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LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1891.

ART. I.—BROWNING'S LIFE AND TEACHING.

Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By Mrs. SUTHERLAND ORR. Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.

EIGHTEEN months ago there passed away from us in Robert Browning a poetic genius and masculine thinker of the first order. An article dealing with his writings in detail was published in this REVIEW * almost simultaneously with the appearance of *Asolando* and the announcement of the poet's death. Since then quite enough discussion has taken place concerning Browning's style and rank as a poet; his excellences have been quite sufficiently lauded by more or less discriminating admirers, and his defects quite sufficiently emphasized by those who have found the kernel of the poet's meaning small compensation for the labour of breaking through the hard, rough shell of his diction. We have no intention of entering anew upon any of these controversial matters. But the present appears an appropriate time for doing two things: first, for viewing the man, so far as the publication of his Life and Letters enables us to do so, in relation to his work; and secondly, without entering upon any description or examination of his several poems, for

* LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, January 1890. No. 146.

summing up the main factors of his thought and teaching. For Browning was essentially a teacher. His poetry, if not what Matthew Arnold said poetry should be, a "criticism of life," was essentially, what is better than criticism, an interpretation and illumination of life; and such Browning undoubtedly intended it to be. He, more than most poets, would have echoed Wordsworth's splendid eulogium on his art, "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge: it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of mind and things violently destroyed: the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is immortal as the heart of man." The life and teaching of the poet who, more than any other, has illustrated those words for the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century is a more than commonly important subject of study.

The publication of an authoritative life of Browning has been anticipated with more than usual eagerness. The main facts of his life were indeed tolerably well known, and his was not an eventful history. But some knowledge of the personality of a poet and great teacher is well nigh essential to an understanding of his work, and in the personality of Browning there was much that was at the same time enigmatical and fascinating. So far as mere vulgar curiosity about the private life of a public man is concerned, by all means let it remain unsatisfied. There have been more than enough in this generation of "revelations" that were no revelations, and of the laying bare before the public eye facts which formed indeed material for gossip, but were more or less misleading in relation to character. Browning is the last man who should be exposed to the insatiable and intolerable inquisitiveness of his generation. He resented with indignant scorn the current tendency to peep and pry into the sacred details of private life. His *Pacchiarotto* volume contained more than one outpouring of this sort. He did not intend to "unlock his heart with a sonnet-key." He tells the public that the work which

he hands them is theirs to take or leave; but his "unproffered soul" remains his own. No reader of his books is enabled to "slip inside his breast"; none has right "to make a rout of rarities he found inside." There were many reasons for the reserve, tender as well as haughty, which made him cry:

> "A peep through my window, if folk prefer,
> But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!"

Upon that reserve we at least have not the slightest wish to intrude. But Browning claimed to be a teacher as well as artist; some would say that he sacrificed art to teaching. His work cannot, like that of a musician or painter, be severed from his personality; and multitudes of those who have learned much from his writings, and just because they have learned so much on the highest themes, have looked, as we said, with eagerness to the light which the poet's life would shed upon his writings and the lessons on human life to be learned from them.

The hopes thus raised will in some sense be disappointed by Mrs. Sutherland Orr's book. Her work has indeed been done with tact and discrimination. Of Browning's private life she has told enough and not too much. She has touched with delicate hand the interesting period of the poet's union with his poet-wife, and her womanly letters and narratives form distinctly the most animated and attractive portion of the volume. Browning's own letters, as represented by those here published, are for the most part dry and scrappy, chips from the merest surface of the man, shedding little additional light upon his thought and character. What Mrs. Orr has herself to say concerning the relation between the poet's works and his life is not very instructive, while her own comments on his teaching are partly commonplace, partly misleading, being strongly coloured by her own religious opinions, or want of opinions. As an exponent of Browning's separate poems, in her *Handbook* Mrs. Orr rendered most excellent service; but as an Agnostic setting forth the scope of one of the most deeply religious of poets, she very seriously fails. The *Life and Letters* cannot but be full of interest to every student of Browning, but those who seek in it a key to his works in their psychological

sequence, and in their relation to the poet's own mental history, will be disappointed. We must be thankful, however, for what is here given, and the publication of the volume at least claims from us a notice of Browning as a man and a teacher, perhaps the most influential teacher of teachers which this century has produced.

Robert Browning was born at Camberwell on May 7, 1812. The floating rumours that he was of Jewish descent, and again that there was in him a distinct strain of dark West Indian blood, are quite discountenanced by Mrs. Orr. On the father's side he was of plain Anglo-Saxon stock, sprung from a family in the south-west of England. His grandmother was a Creole, his mother the daughter of a German merchant named Wiedemann who had settled in Dundee. This Scoto-German strain may possibly be held accountable for the metaphysical quality so prominent in the poet's mind. Mrs. Orr speaks very slightly of the Dissenting element in Browning's parents, and seems to be anxious to minimise this undesirable feature in his parentage and education, but there can be no question that both his parents were decided, though not perhaps "bigoted," Dissenters. His mother especially was very staunch in her principles: the poet was baptised in a Dissenting chapel, and himself attended one regularly both in early and in middle life. Mrs. Orr makes it appear that he went but rarely, and as if accidentally, to hear Thomas Jones, whereas for some years he attended the ministry of the poet-preacher with some regularity. This, however, is a small matter, except as an indication of the slight colouring which bias may unconsciously give to narrative. Robert Browning, the father, was a remarkable man in his own way, a great book-lover, with "an extraordinary power of versifying," utterly unworldly, enjoying splendid physical health, and doing all that an exceptionally kind father of literary tastes could do to prepare the way for his son's poetical career. From the mother came a certain delicacy of physical constitution, and a "nervousness of nature which neither father nor grandfather can have bequeathed to him." This heightened his enjoyments and increased his pains. "We may imagine," says Mrs. Orr, "without being

fanciful, that his father's placid intellectual powers required for their transmutation into poetic genius just this infusion of a vital element not only charged with other racial and individual qualities, but physically and morally more nearly allied to pain." Whether for the poet's own development or the world's benefit, we could hardly have wished it otherwise.

A considerable portion of the story of Browning's early life has already been made public property. Mr. Gosse in his little volume of *Personalia* reproduced some articles originally written for the *Century* magazine, which had passed under the poet's eye and were substantially dictated by him to the author. Mr. Sharp's small Life of Browning also contained an account of the poet's early years. He was an impetuous boy, full of vivacity, fond of animals, but brought up amidst books, his imagination and reverence early kindled by Biblical studies, facile in versifying, even from childhood. His father possessed nearly a hundred of these early poems, which the son destroyed as fast as he could get hold of them. This most original of poets was comparatively little influenced by his great predecessors. Of any study of Shakspere, for example, we read nothing. The more interesting, therefore, is it to trace the early impressions produced by Keats and Shelley. The influence of the former was slight and transient, that of Shelley was comparatively deep and prolonged, though it did not extend beyond the period of Browning's early manhood. Like the two nightingales which sang, as he told his friends, together in the May-night which closed the eventful day on which the poet's mother brought him the works of these two poets, Keats and Shelley "sounded from what were to him, as to so many later hearers, unknown heights and depths of the imaginative world." Slight traces of Keats' influence may be found in *Pippa Passes*, and the influence of Shelley is clearly marked in *Pauline*, in which the invocation addressed to him as the "Sun-treader" is well known, but Browning's genius was too masculine and original to retain for long impressions from without. It is interesting to notice, as affecting his development and future work, his serious and thorough study of music, in which he was a proficient, as *Abt Vogler*, *Master Hugues* and many another poem testifies; and

his very careful study of art, his knowledge both of painting and of modelling being considerably beyond that of the clever amateur. Thoughts whether of the Bar or of the Church as a career may have been entertained, but do not seem to have been serious. At eighteen he chose to venture upon a poetical and literary career, and his father's ready assent and generous help made his way easy, in a manner almost unprecedented in the history of poets. "*Paracelsus*, *Sordello*, and the whole of *Bells and Pomegranates* were published at his father's expense, and, incredible as it appears, brought no return to him. He declared to a friend that for this alone he owed more to his father than to anyone else in the world.* It is noteworthy that the young poet prepared himself for future work by reading and digesting the whole of Johnson's Dictionary! A master of English indeed he was to prove himself in future days, but often a tyrannous and arbitrary one, and in too many instances he strained and tortured his steed, to make it perform impossible feats, instead of riding it.

Pauline, his first poem, was published in 1833, secretly, his aunt furnishing the money. The author characterised it a few years later as "the only remaining crab of the shapely Tree of Life in my Fool's Paradise." The poem deserves study, not so much in itself, though it possesses not a few beauties of its own, as in relation to the poet's development. There is more of the nature of confession in it than in his more mature work. The following passage is certainly a self-portraiture, and we read it as we look at the photograph of a distinguished man taken when he was a youth, the familiar features visible but undeveloped and ill-defined:

> "I am made up of an intensest life,
> Of a most clear idea of consciousness
> Of self, distinct from all its qualities,
> From all affections, passions, feelings, powers;
> And thus far it exists, if tracked in all,
> But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,
> Existing as a centre to all things,
> Most potent to create and rule and call

* *Life*, pp. 52, 53.

Upon all things to minister to it;
And to a principle of restlessness
Which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel, all—
This is myself, and I should thus have been
Tho' gifted lower than the meanest soul."

His next work, *Paracelsus*, is better known. It was well reviewed by Mr. W. J. Fox, who had generously admired and praised *Pauline*, and also by John Forster in the *Examiner*. This last incident not only opened up the way for a long and close friendship with Forster himself, but gave the young poet an entry into literary circles, so that he became gradually familiar with such men as Talfourd, Milnes, Dickens, Wordsworth, and Landor. Mrs. Orr gives some pleasant little pictures of the home-life at Hatcham about this period, to which place the family removed about 1835:

"The long, low rooms of its upper storey supplied abundant accommodation for the elder Mr. Browning's six thousand books. Mrs. Browning was suffering greatly from her chronic ailment, neuralgia, and the large garden, opening on to the Surrey hills, promised her all the benefits of country air. There were a coach-house and stable, which by a curious, probably old-fashioned arrangement, formed part of the house, and were accessible from it. Here the good horse 'York' was eventually put up, and near this, in the garden, the poet soon had another, though humbler friend, in the person of a toad, which became so much attached to him that it would follow him as he walked. He visited it daily, where it burrowed under a white-rose tree, announcing himself by a pinch of gravel dropped into its hole; and the creature would crawl forth, allow its head to be gently tickled, and reward the act with that loving glance of the soft, full eyes which Mr. Browning has recalled in one of the poems of *Asolando*" (p. 78).

Amongst the members of the family who lived in the neighbourhood was Mr. Browning's uncle Reuben, who was an able man, and a marked character in his way. The story so often told of Tennyson appears, though Mrs. Orr does not say so in so many words, to have been true of Mr. Reuben Browning. His must be the credit of the irreverent remark concerning *Sordello*, that there were only two intelligible lines in the poem, and both those were false:

"Who will may hear Sordello's story told;—
Who would has heard Sordello's story told."

We cannot follow Mrs. Orr into the history of Browning's

association with Macready, and the reception of his early dramas, *Strafford* and *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.* The friendship with Macready was strained to breaking-point by the circumstances attending the production of the latter play. It is fair, however, to remember that we have here only Browning's side of the story, that play-writers and play-actors are alike a *genus irritabile*, and Macready's falling fortunes—he became bankrupt soon afterwards—may have accounted for much that appeared not exactly straightforward in his conduct. The publication of *Sordello* had awakened little interest, except among a small band of devoted friends; that perhaps is not to be wondered at. It is more surprising that the whole series of poems published under the title of *Bells and Pomegranates*, from 1841 to 1846, should have attracted so little attention. They contained *Pippa Passes*, the *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*, including the *Ride from Ghent to Aix*, *Saul*, and the *Flight of the Duchess*, besides the dramas proper, any one of them enough to make a reputation. They appeared in numbers, priced first at sixpence, then at a shilling, finally at half-a-crown, at which the price of each number finally rested. Yet this "perfect treasury of fine poetry" had slight and scanty sale; one whole period of six months passing by without the sale of a single copy. Mrs. Orr gives some interesting facts about the composition of some of these poems. A few were first published in *Hood's Magazine*, because Hood's health had given way under stress of work, and Browning and other friends came forward to help him. This fact deserves notice, because Browning had an unswerving rule never to write for magazines, a rule only broken on this occasion, and on the publication of *Hervé Riel* in the *Cornhill* in 1870, to help the sufferers in the Franco-German War. "The offer of a blank cheque would not have tempted him for his own sake to this concession, as he would have deemed it, of his integrity of literary purpose."

The Pied Piper of Hamelin was written, as is generally known, for Mr. Macready's little boy Willie, who was confined to the house by illness, and who was to amuse himself by illustrating the poem as well as reading it. Both the illustrations and the "touching, childish letter" of acknowledgment

have been found among Mr. Browning's papers since his death. So much discussion has taken place concerning *The Lost Leader* and the measure of its reference to Wordsworth, that it seems well to give Browning's account of the matter in his own words, especially as light is cast by it upon the poet's habit of idealising in composition. He wrote thus to a friend in 1875:

"I have been asked the question you put to me—though never asked so poetically and so pleasantly—I suppose a score of times, and I can only answer, with something of shame and contrition, that I undoubtedly had Wordsworth in my mind, but simply as 'a model'; you know an artist takes one or two striking traits in the features of his 'model,' and uses them to start his fancy on a flight which may end far enough from the good man or woman who happens to be 'sitting' for nose and eye.

"I thought of the great poet's abandonment of liberalism, at an unlucky juncture, and no repaying consequence that I could ever see. But once call my fancy-portrait *Wordsworth*—and how much more ought one to say—how much more would not I have attempted to say! There is my apology, dear friends, and your acceptance of it will confirm me.

"Truly yours,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

It was in 1845 that Mr. Browning was first introduced to Miss Elizabeth Barrett. This took place through her cousin, Mr. John Kenyon, already a friend of the Browning family. Mr. Browning had expressed his admiration of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, the poem, by the way, which contains the lines,

"Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity,"

and Mr. Kenyon begged him to write himself to Miss Barrett and tell her how the poems had impressed him; "for," he added, "my cousin is a great invalid, and sees no one, but great souls jump at sympathy." Mr. Browning wrote, and after a while begged to be allowed to visit her. This she at first declined, saying, "There is nothing to see in me, nothing to hear in me. I am a weed fit for the ground and darkness." Her objections were, however, overcome, and we are told "their first interview sealed Mr. Browning's fate." Very delicately and beautifully is the story told of that remarkable

courtship and marriage. For years Miss Barrett had hardly been allowed to leave her room, or did but pass from sofa to bed and from bed to sofa again..

"A strong sense of sympathy and pity could alone entirely justify or explain his act—a strong desire to bring sunshine into that darkened life. We might be sure that these motives had been present with him if we had no direct authority for believing it, and we have this authority in his own comparatively recent words: 'She had so much need of care and protection. There was so much pity in what I felt for her!' The pity was, it need hardly be said, at no time a substitute for love, though the love in its full force only developed itself later; but it supplied an additional incentive" (p. 142).

One thinks involuntarily of the picture drawn in *By the Fire-side*:

> "As you mutely sit
> Musing by fire-light, that great brow
> And the spirit-small hand propping it,
> Yonder, my heart knows how!"

Mr. Barrett peremptorily refused even to hear of the marriage, or to consent to his daughter's journeying to South Europe to benefit her health. He "had resigned himself to her invalid condition, and expected her also to acquiesce in it." They were married privately on September 12, 1846, and a week later Mrs. Browning, attended by her maid and her dog "Flush"—whom readers of her poems will remember—stole away from her father's house, and she and her husband took the boat to Havre, on their way to Paris. A terrible responsibility was thus undertaken by Mr. Browning, who had assumed the guardianship of a frail life against the wishes of friends on both sides. But, as Mrs. Orr says, "it was soon to be apparent that in breaking the chains which bound her to a sick room, Mr. Browning had not killed his wife, but was giving her a new lease of existence." She rallied wonderfully in her new life, and for fifteen years the marvellous blending of "an essentially vigorous and an essentially fragile existence" went on, bringing untold happiness to both. But it "became impossible that she should share the more active side of her husband's existence. It had to be alternately suppressed and carried on without her. The deep heart-love, the many-sided intellectual sympathy preserved their union in rare beauty to

the end. But to say that it thus maintained itself as if by magic, without effort of self-sacrifice on his part or of resignation on hers, would be as unjust to the noble qualities of both as it would be false to assert that its compensating happiness ever failed them."

The extracts from Mrs. Browning's letters during their residence in Italy are full of graphic pictures. Instead of quoting these, we give a few sentences concerning her husband, written during the first year of their married life:

"He, as you say, had done everything for me—loved me for reasons which had helped to weary me of myself—loved me heart to heart persistently in spite of my own will—drawn me back to life and hope again when I had done with both. Have faith in me, my dearest friend, till you know him. The intellect is so little in comparison to all the rest—to the womanly tenderness, the inexhaustible goodness, the high and noble aspiration of every hour. Temper, spirits, manners—there is not a flaw anywhere. I shut my eyes sometimes and fancy it all a dream of my guardian angel" (p. 151).

The love which evoked on the one hand *One Word More*, and on the other *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, was as fine in its quality as it was rare in its conditions and results. We cannot linger over the details. In March 1849 Mr. Browning's son was born, and about the same time his mother died. Not till 1851 did he return to England, and then, "as on each succeeding visit paid to London with his wife, he commemorated his marriage in a manner all his own. He went to the church in which it had been solemnised and kissed the paving-stones in front of the door." Mr. Barrett's unreasonable alienation unfortunately remained obstinately unaltered, and he not only refused to forgive his daughter, but even to kiss her child. The following years were spent chiefly on the Continent, in Paris, Rome, Lucca, Siena, and, above all, Florence. The Casa Guidi in the last-named city will be inseparably associated with Mrs. Browning's memory, and there after a married life exceptionally happy, in spite of frequent sickness and constant weakness, she died, in 1861. It was characteristic of her great heart that, as her last letter shows, it was the death of Cavour which gave her the final blow.

The effect of his loss upon Mr. Browning cannot be easily described. Mrs. Orr quotes two letters of his, written very

soon after his wife's death, which illustrate the two sides of the poet's character, his tenderness and his reserve. The reserve is shown in his communication to Mr., afterwards Sir Francis Leighton, and Mrs. Orr, his sister, says that it "habitually characterised Mr. Browning's attitude towards men. His natural, and certainly most complete, confidants were women." The letter written to Miss Blagden, at the same time as that to Mr. Leighton, reads like the utterance of a different man. As Browning himself said,

> "God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
> Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her!"

Five years after Mrs. Browning's death he expresses an almost religious reverence for the memory which his wife's monument in Florence enshrines, but he had not then felt himself able to revisit the place. He says, "I hope to see it one day." Mrs. Orr adds, "The letter is dated October 19, 1866. He never saw Florence again."

The latter part of Browning's life was the period in which he produced most, though not that in which, as a poet, he sung best. It is during these thirty years of fertile mental activity that we look for some light from Mrs. Orr's volume upon the history of the poet's thoughts and intellectual development. We look almost entirely in vain. Probably there was little for a biographer to tell, for the few letters which are given appear to indicate that the poet, while most affectionate to his intimate friends, and most kindly towards all, was never likely to unlock his heart with an epistolary key. Here and there is one which gives a glimpse into what he habitually thought and felt. But the most significant of these on the subject of immortality is not given by Mrs. Orr, who says, in spite of *La Saisiaz*, that "it is obvious Mr. Browning's poetic creed could hold no conviction regarding it." Of those that are given we cannot perhaps find a better specimen than that concerning the formation of the "Browning Society," though we are anticipating in introducing it here:

"They always treat me gently in *Punch*—why don't you do the same by the Browning Society? I see you emphasize Miss Hickey's acknowledgment

of defects in time and want of rehearsal; but I look for no great perfection in a number of kindly disposed strangers to me personally, who try to interest people in my poems by singing and reading them. They give their time for nothing, offer their little entertainment for nothing, and certainly get next to nothing in the way of thanks—unless from myself, who feel grateful to the faces I shall never see, the voices I shall never hear. The kindest notices I have had, or at all events those that have given me most pleasure, have been educed by this society—A. Sidgwick's paper, that of Prof. Corson, Miss Lewis's article in this month's *Macmillan*—and I feel grateful for it all, for my part—and none the less for a little amusement at the wonder of some of my friends that I do not jump up and denounce the practices which must annoy me so much. Oh! my 'gentle Shakspere,' how well you felt and said, 'Never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it.' So, dear lady, here is my duty and simplicity tendering itself to you, with all affection besides, and I being ever yours, R. BROWNING" (p. 346).

After his wife's death Mr. Browning settled in London, living till towards the close of his life in Warwick Crescent, Paddington. It was not till 1887 that he removed to De Vere Gardens, Kensington, and while he gradually came to regard London as a home, he felt constantly the oppression of "the atmosphere of low and ugly life" which encompasses the neighbourhood of the Harrow and Edgware Roads and Paddington Green. His sister kept house for him till the last, Miss Barrett, a favourite sister of Mrs. Browning's, for many years lived near them, and Mr. Browning used to visit her every evening. The meridian of the poet's life is marked by the publication of *The Ring and the Book* in 1868–9. Mrs. Orr notes that with this also he attained the full recognition of his genius. "The *Athenæum* spoke of it as the *opus magnum* of the generation; not merely beyond parallel the supremest poetic achievement of the time, but the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England had produced since the days of Shakspere." But the same *Athenæum* had damned some of the earlier poems with faint praise and others with no praise at all, while the phrases above quoted do not evince a very discriminating appreciation of what is undoubtedly a poetic masterpiece of its kind. Still, from this point forwards success is assured. Browning writes at this time to Miss Isa Blagden:

"I want to get done with my poem. Booksellers are making me pretty offers for it. One sent to propose last week to publish it at his risk, giving me *all* the profits, and pay me the whole in advance, 'for the incidental advantages of my name,' the R. B. who for six months once did not sell one copy of the poems! I ask £200 for the sheets to America, and shall get it."

During the latter years of Browning's life he mingled largely, as is well known, in society. Mrs. Orr mentions one dinner at which "there were in order round the dinner-table, Gifford Palgrave, Tennyson, Dr. John Ogle, Sir Francis Doyle, Frank Palgrave, W. E. Gladstone, Browning, Sir John Simeon, Monsignor Patterson, Woolner, and Reginald Palgrave." He was "a brilliant talker; admittedly more a talker than a conversationalist. He never willingly monopolised the conversation; but when called upon to take a prominent part in it, either with one person or with several, the flow of remembered knowledge and revived mental experience, combined with the ingenuous eagerness to vindicate some point in dispute, would often carry him away, while his hearers, nearly as often, allowed him to proceed from the absence of any desire to interrupt him." His nervous excitability was great. He once said to Mrs. Orr, "I am nervous to such a degree that I might fancy I could not enter a drawing-room, if I did not know from long experience that I can do it." He could not readily speak in public. "He had once a headache all day, because at a dinner the night before a false report had reached him that he was going to be asked to speak." This probably accounted for his repeated refusal to accept the Lord Rectorship of either of the Scotch Universities, and he himself acknowledges the fact in a note written to Professor Knight, declining to take part in a meeting of the Wordsworth Society.

The most productive and least eventful years of his life were probably from 1871 to 1878, during which there poured forth with wonderful rapidity *Balaustion*, *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Fifine*, *Red Cotton Nightcap Country*, *Aristophanes' Apology*, the *Inn Album*, the *Pacchiarotto* volume, and that containing *La Saisiaz* and *The Two Poets of Croisic*. The names of these poems indicate work which proves the marvellous intellectual force and versatility of a poet then in his

seventh decade, and in the volumes thus described lies more than the work of many an active literary lifetime. But these are not Browning's most successful or most real *poems*. In them, as in the latest productions of all, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, the *Parleyings*, and to some extent *Asolando*, the analytic and dialectical prevails over the lyrical and artistic element. In some of the shorter poems, in *Asolando*, as in the *Dramatic Idyls*, we find some traces of the earlier vigour, concentration, the music and occasional "lyric cry" which marked his earlier compositions, but for the most part the poet is apt to argue when he ought to sing. It is pleasant to trace the recognition of his genius as it slowly but steadily grew and spread. His reception at Oxford—he was made honorary Fellow of Balliol College in 1867—and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a frequent and honoured guest, only represented the growing appreciation of his countrymen, that "British public, ye who like me not," of which he had written earlier. He received the Cambridge degree of LL.D. in 1879, the Oxford D.C.L. in 1882; in 1875 he was offered the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, and in 1877 that of St. Andrews. He appears to have enjoyed this recognition just as much as a true man should, and no more. Perhaps the sunshine was the sweeter to him for the coldness of the shade in which he had been left during his earliest years; but the innate kindliness of heart, which shines out at so many points of the poet's character as depicted in Mrs. Orr's pages, made him naturally to enjoy sympathy, while he was altogether too manly and vigorous to be dependent upon it. Some of his very best work was produced with hardly any manifestation of kindly interest from without.

He was a true friend. Mr. Gosse says in his *Personalia*: "No man ever showed a more handsome face to privileged friendship, no one disappointed or repelled less, no one upon intimate acquaintance required less to be apologised for or explained away." His love of genius was a worship. "I do not suppose," says Mrs. Orr, "his more eminent contemporaries ever quite knew how generous his enthusiasm for them had been, how free from any undercurrent of envy, or impulse to avoidable criticism. He could not endure

even just censure of one whom he believed, or had believed, to be great. I have seen him wince under it, though no third person was present, and heard him answer 'Don't, don't!' as if physical pain were being inflicted on him." He was not sensitive, as most poets have been, to criticism; but, as a matter of fact, his work had not received in his lifetime, has probably not yet received, its due meed of praise and blame. It has been vehemently attacked, enthusiastically defended; ere long it will be fairly judged. The very last news that reached him was of the success of *Asolando*, and almost his last reported words refer to the gratification he found in the prompt and generous recognition which the veteran poet's last volume evoked. He died in the Italy he had loved so well on December 12, 1889, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the last day of the same year. By this "tardy act of national recognition England claimed her own." Those who were present at that service will never forget it, or the strains of music to which the words of the poet-wife were sung over the poet's grave. The sturdy fighter's earthly battles were over at last, and though the author of *Prospice* and the *Epilogue* did not shrink from the death which he more than most of his contemporaries realised to be only the in-breaking of intenser life, yet of him, as of all faithful servants of God, it was true—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Much more important than the details of a comparatively uneventful life is the question of Browning's influence as a thinker and teacher. We pass by for the present entirely the subject of Browning as an artist, his style and the obscurities of his diction, about which so much has been said, and concerning which we have not yet heard the last word. But, though it may seem unfair to analyse the writings of a poet as if he were a philosopher, to "break a butterfly on the wheel," it is impossible in the case of Browning to refrain from asking, What on the whole did this masculine and versatile writer really hold concerning the significance of the human life he has so vigorously and so variously depicted, and what did he wish to teach the generation in the midst of which as *vates sacer* he prophesied and sung? True, there are many difficulties in the way of answering such a question, the chief

of which arises from the dramatic, or what has been called the "psychological," nature of Browning's work. His personality, like Shakspere's, though for different reasons, eludes us in his writings. It is always possible for an objector to say, when some passage is quoted to illustrate the poet's views, "Browning did not speak here, but Saul before David, the Pope judging Guido, Ferishtah moralising, or the lover of Fifine." Nevertheless, as in the dialogues of Plato, with their many *dramatis personæ*, the often ironical utterances of Socrates, and the apparently inconsistent conclusions reached, it is possible, and not on the whole very hard, to find in Browning's poems certain large and informing spiritual principles which formed the mainspring of the poet's thought, and inspired and determined his "message to his time." If only we do not expect from the poet the definitions of a philosopher or the dogmas of a theologian, we shall find in Browning a clear and compact body of thought, sometimes carefully reasoned out, more frequently exhibited by the lightning flash of intuitive discernment, which will form no unimportant help amidst the confusions and perplexities of this time. If indeed we live "'twixt two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born," it will be found that in the struggle towards a new birth of thought and interpretation of life, Browning's wrestlings with the chaos and endeavours to gain and give a firm footing for faith and action are of the highest value and importance.

We are not about to attempt to find in Browning a "system" of thought. He lives in the midst of various humanity, and his poems reflect all its changing lights and fleeting moods and conflicting passions. As Mr. Nettleship says, in his interesting *Essays and Thoughts*, "to huddle up winsome grace, humour, fancy and pathos, under one grey cloak of philosophical idea, would be as unpardonable as to robe the Apollo Belvidere in a cassock." But, on the other hand, to conclude that this man, who all his life was wrestling with the problems of life, came to no clear or worthy conclusions, or none that he wished to communicate to others, is to stultify the whole of Browning's writings. We are further compelled to undertake this investigation by the tacit assumptions on the subject made by Mrs. Orr, which we hold to be essentially

mistaken and misleading. We do not deny that in the poet's later works, which alone Mrs. Orr takes as representative of his personal opinions, there are some grounds for her conclusions, and in interpreting such a various and versatile writer as Browning there will always be room for some difference of opinion. But in the following passage, which summarises many casual statements made here and there throughout the volume, it appears to us that Mrs. Orr has read not a little of her own Agnosticism into the poet's utterances:

"However closely his mind might follow the visible order of experience, he never lost what was for him the consciousness of a Supreme Eternal Will as having existed before it; he never lost the vision of an intelligent First Cause, as underlying all minor systems of causation. But such weaknesses as were involved in his logical position are inherent to all the higher forms of natural theology when once it has been erected into a dogma. As maintained by Mr. Browning, this belief held a saving clause, which removed it from all dogmatic, hence all admissible grounds of controversy; the more definite or concrete conceptions of which it consists possessed no finality for even his own mind; they represented for him an absolute truth in contingent relations to it. No one felt more strongly than he the contradictions involved in any conceivable system of Divine creation and government. *No one knew better that every act and motive which we attribute to a Supreme Being is a virtual negation of His existence.* He believed, nevertheless, that such a Being exists; and he accepted His reflection in the mirror of the human consciousness as a necessarily false image, but one which bears witness to the truth" (pp. 435, 436).

The words which we have italicised above may represent Mrs. Orr's views. They simply caricature Browning's belief as represented in his writings. True, Mrs. Orr adds: "His works rarely indicate this condition of feeling; it was not often apparent in his conversation." But we must decline to deal with a state of the poet's mind of which he has left no evidence in his books, or his letters, or his recorded conversation. We are students of his poems only, and these as interpreted by any utterances of which evidence is forthcoming. When speaking of human knowledge, so far as the processes of the understanding are concerned, Browning proclaimed strongly enough his distrust of its operations, its limitations and inherent weaknesses, the danger of trusting

to its representations as to a defective, dimmed, and even distorting mirror; and what Christian would not do the same? But in his vehement assertion of certain fundamental verities of morals and religion, no prophet could be clearer or more emphatic. How far the intuition of the poet is to be trusted, his postulates accepted, his demonstrations admitted to be cogent, is another matter. But Mrs. Orr is far nearer the mark in describing Browning, when, speaking of his friends amongst clergymen and religious teachers, she says: "They knew the value of the great free-lance, who fought like the gods of old with the regular army." Browning fought; he knew the need of fighting, and had something to fight for. Whatever he held or did not hold, he was not an Agnostic, worshipping the great Unknowable of Mr. Herbert Spencer, with a mind into which all kinds of heterogeneous religious beliefs might be cast promiscuously, lost in a Serbonian bog of scepticism concerning that all-encompassing Infinite of which Renan has been telling us once more that nothing is clearer than that we can never know anything certainly about it.

Was Browning a Christian? The answer to the question depends entirely on what is meant by the word Christian. If it be taken to mean an orthodox, evangelical believer, then, of course, Browning was nothing of the kind. If it be understood, in a large and elastic sense, to imply acceptance of certain main Christian truths, such as the Fatherhood of God, the Incarnation of God in Christ, and others, understood as doctrines based upon facts of history, we should still hesitate to apply to him the name. But if it be meant that he possessed a keen insight into the spiritual ideas which lie at the basis of the Christian religion, appreciated their importance for humanity, and accepted them as fundamentally true and all-powerful for good in the history of the world, then we should be disposed to say that few poets have been more sincerely and deeply Christian than Robert Browning. It is not merely that he accepts the Christian ideal of Love and Sacrifice as a human ideal, pointing towards the solution of the world's problems, the healing of the world's wounds. He goes much further than this. Having imbibed the fundamental thought of the unity of God and man in Christ, he apparently accepts it as

the crowning and consummating truth in man's conceptions of the Divine nature. The often-quoted words—

> "I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All problems in this world and out of it,
> And hath so far advanced thee to be wise"—

are not merely the language of the Apostle John in the desert. It is the poet's heart and soul that cry out—

> "For the loving worm within its clod,
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid His worlds, I will dare to say."

There can be little question that when the poet put into the mouth of David before Saul his bold argument from man to God, he meant to describe the leap which his own soul took in contemplating the sublime revelation of God which lies at the heart of Christianity.

> "Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
> That I doubt His own love can compete with it? Here the parts shift?
> Here the creature surpass the Creator,—the end what Began?
> Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
> And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?"

Nay, indeed,

> "Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou!
> So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
> And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
> One spot for the creature to stand in! . . . .
> He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
> 'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee: a Man like to me,
> Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee. See the Christ stand!"

The close of *The Epistle to Karshish* shows that it is not a mere madman's dream that "the All-great were the All-loving too"; that "through the thunder comes a *human* voice, saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here!" The nature of God as giving, as giving Himself, as giving Himself in sacrifice to redeem and save, the essential community of man with God, in the sense that man, as it is expressed in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*,

is "for aye removed from the developed brute, a God, though in the germ," which are such essential and characteristic Christian thoughts, lie at the foundation of Browning's teaching and form an essential part of his message.

It would, however, be a great mistake to conclude from these and other similar passages in Browning's poems that he accepted the Christian revelation or was prepared to subscribe a Christian Creed. He was essentially the poet of Humanity, as Wordsworth was the poet of Nature. He began and ended with man. In the preface to *Sordello* he says: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study. I at least always thought so—you, with many others known and unknown to me, think so—others may one day think so." His early friend, the poet Domett, idealised in the poem of *Waring*, called him "subtlest assertor of the soul in song," and in the life of man as a living soul we find the central interest of Browning's work, if not the centre and pivot of his moral and religious creed. God, the Soul, and Immortality—these are the three articles of his creed: the first, conceived in a Christian sense, though by no means in orthodox forms; the second, viewed in its militant progress upwards, through temptations and moral conflicts, to triumph and the development of higher capacities; the last, the essential requisite for a valid and effective belief in the other two. Kant began with the categorical imperative of morals, and posited, though he could not prove them, the three postulates of Practical Reason—God, Freedom, and Immortality—their existence being necessitated by the practical law which commands the attainment of the highest possible good. Not wholly unlike the German philosopher, the English poet begins with the individual soul, its consciousness of Right, its acknowledgement of Duty. He bids

> "hold hard by truth and his great soul,
> Do out the duty! Thro' such souls alone,
> God stooping shows sufficient of His light
> For us i' the dark to rise by."

Not by processes of the logical understanding can these high truths be reached, only by Love, face to face with reality:

"Wholly distrust thy knowledge then, and trust
As wholly love allied to ignorance;
There lies thy truth and safety."

Love is the basis of all:

"So let us say, not—Since we know, we love,
But rather, Since we love, we know enough."

Searching the depths of his own soul, having "ransacked the ages, racked the climes," through all variations of human history, and finding in the human heart infinite capacity for love and duty, straightway he builds up his theory of things. God must be love, else man makes himself higher than God:

"If he believes
Might can exist with neither will nor love,
In God's case—what he names now nature's law,
While in himself he recognises love
No less than might and will . . . .
Thus man proves best and highest—God, in fine."

That the soul which longs and strives, which loves and spends itself in sacrifice, often apparently in vain, is made for immortality, is certain as that it exists. The whole poem of *La Saisiaz*, written immediately after the death of an intimate friend, Miss A. E. Smith,' is one long triumphant argument to this end. A life to come? What if there be many? "More lives yet, thro' worlds I shall traverse, not a few"—who knows, who need care to inquire?

"Leave Now for dogs and apes,
Man has For ever!"

It is interesting, however, to observe how in this, as nearly always, the poet's reasoning is essentially *moral* in its character. He is, of all others, the poet of moral energy. His verse throbs with the pulses of noble purpose. The virility which is so characteristic of Browning is due essentially and ultimately to this. He is the poet of moral conflict, of indefatigable effort, of indomitable hope. The soul must fight, he says, to live, to grow, to be a human soul at all. It ought to rejoice in such a struggle. The issue may be long and apparently dubious, but it is certain; the right must triumph gloriously and endlessly:

"Be our joy three-parts pain,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain,
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

For the worst and the weakest there is hope, so long as they do not acquiesce in defeat. For such craven souls the poet seems to have no pity. Stagnant blessedness in Rephan were less to be desired than militant progress in Earth. For the end is certain:

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conceptions of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by."

This cannot be proved? It has not been handed down by tradition, or warranted by express revelation? Perhaps not. "Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear," men may argue, or question, or despair, "the rest may reason and welcome, 'tis we musicians know."

There are immense difficulties in the way, of course. But Browning's optimism is neither shallow nor feeble. He does not take life like a butterfly, "mere skimmingly," nor does he, like Emerson, avoid the great problems of evil by ignoring them. He plunges into the very depths of darkness, but even there discerns gleams of light:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched,
That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

Such quotations from Browning might be multiplied almost without end. Yet believing in a God of order and love, in the moral freedom of man, and the paramount obligation of duty, how can he account for the existence of evil, still less be convinced of its ultimate defeat and overthrow, unless indeed

he explain away its reality? To answer this question in full would require not a page, but an article. It is the standing problem of human life, and Browning's solution is worthy of careful and prolonged study. The best help we have seen towards pursuing it is to be found in a volume by Professor H. Jones,* which, if it manifest some tendency to read into Browning the author's own Hegelian tenets, presents a thoughtful and luminous study of his teaching on its philosophical side. In one place he says, "The optimistic creed which the poet strove to teach must, therefore, not only establish the immanence of God, but show in some way how such immanence is consistent with the existence of particular things. His doctrine that there is no failure, or folly, or wickedness, or misery, but conceals within it at heart a divine element; that *there is no incident in human history which is not a pulsation of the life of the highest*, and which has not its place in a scheme of universal good, must leave room for the moral life of man, and all the risks which morality brings with it." This goes too far, especially in the phrase we have italicised. An optimist is in great danger of falling into the pantheistic error of the unreality of evil. Browning avoids that, and strenuously protests against it. His God "leaves room for man to live." He does not imply that evil is necessary to the production of good, nor that it is merely negative. It is essentially evil, opposed always to the good, and its presence is only harmonised in the optimistic creed by the moral character formed in the effort necessary to overcome it. This is the argument alike of St. James and St. Paul. "Count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience;" "We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience"—δοκιμή, the tried and proved character, which is possible only to him who has been tested in the furnace of moral conflict and come out victorious.

The theodicy which Browning works out with more fulness and subtlety than we can stay to indicate, is based upon this

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* *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher.* By Henry Jones, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in the University College of Wales. Maclehose. 1891.

moral triumph. It is characteristic of *Man* thus to live. The poet discerns

> "Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
> Not God's and not the beasts; God is, they are,
> Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be."

There must be no apathy, no idleness: that means stagnation, death, ruin. The moral character and justification of the process is found in the nature of the end. That end is Love, which already is

> "victory, the prize itself.
> . . . . In love, success is sure
> Attainment—no delusion; whatsoe'er
> The prize be, apprehended as a prize,
> A prize it is."

The Pope, in *The Ring and the Book*, who so often speaks for Browning himself, puts this in the plainest terms:

> "I can believe this dread machinery
> Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else,
> Devised—all pain, at most expenditure
> Of pain by Who devised pain—to evolve,
> By new machinery in counterpart,
> The moral qualities of man—how else?—
> To make him love in turn and be beloved,
> Creative and self-sacrificing too,
> And thus eventually God-like."

Science teaches the evolution of the physical universe, Browning believed in the evolution of man, if, indeed, the word evolution can be applied to a process which is attended by perpetual struggle, and implies the perpetual exercise of free moral energy. Thus, but in greater detail, with greater wealth of argument, greater realisation of difficulties, greater insight into means and methods, though in less musical strains, Browning is found in full accord with his great brother-poet of the nineteenth century, who points us to

> "One God that ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off Divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

Most imperfectly have we tried to sketch some of the leading principles of Browning's thought, giving little idea indeed of the wealth of illustration, the insight into human nature and the actual problems of human life, the frequently cogent reasoning by which these principles are worked out and applied. The poet's standpoint is not Christian in the orthodox sense of the word, for neither as regards the doctrine of God, the Person of Christ, the guilt of man, atonement for sin, nor the ultimate issues of evil, would he accept the dogmas of the Christian creed. But surely it is no small matter that one who did not believe in express revelation should accept so fully and defend so vigorously certain essential principles of Christianity, and, from the standpoint of one who viewed human life with the piercing insight of genius, should powerfully vindicate so much that Christians hold dear, and so large a part of that doctrine which they believe is the very salvation of the world. Surely here is one who casts out devils in the Master's name, though he follows not with the Master's disciples; and of him the Master Himself would say "He is for us." To whatever degree and with whatever modifications Christian, however, Robert Browning remains one of the foremost thinkers and most potent teachers of the nineteenth century in England. His "message to his time" cannot as yet be fully and fairly read; but already it has helped and inspired thousands. Though the full harmony of all its chords be not altogether easy to master, its melody is found in the simple song of Pippa, the maiden of Asolo:

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world."

Art. II.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln: a History. By his Private Secretaries, J. G. Nicolay and John Hay. 1891.

THE authoritative Life of Lincoln is now in its final form before the world. It will undoubtedly be received with interest; but also, we think, with a certain disappointment. In some respects no more fitting biographers of the great President could be found than these two men, both of them his intimate friends, both of them experienced in public life, and who were both in close and confidential intercourse with him during all the stormy time of his administration. The documents left in their hands at Lincoln's death, and confided to them by his family, as well as their own personal knowledge of events and of men, afford such materials for an accurate and faithful picture of Lincoln and his administration as were open to no previous writers on the subject.

Accurate and faithful the work undoubtedly is. The ten volumes of which it consists form a huge monument of conscientious toil, evidently inspired by devotion to the memory of the great man of whom it treats, and to the cause for which he lived and died. But those who come to it for such a living presentment of Abraham Lincoln as Lockhart gives us of Scott, or Trevelyan of Macaulay, will, we fear, be disappointed.

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, however excellent their qualifications, in some respects, for their task, cannot be said to have manifested the skill of the literary artist. The book is too long; it is overloaded with detail. The hero is almost lost to view in the mass of information concerning him which is so laboriously piled together. It will be invaluable as a work of reference on the subject with which it deals; but we doubt whether it will be extensively read, in England at least, except by historical students. This is much to be regretted; for lives like Lincoln's are the world's inheritance.

Still, it must be a matter of congratulation that we do at last possess a full and authentic account of the greatest

American since Washington. Already a Lincoln-mythus has grown up; and what with the scandal circulated by rivals and opponents, and the mistaken eulogy of friends, not to mention the inevitable fungus growth of gossip and twaddle that, without any fixed intention on the part of the utterers, collects round all distinguished names, it would be difficult, without such aid as this life offers, to ascertain what manner of man he was. If the authors' method of portraiture is neither vivid nor direct, they at least supply such means as never before were at the disposal of the public, by which the reader may realise the character of Lincoln for himself.

A careful study of the life does much to attenuate the idea of paradox which is apt to strike one at first in connection with Lincoln. His homeliness and his dignity, his tender heart and iron resolution, his broad humour, his deep melancholy, all those traits which incline one to regard him at first as a bundle of heterogeneous tendencies, are seen on further consideration to have their roots deep in his peculiar temperament—a temperament which in its main features is that of the typical Western American. In spite of the anecdote-mongers, he was neither a sentimentalist nor a buffoon. Like Carlyle, he was born with a keen perception of the humorous; like him also he was burdened all his life with a depression that arose from chronic ill-health, although, temperate as a hermit, he denied himself even the pipe that used to solace the black moods of the Sage of Chelsea. Here the parallel stops. There was nothing of Carlyle's austerity and bitterness in the temper of the man whom all children loved, and to whom General Grant, who knew him well, bore this testimony: "It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries." His reasonableness, his tolerance, his supreme common-sense represent the best type of American character. In his career also he is far more the representative American than Washington. Washington never ceased to be in all essentials an English country gentleman. In birth and breeding, by habit and association, he belonged to the class of which Hampden and Lafayette may be cited as examples: aristocrats of liberal views, who take the popular side from conviction against the general sentiment of their caste.

Lincoln was emphatically of the people. He was a child of the great West, which in his day was only beginning to unfold her limitless possibilities. He began life as a pioneer in the rough school of the backwoods. His extraordinary physical strength, and his judgment and temper, which were still more extraordinary, were first put to service in the cause of law and order in the log-built frontier villages of Illinois. He gained his military experience—the only experience of which the future Commander-in-Chief of the United States army and navy could boast, when entering on his duties—in obscure skirmishes with the Indians of the neighbouring tribes. In his early years he tried one pursuit after another with the versatility of a Western lad. Pioneer, soldier, flat-boatman on the Mississippi, the future President at last cast anchor behind the counter of a grocer's shop in a country town, where the ambitious idea of reading law occurred to him. Before very long he had qualified himself for the career of his final choice; and after the adventurous years which had served to train in him that patience, that sagacity, that unerring knowledge of men, of which he was to give such full proof in after-time, he settled down for five-and-twenty years as a lawyer in Springfield. No man ever knew the common people of his own land better, as certainly no man had greater opportunity for knowing them. He owed wonderfully little to influences outside the sphere of common life. He was an indigenous product of that life, if ever a man was, and it is this truth that Lowell so finely expressed when, referring to him in his immortal Commemoration Ode, he calls him:

> "The kindly, modest, brave, far-seeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil: *The first American.*"

His conduct after his election to the Presidency as candidate of the new Republican party illustrates those two marked features of his character—his honesty and his caution. The creation of the Republican party, it will be remembered, was in great measure a result of the quickened moral sense of the North on the subject of slavery. It is quite possible that to some of its supporters the question of tariffs was more im-

portant than the question of freedom, but the great majority of earnest men who joined the party did so with the hope, if not of abolishing slavery—a matter which most of them, including Lincoln himself, considered to lie only within the jurisdiction of the States concerned—at least of restricting it within its actual limits. The triumph of the party at the polls indicated that the period of Texas wars and other expedients for the increase of slave territory was at an end; and that the Southern States took it in that sense is evident from the fact that they began at once to make preparations for secession. But Lincoln was a new man. He had so far made no mark of any kind outside his own district, except as a forcible platform speaker. There seemed to be a chance that he might be bribed or bought, flattered or frightened, into compromising the principles to which he was pledged. Those who tried the chance soon found that there was very little satisfaction to be got out of him. Besieged by politicians of all shades of opinion, who tried to persuade or badger him into some expression favourable to their own side, he referred them in nearly all cases to his published utterances. In a few cases, where circumstances seemed specially to call for it, he re-stated his position, as he does in the following letter to one of the prominent politicians of the South, Alexander Stephens:

"December 22, 1860.

"I fully appreciate the present peril that the country is in and the weight of responsibility that rests on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would directly or indirectly interfere with the slaves, or with them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to answer you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the time of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended, while we think that it is wrong and ought to be restricted. That, I suppose, is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us."

Meanwhile, on February 4, 1861, the delegates of the seceding States met at Montgomery, Alabama, to form the Southern Confederacy. The helpless inactivity, if not the criminal connivance, of President Buchanan's Government, had, until now, allowed the seceders to seize forts and posts of military advantage, and generally to make, unhindered, what arrange-

ments they pleased for breaking up the Union. But in the last days of 1860, Buchanan's new advisers, including Stanton, afterwards Lincoln's Secretary of War, persuaded him to take some of the precautionary steps that General Scott and others had long been urging upon him. At the same time measures of conciliation were introduced into Congress. The party of Union went so far as to suggest a Constitutional Amendment which should provide that slavery, within the slave-holding States, should not be interfered with. The South, however, would be satisfied with nothing less than unlimited freedom to extend "the peculiar institution," and the storm of civil war had actually broken on the land before Lincoln went to Washington to assume the government. As Emerson said, "the new pilot was called to the helm in a tornado." That pilot was a man untried, unknown, without experience in great affairs, without support, except, indeed, in his sympathy with the people, his intuitive sagacity, his sense of duty, his trust in God.

On his way to the Capitol he addressed a great meeting in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It was Washington's birthday, and, in reference to the time and scene of the gathering, he said:

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, and the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. . . . . It was not the mere matter of separation from the Mother Country, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave, not only liberty to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all would have an equal chance. . . . . Now, my friends, can the country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it? But if this country cannot be saved without giving up this principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it."

This passage, with its closing phrase, so sadly significant in view of after-events, may be compared, for its sentiment, if not for its style, with the famous address at the consecration of the Gettysburg Cemetery, where he expressed his political creed

with all that simplicity which belonged to his greatness, and yet in a strain so lofty, in a manner so perfect, as to challenge comparison with the orators of classic Greece.

His inaugural address was eagerly waited for. It was throughout a calm and candid appeal to the reason of the revolted States, except at the conclusion, when, in touching and heartfelt words, he addresses himself to their common memories and affections:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they they will be, by the better angels of our natures."

The appeal was in vain. The war broke out immediately, commenced, as is well known, by the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter. Owing to the neglect or treachery of the previous Government, Lincoln and his Cabinet found themselves in a chaos of disorganisation, while the Confederates were well prepared and full of confidence. For nearly a week, at the outbreak of the war, Washington was isolated from the North, and threatened by a rapidly approaching Confederate army. The telegraph wires were cut, and the Federal troops intercepted by the Maryland insurgents. It was a question whether the seat of government would not be captured by the Secessionists before the first instalment of the Union army could reach it. That terrible week taxed even Lincoln's self-control.

"Once," says his secretary, "on the afternoon of the 23rd of April, the business of the day being done and the Executive Office deserted, after walking the floor alone in silent thought for nearly half an hour, he stopped and gazed long and wistfully out of the window, down the Potomac, in the direction of the expected ships, and, unconscious of any other presence in the room, at length broke out with irrepressible anguish in the repeated exclamation: 'Why don't they come? Why don't they come?'"

Two days afterwards the 7th Regiment arrived from New York, bringing fresh inspiration to the Union cause.

Lincoln's call to arms was answered with enthusiasm, and three great armies were soon placed in the field. The religious

bodies in the North were active in support of the Government and the war, and of those (to quote the biography) "no Church was more ready or powerful in its support of the Government than the wide-spread Methodist Episcopal Church. From the beginning it took ground firmly and unanimously for the national cause, and the western armies especially were filled with the young and vigorous fighting men of that connection." To a Committee of the General Conference of 1864 President Lincoln said:

"Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the Churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, no less devoted than the best, is by its greatest numbers the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to Heaven than any other. God bless the Methodist Church. Bless all the Churches, and blessed be God, Who in our great trial giveth us the Churches."

He had need of enthusiastic support, for his task bristled with difficulties, of which not a few were gigantic and appalling; some of his worst foes, also, were, if not "of his own household," at any rate on his own side. His Cabinet took some time to find him out.

"He recognised them as governors, senators, and statesmen, while they yet looked upon him as a simple frontier lawyer at most, a rival to whom chance had transferred the honour that they felt to be due to themselves. . . . . Perhaps the first question of the Lincoln Cabinet was, 'Who is the greatest man?' It is pretty safe to assert that no one—not even he himself—believed it was Abraham Lincoln."

Seward seemed to have fancied at first that he could rule through Lincoln, though it is only fair to say that when once he had found out his mistake he supported his great chief with loyal friendship and generous admiration.

It may safely be said that his greatest difficulties arose from those ranged under the Union banners. The South at the beginning of the struggle, in spite of its inferiority of numbers, possessed the immense advantage of practical unanimity. The Confederates all pulled together. And to the success of Lincoln's policy it was necessary that in every step he took he should carry the nation with him. But how this was to be done,

with one party clamouring for peace at any price, and another frantic at a hint of concession or compromise, with the War-Democrats on this side and the Abolitionists on that, with the spirit of faction rampant in the army where the generals were intriguing against one another instead of fighting the enemy, with McLellan to be watched and stimulated, and Fremont to be repressed, and all this with France and England threatening war, was a problem that might have puzzled the Sphinx.

His temperament helped him, of course. He was calm, slow, steady-nerved, without the weaknesses, as without the advantages, of highly strung and impulsive natures.

"Mr. Lincoln was never liable to sudden excitement or sudden activity. Through all his life, and through all the unexpected in stirring events of the rebellion, his personal manner was one of steadiness in word and act. It was this quality which in the earlier stages of the war conveyed to so many of his visitors the false impression of his indifference. His sagacity gave him a marked advantage over other men in enabling him to forecast probable events, and when they took place his great caution restrained his comments and controlled his outward bearing."

This caution of his is particularly evident in dealing with the question of Emancipation. A very large and influential section of his supporters urged him to emancipate all the slaves on the breaking out of the war, as he did in fact emancipate them two years after, in virtue of his office as Commander-in-Chief. Detesting slavery, as a man so just and tender-hearted inevitably must have done, he would have found this course, personally, a congenial one; and there is no doubt that such a step might have enlightened public feeling in England to a great extent. But it would have determined on the side of rebellion all the wavering border States, and ranged all the Democrats of the North against the Government. The defensive policy which he adopted at first, while it fretted some of his more ardent supporters, at least made it clear that the aggression was all on the other side; and emancipation when it came approved itself to the whole of the country as a military necessity. These words of J. R. Lowell, which occur in a brilliant essay on Lincoln, written near the close of war, are worth considering in this connection:

"In a matter which must be finally settled by public opinion, and in regard to which the ferment of prejudice and passion on both sides has not yet subsided to that equilibrium of compromise from which alone a sound public opinion can result, it is proper enough for the private citizen to press his own convictions with all possible force of argument and persuasion; but the popular magistrate, whose judgment must become action, and whose action involves the whole country, is bound to wait till the sentiment of the people is so far advanced towards his own point of view that what he does shall find support in it instead of merely confusing it with new elements of division."

A private paper of the President's, discovered by his secretaries after his death, throws an interesting light on the spirit in which he approached that most momentous act of his Government, the Emancipation Decree:

"Wearied with all the considerations of law and of expediency with which he had been struggling for two years, he retired within himself and tried to bring some order into his thoughts by rising above the wrangling of men and parties, and pondering the relations of the human government to the Divine. In this frame of mind, absolutely detached from any earthly considerations, he wrote this paper. It has never been published. It was not written to be seen of men. It was penned in the awful sincerity of a perfectly honest soul trying to bring itself into closer communion with its Maker:

"The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be, wrong. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party, and yet that the human instruments working just as they do are of the best adaptation to effect His purposes. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills the conflict, and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power on the minds of the non-contestants He could have either saved or destroyed the Union, without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds."

The same note of religious awe and resignation is struck in the noble inaugural address, delivered at the beginning of his second administration, which was to be so soon and so fatally terminated. It concludes in these words:

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those 'offences' which, in the providence of God, 'must needs come,' but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those 'by whom the offence came,' shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge may very speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue till all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and rigbteous altogether.'

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have won the battle, or for his widow and for his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace amongst ourselves and with all nations."

From the hour of Lincoln's re-election the Confederate cause was doomed. It simply crumbled to pieces. Lee, that chivalrous soul, "true hero of a lost cause," held out with the starving and ragged remnant of an army till surrounded by the victorious regiments of Sherman and Grant. With his surrender (April 9, 1865) at Appotomax Court House, the war was virtually at an end. Five days after, on April 14, a great Thanksgiving Service was held at Charleston Harbour. The flag of the United States was again planted on the ruins of Fort Sumter, and the people, scarcely yet believing that the burden which had weighed upon them for four terrible years was at last removed, read, in alternate verses with the officiating minister, the Psalm which begins: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

Then Henry Ward Beecher delivered an oration, in which he offered to the President "solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold the auspicious commemoration of national unity, for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has laboured with such disinterested wisdom."

Not one of that rejoicing crowd could suspect what an awful comment on those words events were preparing for them. That very night Mr. Nicolay, who had taken part in the Charleston Thanksgiving Service, was summoned to Washington by the news of Lincoln's assassination. Major Hay, the other biographer, was on the spot when the event

took place, and remained with him all through the terrible night which succeeded that day of rejoicing.

"The day," he says, had been "one of unusual enjoyment to President Lincoln." He spent an hour in the morning talking over the campaign with his son Robert.

"In the afternoon he went for a drive with Mrs. Lincoln. His mood, as it had been all day, was singularly happy and tender. He talked much of the past and of the future; after four years of trouble and tumult he looked forward to four years of comparatively quiet and normal work; after that he expected to go back to Illinois and practise law again. He was never simpler or gentler than on this day of unprecedented triumph; his heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude towards Heaven, which took the shape usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men."

In the evening he went with his family and some of his staff to the theatre, and there, by one of those mysterious dispensations which only an absolute faith can justify to men, the half-crazy fanatic who was lurking about the premises on the watch for his opportunity was suffered to cut short a life so valuable—so necessary, as it seemed—at the very crisis of his most solemn responsibilities, and to plunge a whole nation into mourning.

It was obvious at once that there was no hope. The assassin's bullet had penetrated the brain. The President lingered all night.

"He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment, but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight became pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail, but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than that of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals about him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased, a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died."

In his death, as General Grant well said, "the nation lost its greatest hero, and the South its most just friend." Even those who during his lifetime had decried his policy and aspersed his motives had none but words of praise for him now. Our own *Punch*, which had opposed him bitterly during the war, made its *amende honorable* in a couple of verses, which are worth quoting, as illustrative of the change which his administrative career had worked in public feeling:

"Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?"

"Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen,
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men."

Beside this expression of contemporary feeling we may fitly place this estimate, formed after twenty-five years by men who knew him well, and can speak with authority of what they themselves have seen and heard:

"His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him: they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick, and apparently unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglas says he was the only man of distinction who never reminded him by word or manner of his colour: he was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble, a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil; though no man ever can have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognised their existence and counted with them. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist for others upon the high standard he set up for himself. . . . . With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope which saw the Delectable Mountains of an absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in His own time would give to all men the things convenient for them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest."

In these words Lincoln's biographers sum up their conclusion on his character. Their work cannot fail to stimulate public interest in the man, and is, with all its faults, a very valuable contribution to the study of one of the most important epochs and one of the greatest personalities in modern history.

ART. III.—A NEW STUDY OF THE COMMONWEALTH: THE INTERREGNUM.

The Interregnum (A.D. 1648–1660). *Studies of the Commonwealth, Legislative, Social, and Legal.* By F. A. INDERWICK, Q.C. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1891.

IN 1845 Thomas Carlyle published his vigorous book, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations,* and defiantly bade his countrymen look on the picture, roughly, but truly, drawn in those rugged lines, and say whether this image were not that of a king of men, as honest and faithful as he was great. Since that time, what may be called the Cromwell controversy has not slumbered. It lacks, perhaps, something of the picturesque and romantic charm of that other controversy which has raged so long round the enigmatic figure of Mary Stuart; but it has even a greater claim on the attention of our England to-day, and it involves issues at the very least as momentous.

Two recent contributions to this controversy—the rival biographies of Frederic Harrison and Reginald Palgrave—show how possible it is for well-informed and able writers to take very opposite views of the Protector's character; for, after all that has been done to disperse the fogs of Royalist misrepresentation, an unfavourable estimate can still be held and maintained by a judge entitled to so much respect as Mr. Palgrave. The yet more recent volume before us—following Mr. Palgrave's biography of 1890, as that followed Mr. Harrison's of 1889—is a modest and temperate, but sufficiently weighty, rejoinder on Oliver's side of the question. As Carlyle gave us "the authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself," having "fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires in which they lay buried," in order that the greatest ruler of modern England might be *justified by his words,* so Mr. Inderwick has undertaken the not much less formidable task of presenting an authentic account of the Protector's acts during his tenure of

power, that we may "consider whether, in regard to the material and social interests of the people of this country, he did his duty to the best of his ability as a ruler and a governor over them." The author finds an affirmative answer to this question irresistible; and without presumption it may be said that an unbiassed reader, after studying the mass of evidence adduced, has little choice but to concur in the verdict.

We have called the task of marshalling this evidence formidable; the word is not too strong. In the dearth of any memorials of Oliver's work from his own hand, save "some two hundred and fifty letters extending over a life of nearly sixty years, with some eighteen speeches delivered in Parliament"; in the lack of any contemporary biography, either friendly or impartial; and in the presence of the "conspiracy of inaccuracy" and of animosity among Restoration writers, the testimony of the Statutes enacted under Cromwell's influence would have been priceless. But it is difficult to come by. That rage of triumphant malice which expressed itself in the poor revenge, as puerile as repulsive, of unburying Cromwell's corpse, and setting up his head on a spike like that of a traitor—(though *not till he had quite done with it*, as said Carlyle)—found a more adequate and a far more mischievous expression when the Royalist bigots of the Restoration expunged from the Journals of Parliament the Statutes that embodied Oliver's plans for England's good, retaining such few only as, suiting the Monarchy, could be "credited to King Charles as acts of thoughtful and beneficent legislation."

If we would know how the statesmen and jurists of the Commonwealth went about their work, and to what a remarkable extent they anticipated, by full two centuries, much of the best legislation, and many of the wisest reforms of the day, we must look, not to the annals of Parliament, from which so many fair pages were torn, but to such sources of information as "the contemporary newspapers, not always impartial or well informed, the conflicting and inaccurate accounts of the Cavalier and Roundhead presses, or the chance and not easily discoverable store of some private collector."

These jarring and confused voices, nevertheless, are found

to agree, however unwillingly or unwittingly, on certain points; and their testimony does not lack support from historians as little in sympathy with each other as Clarendon and Burnet, and from diarists whose method and whose characters were as various as those of Whitelock, of Evelyn, of Pepys.

It stands fast, as proven fact, that the interests of the middle and working classes were anxiously considered by the Protector, and by that singularly competent Council of State which worked with him; that native industries were protected and encouraged, at the same time that our trade abroad was secured through the efficient assertion of England's supremacy by sea; that the middleman and the usurer were sternly discouraged, and the legalised rates of wages and food strictly enforced, with the aim of securing to the worker reasonable remuneration for his toil, and of making the necessaries of life easily attainable by him; while—singular fact—the statutory duties of the master to his workmen were somewhat analogous to those now imposed on him by trades-unions. Certain Statutes of former rulers that bore hardly on the poor were relaxed, and the practical cruelty of their working checked by the Protector, and by the "learned, just, and independent judges" whom he appointed; for by many a long year he anticipated that most wholesome measure which gave to the judges, no longer removable at pleasure of the ruling Sovereign, absolute immunity while they discharged their duty uprightly, while the ample salaries assigned to them did away with the temptation to receive bribes.

This reform, effected under the Commonwealth, perished with it, along with the other scarcely less precious enactment which provided that law books and law proceedings should be in good English, and no longer in that extraordinary mixture of English corrupted with Norman French and mediæval Latin, which before and after the Commonwealth made laws themselves and their exposition alike unintelligible to a plain man—a jargon only comparable to the "pigeon English" of Canton and Hong-Kong, but much inferior in utility. Why these reforms were both annulled at the Restoration is easy to understand; both were ill adapted to serve a despotism.

There were not wanting vigorous attempts, humane and prudent, to meet the needs of the destitute poor without pauperising them, and to effect a thorough reform in the Court of Chancery, which had become so much distrusted and disliked that there was much clamour for its abolition—a remedy worse than the disease. Time and means were lacking to the Commonwealth rulers for settling these great national questions; but their energy in grappling with many crying scandals connected with the law, and their vigilant care that the poor should not be the victims of legal oppression, merited and obtained the gratitude of the people. Another boon, difficult to over-estimate, was the Protector's establishment of a General Post Office, and his initiation of the admirable highway system since perfected in England, measures which brought every man "within reasonable limit of expense in communication with his fellows in all parts of the United Kingdom." It is easy to see the immediate and great advantage secured by these means to those engaged in trade and commerce; and it ceases to be a mystery why the mass of the English nation, accustomed though they were through long centuries to the forms of a Monarchy, and compelled under the influence of the Puritan party to an austerity of manners not generally acceptable, did yet acquiesce very tranquilly in the rule of the Protector, and regarded with an apathy, only replaced by active hostility, all the Royalist endeavours to shake his power. Not one of the many feeble and futile plots against Oliver originated in England itself; and the populace remained cold and unfriendly spectators when the son of the "Royal Martyr"—a gallant, enterprising young prince, whose youth, whose misfortunes, whose gracious winning ways might have invested him with the same bewitching charm that endears the memory of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" to the Highlanders of to-day—passed through England to Worcester and defeat; nor does his overthrow seem to have stirred any general feeling but one of quiet satisfaction. The artisan, the labourer, the busy tradesman, incurious as to nice constitutional questions and theories of "Divine Right," perfectly understood the steady rise in wages, the security of traffic, the equal justice, the increase of all daily comfort, which were theirs

under the sway of Oliver, and were content with any form of government he thought fit to support.

This was not because the nation had become dead to the fine spiritual passion of loyalty, though attachment to the Royal House, so strong and living under the Tudors, had been well-nigh murdered by Stuart misgovernment. Loyal pride in England—in its material, moral, religious grandeur—had never been higher, and it was amply and nobly fed. Nothing could so flatter this sentiment as the grand position secured for Britain among the nations of Europe by Oliver's diplomacy and soldiership, as the dauntless majesty of the attitude he assumed when, as the champion of humanity and of the reformed religion, he spread the ægis of his dreaded name over the cruelly persecuted Protestants in Piedmont, and when he succeeded in breaking the fetters of hundreds of Christian Englishmen, caught and caged and sold into hopeless-seeming slavery by Algerine and Moorish pirates. For both these classes of sufferers English generosity responded largely to the Protector's appeal for money aid; and his example in heading the subscription list for the Vaudois sufferers with a sum equal to £10,000 of our money moved private persons to acts of splendid and almost unparalleled munificence.

A less conspicuous, but not less striking, proof of the "enthusiasm of humanity" alive and active in the Commonwealth is afforded by the efforts then successfully made to cope with the cruel evils of the debtors' prisons, resulting in an Act for the relief of poor prisoners, "just, humane, and statesman-like," which was, "as nearly as may be, our own system of discharge by bankruptcy," another remarkable anticipation of modern reform. To describe with any fulness every similar instance of legislation, far in advance of the age, attempted or accomplished by Oliver and his associates, is impossible to us; yet we must refer to the scheme inaugurated by the Protector for equal and sound Parliamentary representation, with disfranchisement of rotten boroughs and admission of great industrial centres to their right of electoral privileges; to the scheme he had under consideration at the time of his death, for general, gratuitous, and adequate education, religious and secular; and to the other reform, urged by him on Parliament

with passionate earnestness, that would have put an end to the cruelty and inequality of sentences under "wicked and abominable laws, that would hang a man for six-and-eightpence, and acquit for murder—through ill-framing of the law."

Alas, such travesties of justice continued to be not only possible but frequent down to the days of Elizabeth Fry.

A boon which Cromwell did secure to the people, and which in those days of universal Bible reading and Bible quoting was of the first importance in the interests of pure religion, was the publishing of a carefully-revised edition of the great 1611 translation of the Holy Scriptures, and the suppression of the innumerable corrupt versions, swarming with mischievous inaccuracies, which had been allowed to circulate. One must be familiar with the thoughts and language of the time, penetrated throughout by Hebrew influences, ere we can realise the pressing necessity for this good work of the Protector's.

There are undoubtedly persons who could only see hypocritical pretence, the cunning cloak of lust for arbitrary power, in those various experiments in government tried and rejected successively by Oliver, which, to Mr. Inderwick, are so many proofs of the Protector's baffled but sincere desire to rule on sound constitutional lines, and to see English liberties established on a strong and settled basis that should long outlast his own life. Such judges might recognise only an exceedingly enlightened selfishness in that unwearying care for the national weal, and in those acts of splendid philanthropy which could not fail to win applause and adherents for him who originated them. But the truth of history shows that unpopular justice, unpopular mercy, reforms for which the times were not ripe, were as dear to the Protector as though they had been sure to do him service with those who detested them.

The Jews were as utter outcasts from England then as they are from Russia to-day; and the closing years of Cromwell's life were signalised by efforts on his part for their emancipation, for repealing the Acts of Banishment against them, and granting them the freedom of living, trading, and worshipping in the Commonwealth; but opposition was strong, progress was slow, and with the death of the Protector the hopes of Israel were cut off. The eccentricities of the new sect of

Quakers were being punished with singular ferocity, alike by Puritan Parliament and Royalist J.P.'s. Cromwell and the Council of State had to interfere on behalf of these unresisting enthusiasts again and again, moved by human pity for their woes; stranger still in so stout a Protestant, Cromwell could truly say that he had "plucked many Roman Catholics out of the raging fire of persecution," and was in good hopes to make further progress in procuring for them that toleration which the temper and the laws of the English nation alike refused to the servants of the Pope at that date.

That reproach was true which Royalist writers hurled against the Commonwealth and its head, of being bewitched with the "chimera" of liberty of conscience, the "chimera" of religious toleration. Nay, there is full proof that Oliver toiled hard to win all the Reformed Churches in the realm to tolerate each other, and own their common Christian brotherhood. Strange is it to us now that this should have been made matter of abuse against him; as strange as that Clarendon should reckon it not greatly to the Protector's credit—a flaw in his greatness—that he was an affectionate and devoted husband and father. But such were the ethics of the Stuart Restoration. After long years English opinion has become more conformed to the Puritan pattern.

While toiling, not without success, to remove some of the dust and grime with which centuries of wilful or ignorant misrepresentation have overlaid the grand image of Oliver, as his own words and deeds paint him, Mr. Inderwick has made somewhat thinner the veil of darkness that hangs between us and that large scene of national life in which the Protector moved and lived; that England of the Commonwealth, of which, despite the scores of books dealing with its men and its doings, we know so very little, and of which a kind of mosaic picture might be pieced together from the many minute fragments of popular history collected in this volume.

We have been taught to think of that England as being somewhat grim and joyless, under the stern influence of "that section of the Puritans which appeared to spend one-half of its time in finding out what the people liked and the other half in endeavouring to deprive them of it"; an estimate which

is not disturbed when we read the solemn invectives of a public journal against the "wicked meetings with fiddlers" that signalised May-day in 1654, when, to the scandal of sober people, a Maypole was set up in Hyde Park, and drew great resort of the frivolous. "Hundreds of rich coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered-hair men and painted and spotted women," who had no chance of similar diversion in Hyde Park or elsewhere for several years to come. In the same year it is recorded how a grand jury presented three boys for the heinous offence of "sliding on the ice upon the Sabbath-day," a misdemeanour now made penal; while all the forms of violent bodily exercise dear to long generations of sturdy Englishmen—some of them brutal, some harmless, all popular—came gradually under the ban. There was stateliness and refinement in the purer and more intellectual pleasures—the music, the study, the recitations, the long lectures and sermons—affected by the serious men and women of the Commonwealth, but there must have been much dulness in the "great and sumptuous dinners and processions," however splendid, which, with a little hawking and coursing, constituted all the public amusements of the wealthier classes, and some brighter, lighter, innocent recreations must have been sorely needed by the homespun, humbler folk, whose rough and occasionally cruel outdoor pastimes had found no better substitute than "huntings of Jesuits and malignants, varied with the occasional swimming of a witch," or baiting of a Quaker.

So far the school-history picture of Commonwealth days is shown to be fairly accurate. But other quaint features of those bygone times that gleam out on us from the pages we are studying are less in harmony with it. However good the will of the Puritan to enforce his own sobriety of apparel on all his fellow-subjects, his success therein was small, and we must not picture the men and women of the day as all arrayed in garments of sombre hue and formal cut. Certain serious dealings of the Council of State with the makers of gold and silver laces and wire show us that cloth of gold, cloth of silver, and laces of the same—those sumptuous adornings which glitter so bravely in every story of English festal doings, down the long annals of our Monarchy even to the later Georgian

days—were in unabated favour with nobles and gentles under the Commonwealth, the gold and silver lace and wire-workers melting down so much coin, plate, and bullion for the making of their costly wares, that the authorities of the Mint found the withdrawal of so much precious metal from circulation a serious evil; and the Council had to issue an Ordinance providing for the necessary supply of metal to the trade, and checking the wicked practice that had crept in, amid the troublous times of the war, of adulterating the gold and silver lace and wire with 50 per cent. of copper, and selling the product for pure metal. With the great and thriving industry of the gold and silver wire-workers was bound up another of much importance—the making of hats and hatbands, worn both by men and women, infinite in variety, and often sumptuous in material and decoration, since silk and velvet and costly fur, massive goldsmiths' work, and gold and silver lace, entered into their composition. For this important manufacture, also, the paternal care of the Council was invoked and obtained. Another proof that the womanly passion for fashionable finery was too strong even for the rigours of ultra-Puritanic zeal may be seen in several futile attempts under the Commonwealth to procure legislation against the new modes of wearing low dresses—"immodest dresses"—and of painting and patching the face. Mournful to relate, it was six years after Charles I. died, four years before the Restoration, when reputable women first took to face-painting—that "vice" came in under the sway of the saints; and both Parliament and Council of State, having less faith in making fools wise and pure by Act of Parliament than is sometimes supposed, declined absolutely to regulate by law "the dresses and demeanour of men and women"—wiser than previous rulers, whose violated sumptuary laws stand out plain monuments of the vanity of human expectations. So the fair votaries of fashion spoiled their complexions with artificial white and red, planted their beauty spots on cheek and chin and brow with coquettish care, and made needless display of arms and necks with no less impunity in folly when the head of the State was called Oliver Cromwell than when his name was Charles or James Stuart.

The laws actually enacted to check some graver fashionable

offences, sins against morality and decency, had various degrees of success. The Act against profane swearing, with its penalties of fines and whippings, doubtless worked a seeming reformation, and doubtless had something to do with the amazing recrudescence of that favourite vice when Puritan pressure was removed; the enactments against duelling were so effectual that, if unrepealed, they would have antedated by two centuries the extinction of the duelling superstition in England; the new penalties for immorality, by their savage severity, defeated their own aim, juries being practically unanimous in refusing to convict, no matter what the evidence adduced; thus fulfilling the prophecies risked by some clear-sighted members of Parliament when the matter was under debate.

The romantic glamour, blent of gay and captivating grace and pathetic dignity, which, by favour of Vandyke's portraits and Scott's fictions, still invests for many minds the plumed and silken Cavaliers who ruined themselves for King Charles, is rather rudely interfered with by certain passages in the story of Oliver's newly-instituted General Post Office, touched upon by our author. It was the perilous duty of the letter-carrier of the day, as he rode post-haste, laden with the great leathern mail-bags, to blow his warning horn four times in every mile, or oftener, in case of meeting company, and thus "the first great enemy of the Post—the mounted highwayman," knew when his prey was near. To the shame of Stuart chivalry be it spoken, the Dick Turpins of the period were, generally, "disestablished Cavaliers," who plundered the mails of any valuables they might contain, and pried, in the interests of their party, into the letters of Government officials. These "gentlemen thieves," Royalist officers, who had studied plundering under Rupert, were a terror to the country till their gangs, one by one, were broken up, and the gallant captains effectually hanged according to law.

Other distressed Royalist soldiers of fortune took to the less discreditable trade of driving hackney-coaches, as we learn from the complaints of the "ancient London coachmen," who averred that their profits and their character were injured by the doings of their new comrades; while the London water-

men had bitter things to say of the increasing number and insolence of the hackney-coachmen at large, who supplanted them in their trade, and bullied them into the bargain. One may imagine, indeed, that a disbanded trooper of Lunsford or Rupert would be a very formidable hackney-coachman, one with whom a difference about the fare would be unpleasant, and who could well hold his own in a battle-royal of Billingsgate even with a Thames waterman. This queer controversy, like many another, came before Parliament and the Council of State for settlement, and was duly dealt with.

Heavy were the burdens of the Government, that, besides deciding on the weightier matters of the law, and providing for the larger interests of England, was sometimes required to "compose the differences" between an ill-matched man and wife, and sometimes had to take in hand the recovery of a young heiress, carried beyond sea by an impetuous Royalist lover, deeply enamoured "des beaux yeux de sa cassette"—much against the will of the maiden and her kinsfolk; or, as in another instance, beguiled into a pretended marriage with a supposed nobleman, who proved to be of mean quality, and generally an impostor. The times were still sufficiently wild, adventurous, and unsettled; and a deeper tragic colouring was given them by the ravages of the plague, which for several years together is found raging up and down the land, now checking all intercourse between Ireland and Liverpool, and Liverpool and other English ports, now sweeping off two judges travelling the Home Circuit, and now decimating the Southern and Midland Counties—a calamity with which the authorities grappled bravely, and not quite fruitlessly.

The famous trials, political and other, of the Commonwealth, which are noticed towards the end of Mr. Inderwick's volume, form a chapter of history full of curious interest, and rich in characteristic portraits of men of the time. The hero of one is that very troublesome person, John Lilburn, malcontent disturber of every government in turn, and Vandal defacer of noble, ancient monuments, in whom every offensive trait of the ultra-Puritan seems grotesquely exaggerated; the Presbyterian Christopher Love, reverend and fanatic enemy of Charles I., and plotter for his son, is the chief figure in another; Miles

Sindercombe, ex-trooper of Monk, and would-be assassin of Cromwell, tool and victim of Royalist conspirators, fills that fatal place in a third. But of all these trials, in following the varying course of which the people found that dramatic excitement no longer supplied by the proscribed theatre, there was none followed with fiercer interest, none whose grim closing scene was hailed with such a burst of long-sustained, heartfelt, legitimate applause, as the case of Don Pantaleone Sa, brother of no less a person than the Portuguese Ambassador, the Conde de Canteneiro, indicted, arrested, tried, convicted, and duly beheaded for the murder of a simple student of Gray's Inn, Harcourt Greenway, whom this foreign nobleman, in the plenitude of his insolent audacity, shot through the head in the open street, mistaking him, it is said, for another Englishman, with whom he had a quarrel. The iron steadfastness with which Oliver compelled the surrender of the high-born criminal, the unflinching resolution with which, having ascertained that the culprit could claim no immunity under international law, he said that the due course of justice should be followed out to the bitter end, thrilled the heart of all London, of all England, with delight. Such fearless even-handed justice, unknown "since the days of the great Queen," secured for Oliver an allegiance from the citizens of London "that no slanders ever shook, that survived even his death, and secured the unanimous acceptance of his well-meaning but incompetent successor."

Has the time yet come, foretold by a contemporary writer, "when (Envy being laid asleep by Time) posterity would pay him more honour than his contemporaries could express?" It should have come. This may be at least said boldly, that every fresh, honest, and impartial examination into the facts touching Oliver and the Commonwealth, shows yet more clearly how immense is the debt of modern England to the men who, animated by the fear of God and the love of their country, dared to found their political action on the Law of God, disregarding mere expediency, and being bold enough to do the thing they believed right.

Art. IV.—LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Memoirs of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife. By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

A STRANGE, a brilliant, yet in some respects a disappointing career was Laurence Oliphant's. Descended from an ancient and highly respectable, though not greatly renowned, Scotch house—the son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, a colonial judge, and a very accomplished man—it may safely be said that, as the most distinguished members of his family must be reckoned his biographer and himself. He started with but few of those special advantages which men of rank and wealth possess. Yet at a very early age he had won for himself no inconsiderable reputation. Whilst still young, he was at once the darling of "Society" and its keenest satirist; he had achieved distinguished diplomatic successes; he had entered Parliament amidst the highest hopes of himself and his friends—when suddenly he renounced position and prospects, everything that he held dearest in this life, to accept the hardest discipline and the most imperious dictation which it is possible for a human being to subject himself to.

Laurence Oliphant was born in Cape Town in 1829. His father was then the Attorney-General of the colony. Both father and mother were deeply and sincerely religious, "were evangelical in their sentiments, after the strictest fashion of that devout and much-abused form of faith." Their one ambition for "Laury" was that he should grow up a good Christian man. Very touching are some of the examples given of their intense desire in this matter. The lad responded to this solicitude readily and heartily, though with perhaps some morbid anxiety as to his frames and feelings. In 1839 Sir Anthony Oliphant was appointed Chief Justice at Ceylon. The two years from 1839 to 1841 his son spent in England, the mother being with him for some portion of the time. For some

months he resided in a private boarding-school, receiving there the only systematic education he ever obtained. Neither mother nor son could long endure separation from each other, and Laury therefore rejoined his parents in Ceylon. With two other boys he studied under a private tutor amidst continual interruptions caused by various social gaieties. "He was," says his biographer, "one of the pupils of life, educated mainly by what his keen eyes saw and his quick ears heard, and his clear understanding and lively wit picked up amid human intercourse of all kinds. He was in no way the creation of school or college." Possibly a severer discipline would have rendered his subsequent course less erratic.

Originally it was intended that young Oliphant should enter at Cambridge University. He was sent to England for the necessary preparation, but in 1846 there came a sudden change of plan. Sir Anthony and Lady Oliphant projected a lengthy tour in Europe. The young man begged so earnestly to be allowed to accompany them, and argued so strongly in favour of the educational advantages "of European travel over ordinary scholastic training," that the father yielded at last, and, to his huge delight, Laurence accompanied his parents. The journey furnished ample evidence of the adventurous spirit with which he was imbued. He joined the yelling Italian crowd which pulled down the arms of the Austrian legation, and burned them upon an enormous bonfire. He helped to storm the Propaganda, keeping himself ever in the front rank of the assailants. He had no notion of the rights and wrongs of the cause he championed. He cared only for the excitement and the spice of danger.

At nineteen years of age young Oliphant found himself again in Ceylon, fulfilling now the rather responsible position of secretary to his father, and at the same time practising as a barrister in the Supreme Court, where, naturally enough, a considerable share of business fell into his hands. After some two years' steady work, an opportunity was afforded him of visiting the Court of Nepaul as the friend of Jung Bahadoor, of which he eagerly availed himself. The expedition was full of fun and adventure, and is noteworthy as producing Laurence Oliphant's first book. Almost equally noteworthy is it for the

artless, affectionate, unreserved letters which he wrote to his father and mother. Another result of the Indian tour was the conviction that he could never settle down to life in Ceylon—the sphere was far too contracted for him. He would read for the law in England.

His mother accompanied him to this country. He threw himself into his new life with characteristic brightness, restlessness, and impetuosity. Whilst the major part of the day is given, at least nominally, to the law, he manages to have much pleasant intercourse with friends, to see a good deal of society, to attend an indefinite number of concerts, lectures, &c., to put in a fair amount of miscellaneous reading—he specially notes John Foster—and actually to do a little half-humorous, half-earnest mission work in the slums. For his impatient spirit the process of eating terms in an English Inn of Court seemed far too slow. He therefore removed to Edinburgh to qualify for the Scotch bar, visiting London, however, regularly in order to take his barrister's degree in England, if he should think it expedient. It was only too evident that the business of a Scotch lawyer was as little to his taste as that of an English one. He wanted more active exertion, more change of scene, and "something to write about." He persuaded his friend, Mr. Oswald Smith, to join him in a trip to Russian Lapland for the ostensible purpose of hunting. This trip it was that determined the next stages in his eventful life.

The travellers found it impracticable to reach Lapland. Some time was spent in various parts of Russia, during which Oliphant began to form his opinions upon the Eastern question, concerning which he became an acknowledged authority. His first impressions are interesting, whether exact or not:

"I must own that I have not been able to find out much that is really interesting in a country and government which I have always looked upon as likely to afford more information than any other in Europe, further than the palpable hindrance which the policy of the Government offers to anything like advancement or civilisation where it is most needed. I don't think we have anything to fear from Russia: its gigantic proportions render it so unwieldy and the people are so barbarous that we shall always have the same advantages which our enlightenment gives us over the Eastern nations. I look upon it as little better than China: the only difference is that usually

barbarous nations hold civilised nations in respect, which, to judge from the way they bully you in the custom-house, Russia does not."

The important event of the journey was a visit to the Crimea and Sebastopol, which then were scarcely more than names to English people. The next year Oliphant published his *Russian Shores of the Black Sea*, in which he described in some detail the almost unknown country. Great Britain stood then on the verge of the war with Russia. It is no wonder that the book achieved a rapid and immense sale. It is not surprising either that Lord Raglan summoned to his counsels the one Englishman who could furnish adequate information about the projected seat of war. Here is his own account of the interview, and of the hopes raised by it, in a letter addressed to his father:

"I accordingly proceeded to the Ordnance, where I found, not Lord Raglan but Lord De Ros, who questioned me minutely about Sebastopol. I gave him all the information I could, and sent him my sketches, extracts from my journal, and everything I could think useful. There were a couple of old Engineer Colonels (one of them afterwards identified as Sir John Burgoyne), all three poring over a chart of the Crimea. They are evidently going to try and take Sebastopol, and I recommended their landing at Balaclava and marching across, which I think they will do. Lord De Ros was immensely civil. I think Lord Raglan ought in civility to make me his civil secretary. It would be great fun. I met Lord De Ros again this morning, and had a long talk with him. I did not mention my anxiety to get out. It is very ticklish saying anything about one's self on such occasions, and I must just bide my time and qualify myself—be able to answer the lash, as you always say."

He began to study Turkish assiduously, and to read everything he could procure that would fit him to occupy such a post as he coveted. But the offer did not come, and meanwhile perforce he contented himself with delivering highly popular lectures and writing leaders for the *Daily News* on the Eastern question. The *Times* would gladly have sent him to the Crimea as one of its correspondents. Lord Clarendon "held out hopes" of some official appointment in connection with the war. Whilst he hung on the tenter-hooks of expectation, an offer came from a totally unexpected quarter. Lord Elgin had undertaken a special diplomatic mission to the United States to negotiate a commercial treaty between that country and Canada. He placed at Laurence's disposal the

post of secretary to the Embassy, assuring him that he could be back in ample time to secure anything that might come in his way in connection with the East. His American experiences were amusing enough. They are described at length in his *Episodes of a Life of Adventure*. He showed considerable diplomatic capacity, and that peculiar aptitude for turning social festivities into instruments of diplomacy to which his chief owed so much of his own success as a diplomatist. Throughout he is careful as to his conduct, and solicitous as to his spiritual state. In answer to a letter from his mother he writes:

"My experience has always been very slow indeed, and while I recognise that an important change has been going on in my sentiments upon many things, still I feel as much embarrassed and perplexed as ever I did. Not that I am rendered in any way so miserable as I used to be, nor that I experience those violent revulsions; but wherever there is a struggle there must be times of depression. It is a merciful thing that I take very little pleasure in that gaiety in which I am obliged to mix, and by which formerly I should have been intoxicated. And perhaps the pleasure of life seems much diminished by the reflection that one must be in a dangerous condition if one is not sacrificing some favourite passion, however much it may be changed by the progress of time, &c. . . . . My difficulty is to realise divine things sufficiently to encourage me. The strongest incentive I have to follow my convictions upon such subjects is the inward peace and comfort which doing so has always brought to me, and the opposite effect of indulging myself. Therefore upon the lowest grounds I am disposed to practise self-denial In my present capacity I am not engaged in any work of benevolence or charity by which I could, as it were, support myself. And though, no doubt, by my example, I might glorify God, it is a much more difficult matter to do so in a ball-room at the French Ambassador's, surrounded by as unthinking a throng as ever tripped the light fantastic, than down in Westminster, surrounded by McGregor, Fowler and Co. At the same time I never saw more clearly the possibility of living in the world and not being of it. At present I am as satisfied that it is my duty to go to balls as to go to the Sunday-school was, provided I go in a right spirit; but it is easy to theorise. Perhaps I shall have an opportunity of testing my resolution in a very simple matter, about which you have often expressed yourself—the matter of champagne."

He had never been guilty of excess in "the matter of champagne," but he felt himself obliged to participate in not quite reputable scenes; he therefore resolved to touch no more champagne whilst at Washington, a resolution requiring both

courage and *savoir faire* to carry out. The letter proceeds to accuse its writer of getting "too boisterous, or rather reckless in flirting for simple fun," and of "talking an amount of nonsense of which my conscience is ashamed." Evidently Oliphant desires that both heart and life should conform to the highest standard of right, and is conscious that that standard can be reached and maintained only by Divine power.

The treaty signed and the festivities concluded, Lord Elgin and suite passed into Canada. Almost immediately Laurence obtained the office of Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. His principal subordinates were all older and more experienced than himself. He threw into his new duties his accustomed energy and sagacity; travelled himself throughout the Indian territory; and, with astonishing celerity, negotiated a treaty with the Red men, equally advantageous to them and to the Whites. That Canada has been spared oft-recurring trouble with the Indians such as has burst out so frequently in the United States is owing, in no small measure, to the arrangements made by the youthful administrator.

Returning to Quebec, he resumed his position as secretary to the Governor-General, and held the office until the expiry of Lord Elgin's term of service. His home-letters demonstrate that the whirl of work and play did not prevent serious self-scrutiny and devout meditation. The picture is irresistibly attractive —of the grave secretary one moment sitting in state by the Speaker's chair in the Legislature, then rushing up to the Ladies' Gallery to induce some "pretty girl"—nothing loth— to throw down a caricature of some member so that it might reach the original; one hour busy with the fate of ministries and measures, or listening with all possible dignity to the apologies of bishops and statesmen for intruding upon his valuable time, and the next driving madly, trying how sharply he could turn a dangerous corner without upsetting his sleigh and himself; now taking a foremost part in balls and entertainments, and now reading his daily portion of Bogatsky, and pondering upon and praying for the influences of the Holy Spirit—yet in all these diverse occupations and circumstances intensely in earnest, as honest and clear as the day.

The year 1855 saw Laurence in London. Sir Edmund Head had offered to retain him in his Canadian post, but the novelty had worn off, and Colonial office scarcely satisfied his ambition. Arrived in London, he at once put himself in communication with Lord Clarendon, proposing that he "should undertake a mission to Schamyl, for the purpose, if possible, of concocting some scheme with that chieftain by which combined operations could be carried on, either with the Turkish contingent, which was then just organised by General Vivian, or with the regular Turkish army." The Foreign Secretary despatched him to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, authorising the Ambassador to employ the fiery young man in the manner suggested if he deemed it expedient. That hard-headed and strong-willed diplomatist showed Oliphant every attention, flattered him to the top of his bent, but would do nothing to advance his pet project. For this course doubtless there were reasons of *haute politique*, but there can be small question that the scheme, if carried out, would, at the least, have prevented the fall of Kars. But if the plan failed, its author had abundance of adventure, and made welcome pecuniary profit—the latter as correspondent to the *Times*. He went to Circassia with the Duke of Newcastle, had interviews and consultations with Omar Pasha, and contrived to see and share in as much fighting as was good for him. Idling in front of the lines one evening, Skender Pasha saw him, and, thinking him to be an officer, placed a detachment at his command, and ordered him to construct a battery. Oliphant immediately complied, though the selected position lay within two hundred yards of the Russian guns. "In about three hours," he says, "I had run up no end of a battery." Next morning, Skender Pasha spoke to (Sir Lintorn) Simmons about the young officer, and was astonished to hear: "Ce n'est pas un officier, ce n'est qu'un simple gentleman qui voyage." After this, it is not surprising to be told that the "simple gentleman" might have obtained a commission had he chosen. His tastes, however, did not lead in the direction of military service. Besides, a serious illness, caught from exposure and camp-life, hurried him home.

His next escapade is almost unaccountable. Some financial

business—the secret of which his biographer does not know—took him to New York. He appears to have scored a pecuniary success, and, with money in his pocket, treated himself to a holiday in the Southern States. His keen political insight detected the discordant elements which ended in the rupture between the North and the South. He ventured to predict it, but was laughed at by both parties impartially. He enjoyed greatly the lavish hospitality of the planters, and the holiday seemed likely to terminate in the ordinary way. It had, however, a more sensational termination. Oliphant obtained letters of introduction to General Walker, the notorious "filibuster," and sailed to join him at Nicaragua in company with reinforcements for his army. Love of fun, adventure, novelty may have been his chief motive for joining in "what was distinctly a piratical undertaking"; but much of the impulse proceeded from one of those sudden fits of disappointment with and disgust at the civilised world which exercised so strong an influence over his entire life. The wild freak concluded far less mischievously than its hero deserved. At the mouth of the San Juan river, the piratical vessel was stopped by a British cruiser. Oliphant, as a British subject, was ordered to surrender himself to the British authorities. As luck would have it, the Admiral in command of the squadron turned out to be his cousin, who, instead of exacting penalties for breach of the neutrality laws, received him into his own ship as his personal guest.

"Thus," says Mrs. Oliphant, "our young man 'fell on his feet' wherever he went, and instead of suffering at all for his wild and unjustifiable undertaking, found himself in excellent and amusing quarters, restored to all the privileges of his rank, the admiral's cousin at sea being as good for all purposes as a king's cousin ashore. The moral of which would seem to be that, when you have a habit of getting into risky positions, the best thing in the world is to belong to a good Scotch family of 'Kent folk,' with relations in every department of her Majesty's service both at home and abroad."

Unfortunately the prescription is one that can be followed only by the favoured few.

In April 1857 Laurence sailed for China as private secretary to his former chief and warm personal friend, who was also a Scotchman, Lord Elgin, our Ambassador to that country.

One of the most interesting of his books describes this mission to China and Japan. Its deepest interest is connected with his religious history—this we will postpone for a while. He discharged his semi-diplomatic duties to the perfect satisfaction of his chief, made himself immensely popular with his associates, went on various small exploring expeditions on his own account, and watched the fighting, proud of his own self-denial in that he did not insist upon taking part in it. On his return journey home, he received the news of his father's death. The sorrow thus caused was sharp and deep. Between Sir Anthony and his son there existed profound love and confidence, and a degree of companionship not too frequent in similar cases.

Once again Laurence Oliphant is out of employment. His father's death has drawn the bonds between mother and son closer than ever; but nothing can cure his impatient restlessness. He confidently expected some diplomatic appointment, but could not wait, even though he had abundant literary work to occupy his time. Italy was then in a state of partial revolution. There was some prospect of service under Garibaldi. The *plébiscite* as to the cession of Nice and Savoy to France was about to be taken. Incontinently Oliphant rushed off to Italy in the vain hope of obtaining a negative vote. He left no stone unturned to effect his purpose, going even to the length of smashing ballot-boxes. He retired disgusted with the *sheepishness* of the populace. But, as usual, he "fell on his feet," making the acquaintance of the leading Italian statesmen, dining with Cavour, and being *fêted* to his heart's content, sleeping in King Bomba's state-bed as calmly as "in a brigand's hut or in the close little cabin of a felucca." About this time he seems to have travelled a great deal in Eastern Europe. He had a knack of turning up in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, especially where knowledge could be obtained of the obscurer phases of European politics.

The European tour was closed by Laurence's appointment as First Secretary of Legation in Japan. The one noteworthy incident of this, the only official appointment ever held by him directly under the English Government, was its termination. He had acted as *chargé d'affaires* barely a week when the

Embassy was attacked, in the dead of night, by robbers. The Englishmen defended themselves, but Laurence was severely wounded and compelled to return to England. On his way home he hunted out and warned off a Russian man-of-war which was engaged in illegal and secret survey.

His wound entitled him to a certain amount of sick-leave. He spent it roaming about Bosnia and Herzegovina and the neighbouring provinces of Russia. Nominally a private traveller, he was really employed by our Government on secret service. At Vienna he met the Prince of Wales, then on his journey to the Holy Land. Oliphant's impressions of the Prince are perhaps worth copying:

"As I had already been to all the places on the Adriatic coast at which we touched, and was able to do cicerone, I spent a most pleasant ten days, at the same time doing a little quiet political observation. I was delighted with the Prince, and thought he was rarely done justice to in public estimation: he is not studious nor highly intellectual, but he is up to the average in this respect, and beyond it in so far as quickness and general intelligence go. Travelling is, therefore, the best sort of education he could have, and I think his development will be far higher than people anticipate. Then his temper and disposition are charming. His defects are rather the inevitable consequences of his position, which never allows him any responsibility, or forces him into action."

Every one remembers Earl Russell's *bon-mot* on the Schleswig-Holstein question—that only two people ever understood it, himself and another man. That other man had explained it to him and had since died, and he had forgotten all about the explanation. Laurence Oliphant set himself resolutely to work to master the entanglement. He visited all the countries involved in the dispute, and came back prepared to enlighten the public about it. He wrote articles in the *Times* and elsewhere on the subject, and, seemingly, delivered some lectures upon it; but Japan was so much more attractive a topic to the audiences that he found it expedient generally to discourse upon it. He stood successfully for the Stirling burghs. He was the leading spirit in that audaciously humorous, mischief-loving, and sagacious periodical *The Owl*. And he began to write those society satires, which are the most brilliant of all his works, commencing with *Piccadilly*. At this period he was (*facile princeps*) "the lion" of London society, and the highest

offices of the State appeared easily within his reach. At any rate, a splendid parliamentary career was anticipated for him with the utmost confidence.

Laurence Oliphant never opened his mouth in Parliament. He burned with desire to speak—he knew that speech was expected from him—but his lips were sealed. Shortly after his election he resigned his seat, carrying from St. Stephen's a profound contempt for politics, an impartial disgust at all political parties, a great dread of Mr. Gladstone, and an intense dislike of Mr. Disraeli. But these sentiments had nothing whatever to to do with his retirement from political life.

For several years Laurence Oliphant's religious convictions had been unsettled. It is not easy to state precisely when these disturbances began. Mrs. Oliphant fixes their real beginning during the mission to Japan, but some time previously his letters show mental and spiritual unquiet.* He grew increasingly dissatisfied with the practical results of present-day Christianity, especially as seen in the "worldly-holy." He felt keenly intellectual difficulties as to receiving the Bible as Divine revelation unless he could determine the nature and extent of its inspiration—a task for which he knew himself to be wholly incompetent. He was possessed with the idea that the true spirit of Christ demanded from His followers a great—and, preferably, visible—renunciation. Above all, he desired an assurance, a certainty, which his own religious experiences did not bring to him. The following extract from a letter exhibits the direction in which his mind was travelling :

* It was soon after his return from the Crimea, and must have been in 1856, that his father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, a very accomplished as well as godly gentleman in conversation with the Editor of this Journal, referred to his son as being in great religious perplexity. He mentioned that his son and a friend of his—a son, we believe, of Baptist Noel—were at Brighton together, and that they had been hearing Robertson preach, of whom Sir Anthony said that he was a "strong man." After some more words about his son, he added that, for himself, being an old man, who would soon pass into the eternal world, religious perplexities were of comparatively small account, but that for a young man like his son they were very serious. He closed the subject, before setting out with his guest to attend a meeting at Isleworth on behalf of the Bible Society, by saying very earnestly, "Pray for my son, pray for my son." The future showed how grave for Laurence Oliphant was the condition of religious unsettlement which, it is evident, was already taking hold of him.

"But do not think that I confound the Christian religion with the practice which its professors follow, in accordance with a theology they have deduced from it. The Bible is a very different thing from the popularly received traditionary interpretation of it which rests on human reason. I quite believe in its inspiration, but in a particular way. . . . . My notion is this, that supposing a man's whole moral nature was in perfect harmony, and his spiritual intelligence perfect, his mind would be like a perfectly calm lake, upon which would be accordingly reflected the mind of God; but the moment the surface is disturbed the image becomes imperfect, the amount of the imperfection depending upon the amount of the disturbance. Now, according to my views, the minds of Christ and of His Apostles were in that state of almost perfect spiritual repose. They reflected more accurately than was ever done before or since the mind of God. That is, the Apostles caught their repose from the mind of Christ, but you see in them the imperfections of a disturbed moral nature. Peter and Paul quarrel, and attach importance to things strangled, and to circumcision. That is, the surface was ruffled by old prejudices, undue spiritual enthusiasm, strong passions, &c., and so fail to give that perfect image of the mind of God. . . . . I feel sure that as men's minds become more enlightened, and they begin to receive those revelations which the Apostles did themselves, they will no longer accord their writings the infallibility which they do not claim (they only claim inspiration, which, as I say, they certainly had, and which I trust others may have). The goodness of the inspiration must depend upon the medium. The purest inspiration may be polluted. If the channel is a sewer it does not matter how clear may be the spring, so in the Old Testament we find all sorts of people chosen as mediums, but of the value, for instance, of Solomon's inspiration we must judge for ourselves. It is in accordance with the Divine plan always to make use of human means, with all their imperfections, and I see no reason to suppose that the Bible is the only thing that ever came through human instruments that does not partake of their imperfections, more especially when the internal evidence that it does so is irresistible to my mind."

Whatever elements of truth this view may express, it indicates a mind loosed from its moorings, and drifting, with a deflected compass, into unknown seas. Suddenly his course was shaped towards a novel and altogether unexpected point.

The life, claims, powers, and even the doctrines of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris are shrouded in obscurity. As to the last, they certainly contain two main elements common to every form of modern Occultism and Theosophy—the presence in God of a "Divine Feminine" as well as a "Divine masculine," together with the supremacy of the first over the second,*

* It is suggestive that in this connection "Feminine" is usually spelt with an initial capital; "masculine" without one.

and the theory of the moral improvement of our race by the *physical* infusion of the supernatural into individuals and into humanity at large. He claimed—we believe that he claims still—to be commissioned from above to organize a society which should be the medium of the spiritual and physical regeneration of the world, and not only this, but himself to be the principal agent in this twofold change, as divinely inspired to utter verbal revelations, but even more as the channel through which the new life was to enter into material conditions—the new forces were to be transmitted to man. He demanded from his followers the most absolute, uncomplaining, unremonstrating obedience to his every word. They must surrender their entire property to the community of which he was head and master. That he succeeded in obtaining this complete submission and sacrifice from men of character and gifts proves him a man of remarkable strength. At one time, apparently, his capability of personal influence could hardly be exaggerated. His associates declare that he is endowed with high poetical, oratorical, and literary genius, and that he certainly possesses those occult powers to which he lays claim. Laurence Oliphant's mature opinion will be seen as the story proceeds.

How Oliphant and Harris met is not known, but early in 1867 he had come under "the prophet's" control. He seems to have been attracted at first by the importance professedly attached to life over creed. But he soon accepted Harris's doctrines. He writes to Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant of "the breath of Christ descending directly into the organisms of men"; of "those who give themselves up to Him wholly and without reservations of any kind," receiving even while on this earth "a Divine influx which will result in their own active regeneration, and enable them to act with great power on others"; of "the embodiment of His life in ours practically, and I may almost say dynamically, so that we can be conscious of His living in us, and living out through us, and by physical sensation (consisting chiefly in changes in the natural respiration) should feel His bodily life in ours"; of "this physical union with Christ." The last book Oliphant ever wrote —*Scientific Religion*—teaches this theory, and affirms this

experience, most emphatically. The lesson of implicit obedience soon began to be taught. It was by his master's order that the young M.P. maintained a steadfast silence in the House. After the briefest hesitation he took the final step. He renounced society, politics, literature, property, freedom, that he might enrol himself amongst the adherents over whom Harris presided. Harris's community were established at Brocton, in America, and thither Laurence hastened. On landing at New York a message from Harris met him, pointing out the extreme seriousness of his project. "At the same time, however, there was forwarded to him such an exact moral diagnosis of his then condition as to determine him more than ever to join this extraordinary leader."

A rough and hard life Laurence led at Brocton. The community was engaged mainly in agriculture, and to the neophyte were assigned the duties, accommodation, and fare of a day-labourer; and discipline was exercised of a yet more irksome kind. The members of the community were arranged in small "magnetic" sets, and were shuffled according to the arbitrary will of the master. Other trials even less tolerable to a sensitive and refined nature had to be borne. As *ex hypothesi* Brocton was the moral centre of the sublunary universe, and was in direct communication with the spirit-world, "the infernals" could not let it alone. They behaved there, however, pretty much as they are said to behave elsewhere—in a highly excited Cornish "revival" of former days, for example. The fact is, "devils" of this sort are a very poor lot, after all, and are fain to content themselves with throwing old women into hysterics, and sundry other like small annoyances. Oliphant took everything *au sérieux*, and traced every misfortune and malady, "even a cold in the head," to "infestation."

Harris insisted upon all his associates passing a probation of two years, which should include some special act or series of acts of self-sacrifice. Laurence shrank from no hardship and shirked no humiliation, even "cadging strawberries" up and down the railway line. After he had been at Brocton a year Lady Oliphant joined him, and she was put through as severe a probation as her son. The aged lady, accustomed all

her life to the ease and refinements of her position, was set to the work of the lowest domestic servant, did part of the washing for the household, and so on. Heavier trials awaited her. At the close of Laurence's probation he was ordered to England to resume his former place in the world. He was not permitted to bid his mother "good-bye," or to write to her during his absence.

The very severity of "the prophet's" tyranny would seem to have been its strength. Earnest souls like those of this mother and son could not conceive that such burdens could be laid upon their shoulders, except by one who had genuine authority to inflict them. Anyhow, neither of the two murmured, much less rebelled. The discipline had by no means broken Laurence's spirits. Once only had his wildness asserted itself at Brocton. Driving a pair of fresh horses attached to a waggon, he put them to their topmost speed, flung the reins upon their backs, and then lay down at full length at the bottom of the cart, shouting, yelling, laughing, kicking, with all the vigour he knew. The villagers tried in vain to stop the runaway steeds. To everybody's astonishment, the whole *cortége* arrived home safely, when Laurence proceeded to groom the horses as soberly as any stable-boy. Returned to England, he took his old place in society as a matter of course. Society has a curious knack of forgetting its favourites as soon as they are out of sight, but Oliphant was one of the rare exceptions to the rule. He was welcomed back with eagerness. In one respect his position differed from that he had occupied before his exile. His property had been transferred to Harris. He received from the Brocton community a meagre allowance, to be continued only so long as he had no other means of support. So the unusual spectacle presented itself of "a society man" associating on equal terms with the highest in the land, and living in mean lodgings, with scarcely any of the appliances supposed to be necessary to a man of his status.

His financial difficulties were of short duration. His pen speedily provided for all his needs. When the Franco-German war broke out he was despatched to the seat of the struggle as *Times* correspondent. When peace was signed, after a brief

visit to America, he took up his residence in Paris, once more as *Times* correspondent.

During this sojourn in Paris he met Alice le Strange, his future wife. "It is difficult," says the biographer, "to those who did not know her to convey an idea of what Alice le Strange was." In form and feature, in culture and intellect, in grace and gentleness—in every feminine quality, she seems to have been almost an ideal woman. A very short acquaintance sufficed to render Laurence and this lady devoted to each other. The union was opposed on all sides, by Miss le Strange's friends, and yet more vehemently by Harris. But Laurence's energy and Miss le Strange's quiet persistency triumphed over all obstacles; the master of Brocton being compelled to yield a reluctant consent. Accordingly, the marriage was celebrated in June 1872. The husband had taken every precaution that the wife should understand his relations with "father," as the Brocton autocrat was commonly called in his own community; and that she must obey him as implicitly as her husband had done, and must make over all her property to him. She cheerfully consented, and indeed felt that she was graciously permitted to join in a high and holy mission. For a short time the newly wedded pair were allowed to reside together in Paris, and then were summoned peremptorily to America.

With their arrival at Brocton begins the saddest and strangest chapter in the story. Alice Oliphant was subjected to similar discipline to that which her mother-in-law had suffered. She performed the ordinary work of a general servant. Music, painting, literary culture were prohibited. No effort was spared to strip her of her refinement, to coarsen her very nature. Worse remains—husband and wife were separated! At first this was accomplished cunningly. Laurence was despatched on frequent and protracted missions. Communication by letter was discouraged and disallowed. But in time that which commenced in craft concluded in commandment, and Mrs. Laurence was sent from Brocton, near Chatauqua, to California. Most of the time her husband was employed, at New York and elsewhere, in various financial undertakings, in which he proved himself a match for the cleverest and most

unscrupulous Yankee financiers by dint of sheer straightforwardness, which they mistook for the deepest guile. At the same time, his pen was not idle. Whilst he was financing he wrote several of his sharpest "society" satires, especially upon American society. A scheme for a railway in Palestine brought him a journey to the Holy Land. Turkish supineness rendered the project a failure, but he enjoyed the travel, and did some good work in the survey of the country, and in the identification of Biblical sites.

At length "the prophet" permitted husband and wife each other's companionship. A little while they spent in England, where they were received with open arms. They were invited to Sandringham, and the former fashionable life seemed about to begin again. But weak health compelled a tour in Egypt. Hugely did they delight in each other's presence, even though they were hampered and hurt by irrational restrictions placed upon their intercourse by the autocrat. Scarcely had they returned to England when another separation became necessary. Lady Oliphant lay dangerously ill, and her son hastened to her side.

He found her in almost the last stage of cancer. He had not believed this possible, as he thought that her physical strength was sustained continually by supernatural influx. A yet greater shock smote him. Lady Oliphant's disenchantment had occurred. She had lost faith in the prophet. Partly in the hope that an interview with the guide might set things right, partly to try the virtues of certain medicinal springs, mother and son journeyed to Santa Rosa, Harris's Californian establishment. The biography says: "They remained only a few nights after their long journey, and were dismissed with, I believe, the scantiest pretence of hospitality." Mr. Arthur A. Cuthbert, one of the few who still remain faithful to the hierophant, and who was living at Santa Rosa when Lady Oliphant and Laurence came there, gives "an absolute contradiction to Mrs. Oliphant's statement," and declares that hospitality "was profusely and continuously pressed upon them," only to be declined.* Be this as it may, the two travelled to

* *Standard*, May 28, 1891.

Cloverdale, where Lady Oliphant died, strange manifestations of "a storm or battle going on over the bed" presenting themselves.

His mother's death caused the scales to fall from Laurence's eyes. How much she had told him, how much he had himself observed, what doubts had previously arisen in his mind, we cannot tell. His mental agitation was excessive. Obviously he forced himself to perform an unpleasant duty. He took prompt action, however. He hastened to Brocton, and took legal steps to regain the land and money he had put under Harris's control. In this he was at least partially successful. His wife, who had been allowed to live for a while away from Santa Rosa, still maintained her allegiance to "the master." In his desperation, Harris telegraphed to her for authority to confine her husband in a lunatic asylum. Then she, too, became disillusionised.

The subsequent history of Laurence and Alice Oliphant may be summarised rapidly. The greater part of the remainder of Laurence's life was spent in endeavours to help the persecuted Russian Jews, and in procuring for them settlements in Palestine. In 1882 he purchased an estate at Haifa, on the Bay of Acre. Here, as joint heads of a community on the model of Brocton, though with tolerably frequent absences, they resided until January 2, 1886, when Alice Oliphant died, somewhat suddenly, of fever. Nothing can be more pathetic than the account of her funeral, the grief of Druses, Jews, Mahommedans, and Europeans, the respect to this day paid to her tomb. Altogether apart from her doctrines, everybody loved and esteemed her.

To apprehend at all the relations between Harris and the Oliphants we must remember that neither Laurence nor Alice Oliphant ever repudiated his teaching, or ever regarded him as an impostor. Both held that the title "prophet" rightly belonged to him, that he had received a Divine commission, but that he had been unfaithful to his trust. *Masollam*, the only three-volume novel Oliphant ever wrote, draws a full-length portrait of Harris, and indicates the author's opinion of the prophet's claims, character, and career. The ostentatious moral, indeed, tends to spoil the story; still, it is by far the

most impressive of recent tales dealing with the occult, partly because of its reserve and restraint. Masollam, the hero, is no charlatan. He is in touch with secret powers of Nature. His subtle personal influence is almost irresistible. His very look has a strange power, not merely of compelling obedience, but of producing peculiar physical and psychical sensations. He is selfish and sensual, but at one time he has been governed by noble motives, and was the chosen instrument of God. He is represented as a fallen nature, grand even in its ruins—a sort of miniature Miltonic Satan. There may be some idealisation here for the sake of effect; still, the sole answer Oliphant returned to Harris's repeated expostulations, reproaches, and threats was to send him a copy of *Masollam*.

A remarkable letter* from Mrs. Templeton (the second Mrs. L. Oliphant) whilst assuming that both Harris and the Oliphants were "dealing with the mighty, mysterious, and sometimes dangerously powerfully laws of the more hidden forces," attributes Harris's power to his "magnetic eloquence," "his strong magnetic personality," and declares that Laurence continued to obey him long after he had lost faith in him, in order that his will might be broken thoroughly, and his personal desires subdued. She speaks also, in a passage we shall quote directly, of the blessed results of Laurence's creed.†

* *Times*, June 6, 1891.

† The character of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris does not, perhaps, greatly concern this REVIEW. But justice obliges us to add that both Mr. Harris himself and Mr. Cuthbert, and indeed others, give a very different description of the Brocton life and rules from that gathered from the Oliphants. The more favourable picture paints pastoral peace and simplicity, asserts perfect individual liberty, and the absolute personal possession of all private property. We must bear in mind, on the one hand, that Oliphant was able to regain his property, and on the other that the restoration was made under legal pressure. Moreover, a valuable ring that belonged to Mrs. L. Oliphant was seen on the finger of a female member of Harris's household. Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant (*Standard*, May 29) says that after Alice Oliphant's decease, Harris threatened the widower with death if he did not return to his allegiance, and avowed that he (Harris) had killed the wife. Mr. Cuthbert (*Standard*, June 3) gives this assertion the bluntest negative, stating that the letter referred to was most kindly, and simply pointed out the consequence of the course Laurence was pursuing. Mr. C. C. Massey (*Standard*, May 30), who had seen the letter, bears out Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant's evidence, and professes his belief that Harris *could* inflict the punishment denounced. As to the possibility, few students of modern occultism will doubt. Both deaths were attended by strange symptoms.

Two books written by Laurence and Alice Oliphant in conjunction have been published, *Sympneumata* and *Scientific Religion*, the former whilst both authors were living, the latter after the lady's death. In both cases the inspiration came from the woman, the form and the record from the man. We tell the tale as it is told to us. *Sympneumata* could not be written save in Mrs. Oliphant's presence, often only in physical contact with her, Mr. Oliphant feeling himself hardly more than a passive channel of communication. *Scientific Religion* was composed, *mutatis mutandis*, under similar conditions, except that one part, *The House Book*, was taken down at her literal dictation. After her loss Laurence was stricken with the disease which had carried her away. He was recovering slowly, in much weakness and desolation, but "one night, when he lay sick and sorrowful upon his bed in the desolate house at Haifa, a sudden rush of renewed health and vigour and joy came upon the mourner. The moment of complete union had come at last, his Alice had returned to him, into his very bosom, into his heart and soul, bringing with her all the fulness of a new life, and chasing away the clouds of sorrow like the morning vapours before the rising sun."

As to both books, a very few remarks will suffice: (1) There is nothing in either of them which cannot be found in the most ordinary publications of theosophists; (2) their literary style is ridiculously below the level of Laurence Oliphant's other writings; (3) even in the specially inspired portions there is not a syllable which the most commonplace mortal might not have written; (4) *Scientific Religion* is as dull as any theological treatise written by a college professor; *Sympneumata* would share the same judgment, except for its novel technicalities, and its esoteric suggestions of meanings very different from the apparent significance; (5) *The House Book* has much practical wisdom, but might as well have been dictated by a living Mrs. Beeton as by a departed spirit.

Mrs. Oliphant's last chapter is headed "The Postscript of Life." The title is well chosen. It suffices to say that Laurence easily resumed his place in society, was the guest of both the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished persons, during his absence from Haifa. In 1888, at

Alice's advice, he married a daughter of Robert Dale Owen. Almost immediately afterwards he was attacked with the disease which terminated his life. Of his end his second wife writes as follows:

"No one watching my husband through the long months of his weary illness could pronounce the end of that noble life a failure. One may sustain oneself with vain imaginings while one is well and happy, but a mysticism which supports a man in calm and triumphant faith through four and a half months of one of the most painful diseases known—such a mysticism can scarcely be put down as a vagary to be deplored, even though it may have been reached through many tentative theories which had to be discarded. When his disease (cancer of the lung) had so far gained upon him that he could only speak in a whisper, he murmured again and again, his uplifted face shining with peaceful joy, 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth'; and no burst of mighty music ever conveyed a sense of more triumphant victory than did these scarcely audible words. Many men and women can fill dramatic situations heroically, many others can lead long lives of plodding, enduring patience, but very few may be found who can curb such an enthusiastic spirit as Laurence Oliphant possessed, forcing it finally to reach a lofty ideal through long years of perplexed disappointment and most wearisome endeavour."

His biographer tells how the night before his death he told "his faithful nurse" that he was "unspeakably happy," and explained "'Christ has touched me. He has held me in His arms. I am changed. He has changed me. Never again can I be the same, for His power has cleansed me. I am a new man.' Then he looked at me yearningly," she adds, "and said, 'Do you understand?'" His last hours were spent in singing softly, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." It is possible to understand his words concerning Christ in a theosophistic sense; but he could scarcely have put the question "Do you understand?" unless the meaning had been different from that which customarily he used. And no one acquainted with the phraseology of present-day theosophy can doubt that the adoption of the hymn pointed to a purer and simpler faith than theosophy can furnish or allow. Surely that life was not "wasted" which, with all its errors and eccentricities, showed so perfect an example of self-sacrifice, and ended in child-like trust, and conscious and blissful safety in the Saviour's arms.

Art. V.—ST. DOMINIC.

The History of St. Dominic, Founder of the Friars Preachers. By Augusta Theodosia Drane, author of *St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions, Christian Schools and Scholars*, &c. With Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

THIS is a Roman Catholic biography written by an inmate of St. Dominic's Convent, Stone, and dedicated "To the memory of many dear friends departed, who in life served God in the white habit of St. Dominic, and whose names, it is humbly hoped, are written in heaven." Thirty-four years ago Miss Drane published *The Life of St. Dominic, with a Sketch of the Dominican Order*;* but that compendium has long been out of print. Passages from the earlier biography are incorporated in this, but it has been so extensively corrected and enlarged that it is really a new and distinct work. The long list of authorities quoted in the Preface is headed by the Life of St. Dominic, written before the year 1233 by his successor, Jordan of Saxony. *The Acts of Bologna*, "consisting of the depositions of nine of the brethren, who were most familar with the saint during his life, and whose evidence was taken at the time of his canonisation," have also supplied much material. "These depositions contain by far the most perfect portrait of the saint that we possess, and the simplicity and sobriety of their language bespeak their truthfulness." Miss Drane has some glimmering critical faculty, for she describes the works of Father Flaminius and Father Malvenda as "full of valuable information"; but as "both likewise open to the charge of sometimes quoting from untrustworthy writers, whose statements they admit without sufficient criticism." Père de Réchac's *Vie du Glorieux Patriarche St. Dominique* is praised for its real research, but accused of repeating "the most prodigious tales from uncertain authors with singular powers of credulity."

* Burns & Lambert. 1857.

These notes show that the writer has in some measure weighed her authorities, and assigned to them different degrees of trustworthiness. It is evident that long and laborious study has made her familiar with the whole subject, and that she has set herself to produce a standard monograph on the founder of her Order. The reader who studies her Preface turns with no small expectation to her Life of St. Dominic. Surely such a sifting of evidence must throw new light on the character and times of the great preacher. These hopes are in large measure doomed to disappointment. Miss Drane's biography, with all its merits, only adds new force to Dean Milman's words: "The voice of the Apostle is drowned in the din of war; even the conduct of Dominic himself, the manner in which he bore himself amidst these unevangelic allies, is clouded with doubt and uncertainty. His career is darkened, too, by the splendour of miracle with which it is invested." Miss Drane has not shorn Dominic of this "splendour of miracle." Every stage of the friar's course is "authenticated" by some so-called supernatural event; page after page of this volume is wholly devoted to these portents. The student grows weary of miracles, and pushes them aside with growing impatience. Milman's verdict, "His miracles equal, if not transcend, those in the Gospel," is not an adequate description of the case. The story of the Evangelists pales before the monkish record of the wonders wrought by the Father of the Dominicans. Such a perversion of history has brought its Nemesis. It is hard, indeed, to see the man in his habit as he lived. One almost despairs of success in any attempt to strip off the disguise of miracles in order to look upon the true Dominic, whom friends and disciples have conspired to hide from the eyes of later generations. But it is worth while to make the attempt. His name lay like a nightmare on Christendom for three hundred years; his followers were chosen as the fit instruments for wielding the terrors of the Inquisition; his far-seeing sagacity filled the universities of Europe with scholars and professors, and sent forth hosts of preachers to evangelise the common people. Such a life and character are certainly as worthy of study as those of Thomas à Becket (whose martyrdom took place when the future friar was a year old), or

the imperious Pontiff, Innocent III., who granted his sanction to the new Order.

Dominic de Guzman was born in the year 1170 at Calaroga, in Old Castile. The traveller from Osma crosses a vast and barren plain on his way to the little village which nestles at the foot of the mountains, with a huge convent planted above it on their slopes. A massive square tower, surrounded by a courtyard, and a little flower-garden, are all that remains of the ancestral home of the Spanish saint. Up the hillside in the convent church is the sacred spot of Calaroga. It is a little square in front of the sanctuary, surrounded by a balustrade. A handsome monument has recently been erected here on what is called the Cuna, or cradle, which marks the reputed place of Dominic's birth. We are also told that "a crystal well has sprung up on the spot, the water of which is devoutly drunk by pilgrims." The Guzmans were a family of Spanish grandees who had already given not a few warriors and statesmen to their country. It was also "a family of saints." Dominic's mother came from the small town of Aza, in the vicinity. She won a reputation for sanctity which led, though not till after the lapse of centuries, to her being enrolled "among the Blessed of the Order." Her husband—Don Felix Guzman—shared her spirit. The piety and order of their home made it a monastery rather than a castle. The eldest son distributed his patrimony to the poor, and entered the hospital of the monastery at Silos, where he spent the remainder of his days as a secular priest in ministering to the sick. The second son became a Benedictine monk, but was afterwards one of the first members of the "Order of Preachers."

The pious mother saw herself left without a son to carry on the family name. She turned to Dominic of Silos in her trouble. That was an age of faith, and this saint had won such fame for his miracles, that not only his shrine, but even the gates of the monastery, were covered with votive offerings, in which the chains of captives who had escaped from Moorish slavery by invoking his aid were conspicuous. For a whole week Joanna spent her days and nights in the church, taking her scant rest on its hard pavement. On the seventh day the saint appeared, and promised her a son who should be the

light of the Church and the terror of heretics. In her gratitude Joanna vowed that he should bear the name of Dominic. Such is the story. Before the boy's birth, we are told that his mother in a vision saw her son as a black and white dog carrying in his mouth a torch which kindled and illuminated the entire world.

We are now launched into a realm of marvels. The lady who held the boy at the font saw a brilliant star shining on his forehead as the water was poured upon him; a swarm of bees settled on the infant's lips as a sign of his future eloquence; the babe even left his cradle to lay on the bare ground, the first token of that life-long war which he was to wage against the delights of the flesh. We brush aside with growing impatience these "well-attested" traditions. There can be little doubt, however, as to other details of his childhood. The Spanish boy learned the lessons of prayer and charity from his godly mother, and walked by her side to attend the daily Mass in the parish church which still stands at Calaroga. It is a pity to spoil the story by telling us that when Joanna had distributed to the poor all the wine contained in a certain barrel, it was found miraculously refilled, as though charity could not wait for the "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me," but must be paid in kind without delay! The boy's seriousness was noted even in his earliest youth. He had no gay childhood like that of the troubadour-friar of Assisi. Dominic was a true Spaniard. His first biographer says: "He seemed at once both young and old, for whilst the fewness of his years proclaimed him still to be a child, the sagacity of his demeanour, and the steadiness of his character, seemed rather to belong to one who had reached maturity." His chief recreation was a visit to the village church, and, if we may trust Theodoric of Apoldia, who wrote the fullest of the ancient biographies within seventy years of Dominic's death, he showed a certain instinctive love of penance, which made him often quit his little bed, and pass the night on the bare ground.

At seven years old he left the parental roof to study under the care of his mother's brother, the head priest of a church twenty miles away, where the Guzman family had their burial-

place. His uncle's house was a few steps from the church. Dominic was a sort of child-minister. He swept the chapels, adorned the altars, and sang sacred chants as he moved about in his congenial tasks. Part of his time was spent in the neighbouring monastic school of La Vigue, presided over by another uncle, whose tomb recorded that he had "the incomparable honour of being the preceptor of St. Dominic, the founder of the Friars Preachers." The boy had now resolved to follow the example set by his elder brothers. Nor did his parents place any obstacle in his way. At the age of fourteen he entered the schools at Palencia, which had already become famous. There he took the usual course of rhetoric and philosophy. His chief strength, however, was thrown into the study of theology and the Scriptures. "Thirsting after these streams of living water, they became sweeter than honey to his mouth." Dominic's whole career bore witness to his passion for the Word of God, without which he felt that neither his own preaching nor that of his Order could produce much effect. He burnt midnight oil freely during these four fruitful years. His whole bearing was that of a serious, thoughtful youth. He never touched wine for ten years, took no part in the amusements of his fellow-students, "scrupulously avoided the company of women," and often slept on the bare ground. Theodoric kindles at the sight. "It was," he tells us, "a thing most marvellous and lovely to behold, this man, a boy in years, but a sage in wisdom; superior to the pleasures of his age, he thirsted only after justice; and, not to lose time, he preferred the bosom of his holy mother the Church to the aimless and objectless life of the foolish world around him."

During the year 1191 a terrible famine raged in Spain. It was especially severe in the provinces of Leon and Old Castile. The people of Palencia were at first little disposed to help the sufferers; but when Dominic gave away his money, sold his clothes, furniture, and books to provide bread for the starving citizens, others were roused to some feeling of humanity. Timely relief was thus provided for those in need. It was at this time that Dominic found a poor woman in bitter distress because her son had been taken captive by the Moors. His money was

gone, but the old biographers assert with one voice that the student proposed that he should be sold as a slave in order to buy the liberty of the poor woman's son.

Ten years of study, six in arts and four in theology, passed quickly at Palencia. Both Dominic's parents seem to have died during this time. In 1318, when her son's fame had long been spread throughout Europe, Joanna's remains were removed to Penafiel, where the Infant Don John Emmanuel had founded a convent of Friars Preachers attached to his castle, and a magnificent monument was erected to her memory.

Having finished his course at Palencia, Dominic passed to the little city of Osma, which lay in a desolate region on the northern banks of the Douro. The bishop of the diocese—Don Martin de Bazan—was zealously labouring to restore church discipline. He had converted the canons of his cathedral church at Osma into canons regular, who lived in common, and submitted to monastic discipline. His great ally was Don Diego de Azevedo, the first prior of the reformed chapter, a man of noble birth and great sanctity. "Loving God above all things, he counted himself as nothing, and thought only how to gain the greatest number of souls to Christ." Both bishop and prior were eager to secure Dominic as one of the canons. His devotion and zeal were already known, so that he seemed the very man to make their scheme a success. In his twenty-fifth year, therefore, Dominic put on the white tunic and linen rochet of the canons regular, over which, when in choir, he wore a black mantle. He was soon elected sub-prior, an office which embraced the duties of archdeacon. He took as his text-book the *Conferences of Cassian*, the founder of monachism in the West. This manual of monastic duties defends the use of occasional falsehood which, like hellebore, may be healthful in cases of disease; and "shows several ways of obtaining remission of sins besides through the death and intercession of Christ." It is somewhat significant to be told that Dominic entered "into their very faith and savour," and learnt from these *Conferences* "the precious secrets of the spiritual life."

Jordan paints a highly coloured picture of these days. "Now it was that he began to appear among his brethren like a bright

burning torch, the first in holiness, the last in humility, spreading about him an odour of life which gave life and a perfume like the sweetness of summer days. Day and night he was in the church, praying as it were without ceasing. God gave him the grace to weep for sinners and for the afflicted; he bore their sorrows in an inner sanctuary of holy compassion, and so this loving compassion which pressed on his heart flowed out, and escaped in tears." Theodoric supplies the less evangelical side. Dominic wore himself down by fasts and prolonged abstinence. "He neither ate flesh-meat with the canons his brethren, nor refused it, but was accustomed to hide it in the food." His bishop obliged him to resume the use of wine, but he could only be prevailed on to take small quantities largely diluted with water. In his cell, "it is said, may yet be discerned traces of the blood shed in his nightly disciplines."

Dominic seldom went beyond the walls of the monastery, though his missionary zeal seems already to have found expression in a project for the conversion of the Cuman Tartars then working havoc in Hungary. His Bible studies were still his chief employment. The Gospel of St. Matthew and the Epistles of St. Paul had become his favourite portions of the New Testament. He could almost repeat them by memory from beginning to end.

Nine quiet years were spent at Osma. In 1203, however, his bishop, Don Diego, was appointed by the King of Castile to conduct some marriage negotiations on behalf of his eldest son. He chose Dominic as his companion, and set out for Languedoc, then under the rule of the Counts of Toulouse. It was the first glimpse of the outside world gained by Dominic. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of implicit and unquestioning orthodoxy. In Castile the Church came first; the State and the household were content to play a minor part. No country could in this respect compare with Spain. "The life of every devout Spaniard was a perpetual crusade." Ignatius Loyola, Philip II., Torquemada represent the full-blown Spanish orthodoxy of later days. In them it was a consuming fire which sought to burn up all heresy from the earth. The zeal of Cortez and his soldiers in the New World, and the hideous cruelties of the pro-

paganda in the Low Countries, are both characteristic expressions of Spanish fanaticism. Dominic was an earlier product of the same soil. As he crossed over into Languedoc his passionate hatred of the heretic grew more intense at every step. Ruined churches and abbeys met the view wherever the Spanish embassy journeyed. Miss Drane says: "Throughout many districts the faith had all but disappeared, the sacraments of the Church were despised and rejected, and a horrible corruption of manners everywhere prevailed." This is a fair putting of the case as it appeared to these visitors from the Peninsula. Nevertheless the flower of European civilisation bloomed in the South of France. Raymond of Toulouse ruled over five subordinate fiefs. "The courts of these petty sovereigns vied with each other in splendour and gallantry. Life was a perpetual tournament or feast." The licence of manners which marked those days of the troubadour was unfriendly to all morality. The Church might have done something to stem the tide, but she had forfeited all influence and respect. "I had rather my son were a priest," was the hitter and contemptuous phrase in which the popular feeling as to the Romish clergy often found expression. The Albigenses—so-called, not from the city of Albi, but from the fact that the greatest part of Languedoc was known as Albigesium—were masters of the country. They were not free from the charge of heresy, like the purer and nobler Waldenses. They were probably both Dualistic and Manichæan, although there is little doubt that the charges made against them by Romish writers must be largely discounted. The Albigenses loathed the Church of Rome, and the Romish Church detested and abhorred the Albigenses.

Dominic found Toulouse the stronghold of these "heretics." It is said that the Spanish visitors lodged in the house of one of the Albigenses, who was speedily converted by an all-night conference with Dominic. This is claimed as "the first sheaf which our saint gathered in the field of the Lord." It is added that his success made Dominic resolve to found an Order for "the salvation of souls by the ministry of preaching." If the story be true, this man must have been cast in a very different mould from the rest of his co-religionists, whom

neither fire nor sword, backed by Dominic's fervid preaching, could move from their faith.

The bishop returned to the Court of Castile to report the success of his mission. He was in due course sent back to escort the young bride to her husband. But death had already claimed the fair lady. Diego and Dominic, thus released from their embassy, turned their steps toward Rome, where Innocent III. was at the height of his magnificence. He refused Diego's prayer for permission to resign his See in order to devote himself to missionary labours. Such a bishop could not be spared by the Kingdom of Castile. The great talents and gifts of Dominic seem now to have been recognised by Innocent and several of his chief advisers, especially Cardinals Savelli and Ugolino, who were afterwards powerful patrons of his Order. On their way back from Rome the strangers turned aside to visit the mother-house of the Cistercians at Citeaux. Their Abbot Arnold had just been chosen one of the Papal legates for the suppression of the Albigenses. The visit was the beginning of a warm friendship between Dominic and this powerful Order. They were alike zealous for the suppression of heresy.

When Diego and Dominic reached Montpelier they found the three Papal legates—Peter of Castelnau, the monk Rodolph, and Abbot Arnold—in conference at the neighbouring village of Castelnau. The victories of Saladin in the Holy Land had for some years previous to this time filled Rome with consternation. The Albigenses were left to flourish unmolested in Languedoc. Innocent III., who succeeded to the Papal chair in 1198, determined to put in force the decrees of the Third Lateran Council which had met in 1179, and had recognised "the lawfulness and necessity of seeking aid from the temporal power for the repression of a sect dangerous to the safety of society." The Church had endeavoured to bribe the faithful to undertake a new Crusade. Indulgences were offered to all who responded to the call, and the same protection was extended to them "as to those who have taken up arms for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre." Yet despite these baits the Albigenses had been left in peace for nearly twenty years. Remonstrance was wasted upon them. "Begin

by reforming your own clerks," they said, "and when that is done you may preach to us." Even the monkish chroniclers brand some of the chief bishops as *execrabiles et maligni*. Such was the state of things when Innocent determined to use more vigorous measures. He tried to stir up the Cistercians to attempt the conversion of the "heretics," but their success was small. Then he appointed legates. They, too, were "baffled and confounded in all their efforts." The negligence and even the open hostility of the bishops of the chief cities in Languedoc paralysed all their efforts. They were now gathered together in order to draw up a report of their bootless labours, and seek release from their ungracious task.

The Spaniards were heartily welcomed at Castelnau. When the legates sought his counsel Diego inquired into the customs of the Albigenses. He was told much of the attractive teaching of their leaders and their "exterior display of poverty and austerity." Diego looked round on the numerous retinue of the legates, with stately horses and rich apparel. "It is not thus, my brethren," he said, "that you must act. The heretics seduce simple souls by the pretence of poverty and mortification; by presenting the contrary spectacle you will scarcely edify them. You will destroy their confidence, but you will never touch their hearts. Rather set one example against the other; oppose their feigned sanctity by true religion; nothing but humility will ever triumph over falsehood." "Most excellent father, what would you have us do?" the legates asked. "Do as I am about to do," said Diego. He at once sent all his own followers back to Spain, leaving himself and Dominic alone. The example proved contagious. The legates dismissed their retinues, and chose Diego as their head. Innocent promptly confirmed their choice, and granted the bishop two years' leave of absence from his See.

The legates now set out toward Toulouse, halting at various towns to hold disputations with the heretics. We are expressly informed that they had reserved the books necessary for these controversies. At Servian, near Beziers, they claim to have won a notable triumph over two Albigensian leaders who had long enjoyed the special protection of the lord of the castle. The disputation lasted eight days, and the triumphant Catholics

were escorted on their way by a crowd of two thousand people. Beziers proved too obstinate even for the victorious legates. It was the head-quarters of the sect, and the preaching of the Papal party produced scanty results. During these encounters Dominic's reputation steadily rose. His fervid eloquence powerfully swayed many minds. He became a marked man, and is said to have gone about in danger of his life from the hands of his disappointed enemies. Yet even this eloquent advocate failed to produce an impression at Verfeil, another stronghold of the Albigenses. The baffled party proceeded towards Arzens. It was John the Baptist's day, but the villagers were reaping their corn instead of keeping the festival. Dominic bade them desist under threat of some manifest token of the wrath of God. They laughed him to scorn. One man who had been most stout in his opposition is said to have suddenly found the ears of corn which he had cut full of blood. The sheaves and hands of his companions were stained in like manner. What could the poor creatures do but fall at the feet of Dominic, and follow him to the church at Montreal to abjure their errors, and be received into the fold! Such is the first of Dominic's miracles. Every reader may form his own judgment of its probability. The historical certainty underlying the legend, as we interpret it, is the utter failure of the mission.

At Montreal we have another miracle. The Romish church was entirely deserted, but several communities of the *perfect*, as the fully initiated Albigenses were called, were established in the place. For fifteen days Catholics and "heretics" waged a war of words. It is interesting to find that it turned chiefly on the sanctity of the Church and the Mass, "which the Albigenses denied to have been instituted by Jesus Christ." Two knights and two citizens formed the board of umpires, but they refused to pass judgment. Dominic, however, needed no human verdict of approval. He had written down various verses of the New Testament, which he handed to one of the heretics in order that he might weigh the argument against his creed. That night when this man and his friends discussed the subject around the hearth, one of them proposed to cast the paper into the fire. If the flames spared it that

would be a proof of the truth of its contents. The manuscript was thrown into the fire, but "was cast forth" uninjured. Dominic is said to have related this incident to one of his friends. Yet even these very Albigenses were not converted to the faith!

Dominic is now fairly launched on his career of miracles. In the same city of Montreal, after a great disputation, resort was had to the ordeal of fire. The writings of the heretics were cast into the flames and utterly consumed, whilst three times in succession a book containing Dominic's defence of the Catholic position leaped out of the grate so soon as it touched the burning logs. Nevertheless even here, where a beam of wood, marked by three deep holes, on which the book rested, remained to substantiate the miracle (!), we read that "by far the greater number remained obstinate in their unbelief."

Dominic now turned to other weapons. He founded the Convent of Prouille for the reception of young girls who might otherwise have fallen into the hands of the Albigenses. Here also those reclaimed from error might be further instructed. Decayed Catholic nobles had deliberately surrendered their daughters to Albigensian influence, in order to secure for them a marriage dowry. This fact shows how low Popery had sunk in Languedoc. Dominic is said to have gone out from Fanjeaux to spend the night in prayer on the hillside, when he saw a ball of fire make several circles in the air, and then rest on the roof of Our Lady's Chapel at Prouille. The site belonged to the only Catholic lady of the region, so that Dominic soon had it in his hands. Another miracle was needed to gather the first nine inmates. Some Albigensian women had appealed to Dominic to resolve the doubts as to their own position which were inspired by his powerful arguments. In response to Dominic's prayer, they were permitted, in the form of a monstrous beast whose flaming eyes and frightful aspect filled them with terror, to see the Master whom they had served. This portent disappeared up the belfry of the church, leaving a hideous stench behind it. Yet one of these nine nuns was only held fast to her newly made vows by another miracle. It is interesting to compare Miss Drane's version of this affair with that given by Dean

Milman. Miss Drane is evidently uneasy. She says: "Another of the little company, whose name is not given, appears to have been possessed of considerable personal attractions, and, in particular, of a remarkably well-formed nose, which proved a source of temptation to her, and disposed her to return to the world. A grotesque accident, however, which befell the favourite feature, and somewhat spoiled her beauty, seems to have cured her vanity and brought her to her senses." Milman gives another account of what Miss Drane ventures, with strange disrespect, to call "a grotesque accident." This is his version: "A lady of extreme beauty wished to leave her monastery, and resisted all the preacher's arguments. She blew her nose; it remained in the handkerchief. Horror-stricken, she implored the prayers of Dominic: at his intercession the nose resumed its place; the lady remained in the convent." It is evident that Miss Drane has found her monkish authority's account of this miracle, which the Protestant historian has given in full, too "grotesque" for presentation to her readers, and has toned it down accordingly.

Begun in August 1206, the modest convent was ready for its first batch of sisters on the 22nd of November. Its eleven members soon increased to twenty-six, and Dominic spent much of his time in instructing and guiding the sisters. They wore a white tunic, with a black mantle and veil, and observed the Rule of St. Augustine, with certain Constitutions added by Dominic. Silence was strictly enforced, and a certain time was set apart for manual work. Fifteen hundredweights of wool were spun and made into articles of clothing by the sisters "when they were not employed in the recitation of the Divine Office, in order the better to avoid idleness, the cause of so many evils." In another respect also Dominic showed no small sagacity. He ordered those who had the capacity for music to give careful attention to psalmody, and warmly recommended "the study of letters." Priests and lay brothers were afterwards added to the monastic settlement at Prouille. These had for their use the Church of St. Martin, which separated the two divisions of the monastery. The choir of Prouille soon became famous. The old monastic buildings

were burnt down in 1715; the new convent which took their place was sold by the Revolutionary Government in 1790. A third Prouille has since been raised on the old site, "through the munificence of a noble lady."

Soon after the founding of the convent Diego returned to Spain, leaving Dominic to carry on his work in Languedoc. He had a zealous supporter in Fulk, Bishop of Toulouse. This man, who was appointed in 1200, found the revenues of his diocese, once rich and flourishing, not worth more than ninety-six sous. He had been a troubadour and a profligate, but had awaked to the consciousness of eternal truths, and sought refuge in a monastery, whence he came forth to raise up the desolate See of Toulouse. There is no act of treachery or cruelty throughout the Albigensian war, says Dean Milman, "in which the Bishop of Toulouse was not the most forward, sanguinary, unscrupulous." Such was Dominic's friend and patron.

The murder of Peter of Castelnau in February 1208 brought matters to a crisis in Languedoc. This legate had delivered the Church's ultimatum to the recalcitrant Count of Toulouse, and reproached him with what he called his crimes and perjuries. He and his brother legate spent the night at a little inn in St. Gilles, and were about to cross the Rhone when an assassin plunged his lance into Peter's side. His last prayers, we are told, were for his murderer. The Pope was not, however, in the mood for mercy. He persisted in laying the guilt of this crime to the charge of Count Raymond, who seems to have been entirely innocent. He summoned the knights, barons, and bishops of Narbonne and the adjoining district to rally to the defence of the Church. To the kings of France and England he wrote, "Suffer not the Church to perish in this unhappy country, but come to her assistance, and combat valiantly against these heretics, who are worse than the Saracens themselves." The responsibility for the bloody war against the Albigenses thus lies at the door of Innocent III. Bishops and abbots were now appointed to preach the crusade, and received such support that the Count of Toulouse found it expedient to seek reconciliation with Rome. He had to give up seven strong places in his dominion,

and made a humiliating submission to the Pope at St. Gilles. He took his stand barefoot at the door of the church, with naked back. Then he was led up to the high altar, beaten ignominiously with a rod on his bare shoulders. Yet even this degrading submission failed to win mercy for his poor subjects. A horde of princes, nobles, bishops, and peasants, amounting, some writers say, to half a million, streamed down from Lyons on Languedoc. The peasants came "partly as soldiers to give their forty days of military service, and partly to gain the indulgence promised to all those who should take the Cross." A ribald crowd hung on the skirts of the army, ready for any deed of plunder. At Beziers the footmen attacked the city whilst the leaders were holding counsel. An indiscriminate massacre followed. Priests, women, and children were slain at the very altars, and Beziers was soon in a blaze from one end to the other. The lowest estimate of the slain was seven thousand. It was probably nearer twenty thousand. Arnold of Citeaux encouraged the soldiers to slay, by the horrible words, "Cædite, cædite, novit Dominus qui sunt ejus."

Simon de Montfort, who was now elected generalissimo, was the beau ideal of a Christian knight. He had a heart of stone for all enemies of the Church. Happily for the Albigenses, the immense host of Crusaders melted away like snow when their forty days of field service were over. De Montfort found himself with only thirty knights and their followers. His numbers were continually fluctuating, so that the successes of one day were often lost on the next. The war was one of extermination. Miss Drane acknowledges that "we are simply appalled by the tales of blood and cruelty through which we have to wade." The ecclesiastics preached in vain, but they had other weapons. Those who refused to renounce their errors, and "were taken in arms, were very commonly either burnt or put to the sword." At one place a hundred and forty of the "perfect" rushed of their own accord on the burning pile, without waiting to be cast there. At another town sixty were burnt to death.

For eight years after the return of Diego to Spain, Dominic laboured in Languedoc. Carcassone seems to have been his head-quarters. Miss Drane represents his work as "exclu-

sively that of an apostle" wandering barefoot from village to village with his message of peace. He was utterly fearless, though he lived among people who hooted and pelted him as he moved along the streets. Once—we can well believe the story—he passed singing hymns along a road where he was told that assassins lay in wait for him. When one of these wretches afterwards asked him what he would have done had he fallen into their hands, he answered: "I would have prayed you not to have taken my life at a single blow, but little by little, cutting off each member of my body, one by one; and when you had done that, you should have plucked out my eyes, and then have left me so, to prolong my torments, and gain me a richer crown." There speaks the true fanatic of the Middle Ages.

What part did Dominic take in the horrors of the Albigensian war? We know that he showed no indignation at the deeds of Simon de Montfort. "He obeyed his call to bless the marriage of his son and the baptism of his daughter." He held a commission for the reconciliation of heretics, and imposition of canonical penances, but it is doubtful whether he was an Inquisitor in the sense for which that word soon became infamous. The Bollandists boldly claim him as the founder of the Holy Inquisition, but happily for his reputation their claim is disputed. No deed of actual cruelty can perhaps be set down to his account. Nevertheless, Dominic cannot be claimed as an apostle of mercy. Once only, at the massacre of Beziers, is he said to have pleaded for the heretics. In 1213, when De Montfort inflicted his crushing defeat on the king of Arragon at Muret, Dominic was in the town, and is even said to have fired the courage of the soldiers by holding aloft a crucifix. It is abundantly evident on which side he was. Still the Albigenses stood firm. "It must indeed have been a stubborn generation," says Milman, "to need beside these wonders the sword of Simon de Montfort." Dominic acknowledges his failure in his famous farewell address at Prouille in 1217:

"Now for many years past I sounded the truths of the Gospel in your ears, by my preaching, my entreaties, and my prayers, and with tears in my eyes. But, as they are wont to say in my country, the stick must be used when

blessings are of no avail. Lo! princes and rulers will raise all the kingdoms of this world against you; and woe be unto you! they will kill many by the sword, and lay the lands desolate, and overthrow the walls of your cities, and all of you will be reduced to slavery; and so you will come to see that where blessings avail not, the stick will avail."

If we translate the opening words of the last sentence as Milman does, "Behold, now, we rouse up against you princes and prelates, nations and kingdoms!" it will be seen what kind of an apostle Dominic was. We do not forget the sternness of the times, but the student of St. Paul and St. Matthew might have shown a nobler spirit.

We may turn to a less loathsome subject.

Dominic is honoured in the Roman Catholic Church as the man who introduced "the devotion of the Holy Rosary." So great was the glorying in this service, that the towers of his convent at Prouille were made to correspond to the fifteen large beads of the rosary. Dominic is said to have been told by the Virgin herself that he need not be surprised at his scanty success over the Albigenses. "Preach my Psalter, consisting of one hundred and fifty angelic salutations and fifteen Our Fathers, and you will obtain an abundant harvest." The facts cited by Miss Drane seem to establish Dominic's claim to have first taught this form of prayer. It would even appear that after preaching he sometimes distributed rosaries among his audience. We can well understand the fascination of such a ritual in the Middle Ages, but Protestants will regard it as very near akin to the vain repetitions of Buddhism.

In the summer of 1214 Dominic returned to Toulouse, where he gathered a little company of brethren in the house of a wealthy citizen. Bishop Fulk granted a sixth part of his tithes intended for church-building and ornamentation in the diocese to the new Order. Simon de Montfort, who had already made many gifts to Prouille, also handed over the castle and lands of Casseignoul to the community. In September 1215, at the age of forty-five, Dominic turned his steps toward Rome to secure Papal sanction for his work. Innocent was startled by the boldness of his scheme, and twice refused to grant consent. It is said that he was guided to a wiser conclusion by a dream, in which he saw the Lateran Basilica about

to fall, but propped up on the shoulders of Dominic. Four years before, when Francis of Assisi sought his approval of the Friars Minor, the Pope had seen a similar vision. He lost no time in giving his full consent to Dominic's scheme, on condition that he adopted one of the recognised "Rules" for monastic life. The "Brothers Preachers" thus struggled into existence. On his return to Toulouse, the little company, which had grown in its master's absence from six to sixteen, chose the Rule of St. Augustine as their code. Dominic added the chief features of monasticism—"the abstinence from meat, and the long fast from Holy Cross until Easter; the observance of silence at the times and in the places appointed; the daily chapter; the strict law of poverty; and the rigorous practice of penance." He took care to leave abundant liberty for the preaching and teaching which were the great objects of the brotherhood. The growth of numbers now made it necessary to provide a new convent at Toulouse. As soon as it was ready Dominic returned to Rome. Innocent died before he reached the city, but Pope Honorius confirmed the Order on December 23, 1216.

In May 1217, after nearly a year's absence, Dominic was back again in Toulouse. The time had not been wasted. He had formed a warm friendship with Cardinal Ugolino, the patron of the Franciscans, who afterwards succeeded Honorius as Pope. This connection proved of great value in later days. The little company at Toulouse were startled well-nigh to rebellion when Dominic announced his intention of sending them forth two and two to establish the Order throughout Europe. His patrons, Fulk and De Montfort, joined their remonstrances to those of the friars, but all pleaded in vain. Dominic had been visited, we are told, in one of his vigils at Rome by St. Peter and St. Paul. Peter gave him a staff, Paul handed him a book, saying: "Go and preach, for to this ministry thou art called." As the Apostles passed from view, Dominic seemed to see a long procession of his brethren going forth two and two to evangelise the world. Nothing could shake his resolve. "The seed will fructify if it is sown; it will but moulder if you hoard it up." A room was added to the convent, where the friars might meet together for counsel.

No *meum* and *tuum* were heard there. Poverty was the binding rule. A little cane bedstead and a poor bench were the only furniture of the cells. Special attention was to be given in his convent to the choir and to the study of the Bible. His fidelity to his old principles shows him to have been much more sagacious than his more lovable contemporary of Assisi.

Dominic's own life was the model for his followers. His asceticism seems now to have become more rigid. We read much "of the sacrifice of bloody disciplines," which he deemed acceptable to God. Others caught his fervour, and closely walked in his steps.

In 1217, on the Feast of the Assumption, the brethren met at Prouille before their dispersion. Dominic's fiery farewell address kindled his hearers to enthusiasm. They knelt before him to take the solemn vows. Then he indicated to each the scene of his future labours. Seven of them were sent to Paris, for Dominic had set his heart on winning that great university. Only one of the brethren asked for money for the journey. As he proved obstinate, twelve pence were given him for his two hundred miles' journey. Dominic himself set out on a preaching tour. He walked with stick in hand and bundle on his shoulders, bearing joyfully the hardships of the way, and rapt in meditation. He seems to have been blessed with an iron constitution, which helped him to make light of many little difficulties. In 1218 he was again at Rome, where in three months he gathered a hundred brethren for his new convent. Two of his most experienced friars were now commissioned to found a settlement in the famous university town of Bologna. There the novelty of their preaching soon attracted great attention. "They are said to have been the first religious who had ever been heard to preach publicly in Bologna." Meanwhile, his biographers pretend that Dominic's "miracles" were making no small stir in Rome. We are gravely told that he restored a dead child to life, and that two beautiful youths miraculously appeared with a supply of fresh loaves for his hungry brethren. The people of Rome cut pieces off his robes to keep as relics, so that his jagged skirt, which scarcely reached below his knees, made him look like a common beggar.

The Pope set him the difficult task of reducing some refractory nuns to obedience; but the saint was not foiled. The aid of miracles was, of course, called in; but we prefer to attribute his success to the magic of his personal influence. "None could ever resist him" was a well-deserved tribute to the wonderful charm of the preacher's address and bearing. He was much disturbed as he watched the servants of the cardinals playing games of chance in the ante-chambers of the Papal Court, and suggested that some one might give them useful instruction whilst they waited for their masters. The Pope at once made him "Master of the Sacred Palace," and requested him to deliver a course of lectures on the Epistles of St. Paul, which proved a great success. Now, also, he instituted his third Order, the Militia of Jesus Christ, who living in the world might defend the Church from heretics. Dominic had seen the need of such allies in Languedoc, and, unmoved by the horrible excesses of the crusade against the Albigenses, he founded this military Order. So much for the saint's tenderness! In course of time the military duties were laid aside, and men and women flocked to join the Tertiaries. The story of their foundation has none of the charm of similar pages in the life of St. Francis. Dominic himself had neither the poetry nor the sensibility of his great contemporary.

He spent five months of the year 1219 in Spain. He founded a third convent of nuns in Madrid, and had much success in various parts of his native land. When he reached Paris he learned that some of the most promising men in the university had already joined his Order. During his month's stay his own fervid preaching won the heart of Jordan of Saxony, who afterwards became his successor. The record of this brief visit shows how carefully the great leader studied the conditions of society in the French capital, and how sagaciously he laid his plans for the future. He next visited the cities of Italy to plant in them colonies of Dominicans. He was well supported in his labours by a band of disciples who had caught his own enthusiasm. Some of these were men not only of learning and eloquence, but also of high social status. Bologna gradually became Dominic's chief centre, where a constant stream of novices flowed in to join his Order.

It was in this city that the first general chapter of the Dominicans was held, on May 17, 1220, in the Convent of St. Nicholas. It was arranged that such a chapter should meet every year, alternately in Bologna and Paris. It was resolved that the obligation of poverty must henceforth be rigidly enforced. Dominic wished to resign his post as General, "for I have grown cold and remiss, and am no longer of any use." The brethren absolutely refused to hear of such a step; but "definitors" were appointed, with power over the whole Order so long as the chapter lasted, "the authority of the Master-General continuing unchanged after its conclusion." The refractory brethren at Toulouse sent an embassy to the Pope to appeal against the new rule of poverty, which required them to give up their property. They also objected to the rough and coarse habit which they were henceforth to wear, instead of that of the canons regular. It is amusing to find that Dominic arrested the malcontents as they passed through Bologna on their way to Rome. He took away their horses and money, and sent them back to their convent on foot, wearing the much-hated friar's habit. Certainly, no man knew better how to deal with opposition than Dominic.

His popularity grew so great in Bologna that he had to preach several times a day in the largest churches or out of doors in one of the public piazzas. People who wished to hear him were forced to secure their places long before the hour appointed for the sermon. Many stories are told to illustrate the profound impression he made on the city. Two columns, one surmounted by the statue of the Virgin, the other by that of Dominic, still mark the scene of his open-air services. His power in the pulpit added greatly to the prosperity of his Order. A severe attack of fever laid him low at Milan, in the course of his Italian preaching tour, but the brother who nursed him says, "He never complained of what he suffered, and it seemed to me that he spent the whole time in prayer and contemplation. . . . . As soon as the fever left him, he spoke to the brethren of God, or he held a book, or made some one read to him, or he praised God, and rejoiced in his infirmity, as was his invariable custom." The books referred to were his life-long favourites, the Dialogues of Cassian, and the Epistles of

St. Paul. As soon as his strength was restored, Dominic resumed his preaching tour. On his return to Bologna he found that additions had been made to the convent, which he deemed inconsistent with the rule of poverty. Tears flowed down his cheeks as he gazed on the new building. "Will you so soon forsake poverty, and build palaces while I am yet alive?" The work was abandoned while he lived, but it was the prelude to coming change. St. Francis had a similar experience when he came to see his friars at Bologna. The rule of poverty was doomed to be broken.

When the second general chapter assembled on May 30, 1221, Dominic was able to report that sixty convents had already been founded, and that a great many more were in course of erection. He urged the brethren to devote their strength to sacred learning, and to carry everywhere a copy of the Gospels and the Seven Canonical Epistles. In the following June Gilbert de Fresnoy, who had come over as English Provincial with a band of twelve brethren, preached before Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was so charmed with the discourse that he pledged himself to become the friend and protector of the Order. The Black Friars began their work at Oxford, where they soon won a great reputation. Their house in Holborn was founded the same year. Meanwhile Dominic had made another short tour in Italy. He returned to Bologna in the first week of August. His long marches, exposed to the violent summer heat, had worn away his strength. Fever and dysentery now laid him prostrate. He felt that the end had come. The sorrowing community stood around his bed whilst the dying General urged them to "extend the Order, which is now only in its beginning." Then he added, "Behold, my children, what I leave to you as a heritage: have charity, guard humility, and make your treasure out of voluntary poverty." At noon, on Friday, the 6th of August 1221, Dominic stretched his arms towards heaven, and expired, in the fifty-first year of his age. The brethren found an iron chain tightly bound round his waist. It had been worn for years, and had left many a scar on his body. This was of course deemed fresh evidence of his sanctity, and tears of tenderness burst

forth from the eyes of his friars as they looked upon it. All Bologna followed him to his resting-place. Patriarchs, bishops, and abbots from the surrounding region poured in to do him honour. He was laid to rest in the convent church, "under the feet of my brethren," as he had desired. Many miracles, including a sweet and penetrating perfume, which spread from the tomb through the church, are said to have been the fulfilment of his dying words: "Do not weep, my children; I shall be more helpful to you where I am now going than I have ever been in this life." Miss Drane even assures us that "the miracles duly attested as having been wrought by the saint's intercession since his death are of all kinds, and belong to all countries. Their simple enumeration would fill a volume, and however glorious to the memory of our saint, might prove but tedious to the reader." We are thankful for this reserve. Would that the biographer had spared us a little further! Dominic's friend, Gregory IX., canonised him in 1234. "I have no more doubt of the sanctity of this man," he said to the assembled cardinals, "than I have of that of St. Peter and St. Paul." The Pope's description of Dominic's sermons is worth repeating. "When he exercised the functions of an Apostolic preacher it was as though the thunder of heaven broke the hearts of the wicked; he seemed like a bow discharging a thousand sharp arrows against the delights of the flesh; and while the sects of the heretics trembled at his words, the hearts of the faithful were filled with joy unspeakable." "His voice," we are told, "was very powerful and musical, like the sound of a silver trumpet." Dominic was slightly built, of middle height, with fine eyes, "fair and bright" hair and beard, and a joyous look upon his face, which told of the peace that dwelt in his breast. Dante no doubt hits the mark in his description of Dominic:

> "The hallowed wrestler, gentle to his own,
> And to his enemies terrible."

Many attempts are made to prove that Dominic bore a strange likeness to our Lord. The Virgin is even said to have claimed him as her adopted son. This was thought to attest his sanctity, and was an evident counterpart to the Franciscan

myth that Christ lived again in their founder. It is pitiful to read of the hair shirts, and the discipline to blood, which Dominic carried out thrice every night—for his own sins, the sins of others, and, lastly, for the souls in purgatory. One of his rare recreations was to plant trees in his convent gardens.

In 1233, twelve years after their founder's death, the Pope transferred the Inquisition to the care of the Dominicans, whose ruthless zeal earned them the title of *Domini canes*—the dogs of the Lord. That black page of their history has brought eternal execration on the Order. It is but an extension of their master's zeal against heresy. But we must not forget the great theologians and preachers whom the friars gave to Christendom. Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Savonarola, and other lights of the Church were enrolled in Dominic's society; men who may be regarded as the direct fruit of his far-seeing policy. But his friars soon lost their primitive simplicity, and accumulated great wealth. It is not without interest to remember that the Reformation was hastened and popularised by the disgrace which Tetzel brought on his Order, and by the horrors of the Inquisition. Then came days of righteous retribution. The Dominicans lost more than four hundred convents by the spread of Protestantism, whilst the rise of the Jesuits robbed them of the chief places of honour in Roman Catholic countries.

Art. VI.—A PICTURE OF LONDON POVERTY.

Labour and Life of the People. Volume II.: London Continued. Edited by Charles Booth. London: Williams & Norgate. 1891.

IT would be difficult to over-praise the cautious carefulness, the ingenuity almost amounting to genius, and the high devotion to his task, of the editor of this unique and eminently useful work. It is a marvellous production. When complete it will form an indispensable and invaluable *vade mecum* to all whose duty it is to think and speak and labour for the amelio-

ration of the masses of the people in the towns and cities of the land. The scope of the inquiry embraces all the great centres of population in the United Kingdom. It is a stupendous, and, but for the results already achieved, we should have thought an impracticable undertaking. The work might well task the resources of a department of the State, and may easily overstrain the powers of a private individnal. It is a work, at all events, that can only be accomplished well and speedily by a division of labour. Mr. Booth, who is, we understand, a member of a firm of Liverpool merchants, has nobly led the way. At great expense of money, time, and labour, he and his assistants have accumulated, sifted, and set forth an enormous mass of information pertaining to life and labour in London. Is it too much to hope that his example may be widely followed? Why should not the methods which have proved so fruitful in his hands be adopted by many men of wealth and leisure in our large provincial towns?

Mr. Booth has been at work since 1883. The first-fruits of his labours were published in a volume noticed in these pages in January 1888. Up to that time his investigations had been confined to East London and to Hackney. The present volume contains the first instalment of the information gathered from the whole of the metropolis. Other volumes are to follow, dealing specially with the occupations of the people, and with the agencies at work for their improvement. In this the author has been obliged to limit himself to the conditions in which the people live, although, incidentally, and by means of monographs contributed by friends and helpers, he has been enabled to touch upon the topics reserved for more elaborate and systematic treatment in the time to come. Apparently, no source of information has been neglected, and no pains have been spared, to ensure the accuracy and completeness of the returns. The Local Government Board, the Boards of Guardians, the School Board and their visitors, the agents of the Charity Organisation Society, the Relieving Officers and the Police, the clergy and ministers and lay-workers amongst the poor—all have been consulted, and various other methods have been employed to test and check the information so laboriously obtained. Every district in

London has been included, and every street and court and block of buildings—extending over 1900 miles in all—has been coloured on the maps according to the character, and especially according to the degree of the poverty or wealth of its inhabitants. These wonderful maps add greatly to the distinctness and impressiveness of the accompanying statistics. They turn what would have been an inventory into a picture. There is one for the whole of London, divided into compound blocks of about 30,000 inhabitants, and shaded according to the percentage of poverty found in each. Another, in four sections, gives each street as in an ordinary map, but the streets are in different tints—black, dark blue, light blue, purple, red, and yellow—to indicate the class of residents; whilst a third, by a very ingenious arrangement, is made to show the percentage of the people in the various districts who were born in other parts of the United Kingdom.

The area represented on the maps is practically the same as that which is included in the Registration Districts, and does not extend to the populous suburbs springing up all round the Metropolis, properly so called. Larger London contains a population of nearly six millions—5,656,000 was the number returned in April last—a population far more numerous, it is well to be reminded, than that of Ireland, Sweden, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Canada, or Australia. Of this enormous population, 1,347,000 live in districts beyond the range of Mr. Booth's researches. Had they been included, they would doubtless have considerably modified his conclusions. In particular, they would have largely reduced the percentage of poverty for the whole of London, and this in spite of the fact that, according to a rough estimate made by Mr. Booth on very imperfect data, one of these outlying districts, that of West Ham, including Stratford, West Ham, Leyton, and Walthamstow, with a population of over 300,000, shows a percentage of poverty—38—not less than that for East London between the City and Bow.

It is with inner London, however, that we are now specially concerned. The population classified and tabulated by Mr. Booth amounts to 4,309,000, and it will be a surprise and a relief to most people to learn that two out of every three

persons in this vast aggregate are living in comfort, if not in wealth, and that of those who are said to be living in poverty, only a comparatively small percentage are classed as "very poor." Absolutely, it is true, the number of the poor in this the wealthiest city in the world is large—too large to be contemplated with anything but pity and concern; too large to be endured; but relatively it is smaller than was feared. The mass of poverty is large enough to stimulate and tax the energies of statesmen and philanthropists, but not too large to destroy all confidence in the success of wise and systematic efforts effectually and hopefully to reduce it. Of course, so long as London continues to attract desperate poverty—not to speak of vice and crime—from all quarters and corners of the earth, it must remain impossible to remove it altogether. But the broad effect of these new revelations will, we think, be—

"to cheer desponding men
With new-born hope."

The classes into which the masses of the Metropolis are divided may be thus described, and the table which follows gives the proportion in which they are found in the whole of the area described:

PERCENTAGE OF POVERTY IN THE WHOLE OF LONDON.

Class.	Population.	Percentage.	
A.	37,610	Or 0.9 per cent.	In poverty 30.7 per cent.
B.	316,834	„ 7.5 „ „	
C. & D.	938,293	„ 22.3 „ „	
E. & F.	2,166,503	„ 51.5 „ „	In comfort 69.3 per cent.
G. & H.	749,930	„ 17.8 „ „	
	4,209,170	100 per cent.	
Inmates of Institutions	99,830		
	4,309,000		

A. is the lowest class of all, and consists of "occasional labourers, loafers, and semi-criminals." Class B. comprises "the very poor," who are said to have a "hand to mouth existence," and to be in

"chronic want." By C. and D. are meant "the poor, including alike those whose earnings are small because of irregularity of employment, and those whose work, although regular, is ill-paid." The average earnings of these two classes when in work are from 18*s.* to 21*s.* per week. E. and F. cover the various grades of regularly employed and fairly-paid workmen, who are for the most part in comfortable circumstances. G. and H. represent the lower and upper middle, and the wealthy classes.

We have compiled another little table showing how the number of "inmates of institutions" is made up, the classes amongst which they may be fairly distributed, and the revised percentages necessitated by the addition of what may perhaps be called the passive to the active population:

Class.	Description.	Number.	Revised percentage.
A.	Inmates of Prisons . .	5,833	A. 1.0 per cent.
B.	Indoor Paupers . . .	45,963	B. 8.4 ,,
C. & D.	Inmates of Hospitals, Asylums, Homes, &c.	38,714	C. & D. 22.7 ,,
E. & F.	Troops in Barracks, &c.	9,320	E. & F. 50.5 ,,
			G. & H. 17.4 ,,
	Total	99,830	

Accompanying the street maps in the Appendix volume, there is an elaborate and voluminous table (covering sixty double pages), giving brief descriptions and detailed statistics of each of the blocks and areas into which the maps are divided; but we can only find room for the general summary on which the totals and percentages of the classes named above are based. The general divisions used are the School Board Divisions, which, though not exactly coinciding with the Registration Districts, are limited to the same general area. For purposes of comparison, we append a second summary showing the population and the percentages of poverty in each of the parts into which, on another principle, Mr. Booth has divided and subdivided the Metropolis, in order to represent the volume and the distribution, as distinguished from the intensity of that poverty.

Summary I.

School Board.	In Poverty.					In Comfort.				
Division	A.	B.	C. and D.	Total.	Per cent.	E. and F.	G. and H.	Total.	Per cent.	Grand Total.
City of London .	574	2,676	10,152	13,402	31.5	22,948	6,211	29,159	68.5	42,561
Westminster . .	1,314	15,988	33,395	50,707	24.5	115,151	41,323	156,474	75.5	207,181
Chelsea. . . .	3,874	17,605	83,899	105,378	24.6	188,253	134,101	322,354	75.4	427,732
Marylebone . .	3,762	27,996	116,816	148,574	25.8	300,049	126,487	426,536	74.2	575,110
Finsbury . . .	6,886	51,818	122,539	181,243	35.5	244,420	84,895	329,315	64.5	510,558
Hackney . . .	4,299	47,525	97,007	148,831	34.5	229,255	53,580	282,835	65.5	431,666
Tower Hamlets .	6,683	52,534	106,127	165,344	36.0	268,938	25,591	294,529	64.0	459,873
Southwark . .	4,489	30,603	73,199	108,291	47.6	108,708	10,534	119,242	52.4	227,533
West Lambeth .	1,340	26,716	128,262	156,318	26.6	311,058	119,298	430,356	73.4	586,674
East Lambeth .	3,277	18,656	83,772	105,705	30.0	184,879	62,249	247,128	70.0	352,833
Greenwich . .	1,047	24,711	82,882	108,640	28.0	193,467	85,342	278,809	72.0	387,449
Total . . .	37,545	316,838	938,050	1,292,433	30·7	2,167,126	749,611	2,916,737	69.3	4,209,170

SUMMARY II.

Position.	Population.	Percentage of Poverty.
City	42,561	31
Central part of East London .	367,057	44
Eastern „ „ „ .	328,361	32
Northern „ „ „ .	196,121	24
Central „ North „ .	225,330	43
Northern „ „ „ .	353,642	32
Central „ West „ .	371,091	21
Western „ „ „ .	483,298	25
Northern „ „ „ .	287,220	25
Central „ South „ .	387,248	47
Eastern „ „ „ .	362,333	32
Southern „ „ „ .	435,667	22
Western „ „ „ .	369,241	27
	4,209,170	Average, 31

Apart from the details on which they are based, it is to be feared that neither of these summaries will be of so much service as could be desired. Our hope is that our readers may be induced to study the details for themselves. It is mainly in its minute and multitudinous particulars that the interest and value of the work consist. It is a wonderful book. Dip into it where he will, the most casual reader will find something to arrest his attention and excite his thought, whilst, to the sympathetic student of the social problems of the time, the pages teem with matter of absorbing interest and inestimable worth. The sad statistics of privation, vice, and crime can hardly fail to move the heart with pity, and to fill the mind with "light and leading" as to where the need is sorest, if not as to the kind of help required. Moreover, as already hinted, the effect of these statistics and descriptions as a whole will be to give new hope and courage to the happily increasing multitude of workers in this and other arduous but fascinating fields of philanthropic toil.

One of the facts brought to light by the last of the series of tables summarised above has reference to East London. Neither as a whole nor in any of its parts can this vast

portion of the Metropolis longer claim its "bad pre-eminence" in poverty. "The highest percentage in any one block is in South London; an area with about 30,000 inhabitants lying between Blackfriars and London Bridge having close upon 68 per cent. of poor. The next in order is also to be found south of the Thames at Greenwich, where an area with 31,000 has fully 65 per cent. North London follows with nearly 61 per cent. in the neighbourhood of Goswell Road, and East London stands fourth on the list with 59 per cent. in a part of Bethnal Green." And taking a still wider sweep, it is found that in South London there are 750,000 people between Blackfriars and Woolwich, 40 per cent. of whom are poor; in East London, between the City Boundary and Bow, 700,000, and in North London 600,000, of whom 38 per cent. respectively are poor. So that though the difference, when these larger areas are taken, is not very great, at every turn South London takes the lead in this melancholy comparison. It was an accurate instinct, therefore, and a happy inspiration that led to the selection of this locality for the new Methodist Settlement now being formed in Bermondsey. Within a stone's-throw of the Institute in course of erection, there are nearly 8000 persons, over 54 per cent. of whom are classed as poor; while, within the chosen sphere of social and evangelistic work, the population is so dense and varied that the bands of settlers from our schools and colleges will find ample scope for all their gifts and graces and resources, and more than ample experience for all their powers. It will not be suprising if, at first, with Mr. Booth, they should be dismayed to find that "the people where the standard of life is low"—he is speaking of South London—"seem to be quite happy in poverty, hunger, and dirt, enlivened with drink, and not to be roused to better things, or else that the right way to rouse them has not been found;" but they will at least have the honour of going "to those who need them most." The "leaders of a hope forlorn" like this may safely count upon the sympathy and succour of the Church that sends them forth.

Another fact, partly hidden in the tables, but made conspicuous by the colours on the maps, is worthy of remark. Where wealth abounds the deepest poverty and misery are sometimes to be seen. In the West End, for example, there

are six dark patches in the midst of the bright red and yellow which prevail. These six patches are to be found in Westminster, Lisson Grove, The Lock Bridge (Westbourne Park), Kensal New Town, St. Clement's Road, and Wandsworth Bridge Road, and in the chapter on "Outlying London" details with respect to each of them are given. Concerning the dark patch in Westminster, covering a district bounded on the east by the Thames, on the north by the Abbey and Victoria Street, and on the west and south by Strutton Ground and Horseferry Road, and containing a population of close upon 18,000, among whom 52.3 per cent. are in poverty, Mr. Booth observes: "The people look poor and vicious, and comparing this district with others, it is the vicious look which strikes the eye"—an observation confirmed by the returns, which give no less than 26.8 as the percentage in classes A. and B. "They do not suffer much from actual want, being so conveniently placed in the neighbourhood of the large squares, &c., where food can generally be obtained for the asking. The Charity Organisation Society is bitterly hated here. Drink is the great destroyer. Many of the people, more especially the fallen women, almost live on it." *

Near Lisson Grove, in the midst of a very wealthy neighbourhood, there is a district containing no less than 50,000 souls, of whom the half are poor. "The poor half is said to be friendly but ignorant—savage rather than bad. The men are mostly casual labourers and hawkers, while the women do washing and charing. Below these there is a substratum of thieves, cadgers, common prostitutes, and other loose and loafing men and women." Then comes the usual refrain, "Throughout drink is very prevalent." In the dark patch round about St. Clement's Road "we find poverty of as deep and dark a type as anywhere in London; nearly 9 per cent. of A., over 14 per cent. of B., and over 47 per cent. of C. and D. . . . . The general poverty of the district may be gauged by the returns of the School Board. The fee is only 1*d.*, and half the fees are remitted, and 500 children receive free meals."

* This is the district in which the Horseferry Road Wesleyan Training College and Practising Schools are situate, and where the Westminster Wesleyan Mission, as well as several well-worked Church Missions, has for years past done much excellent work.

Mr. Booth is puzzled to account for these masses of misery in the midst of wealth, but he hazards a conjecture that the volume of poverty in these districts has been greatly swollen by the evictions necessitated by the destruction and renovation of unsanitary areas in West Central London; and he has no doubt that poverty is constantly intensified by the not sufficiently discriminate, and sometimes excessive relief administered from public and from private funds.* The competition of the various religious sects for these poor people is also noted by him as conducing to their shiftlessness and confirming them in their unthrifty ways. Mr. Booth is no cynic, and writes in no unfriendly spirit towards the Churches, and his incidental observations on this subject may be profitably pondered by all workers in the slums. There is evidently a sad lack of system and co-operation among the various bodies organised for social and religious work, and the evils arising out of their not altogether unhealthy rivalry are intensified by the careless gifts of charitable individuals who with laudable but misdirected zeal diffuse their alms without inquiry, but not, alas, without the most injurious results. The impudence, the imposition, the improvidence to which such careless and conflicting charity gives rise would scarcely be believed by those who have not looked upon the matter from an outside point of view. "I say, guv'nor, ain't you going to give us something afore you go? We'll break your —— neck if you don't." These words, quoted by Mr. Booth from a City

* A close familiarity with the long past history of some of the present seats and strongholds of poverty and vice in London will serve, at least in some measure, to account for their present condition. Between the Abbey, for instance, and St. James's Park, and again between the Abbey and the Thames, is what has been called the "Devil's Acre," Horseferry Road being one of its boundaries. The proximity of the old monastic establishment of St. Peter's, Westminster (the Abbey Church), with its almsgiving, and the privilege of sanctuary from law and secular authority, which for long centuries made the whole region a shelter for vice and crime of every sort, as well as for poverty—made it, in fact, the Alsatia of Westminster—combined to stamp upon the neighbourhood a character which infected all its inhabitants, and made it a network of the most disreputable and dangerous slums. Such a character once stamped upon an extensive city district remains unchanged for centuries, unless legislation intervenes. Similar circumstances have produced similar results in other parts of London. The proximity, again, in one and the same focus, as in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, of theatres and markets, could not but be favourable to vice and unthrift, and therefore to poverty and crime.

Missionary's report, reveal the not uncommon sentiment produced by alms unwisely given.

"A clergyman who took a Mission Chapel in this district (West Central) some years ago was astonished to find no fewer than thirty regular communicants, but it turned out that these people had received most of the alms the mission distributed. He changed the system, and the number attending dropped to two; the others 'could get more elsewhere.' Nor is the struggle of different sects over these poor souls conducive to anything but evil. Those who are hunted up in their homes on a Sunday morning by five or six religious bodies are not likely to be spiritually impressed by any. Religious services cannot be expected to do much good to those who attend them only to qualify for charitable assistance, or even, though this is less objectionable, if their simple motive is to enjoy the meal of tea and buns which often follows."

It is also doubtful whether the system of free feeding for London children as at present organised with the lower grade schools and at the feeding centres does not tend to nourish the evil it is meant to cure. In an extremely valuable chapter on "Elementary Education," Miss Tabor, to whose painstaking co-operation Mr. Booth has been largely indebted in this branch of his inquiry, acutely and wisely observes that

"the free meal every school-day, given to all who, on the score of need, put in their claim, simply reduces by so much the minimum cost, and therefore the minimum wage, at which family life is possible. To the shiftless and indifferent it means the removal of that natural and wholesome stimulus which the necessity of providing for a family supplies. To the idle and drinking parent it means so much set free for the publican's till. To all it means liberty to add with impunity fresh units to the helpless and unwieldy mass already hanging like a millstone round the necks of the thrifty poor. . . . . One thing we are bound to admit. The child must be fed: by its parents, by charity, or by the State. If by charity, full and strict inquiry should bring to light the causes of distress; if by the State, the parent should be classed as in receipt of outdoor relief; in no other way can we secure to the child a portion at least of its natural rights, without fostering unduly the growth of a residuum class, and preparing for the coming generation a burden heavier than our own."

Into the vast and difficult question as to the most effectual methods of preventing and removing poverty, however, we cannot enter now. Mr. Booth has added so much to our knowledge of the nature and extent and distribution of the evil to be dealt with, that, pending the elaborate investigation promised into the effects of the remedial agencies in operation, we are reluctant to attempt to form a judgment even on the remedies

foreshadowed rather than proposed by him. At the close of this extended inquiry, it is no less evident to Mr. Booth than it was at the end of his first volume, that the *crux* of the situation is to be found in Class B.; but it is not more easy to see how it should be dealt with. Nor does he feel sufficiently equipped for the practical discussion of his proposal for a revision of the Poor Law, though it is clear that it is chiefly in this direction that he expects to find the surest and the speediest solution of the numerous and perplexing problems made more patent and more painful but less hopeless by his toils.

"Any one" [he writes in his conclusion] "who studies the London streets given in the foregoing pages * will learn how various are the circumstances even of those who can only be considered as 'very poor,' and can hardly fail to perceive how multiform are the remedies which the troubles of poverty demand. What is less evident, and more unheeded, is the extent to which multiform remedies, wise or unwise, are now being applied. Before deciding what further or other action should be pursued, we need to take stock of all that is being done now, so as to trace the effects of the agencies actually at work upon the existing state of things; to compare the principles by which they are guided, and the condition of the districts left to themselves on account of the lack or the lapse of such agencies, with that of others in which religious or philanthropic enthusiasm is active; and so gather into one focus a mass of varied experience."

This much needed work Mr. Booth purposes to undertake as soon as he has completed his description of the occupations of the people. The results will be welcomed by all who desire that their zeal should be according to knowledge, and that their efforts should be directed in the wisest and least wasteful ways. We could have wished, however, that the more pressing had not been postponed to the less urgent undertaking. From the Census Returns, which Mr. Booth

* At the end of the detailed description of these sixty-six sample streets, containing nearly 12,000 inhabitants, a careful analysis is given, showing the causes and concomitants of the poverty prevailing in them; from which it appears that "widowhood is found most in B. and next in D.; old age also most in B., but not much less in D. or E. Habits of intemperance, which are noted down for 20 per cent. of Class A., stand at 10 and 11 per cent. for B. and C., and fall to 5 and 4 per cent. for D. and E., while cases of sickness show a uniformly decreasing ratio from B. to F., except that D. and E. are bracketed at 2 per cent. Only in Class A. is there a large proportion without any work. These are those who will not work. Irregularity of work is found mostly and about equally in B. and C. Large families preponderate in B., but are also found in excess in D."

means to make the basis of his further descriptions, those who are specially interested in the subject will be able to gather the information they need with respect to the trades and industries of the people. What we all are eager to know is how effectually and permanently to better their condition. Experts, at the worst, could wait, but enthusiasts are apt to be impatient, and, in these matters, happily, we are most of us enthusiasts now.

Meanwhile, there is no reason why well-tried and strikingly effective means of reaching and of raising the masses should not at once be multiplied. Among these means, our readers will not doubt, are such as have been used for many years by Christian workers and by Churches and congregations in their collective capacity. Such efforts have been undertaken with renewed energy and zeal, and on a largely increased scale, during the last twenty years, by the Church for which it is not unfit that on this matter we should speak. Never was the Wesleyan Methodist Church more full of life and buoyant energy; never were its members more eager to be led into fresh activities for the social and religious advancement of the people; and in no part of England has the work of Methodism in this generation been more fruitful than in London. Methodism in London had originally to contend with special difficulties. The ground was preoccupied by many hundreds of Churches, not only of the Establishment but belonging to the older Nonconformist bodies, which, when Wesley began his work, were relatively more numerous and stronger in London than they are at the present time. The number of well-establishdd Nonconformist Churches in London, Westminster, and Southwark, when Wesley began his work, only to find all the Churches closed against him, was nearly, if not quite, as great as the number of Wesleyan Methodist Chapels within the same limits to-day. For more than a century Metropolitan Methodism remained comparatively very feeble, and, indeed, rather fell behind than increased in its proportionate growth and development. Since the establishment, however, of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund in 1861, more than eighty chapels, most of them large ones, have been built, and each of them has been a centre and a source of spiritual power and Church extension. Not only has the number of Methodists been enormously increased—by

more than 150 per cent. in thirty years—but these chapels, as well as the various branches of the London Wesleyan Mission, have been fountains of Christian beneficence. From the very first, as is well known to those familiar with its history, a thoughtful and far-reaching philanthropy has always been an essential element in the religion preached and practised by the followers of Wesley; and it is the simple truth to say that, in common with her mother and her sister Churches, Wesleyan Methodism has, during recent years, had no small nor unacknowledged share in effecting the marked improvement in the *morale* of the Metropolis, and in the material condition of the people. That improvement is observed of all observers. But, with the black and blue and purple streaks and patches on the maps before us in full view, complacency is out of place if not impossible. Dr. Rigg observed in the London Wesleyan Council in July, that by means of the great building fund referred to, Methodism has been "lifted up and made strong, so that it can look around to see how it can reach the slums and the artisan population." Mr. Booth has enabled us to put our finger on the places where the need is sorest and the special help that can be given is likely to be the most effective. It remains for men of Christian character and sympathy throughout the land loyally and liberally to support the devoted workers in the midst of these vast masses of destitution and misery who, with science and with sympathy, as well as with abounding zeal, are labouring to prevent and cure the evils we deplore.

Art. VII.—WESLEY HIS OWN BIOGRAPHER.

Wesley his own Biographer. Selections from the Journals of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. With numerous Illustrations, and the Original Account of his Death. London: C. H. Kelly. 1891.

THIS is a happy title for a volume which is unique in English literature. Lives of Wesley have multiplied during the last hundred years until they now form a little library by themselves.

The biographers have held widely differing views as to many phases of the great Evangelist's character and work. No one could expect a disappointed man like Hampson to be an altogether impartial critic, or would hope to find Dr. Whitehead free from prejudice against the "preachers" with whom he had so much controversy after Wesley's death. Yet, when all deductions have been made, we may safely assert that there is scarcely one among all the Lives of Wesley which does not contribute something towards the better understanding of the man and his times. Robert Southey especially laid Methodism under a lasting debt by his admirable biography. It was in some sense a labour of love, for Wesley had laid his hand on the boy's head at Bristol and blessed him. "I feel," Southey said in later life, "as though I had the blessing of that good man upon me at the present moment." It is a great blot on his work that he represents Wesley as ambitious, but he was afterwards convinced that he had thus done his memory a grievous wrong. Unhappily he did not live to set this right in a later edition. Notwithstanding this blemish, Southey's noble portraiture of Wesley did much to win for the great Evangelist a more friendly verdict in circles where no other biography could hope to penetrate. Of all the volumes in Coleridge's ragged book regiment, Southey's *Wesley* was oftenest in his hands. The "Sage of Highgate" was wont to resort to it whenever sickness or languor made him feel the want of an old friend. Mr. Tyerman's volumes are a strange contrast to Southey's. The literary charm of the story has vanished. Nor is the Wesleyan critic as fair or clear-sighted as the great Churchman of a former generation. His very honesty has led him to pass harsh judgment on many details of Wesley's conduct, so that the reader often finds himself taking up arms in Wesley's defence. Mr. Tyerman's research has, however, poured a flood of light on many incidents in Wesley's career, and made him better known to men of all Churches.

If the biographies have done much to secure for the founder of Methodism the esteem and love of succeeding generations, the historians have also done their part. Lord Macaulay's verdict that Wesley possessed as great a genius for government as Richelieu is now universally endorsed. Students like John Richard Green have learned to trace the great social

crusade of this century to its springs in the Methodist movement of a hundred and fifty years ago. "The noblest result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor." Mr. Lecky is impressed by Wesley's wonderful vigour and zeal. "Few things in ecclesiastical history are more striking than the energy and the success with which he propagated his opinions. He was gifted with a frame of iron, and with spirits that never flagged."

The biographers and historians who have thus helped to make the great Evangelist known, owe their inspiration to Wesley himself. It is sober fact to describe him as "his own biographer." He little understood when he penned the early pages of his journals with what eager interest they would be scanned by generation after generation of readers. The brief journals of seventy and eighty pages which were sold for a few pence circulated widely among friends and foes. The successive instalments were eagerly welcomed by his societies, and attracted wide attention from outside circles. They were, in fact, his *Apologia pro vita sua*. In them Wesley laid bare the workings of his heart. He showed, as only he could show, the providential train of events which had shaken him out of his early prejudices and guided him to his life-work. The calm reasonableness which breathes in every line must have deeply impressed all thoughtful men. Wesley courted publicity. He had nothing to conceal, no selfish ends to serve. He told his story with perfect candour, in the hope that others would recognise in his course the guiding hand of God, and take their part in the Church's mission to the degraded masses of the community.

Wesley's journals now appear for the first time in a really popular and attractive form. Any one who will place the pamphlet journals of his day by the side of this handsome volume will see what a contrast there is between the two. Dr Gregory, the editor, has omitted various theological and ecclesiastical matter which appeals to comparatively few readers. The journals have thus been brought into the compass of one volume. The profusion of illustrations makes the book a pictorial history of Methodism. Every phase of

Wesley's life is represented. Romney's portrait, which forms the frontispiece, can scarcely fail to impress even the most casual observer. Historic scenes, such as the escape from the fire at Epworth, the meeting of the Holy Club at Oxford, Wesley preaching at the Sandhill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the death-bed at City Road, are seen in full-page illustrations. There is an excellent picture of the interior of West Street chapel in the West-end of London, and of its old pulpit—now turned into a kind of cupboard for gowns—from which the Wesleys, Whitefield, and Fletcher preached. The quaint scene at Nottingham, with the sisters in the lower room and the brethren above, should not be overlooked. A chair has been placed on the table, so that Wesley's head reaches through an opening in the upper room. All can thus see and hear in comfort. It is perhaps cruel to add that, if the huge table had only been cleared away, men and women might have met in peace below. The old chapel still standing at Derby, where Wesley preached and Dr. Dixon received much spiritual blessing in early life, has not been forgotten. Wesley's mission in Georgia, the first class-meeting, the famous services in Epworth churchyard, the encounter with Beau Nash at Bath, South Leigh church, where Wesley preached his first sermon, Westminster and Kingswood schools, Vincent Perronet's church at Shoreham, Madeley, the home of John Fletcher—these and a host of historic scenes are all represented in this volume. The book is also a Methodist portrait gallery. The Wesley family is represented by the two brothers, with their mother and paternal grandfather. We are sorry that old Samuel Wesley has not also found a niche here. Perronet, Whitefield, Fletcher, and Romaine; William Grimshaw, the Apostle of Haworth, and his church, are all here. Mary Bosanquet's portrait is supplemented by good views of her birthplace at Leyton, and her orphanage at Cross Hall, Lady Huntington and her college at Trevecka, are not forgotten. Nor are the heroic "preachers" overlooked. John Nelson, of whom Southey said truly that he "had as high a spirit and as brave a heart as ever Englishman was blessed with;" John Downes, as great a genius in Wesley's judgment as Sir Isaac Newton; Thomas Walsh, the Hebrew scholar and Apostle of the Irish; John Jane, who died with only one shilling and

fourpence in the world—these are some of the heroes of early Methodism who have rightly found a place in this illustrated edition of the journals. It may surprise some readers to have pictures of so many towns and cathedrals in all parts of the kingdom, as well as portraits of such men as Wilberforce and Dr. Johnson, but even this wealth of woodcuts imperfectly represents the varied interest possessed by the journals of the great itinerant who travelled four to five thousand miles a year for more than half a century.

These illustrations, in fact, materially aid us in realising the life that John Wesley lived. After his return from Georgia he was led by Peter Böhler to recognise his want of living faith in Christ. As yet he had no message for the masses. The joy of personal acceptance with God, which he found in May 1738, prepared him for his mission. Wesley did not even then discern the path by which God was leading him. His horizon of usefulness seemed bounded by his labours in the religious societies of the Metropolis and in any churches that were still open to him. Whitefield's summons to take up the open-air services in Bristol startled him. It seemed like a great disaster. The Wesleys had caught from the Moravians the questionable art of opening their Bibles, and looking at the first text that met the eye in order to discover the will of God. John Wesley admits that the verses he read made him perhaps a little less inclined to respond to Whitefield's call. They were certainly ominous: "Get thee up into this mountain; and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people." "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Charles Wesley's somewhat fierce opposition was completely silenced by the verse to which he turned: "Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet shalt thou not mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run down."

Wesley went to Bristol with trembling. But he soon found that God had a blessed mission for him among the colliers of Kingswood. Under date March 31, 1739, he writes in his journal: "I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which he [Mr.

Whitefield] set me an example on Sunday; having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church." What a glimpse this page of the autobiography gives us into Wesley's state of mind! The great field preacher has to to be driven to his sphere of usefulness. No historian or biographer can paint this crisis as Wesley himself does. The journal is not merely autobiographic, it is a sort of instantaneous photography, which catches the moods and impressions of the moment and helps us to understand how Wesley actually felt in these crucial hours of his life.

Three years passed before Wesley's circuit was extended to the North of England. Here also we must turn to the journals. Up to the year 1742 London and Bristol had been his headquarters, whence he made occasional visits to the surrounding districts. In the spring of that year he received a summons to Leicestershire, where his friend, Miss Cowper, was dying. The Countess of Huntingdon, with whom this lady lived, had previously urged Wesley to visit Newcastle in order that he might preach to the colliers. He found that place ripe for Him who "came not to call the righteous, but the sinners to repentance." There was a splendid audience. He had never seen so large a crowd either at Moorfields or Kennington Common as that which assembled to hear him at Sandgate, "the poorest and most contemptible part of the town." Wesley discerned that here also God had set before him an open door. Still more impressive was the week of preaching in Epworth churchyard. The pulpit was denied him, but he took his stand on his father's tomb, and all Epworth as well as the surrounding region flocked to hear him.

Wesley's journals are like some great canvas on which the stages of the Evangelical Revival are represented by the hand of a master. We not only linger here to study the chief turning-points of the work, but to watch all the varied incidents of its progress. We see the early Methodists scouted and persecuted by the gentry and clergy as well as by the rabble of town and country. Wesley's encounters with the mob, indeed furnish some of the most stirring scenes.

We mark with wonder the calm courage with which he bore himself in every critical moment. During the five terrible hours when he was in the midst of the rioters at Walsall, he was as calm as though he had been sitting in his study. At Falmouth, in July 1745, a house where he had gone to visit a sick lady was beset with "an innumerable multitude of people," who cried, "Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?" This was an unmeaning word used in Cornwall to describe the Methodists. At one time it seemed as though Wesley's life was not worth a moment's purchase. Some sailors set their shoulders against the inner door, which fell back into the room. Wesley quietly stepped forward into the midst of them, crying, "Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? or you? or you?" He had purposely left his hat inside that all might see his face. He continued speaking till he had reached the middle of the street, then, raising his voice, he asked, "Neighbours, countrymen! Do you desire to hear me speak." Those who could hear were soon quite silent, and two or three of the ringleaders swore that no one should touch him. A clergyman and alderman with some gentlemen of the town now came to his rescue. Before long Wesley was safely on his way to Penryn. He gratefully records the gracious Providence which had watched over him. "Although the hands of perhaps some hundreds of people were lifted up to strike or throw, yet they were one and all stopped in the midway; so that not a man touched me with one of his fingers; neither was anything thrown from first to last; so that I had not even a speck of dirt on my clothes." Wesley's perfect temper and calm self-possession are clearly seen in these encounters. It was his invariable rule to look a mob in the face. He thus achieved some notable victories over the angry crowds that threatened his life. Perhaps the most striking instance of Wesley's power was at Bolton, in October 1749. "Such rage and bitterness I scarce ever saw before," he writes, "in any creatures that bore the form of man." They filled the street from end to end, and then burst into the house where Wesley was. When he thought the fitting moment had arrived he stepped downstairs. "I called for a chair. The winds were hushed, and all was calm and still.

My heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, my mouth with arguments. They were amazed, they were ashamed, they were melted down, they devoured every word. What a turn was this! O how did God change the counsel of the old Ahithophel into foolishness; and bring all the drunkards, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, and mere sinners in the place, to hear of His plenteous redemption!"

As we turn over the pages of his journals, we not only gain a loftier estimate of Wesley's patience and courage, we see that the quaint side of his adventures never escapes him. At Hull his own coachman had driven away from the place where his master was preaching. A lady kindly offered Mr. and Mrs. Wesley seats in her carriage. The mob now moved along by their side, throwing into the coach whatever came to hand. But Wesley himself was safe. "A large gentlewoman who sat in my lap, screened me, so that nothing came near me."

A comparison between Wesley's journals and those of George Fox may help to make the charm of the great Methodist Evangelist's record clearer. As histories of the work of grace in the human heart both journals have enduring interest. Drayton-in-the-Clay, where Fox was born in 1624, was perhaps even more benighted than the little town of Epworth, where Wesley was cradled eighty years later. Both Fox and Wesley were marked by peculiar seriousness in boyhood. Fox says: "In my very young years I had a gravity and staidness of mind and spirit, not usual in children." John Wesley was so early impressed by the rectory training, that his father admitted him to the Lord's Table when he was but eight years old. Fox and Wesley alike passed through many a struggle before they found the light. They had indeed no one to guide them. Fox wandered from home at the bidding of a voice which seemed to tell him "to forsake all, young and old, to keep out of the way of all, and to be a stranger to all." He came to Barnet just before he was twenty. He afterwards wrote, "Now, during the time that I was at Barnet, a strong temptation to despair came upon me; and then I saw how Christ was tempted, and mighty troubles I was in; and sometimes I kept myself retired in my chamber, and often walked solitary in the Chase, there to wait upon the Lord." One blind guide

—"a divine" at Mansetter in Warwickshire, to whom he turned—bade him smoke tobacco and sing psalms to cure his melancholy. But Fox says, "Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in an estate to sing; I could not sing." It was not till he had known years of sorrowful search, that one day whilst walking in the fields he received the assurance that his name was written in heaven. Wesley was saved from much of Fox's darkness by discerning that the Bible knew nothing of solitary religion, and also by those works of mercy about which we read in the beautiful letters prefixed to his journals.

Fox was, like Wesley, a restless itinerant. The record of his journeyings is often profoundly interesting. The narrative of his own sufferings and those of the early Quakers, is simply appalling. But Fox had none of that gentleness and conciliatory bearing which so often disarmed Wesley's foes. The way in which he insisted on delivering his soul is sometimes almost too much for a reader's gravity. At Redruth, despite the protests of the soldiers who had him in custody, he rides back to warn an old man of his sins. "The soldiers drew out their pistols and swore that I should not go back; I heeded them not, but rid back, and they rid after me. So I cleared myself to the old man and the people, and then returned back again with them, and reproved them for being so rude and violent."

All this is delightful. But Fox is too much absorbed in his own moods to be a good chronicler. His story often palls upon the reader. There are many pages over which one is sorely tempted to skip. Fox moved restlessly about England, yet we look in vain for any descriptions of the towns and villages he visited. It is true that Farnham and Basingstoke are characterised as "very rude towns," and that we catch a glimpse of a "tall white old man" in Northumberland, who was said to have reached the patriarchal age of one hundred and twenty-two. These rare gleams of interest cannot, however, redeem Fox's journal from the charge of weariness. He is too much wrapped up in his mission to care for things around him. Wesley, on the other hand, never lost his interest in every-day life. Once, when travelling between Glasgow and

Greenock with two of his preachers, he asked Thomas Rutherford, who had often gone that way before, to tell him the name of a gentleman's seat, but the young preacher did not know. "When I can learn nothing else," said Wesley, "I like to learn the names of houses and villages as I pass them." He never missed an opportunity of visiting any famous gardens near which he might find himself, and carefully noted down his impressions. He delighted in fine scenery, and managed when he was eighty-two years of age to get down the rocks at the Land's End to the very edge of the water. We find him both in Westminster Abbey and the British Museum, and even catch him experimenting on the wild beasts at the Tower, in order to see whether they were as fond of music as "the old lion at Edinburgh." Famous seats in all parts of the country were visited with the zest of a present day tourist. It is scarcely necessary to add that we owe to Wesley's interest in everything that bordered on the supernatural many of the most fascinating pages in his journal.

There is, perhaps, no other book which throws so much light on the England of the eighteenth century. The hardships and perils of travel, the aspects of English towns, the manner of life among rich and poor, are all photographed in his delightful pages. Nor is this all. Wesley was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time. He would have been well content if he might have spent his life at the University with his books and students. But it was otherwise ordained. The Oxford Fellow was led by a marvellous chain of providential circumstances to become the apostle of the common people. He renounced his quiet at Oxford to preach to the Indians in Georgia, and returned to England to labour among colliers, tinners, and cotton-spinners. Wesley carried with him everywhere an atmosphere of refinement and high culture. He was never without a book, and he took care that his people should walk in his steps. His journals abound with bright epitomes and extracts from his reading, as well as with pungent criticism of poetry, history, biography and travel. There is a catholicity about his critiques which astonishes those who do not know the man. These entries must often have filled young readers with a thirst for knowledge, and have raised the

general tone of his societies. Wesley, indeed, clearly recognised that the work of grace would quickly die out if his converts were not a reading people. He therefore jealously sought to stimulate them to true culture of mind and heart. His cheap publications, which were scattered broadcast, bore fruit for eternity. The "preachers" often met at some convenient centre, like Kingswood School, to read over with him some standard works. Their zest for study gave Wesley profound satisfaction. They were men drawn in most part from humble stations, but he inspired them with some of his own enthusiasm for sacred learning, and rejoiced greatly when he could record any case of scholarship like that of Thomas Walsh.

We have endeavoured to give some faint conception of the various human interest of Wesley's journals. Their charm is admitted by the most competent critics. Southey caught their spirit in his inimitable biography, but it is not generally known that Dean Stanley was an enthusiastic admirer of the journals, as he was also of the Wesley poetry. He came into possession of Dr. Kennicott's papers, and read with deep interest the great Hebraist's account of Wesley's last sermon before the Univerity of Oxford. Stanley recognised in a moment the moral heroism displayed by Wesley, and was thus led to peruse his journals. "He read them with avidity and wonder, and expressed his admiration of them in the highest terms to another leading member of the University, who made no secret of his Methodist extraction." The journals could never be read to greater advantage than in this illustrated and condensed edition. It is a volume which one turns over with unflagging zest. It has already established its popularity, but we hope that it will secure a phenomenal sale both inside and outside Methodism. Thus to follow the great Evangelist's career is in itself an inspiration—to watch his first days of usefulness at the University, to see him rejoicing in the assurance of personal acceptance, to study his early attempts at evangelism, and then to follow the broadening stream of influence and blessing as the revival spreads from town to town and village to village. Wesley's long life enabled him to reap some of his reward even on earth. Long before his death the offence of

the cross had ceased. The man who had been more familiar with the mob than any of his contemporaries, became the most popular man in England; and when he died at City Road his loss was felt to be that of a national benefactor. We are glad that the touching death-bed scene is added to give completeness to this living record of an apostolic life.

Art. VIII.—INDUSTRIAL PROVISION FOR OLD AGE.

1. *Pensions for Old Age.* Speech to the House of Commons by C. E. Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P. Published by request, together with an Addendum showing authoritatively the proposals of the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P., and others, and of Her Majesty's Government, as regards "Industrial Assurance." The Hansard Publishing Union. London. 1891.

2. *Superannuation Annuity, or Old Age Pension.* An Address by County Councillor Graham, P.P.G.M. (Member of the Board of Directors M.U.), delivered before the Brethren of the Oswestry District, and reprinted at the special request of the friends of the Order. April 1891.

3. *Grand Master's Inaugural Address to the Annual Moveable Committee of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows* (1891); *Address of the High Chief Ranger at the 57th High Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters* (1891).

4. *Return to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons,* dated 22nd July 1890, for Return "showing in respect of each Union and Parish under a separate Board of Guardians in England and Wales, the number of persons of each sex in receipt from Boards of Guardians (*a*) of Indoor Relief, or (*b*) of Outdoor Relief on the 1st day of August 1890, who were over 60 years of age, distinguishing those who were over 60 and under 65,

65 and under 70, 70 and under 75, 75 and under 80, and 80 years of age and upwards; lunatics in asylums, licensed houses, and registered hospitals, vagrants and persons who were only in receipt of relief constructively, by reason of relief being given to wives or children, not being included." Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 9th December 1890.

5. *Return to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons*, dated 16th April 1891, for Return "showing the Assistance afforded by the Governments of Europe to Industrial Provision for Old Age, whether by State Annuities, State Security for Industrial Savings, or Grants to Friendly Societies." Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 28th July 1891.

THE present year has witnessed a marked revival of interest in the important question of Industrial Provision for Old Age, which, since the Select Committee on National Provident Insurance reported in 1889 against Canon Blackley's proposals on the subject, seemed to have been till now practically forgotten. It has been debated in the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Howard Vincent. Mr. Chamberlain has formulated a scheme with regard to it, which has received the support of numerous members of all parties, and it has been lately stated that the Sub-Committee elected by these gentlemen has now evolved three other schemes, distinct alike from each other and from that of Mr. Chamberlain. The Bishop of Durham, in conjunction with several of the clergy and laity of his diocese, has devised a fifth scheme; and lastly, the subject has occupied a prominent place in the inaugural addresses of the Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows and of the High Chief Ranger of the Ancient Order of Foresters, the recently elected heads of the two most important friendly societies in the kingdom. Nor has this manifestation of interest been confined to Great Britain. Within eight days of the debate in the House of Commons a similar one took place in the Belgian Senate on a proposal to offer increased State assistance to friendly societies, a course already adopted by the French Republic as the

only alternative to the compulsory system of State Insurance which has been recently established in Germany, and is now about to be introduced into the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

A writer on social questions, who is also an advocate of the Darwinian theory of natural progress through the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence, has observed that man alone resists this law of Nature by carefully preserving the unfittest of his species, and that this tendency grows in proportion to his higher development.* The fact that industrial provision for old age has become, so to speak, a "European question," supplies a striking illustration of the truth of his contention. Savage races, like the Maories, carry the aged and infirm into the wilderness, and leave them to die from "natural causes"; the most highly civilised nations in the world, in an age not unfrequently denounced as one of the most selfishly luxurious and utilitarian in the earth's history, are busying themselves with schemes for making the old age of those who have ceased to be of use to the community happy and comfortable.

This "non-natural" tendency to aid the helpless is, in our opinion, almost entirely traceable to the influence of Christianity, while its special development as respects old age appears to be chiefly due to the fact that modern civilisation has made the close of life—a period but rarely reached by a savage, and, if reached, one of misery—at once more probable of attainment and more desirable. We attach a far higher value to life than our ancestors, and, as the recent Congress on Hygiene shows, are continually studying how to preserve and prolong it. We do not yet honour longevity as much as the Chinese, who erect statues in memory of centenarians on the ground that they are the special favourites of Heaven; but, though perhaps very few among us can be said really to look forward with desire to old age, and though, as Rochefoucauld says, "few people know how to be old," most of us nevertheless secretly cherish the feeling expressed in Goldsmith's beautiful lines:

> "In all my wanderings round this world of care,
> In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

* Mackay: *The English Poor*, p. 1.

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper to the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
* * * *
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last." *

There are moments when we all long thus to "crown," in some home of our dreams, "a youth of labour with an age of ease," and sincerely regret that the needs of the present and the uncertainty of the future only too frequently lead us to follow the unthrifty example of the poet's own life rather than to take steps to realise the ideal of his poetry. The duty of "laying by for a rainy day" seems, moreover, so undeniable that, if unable to practise it ourselves, we are at all events always delighted to inculcate it on others; and it has been so persistently preached of late years that many people now appear to believe that, if a young man does not begin making a provision for his old age directly he has begun to earn an income, as naturally as the bee stores up honey, it is owing to some unaccountable defect in his character. There is, however, little doubt that, whether thrift, in the general sense of the term, is really a natural instinct or is only a habit forced on man by the necessities of his existence, the particular form of it now under consideration is at all events a development of modern growth.

The earliest practical expression of the national view on the subject, which has survived to the present day, is to be found in the Poor Law, which is based on the assumption that a certain proportion of the population may be expected to neglect or to be unable to make provision for old age, and for whom it is the duty of the State to provide. The ancient guilds in some instances undertook to give relief in old age, but only seem to have granted it where age actually incapacitated from work, and apparently only temporarily. The friendly societies and the trade unions, which have succeeded them, have also endeavoured to do so. As respects the former, however, though this purpose has been recognised and encouraged by the Legislature since the passing of the first Friendly Societies

* *The Deserted Village.*

Act in 1793 (33 Geo. III. c. 54), extremely few societies have ever attempted to carry it out, and such as have done so have not drawn their members from the working class; while trade unions, which in their modern form only date back to the first quarter of the century, did not begin to establish their superannuation funds till 1850. The terms "pension" and "annuity," of which we now hear so much, have only become associated with the notion of thrift during the present century. "Pensions," in the earliest signification of the word, were annuities arising out of ecclesiastical property. When they first acquired their present meaning of rewards for services done to the State, they were grants made by the Sovereign out of the hereditary property of the Crown, and it was the misuse of this right and the extravagance it engendered which led first to its considerable abridgment in the reign of Anne, and, finally, after the establishment of the Civil List on the accession of George III., to its gradual abolition in favour of the present system of military, civil, and other pensions granted through the Legislature. Annuities, again, were first made use of in early times when population was sparse and communication difficult and dangerous, by the great lords living in the isolation of their castles, as the only means of retaining the services of studious persons, such as the chaplain, lawyer, and physician. But little was known of them, however, till the seventeenth century, when the practice—already established on the Continent two centuries previously—of raising money on annuities in order to obtain a higher rate of interest than was permitted by the usury laws, was introduced into England; and the first Act on the subject is one of 1777 (17 Geo. III. c. 26) for regulating this mode of borrowing, which had increased considerably during the American and French wars. It was not till after the publication of the first scientific works on the subject—those of Simpson in 1742, Deparceaux in 1746, Euler in 1760, and Price in 1769—that the present mode of utilising annuities came into vogue, and the earliest annuity societies, such as the "Provident," the "Laudable," and the "Amicable" Societies for the "Benefit of Old Age" were not established till 1765. These, it is hardly necessary to say, were designed solely for the middle classes, and the first attempt to extend the benefits of the annuity system to the

working class was not made till 1833, when the 3 & 4 Will. IV. c. 14, authorised the purchase of annuities through savings banks, or societies to be established for the purpose in places where there were no banks, and thus laid the foundation of the present Government Annuity system. Taking the nation as a whole, it may be said, broadly speaking, that those who spontaneously endeavour systematically to make a provision for old age still form but a small minority. The State itself undertakes the task for those employed in its service; but, if we except these, experience, supplemented by the records of the Bankruptcy Court, proves that a large proportion of the classes best able to perform it—the clergy, the legal and medical professions, merchants, and tradesmen—neglect the duty which is now especially inculcated on the wage-earning class; while, as is hardly to be wondered at, that class is so fully occupied with the difficulty of providing for to-morrow that it has apparently only just begun to realise that it is a duty at all.

We have dwelt at some length on the above facts, because the undoubted reluctance of the wage-earning class to make use of existing means of providing for old age has been a good deal noticed in recent discussions on the subject, and also because the various schemes with regard to it all aim more or less at superseding the Poor Law, which that class has hitherto been content to regard as furnishing the only available resource for their old age. We will now proceed to consider, *first*, the causes which have led to the origination of the schemes enumerated at the beginning of this paper; and *secondly*, how far such schemes are calculated to effect their object.

1. The various efforts which are being made to deal with the question of industrial provision for old age, owe their origin to the almost complete failure of all existing systems devised for the purpose, which has been recently clearly proved by the revelation of the very large proportion of aged poor who are found to be in receipt of parish relief.

A return issued early in the year by the Local Government Board shows that, broadly speaking, one-seventh of the entire population is pauperised, and that in the case of persons over 75 this proportion actually rises to very nearly *one-third*. It is true that wide differences are found in various parts of the kingdom, the proportion in London being not quite one in six,

and in some of the agricultural counties one in five, while in the manufacturing districts of North and North-Western England it is about one in nine; and it must also be noted that only one-fourth of those in receipt of relief are in the workhouses, the rest being outdoor paupers in receipt of allowances, supplemented in some cases by other sources of income. Still the fact remains that, as pointed out by the writer of an able article on the return in the *Economist*,* "*one* person in every *three* of all classes attaining a ripe old age is doomed to be dependent for the means of existence on parish relief either within or without the walls of the workhouse." According to this writer, the proportion of paupers to population increases continuously for each period of five years after 60. "Between 60 and 65, when a very considerable proportion of persons are practically able-bodied and able to earn fair wages, even in manual labour, it is about one in eighteen; between 65 and 70 there is a sudden drop to one in eight; between 70 and 75 it is rather more than one in five; between 75 and 80 it is one in nearly three and a half; and over 80 it is one in three. In more than 400,000 cases in this country to-day, the poor have to look forward to an old age passed in the workhouse and a pauper's funeral at its close, and this often despite regular payments to a friendly society. A Parliamentary Return of 1881, a continuation of which has recently been sanctioned, disclosed the fact that in 526 out of 647 workhouses of England alone, 11,304, or one-eighth of all the indoor paupers of the country were members of friendly societies, and that, while 7391 of these had been either unable to keep up their contributions or had been dismissed, 3913 had been deprived of their anticipated benefits by the breaking up of their societies, 1264 of whom had been paying members for not less than twenty years, and 1126 for between ten and fifteen years. Mr. Graham estimates the actual number of paupers over 65 at 400,000, who are relieved at an average cost of over £10 per head each, or a total cost of £4,200,000.†

On the other hand, as regards existing pension systems, we find that among the registered friendly societies, which

* Of April 11, 1891.

† See *Address*, p. 16.

number 26,865, with a total membership of 7,180,463,* only *two* of the affiliated orders have as yet even formulated tables of any kind at all as to old age pension, and the difficulties of putting these into practice, owing to the inability to pay the necessary premiums, have proved so great, that only *two* members out of a total of 637,073 have applied for their enforcement. The annuity societies proper do not, as has been already said, draw their members from the wage-earning classes, and of these the Friendly Societies Commission reported that there were in existence in 1874 only 11 in England (10 of which were in Devonshire) with 2228 members, and £224,144 funds, and 12 in Ireland, with 832 members, and £185,332 funds, and their numbers have ever since been steadily diminishing.†

Some of the older trade unions, which seem the only class of industrial associations which has hitherto seriously grappled with the subject, have indeed added a superannuation fund to their other benefits. Mr. Howell, in his *Trades Unionism, New and Old*,‡ shows that 14 of the leading societies have, out of

* See a Return of 14th July 1891, moved for by Mr. Chamberlain; some deduction must, however, be made for double membership. It may be safely assumed from the apathy shown by the registered societies on the subject that nothing whatever has been done by the unregistered ones.

† See Fourth Report Friendly Societies Commission, 1874; Report of Mr. Lyulph Stanley's Assistant Commissioner, p. 1; Report Assistant Comm. in Scotland, pp. 88–9.

‡ Cap. vi. pp. 107–8, 126–8. The following table shows the amounts expended by these societies, and the average cost per member per year:—

Name of Society.	Number of Years.	Total Amount. £	Approximate average cost per member per year. s.	d.
Ironfounders	54	111,268	11	6
Operative Stonemasons	50	84,313	7	6½
Ironmoulders (Scotland)	45	38,597	9	6½
Amalgamated Engineers	39	482,270	13	2½
Steam Engine Makers	38	22,990	6	2
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners	30	27,029	2	6½
Boiler-makers and Iron Shipbuilders	23	49,257	3	1
U.K. Society of Coachmakers	22	50,821	14	3
Associated Blacksmiths	14	1,989	2	0½
London Society of Compositors	13	100,246	3	2½
Typographical Association	10	9,886	3	4
Operative Plasterers	10	3,745	4	3½
Amalgamated Tailors	9	1,744	0	6
Operative Bricklayers	8	921	1	6
Totals . 14 Societies		895,076		

a total of £7,331,952 expended on benefits in 35 years, spent an aggregate of £895,076 on this head, the highest expenditure being that of the Amalgamated Engineers, £482,270 in 39 years, and the lowest that of the Operative Bricklayers, £921 in 8 years, while this expenditure has increased from £13,764 in 1869 to £76,154 in 1889. It must, however, be remembered that trade unions are a very small group, the number of registered unions in 1888 being only 254, with 346,306 members,* and that admirable as is its object, the superannuation fund has proved a severe tax on such bodies as have adopted it, and is only maintained by great and continuous self-denial on the part of the members. Mr. Howell himself, highly as he commends it, is forced to admit that of all benefits it is "the most open to criticism on actuarial grounds," and that its demands on the funds grow "with fearful and fatal certainty year by year," while by the "new unionists," who desire to make trade unions mere fighting machines, it is of necessity, like all other benefits, strongly denounced.†

The industrial assurance companies, again, which from their remarkable success as regards burial insurance might be supposed to be especially qualified for the task, have entirely failed to induce the working classes to avail themselves of the system of deferred annuities, and returned their outgoings under this head to the Board of Trade in 1889 at only £65.

Lastly, the Government Annuity system, though it has done more business than the friendly societies and assurance companies, has also as yet hardly succeeded in attracting those it is designed to benefit. It is not perhaps surprising that, during the first twenty years after its establishment in 1833, before the premiums asked were reduced to their present rate, only 2034 persons, an average of 101 a year, purchased annuities to the amount of £40,474, an average of £20 apiece. Since the business has been taken over by the Post Office, however, and especially during recent years, no pains

* The numbers and membership of the unregistered unions are both probably double those of the registered ones, but, judging from the analogy of the new unions, it seems very improbable that they possess superannuation funds.

† *Trade Unionism, New and Old*, pp. 96, 105.

have been spared to bring its advantages to the notice of the public by means of attractive placards, the distribution of leaflets from house to house, and the insertion of advertisements in savings-bank books. There are 10,000 post-offices open at which annuities can be purchased, and officers are paid for every contract they ensure. Special arrangements are made with friendly and provident societies for dispensing with the payment in advance of the first year's premium, which is usually required, and members are allowed to pay their premiums in weekly, monthly, or quarterly instalments from the commencement, receiving at once their contracts, which take effect from the date of issue. In spite of all these well-meant efforts, however, and though the rates offered by the Post Office are lower than those required by the assurance companies, during the last five years the 40,000,000 people in the United Kingdom only purchased 562 deferred annuities of the total value of £11,500, or about *one* annuity a year among 340,000 persons.

2. It will be evident from the above facts that the problem of industrial provision for old age has hitherto baffled all attempts to deal with it, and that its solution is of the highest importance. If we now examine the schemes recently devised for the purpose we find that they may be grouped under three heads: (i.) Those based on State action alone; (ii.) those based on private enterprise alone; and (iii.) those based on private enterprise aided by the State.

(i.) As the oldest in date, the first place in the first class must be assigned to the scheme of Canon Blackley, who, in consequence of the adverse decision of the Committee of 1885, and the hostility of the leading friendly societies, has now abandoned that portion of it relating to sick pay, but—as the Committee pronounced them to be free from most of the objections urged against this—still advocates his proposals for a National Pension Fund to be collected and managed by the Post Office, and to be created by compulsory contributions to the amount of £10 from every individual, male and female, who has reached the age of 18, in order to ensure an annuity of 4*s.* to every one over 70. As pointed out by the late Chief Registrar, Mr. Ludlow, in his evidence to the

Committee,* this would necessitate a heavy addition out of taxation to the poor-rate for the administration of outdoor relief on a large scale in the case of old age, and by taxing minors just on entering life would lay a burden on a class totally devoid of civil rights, while the difficulties of checking fraud and simulation would be almost insuperable. In addition to this, its compulsory character would most probably always render it unpopular in this country, and it is so manifestly unfair in limiting the benefits of insurance paid by the nation to the wage-earner alone, that, if compulsion be necessary, the German scheme—under which the Government, the beneficiary, and his or her employer contribute in equal portions to the insurance fund—would, in our opinion, be far more worthy of consideration.

Mr. Chamberlain is also an advocate of State intervention, but the element of compulsion does not enter into his scheme, which will be best described in his own words †:

"I propose that any man or woman at any time shall be able to go to the post-office and open an account either by a small payment or a larger payment, by periodical payments at short intervals, or by payment of lump sums if more convenient—it may be by so much a week, or if that is inconvenient, 10*s.* to-day and £1 a year hence, or £1 in six months afterwards. Everything put in to remain at interest until the contributor reaches 65, and then, and then only, it may be withdrawn in the shape of a fixed annuity for the rest of life. There will be no possible forfeiture of policy. The man who puts this money in will receive (for that is part of my proposal) 5 per cent. compound interest—double the rate the Government now allow on ordinary savings-bank deposits, which may be withdrawn at any time. I may say there is a precedent for such a course in the German law of insurance, where, in addition to the contribution of the workmen and the employers, the State finds a proportionate contribution. According to my scheme, the workman would receive in the form of an annuity the value of the whole sum he had put in, together with compound interest; and also receive his proportion of the accumulated fund which would arise out of the subscriptions of people who do not reach the age of 65. I find that of two persons of the age of 25 only one reaches the age of 65, therefore, practically, the amount which the man who reached 65 would receive would be double what would be due from his own contribution alone."

Of a somewhat similar character is the scheme of the Rev.

* Qu. 1423, 1549.

† See *Pensions for Old Age.* By Howard Vincent, M.P., p. 13.

W. Moore Ede, Rector of Gateshead, who proposes that Government should guarantee the payment of 5*s.* per week to every person insuring in the Post Office for a pension of 3*s.* 4*d.* per week, to commence at 65, thus subsidising every pension to the extent of one-third. Mr. Ede, who contends that the cost of his scheme, deducting the amount now spent on paupers over 65, would amount to about £2,625,000 if every person in England and Wales claimed a pension, considers, however, that while it may be desirable to commence with a voluntary scheme, the question cannot be satisfactorily settled till insurance for old age is made compulsory and universal. *

Another scheme of this class is that of Mr. Rankin, M.P. for Leominster, who proposes that any person providing for an annuity of not less than 2*s.* per week payable at 60 until death, either in the Post Office or a friendly society, shall, if entitled to any poor-law relief, claim by right to receive it as outdoor relief and be exempted from entering a workhouse.†

All these plans, as indeed all dependent entirely on State action, seem open, though in a less degree, to the same objections as was urged above against that of Canon Blackley—namely, that they must indirectly entail an addition of taxation to the poor-rate, which is itself a tax on the thrifty for the benefit of the unthrifty. In addition to this, their voluntary nature makes it probable that despite the additional advantages they offer, they are as little likely to prove attractive as the existing Post Office system.

(ii.) The views of the supporters of un-State-aided enterprise may be gathered from the addresses of the Grand Master of the Odd Fellows and the Chief Ranger of the Foresters societies. They are fully convinced of the ability of the friendly societies to provide an adequate pension fund for their members by means of increased contributions without any external aid, and the actuary of the Odd Fellows appears to have already considered a scheme with this object. ‡ They believe, and we think justly, that all assistance accepted

* *Old Age Pensions*, pp. 13, 14.

† *Ibid.* p. 10.

‡ See *Address* of the Grand Master, p. 9.

from without would injuriously affect their independent position:

"The suggestion as to State interference, and the general adoption of the Post Office system, would remove that social and individual element which has done so much to secure that universal interest which was taken by members of all friendly societies, and has acted as a great civilising and educational power, implanting the principles of self-government, self-help, and self-dependence . . . . We resent State interference in our affairs. We feel this would necessarily be the result of any State subsidy." *

"If it be proposed to create a system of State subsidy open to all, then the plan is one for the replacement of individual effort by State aid without any need for it in the great majority of cases. . . . . Those cannot have much faith in their countrymen who seek to induce them by a bribe to do that which should be the result of spontaneous and voluntary efforts. When it is remembered that such bribes must first be taken from the pockets of the taxpayers, faith in the proposals—which, though shadowy and shapeless, are dangerous as far as they are definite—is difficult indeed."†

Ethically speaking, this attitude of the societies appears to us to be undeniably the right one, for there can be no doubt that thrift ceases to be a virtue when it ceases to be spontaneous. There seems, however, grave reason to doubt whether even the great societies, which are already weighted with a heavy deficiency, can undertake this new responsibility without dangerously impairing their efficiency, while for the smaller societies it would seem almost impossible. The experience of the trade unions, already referred to, show how serious a strain an old age pension fund is on the resources of a society. Mr. Howell states that after the financial crisis caused by Overend & Gurney's failure in 1866, the Ironfounders Union only maintained its superannuation fund through the self-sacrifice of the richer members, who lent all the money they could spare to the society with no other security than a note of hand.‡ All the working-class associations are dangerously liable to such crises when trade is depressed; and when it is remembered that, as pointed out by Mr. Chamberlain, "of every two men of 25 only one reaches 65," it seems hardly fair to the bulk of the members,

* *Address* of the Grand Master, p. 10.

† See *Inaugural Address* of Chief Ranger of the Foresters.

‡ *Trade Unionism, New and Old*, p. 105.

or conducive to the stability of a society, to incur obligations entailing such sacrifices for the benefit of a minority. Lastly, it must be remembered that all societies are not of the calibre of the affiliated Orders, and that all workmen are not members of friendly societies. The members of the friendly societies of the United Kingdom number only 7,000,000 out of a total of wage-earners estimated by Mr. Howard Vincent at about 16,000,000, of whom 10,000,000 are men,* and even supposing the friendly societies to succeed in establishing their pension fund, some 9,000,000 workers would derive no benefit from it.

(iii.) This consideration applies equally to the schemes of those who propose to attain their object by State-aided private enterprise. Of these, that of Mr. Graham, whose views are shared by Mr. Howard Vincent, Sir Richard Paget, and other members of Parliament, may be taken as an example; and it is especially noteworthy since its author is a member of the Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, and may therefore be considered as representing the opinions of such members of friendly societies as dissent from those of which the Grand Master of the Odd Fellows and the Chief Ranger of the Foresters have made themselves the spokesmen.

Mr. Graham proposes to establish a Superannuation Fund by means of (1) a unity levy of not less than 1*d.* per annum per member; (2) payments from all surplusses earned by any lodge; and (3) all the subscriptions and donations of honorary members, the number of whom would, he suggests with some justice, probably considerably increase were their payments to be devoted solely to this object. As, however, the fund thus raised would, in his opinion, be of itself insufficient, he urges that, as the operations of friendly societies largely reduce the poor-rate—even to the extent of 9*d.* in the pound—they are entitled to claim from all the ratepayers of the country a subvention of, say, 1*d.* in the pound, on the national assessment to be paid by the Government towards this scheme through the Post Office or the County Councils. He contends that, with-

* *Pensions for Old Age*, p. 5.

out such State aid, the deficiencies acknowledged to exist by the leading friendly societies—that of the Foresters was recently stated to be over £2,000,000—will never be liquidated; that to protest against "compulsion" in these days of compulsory education, compulsory sanitation, and compulsory labour laws, "seems the height of folly"; and that the proposed subvention from the rates, which will be in no sense *charitable*, but a grant as free from any idea of the kind as "an education grant," would in no way diminish the independence of the societies.

As to this last point, we find ourselves unable to agree with him. The acceptance by friendly societies of any pecuniary State aid, through whatever channel it may be bestowed, cannot fail, as it seems to us, to seriously impair that spirit of self-help which is the most essential element in their character. It would also in time probably weaken their capacity for self-government as in France, where, it appears from the Report of the Ministry of the Interior, that the "independent or authorised" societies are much more economically managed than those which are State-aided or "approved."* The friendly society system has admittedly become of vital importance to the nation, both on account of its educational influence and the aid it gives to workmen in the most arduous and important period of their lives. To imperil its stability in order to float any annuity scheme, however excellent, the benefits of which are at best contingent and reserved for the few, would be, in our opinion, as unjustifiable as it would be unwise.

We have referred to considerable objections to each of the above schemes *seriatim*, but there is one obvious one which is applicable to all alike: "One man can lead a horse to the water, but a thousand cannot make him drink." It is useless to devise elaborate systems for the benefit of those who have no desire to make use of them, and therefore will not take the trouble to understand them; and in connection with this fact,

* See *Report*. The Minister, M. Constans, comments on the complaints addressed to him by the committees of certain societies against their doctors as ordering too expensive drugs—a complaint impossible in this country, where the doctor of a society is paid so much per member, and made to supply his own drugs.

a passage in Mr. Graham's address must not be passed without notice. After pointing out that the question at issue is how far the recipient of weekly wages can be expected to make provision for old age, he says: "An annuity of 5*s.* a week costs in the Post Office £125 13*s.* 4*d.* Can we expect the mass of weekly wage-earners to have such a sum standing to their credit at 65 years of age?" * We certainly cannot. But—and this fact Mr. Graham entirely ignores—this same annuity can also be purchased by annual payments of 15*s.* 2*d.*, which may be made by monthly or weekly instalments, begun at the age of 21, and continued for forty-five years, and it does *not* seem unreasonable to expect a man, really desirous of providing for his old age, to make them. Until the working class realise that the latter and not the former method is the one intended for their benefit, the Postmaster-General will organise and advertise in vain; and viewed in this light, Mr. Howard Vincent's proposal that "the sound principles of provident insurance should be included in the subjects prescribed by the Education Code for instruction in elementary schools," † seems by no means unreasonable.

In conclusion, it appears to us, that, though it might very probably be extended in the direction indicated by Mr. Chamberlain, no better system of industrial provision for old age can be devised than that of the Post Office, which combines the merits of being voluntary while entirely under State control, and of providing annuities at low rates and by easy methods. Though it cannot certainly be said to be yet a striking success, it has undoubtedly made progress during the last few years, and, as has been shown, is at all events the only system which has yet found any favour with the working classes. There seems, therefore, good reason to hope that when those classes have began to realise the duty of saving for old age, and the benefits it confers, and also to appreciate the advantages offered by the Post Office system, its progress will be rapid and continuous.

Mr. Graham's proposal as to a subsidy from the poor-rate

* P. 14.

† *Pensions for Old Age*, p. 1.

suggests one point, however, in which State action might perhaps prove benefical.

The dislike of the working classes for the workhouse seems largely due to the fact that its inmates are, as it were, herded together, and are governed by strict rules. An Englishman's ideal of home, and one we believe well worthy of encouragement, is a house of his own, in which, however small and humble it may be, he can do as he pleases; and it is said that the model industrial dwellings, in spite of their excellent accommodation, are unpopular, both on account of their "regulations," and from the necessity they entail of associating with disagreeable fellow-lodgers. No such complaints, however, are heard from Naval or Military pensioners, who, though they certainly enjoy the use of private dwelling-rooms in addition to a common sitting-room, and have a considerable amount of liberty, are also subject to military discipline. To the pensioner, the fact that it is a reward for his services makes his maintenance by the State a source of pride; but to the inmate of the workhouse, whose position is in many respects identical, the same fact is a source of shame, though as often as not it is solely the result of misfortune. It seems to us, however, that the working man who has done his duty through life to the best of his ability has also some claim to be regarded as having served his country, though doubtless in a less heroic and personal way, than the soldier, and where his poverty is not due to his own fault should be considered as a pensioner rather than a pauper. We venture to think, therefore, that if every wage-earner over 65, who had saved enough to purchase an annuity of 3*s.* a week, could be regarded by the State as a "labour pensioner," and if some of the expenditure on workhouses could be devoted to the erection of small cottages to be occupied, either rent free or at a nominal rent, by such pensioners, under conditions prescribed by Government, a considerable help would be given to the promotion of Industrial Provision for Old Age.

Art. IX.—ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. By Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, late Dean of Windsor, and William Benham, B.D., Hon. Canon of Canterbury. Two volumes. Second edition. Macmillan & Co. 1891.

IT has been said that the late Primate of the English Church was the greatest ruler of that Church since the time of Laud. Certainly, if his authority and influence in our time may be compared for their predominance with the power of Laud in his day, the spirit and principles of the two Prelates, and the means by which the power of each was established and consolidated, furnish no point of analogy, but many points of contrast. Perhaps Lord Houghton was the father of the saying we have quoted. When the Archbishop's Public Worship Regulation Bill, after encountering severe and persistent opposition, especially from the united High Church party, at length triumphantly passed its second reading, and got into Committee in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone having withdrawn his resolutions in opposition to the Bill, Lord Houghton, meeting the Archbishop on the steps of the Athenæum Club, said to him, "You are as triumphant as Laud in his worst times; I hope it is not to end in the same way." This *bon mot* was uttered in 1874. The Archbishop's personal influence and authority continued to increase till his death, on Advent Sunday, 1882, twenty-six years after his appointment to the See of London, and fourteen years after he had been promoted to the Primacy of his Church. So long-continued a period of strenuous and successful administration as a Church-ruler during a period of extraordinary excitement, when ecclesiastical prejudices and passions rode very high, and, for the most part, were in opposition to his own views, has no parallel in the history of our country. And yet Archibald Campbell Tait was a Scotchman, of pure blood on both sides, was brought up as a

strict though moderate Presbyterian, was devoid of genius, was by no means an accomplished scholar, was scarcely indeed master of any single branch of knowledge or formal study. Nevertheless it is as true that Archibald Tait was a great Archbishop —and, what is even more, a great man—as that Newman, with his undeniable genius and his gifts—in certain aspects, truly wonderful gifts—was neither a great ecclesiastic nor a great man.

Consummate good sense—an exceedingly keen lawyer-like penetration which easily mastered the principles involved in cases of the most entangled complication—an admirable memory, alike for principles and details—a calm and sovereign equity of spirit which strictly and serenely investigated the merits of every question and the claims of every person that came under his judgment—inexhaustible patience and invincible courage in the conduct of all his undertakings and the discussion of all controversies—these qualities, combined with a simple, but deep and true, Christian faith, and a perpetual prayerfulness of spirit, made the one Scottish Archbishop that England has known the supreme administrator and ruler that he was. The unique ascendency which he attained on the Episcopal Bench was the more remarkable because the much more accomplished, the many-gifted Wilberforce, himself a great organiser and administrator, and a man of far-reaching activity and insight, and of immense personal influence, who was not seldom opposed to Tait in his views of policy and principle, was during many years one of his colleagues on the Episcopal Bench.

Tait had none of what are usually regarded as the advantages of birth. Nevertheless, it may reasonably be thought that the circumstances of his birth and early training contributed materially to the formation of that basis of character, as already described, on which the grand success of his after-life was founded. He was brought up a Scottish Presbyterian —his education as such was completed before the Free Church controversy had infused a tone of acrimonious emphasis and a strong controversial bias into the ecclesiastical temper and theories of Scotchmen generally; his immediate circle con-

sisted of moderate and liberal members of the Established Kirk, with a tendency towards Moderatism, yet under the influence of evangelical teaching. He was himself early brought into distinct evangelical experience of the spiritual life in Christ. When waiting in patient and thankful hope for his own translation into the life unseen and eternal, he told the members of his family that "evangelical truth first came home to him at Glasgow, from the preaching of two men —Dr. Welsh, of the Ramshorn Church (he was a good man), and Mr. George Smith." Both these are well-known names in the annals of evangelical life and progress in Scotland during the last half-century, and both were among the number of those ministers who went out from the Established Church of Scotland, and became ministers of the Scotch "Free Kirk." Dr. Welsh, indeed, as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, headed in 1843 the great Free Church Secession. Their example did not move their early hearer towards the acceptance of their Church principles, for he was through life very much of an Erastian in his Church matters. But what came to him under their ministry, and the spiritual experience which ever afterwards was kept alive in his soul, made it impossible for him, with all his "comprehensive" long-suffering and charity as an episcopal ruler and administrator, and notwithstanding the strong Anglo-Catholic bias of his devoted wife, to come at any time himself under the spell of Anglo-Catholic principles.

In connection with his almost dying words, already quoted, we must give in full a touching and interesting reminiscence, which was found in the Archbishop's desk after his death, written upon a sheet of foolscap, and folded by itself:

"*June* 22, 1879.—I have been preaching to-day in Lambeth Church on God's revelation of Himself in Jesus Christ, and have dwelt on His revelation to individual souls, rousing them to think of heavenly things, and attend to the continued revelation set before them in the Bible. The earliest recollection I have of a deep religious impression made on my mind has often since recurred to me with the vividness of having heard a voice from above. I suppose I must have been some ten or twelve years old. I had ridden over with my brother Craufurd from Harviestoun to Glendevon to visit old Miss Rutherford, and stayed the night in her house. I distinctly remember in the middle of the night awaking with a deep impression on my mind of the reality and

nearness of the world unseen, such as, through God's mercy, has never since left me. I have fallen into many sins of omission and commission; I have had many evil desires, and have gratified them; but this sense of the reality of the world unseen has remained with me through God's mercy. What the value of the impression was it is difficult to say, but that it was made by God the Holy Ghost working on my soul I have no doubt. O Lord, give me grace to preserve it to the end, and may that guiding and guarding Spirit of holiness and purity, from Whom I believe it came, ever be with me to give me an unfeigned repentance for the sins which have defaced the holy image of God in my soul, and worked on my natural corruption, leading me into evil! O Lord, keep me to the end, washing me in Christ's blood, and making me fit for that glorious and holy presence, which at that early age I faintly realised!" (vol. i. pp. 36–7).

If to the influences which shaped his training in Scotland —at home, at the Edinburgh High School, at the University of Glasgow, and under the ministration of Gospel truth— we add the English influences which followed during his earlier manhood—the Oxford training which he gained through his Glasgow scholarship at Balliol, the influence of Arnold's spirit and writings, and of Arthur Stanley and the Fellows' Room at his College; his parochial experience at the village of Baldon, near Oxford, of which he voluntarily undertook the gratuitous pastoral charge in connection with his fellowship; his headmastership at Rugby; the close connection of personal friendship with some of the most earnest and devoted men and women among the leading spirits of the Anglo-Catholic movement into which his marriage while at Rugby to an enthusiastic High Churchwoman brought him; and his work and experience as Dean of Carlisle—we have a view in outline of the course of education by which Tait was prepared to do his life's great work as an episcopal ruler, first as Bishop of London and afterwards as Archbishop of Canterbury.

Tait came of an originally Lowland stock, transplanted to the Aberdeenshire highlands. Some of the earlier generations of the Taits seem to have been Episcopalians—there was also a family connection between the Tait family and the Skinners, a well-known family which has furnished bishops to the Scotch Episcopal Church and High Anglican clergy to the English Establishment. Later generations, however, of his ancestors who held the position of small Highland lairds, "bonnet

lairds," became staunch, though not high-flying, Presbyterians. A strain of Jacobite partisanship mingled with his blood in the person of his grandmother. Several of his ancestors and near elder relatives were lawyers of good practice and some distinction. His clever, enthusiastic father followed in the track of legal practice, and made a fortune by his profession, which he lost by degrees, and for the most part unawares, through land speculations and "improvements," so that his younger children, brought up at first in easy abundance and with expectations of wealth, had in after life to learn their lessons under the discipline of straitened circumstances. All of them seem to have done well, and to have been earnest and consistent Christians. Throughout they were a remarkably united and affectionate family. One of Tait's sisters, older than himself, and whose marriage took place before the father's fortunes came to their lowest point, appears repeatedly in the biography as a contributor of information respecting her brother, from his childhood to his last days. Her husband was an English baronet, Sir Charles Wake, of Courteen Hall, in Northamptonshire. She died in the spring of 1888, having been born in 1800. Another sister also married an English baronet, Sir George Sitwell, of Renishaw, near Chesterfield; she died at the age of eighty-three, in 1880.

The future Archbishop was born on December 22, 1811; his mother, a woman of remarkably refined and beautiful character, dying two years later. He was born club-footed, and had much to suffer from his infirmity, his patience and bright cheerfulness being always remarkable. The story of his cure, while on a visit to Lady Sitwell at the age of eight or nine years, is curious and interesting. The fame of John Taylor, farrier and blacksmith, the Whitworth bone-setter, to whom patients came from far and near to have cases dealt with which "regular" surgeons had found themselves unable to cure, is still fresh and full in East Lancashire, where, a few short miles from Rochdale, he and his successors practised for many years. John Taylor himself was dead before Archibald Tait and an elder brother, who also suffered from lameness, were sent from Chesterfield by their sister to Whitworth, and James Taylor, the son, took their cases in hand, a faithful

and loving old nurse being in charge of the boys. Both were perfectly cured. Archibald's club feet were opened out, each bone and muscle being actually present, though folded up. He went to "the doctor's" every day early to have the tin boots in which his legs were encased properly arranged, and the progress of the cure attended to. In these boots, though they hurt him much, he hobbled about all day, and he slept in them at night, being distressed by them at first, but afterwards growing used to them. He seems to have remained under the joint care of the doctor, his nurse, and the clergyman of the parish for something like twelve months.

Although he gained at Glasgow a Balliol Scholarship, yet the Edinburgh High School, supplemented by the University, had not furnished him with the training necessary to enable him, even with the after advantages of the University, to become at Oxford an exact or finished scholar. He was, however, a diligent student, and as to all the leading subjects which did not require a mastery of the niceties of classical composition appears to have done more than well. Butler and Aristotle, in particular, were favourite subjects with him—as they were, indeed, through life. Whatever his classical deficiencies, he took a first class in the Final Classical Schools. "I do not know," he says, "how much this success was due to my *vivâ voce* examination in Aristotle, which was conducted by William Sewell, but I know that Sewell, in consequence of this examination, recommended me to several pupils, and always had a friendly feeling towards me through his long, chequered, and sadly overclouded life." Tait's remarkable self-possession, and his faculty for reproducing and expressing, in a ready and offhand, but not slovenly, manner, whatever knowledge he possessed, no doubt stood him in good stead in all his *vivâ voce* examination work, as it had much to do in his after life with his success as a speaker and counsellor, that is, as a public leader. In the Oxford Union he was a foremost debater. At Glasgow he had been a Tory stripling, but in Oxford he very soon took his stand as an earnest Whig, his votes at the Union being such as he would have given to the end of his life. In 1833 he succeeded Edward Cardwell as President of the Union. The last debate in which he took part

was on March 28, 1835, when he maintained that "a legislative provision for the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland would be a most beneficial measure." He held to this opinion through life, and this enables us to gauge the depth of his Erastianism in Church affairs. When such a graduate as Tait thus showed himself to be, with such opinions, and such apt and ready powers of publicly recommending and enforcing them as he proved himself to possess, became in due course not only a first class but a fellow of his college, he was predestined to favourable attention from the Whig Government. He was evidently a man after Lord John Russell's own heart. His opinions, also, there is good reason for believing, were in the strictest harmony with those which the Queen's earnest and most trusted political advisers had held and taught.

Eighteen months before he took his degree Tait had lost his father, between whom and himself there was the closest union of sympathy and confidence, although the son seems to have inherited little or none of his father's poetic and enthusiastic nature. Lady Wake wrote to him on the occasion a letter, in which she spoke of their father as having been to her brother "both a motive for exertion and a reward to success." She adds:

"In speaking of him now, many will recur to his loss of fortune, and the imprudences which perhaps caused it. But it is in your power, my Archie, to cause that in future he will only be spoken of as the father who formed a great and good man, useful to his country in that manner in which the benefits bestowed survive time, to be acknowledged in eternity. . . . . We have been counting your age, and are amazed to find that you will be twenty-one next birthday. I had thought you were still a child, and behold you are a man!"

Tait was within a month of twenty-two when he took his degree, his first class no doubt going to confirm the high hopes which his sister had formed as to his future. Twelve months later he succeeded beyond his expectation in the fellowship election for his college, and so began for him a new life, with many friends. In the foregoing summer he took his first Continental tour, in company with his intimate friend Mr. Oakeley, who afterwards joined the Church of Rome, but with whom, though intimacy could not but cease

in consequence, his friendship, quickened by occasional visits of kindly intercourse, was maintained till Oakeley's death in 1880, when Archbishop Tait wrote in his diary: "Dear Frederic Oakeley—at one time one of my nearest and dearest, and always one of my most revered friends. How I felt the separation caused by his secession to Rome! . . . . He was a man of God, and sacrificed all the world holds dear to conscience. Sad that it should have led him astray!"

In Oakeley's company Tait visited Holland, Germany, and France, taking care as he travelled to gather accurate information as to the statistics and politics of the countries through which he passed. He thus obtained a key to the internal politics of Germany and France, and laid the basis on which he was careful through his later life to build up stores of knowledge as to subjects about which most Englishmen knew very little. In several subsequent tours he acquired knowledge which afterwards proved exceedingly valuable in regard to the educational and university systems of the Continent.

William George Ward was elected Fellow of Balliol on the same day with Tait. A year after his election Tait became tutor in his college, in succession to Moberly, who had left to become Head-master of Winchester. Six months later, on Trinity Sunday, 1836, he was ordained deacon. Among his pupils were Arthur Stanley, Waldegrave, Lake, Jowett, and Hugh Pearson, all of whom were opposed to the rising Tractarian school, and were his friends in after life. Dean Lake has in his later years become a High Anglican, but the others continued to be what their opponents denounced as "liberals" to the end of their life. The friendship of these men and the influence of Arnold, who had been the teacher of more than one of them, contributed not a little to the colour and character of Tait's opinions and prepossessions, who, however, was sufficiently independent to avoid perilous extremes, and to maintain unshaken his convictions as to those essential principles of evangelical faith which had been confirmed to him by his spiritual experience, from the time when he received the Gospel from the lips of Dr. Welsh and Mr. George Smith at Glasgow.

Tait was, indeed, from the first, an evangelical teacher, and,

as far as he could find opportunity, a true pastor. We have referred already to the curacy which he undertook at Baldon. This was an unpaid charge, involved much walking to and fro, the distance from Oxford being five miles, and was a genuine work of charity to very ignorant peasantry in a poor, straggling, unromantic village. In the true spirit of his ordination vows he chose and carried out this work. He had written in his diary on the eve of his ordination:

"To-morrow will see me an ordained minister of Christ, bound to labour in season and out of season for the good of souls. O God, give me strength, by Thy grace, never for one moment to lose sight of my spiritual duties to my pupils. . . . . I rejoice in the prospect that to-morrow I shall be authorised, bound, to teach and exhort. . . . . O God, give me a greater measure of Thy Spirit; enable me to labour in Thy service, giving myself wholly to it, for Christ's sake. Amen."

For five years he assiduously carried on his work at Baldon, and the lessons of this parish work were never forgotten. When, as Bishop of London, he initiated and promoted home mission work among the metropolitan poor, he used these words from the pulpit of St. Paul's in his Primary Diocesan Charge:

"I cannot but remember how, when a curate in a small village in Oxfordshire, I marvelled at the excitement raised in a quiet and dull place by the gathering of the Methodists on a fine summer's day on the Common, under the shadow of the old trees; how the voice of their preacher, sounding through the stillness of a listening crowd, and the burst of their hymns pealing far and wide through the village, seemed well-suited to attract and raise the hearts of many who never entered within the Church to join in its measured devotion, and listen to its calm teaching" (vol. i. p. 60).

In the same truly pastoral spirit he was deeply concerned on account of the college servants and their religious instruction. In conjunction with W. G. Ward, Robert Scott, in after years Dean of Rochester, and E. C. Woollcombe, three other Fellows of Balliol, he raised £300 to provide an annual honorarium for one of the tutors, appointed by the master, to give definite weekly instruction in chapel to such of the college servants as might be willing to attend, and his journal for 1841 contains the following entry, under date "Ash Wednesday, Feb. 24":

"I have spent much of this day in prayer, though, I fear, it has come too little from the heart. I have begun to-day a most important work in the teaching of the boys among the College servants. O God, send Thy blessing on this endeavour. Above all, lead my own heart aright, or how can I teach others? Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast smoothed the way for carrying out this plan for the College servants. . . . . Grant Thy Spirit to teacher and taught, that it may not all end in dead formality" (vol. i. p. 73).

The great feature in the history of his tutorship was, of course, the part which he took as "Fellow and Senior Tutor" of his college, in the famous *Protest of the Four Tutors* (tutors respectively of Brasenose, St. John's, Wadham, and Balliol) against the teaching of Newman's *Tract* 90. The protest, which was written by Tait, has been described as bigoted, narrow, and unfair, and to the end of his life Tait used to be taunted with having hounded "Newman out of Oxford." No fair man who reads the *Protest* can agree with such language in regard to it. Newman himself used very different language in writing of it, while Newman's henchman of that period, W. G. Ward, speaks in warm approval of "the remarkably temperate and Christian tone of the paper which began the contest." Its result, as we know, was decisive, and even, to use a modern phrase which is strictly appropriate here, "epoch-making." The Hebdomadal Board censured the *Tract*, the Bishop of Oxford recommended that the series of *Tracts* should be discontinued, and so, with *Tract* 90, they came to an end. From this time forth the Whig Fellow and Senior Tutor of Balliol could not but be a man of mark, alike ecclesiastically and politically. Whig statesmen were very likely to look to him as a man of promise for future advancement in the Church.

Dr. Arnold wrote Tait a letter of thanks for sending him the *Protest*, but thought it did not go far enough. He speaks of "the utter perversion of language shown in the *Tract*, according to which a man may subscribe to an article where he holds the very opposite opinions, believing what it denies and denying what it affirms."

Tait had already given evidence of his own firm principles in regard to the obligation of ecclesiastical declarations and subscriptions. He had in 1838 retired from the candidature

for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, because he found himself unable to sign, what many had come to regard as a mere technical formality, the strict Presbyterian declaration required of all candidates for the post. In 1880 he still defended his action in regard to the *Tract*. "Were it all to happen again," he said, "I think I should, in the same position, do exactly as I did then." His mature and settled view of Newman's character was in 1877 expressed by him as follows—this judgment being in strict agreement with that which at the present moment, in the light of the Cardinal's whole history, is coming to be fixed in the minds of thoughtful and unbiassed men :

"I have always regarded Newman as having a strange duality of mind. On the one side is a wonderfully strong and subtle reasoning faculty, on the other a blind faith, raised almost entirely by his emotions. It seems to me that in all matters of belief he first acts on his emotions, and then he brings the subtlety of his reason to bear, till he has ingeniously persuaded himself that he is logically right. The result is a condition in which he is practically unable to distinguish between truth and falsehood" (vol. i. p. 89).

When Tait led the way in this protest, and so brought about the discontinuance of the *Oxford Tracts*, he was not yet thirty years of age. As a tutor his line of influence was rather general than literary or scholarly, and perhaps rather moral and disciplinary than anything else. At the same time, and by a natural connection, he was strong on Butler, and a very able lecturer on Aristotle. Through life, indeed, the Stagirite was for him the great master of thought. As might be expected from his whole tone and tendency of thought and opinion, he was by no means a "born Platonist." The world of Platonic "ideas" was quite alien to his practical mind and character, although for some of Plato's works, especially the *Phædo*, he had a great admiration. His genius was not in any degree speculative. Nor was he strongly drawn to the literature of the classical world, merely as such, although, of course, he had a competent working knowledge of the proper text-books of University study.

Nevertheless, in 1842, Tait became a candidate for the head-mastership of Rugby. He took this step ten days after the death of Dr. Arnold, his biographers tell us, "mainly at

the instigation of Lake and Stanley," both of whom had been pupils, first of Arnold and then of himself—both of whom, however, were disposed afterwards to question his competency for the post. Lake wrote a few days before the election:

"O, my dear Tait, I do not envy you if you do get it. I quite quake for the awful responsibility of putting on that giant's armour. However, I really believe you are for the best. My main fears are for your sermons being dull, and your Latin prose and composition generally weak, in which latter points you will have, I think, hard work. But I earnestly say, as far as we can see, 'God grant he may get it.'"

It must have been mainly, one would think, his moral character and influence, his general power as a guide and a trainer of character, and his fresh fame as a true Protestant Churchman, who had at Oxford proved himself a champion against Tractarian subtleties and dishonesties, and was therefore a congenial successor of Arnold, which gained him favour with the trustees of Rugby School and the public, in competition with such Rugbeian rivals as C. J. Vaughan and Bonamy Price, and with such scholars also as Merivale and Kynaston. On the day of his election (June 29, 1842) Stanley wrote:

"The awful intelligence of your election has just reached me. . . . . I have not heart to say more than that I conjure you by your friendship for me, your reverence for your great predecessor, your sense of the sacredness of your office, your devotion to Him whose work you are now more than ever called upon to do, to lay aside every thought for the present, except that of repairing your deficiencies. . . . . Read Arnold's sermons. At whatever expense of orthodoxy (so-called) for the time, throw yourself thoroughly into his spirit. Alter nothing at first. See all that is good and nothing that is bad in the masters and the Rugby character."

A few days later he writes:

"I feel as if your appointment to this tremendous office without an ordination had given a shock to my tendencies to believe in Apostolical succession which they will never recover. It is of course impossible not to recur to the chasm never to be filled up when I think of your election; but my thoughts sometimes return thence charged with the hope that God has in store great things for you also, and that the object of this whole dispensation, so far as I am concerned, has not been solely to break down my chief earthly stay, but to show me how this work may be continued by others" (vol. i. 114).

In what spirit Tait himself received his election will appear

from the entries we shall quote from his journal. On the day of his election he thus writes:

"A most eventful day. . . . . This day my election at Rugby has dissolved my direct connection with Balliol. O Lord, when I look back on the 7½ years that have passed since I was elected Fellow, what mercies have I to thank Thee for! Yet how little have I improved. God, be merciful to me, a miserable sinner. . . . . When entering on this new situation, let no worldly thoughts deceive me. The sudden death of him whom I succeed should be enough to prevent this. Grant me, Lord, to live each day as I would wish to die. Let me view this event, not as success, but as the opening up of a fresh field of labour in Thy vineyard. Now I may look forward to dedicate my whole life to one object—the grand work of Christian education. Let me never forget that the first requisite for this is to be a true Christian myself. Give me a holy heart. Give me boldness and firmness in Thy service. Give me unfailing perseverance. Banish all indolence. Give me freedom from worldly ambition. O Lord, I have much labour before me—much to do of a secular character. Grant that this may never draw me from regular habits of devotion, without which the Christian life cannot be preserved within me" (vol. i. pp. 112–13).

Again, on the day of his inauguration as head-master, when Arthur Stanley preached the sermon, and on the next day, the entries in his diary are as follow:

"Gracious Lord, accept my heartfelt thanks for the mercies of this day. May the words which Stanley spoke be fixed deeply in my heart, and in the hearts of all who heard them. Oh may the solemn responsibility which has this day come so fully upon me make me a man of prayer. Without incessant prayer I am lost, and, if I perish, how many souls perish with me."

"*Monday Evening, August 15th.*—Almighty God, give me strength of body to stand the labour of this place, and strength of mind to conduct myself in it aright. Enable me, in the midst of all, to have time for serious earnest devotion. God Almighty, bless the young souls over whom Thy Providence has placed me. Amen" (vol. i. pp. 114–15).

Tait's head-mastership, even in succession to Arnold, was not unsuccessful. If not a great, he was a good head-master. From the first he was wise enough to supplement his technical deficiencies as a scholar by the employment of a composition master. His moral influence was excellent; the moral tone of the Upper Sixth Form was less strained and intense than under Arnold; but that was no worse. The two chief events during his head-mastership for himself and his family life were

his happy marriage to Catherine Spooner, of whom and her share in the life of her husband, at Rugby and afterwards, the story has been incomparably told in the volume so well known under the title *Catherine and Craufurd Tait*, and his all but mortal illness, the effects of which he continued to feel all his life though. His chief public act was the publication of a pamphlet which disconcerted many of his friends—Mr. Golightly, in particular, one of his closest friends. In this pamphlet he opposed the imposition on the University graduates of a new form of subscription to the Articles, as proposed in connection with the censure of Mr. Ward's book on *The Ideal of a Christian Church*. The pamphlet, however, no doubt increased his power, showing, as it did, his independence and courage, and how resolved he was against extreme courses on either side. With statesmen like his Whig leaders, the result must have been for Tait a considerable increase of distinction and reputation.

In 1849 the first step of State-preferment was gained by Tait. Lord John Russell had, in 1847, mortally offended High Church Oxford, and indeed all Oxford men except the "liberals," by his unadvised recommendation, as Prime Minister, of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford. Among the 250 signatures, however, of members of the University Convocation, who had by a counter-memorial opposed the protest of thirteen bishops and innumerable clergy against the nomination of Dr. Hampden, was that of Archibald Campbell Tait. This additional recommendation, joined to the other points in his favour which we have noted, is sufficient to account for the patronage which waited on Tait from the period of his Rugby head-mastership. He was marked out as a man of liberal but moderate and orthodox opinions, an earnest and able Churchman, a man of great weight of character and personal influence, not unworthy to be in the succession to Arnold, who, if he had lived, would doubtless have been offered a Bishopric by the Liberal party. Tait also, by articles in the *Edinburgh* and by other publications on the subject of education and University reform, had commended himself to the favour of the Government of the day, among whose special subjects of proposed legislation national education and University reform were

included. It was therefore no matter of surprise that Lord John Russell should, especially after Tait's illness at Rugby, recommend him to the Queen for the vacant Deanery of Carlisle. In his note to Tait on the occasion, after referring to his impaired health, his lordship expresses the hope that at Carlisle "he might be able to pursue with greater opportunity those studies which had already made him eminent." We need not linger on the life of Tait at Carlisle. Suffice it to say that he laboured earnestly, and Mrs. Tait with him, to make his tenure of office a means of quickening to everything evangelical and philanthropic within the limits of his personal and official influence. He initiated new enterprises, and revived and stimulated old organisations. He also showed a truly liberal and, catholic spirit in his relations with other denominations than the Church of England. His residence at Carlisle, however, is mournfully memorable for the loss there of five little daughters in swift succession by a deadly visitation of scarlet fever. This terrible bereavement drew to the Dean and Mrs. Tait the sympathy of all England, including, in particular, the Queen. It is generally believed that it was not the least powerful among the influences which combined to induce the Queen, in concert with Lord Palmerston, to offer Dean Tait, in September 1856, the great ecclesiastical dignity of the Bishopric of London, in succession to Bishop Blomfield. It would be a mistake, however, to lay undue stress on the Dean's terrible bereavement as a motive for this appointment. He was, as we have shown, a man eminently fitted, and almost predestined, for high ecclesiastical preferment by the political party with whom, ever since her accession, the Queen had almost continually been associated, and was, there is every reason to believe, in strong general sympathy in matters ecclesiastical, no less than, generally speaking, in political predilections. It is true, indeed, that Lord John Russell was not at this time Premier, but Lord Palmerston, whose bishops were, it is now known, usually suggested more or less by the Earl of Shaftesbury; and that it was not improbably owing to the influence of the evangelical earl that Dr. Montague Villiers had but a little while before been appointed to the then vacant Bishopric of Carlisle, which Tait

not unreasonably had thought might have fallen to him. But Tait's great faculties were more suitable to the responsibilities of the Metropolitan see than of Carlisle. The leading part also which he had taken in the Royal University Commission, which had been appointed in 1850, and whose stirring and powerfully written report, the congenial work of his intimate friend Arthur Stanley, had been published in 1852, had brought him much to London while the Commission was sitting, and had marked him out as one who should be placed near the centre of affairs. In the letters of his brother commissioners he was recognised as largely responsible for its final shape, and especially for the form of its practical recommendations, which yet remained to be carried into law.* Indeed, "ever since the recovery of his health in 1850, and his work upon the Royal Commission, he had been aware," his biographers tell us, "of the favour with which he was regarded by some of the leaders of the Liberal party. Lord John Russell had made no secret of his intention to recommend him for a bishopric on the first opportunity." The "first opportunity" was Carlisle. The second was London, and it was, for the reasons we have noted, a fitter opportunity than the first. There was, besides, another and a strong reason why not Carlisle but London should be his See, one which, there is reason to believe, had special weight with the Queen. A complete change from the scene of his life's sad tragedy would be better for him and his family than continued residence on the spot, however dear and hallowed that spot might be by memories as sacred and tender as they were heartbreaking. Many a time afterwards the parents went in pilgrimage to the single grave in Stanwix Churchyard, where, one by one, between the 10th of March and the 10th of April 1856, his five little daughters had been laid, leaving the parents only the one little son Craufurd, and the infant who had just been born. It was well for them and their work that their home was far removed from the spot.

* In 1854 they were actually embodied for the most part in Mr. Gladstone's measure for University Reform, Mr. Gladstone having been in the first instance the leading Parliamentary opponent of the Commission when the Liberal Government proposed its appointment.

We must give some glimpses into the spiritual history of Tait during the Rugby and Carlisle period of his life. In the journals which he kept during his two last years at Rugby, after his illness, we are told that there is little or nothing but prayers, with now and then such comments as the following:

"I still find great difficulty in fixing my thoughts for prayer unless I use the help of writing. If I use a printed form my prayers are not sufficiently a direct approach to God. Yet if I pray without a form it is dreadful to feel how my thoughts wander. Lord, give me the spirit of prayer; I have all my life long felt my sad want of it" (vol. i. p. 137).

His diary on the first Sunday at Carlisle (May 5, 1850) contains the following entry:

"This is our first Sunday in our new home. What great blessings have we received from God! How graciously has He dealt with me in providing a quiet useful retirement when the bustle and work of Rugby seemed too much for me! O Lord, enable me to use the retirement of this place for my own increase in spiritual-mindedness, by Thy Holy Spirit's help. Enable me to labour faithfully for others. Pardon my sin, and bless to my soul the Holy Communion which I have this day received. Through Jesus Christ. Amen" (vol. i. p. 155).

Ash Wednesday was always solemnly kept by Tait, and the following is the entry in his diary for 1851:

"Ash Wednesday has been a solemn day to me now for many years. I began to mark it distinctly at Oxford, and tried there to spend it in recollection and prayer. Six years ago Mary * was buried on Ash Wednesday. Three years ago I lay at the point of death on Ash Wednesday. I have to-day been talking with my dearest wife of that solemn time. No one had any hope that I could live. O Lord, Thou hast been exceeding gracious to me. And now let me ask myself very solemnly whether my soul has received a blessing. I will consider my besetting sins. . . . . I will now go through the Penitential Liturgy from Jeremy Taylor. O Lord, solemnise my mind in these prayers. Keep me from wandering, for Jesus Christ's sake. . . . ." (vol. i. p. 181).

During the interval when he was waiting for his consecration, he spent some weeks at Brighton, and the following, among other devout and prayerful entries, occurs in his diary, under date Sunday evening, October 26:

"Catherine and I together received the Holy Communion at Mr. Henry Elliott's church. The calm time during that long Communion enabled me

* Mrs. John Tait, sister-in-law of A. C. T.

to call up in prayer the long succession of the many friends whom I feel a desire to remember now before the Throne of Grace. This quiet time of waiting till the day of my consecration comes is a great privilege. O Lord, give me strength and spirituality to use it as I ought. . . . . Give me strength to conquer my temptations. How difficult do I find it to secure proper time in the morning! This really is one of my great difficulties. Lord, give me energy for this, or the most precious time for my soul's improvement—for bracing it to meet the trials of the day—will be frittered away. And now at the close of another week let me dedicate myself afresh, O Lord, to Thee. . . . . In this new sphere give me more than ever

The spirit of prayer,
The spirit of holy meditation,
The spirit of holy zeal,
The spirit of right judgment,
The spirit of Christian boldness,
The spirit of Christian meekness. . . . .

Grant that the insidious temptations of the trappings of worldly greatness may not impede my heavenward course. I feel the danger. Raise my soul heavenwards through Jesus Christ our Lord. . . . ." (vol. i. pp. 202-3).

Page after page of the diary, we are told, is filled with tender references to the children "safe with the Lord, now their life's brief day is past."

On November 23, 1856, he was consecrated in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; on December 4 he was enthroned in St. Paul's Cathedral, and next day he went to Windsor to do homage to the Queen. His diary says:

"The ceremony was imposing, and I felt that to her kind heart I owed much. She spoke very kindly to me after the homage. . . . . [I was] conducted by Sir George Grey into the Queen's closet—a very small room—where I found the Queen and Prince Albert. Having been presented by Sir George, I kneeled down on both knees before the Queen, just like a little boy at his mother's knee. I placed my joined hands between hers, while she stooped her head so as almost to bend over mine, and I repeated slowly and solemnly the very impressive words of the oath which constitutes the Act of Homage. Longley, the new Bishop of Durham, who had accompanied me, then went through the same ceremony. He had not escaped so quietly from the ceremonial when he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon. His oath was then taken to William IV., and no sooner had he risen from his knees than the King suddenly addressed him in a loud voice thus:—'Bishop of Ripon, I charge you, as you shall answer before Almighty God, that you never by word or deed give encouragement to those d——d Whigs who would upset the Church of England.' . . . . I was afterwards sworn of the Privy Council,

where I met and was introduced to most of the Ministers. Lord Lansdowne said he had known my mother" (vol. i. pp. 206–7).

Though Lord Shaftesbury's advice to Lord Palmerston, given, this time at least, in vain, was that the See of London should be filled by Mr. Pelham, and that Dean Tait should be appointed to Norwich or elsewhere, yet it is interesting to note that his opinion of Tait was by no means unfavourable. To the new Bishop's sister, Lady Wake, he wrote that he regarded her brother as "by very much the best of the Arnold section." He appears, indeed, to have named him to Lord Palmerston, at Lady Wake's request, as suitable for an episcopal appointment. He was, it is true, afterwards much alarmed when he learnt that Stanley had been appointed one of his chaplains, but a letter from the Bishop, explaining the special work Stanley would have to do, and that the examinations would also be conducted "under his own eye," and a subsequent conversation which passed between them, quite reassured the Earl.

From this time forth Archibald Tait becomes a recognised power of the first class in the Church of England, in the House of Lords, and in the nation. From the beginning, his great qualities for government, administration, and public counsel made themselves felt. The remainder of his history is much too full of important passages, and vastly too large and various in its scope, for us to make any attempt to follow it in detail. It becomes a leading part of the history of England, and every student of English history will find the two volumes in which it is contained, and which are admirably written, an indispensable digest, at once succinct and full, of the ecclesiastical side of English history during the thirty years which followed Dr. Tait's appointment to the See of London. Among the subjects, in the discussion of which in the House of Lords he bore a part, never undistinguished or uninfluential, and, in many instances, a leading part, the following may be mentioned:—the Divorce Act, the Ritual Commission, Clerical Subscription, National Education, and especially the Education Act of 1870, Irish Church Disestablishment, the Public Worship Regulation Act, the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, and the Burials Act. From the first he commanded the close attention

of the House, being an excellent public speaker, always sensible, well-informed, ready, and effective. In Convocation also he gained, very early, a commanding position. He had no pretensions to brilliancy, or to such grace and charm of speaking as belonged to Bishop Wilberforce, whose influence alone in the ecclesiastical counsels of his Church rivalled his, but there was a weight, a massiveness of common sense, a calm flow of reason, and an unfailing moderation of judgment in his speeches, which, though they often failed to turn the tide of opinion when high ecclesiastical points of contention had roused the feelings of the High Church majority, never failed to make a marked impression, and not seldom brought about at least a saving compromise amid conflicting contentions, especially in the Lower House, where on the one side George Anthony Denison thundered, while Dean Stanley coruscated on the other side in brilliant satire or sometimes in scathing scorn. In Convocation, in addition to the discussion of such Parliamentary measures as we have mentioned, some of the leading subjects in which Dr. Tait took part, whether as Bishop of London in the earlier years, or as President of Convocation in his later years, may here be enumerated. There was the question of the Confessional, and mixed up with this the subject of Sisterhoods, matters as to which Bishop Wilberforce and himself, though, in some respects, strongly divergent in their views, were practically agreed, and effectively sustained each other, so that, after Wilberforce's death, the Primate found the moderating and controlling power of the joint episcopal counsels on these subjects sensibly lessened. There was the somewhat scandalous, and sometimes almost tragi-comic, history of the dissensions and riots of which St. George's East was the centre, and which tested to the utmost the patience, firmness, and impartiality of the Bishop of London in his counsels and administration. There was the *Essays and Reviews* controversy, in which, as was to be expected, the Bishop satisfied neither party; he did, in fact, grievously displease both parties. There was the question of the Colonial Churches, and their relation to the English Church and the See of Canterbury, and, in particular, the controversy as to Bishop Colenso and

the South African Church, in which, again, the Primate displeased both the litigant parties. There was the never-ending controversy as to Ritualistic practices and liberties or limits, with all its depths and shallows, its extravagances and its penalties, its occult mysteries, and its capricious and fantastic absurdities. Then there were, in a wider sphere than that of Convocation, the successive Lambeth Conferences of Anglican or quasi-Anglican Bishops from all lands, with the questions raised at these assemblies, in which the Archbishop was every way the chief figure, the hospitable host of the episcopal brethren, the official President of the Conferences, where he greatly added to his renown by his able, skilful, and inexhaustibly patient guidance as moderator of their discussions.

But apart from Parliament, or Convocation, or Conferences, there was a world of work and care in the midst of which the Bishop's life was passed as chief pastor of his Church, and as a teacher of Christian truth. The opening of his episcopacy was distinguished by his evangelical zeal, and this characteristic never ceased to give distinction to his official life. From 1856, when he left Carlisle for London, he made it his business to give impulse and encouragement to every form of earnest Home Mission work in London, taking a particular interest in the work at the East End. Whoever would give himself to such work was sure of the Bishop's, as afterwards of the Archbishop's, support. He himself set the example of preaching, wherever he could make time and find opportunity, to working men—not seldom delivering open-air addresses. This work brought him into cordial sympathy, on the one hand, with Lord Shaftesbury, while, on the other hand, it led him, notwithstanding his total disapproval of their extreme and superstitious High Anglicanism, to extend his protection and sympathy to such Missioners as Father Lowder. If there are any who imagine that, during the last dozen years, London Home Mission work has had its beginning, they will be beneficially undeceived by reading these volumes. They will not only be reminded of the great example and work of Shaftesbury, but they will learn that, for more than thirty years past, close, zealous, self-denying, intensely devoted Home Mission work has been organised and steadily carried on in connection with the

Established Church in all quarters of London. The newer efforts also are needed; they merit earnest and generous support; all and more than all that all can do is needed. But the great and generous enterprises, and the genuine and striking successes, of the past must not be forgotten. An outline view of some of them is given in these volumes. The grievous drawback is that in so many instances the mission work has been mixed up with degrading superstitions. Archbishop Tait was much more than a diocesan bishop. He was counsellor for all that belonged to his own Church and her daughter-Churches, in their operations at home and abroad. One of the best and most important services he rendered to his Church was in connection with the relations of the Bishops in colonial and other district fields to the Missionary Societies, especially to the Church Missionary Society in Ceylon and elsewhere. He was the instrument of bringing about a clear definition on all sides, and a good mutual understanding as to these questions. In the controversy also between the London Missionary Society and the Propagation Society as to the mission field in Madagascar his wise and temperate counsels were invaluable. Even in respect to the missionary controversy in China respecting the Chinese term for the Deity the arbitrament of the Archbishop was called for.

The personal influence and authority of such an Archbishop could not but be immense. It was very great indeed among the clergy, notwithstanding the bitterness and malignity with which he was assailed by such organs of extreme Anglo-Catholicism as the *Church Times*, and the suspicion with which all his counsels were regarded by the mass of the High Church clergy for twenty years. At length almost all classes of Churchmen—all, at any rate, whose opinion was of any value—came to regard him as a wise and good Church ruler, who, though he might not agree with the views of this or the other section of the clergy, was altogether superior to party spirit, and, having a supreme regard to the general good of the Church in its comprehensively national sense, performed the duties of his great office with absolute fidelity and fearlessness. One error, indeed, his biographers seem almost to admit that he made, in connection with the Public Worship Regulation

Act. In his earnest determination to find a remedy for the crying scandals created by a daring and capriciously wilful Ritualism, playing its profane and at the same time puerile pranks in the holy places of the people, he used all his influence to pilot and press the measure through Parliament, without taking soundings along his course as to the opinion and feelings of Convocation on the subject. We confess, however, that while we can sympathise with the feelings of the Churchmen who insisted that their views ought to be considered and conciliated on the subject of such a Bill, we can have little doubt that the "Erastian" Archbishop was right in his judgment, that to have admitted any right of "concurrent action" with Parliament on the part of Convocation would have been to wreck all the chances of any measure for limiting and controlling Ritualism ever becoming law. "Erastian" as the Archbishop may have been, as well as "Presbyterian-minded," he was little more Erastian than the relations of the Church of England with the State make it necessary for every bishop to be—in practice, if not in theory; while, if Parliament does but very imperfectly represent, by its Bishops, Lords, and Commons, the clergy and laity of the Church of England, it is certain that Convocation could not pretend to represent in any sense the laity, so deeply concerned in the question of public worship, and affords an altogether imperfect and misleading representation even of the clergy. We therefore are somewhat surprised to find the Archbishop's biographers, who themselves, however, it will be remembered, are members of Convocation, conceding in this instance to the Bishop's adversaries that in the case of the Public Worship Regulation Act, by "riding roughshod over the obstacles in his way, he unintentionally gave more pain than he was at all aware of, both to his opponents and his friends." The Bishop desired a remedy to be found for a crying evil. A measure was passed which, in the opinion of the best judges, including a majority of the Bishops, was likely to be effectual—at least to a considerable extent. If that measure has not proved effectual we think the fault lies elsewhere than with the Archbishop.

Let us now, however, turn from the perplexed *mêlée* of public controversy, and note somewhat more than we have

already noted of the private life and habits of the Archbishop, regarded in his primary character as a preacher of Divine truth and a man of personal religious experience and character. He thus himself summed up, in 1863, his chief aims during his London episcopate:

"My attention has been specially directed to those who seemed in danger of being alienated from the Church—the middle class, whom the High Church development seemed fast alienating. . . . . I gladly recognise their self-denying zeal, but looking to the faults of their religious system, and the horror in which it is held by the great body of religious persons, in the middle class especially, I feel convinced that its prevalence would end in the denationalising of the Church of England. . . . . (2) Still more, the poor. To them especially the Gospel requires to be preached in London. The great efforts of Bishop Blomfield to build churches and found new parishes have done much. But somehow there was something wanting in the work as he left it. Incomplete of course it must be in its extent as long as the population grows at its present alarming rate, but there seemed to me something wanting too in the spirit of these efforts. Hence it appeared to be my chief call during the earlier part of my episcopate, by preaching myself to the poor wherever they could be found, and stirring up a missionary spirit amongst the clergy, to endeavour to bring life into the existing machinery, and add an expansive power to all our Church movements. I think, by God's blessing, a good deal has been done in this way, and the example has spread in the kingdom. The preaching under the dome of St. Paul's is an outward symbol of what is wanted. The Diocesan Home Mission has been the centre of this work, as the Diocesan Church Building Society is the centre of the more regular and 'business' operations of the Church in the London Diocese. When Palmerston wished to withdraw me to the Archdiocese of York last year, I felt the danger of the Diocesan Home Mission perishing, perhaps more than any other consideration, as an inducement to remain where I am" (vol. i. p. 497).

A third purpose which he kept in view was, as he further states, "to meet the great danger of more thoughtful and inquisitive spirits being alienated from the Church. I mean the great body of the reading public, especially young men." It was this last aim of his which exposed him sometimes to the charge of "latitudinarianism."

We have referred to the Archbishop as a preacher, a preacher to the poor, sometimes an open-air preacher. He had excellent natural gifts and faculties for public speaking. As a writer he was plain, sensible, weighty, not seldom impressive.

Earnestness of conviction and purpose often lent force and gave point to his style. But he was not a master of style—there was no mint-mark of genius on his phrases—no exquisite grace or charm, no brilliance, no masterly finish about his writing, although occasionally it rose to a strain of manly eloquence. As an extemporaneous speaker, on the contrary, he was easy, natural, clear, with a leisurely but unfailing fluency, and always held the attention of his hearers. He thus describes his method of preparing for the pulpit when he was already nearly sixty-five years old:

"*July* 9, 1876.—I have been preaching extempore sermons at Margate, Canterbury, Dartford, &c., during the last five weeks. I have simply chosen my text, thought it out carefully, read Wordsworth, Alford, &c., used the Concordance, and written down a very few notes. I cannot help thinking that I have preached with more freedom and acceptance than I ever did before. Perhaps the thoughts were not so good, certainly they were not so well condensed, but they are fresher and seem more to reach the people's hearts. It is a glorious employment, this preaching of the everlasting Gospel, and good for one's own soul at least, whether it reaches others or no. But I want a life of greater, deeper, truer prayer" (vol. ii. p. 319).

With which may be compared the following:

"To-day Parish Church in the morning; our Chapel, afternoon. Read a good deal on Parable of King's Son's Marriage—Trench, Olshausen, Plumptre, &c., intending to preach on it; but suddenly in Chapel changed my mind. Finding that the First Lesson was the Vision of Dry Bones, addressed the congregation on the Vision, so full of meaning to us all. Have been reading more of Sibthorpe's Life. Would that I could grow more in the spiritual life! Lord, breathe upon the dry bones" (vol. ii. p. 536).

When he was in his sixty-seventh year, he notes in his diary (Sunday, May 12, 1878) that he had preached a new sermon almost every week since Christmas, and adds, "This is much better. It gives freshness to my teaching of others, and teaches myself." On September 26, 1881, he preached at the Commemoration Service for President Garfield, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. He notes in his diary that he "preached without book" to an overpowering congregation of English and Americans, the American Minister being present. He had a very "sudden summons" to preach on this occasion, having only known of what was desired of him

the day before, when he says in his diary, "This has rather upset me." His ordinary way of preparing for a special sermon he thus describes in his diary for Sunday, September 6, 1874: "Sermon for Education Society. It is very interesting to me to compose these sermons. I think of them through the week, jot down a few heads and texts somewhat promiscuously, roll them well over in my mind on Friday; Saturday morning I write out fair heads of the sermon, dividing usually into four sections, one for each page of a sheet of letter paper; I ride out alone on Saturday afternoon, and find myself ready to preach when I get into the pulpit on Sunday."

This faculty of extemporaneous speaking enabled him to do all his speech-making, whether in Parliament, Convocation, a Missionary Meeting, a Lord Mayor's Feast, or anywhere else, with singular ease and effectiveness. He was never embarrassed by, or at a loss for, his manuscript. He possessed pre-eminently the power of thinking consecutively and speaking with ease and effectiveness on his feet. One only exception he was accustomed to make to his rule of extemporaneous speech-making. The Archbishop was expected to speak annually at the dinner of the Royal Academy. For this occasion he wrote out his speech.

How devout a Christian he was, and how warm and tender in his domestic affections, will, in part, have been suggested by some extracts already given from his diary. But that the rare tenderness and depth of his emotional nature, especially under religious aspects, may be justly appreciated, we must find room for a few more quotations, out of many passages that we have noted illustrating this side of his character. At Addington, on Ash Wednesday, 1875, the following entry occurs in his diary:

"This day has of old been a solemn day to me. Twenty-eight years have passed since the doctor came to my bedside at Rugby and told me how I must expect to die. Lord, great have been Thy mercies during these eight-and-twenty years. How many of my coevals gone! how great my trials, privileges, opportunities! Lord, grant me now to be waiting ready, leaning on Thee, washed in the blood of Christ. To-day I have addressed the people in our

Chapel and in Addington Church. I have also visited several of our villagers, and have had some quiet time for thought and prayer. Bless, O Lord, the day and all this Lent to my soul" (vol. ii. p. 307).

The anniversaries of his son's birthday and death were ever days specially marked by him. Writing at his Kentish home, he made in 1878 the following entry:

23*rd June*, STONEHOUSE.—Yesterday was his birthday—29—a day ever marked. Oh, how to pass through yesterday . . . . I have been turning my thoughts when I could to the preparation of my addresses for the coming meetings of the Bishops. O Lord, guide me and assist me in this work. I had hoped to have had him as a great help in the difficult work, and specially to have been helped by the friendships he had made in America. Well, shall I not be so helped? and can I doubt that he will be more really present than if he had been detained down here at Stonehouse by lingering illness? The thought most present to my mind to-day is that the time of mourning is short. In three years and a half I shall be 70. I must meet him soon; the other mourners may have long years before them; I cannot. This death tolls the last watch in a life which has beenmy steriously divided by solemn, sudden warnings. O Lord, give megrace in the time that remains to make the evening of my life and the close of my Episcopate what he would have wished. The distractions of society may now be set aside; I scarcely think I shall be drawn into any disquieting conflicts; I would meditate on the past, look forward to the remote future, and strive each day to live in patient, quiet work, as waiting for the Lord's summons—more care for the poor, more anxious striving to be considerate for all good men, more efforts to set a holy example in my family and neighbourhood, more solicitude for the wants of individual parishes in the Diocese, more earnest prayer that I may accomplish these quiet works. Lord, help me, as the evening draws on" (vol. ii. pp. 328–9).

The following passages are also very beautiful and touching:

"*Easter Sunday, 13th April*, 1879.—A week of quiet rest at Addington. The solemnity of the return to this dear place is great indeed. To-day at the Holy Communion in the lovely Church, adorned with all its Easter beauties, I felt the presence of the beloved ones very near. Thanks be to God for the blessed hopes of this day. At times I have felt as if it would be better for my children that I should go; but we are in God's hands; He will do what is best for all of us and for His Church; and perhaps after all there is work for me still to do here" (vol. ii. pp. 517–8).

"LAMBETH, *June* 22.—Our wedding day. Thirty-seven years since that bright summer morning when we went together to the dear little Church at Elmdon. I have been alone in the Chapel here, thinking it all over after the

day's work was done. Amid blessings and trials how does life pass! Blessed Saviour, stand by me to the end. Blessed Father, into Thy hands I give myself and all I love" (vol. ii. 532).

When, in 1880, he heard of the death of his sister, Lady Sitwell, he wrote: "The gathering of all my generation is fast going on. Raise my soul, blessed Lord, to Thy Presence! A door is opened in Heaven; let me look in now, and at last enter in." During a tour on the Continent in 1880 he calls to mind former visits when his wife and son were with him, and says: "How the thought of those days and that dear intercourse comes back! Surely family love like ours must last for ever!"

Such passages as these reveal the character of Archbishop Tait's humanity; they show the quality which made him deeply beloved by all that came within the range of his personal affections. The principles which regulated his official life and gave character to his whole episcopal career have been already indicated or suggested; but the passage we are about to quote furnishes the Archbishop's own statement of the spirit which governed his administration:

"A man who wishes to pass on the whole satisfactorily through life had better act according to his lights, making up his mind very carefully as to what is right, and then setting about it: he had better take all the advice given him in good part, but, upon the whole, determine that the best thing he can do, in ordinary circumstances, is to act upon his own deliberate convictions. I think very little, however, of that man who considers that in every conceivable case he is bound to act entirely on his own convictions, and to pay no heed to the people who have the misfortune to differ from him. I have now been twenty-four years a Bishop, and during that period I have been brought into contact with persons of all grades of opinion in the Church of God. The lesson I have derived from this contact has been to respect deeply the opinions of those who are not afraid to act according to the dictates of their consciences. I believe all of them, as they become more conscientious, will be tolerant of difference of opinion; and if I may single out any one characteristic of the Church of England which seems to indicate it as the Church of a great and world-extending nation, it is this: that it is wide enough to embrace within its sympathies all the various shades of opinion which the different schools of the Church contain. Had any one school of thought so prevailed as to drive all others out of the Church, it would have been an evil day for the Church and the nation. Looking abroad, I do no

see this liberty in any other country or Church but our own; on the contrary, what one sees elsewhere is, that men are driving each other forth because of their differences in religious sentiment. I thank God that I belong to a Church and a nation which understands what is Catholicity in its true sense, and embraces in one fold good men who desire to promote their Master's cause, even though in many points they differ very widely from each other" (vol. ii. pp. 488–9).

Many will be of opinion that such comprehensiveness as he claims for the Church of England is too wide and loose for anything like true unity, either spiritual or administrative, and, after all, can never, in fact, be made wide enough to meet the case of all who, on his principles, may have to be regarded as entitled to be "comprehended" in the National Church. But all must admit that, the Church of England being what it is, the views and principles indicated in this extract, and which Archbishop Tait with admirable patience and courage endeavoured to carry out, are such as befit a great Ruler of that Church. It must be remembered, also, that personally the Archbishop adhered to the essentials of Protestant evangelical truth, however wide might be his official principle of comprehensiveness. He justly indicates and emphasises Jowett's errors as to the central doctrine of the atonement (vol. i. p. 281), and speaks of his "strange mind" (ii. 430). He dealt faithfully with Bishop Colenso, in private conversation and expostulation, though he defended his ecclesiastically legal rights. High as his opinion was of Maurice's holiness, he differed widely from his opinions (i. 512). Greatly as he loved, and very much as he owed to, Stanley, yet, on the subject of his latitudinarianism, especially in connection with the *Essays and Reviews* controversy, he dealt with him in serious, though affectionate, earnestness and fidelity, so much so that, at the close of 1861, Stanley enclosed to him the following memorandum:

"In the earlier part of this year I left a memorandum to be read in case anything befell me. Now that the end of the year is come I may as well report to the person whom it chiefly concerns. It was to the effect that if, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, or elsewhere, I had said anything which caused needless pain to the Bishop of London, I deeply regret it, and hope for his forgiveness. His conduct with regard to the Episcopal letter caused me

at the time deep grief. But he acted, I have no doubt, for what he thought the best, and for his kindness to me since I shall always feel grateful" (vol. i. pp. 310–11).

We have left very much untouched in this review which we should have wished to notice, but our space is exhausted. One of the most remarkable disclosures, undoubtedly, is the correspondence between the Queen and the Archbishop in relation to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The statesmanship and personal influence of the Queen in this case are very striking. No doubt, also, the great and influential part played by the Bishop as an intermediary between the two parties, and in his dealings with Mr. Gladstone, must have heightened the Queen's estimate of the character and qualities of the Primate. One can understand after this—what incidentally comes out—that the Queen made it her business to read the Archbishop's Charges when he published them in a volume. His Charges, indeed, are documents of great interest and of historical value, full of wise counsels and noble aims, and instinct with a truly Christian spirit.

After his wife's death in 1878 he became almost suddenly an old man. His constitution had been shaken by repeated attacks of illness. He was approaching his 70th year. Four years longer he lived and worked in increasing weakness. His end was the fit close of a noble Christian life. The last words he was helped to write were addressed to the Queen in answer to a message from Her Majesty by Lady Ely: "A last memorial of twenty-six years of devoted service; with earnest love and affectionate blessing on the Queen and her family.—A. C. CANTUAR." He had already received the Holy Communion. Prayers and hymns were, at his desire, repeated to him at intervals, especially the Commendatory Prayer from Bishop Andrewes, which he had always used and loved. Then at seven o'clock in the morning, being Advent Sunday, 1882, he breathed his last. "It was on Advent Sunday, four years before, that his wedded life of five-and-thirty years had ended, and he had wondered many a time in those autumn weeks if he should spend Advent Sunday upon earth, or united again with those whom he had loved, in the immediate presence of the Lord."

His youngest daughter, who has since joined her parents in the world beyond, wrote in her diary of the last weeks of waiting:

"They will be a help to us all our life, I think, those quiet watchings: such a feeling of peace, of finished work, and of waiting for the Master's call to go home. We always feel as if we had spent that time like the pilgrims in the Land of Beulah, waiting for the messenger and the crossing of the river, and he was like Mr. Stand-fast, for 'the day he was to cross, there was a great calm at that time in the river,' and the river was so quiet and so shallow, that 'he stood a long time in the water talking to those who had come with him to the water's edge.'"

So fitly and beautifully closed the great life of the wisest and most powerful "Primate of all England" that modern England has known.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Studia Biblica et Ecclesiastica. By Members of the University of Oxford. Vol. iii. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

This third series of scholarly papers on questions of Biblical study, edited by Professors Driver, Cheyne, and Sanday, well maintains the high standard set by the former two. These pages appeal only to scholars. But there are in English so few publications of this kind, especially when we compare our Biblical literature with that of Germany, that it is greatly to be desired that every encouragement should be given to the editors and promoters of this valuable series of volumes. The present instalment contains six essays. One of these is by Mr. Neubauer, entitled "The Introduction of the Square Characters in Biblical MSS. and an account of the earliest MSS. of the Old Testament." This is illustrated by admirable photographic facsimiles, which enable those who are not specially skilled in palæography to understand the grounds on which, for example, the date of the Codex Babylonicus of 916 is determined. The Rev. C. Gore writes a very interesting paper on the argument of St. Paul in Romans ix.-xi. The article is short, but very much to the point, and Mr. Gore does good service by showing how much of St. Paul's argument is really to be understood as *ad hominem*. Mr. Gwilliam's essay on "The Materials for the Criticism of the Peshitto New Testament," and that of Mr. F. H. Woods on "The New Testament Quotations of Ephrem Syrus," though apparently on recondite and unpractical subjects, nevertheless have an important bearing on critical questions affecting the Canon and Text of the New Testament. Professor Sanday examines minutely into the evidence afforded by the "Cheltenham List" of the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, and of the writings of Cyprian. This list was discovered in the Philipps collection at Cheltenham by Professor Mommsen in 1885, and the importance of the list will be seen from the fact that its date is as early as, or not much later than, 359 A.D.

Our space does not allow of our entering into detailed examination of these papers or their results. Suffice it to say that they are full of interest to Biblical students, who should do their best to support the publication of such a series of learned researches. We are warned in the preface that the continuance of the series depends upon the co-operation of the public. For the credit of English Biblical learning, such a publication should not be allowed to fail.

Der Massorahtext des Koheleth Kritisch untersucht. Von SEBASTIAN EURINGER. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs. 1890.

This is apparently Herr Euringer's first contribution to Biblical criticism, and he has selected for himself no easy task. A critical inquiry into any part of the Massoretic text of the Old Testament, if it be conducted on strictly scientific principles, requires a large amount of pioneer work, of which only an accomplished scholar is capable. Herr Euringer has at all events thoroughly understood the conditions of the problem he sets out to investigate. He wisely restricts himself to a determination of the Consonantal text only, and he gives in his "Prolegomena" a full and scholarly account of the materials available for ascertaining it. About 300 quotations from the Mischnah, the two Talmuds, the Josephta, and smaller tractates, are cited, a full abstract of them being given in the Appendix. The main source, however, of which the critic can avail himself is the versions, and the author has first to combat Grätz's theory as to the character of the LXX. version of Koheleth. After a full account of MSS. and versions, Herr Euringer criticises severely, and as we think successfully, Bickell's theory as to the composition of the book which we call Ecclesiastes. This theory is an excellent specimen of the wild theorising which now-a-days does duty for sober criticism. Bickell would take the whole book virtually to pieces, and reconstruct it. Our author's exposure of the arbitrary and unwarrantable methods illustrated by Bickell's theory, shows him to be a thorough scholar and able exegete.

Into the details of his textual criticism, involving minute discussion of Hebrew, Greek, and Syriac readings, we cannot here enter. So far as we have been able to examine his work, the author appears to have furnished a valuable contribution towards the criticism of the Massoretic text of Ecclesiastes. Much of this comparatively dry, and altogether preparatory work will be necessary, before a ripe and permanent judgment concerning the precise character of the New Testament can be formed. Monographs such as the present are of great value in their place, and Herr Euringer's work is sure to receive the attention of Old Testament scholars.

St. John's Gospel. The Expositor's Bible. By Rev. MARCUS DODS, D.D. Vol. i. Hodder & Stoughton.

We confess to some disappointment in this work of Dr. Dods. Of course it is marked by those features of ability which are characteristic, more or less, of all that the author writes. But we miss the special features of treatment proper to an expository work on the fourth Gospel. The peculiarities of the Gospel are not adequately set forth. There is no special introduction, such as appears to us absolutely necessary. Of exegetical exposition, such as, especially at certain points, we regard as indispensable, there is very little. There are two masters who have dealt with St. John's Gospel of late years—Dr.

Reynolds, in his masterpiece commentary, and Canon Scott Holland in certain charming and well-known sermons in which he deals suggestively with the general character and purpose of the Gospel, and with certain sections of it. Dr. Dods, we should have hoped, would have given us a work not altogether wanting in the characteristics either of the one or the other of these. But the successive scenes do not live on his page—the manner and purpose of the several sections of these inspired reminiscences are not fully or clearly brought out—the self-evidential character of the Apostle's narratives is not presented to the student's consciousness—the fact that only the beloved disciple could have told the story as it is told is not so suggested that the student cannot but feel its truth and reality. The treatment of the first chapter is especially inadequate, and at some points in our view quite mistaken. Dr. Dods has failed to see, for instance, that Nathanael was not visited and called by Philip near the Jordan, but at the end of the journey from the Jordan of Jesus and his little company, that he was in fact under the fig-tree in his own garden at Cana when Philip found him. We have no fault to find with the author's doctrinal teaching, but as a lesson-book on St. John's Gospel this first volume is a disappointment.

A Historical Introduction to the Study of the Books of the New Testament: being an Expansion of Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin. By GEORGE SALMON, D.D., F.R.S. Fifth Edition. London: John Murray. 1891.

The fact that this Introduction has reached a fifth edition speaks well both for it and those who have so widely recognised its worth. It does not deal with criticism of the text, or supply analysis and exposition, but on its own ground, the history of the various books of the New Testament, it is unrivalled. Dr. Salmon's searching examination of Renan's speculations and Baur's theories is really admirable. He shows that they are dead, and admit of no rehabilitation. For such service Dr. Salmon deserves the thanks of all orthodox students. He points out that a generation of scholars has sprung up who regard the German critic with something like veneration, and receive his doctrines with blind submission, so that the man who "arrives at results agreeing in the main with those long held in the Christian Church, finds himself now compelled to fight the battle of freethought against authority, and has to struggle for the right arguments to get a hearing, however opposed they may be to traditional prejudices." Such is the tolerance of the New School of criticism. Dr. Salmon has not, however, been deterred from pursuing the course dictated by his own judgment and research. He is able to point out "how grievously Baur's theory of early Church history comes into collision with extant documents, so that in some way to set aside these documents

became a necessity of his position." All this is eminently suggestive. The fact that the late Bishop Lightfoot found himself compelled to use similar language about Baur is rightly pointed out as a vindication of the writer's position in this Introduction. Two lectures deal with the German critic's theories and the alleged Anti-Paulinism of the Apocalypse; four describe the "Reception of the Gospel in the early Church;" then the various books are treated in detail. There are two valuable chapters on "Apocryphal and Heretical Gospels" and "Non-Canonical Books." This outline will show the compass and value of the survey. The whole discussion is well-balanced and sagacious, truly liberal, yet faithful to cardinal principles. It is a book which every New Testament student ought to have in constant use.

Lights and Shadows of Primitive Christendom. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. (Edin.), late Professor of Historical Theology, New College, St. John's Wood. Printed for private circulation.

Dr. Stoughton's object in this essay has been to give an impartial account of the impression produced on his own mind by a lifetime of reading and reflection on the first centuries of Christianity. The *Shadows* are dealt with in seven chapters of deep interest. His pages on "Fictitious Literature" give Dr. Stoughton opportunity to deal with such works as *The Shepherd* of Hermas, of which he justly writes: "In this medley of wild imagination are some moral lessons; but throughout there is an absence of 'Gospel truths,' except in a few instances, where they are much obscured. The whole production has been compared to *Pilgrim's Progress*, which it does not at all resemble, except in its being an allegory. The Puritan's genius and piety are dishonoured by having his illustrious name coupled with this early dreamer." The whole chapter shows what a gulf separates the Apocryphal literature from our New Testament Scriptures. The allegorising mania of "The Alexandrian School" is treated in another good section. The discussion of the "morals" of the early Church shows something of the seamy side of those days, but it is too slight to be of real value. The strange terms on which Christian virgins lived with members of the other sex are referred to in a paragraph that reminds us of Chrysostom's denunciations of such customs in Constantinople. In his second part Dr. Stoughton deals with a more congenial subject: "The divine illumination of early Christendom." He makes it abundantly clear that, with all their weaknesses, the early Fathers were zealous students of Scripture. They constantly support the great evangelical doctrines which they teach by the authority of the Word of God. Though a very large numbe of Origen's writings are lost, two-thirds of the New Testament is cited in his extant Greek writings. Dr. Stoughton points out that the Tractarian School, by setting up "the second and third century literature as *authoritative* guides

for Christians of the nineteenth, made an immense mistake in reference to the just reputation of patristic authors." The Puritans who read them had indeed a higher estimate of the Fathers than modern Low Churchmen. The pages devoted to "Characters of Eminent Christian Men" have a charm such as Dr. Stoughton well knows how to weave around his subject. There are also some interesting discussions as to prayers, religious offerings, social relations, and a stirring chapter on "Heroism." The book is full of matter, and forms a sympathetic, yet not over-coloured, study of the Ante-Nicene Church.

Types of the Saintly Life. By ARTHUR C. TURBERVILLE. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

Mr. Turberville, the pastor of Milton Congregational Church at Huddersfield, has gathered together under this attractive title a series of lectures delivered in his own pulpit on successive Sundays. His ideal of the saintly life is "not 'holiness' or aloofness from the world, but faith or practical loyalty to 'the aspiration of the Spirit.' In other words, it is the love of God revealed in the service of man." But is not holiness the soul of such service, the preparation and inspiration for all true sacrifice for others? Mr. Turberville wisely points out that "Social Christianity" "issues in a new chiliasm. It has no eternal foundations, no eternal hope." He holds fast to "a supernatural religion, realised not in esoteric dogma, but in divinely quickened love." Marcus Aurelius, Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, John Bunyan, Elizabeth Fry, and President Garfield are taken as types of the heathen, the Catholic, the heretic, the Puritan, the female and the modern saint. The lectures are full of high thinking, put in an attractive and stimulating form. That on Garfield brings out with much felicity the Christian manliness of the American President. All the sketches, indeed, are worthy of study. But why does Mr. Turberville make such an attack on those who do not accept the doctrine of conditional immortality on which he builds his own system? He even goes so far as to impugn the honesty of those who take a graver view of the subject; and has scant respect for those who "maintain a politic silence upon a belief which so wrongs the character of God, and which is so degrading both to the preacher and the hearer." We should have felt more confidence in recommending the book had such sentiments been excluded. They are really introduced where they are not at all necessary. Mr. Turberville has evidently gone a long way from the old paths, when he is able to speak of the Sacrificial and Sacerdotal system of the Old Testament as "a relic of primitive paganism against which the greatest of the prophets—Isaiah, Hosea, and Jeremiah—lifted up a consentient voice of eloquent and indignant protest." It is strange to hear such a verdict passed on the Pentateuch from a Christian pulpit. We hope Mr. Turberville will, with more mature study, reach a wiser decision. Despite these blemishes his book is one which thoughtful people will greatly prize.

The Esoteric Basis of Christianity. By WILLIAM KINGSLAND, F.T.S. London: Theosophical Society. 1891.

This paper, read before the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society, reveals in every sentence the writer's dogmatic confidence in his strange system. All the world must come to sit at the feet of the Theosophist, if the mysteries of human life and destiny are to be made clear. "Theosophy claims to be the truth underlying all religions in their *exoteric*, or popular form; and it claims this in virtue of its being a presentation or interpretation of a very ancient system, known as the *Secret Doctrine*, or ancient *Wisdom Religion*." This opening sentence is a fair index to the assumptions of the book. Mr. Kingsland refers to our Lord's words about casting pearls before swine, as one proof of the care with which these secrets have always been preserved from the outside world. He attempts to be satirical on the Christian attitude towards idolatry, and argues that there can be no end to intolerance and bigotry until the common basis on which all religions rest is disclosed. Reincarnation and Kharma, the Theosophist's two universal principles, explain all the mystery. He finds these everywhere underneath the letter of Scripture. "Just as in the Old Testament we have the historical Jewish race, into whose history is cunningly woven the thread of the mystical allegory of man's evolution, so in the New Testament, we have the historical Jesus, into whose life and teachings are woven the mystical truths of the Nature of the divine man. There cannot be an historical *Christ*, any more than an historical Adam; for every man is Adam, and every man will become *Christos*, or '*anointed*.'" This is the theory which the writer seeks to promulgate. His wild and baseless charge that the early Church took care to obliterate all traces of the real source and meaning of the symbol of the cross is one of the curiosities of his paper. Any one who wishes to know a little about theosophy will find this book worth consulting. It shows the boundless assumptions of the sect, and the pride of wisdom which characterises these modern illuminati. Professor Patterson's exposure of their doings in India has recently been well summarised by himself in the *British Weekly*. It would be well for any who may read this book to turn to those papers.

My Cross and Thine. Illustrated with Original Sketches by the Author. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. London: C. H. Kelly. 1891.

Mr. Bamford's volume is a series of meditations during the months of the year, which catch with much success the varying phases of nature, and unfold their bearing on human character. The changing moods of a retired thinker, chastened by ill-health but strong in Divine consolation, are well set forth. An under-current of calm and fearless faith runs through the chapters. It is a book full of sterling good sense, written by one whose eyes are open to the

beauties of shore and field. Mr. Bamford knows how to make the little incidents of his uneventful rambles a peg for happy moralising. There is a graceful reference to the late Rev. Ishmael Jones and to the Rev. Thomas Akroyd, two of Mr. Bamford's brother ministers, who will long hold a warm place in many hearts. The book is both inspiriting and comforting. It is illustrated by some well-executed sketches of the scenes in which Mr. Bamford has been spending his months of retirement.

The Biblical Illustrator; or, Anecdotes, Similes, Emblems, Illustrations, Expository, Scientific, Geographical, Historical, and Homiletic, gathered from a Wide Range of Home and Foreign Literature, on the Verses of the Bible. By the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. St. John, vol. II. London: James Nisbet & Co.

This volume covers the eight central chapters of S. John's Gospel. The fact that it contains 687 closely printed pages will show what material is put at the service of preachers and teachers. The discussion as to the genuineness of the section on "The Woman taken in Adultery" is judicious and helpful. The style of the work is so well known that it will suffice to say that Mr. Exell has gathered his mass of illustrative and homiletic matter with an impartial hand from the best preachers and commentators of all ages. It is scarcely possible to find a page on which there is not something which a preacher may use to stimulate his own mind or light up his discourses.

Romans Dissected: A Critical Analysis of the Epistle to the Romans. By E. D. MCREALSHAM. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1891.

This is an elaborate *jeu d'espr it* affecting to prove that the Epistle to the Romans was the work of four unknown authors, and not of the Apostle Paul. The writer has been moved to this task by contempt for the vagaries of much modern criticism. He spares no pains to establish his point. It is cleverly done, and may set some people thinking. The three arguments are doctrinal, linguistic, and historical, to each of which a chapter is devoted. In a brief postscript this "realsham" is explained, and the writer reveals his purpose. It is almost needless to add that he entirely accepts the Pauline authorship of the Epistle.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature. Edited by Professor S. D. F. SALMOND, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The Critical Review has made a good beginning. The early numbers show that no effort is being spared to produce a bright and scholarly periodical which will render real service to all Biblical students. The editorship could not have been placed in better hands than those of Dr. Salmond, and he has gathered round him a large band of contributors, among whom we are glad to notice Mr. J. H. Moulton and Professor Banks. The Review is published quarterly at eighteenpence a number, so that it is well within the reach of every minister. Its readers will gain a clear knowledge of all current theological publications from its excellent notices of books.

The Expository Times. Edited by the Rev. JAMES HASTINGS, M.A. Volume the Second. October 1890—September 1891. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The *Expository Times* has so much good matter and so many novel features that it cannot fail to be welcomed in every parsonage. Methodist scholarship is well represented by the tutors of the various colleges who have contributed some valuable articles and notes. Professor Davison's paper on "Inspiration and Modern Criticism" will be found here in convenient form for the student. The magazine is not only scholarly, but it is eminently readable. Canon Liddon's delightful paper on "Cats" almost justifies its insertion in such a periodical by its unusual interest.

PHILOSOPHY.

Justice: being Part IV. of the Principles of Ethics. By HERBERT SPENCER. Williams & Norgate. 1891.

Mr. Spencer's health has prevented him from working out the latter part of his great scheme of Synthetic Philosophy in the full, orderly detail he would desire. Fearing lest he might be arrested in his work before the most important part of it was reached, he published, in 1879, *The Data of Ethics*, in which the outlines of his ethical system were sketched. That volume was a sort of preface to what the author would fain have elaborated as *The Principles of Ethics*, but as yet he has been able only to write what he regards as

the most important section of that work, viz., the fourth part on "Justice." This instalment of a great work is before us, and we congratulate the now venerable author on the measure of health which has enabled him to accomplish so much of the great work of his life.

Our readers will know that we are quite unable to rank ourselves among Mr. Spencer's disciples. His fundamental Agnosticism is, in our opinion, both erroneous and mischievous. His "Synthetic Philosophy," while the work of a marvellously comprehensive and constructive mind, is open to criticism on many sides, by reason of its avowedly systematic and professedly complete character; and the very bases of Mr. Spencer's ethics appear to us essentially mistaken. Nevertheless, it is impossible to take up one of Mr. Spencer's books without learning much from it. We disagree entirely with his premisses, his arguments, and his conclusions, in his treatment of the great subject of Human Justice, yet his pages are studded with shrewd remarks, showing wide observation and considerable insight, as well as that systematic, constructive element which is so characteristic of all the author's writings.

He begins with "Animal Ethics," and seeks to find the key to human ethics in what he calls "sub-human justice." An obligation to conform to the laws by which a species is maintained is, according to Mr. Spencer, the ethical, or quasi-ethical basis of the whole structure. He next discusses the sentiment and then the idea of Justice, as recognised among men. The "formula" which expresses the latter unites a positive with a negative element, and is thus expressed by Mr. Spencer:—"Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." The authority of this formula is not so easy to find, but Mr. Spencer after combating the extreme empirical views of a certain school of ethics, finds the basis he needs in an *à priori* belief which has its origin in the experiences of the race, so that it is "but a conscious response to certain necessary relations in the order of Nature." The various "Rights" of man are then discussed in detail, including the right to physical integrity, the right of property, of free exchange, and free contract; of free belief and free speech, the rights of women and children, the duties of the State, and the limitations of those duties.

Throughout these chapters we find ourselves from time to time in agreement with Mr. Spencer on certain details, and, as we have said, it is impossible to read many pages of such an observant writer without learning much from him, and being set thinking upon important questions of practical ethics. But our points of disagreement with Mr. Spencer are so fundamental that it is difficult to begin to criticise. His whole view of human justice is strained and unnatural, because of the evolutionary, and virtually utilitarian, basis of his whole system. Readers of this volume will, however, find much that is suggestive in the practical application of the Spencerian ethical maxims to sundry relationships of life, and the remarks on the duties of the State, with

the necessary limitations attaching to all State action, are, especially in these days, very salutary.

The book must be judged as part of a great whole. We do not believe that Mr. Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" has solved the problem of the universe. But in parts it has shed much light on questions of nature, and of man's condition, and this volume on "Justice" will be of indirect use in promoting the discussion of a branch of ethics which, unless we are much mistaken, must receive a very different treatment from that of Mr. Spencer, if the foundations of the building are to be firmly laid, and the superstructure is to prove valid and abiding.

AFRICAN TRAVEL.

1. *Ten Years in Equatoria, and the Return of Emin Pasha.* By Major GAETANO CASATI. Translated from the original Italian manuscript by the Hon. Mrs. J. RANDOLPH CLAY, assisted by Mr. J. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. With upwards of one hundred and fifty illustrations, coloured plates, and four maps. In two volumes. London: F. Warne & Co. 1891.

2. *New Light on Dark Africa:* being the Narrative of the German Emin Pasha Expedition, its Journeyings and Adventures among the Native Tribes of Eastern Equatorial Africa, the Gallas, Massais, Wasukuma, &c. &c., on the Lake Baringo and the Victoria Nyanza. Related by Dr. CARL PETERS, the Commander of the Expedition. Translated from the German by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With thirty-two page engravings, and sixty-five other illustrations from designs by RUDOLF HELLGREWE, and a large explanatory coloured map, representing the progress of the Expedition from day to day. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1891.

These sumptuous volumes bear impressive testimony to the conspicuous place which Africa now fills in the thought and enterprise of Europe. Every

corner of the Dark Continent is being explored by heroic adventurers, whose narratives lack none of the charm we find in the stirring records of travel and discovery in the age of Columbus. It appears strange at first sight that Africa, lying comparatively near to the great centres of civilisation, should so long have remained a *terra incognita*, but such volumes as these make our wonder give place to admiration of the brave men who have triumphed over a multitude of well-nigh insuperable difficulties, and have at length opened up the interior of Africa to European influence. It has proved a heavy task of late to keep pace with the literature of African travel and adventure. Mr. Stanley's great work has been followed by a little library of books intended to throw light on his expedition, and on the condition and prospects of the Dark Continent. Two of the most valuable additions to this library have just been made by Major Casati and Dr. Peters. Italy and Germany are not content to leave the vast field of exploration to England. Russia and Belgium are also in the field. Large part of the work of civilising Africa will, no doubt, fall to our share, but it is a task so herculean, and involves so vast an expenditure of money and men, that all friends of Africa may rejoice to see the profound interest awakened in the minds of explorers of all nationalities. Major Casati is an Italian officer who has given ten years of his life to Equatorial Africa. The translators of his manuscript were well entitled to place the following quotation from Jerome on their title-page: "We can only achieve what is most noble and great by modesty." The young Italian explorer has much of the spirit of Livingstone. He never obtrudes himself, never disparages others. His story compels him to dwell at times on the vacillation and want of insight which marred the work of Emin Pasha, but even this is done in a way that shows entire loyalty and profound respect for the German savant. Casati is not only like Livingstone in his modesty, but also in the gentleness shown to the natives. He lived among the tribes, studying their customs and winning their hearty goodwill. This circumstance gives great weight to his book. It does not contain the hurried impressions of a passing traveller, but the matured result of close and prolonged observation. The value of the book is also increased by brief summaries of the previous history of African explorers and exploration. It is thus in some sense a cyclopædia as well as a record of personal travel. Casati, the son of an Italian doctor, was born at Lesmo in 1838, served in the third war against Austria for Italian independence, and then for eleven years fought against the brigands of Southern Italy. He afterwards took part in the Ordnance Survey. He eventually resigned his commission in order to give himself entirely to geographical science. When Gessi Pasha wrote from the Soudan asking for a young officer well acquainted with the art of drawing maps, Casati caught at the chance of joining his countryman. He set out from Genoa on Christmas Eve, 1879. A month later he left Suakim for Berber. His camels disappointed him. They had neither much strength nor special capability for resisting fatigue, so that he longed for the day when the famous ships of the desert might give place to more adequate means of travel. An amusing sketch

is given of the hair-dressing which engrossed most of the time and thought of his Arab camel-drivers. "They arrange themselves in a row, one behind the other; the second combs the first, the third the second, and so on. The hair is first unfastened, and divided by small sticks, then arranged in little plaits falling on the neck, and sometimes upon the shoulders; it is previously smeared with sheep's fat, and then sprinkled with red earth." The brutal avidity with which the Arabs threw themselves upon the quivering entrails of some disembowelled goat and swallowed them "with their putrid contents," greatly disgusted him. On July 4 he left Khartoum for the White Nile. In the Bahr-el-Ghazal the travellers suffered much from mosquitoes which gave them no rest by night, and from myriads of wasps which darted at their faces, hands, and neck from sunrise till noon. Casati spent two or three weeks among the Dinkas, to whom he devotes some graphic pages. Their absolute cleanliness, their odd custom of keeping snakes, generally pythons, in their houses, and a multitude of other matters are well described. The snakes are so tame that they will answer the calls and signs of the housewife. In August Casati reached Gessi Pasha. The two men were not long together, for the Pasha was compelled to return to Khartoum in the following September. The hardships of his voyage, caused by the "sud," or aquatic vegetation which had grown over the river, led to a cruel illness, of which he died at Suez in the following January. Casati meanwhile was travelling among the tribes. He gives the result of his explorations in many delightful pages on the customs and folk-lore of the people. In March 1883, he left for Lado on a visit to Emin Pasha, with whom he spent some pleasant weeks. Then he returned to his own station. A year later the Mahdist movement threw the whole region into a panic. Casati was compelled to leave his post. Affairs daily grew more and more serious. At last, in January 1885, Casati set out to join Emin at Lado. He had already discerned his friend's weakness. "If not proud, he was certainly self-reliant, and seemed to disdain the careful study of the men who surrounded him. He believed that he could attend to everything himself, and when he saw that he could not alone prevent the forthcoming ruin of his province, he conceived false opinions, often changed them, and thus injured himself." Emin had rejected Casati's counsel in an important crisis, but the two men maintained their old friendship. It is abundantly evident, however, that Emin was not the man to grapple with the situation. He left for Gondokoro on April 25, but he would not even stop there. His hurried march southward "caused the ruin of his own authority and prestige, and drew a series of misfortunes upon himself." In July, Emin and Casati were together again at Wadelai. Thence Casati went to Kibiro to act as Emin's representative with King Chua of Unyoro. The story of his life at the court of this negro monarch is perhaps the most exciting part of the book. He describes the horrible sacrifice of one of the chiefs as a means of averting the evils which threatened the kingdom. The course of events made the king suspicious of Casati. In January 1888 he was seized by Chua's officers, and narrowly escaped with his life. When he was expelled from the district he

rejoined Emin. In the end of April, Stanley's messenger arrived to invite Emin to meet the leader of the British Relief Expedition. Whilst their plans were still unsettled, Emin's black soldiers mutinied, and he was taken prisoner. This result had been brought about by his own strange want of discretion and firmness. The conspirators soon dismissed him from his governorship. The way was thus opened for his return to the coast, but his delays nearly drove Stanley to despair, and caused considerable friction between the two men. At last Stanley managed to get his expedition under weigh on April 10, 1889. Readers of Casati's narrative will easily understand how sorely Stanley's temper was tried by Emin's vacillation, and how essential it was for him to take a firm stand if the British Expedition was to be saved from total wreck. Major Casati's story is one of thrilling interest, and the artlessness with which it is told adds greatly to its charm. Profuse illustrations and good maps help the reader to follow the history with growing pleasure. It is not easy to praise the coloured plates too highly; some of them are of unusual interest. The book is one of the most valuable contributions to a real understanding of African life and customs that has ever been given to the public.

Dr. Peters' *New Light on Dark Africa* is a wonderful story of terrible difficulties overcome by invincible resolution. The tone of the book is indeed somewhat too militant and distinctly anti-British, but for that very reason it claims careful perusal. It is anything but wise to ignore the views of such an explorer as Dr. Peters. The irritating conduct of our representatives at Zanzibar had much to do with this uncomfortable state of affairs. All manner of difficulties were placed in Dr. Peters' way by the English blockading squadron. It seemed at one time as though the German expedition would be wrecked off the coast of Africa. Dr. Peters was able, however, to evade the blockade and to get his baggage landed at Shimbye on June 17, 1889. "The English had been too confident of success, which in general appears to me to be a national fault with them, and one that may some day cost them dear." We can well forgive this ungracious remark when we remember the annoyances to which Dr. Peters had been put, and the fashion in which his little steamer had escaped the clutches of four English men-of-war. He remained at Witu during the month of July in the hope of securing porters and arranging his commissariat. The early days of the expedition were full of anxiety and disappointment. The position at times appeared almost hopeless. Supplies ran short; cataracts of rain poured down night after night; no boats could be obtained to carry their grain up the stream. During these gloomy weeks of waiting at Engatana, Dr. Peters did not lose courage. He was at length rewarded by the coming of harvest, and started forward on his journey along the banks of the Tana. This river is fringed by a belt of plantations or bush forest, outside which stretches a dry steppe covered with mimosas. The caravan filed peacefully onward. "Nothing more delightful can be imagined than a march through this Tana steppe at an early morning hour." Large flocks of antelopes were seen feeding quietly, great companies of baboons and other apes sported

together; pea-hens, wild ducks and geese, pelicans, vultures, and eagles were busy seeking their morning meal. The elastic clearness of the air was a constant source of delight to a European traveller. The grain was now ripe, and the whole community of the Wapokomos, through whose territory the expedition was marching, had delivered themselves up to revelry. It was difficult to meet with sober people, for beer prepared from the yellow grain was circulating freely. The Sultan of Bura and his whole "following" were completely drunk at eleven in the morning, so that when Dr. Peters sought an interview these inebriates laughed incessantly and made the most absurd remarks. After the Sultan had been sent back to the other side of the river his brother appeared. He also was anything but sober, though he declared that he was the least intoxicated man in the village. Such facts throw a painful light on the condition of the interior of Africa. A good chapter is devoted to the Gallas, a tribe which is rapidly disappearing before the raids of its neighbours. Unfortunately, the attitude of the Gallas towards his expedition led Dr. Peters to the conclusion that if he did not attack them he himself would be taken at serious disadvantage. He therefore entered the native kraal calling out "Peace, peace!" A Galla warrior hurled his lance at Dr. Peters. Thus a general scrimmage arose. The Sultan and seven of his chief men were killed and the whole tribe scattered. A new Sultan was chosen, but when he claimed blood-money for his fallen comrades, Dr. Peters hurled his three-legged stool at the poor wretch's head and insisted that he should be deposed without delay. This was actually done. Dr. Peters now established a treaty of peace with the tribe. Two English expeditions had already been wrecked on the barren steppe which lay before them. Each man of the German caravan was therefore ordered to take a supply of pounded maize which would last twenty-five days. The natives, with their usual improvidence, ate this up or threw it away in the first few days, but happily other stores were forthcoming from the maize boats. What Dr. Peters calls "a valuable prize," in the shape of two hundred and fifty sheep, afterwards fell into their hands. They were really, in plain language, stolen from the Wandorobbo tribe, though Dr. Peters says he felt himself, "morally, entirely in the right." That we certainly fail to see, though no doubt the possession of these herds put an end to all fear of famine. The gravest perils of the expedition began when Massailand was reached. Dr. Peters determined that he would not eat humble pie to these proud warriors, as Thomson had done. It was a bold stand to take, and one cannot fail to admire the pluck of this German traveller with his handful of followers. He defeated the Massais severely in several encounters, and the fame of his exploit spread far and wide through Africa. But, after all, one regrets the slaughter of these brave Africans, and trembles to think of the vengeance which will be taken on any other expedition that ventures into the country. It will be seen that this volume of travel contains much thrilling adventure as well as food for controversy. The news that Emin Pasha had left the Equatorial Province with Stanley, altered the course of Dr. Peters' mission. He turned aside to Uganda, about which country he

gives much valuable information, then he went round Victoria Nyanza and turned his face homeward. He spent some time with Emin Pasha at Mpuapua, whence he marched to Zanzibar. The handsome volume is made attractive by bold type and many excellent illustrations of the scenery and people. We have been much interested in the representation of the musical instruments and household utensils of the Waganda. It is impossible to withhold a warm tribute to the bravery and iron resolution of the heroic leader of this expedition, though we strongly dissent from some of his measures. His tact and firmness in managing his men prove Dr. Peters to be a brave leader.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LETTERS.

The Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone. By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1891.

This volume belongs to a series of political biographies bearing the attractive title of *The Queen's Prime Ministers*. Any one who will make himself familiar with the nine books of the series will get a firm grasp of the chief phases of English politics during the last half-century. Mr. Gladstone had been Junior Lord of the Admiralty and Under Secretary for the Colonies before the Accession of Queen Victoria, and his course, in and out of office, is an integral part of the parliamentary history of the present reign. Mr. Stuart Reid, the editor of the series, made a wise choice when he entrusted the preparation of this monograph to Mr. Russell. He undertook it with reluctance, for his personal acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone seemed in his eyes a positive disqualification for the task. "I could not consent to embellish my pages with traits and incidents which I had observed in the sacred intercourse of social life; and the official relation in which I had stood to Mr. Gladstone made it difficult for me to sit in judgment on his public acts." Mr. Russell had been Liberal Member for Aylesbury from 1880 to 1885, and was for two years Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board. He failed to secure re-election in 1885, and it is evident that he cannot agree in all points with his old chief's method of carrying out his programme. But whatever Mr. Russell's judgment may be as to some stages of Mr. Gladstone's political course, he has written a profoundly interesting sketch of his public life. The future statesman belonged to a Lanarkshire family, the Gledstanes of Gledstanes. "Gled is a hawk, and that fierce and beautiful bird would have found its natural home among the *stanes*, or rocks, of the craggy moorlands which surround the fortalice of Gledstanes." A member of this old

family settled as a corn-merchant at Leith, whence he sent his son John to Liverpool to sell a cargo of grain. The young Scot was soon invited to enter a large corn-merchant's office in the town, where he afterwards became a baronet and a merchant-prince. He was a "man of unbending will, of inexhaustible energy, of absolute self-reliance; a stern, strong, imperious nature, pre-eminent in all those qualities which overcome obstacles, conquer fortune, and command the respect of the world." He married Anne Robertson, of Stornoway. In their children "the robust and business-like qualities of the Lowlander were blended with the poetic imagination, the sensibility and fire of the Gael." John Gladstone died in 1851, at the ripe age of 87. His son paid a warm tribute to his memory. "In him eager activity was blended with warmth of affection, and to this was added an indescribable frankness and simplicity of character, which, crowning his other qualities, made him, I think (and I strive to think impartially), nearly or quite the most interesting old man I have ever known." John Gladstone's third son, born on December 29, 1809, was named William Ewart, after one of his father's merchant friends in Liverpool. It was a home well fitted as a training ground for a great debater. The incessant discussions of the family circle, perfectly good-humoured, yet carried on with relentless logic, have become famous. The prospects of the weather, the modes of cooking trout, and the question whether some captive wasp should be killed, were all debated as though they were grave affairs of State. The father's strong will and sagacity were tempered by the mother's sweetness and piety. Life had strenuous purpose, constant work, and concentrated ambition in that Liverpool family. After some course of tuition at Seaforth Vicarage, the lad of eleven was sent to Eton, "the prettiest little boy that ever went there," Sir Roderick Murchison says. His two brothers were already at the school. Gladstone boarded with them at Mrs. Shurey's at the south end of the broad walk in front of the schools and facing the chapel." He worked hard at his classics, and studied mathematics in his holidays. Mr. Hawtrey's praise of some of his Latin verses awoke his slumbering ambition, and he soon took a high place in his form. He was already pre-eminently God fearing. The late Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury spoke warmly of his young friend's influence over himself. "I was a thoroughly idle boy; but I was saved from worse things by getting to know Gladstone." "A schoolboy still living remembers seeing William Gladstone turn his glass down and decline to drink a coarse toast proposed, according to annual custom, at an election dinner at the 'Christopher.' He was not only pure-minded and courageous, but humane. He stood forth as the champion of some wretched pigs, which it was the custom to torture at Eton fair on Ash-Wednesday, and, when bantered by his schoolfellows for his humanity, offered to write his reply in good round hand upon their faces."

He took a leading part in the debates and private business of the Eton Literary Society, and is described in a schoolfellow's letter to his mother as "one of the cleverest and most sensible people I ever met with." His opening sentence in addressing the society, "Sir, in this age of increased and

increasing civilisation," has in it a strange ring of later eloquence. Sir Francis Doyle tells us that the combination of ability and power in Gladstone's management of the *Eton Miscellany* led his father to predict that he could not fail "to distinguish himself hereafter." Arthur Hallam, his most intimate friend, writes: "Whatever may be our lot, I am confident that *he* is a bud that will bloom with a richer fragrance than almost any whose early promise I have witnessed." In October, 1828, Gladstone went up to Christ Church, which was then in its glory. He was never a recluse, but he read for four hours every morning. Then he took his constitutional, and always got two or three hours more work done before bedtime. His speech at the Union against the Reform Bill in 1831 was a masterly effort. One who heard it says: "When Mr. Gladstone sat down all of us felt that an epoch in our lives had occurred." His double first was a notable close of a distinguished University course. Gladstone now had to choose a profession. It is not surprising to find that his mind turned towards the Church. But his father had set his mind on his son's entering Parliament. "Had the decision gone otherwise, the most interesting of all the *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury* would still be unwritten." That is Mr. Russell's verdict, and we are almost prepared to accept it. On leaving Oxford Mr. Gladstone spent six months in Italy. Thence he was suddenly recalled in September 1832 to stand as Tory candidate for Newark. He was returned at the head of the poll. Arthur Hallam wrote: "What a triumph for him! He has made his reputation by it; all that remains is to keep up to it." The young member's early oratory in Parliament was much what it is to-day. He seems to have been unaware that brevity could be a merit in composition. He had an immense command of language, a voice clear, flexible, and melodious, and vigorous action. He was once asked, "Did you ever feel nervous in public speaking?" "In opening a subject, often," said Mr. Gladstone; "in reply, never." In 1834, he became Junior Lord of the Treasury, but was soon promoted to the Under Secretaryship for the Colonies. Sir Robert Peel, however, resigned, and his junior followed him into private life after five weeks of office. Gladstone occupied chambers in the Albany. "He went freely into society, dined out constantly, and took his part in musical parties, delighting his hearers with the cultivated beauty of his tenor voice." Homer and Dante were his constant companions. He is said at this time to have read through the twenty-two octavo volumes of St. Augustine. No wonder Dr. Döllinger described him as the best theologian in England. He was already on intimate terms of correspondence with Samuel Wilberforce, whose journals afford, Mr. Russell holds, "the best material yet available for a right judgment on the great career which we are considering." Wilberforce foresaw that his friend would, at some future date, "wield the whole government of this land," and urged him to "act *now* with a view to *then*." Gladstone's book on *The State in its Relations with the Church* appeared in 1838. When Bunsen read it he wrote: "Gladstone is the first man in England as to intellectual power, and he has heard higher tones than any one in the land." Next year he married

Miss Catherine Glynne, of Hawarden, whose devotion to her husband has become historic.

In 1843 Mr. Gladstone was President of the Board of Trade and a member of the Cabinet. His position now seemed assured, but Sir Robert Peel's proposal to increase the grant to Maynooth led him to resign his connection with the Ministry. His explanation of his conduct "was ludicrous. Everybody said that he had only succeeded in showing that his resignation was quite uncalled for." Such is Charles Greville's verdict. The fact is that Gladstone was hampered by the views expressed in his book on Church and State, and wished to gain freedom to consider his course without being liable to any just suspicion on the ground of personal interest. But though his line of action threatened to damage his reputation for common sense, his "fastidious sensitiveness of conscience and a nice sense of political propriety" won him high esteem. Before the year closed he was again in the Cabinet as Secretary of State for the Colonies. His election for Oxford University in 1847 opens the central period of Mr. Gladstone's life. The secession of Mr. Hope-Scott and Archdeacon Manning to Rome "touched the depths of his soul more than anything which has happened since." "I feel," he said, "as if I had lost my two eyes." The extracts here given from his correspondence with Mr. Hope-Scott show that in him Mr. Gladstone found perhaps his most congenial and best-beloved friend.

In 1850 Mr. Gladstone had a memorable encounter with Lord Palmerston, who had taken sharp measures with the Greek Government in the once notorious affair of Don Pacifico. Palmerston's "Civis Romanus Sum" carried the day, but he himself admitted that Gladstone's speech in opposition was a first-rate performance. It marked a distinct advance on his previous efforts "in width and accuracy of information, debating skill, logical grip, and force of rhetoric." The speech is yet more important because of its high and even austere morality, and that "tendency to belittle England, to dwell on the faults and defects of Englishmen, to extol and magnify the virtues and graces of other nations, and to ignore the homely prejudice of patriotism, which is said to be one of the characteristics of Mr. Gladstone." His love of England seemed to be overshadowed by his enthusiasm for humanity. Mr. Russell's quotations from the speech show that it was worthy of the occasion and the man. Between himself and Palmerston there was no love lost. Gladstone opposed the Divorce Bill of 1857 with all his might. He was not in office, and wrote plaintively, "I am losing the best years of my life out of my natural service." But he added, "Yet I have never ceased to rejoice that I am not in office with Palmerston, when I have seen the tricks, the shufflings, the frauds he daily has recourse to as to his business. I rejoice not to sit on the Treasury Bench with him."

Not less bitter was his animosity towards Disraeli, whose hapless Budget of 1852 led to a furious debate. Disraeli "pelted his opponents right and left with sarcasms, taunts and epigrams, and went as near personal insult as the forms of Parliament permitted." His outrageous speech brought Gladstone to his feet as the champion of "decency and propriety." He tore Disraeli's

financial proposals to ribbons, and defeated the Government by a majority of nineteen. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Cabinet. His great budget speech, which lasted five hours, held the House spellbound, and established his reputation as the first financier of the day. In 1868 he became Premier, and was soon immersed in the affairs of the Irish Church. The last twenty years of Mr. Gladstone's life are too familiar to need any description here. Readers of Mr. Russell's book will find an admirable summary of the chief events of these crowded years. Nothing in the biography is more interesting than the sketch of the statesman's retirement at Hawarden, reprinted from the *Daily Graphic*. A finer picture of strenuous activity and domestic happiness we cannot find in the annals of English statesmanship. In his closing chapter Mr. Russell gives an analysis of Gladstone's character. The paramount factor is his religiousness. "The religion in which Mr. Gladstone lives and moves and has his being is an intensely vivid and energetic principle, passionate on its emotional side, definite in its theory, imperious in its demands, practical, visible, and tangible in its effects." Love of power holds the second place. His ambition is no vulgar lust of place and power. It is the resolute determination to possess that official control over the machine of State which might enable him to do his duty to God and man. His courage is splendid, but his imperious influence makes friends and counsellors "insensibly fall into the habit of assuring him that everything is going as he wishes." He has, therefore, had some rude awakenings. His biographer holds that though he has left his old political party "Mr. Gladstone is essentially and fundamentally a Conservative. . . . . In all the petty details of his daily life, in his tastes, his habits, his manners, his way of living, his social prejudices, Mr. Gladstone is the stiffest of Conservatives." His gravity and earnestness are joined to a strong temper, as some of his opponents know to their cost. A story was once told him about Lord Beaconsfield which it was thought would divert him. It drew from him the comment, "Do you call that amusing? I call it devilish." That was characteristic of the man who spoke. Mr. Russell has much more to tell which is of deep interest. He has discharged a difficult task in a style which cannot be too much commended. His little book is a gem of political biography.

Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Accidental circumstances have delayed the appearance of this long-expected edition of *Keats's Letters*. Mr. Colvin has striven to make it in all ways worthy to rank as the standard edition of the poet's correspondence. Lord Houghton was not able to give the letters either accurately or completely in his *Life of Keats*, and Mr. Buxton Forman, as a rule, simply copied Lord Houghton's text. Mr. Colvin has had the good fortune to secure the autograph originals of Keats's letters to his brother and sister-in-law in America. He has given new value and interest to this correspondence by supplying

many passages that had been omitted in earlier editions. He has also taken great pains to give the dates and sequence of the letters accurately, and has carefully traced the poet's daily progress during his tour in Scotland and the North of England. We now find Ireby substituted for Treby in one of these letters describing his visit to Cumberland. Other traces of careful revision will be found by any one who compares the present edition of the letters with those that have preceded it. Mr. Colvin has deliberately excluded the love-letters to Fanny Brawne. The argument for their exclusion is entirely satisfactory. The editor holds that the intimate nature of Keats's correspondence with his friends sometimes gives one "a sense of eavesdropping, of being admitted into petty private matters with which he has no concern. If this is to some extent inevitable, it is by no means inevitable that the public should be further asked to look over the shoulder of the sick, and presently dying youth, while he declares the impatience and torment of his passion to the object, careless and unresponsive as she seems to have been, who inspired it." John Keats had that genius for prose writing which seems to be possessed by many true poets. At their best, Mr. Colvin holds, that his letters are among the most beautiful in our language. They reveal the man of genius in all his moods. The editor has not attempted to suppress those passages which betray the "movements of waywardness, irritability and morbid suspicion." These indeed bear witness to that hereditary taint of disease which darkened and prematurely closed the poet's course. The letters cover the four years from 1816 to 1820. The fun and high spirits of many of them are in painful contrast with the revelations of despondency and heartache which occur in those of later date. "If ever there was a person born without the faculty of hoping, I am," he says to Mrs. Brawne. Any one who turns over these pages will see what a noble spirit stands here revealed. Keat's loyalty to his friends, his charming tenderness to his sister, his passion for poetry, his love of beautiful scenery have all left their impress on these pages. His description of Devonshire in spring to his friend Bailey, as "a splashy, rainy, misty, snowy, foggy, haily, floody, muddy, slipshod county," is one of a score of passages which might be quoted to show his humorous intensity in these exhilarating letters. What a confession is this! "I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness. The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this: 'Well, it cannot be helped; he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit.'" Mr. Colvin has not burdened the volume with notes, but those he supplies are concise and adequate. We should like to find any one who could explain the sentence on page 49, "The Misses Reynolds have never said one word *against me about you*." Read with Mr. Colvin's valuable monograph on Keats in the *English Men of Letters* series, this correspondence will reveal the pathos and promise of the brief life of one of England's most gifted poets.

Theodoric the Goth: The Barbarian Champion of Civilisation. By THOMAS HODGKIN, D.C.L., Fellow of University College, London. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

This volume of the American series of volumes on the *Heroes of the Nations* is one of grand interest. Dr. Hodgkin is already favourably known as the author of *Italy and her Invaders;* accordingly, the present volume came well within the boundaries of a field of labour he had made his own. Theodoric is a grand figure on the pages of Gibbon and Milman, but well deserved a separate volume for his history and portraiture. Nor is he the only great figure brought before us on Dr. Hodgkin's canvass. Belisarius is here—his later history falls within the limits of the volume. Justinian also appears and reappears. Of course, Odovacar—known to us in our boyhood as Odoacer—whose foul assassination is the great stain on the history of Theodoric, is a part of the volume. But Theodoric himself, in his rude, but marvellous grandeur, his wisdom and enlightenment, stands out as a matchless hero, "the barbarian champion of civilisation" in the fifth century, who, however, could not hurl back the tide on the crest of which he had himself been borne to power. We are glad to recommend this volume, and to note at the same time that the series to which it belongs, though published by an American firm, and appearing in American "get up"—very good it is—is edited by an Oxford scholar, Evelyn Abbott, Fellow of Balliol College.

Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History, according to the Text of Burton. With an Introduction by WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D. Second Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Burton's smaller edition of Eusebius is here reprinted for the convenience of students preparing for the Oxford Theological School. The Greek text is given in clear type. There is also a good index and a full table of contents, besides a few marginal references and some dates. Information about manuscripts and editions must be sought in Burton's larger edition, and the reader is advised to study the accounts of Eusebius given by Valesius, Tillemont, Cave, and the late Bishop Lightfoot. Dr. Bright's own introduction will be of great service to students. It is packed with matter, and the authority for each statement is given at the foot of the page. Eusebius played an unworthy part in the Arian controversy, and his fulsome laudation of Constantine has "something almost profane . . . . in the excess of panegyric, which proves that the fascination of an imperial proselyte's intimacy had blunted the biographer's sense of truth, and degraded him both as bishop and as man." Nevertheless, the world and the Church owe him enduring gratitude for his *Ecclesiastical History.* "This noble pile stands as a Westminster Abbey in

the region of sacred literature, crowded with the remains of the worthies of former days." Those who have not already become acquainted with this edition will find it exceedingly compact, and will study Dr. Bright's admirable introduction with great interest.

The Homes, Haunts, and Friends of John Wesley: being the Centenary Number of *The Methodist Recorder*. Revised and Enlarged. With Illustrations. London: C. F. Kelly. 1891.

The unique interest of the Wesley Centenary number of the *Methodist Recorder* was immediately recognised and achieved for it a phenomenal success. It was not possible to make the illustrations stand out well on the paper then used, but here they are exceedingly clear and attractive. The volume is got up in rough brown covers, with five of the haunts of Wesley stamped upon them. The large pages give space for some effective full-page pictures. The book now forms a capital companion volume to *Wesley his own Biographer*. Some interesting matter has been added from the *Charterhouse Magazine*, and the papers have been carefully revised and enlarged. The variety of information in the book is indeed surprising. Much of it can be found nowhere else in so compact a form. Mr. Curnock and his coadjutors have rendered real service to all lovers of Wesley by preparing a volume which is certainly one of the best memorials of the recent Centenary.

BELLES LETTRES.

The English Lake District, as interpreted in the Poems of William Wordsworth. By WILLIAM KNIGHT. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1891.

This little volume appeals both to lovers of scenery and lovers of poetry. Professor Knight has revised his first edition, published thirteen years ago, with a painstaking begotten of genuine enthusiasm for Wordsworth and his surroundings. We are sorry that it has been necessary to omit the Lecture on the Poet, but that omission has left room for additional quotations that have much vivid interest, and for two chapters on the Penrith District and the Duddon Valley. The exquisite portrait by Mr. L. C. Wyon, now given as a

frontispiece, looks almost like a miniature on ivory. It well deserves Professor Knight's praise as "one of the best—perhaps the most characteristic—of all the portraits." No better companion could be found for a tour in the Wordsworth country than this delightful volume of selections. The localising of many passages gives them quite an added charm.

Essays and Studies, Literary and Historical. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Illustrated by VAL R. PRINCE. London: Bemrose & Co. 1891.

These essays have a certain juvenility of style and thought, but they are distinctly readable, and contain many suggestive passages. It was certainly unnecessary to give a detailed description of such a well-known poem as the "Ancient Mariner," but the opening pages of the same essay on Wordsworth's home in the Lake District will be welcomed by many lovers of the poet. The paper "On the Causes of the French Revolution" is good as far as it goes. It is, however, somewhat slight, as also is that "On the Inaccuracy of Historical Research." The essays on "English Composers," and "Scarlatti, Lotti, and Paradies," will be read with interest, though we wish the platitudes of page 133 had been left unwritten. The sketch of Goethe shows Mr. Chancellor's enthusiasm for "the foremost of Germans and one of the greatest of men." In the "Youth of Great Men," and "Last Words," the fruit of considerable reading is gathered up in an effective and bright way. The papers show no little literary facility, but the writer is often careless in his modes of expression. We may quote the last line—"to try and copy *how* they have worked and lived." Mr. Chancellor must set himself to remove these blemishes from his work. He is evidently bent on winning a place in literature, and all the care he can bestow on the graces of composition will be well repaid.

The Great Cockney Tragedy: or, The New Simple Simon. By ERNEST RHYS. The Sketches by JACK B. YEARTS. London: T. F. Unwin. 1891.

A gruesome tragedy indeed. The Jew tailor ground down by an East End sweater manages to fall in love, but starvation leads his Ruth to sell her virtue, and the wretched fellow flies to wine and then commits suicide. It is a powerful protest against some of the conditions of London labour, and both sketches and verse are grimly impressive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Wesley's Churchmanship. As interpreted by H. M. Lucock, D.D., Canon of Ely, and E. Theodore Carrier, Wesleyan Minister. London: Longmans & Co. 1891.

This controversy in print reflects much credit on both the antagonists. When Canon Lucock lectured on Wesley at Torquay last April exception was taken to some of his statements in a discussion which followed. This pamphlet is the result. Both men have given close attention to the subject, and state their views with perfect courtesy. The Canon's attempt to prove that Wesley believed in prayer for the dead, in the usual acceptance of that phrase, is, we think, entirely met by Mr. Carrier, who holds that Wesley believed the petition "Thy kingdom come" concerned the saints in Paradise as well as those on earth, and that his "prayers for the dead" were entirely consonant with the concluding words of the Burial Service. That prayer is constantly used by Wesleyan ministers who have never dreamed that it would be described as a prayer for the dead. Canon Lucock discusses his subject under six heads: "Allegiance to the Church, his alleged Ordinations, the Christian Priesthood and Apostolical Succession, Baptismal Regeneration, the doctrine of the Real Presence, and prayers for the dead." The significance of Wesley's Ordinations is minimised, and Whitehead's statement about Ordinations for England is set down as "unproved." The fact that Whitehead himself was for some time a Methodist preacher, and afterwards became Wesley's physician, friend, and literary executor, shows that his testimony is not to be thus lightly dismissed. Canon Lucock holds the position of a stiff Churchman who is eager to prove that the Methodists of a century ago "repudiated Wesley's principles, but retained his name." Mr. Carrier's paper was written without any exact knowledge of the points to be raised by his opponent, but he wisely fastens on Wesley's conversion as the key to the problem. He shows how the great evangelist was beaten out of his High Anglican prejudices by a long providential chain of events. Wesley's doctrine of the "real presence" is still preached by his followers. "It is to us most real and blessed," as the sacred revealing of Christ to true disciples who commemorate His dying love. The opinions of Wesley on the priesthood and the apostolical succession are discussed with great acumen. We hold it to be an impregnable position that "the early preachers would have been pusillanimous and ignoble to the extreme if they had done other than they did." To wreck the Methodist societies was the one alternative to the course they took, and who will deny that God's manifest blessing has rested on their wise decision? The concluding paragraph: "Are Anglicans or Methodists Wesley's heirs?" is a fine conclusion to a singularly judicious and effective paper, which distinctly adds to Mr. Carrier's reputation.

Old Church Lore. By WILLIAM ANDREW, F.R.H.S., Author of *Curiosities of the Church, Old Time Punishments, Historic Yorkshire, &c.* Hull: W. Andrews & Co. 1891.

Mr. Andrews has written several books which have unusual attraction for students of English life and customs. He delights in exploring the by-paths of antiquarianism, and in inducing others to bear him company. In his *Old Church Lore* there is much information on out-of-the-way topics. The opening paper on "The Right of Sanctuary" deals with English legislation down to the year 1697, when an Act of Parliament finally abolished these rights. There is also a graphic description of the invasion of the right of sanctuary at Westminster, and at Brentwood. The ancient knocker of Durham Cathedral, which the person claiming sanctuary had to use, is shown in a good woodcut, with a stone seat known as Beverley Sanctuary Chair. There is a similar chair at Hexham, but these are the only two preserved in England. In "The Romance of Trial" we refresh our knowledge of the forms of ordeal. This is a theme of unusual historic and literary interest, and Mr. Andrews has illustrated it by many apt quotations. One of his freshest papers deals with "Chapels on Bridges." Seven illustrations add greatly to the charm of this bright little article. "Charter Horns" are also well discussed and described. Much curious information is given as to "The Old English Sunday." It seems that at Wigton, in Cumberland, during the reign of Charles II., a Sunday meat market was held. Butchers put their carcases of meat at the church door, and customers actually took the joints they had bought inside the building, and hung them on the backs of the seats till service was finished. The priest was so disturbed by this irreverent custom that he made a journey to London on foot, and secured the change of market day to Tuesday. A quaint account is given of the Sunday announcements of auctions and other secular matters made by the parish clerk in the churchyard, or even in the church itself. The Easter Sepulchre resembling a tomb on the north side of the chancel supplies matter for some good pages. As also the crosses at St. Paul's and Cheapside. The strange custom of "Marrying in a White Sheet," by which it was thought that a man who espoused a woman in debt escaped liability for her accounts, furnishes one of the most entertaining chapters. At Whitehaven one girl came to the altar thus attired, because the affairs of her intended husband were seriously embarrassed, and she was advised that if she took this course he would be entitled to no other marriage portion than her smock. The latter portion of the book has even greater interest than the former. Mr. Atkinson's "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish" might be read to supplement some of these racy pages in *Old Church Lore*. The artistic binding and illustrations of the volume deserve a word of praise. It is full of information, which will make it a very attractive book for all who have any leaning towards antiquarianism.

Poachers and Poaching. By JOHN WATSON, F.L.S. With a Frontispiece. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

This book may be heartily commended to all lovers of nature. Mr. Watson's chapters originally appeared as articles in various magazines, and those who read them in that form will be thankful to have them gathered together in such a volume. It is the fruit of close personal study of rural life in every mood and season by an observer who has established his claim to rank with Richard Jefferies, and the son of the Kentish marshes whose notes have been given to the world under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Owen. In those parts of this book which deal more strictly with *Poachers and Poaching* Mr. Watson has drawn largely upon his *Confessions of a Poacher*, published by The Leadenhall Press, for his material. But the repetition was almost inevitable, and one book often throws light upon the other. Those who wish to understand a poacher's life will find all the information they need in Mr. Watson's first two chapters. Himself "a product of sleepy village life," the poacher trains his lads to follow in his steps, and they soon become as inveterate sportsmen as himself. "At night the poacher's dogs embody all his senses." They are bred with the utmost care, and well repay their master's training. In "Badgers and Otters" is a realistic description of nightfall by the banks of a stream, and the strange frolic of the otters in the pool. Mr. Watson says that the otter destroys but few fish, and those for food, not for love of killing. Fresh-water cray fish are its chief diet. We were struck with the paper entitled "Couriers of the Air" when it appeared in *Cornhill*. It is a study of the flight of birds and insects, which will open many people's eyes. "British birds, their nests and eggs," is enjoyable reading. The description of the cuckoo is specially interesting. "Homely Tragedy," with its stories of wanderers lost in mist and snowstorm, is a touching record of perils of the hills; while the two closing chapters, on "Workers in Woodcraft," and "Sketches from Nature," have a charm of their own, which makes one glad to linger over them. Mr. Watson is not only a keen observer of nature, but a literary artist who weaves a spell about his subject and makes his readers share his own delight in the hillside and its inhabitants.

Oysters, and All About Them. A Complete History of the titular Subject, exhaustive on all points of necessary and curious information, from the earliest writers to those of the present time, with numerous additions, facts, and notes. By JOHN R. PHILPOTS, L.R.C.P. and S. Edin., J.P., &c. Two volumes. London: Richardson & Co. 1890.

Two stout volumes, with nearly fourteen hundred pages, on oysters! Surely one needs Thackeray's pen and palate to do justice to this *magnum opus*.

The writer wishes to tempt the "thousands of individuals who have never eaten an oyster" to make up for lost time. He insists on the desirability "nay, the necessity, of habitually partaking of the esculent mollusc." To this end he has gathered together all that is known about the oyster. We see it emerging from the sea in remote antiquity among the Greeks of Syracuse, we read about it in Aristotle and Plato, we find it in high favour at Rome, we see Agrippa in A.D. 78 importing oysters from Britain to the Seven-hilled City. It is wonderful how much matter Mr. Philpots has gathered together in his chapters on the ancient and modern history of the subject. He then proceeds to show what an oyster is, and to give an extremely instructive description of its structure, its shell, its birth, life, and perils, with notes on the varieties of the oyster. The gourmet will find many hints in the chapter entitled "How to cook and eat oysters." But the poor are not banished from this feast of delights, for we are told that "you cannot eat the oyster in greater perfection than at a street-stall; because as the capital of the owner is small so too is the stock; and, to be sure of a rapid sale, it must also be carefully selected." "The oyster and the doctor" is a vigorous recommendation of this diet, interspersed with some entertaining stories. If any one should take too many oysters—for Mr. Philpots admits that this is possible—he says the inconvenience may be removed by drinking half a pint of hot milk, which is better for delicate people than brown stout. On "Oyster Culture in England" the book gives detailed information. Each of the great fisheries is described with considerable fulness, then the same method is pursued as to France, Germany, Italy, Holland, America, New South Wales, and even China. Statistics are of course plentifully supplied. There is also a good account of legislation on the subject, and a valuable statement as to artificial oyster culture. The chapter on "The Pearl Oyster" will be read with great interest. Mr. Philpots has, in fact, produced a cyclopædia on the oyster, in which will be found all that any one needs to know—almost everything, indeed, that can be known. He is too verbose, but his book is full of matter which certainly ought to win the oyster that wider popularity which the author of this exhaustive treatise desires.

Tries at Truth. By ARNOLD WHITE. London: Isbister & Co. 1891.

Mr. White has crowded into eighteen papers the result of much stern experience and painful brooding over social problems. He tells us with grim frankness that the larger part of his *Problems of a Great City* was sold as waste-paper for threepence a pound; but that ill fortune does not deter him from saying once more "Go, little book." The volume is mainly composed of articles which appeared in the *Echo*, and is intended to rouse and guide thoughtful people. Mr. White holds that "Emotional benevolence applied to misery creates the evils it blindly seeks to destroy. Benevolence by Government is more cruel than inexorable law." These plain truths on the "Present

State of Affairs" compel attention. The "Guilt Gardens" which flourish at our doors, and the fact that, "with formidable machinery for the propagation of Temperance principles, we have taken an active part in girdling the earth with a zone of drink," are held up in all their naked truth. Mr. White appeals to the Prince of Wales to lend his influence for the redress of our national wrongs. The sacrifice of a few racing and theatrical engagements would supply him with ample leisure for the task. The guilt gardens, when not anarchical, are frankly Republican, and a wise response from the heir to the throne to such appeals as Mr. White makes would materially aid in establishing the monarchy. Mr. White protests against our giving "free entrance to the rubbish of Europe"; points out that distinguished visitors to the Colonies see only the holiday side of life there, and do not recognise that, like the rest of the world, our Colonists are intensely selfish. The whole book is marked indeed by a sturdy sagacity and a determination to resist all hoodwinking. It is often severely pungent, as one might expect, but it is so honest and clear-sighted that one likes it all the better for its grim earnestness. What a sentence, for instance, is this! "Could we but gaze on a panorama painting before us on the wall the effects of our so-called charities, we should recoil with dismay from the consequences of acts we commit with a glowing sense of virtue." There are some wise words on the divorce between intellect and moral truths in so much of the Board School education of the day. "Nothing can go right without, unless there is a permanent principle of right within." Many will read another sentence with interest: "It is a simple truth that the Salvation Army are 'getting at' the residuum in a way which no other body, unless it be the Wesleyan Mission and the Roman Catholics and Sisters, can pretend to rival." We have read these essays with profound interest. Mr. White need not, however, have borne so hard on ministers of religion. To say that Christ "founded His Church without a bishop, priest, or deacon," is quite misleading. Why were the Apostles trained and commissioned save to be pastors of the Church of Christ, and what would have become of the poor and of philanthropy in general but for ministers of religion?

The Co-operative Movement To-day. By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

Messrs. Methuen are doing good service by the useful series of volumes on "Social questions of to-day" to which this book belongs. Mr. Holyoake has a right to be heard on the question of co-operation, and he has prepared an exceedingly useful book. The history of the subject is given with great clearness and ample detail, statistics are furnished which show the strides co-operation has made. All phases of the subject are discussed with thoroughness, and with a lightness of touch which makes the book not only instructive but eminently readable. Some strong things are said on the passion of capital, but Mr. Holyoake does not hesitate to recognise that when co-operation gives

them the opportunity many working men "develop the vices of capitalism." The book is well worthy of careful study from those who wish to understand the history and claims as well as the actual position and temptations of co-operation to-day.

Greater London: A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., joint-author of *Old and New London*. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. In two volumes. London: Cassell & Company.

Since *Old and New London* was first published many valuable works have been issued dealing with the same vast subject, but none of them quite takes the place of those standard volumes. None is so popular in style, so conveniently grouped, or so useful for those who wish to trace the historic events of any special locality. *Greater London* does the same kind of office for the suburbs that *Old and New London* does for the inner circle. It is still emphatically without a rival. There are monographs on Hampstead, Hampton Court, and Richmond, which are, of course, more detailed than *Greater London* with its vast range can possibly be, but they appeal more to residents and students, while Mr. Walford's book appeals to lovers of London without exception. It is wonderful how much matter has been gathered into these two volumes. We begin at Chiswick House, where *Old and New London* finishes its task, and soon find ourselves studying the memorials of the Puritans in Acton, the village in which Baxter, Sir Matthew Hale, and Philip Nye were once residents. Thence we pass up the Thames valley, lingering over the singularly interesting history of Brentford, Hounslow, and Isleworth. Twickenham has had so many distinguished residents that it claims four chapters. The two devoted to Hampton Court are full of facts which seem to make the past live again. They have some excellent illustrations of the Palace and its chief architectural features. The survey moves on from point to point till we reach Staines, then we sweep round towards Uxbridge, Harrow, and Hendon. There is an effective woodcut of the fine old church tower of Hendon, and Mr. Walford has not forgotten that Cardinal Wolsey stayed in the village on his way from Richmond to York. There is no reference, however, to the fact that Coventry Patmore's wife—"The Angel in the House"—is buried in Hendon churchyard. We pass from suburb to suburb, right round the North of London, till we reach Epping Forest, and at last touch the Thames at Millwall. It will thus be seen that the first volume of *Greater London* embraces all the suburbs on the northern or left bank of the Thames. Finchley Common and Hounslow Heath, the two great resorts of highwaymen which fall for treatment in this part, furnish some thrilling stories of the perils of the road. Turpin's oak is still shown at East Finchley. The South London suburbs, treated in the second volume, are very rich in historic and biographic interest.

Any one who turns to the chapter on Barnes will see how much there is to tell about corners which many Londoners have never thought it worth their while to explore. The four chapters on Epsom deal both with those forgotten days when it was a fashionable watering-place, and with the annual saturnalia still held on the Downs. Richmond holds the place of honour in the volume, with five chapters to itself; but Croydon, Kingston, Woolwich, and Wimbledon are also treated with much pleasant detail. The book is full of illustrations which add greatly to its value and interest. Any one who keeps *Greater London* within reach, and studies its chapters after visiting the various suburbs, will get a firm hold of the abounding literary and historic associations of each locality, from Dagenham to Uxbridge, and from Cheshunt to Epsom. Nothing of importance has been overlooked in these volumes. They are written in a style that makes them always pleasant reading for a leisure hour. A Londoner could not easily find any better means of making himself familiar with some phases of English history than by turning over Mr. Walford's pages.

Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1891–2. Thirteenth year. An Unconventional Handbook.

Dickens's Dictionary of the Thames, from its Source to the Nore, 1891. With Maps.

Dickens's Dictionary of Paris.

London: Dickens & Evans. 1891.

No better handbooks than these are to be found. They are packed with information brought well up to date, and revised with studious care; they go easily into the pocket, and are so arranged that any subject may be found in a moment. The editor seems to have allowed nothing to escape him, and constantly bears in mind that he is catering for people who want detailed information on many small points. The *Dictionary of London* in its latest form seems to contain everything that is of service to a tourist or resident. Its fifteen sectional maps are clearly printed and most convenient for reference; the tables of distances, the postal and telegraph arrangements, and all facts that any one needs to know are concisely put and brought down to date. The *Dictionary of the Thames* forms a companion volume of no little interest. Careful comparison with earlier editions will show that it has been well revised. Under "Richmond" a line might be added saying that the town is now incorporated, and that the gateway of the Old Palace is still standing, with the room above it in which Queen Elizabeth is said to have breathed her last. Sportsmen, anglers, lovers of natural history, as well as those who make the Thames a happy holiday resort, will find all they need here, and the information is thoroughly reliable. The *Dictionary of Paris* does not need

to be crowded like that of London. It is arranged on the same plan, but the maps and letterpress are printed in bolder type. The hints about hotels, dining arrangements, and vehicles will just meet the needs of the tourist. The accounts of picture galleries, theatres, and churches are very clear, and there is a mass of information which will please a general reader as well as a visitor to Paris. The three dictionaries have established their reputation, and certainly deserve their popularity. *Household Words* for September is full of readable matter. There are eleven complete stories and two serials, with many brief articles on miscellaneous topics, which supply much useful information in an attractive form.

Palestine Exploration Fund. Quarterly Statement, July. London: A. P. Watt.

This Quarterly Statement shows with how much earnestness the Palestine Exploration Fund is pushing on its work. Some particulars are given as to the Society's publications, sixteen of which can be had for three pounds. We learn that the new map of Palestine is now ready. "It embraces both sides of the Jordan, and extends from Baalbek in the north to Kadesh Barnea in the south. All the modern names are in black; over these are printed in red the Old Testament and Apocrypha names. The New Testament, Josephus and Talmudic names are in blue, and the tribal possessions are tinted in colours, giving clearly all the identifications up to date." This is the most comprehensive map of Palestine that has yet been published. We note that the Rev. Thomas Harrison is one of the only two authorised lecturers of the Society, and speaks on five subjects for his colleague's one. The reports and papers are of great interest for students of Palestinian topography and inscriptions.

Analysis of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," with a Glance at the History of Pope, Councils, and the Church. New Edition. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

This is scarcely an analysis; it is rather a series of searching comments on Newman's autobiography. The writer brought to his task great acumen and wide reading in ecclesiastical history. He is righteously severe on "the moral levity" of Newman in teaching without having reached any definite conclusions in his own mind. He also goes so far as to say, "I do not think I ever met in all my experience a mind so *effeta veri* as Dr. Newman's, so perfectly incapable of valuing truth." The sketch of the history of the Popes ought to show many readers what a great work the Reformation did in shaking Protestantism free from the corrupt and degrading system of Popery. The book deserves careful study.

Among the Butterflies. A Book for Young Collectors. By Bennet George Johns, M.A., Vicar of Woodmancote, Hants. London: Isbister & Co. 1891.

This is the story of a summer's vacation which Mr. Johns spent in Hampshire chasing butterflies. He and his children were alike enthusiastic in this chase, and every lucky catch serves as a peg for some pleasing information about the varieties of English butterflies and their ways of life. The book is both entertaining and instructive. It gives all the hints that a young collector needs in order to identify his captures and understand their habits. Mr. Johns adds a chapter on the fourteen varieties that he did not succeed in finding in Hampshire, also a complete list of English butterflies and their caterpillars, with the dates of appearance, habitat, and food plants. Twelve full-page plates, neatly and clearly executed, will be of great service for a collector. The book deserves wide popularity. It will greatly promote true reverence and delight in the wonders of Nature.

The European Conversation Books. French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dano-Norwegian. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

This is a good idea well worked out. The dainty little volumes, which have about sixty clearly printed pages, can be easily slipped in the pocket, and are well printed. They are all arranged on the same plan, with instruction as to pronunciation, admirable "hints for travellers" which will be of the greatest practical value, lists of numerals, and everyday expressions. Then follow the brief sentences. The English is on one page, the foreign equivalent opposite to it. We may show that ordinary travellers will find all they need here by quoting the chief divisions under which the conversations are grouped: "On arriving at and leaving a railway station; in a railway train; at a buffet and restaurant; at an hotel—pension, washing, paying an hotel bill, telegrams and letters; enquiries in a town; on board ship; embarking and disembarking; excursions by carriage; enquiries as to diligences, boats; and engaging apartments." Such manuals will be of very great service.

The Salvation Army—the Secret of its Success. A Message to the Churches. By the Rev. P. Prescott. London: Christian Commonwealth. 1891.

Mr. Prescott attributes the success of the Salvation Army to the earnest preaching of repentance and faith, in which he holds that it sets a much-needed example to other communions. His appendix is a vigorous philippic against women-preaching in the Army, and against General Booth's despotism. His pamphlet is certainly suggestive, and it is often trenchant in style.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (August 15).—M. Edouard Schuré has been writing a series of papers in this Review on "The Historic Landscapes of France." In this number he has a striking study of the Legends of Brittany and the Genius of the Celtic race. He says the Breton churches, great or small, seem to have a unique solemnity about them. In little hamlets and on the edge of woods their moss-covered roofs may be seen looking almost as though they had risen from the depths of the sea. Within these impressive buildings rows of women may be seen dressed in black with white hoods like the wings of birds. The Breton Gothic is simple, light, but strong. Its chief ornamentation is reserved for the portal. You often see a church quite bare in other parts with a porch surrounded by a veritable forest of stone, with interlaced stems and foliage. The tree is the symbol of life, the stone the symbol of eternity; thus young and old passing in and out feel a kind of solemn tenderness as they gaze on these porches. After lingering over the suggestion awaked by such architecture, M. Schuré turns to the question how Pagan and barbarous Brittany became the Christian and mystic Brittany of the Middle Ages. He paints the arrival of the missionaries in Armorica in the fourth and two following centuries. Coming by sea, they established themselves on the fringe of the forests. Savage beasts, he fancies, learned to reverence them; the people fell under the charm of their sweetness, their sanctity, their prayer. The land was cultivated by the monks, cloisters sprang up, and civilisation gathered around them. The victory of Christianity did not lead to the destruction of Druidism, but to its regeneration; the new religion was grafted upon the old as a rose of Orient on a wild briar. Christianity was penetrated by the Celtic genius. This is M. Schuré's reading of the facts and legends. He then proceeds to deal with the Breton legend of St. Patrick, of Merlin the enchanter—which was like a magic mirror in which the Celtic genius had evoked the image of its soul and destiny—and of Taliésin, in whom the instincts of the race find their harmonious synthesis.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE (July 1).—M. Jules Brun sends from Bucharest an account of "Roumanian Superstitions." He arranges these in three groups—birth and infancy, love and marriage, death and burial. Scarcely is a child born before the father and mother turn towards the window with a subdued and resigned aspect. Other people see nothing, but they behold three old women behind the glass who pronounce an irreversible sentence on the little babe. Each bears a gift, fortunate or funereal, which decides its lot. It is not difficult to recognise in these visitors the Fates of classic mythology. The legionaries of Trajan brought these notions to the banks of the Ister at the time when the Roman augurs were scarcely able to regard themselves without laughter, but these and other traces of the old paganism still survive in Roumania. When the child has its first bath the god-mother, to whose house it has been carried, has to put some honey, corn, wine, and peony seed in the water, wishing the little one a life as sweet as honey and as fruitful as the corn. If it is a girl, besides the honey and corn, a dove's feather and some rose leaves are also thrown in so that the child may have a course as gentle as down floating on the breeze and as beautiful as the colours of the rose. The illegitimate child is called "the infant of flowers." A mother never fails to trace a black sign on her baby's forehead to preserve it from sorcery and the evil eye. Other curious customs are cited. For instance, on the first birthday and up to the seventh, relatives and neighbours come together and solemnly break a tart over the child's head. The meaning of this is doubtful. Is it a sign that man eats his bread by the sweat of his brow, or is it merely a symbol of prosperity? The superstitions as to love and marriage are so numerous that only a few can be referred to. Young girls have a little prayer which

they address to the new moon: "New empress, in good health thou hast found me, in good health leave me; without a husband thou hast found me, with a fine husband mayest thou leave me." They thus invoke Diana, as the virgins of Athens used to do in olden days. In the month of March they wear at the wrist or neck a piece of silver which takes the name of "little March." On the first of April they buy milk with this coin, which they drink during the day after having hung up their talisman to a rose tree. In this fashion they fancy they can gain the whiteness of milk with the carnation of the rose. Other customs, grave and gay, are described in this crisp paper.

LE LIVRE MODERNE (July 10).—The "Remarks on Some Contemporary Ex-libris" in this number of *Le Livre* will be eagerly read by lovers of books. The last century knew nothing of this amiable mania. It has now taken such hold of two worlds that the amateurs who collect these inside marks of books are as numerous as the collectors of autographs or postage stamps. Unfortunately the craze sometimes leads to the defacing of a book in which there is an interesting vignette. It dates from twenty-five or thirty years ago, and has already furnished matter for two or three special publications, of which the most important is that drawn up by Poulet Malassis in 1875, under the title *French Ex-libris from their Origin up to the Present Day*. A monograph with adequate illustrations is, however, still wanting. No treatise on the subject is satisfactory without these. The collector who reads such books cares little for descriptions. He wishes to see, judge, compare for himself, and is better instructed by a sight of the ex-libris than by the text of the editor. This article contains thirty-six marks and vignettes. De Malassis's work only had twenty-four. Victor Hugo's book-mark, given first in this article, is far inferior to many that follow. Francisque Sarcey's is very effective. Gambetta's is here given for the first time, but the writer adds: "What was the library of Gambetta?—mystery! . . . . I do not discern in the great tribune any delicate bibliophilic instinct, and I think that his books must have been very much neglected." Baron Wolseley's handsome plate is given with many others, showing true artistic taste. The tail-piece of the article is "Ex-libris Wolf," with the significant motto, "Quærens quem devoret," and a wolf at large in a library. The article on literature for journeys and holidays is a series of notes which will be useful to travellers. The proverb says, "Don't go on a journey without biscuits," but there are literary biscuits more nourishing, lighter, more tasty, and less easy to procure. The access of intellectual hunger which comes over people in holidays and hours of travel craves satisfaction. These notes are done up in small parcels, so that any one can take what he wants.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (July 1).—M. Frommel contributes a "Contemporary Study" on Edmond Scherer. He says that Gréard in his *Life of Scherer* has entirely effaced himself, so that it is Scherer who fills the book from beginning to end. The man is shown in all the parts he filled as theologian, philosopher, journalist, sceptic, and critic. Scherer took his theological degree in 1839, and the following spring was ordained to the ministry. He shrank, however, from active pastoral life. The peaceful labour of the study was his chief delight. He soon became known as an author. His *Journal of an Egotist* reveals a man far retired from his fellows, wrapped up in the world of books, and in the joys of an intellectual career brightened by family affection and personal piety. He exercised a limited but beneficent influence, and preached from time to time with the resistless force of absolute and fervent convictions. His negation of the authority of conscience in favour of the external authority of revelation had in it, M. Frommel says, a secret atheism and contained already the principle of the subsequent catastrophe. But Scherer had as yet no doubt. His *Je suis à toi*, one of the most beautiful of Protestant hymns, proves that the intensity of the Christian life and religious mysticism do not always rest upon a sound theological basis. In 1846 Scherer became Professor of History at the Oratory in Geneva. Next year he exchanged this for the Chair of Biblical Exegesis. That was his true vocation, which best agreed with his tastes, his aptitudes, and the nature of his knowledge. He did not

foresee that the very rigour and predilection which he brought to his tasks might some day lead to the falling away of his own beliefs. Now opens the dramatic period of Scherer's life. Up to this time he had moved in the region of general ideas. He had certainly studied the Scriptures, but with the religious needs of a believer and the vast horizons of a philosopher, rather than the exact precision of a commentator. His theory of inspiration, the fruit of certain logical postulates, had not yet been applied to minute details of the text. He found things looked different when he came to study these matters more closely. Little is known of the struggles through which he passed, but they were very severe. By slow degrees he formed a conception of the religious worth of the Bible, and of the essence of Christianity, which neither accorded with that of his colleagues, nor of the school to which he belonged. In December 1849, he bade farewell to his students and announced to them a free course which he proposed to give outside the walls of the Faculty, and in which he would publicly discuss the nature of religious authority. His growing heterodoxy had not escaped notice at Geneva, and had led to a stormy explanation with the pastor Merle d'Aubigné. A careful account is given of Scherer's position. He seems to have held that "there remained an historic certitude supported upon moral evidence. The authority of the book disappeared behind the personal authority of Christ and that of His Spirit with His disciples." He was still a believer though he had parted company with the old doctrines. An angry controversy now arose. Scherer retired into his study in order to pursue the analysis of his belief with a passionate ardour and a temerity of logic which were no longer tempered by contact with men of faith. The influence of Vinet would alone have been able to arrest him on the fatal declivity which he had begun to descend. But under their points of resemblance there lay hidden a double difference in their starting-point—a difference both of manner and of method. Vinet's theology was intimately bound up with his religious life, of which it followed the successive stages. He passed by a gradual ascent towards spiritual Christianity, rejecting naturally the shackles of traditional materialism. Scherer "broke away from a false theology, not by internal development and spiritual progress, but by scientific necessity." Scherer felt for a moment the attraction of Vinet, but this only slightly delayed the fall into scepticism which his friends soon had to deplore.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (July).—Dr. Walter Vulpius writes an interesting account of "The Album of August von Goethe." He says that ours has been named the "Paper Age." Its unresting flow of publication certainly makes the highest demands on the diligence and often enough on the patience of readers. It is now all the harder to keep abreast of any little department of literature because the old boundaries of speech and nationality are dropping out of sight, and the need for a world-wide survey grows more and more pressing. Yet despite this lust of publishing, our day compares unfavourably with the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, in the matter of private correspondence and the noting down of personal experiences, thoughts, and feelings in day- and memorandum-books. We are no longer tortured by goose quills, and good paper is brought within the reach of the poorest, yet fondness for writing has decreased in proportion as love of authorship has grown. The fact is, everything presses towards publication; people are no longer satisfied with putting down their thoughts for their own edification. Private correspondence, such as Goethe and his friends carried on, is not now thought of, and albums, which used to be in great favour with academic youth, are almost entirely in the hands of girls. It is, therefore, all the more interesting to turn over the leaves of one of the old albums such as this, belonging to Goethe's son. The poet brought it from Jena in 1800 for August, who was then eleven years old. It is a strong octavo volume with 256 pages, intended to secure the autographs of Frau von Stein, Schiller, Voigt, Herder, and other friends. Schiller has written here in his bold, clear hand some beautiful lines, bidding the boy rejoice in the fact that he had such a father. "Let him live in thee, as he lives in the eternal

works which he, the unique one, has made to bloom with undying beauty for us." Frau von Stein has written in it, and Voigt, Wieland, Herder, Blumenbach, Hoffmann, Sartorius, Griesbach, Schütz, A. G. Richter, G. Hugo, Meiners, Schlegel, Goethe, Meyer, Zelter, Günther, Wolf, Humboldt, Voss, Himly, Chladni, Frau von Stael, Fernow, Seckendorf, and Stoll. The lines they wrote are given in this article with some explanatory notes.

MINERVA (June).—This young Italian review has just reached its sixth issue. It has gained considerable success, so that it may now be said to be well on its feet. In the present number the first place is given to an extended account of Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, contributed by Count Wodzinski to *La Nouvelle Revue*. "Social Legislation in the United States," "Impressions of a Traveller in Turkey," a paper on the Danish composer, Niels W. Gade, "The Education of Women in Germany," and other articles of great interest, have been culled from the reviews and magazines of various countries. *Minerva* will keep its readers well abreast of the course of European periodical literature. An article of Professor Richard G. Moulton's on Classical Literature is specially commended to Italian teachers. Mr. Moulton holds that the so-called classical studies of our time are the chief obstacle to a real and serious study of classical antiquity. In the revolt against the present system some have turned to science, or modern languages, but those who act thus overlook the enormous importance of Greek and Roman literature in the promotion of true culture. From this source Milton and Spencer drew the material for their own great works. The writer argues that these masters of their art ought to be studied in modern translations.

THE METHODIST REVIEW (July, August).—There are some exceptionally able articles in this number. Dr. Todd, of Washington, furnishes a suggestive sketch of English intemperance in the last century, and shows how the Wesleys dealt with it. "They did not circulate the pledge, form an order, or organise a party, Their philosophy of the whole matter seems to have been that not drunkenness, but sin in the human heart, was at the last analysis the explanation of the manifold disorders of the time. They therefore called sinners to repentance, and bade them break off at once all their sins by righteousness, and their iniquities by turning unto the Lord." Dr. Todd does not refer to Wesley's memorable tract, "A Word to a Drunkard," so that he may perhaps be charged with minimising Wesley's action. But he points out that, so far as the Methodist Episcopal Church bases its hope of relief from the evils of intemperance on "national prohibition," it departs from the policy of John Wesley and the Gospel. Dr. Cowley's paper on "The Old Testament after the Battle" maintains that "liberal orthodoxy holds the fort. All that Hebrew patriarchs and seers have voiced touching Divine covenant, and an inspired record of visions and teachings, which the critics have tried to eliminate or destroy, stands intact at this hour." Half a dozen pages on "Current Discussions" are given to the question: Was John Wesley the founder of American Methodism? The writer says: "Historically, our Methodism first appeared when Barbara Heck, Philip Embury, and Captain Webb determined upon a religous crusade in 1766 in New York. It was a spontaneous movement, American in spirit; without a single English impulse, without any Wesleyanism in it, save that these Christian people were products of the English revival." The paper will repay careful perusal. Certainly American Methodism did not always take the course Mr. Wesley desired, yet where would it have been but for his preachers and his converts? We may quote the closing sentence:—"We must be pardoned if, in this brief study of a single point, we incline to give some credit to Whitfield, who pioneered the English revival across the sea, and touched the Atlantic coast with its magnetic power; to Embury, who preached efficiently and independently; to Asbury, who organised the Church; to American Methodism itself, which has in it the Divine element of universal propagandism, and to answer the question with which we commenced, in the negative." A somewhat bitter reply to the *Christian Advocate* finds a place here. Dr. Mendenhall, the editor of this *Review*,

and Dr. Buckley, have had a sharp and prolonged duel on the question of the admission of women to the General Conference. Dr. Mendenhall says his purpose would have been answered by one article "but for the injudicious and ill-considered attempt of that journal to neutralise the recognised influence of that article with the ministry." "With a penchant, however, for attacking everything not in keeping with its hallucinations and prepossessions," the *Christian Advocate* assailed his positions. "Our first article seems to have shaken its position to its foundations; our second seems to have turned its Editor into a polemic with no weapon but words." Nor is this all. Another sentence reveals the tone of the controversy. "Proposing to take care of its position, the *Review* reluctantly, but dutifully, enters upon the task of exposing the editorial sophistries and absurdities of the recent replication in that paper, pledging the Church that it shall have in this article our final answer to the most inconsiderate, the most incoherent and illogical, the most unfraternal and unethical, and the most unscriptural and un-Methodistic editorial fusillade that has appeared in that quarter since the adjournment of the last General Conference." Dr. Buckley is not likely to leave the *Review* the last word. Under the heading "Spirit of the Reviews and Magazines," a good summary is given of the contents of the *London Quarterly* for April.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST QUARTERLY (July).—Professor Davison's paper on "Inspiration and Biblical Criticism," which holds the first place in this number, will no doubt be as eagerly scanned in Canada as it was in this country. The Review has much solid and helpful reading. The articles are not light by any means, but those who want thoroughly substantial stuff will get it here. The fact that "A Plea for Cremation" finds a place is a striking sign of the times. The reviewer falls foul of some words about preaching in the Rev. Richard Green's *Mission of Methodism*, to the effect that "there can be no sufficient reason why a prudent use may not be made of previous preparation." This innocent sentence calls forth the comment: "If by such preparation the writer means study, we agree with him that it might be used, but only by way of foundation for something better; but if he means preach old sermons, we must take issue with him, and ask him what limit shall be placed upon such a prudent use of previous preparation for the pulpit? Whether it shall extend, as it might, over three years upon every circuit the minister might have? And further, who shall be the judges of such prudent use? I think if it is to be the voice of the people, as it ought, they would protest against any such sanction of a practice which might result in the wholesale infliction of sermons which ought to have had a decent burial long ago." This seems to us rather severe straining of Mr. Green's meaning.

CENTURY MAGAZINE (July, August, September).—Mr. Kennan brings his series of twenty-six articles on Russia to a close in September, with an account of "A Winter Journey through Siberia," which he and Mr. Frost took from Irkútsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg, a distance of about four thousand miles. They had a stoutly built *pavóska*, or seatless travelling sleigh, with a sort of top which could be closed in stormy weather, and three overcoats apiece of soft, shaggy sheepskin, graded to suit any temperature, from freezing point to eighty degrees below. The bread, boiled ham, and roast grouse were put on the straw where they could sit on them, and protect their viands from the cold. They met a long train of exiles marching slowly through the fresh snow, sometimes a rich merchant or an officer posted furiously past on the way to Siberia, or a long caravan of rude one-horse sledges went by laden with hide-bound chests of tea for the fair at Nízhni Nóvgorod. The two travellers suffered much from cold. Mr. Kennan says it would be perfectly easy, by using horses and vehicles, to transport all the exiles to Siberia, but, although the cost would be less, the Government has always refused to introduce this humane reform. Several incidents show what caution the American visitors had to use. One night the police made an investigation in a house where two of Mr. Kennan's travelling companions were staying. They were out, so the police sealed and corded their boxes, and said they would come

next morning. Letters from exiles were there which would have incriminated Mr. Kennan, but one of the bottom boards was taken out, so that these were abstracted during the night without touching the seal. Next morning, of course, the police found nothing that could compromise any one.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (July, August, September). — Attention should be called to Mr. Besant's papers on London in *Harper*, which seem to reconstruct the city of other days and set the course of Metropolitan history in a new light. He says in the August number that any one who "would understand mediæval London must walk about modern London, but after *he has read his historian and his antiquary*, not before. Then he will be astonished to find how much is left, in spite of fires, reconstructions, and demolitions, to illustrate the past. Here a quaint little square accessible only to foot passengers, shut in, surrounded by merchants' offices, preserves the form of a court in a suppressed monastery." London is full of such survivals, known only to one who prowls about its streets, note-book in hand, remembering what he has read. "Not one of them will he get from the book-antiquary, or from the guide-book." We warmly commend these papers to those who love London. Mr. Besant points out that if it could be called a city of churches it was much more a city of palaces. "There were, in fact, in London itself more palaces than in Verona and Florence and Venice and Genoa all together." M. de Blowitz writes a weighty article on "Germany, France, and General European Politics." He says France wants to defeat Germany much more than to recover her lost provinces; but the state of parties in France, which are dramatically represented by five lions, will not allow the Republic to declare war unless, "the honour of France being affronted, it is forced into combat, the entire nation being roused at one bound, without the Republic having either the will or the power to thwart this national fervour." M. de Blowitz holds that the death of the present Emperor of Austria will "let loose war over the entire surface of Europe, and place the sword in the hand of all the great Continental Powers. Any man would have to 'be adored like a God' if he were to save Austro-Hungary from wiping itself out of the list of Empires." "Particularism now reigns everywhere, antagonism is ripe on all sides, and the only prop which keeps up the artificial unity of the Empire is Francis Joseph." A most unflattering account is given of the presumptive heir. "He is unmarried. He is not known to have any friend of either sex. He is almost always seen alone. He has the long wan face of the Hapsburgs, sheepish and without character, a leaden eye, a thin and expressionless mouth, a slow and tired gait. His physiognomy is at once timid, sly, and malicious. He hunts, he rides, he drives a four-in-hand, and that is about all he does. He is one of the most ignorant princes of the day. He can scarcely write even German; he writes meagre and worse than ordinary French; he has never been able to speak a word of English; and he is ignorant of all the various languages spoken on the soil of Austria."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (July, August, September).—Mr. Lang's "Piccadilly" in Scribner for August is a capital contribution to the series on the great streets of the world. The fiction, which is a chief feature of that number, is both varied and readable. The September issue has half a dozen papers of unusual interest, such as that on "Steamship Lines of the World," and the chatty article entitled "A China Hunter in New England," which has some good illustrations. Mr. Lang's "Adventures among Books" is pleasant reading. But the gem of the number is Felix Moscheles' little paper on "Browning's 'Asolo.'" The poet's homely life in his quiet rooms is described as only one who has trodden in Browning's steps could have described it.

ST. NICHOLAS (July, August, September).—Plenty of good reading for children will be found here, with illustrations in which the smallest readers will delight. Perhaps there might with advantage be a larger proportion of instructive papers.