *Zebra*," and work the sum, "If one bushel cost 10s. what will ten bushels?" The details of naval life half a century ago are very readable. Mr. Graham left the service soon after he had passed as lieutenant. In 1848 he went on a visit to the Free Manse at Iona, which proved so congenial that it was unexpectedly prolonged for several years. The experiences of these years are chronicled in a series of twenty letters written to his friend Mr. Gray, the Secretary of the Glasgow Natural History Society. They are the work of a true and keen observer of bird life, and are brightly written. The descriptions of the winter sea given in the seventh letter; of the cormorant fishing calmly in a gale that no vessel could weather; of the charm of the skylark's song, when heard on the water; and of the gulls dashing about like angry hornets when their eggs were being taken by the fowlers, show how picturesque and forcible Mr. Graham's writing is. The notes on the birds of the region, which follow the letters, will be especially valuable to the naturalist. The book is crowded with illustrations of birds, boats, and sportsmen, drawn by Mr. Graham himself. Some of them cannot be classed as high art, but others are happy sketches, which add much to the pleasure with which one turns the pages of this delightful chronicle of bird life. The volume is carefully edited, and deserves a wide circulation among ornithologists and general readers. It is neatly bound, and clearly printed with wide margins, so that it will make an attractive addition to Mr. Douglas's library of books on sport and natural history.

The World's Religions. A Popular Account of Religions Ancient and Modern, including those of Uncivilised Races, Chaldæans, Greeks, Egyptians, Romans; Confucianism, Taoism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism, and a Sketch of the History of Judaism and Christianity. By G. T. Bettany, M.A., B.Sc. With full-page and other Engravings. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1890.

We have quoted Mr. Bettany's title-page in full because it furnishes a convenient summary of the contents of his encyclopædic volume. He treats his vast subject in seven books, which are divided into chapters and supplied with side-notes to each paragraph. By these and an ample index any point

on which the reader desires to have information can be found in a moment. Mr. Bettany deliberately eschews theorising. His great aim is to state succinctly and impartially the chief facts about each religion, and thus to produce a "work useful and interesting to persons of all shades of opinion, and one tending to make them better acquainted with each other." Every reader is left to draw his own conclusions. The volume represents an amount of research which can only be described as enormous. It has been necessary to weigh evidence, and give the latest results of investigation as to the personal history of Buddha and Mohammed and other difficult questions. So far as we have been able to test Mr. Bettany's work it is both judicious and accurate. He is of necessity limited in space, but he manages to seize the salient facts of such lives as those of Ambrose or Chrysostom, and to compress them into a few readable and reliable sentences. He gives some interesting facts about modern Judaism in the section devoted to that subject, and dwells in perhaps his most beautiful paragraphs on the "contrast between Jesus and other teachers," on the originality of his teaching, his character, his mode of life, and other allied topics. The reference to the "Power of the Unseen" in other religions, and the immeasurable grandeur, purity, and ennobling power of Christ's picture of God as the Father makes one wish that it had been possible to expand these suggestive paragraphs. The sketch of John Wesley may be referred to as a good instance of the painstaking labour put into this volume. Delicate points are referred to with an accuracy which only a thoroughly well-informed writer could have attained. The book will no doubt win the wide circulation to which its wealth of information and the importance of its theme entitles it. It is needless to say that the reader's attention is held from beginning to end. Illustrations scattered profusely through the volume add no little to the charm of this study of *The World's Religions.*

1. *A Book about London. Its Memorable Places, its Men and Women, and its Historical and Literary Associations. London Stories.*

2. *The Streets of London. An Alphabetical Index to the Principal Streets, Squares, Parks, and Thoroughfares. With their Associations: Historical, Traditional, Social, and Literary.* By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. London: Henry & Co. 1890.

Books on London are already legion, but Mr. Adams has managed in these companion volumes to produce something which will be read with keen interest, especially by intelligent young people. The stouter volume is full of *London Stories*—"Stories of Historic Scenes and Events," such as the Great Plague, the Great Fire, the South Sea Bubble, the Gordon Riots, the Cato

Street Conspiracy, "Stories of Famous Localities and Buildings," and "Stories of Crime and Misadventure." We have given this summary of the contents to show what fascinating subjects the writer has chosen. The first sentence in the sketch of the "Great Plague" is too rhetorical, and perhaps the same criticism might be made as to other passages, but the stories are told both with skill and animation. All readers will be glad to have the striking quotations from the Rev. Thomas Vincent on pages 16 and 33, descriptive of the plague and the fire. The "Cock Lane Ghost" and the "Cato Street Conspiracy" afford material for two capital sketches, while the glimpses of the Royal Exchange, the Tower, and St. Paul will be read with much interest. A great mass of information is given in the book on *London Streets*. It is closely but clearly printed, and the alphabetical arrangement has many advantages, though it would not so well serve the purpose of any tourist of the streets who wishes to group the notable houses which lie in one district. Other books, however, notably Mr. Harrison's *Memorable London Houses*, are available for such a purpose. Mr. Adams gives a wealth of information which we have not found in any other volume of similar size. The account of Chelsea is a good specimen of the merits of his work. Even the brief—too brief—note on Dean's Yard has a distinct interest of its own. "Old Palace Yard" is better still. It is very odd to find such a misprint under Bentinck Street as "Doctrine and Fall of the Roman Empire," and, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Adams will find that Gibbon's history was *finished* at Lausanne.

Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information. Vols. VI., VII., VIII. Edinburgh: Blackie & Son.

The successive volumes of this most handy and valuable Cyclopædia show no signs of inferiority to their predecessors. For men and women of limited means this Cyclopædia is a real treasure. It is now completed. The seventh volume finishes with a brief article on "Skates and Skating." It is surprising to notice how comprehensive and complete is this dictionary on all matters. Punchinello, Punctuation, Pupil-teacher, Raisins, Rajputana, the Regent-bird or King Honey Eater, no less than Reproduction and Republic;—Ruminants, Russell, Russia; Samovar, Sampan, Sanctification;—these are but samples of the varieties of subjects dealt with by Dr. Annandale, the Editor. The article on "The United States" in vol. viii. may be referred to as a specimen of the completeness of information in this most useful Cyclopædia. The style and quality of the illustrations also in these volumes, as in their predecessors, are all that could be desired.

Dictionary of Idiomatic English Phrases. By JAMES MAIN DIXON, M.A., F.R.S.E. London: Nelson & Sons. 1891.

Mr. Dixon, who is Professor of English Literature in the Imperial University of Japan, prepared this dictionary for the use of his students, and published

a Japanese edition of it in 1888. He has arranged his matter in alphabetical order, adding the letters P, C, F, and S to show whether a phrase is to be classed as prose, conversational, familiar, or slang. Each phrase is illustrated by extracts from well-known writers. This is the purpose and method of the dictionary. Mr. Dixon has given a great deal of labour to the carrying out of his plan, and has produced both a useful and entertaining book. The first paragraph headed "A 1" manages to pack a considerable amount of information into a few lines; the account of the Abraham ward at Bedlam, and its weak-minded inmates, who, on certain days, were allowed to go a-begging, is excellent. The expression "An axe to grind" opens the door for Franklin's well-known story, "A Barmecide Feast," supplies material for a readable note, and the phrase, "Bell the cat," is racily handled. We may also refer to the explanations of "a Tantalus cup," "tarring and feathering," "the devil's tattoo," as good specimens of the interest and usefulness of this dictionary. It strikes us that it is misleading to group the phrase "to crow over" with "a crow to pluck." And there is no explanation of the meaning of "agog" in the note devoted to the phrase "all agog." Such points as these might be more carefully treated in a later edition, but, meanwhile, every one who uses this book will find it helpful and will gather a good deal of instruction from its pages.

Black Country Methodism. By ALFRED CAMDEN PRATT. London: C. H. Kelly. 1891.

These Papers by the late Mr. Pratt have somewhat too much of the journalistic style about them for book form, but this spicing up of the material will no doubt make it more palatable to some readers. The first and largest part of the book deals with Wolverhampton Methodism; the second contains short chapters on Darlaston, Willenhall, and Bilston. A good story is told of the way in which Miss Loxton dealt with a local Calvinist when she was collecting for Darlington Street Chapel at Wolverhampton. She assured him the smallest contribution would be welcome. "Oh, indeed," was the answer, "if you will send for it, I shall be glad to give you a farthing." In due course she presented herself and received, not a farthing, but a five-pound cheque. Another racy incident describes the way in which Mr. Whitehouse attempted to get Dr. Newton to reduce his request for expenses. He had asked the modest sum of two guineas. "Ah! that's what you ask," was the rejoinder; "but what will you take?" Happily the doctor stuck to his amount and carried it off in triumph. Peggy Taylor, of Bilston, who invited her neighbours to tea in order to discuss the possibility of getting a Methodist Chapel, and had no sugar for them, is one of the characters of the book. She had a sweet shop, and gave her guests some "penny an ounce," consisting of boiled sugar mixed with treacle, flavoured with mint. This they put in their mouths and allowed the tea to pass comfortably through. We have said enough to show the interesting character of this book. It ought to be widely read in the Black Country and in other parts of Methodism. Mr. Pratt is in error when he says the preachers are never called "Rev." on the Circuit plan.

English Practical Banking. By THOMAS BOUCHIER MOXON, Fellow of the Institute of Bankers. Fifth Edition. Manchester: Heywood.

It is no wonder that a book written by a practical man like Mr. Moxon, and "issued under the sanction of the Council of the Institute of Bankers," should have reached a fifth edition. It consists of a series of sagacious paragraphs on every detail of banking. Any business man who studies the book will be well repaid; for the banker it is a sort of *vade mecum*, attention to which will go far towards securing him from error and loss.

The Rules and Usages of the Stock Exchange. By C. HERBERT STUTFIELD. London: Effingham Wilson & Co. 1891.

Mr. Stutfield gives seriatim the text of the rules which guide members of the Stock Exchange, with explanations of their meaning and purpose. A full exposition of all decisions of the Law Courts which affect the Stock Exchange is also given under each rule. The book is invaluable for both brokers and clients. It is cautious and clearly expressed; well up to date, and careful to point out the obligations which rest respectively on all who have dealings on the Stock Exchange. The closing chapter, on "broker and client," will do much to save friction and instruct the outside public who read this most instructive manual. It is necessarily technical, but always clear and helpful.

Hayti and the Gospel. By JOHN W. HERIVEL, B.D. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

This is an unsatisfactory book. Mr. Herivel's preface promises "A minute examination of the phases of Jesuitry as exhibited in the limited area of a single island," and thinks it will be "of interest to lay before the English-speaking public the result of personal study of Romish propagandism in the Republic of Hayti." His facts, however, may be reduced to very small compass, and there is little about Popery in Hayti, though a good deal is said about "the Christianity of Rome." The most valuable part of the book is that on the horrible worship of Vaudoux, which is sometimes celebrated with human sacrifices. The book contains some facts of interest as to Hayti and missionary work there. It is neatly got up, and the illustrations add to its attractiveness.

Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand for the Year 1889. *With Abstracts from the Agricultural Statistics of* 1890. Compiled from Official Records in the Registrar-General's Office. Wellington: George Didsbury. 1890.

Here are more than four hundred pages of statistics on every subject connected with the colony of New Zealand, its population, its asylums, its births,

deaths, and marriages, its agricultural products, its minerals, and everything else about which information may be desired. The tables of statistics show what progress has been made since 1840, when there were 2050 people of European descent (exclusive of the military and their families), a total revenue of £926, and an expenditure of the same amount. In 1889 the population was 620,279; the postal revenue £222,798; letters received and dispatched 42,301,233. There were 1809 miles of railway, and the railway receipts were £1,095,569. The column which gives the excess of immigrants over emigrants forms a sort of barometer for the colony. In 1889 the number was only 214, in 1888 the emigration was 9175 more than the immigration. The largest excess of immigration was in 1874, when it stood at 38,106. The census returns for March 1886 give 229,757 members of the Church of England; Presbyterians, 130,643; Wesleyans, 45,164; Baptists, 14,357; Roman Catholics, 79,020. 421,955 people are entered as able to read and write; 27,389 can read only; 120,804 can neither read nor write. It is evident that when more than one in four of the population cannot read or write, the schoolmaster is greatly needed in New Zealand.

Industrial Ireland and its Relations to the Question of the Day. A German view of Irish Affairs. By J. B. KELLER. (Special Correspondent of *Die Post*, Berlin). London: T. F. Unwin. 1891.

This judicious little pamphlet is free from any political bias. The writer has visited Ireland, and studied on the ground its industrial position and the possibilities of developing agriculture, manufactures, and fishing, on which he has much to say. His views are eminently worthy of careful study from all who are anxious to promote the best interests of Ireland.

The Word in the School. By ANDREW SIMON LAMB, Scotch Advocate of the Inner Temple. London: Nisbet & Co. 1890.

The writer holds that thorough patriotism and staunch Protestantism are inseparable, and calls attention to the "widespread and ever-extending corruption in morality," which is so alarming a characteristic of public and private life in England. The only cure for this he rightly finds in the grace of Christ, renewing the heart and life. He therefore strongly urges that the principles and practice of true morality should be taught in every day-school. His well-reasoned and timely, but rather heavy, little book deserves careful attention from all Christian people.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (March 1).—M. André Chevrillon contributes another paper on India which is devoted to Agra and Delhi. He has realised that India is a land of endless variety. Sixty-two leagues from Benares, the great Pagan city, a new world begins. Lucknow is both Mussulman and English. Sumptuous hotels, rich villas surrounded by their gardens, spacious avenues, vast and well-cared for parks and English regiments—all these the writer had become familiar with in Calcutta. But the mosques and Saracen architecture seemed restful to the visitor's eyes after the Hindu temples. The materials, it is true, are horribly poor. The monuments are of plaster, and one has no desire to look at them a second time. The greatest charm of Lucknow is the calm and happy aspect of Nature. The sky is pale blue, the air light and almost fresh; the palm has given place to trees with little leaves. The golden fruit and the large but frail roses, far more glorious than ours, give fragrance and beauty to the surroundings. One seems to feel that it is like the Persian landscape as described by Firdousi. The same peaceful beauty surrounds the cemetery where the victims of the Mutiny are buried. The Residency, where Sir Henry Lawrence made his heroic stand, is now a heap of blackened ruins, seamed by the cannon, but enlaced with verdant plants and with lovely flowers. As M. Chevrillon read over again the history of the siege, he was most struck by the sentiment which sustained the defending force. It was more than bravery, than love of glory or of country; there was a religious feeling in it both lofty and profound. Every morning the officers and soldiers, with the women and children who had taken refuge in the château, sang their psalms, the same which their persecuted Puritan ancestors had sung to sustain their constancy, and the grand Bible verses inspired them with an enthusiasm deep and silent, which gave them strength to offer tranquilly and even with *sang-froid* the sacrifice of life itself. "Here rests Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul." Such is the inscription in the little perfumed cemetery. At Cawnpore, the writer had just seen the pits into which Nana Sahib tossed the bodies of English men, women, and children who had confided in his word of honour. All around lay the silence of a great park and the calm of flowers. An angel of marble with folded wings stood at the margin of the pit, which was surrounded by a Gothic balustrade. Its drooped eyes had a divine serenity, its hands seemed to be folded in a gesture of mercy.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (December).—The article devoted to events of the month refers to the discussion in the Chambers on the Education budget. To separate Church and State without compensation or preparation, the writer says, would not merely be a leap into the unknown, but into an abyss where the Republic itself would vanish. Any proposal, in fact, however wise or reasonable, would be inopportune after two such years of agitation as France has known. Cardinal Lavigerie's speech at Algiers, in which he signified his frank and patriotic acceptance of French institutions, is a sign of the times. Several representatives of the dignified clergy in France have already expressed themselves in the same sense, and the Pope encourages that reasonable course. The bishops' allocutions have been marked by the same moderation. All this is hopeful. It promises to remove a great obstacle which stood in the way of the enfranchisement of the churches. Ultramontanism, it is true, remains as one of the gravest perils of the epoch.

(January).—M. Draussin's "Defence of our Protestant Hearths" shows that the obstacles which the French clergy put in the way of Republicanism led to the system of laicisation in all departments where State and Church had previously co-operated. French Protestantism thus lost its primary and normal schools, so that its young people were mixed up with scholars and

teachers who were Catholic both in character, temper, and prejudices. Such surroundings were, of course, far from favourable to Huguenot morals, but they were a necessary step in the forward march. The new system has sometimes been pushed to extremes, and under pretext of secularisation and anti-clericalism the legal neutrality has been violated by expurging all trace of the religious idea from the programme and the school-books. Governmental circulars warn the teachers to avoid everything that might offend the religious convictions of those under their care, but M. Draussin gives examples of the way in which a professor may, and does, allow his own opinions to appear. Such influences, and the close contact with Catholic children, threaten to destroy the sentiment of honour and moral dignity in the minds of these children of the Huguenots. Mixed marriages between Protestants and Catholics, and the emigration from the country to great towns, which leaves many young Protestants exposed to all the perils of spiritual isolation in the midst of a society wholly Catholic, also militate severely against the Huguenot churches of France. It is necessary to restore the old family life. It is painful to learn that the custom of family worship has become rare in French Protestantism. The bonds of affection have thus been weakened, paternal authority is no longer respected as it used to be, there is less care for the moral training of the children.

(February).—M. Lacheret writes from the Hague on "The Ecclesiastical Position, the Actual *Régime* of the Reformed Church in Holland." He says that the population of the country is 4,012,663, of whom 2,469,814 are Protestants, 1,445,423 Catholics, 81,069 Jews, 15,761 belong to no religious body. The Catholics are mainly concentrated in Brabant and Hainault, the other nine provinces are wholly or mainly Protestant, represented by the Reformed Church. Up to the close of the eighteenth century it had been governed by a Presbyterial Synod, but after the Revolution had upset this system, William I. named a commission of twelve pastors to whom he submitted a new plan of Church government prepared by his Ministers. This was accepted with slight modifications, and has been in operation ever since 1816. The most serious innovation bore on the relations between Church and State. The Church was now made dependent on the State. This gave rise to a good deal of feeling for many years, but in 1852 the Church procured a considerable measure of independence. The "Community" is the base of the ecclesiastical organisation. On January 1 there were 1347 of these communities in Holland with 1604 pastors. Whatever the size of the place, whether it be Amsterdam or the smallest village of Zealand, there is only one community. No division into parishes exists, but the communities, which have several pastors, divide the work, so that they may care most efficiently for the poor. Each community is governed by a consistory consisting of pastors, elders, and deacons. The writer gives details of the manner of election to the consistory, and says he knows no system which preserves the dignity of the pastorate better than the method of calling ministers to a vacant charge. If a pastor dies, leaving a widow and small family, the stipend is continued to them during a "year of grace," during which the pulpit is filled by the members of a pastoral association known as "The Ring;" a neighbouring pastor is also delegated to preside at the consistory. Above the consistory are two higher courts—the Classical Assembly, in which each community is represented by a pastor and an elder, and the General Synod, composed of thirteen pastors and six elders.

UNSERE ZEIT (January).—Gustav Diercks writes on "the political situation in Portugal." He says that for several years the matters in dispute between Portugal and England have called the attention of the world to affairs in the little Lusitanian kingdom. Though an understanding has been arrived at between the two Powers, and the recent outbreak in Portugal has been so happily quelled, the state of affairs is still very grave. The struggle of Democrats and Republicans against the monarchy is not a new thing in Portugal, but it has recently become such as to eclipse all other matters of interest. The recent popular outbreak must not be regarded as an expression of the country's real feeling about the Anglo-Portugese agreement as to

Africa. The Republicans seized on that matter to forward their own schemes. Love of liberty has always been a ruling passion in Portugal. Her early inhabitants struggled bravely against the all-conquering Romans. The Portuguese freed themselves from the dominion of the Moors before their neighbours in Spain had contrived to do so. They stoutly resisted the efforts of Spain to subjugate them. Napoleon found here courageous and dangerous enemies. But the people desired not only independence from foreign control but political freedom in their own country. Absolutism, whether governmental or clerical, was and is hated in Portugal. The people have always been on the side of those who promised the greatest liberty to the masses and to the individual. Don Miguel and his adherents, the Miguelists, or Legitimists and Absolutists of Portugal, have never won popular favour or been able to make any long stand against their political opponents. The article gives many instances of the passionate love of freedom in Portugal. Maria da Gloria, the daughter of Pedro I., succeeded him on the throne. It was only the prudence of her husband, the Prince Consort, that prevented the Republicans from making a powerful attack on the throne. Dom Fernando avoided so carefully all that could hurt the feelings of the Portuguese, adhered so strictly to the laws of the constitution as it then stood, showed himself so well-disposed towards the democracy, maintained such friendly intercourse with neighbouring States, that he very soon won the hearts of the people and kept their good will to the end of his life. His successor, Dom Luis, pursued the same prudent course, so that Republicanism gained little strength during his reign. It was otherwise when his son succeeded to the throne in 1889. He is less democratic, more anxious to maintain the dignity of the Crown, so that it was feared that his rule would prove less favourable to liberalism and progress than those of his father and grandfather. His wife has not known how to win the hearts of the people, but has somewhat repulsed them by her proud bearing. Her father, the Comte de Paris, is, of course, hated by the Republicans. The ambitions of the House of Orleans are certainly not favourable to the cause of liberty, and the Portuguese fear that their Queen may exercise an influence hostile to the popular cause. People have discovered points of resemblance between the queen and the daughter of the late Emperor of Brazil, which do not make the Liberals regard their royal mistress with friendly eyes.

MINERVA: An International Review (January).—The varied contents of this new monthly, which is published in Rome, go far to justify its title. It opens with extracts from Prince Krapotkin's articles on the subject of "Mutual Help between Animals," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* last September and October; then it gives some quotations from Mr. Gladstone's "Wealth and the Best Fields for Philanthropy." The next papers are on "Descartes" and "Thorold Rogers;" "The Police of London," as described by Mr. Monro in the *North American Review;* "Velasques," from an article in the *Edinburgh*. "The Patrimony of Uncle Sam," which forms the appendix of a book just issued on "The New American Democracy," is here given as an article. Signor Garlanda has certainly gathered a large amount of statistical information as to the United States, their political organisation, the growth of the country, and its population, its agriculture, its industries, its commerce, its telegraphs, telephones and postal system, its education and its national finance. The controversy about Shakespeare's plays, Emerson at Concord, Stanley and Emin Pasha, the question of the reserve at the Bank of England, and other subjects of present day interest, are dealt with in brief extracts from articles on the topics in various magazines and reviews. There is nothing original in *Minerva*, but it is an admirable collection of interesting matter, which must help to inform Italian readers as to the current topics of the day.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW (February).—Mrs. Wells deals with the question "Why more girls do not marry." She says, "In American society the girl rules; others may be in it, but they do not make it. In the Society girl parentage and money, exterior carriage and interior outfit of mental ability, are mingled in just the right proportions to establish her identity. Very com-

plex are her reasons for her aversion to matrimony. She demands a great deal in ability and money, and most men have not both to give." The girls often "do not know what to do with themselves; they try to adjust the mosaic work of associated charities and working girls' clubs to their own desires for a good time. . . . . They are enthusiasts for life in general, with longings for self-sacrifice and ideal values." Some of these girls, weary of Society life, turn inwards, cultivate their minds, "develop their common sense, use their budding sympathies, and entertain their parents. By the time they reach the age of thirty they feel their own self-sufficingness. They like men unless they pose as their husbands, and the men treat them as sisters, and remain bachelors. Professional life makes other women less liable to marriage, whilst literary and artistic life seem to preoccupy the mind." Teachers, on the contrary, marry more freely than other professional women, for the very love of children which makes the foundation of a good teacher is a stepping-stone to marriage, though we are too prudish for such a confession. Teachers are very particular about the kind of men they marry, liking newspaper and literary men far better than stalwart farmers and clerks of a subdued turn of mind. Self-esteem prevents many girls in the middle classes from marrying the only men who are in the field. Philanthropy, higher education, and self-analysis, all are represented as causes which bring marriage into disfavour. The ideal of marriage is as beautiful to the American girl "as ever, but until she is sure that it can be hers she abides in friendships, and believes that the time will come when all noble men and women will be married. Meanwhile she waits."

METHODIST REVIEW (January, February).—This number opens with a paper on "The Gospel of St. John," by Dr. Crooks, which clearly points out how completely the attack made by the Tübingen critics on this book has failed. Those who are troubled by current Pentateuch criticism will do well to read this article, which shows that the genuineness of St. John's Gospel can no longer be seriously questioned. In a sensible and moderate paper on "Industrial Reconstruction," Professor Steele points out that the Massachusetts labourer of to-day is pecuniarily about three times as well off as the labourer of a hundred years ago. From 1860 to 1878 wages advanced twenty-four and four-tenths per cent., although the year 1878 was one of great depression of trade and low wages. The writer shows that theorists, like the author of *Looking Backward*, "demand effects, but ignore causes." We learn from another article that the Methodist Episcopal Church has a hospital at Brooklyn on a splendid site worth 200,000 dols., and with buildings valued at 400,000 dols. These are the gift of a wealthy layman, the son of an itinerant preacher. When completed the property will be worth more than a million dollars, and "cannot but be regarded as one of the most superb and perfectly equipped hospitals in either America or the world." The Rev. Henry Mansell, of Cawnpore, sends a valuable account of "The New Mahommedan School of Thought," represented by Judge Sayad Ahmad and his Literary Club at Allygarh," which boldly discountenances "pilgrimages to so-called holy places, but recommends instead going to London, Paris, New York, or other places, where men may obtain physical and mental profit." Sayad Ahmad sent his two sons to Cambridge, and one is now a judge of the High Court at Allahabad, the other is superintendent of police. Sir Sayad established a college and orphanage, and exerts so powerful an influence in India that "nearly all Mahommedans who have obtained place and power since the Mutiny have done so, directly or indirectly, by his help."

SYDNEY QUARTERLY (December).—Mr. A. G. Hamilton's natural history paper, entitled "Some of my Pets," contains some good stories. The writer went to New South Wales as a boy, and has spent most of his life in the bush. His first pet was an opossum, which fed itself from a bottle of milk with a perforated cork, through which a quill was passed. Its favourite resting-place was on its young master's head, with its nose buried among the boy's hair, and its tail hanging down gracefully behind. It must have had a wonderful digestion, for one night it lunched on some boot blacking and a couple of ounces of baking soda, without any bad effects. A flying fox, which was

brought to the ground by a grain or two of shot through its wing, was very easily tamed, but it escaped from its cage one night and was seen no more.

CENTURY MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—The selection from Talleyrand's "Memoirs," in the *Century* for March, gives some details about Napoleon, which will have general interest. It is painful to find that he "took delight in disquieting, in humiliating, in tormenting those that he himself had raised; and they, placed in a state of continual distrust and irritation, worked underhand against the power that had created them, and that they already looked upon as their greatest enemy." The luxury of the Bonapartes displayed an utter lack of propriety, which laid them open to no little ridicule. A noble simplicity would certainly have been far more becoming in a family that came from an obscure island and a mean social station. Talleyrand points out that Napoleon might have given Europe a true balance of power, which would almost have rendered war impossible. Had he done this, every nation would have regarded him as a benefactor, and would have bewailed his death. But "his moral power was slight, almost absent. He could not bear success with moderation, or misfortune with dignity; thus the moral force which he lacked was the undoing of all Europe and himself as well." Lieutenant Rockhill's "Through Eastern Tibet and Central China" gives some painful descriptions of the prevalence of crime in Tibet. He was told on unimpeachable authority "that there was hardly a grown-up man in the country who had not a murder or two to his credit." Such crimes are punished by fines, which vary according to the social standing of the victim—120 bricks of tea, worth a rupee each, for one of the upper ten; 80 for a person of the middle classes; 40 for a woman, down to two or three for a pauper or wandering foreigner. The last item was not very reassuring for a visitor who had arrived at Kanzé "in the midst of the festivities of the 15th of the fourth moon, when the people from far and near congregate there, and the chiefs review their men, and when drinking and fighting are the order of the day." On his journey from Ta-chien-lu, Lieutenant Rockhill found the road covered with long files of heavily laden porters carrying packages of tea towards Tibet. Not a few women and small children were among these bearers. Each package was about four feet long, six inches broad, three to four thick, and weighed seventeen to twenty-three pounds. The average load is about two hundred pounds. Many of the women carried seven packages of tea, and children of five or six trudged after their parents with one or two. Twenty-five cents are paid for carrying a package on this seventeen days' journey.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—No one interested in modern newspapers should overlook M. de Blowitz's paper, "How I Became a Journalist," which appears in *Harper* for January. He had been living for many years in Marseilles when the Franco-German war broke out, and had married a native of that city—the daughter of the paymaster of the marines. Blowitz took a leading part in saving Marseilles from the Commune, and came to Versailles to report the success of himself and his friends. After many mortifications he obtained an interview with Thiers, and was to have been rewarded for his services by the post of Consul at Riga. Happily for himself this appointment was delayed by jealousies in the Cabinet. Meanwhile, at the house of his friend, Mr. Marshall, he met Lawrence Oliphant, then special correspondent for the *Times*. Oliphant's colleague at Versailles had to return to London, and Mr. Marshall's invalid daughter suggested to her father that M. de Blowitz might take his place. A girl of fifteen was thus the means of enlisting him in the service of the *Times*. Before he accepted the post, Blowitz said he would like to see a copy of the newspaper for which he was to work. Up to that moment he had never seen one. His success in gaining information soon showed what an acquisition he was to the paper. It was some time, however, before he got a permanent appointment on the staff. A capital story is told of the way he secured the good-will of Delane, then editor of the *Times*, by memorising a speech delivered by M. Thiers, which filled two and a half columns of the paper. Such a man is a born journalist, who richly deserves his honours. Mr. Child's account of "The Argentine Capital," in the March number will scarcely reassure the holders of Argentine Stock. He says: "There are no

amenities of life in Buenos Ayres, no society, no amusements except the theatre, which is expensive, and no distractions except gross and shameless debauchery that thrives flauntingly in most parts of the city. There is no society, because the rivalry of luxury will not allow families to arrange *fêtes* unless they can do so on a princely scale, to give a dinner-party that is not a gorgeous banquet, or to receive of an evening without the accompaniment of a ball or grand orchestra. . . . . There are no social leaders, no leaders of opinion even, no eminent citizens whose influence and efforts might create centres and elements of decent and healthy distraction. At Buenos Ayres each one looks out for himself, from the President of the Republic down to the howling urchin who sells newspapers and tries to defraud the buyer of his change. The impression that the city and its sociological phenomena make upon one is wholly and repeatedly that of coarse and brutal materialism."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—Mr. Stanley's account of the African pigmies in the January number has been eagerly read. He found a few of them who were only thirty-three inches high, the tallest of "the unadulterated specimens" would not exceed four feet four inches. The Zanzibari boys of fourteen and fifteen used to "manifest with loud laughter their pleasure at the discovery that there were fathers of families in existence not so tall as they." There seems to have been no change or progress among these strange people since the days of Herodotus. Stanley and his men were at first inclined to despise their poisoned arrows, but they soon found out what terrible weapons they were. "Yet the wounds made by these slender arrows were mere punctures, such as might have been made by finely pointed butchers' skewers, and being exceedingly ignorant of the effect, we contented ourselves with syringing them with warm water and dressing them with bandages. In some instances affectionate men sucked their comrades' wounds, to make sure that nothing of the substance should be left to irritate them. In no instance was this method of any avail. All who were wounded either died after terrible sufferings from tetanus, or developed such dreadful gangrenous tumours as to incapacitate them from duty for long periods, or wreck their constitutions so completely by blood-poisoning that their lives became a burden to them." Mr. Mounteney Jephson tells the following story of Stanley in the March *Scribner*:—"On my bringing the corn into his tent, Stanley said to me: 'This, Jephson, is the second time you have done us a good turn; you have brought us food now when we are starving, and you captured that large canoe down river, which has been of such value to us for carrying our sick so many weeks.' I record this, for it was absolutely the first word of commendation or encouragement we had any of us heard from our leader, and it greatly surprised us. It was not till some months afterward that we began to understand that, under the seeming indifference our leader had for his officers, there lay a strong sympathy and interest for all that we did, though he seldom allowed it to be apparent. I feel certain that, had the officers of the 'Rear Column' only been long enough with him, they, too, would have understood their leader, as we of the 'Advance Column' eventually learned to do." Sir Edwin Arnold, in his concluding paper on Japan, is enthusiastic as to its inhabitants. "As for the people, I am, and always shall be, of good St. Francis Xavier's feeling: 'This nation is the delight of my soul!' Never have I passed days more happy, tranquil, or restorative than among Japanese of all classes, in the cities, towns, and villages of Japan."

ST. NICHOLAS (January, February, March).—For us at least the picture of Linus is the chief feature in St. Nicholas for March. This is a handsome chestnut horse with white feet, a white face and mane, tail and foretop of a soft flaxen colour. He is now seven years old. Three years ago his mane and tail began to grow at a surprising rate, sometimes three inches a month. His tail is now nine feet long, his foretop five and a half feet; his mane seven feet ten inches. Linus carries his head high, and delights to be admired. "A Little Girl's Diary in the East" gives some entertaining descriptions and capital pictures of Cairo, Athens, and Pompeii.

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