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JANUARY, 1893.

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ART. I.—HENRY MARTYN.

Henry Martyn, Saint and Scholar. By GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E., LL.D. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1892.

THIS last new life of Henry Martyn, heroic apostle of Christ to the peoples of the East, may be hailed as the worthiest memorial yet produced of that saintly life which "burned out for God" eighty years ago, in so pure a flame of self-devotion that not all the sadness and mystery overhanging his last lonely hours in far Anatolia, nor the seeming incompleteness of a career cut short before he had attained "the years of Christ," has been able to dim the attractive lustre of his example, which has inspired new and ever new emulators of his spirit and his works.

Constructed from the ample materials found in Martyn's *Letters and Journals*, enriched with the recollections of many who knew him, and illuminated by numerous extracts from the *Religious Diary* of Lydia Grenfell, Dr. Smith's book gives a much more attractive, because much more human, portrait of Martyn, than that supplied in the first inadequate *Memoir* by John Sargent, Rector of Lavington, who had special advantages as Henry Martyn's personal friend, but who, for various reasons—respect for Miss Grenfell's feelings being the chief—suppressed "a great variety of interesting materials," since made available by the efforts of Sargent's distinguished son-

in-law, Samuel Wilberforce, and of Martyn's nephew, the late Henry Martyn Jeffery, F.R.S. It is a great attraction of the new work that in it the story of Martyn's long passionate love for Lydia Grenfell is at last told as fully as is right, from the point of view of both parties. The saint becomes more lovable, the man appears yet more saintly, for this fuller revelation of his story—the most pathetic in religious biography.

Dr. Smith has been rightly careful to emphasise the fact that Henry Martyn was "unconsciously, in some sense, the fruit of the teaching of the Wesleys";* the Cornwall into which he was born in 1781 being that transformed and civilised Cornwall which Wesley's unwearied zeal, under Divine Providence, had been the means of evolving out of the heathenish ferocious "Western Barbary" of the earlier eighteenth century. Truro, Martyn's birthplace; Gwennap, from whose "deep lodes" the Martyn family, skilled in mining, derived their easy competence, are place-names intimately bound up with the toils of the great Evangelist; the very air the child first breathed was thrilling with the ecstasy that "Methodism, with its faith of assurance," had brought into the lives of the whilom "Cornish savages." And when the child, on his entry into manhood, became at Cambridge the disciple of Charles Simeon, he was still being swayed by the transmitted influence of him who had claimed "the world for his parish."

A mild intelligent piety pervaded the home of Martyn's childhood, and told powerfully on him through his widowed father, John Martyn, accountant, mathematician, and mine-owner, who knew how to be "father and mother both" to four motherless children of varying ages. Not less was the influence of Henry's younger sister Laura, afterwards wife of Mr. Curgenven; she was to the impulsive boy almost what Monica was to Augustine. Well was it that such holy love was about him from the first; the world into which he passed from that sheltering home was one actively hostile to living Christianity, and pervaded by a contemptuous enmity for "enthusiasm," wholly

* Miss Grenfell's piety also was nourished from Methodist sources; she deserted, we are told, for "the warmer Evangelical service of the little Wesleyan chapel at Marazion," the then unsatisfactory substitute for a parish church there, "the old chapel-of-ease of the neighbouring St. Hilary."

different from the modern spirit of scepticism, inasmuch as it sprang from a proud worldliness which was not concerned to deny or attack the Gospel, but utterly despised both it and its faithful adherents, as unworthy the notice of men of sense and position. Yet it was in the bosom of this strange society that a saint and martyr, second to none of the Church's heroes, was now to arise.

Familiar enough are the scanty details of Martyn's ten years' life as a boy at Truro Grammar School. Sensitive and passionate, lively and careless, easy victim of bullying comrades till rescued by an "upper boy" of nobler spirit; winning affection as easily and naturally as he drew in scholarship, "as if by intuition," there was no mark of the future saint about him; yet he was strongly drawn to goodness, as embodied in young Kempthorne, his schoolboy champion against oppression; and it was the attraction of Kempthorne that made him choose St. John's, Cambridge, as his college, to be near this friend. When only fifteen, he had almost won an *Oxford* scholarship, losing it by the vote of a single examiner against him; and this trivial-seeming incident proved of high importance. He was saved from "the profligate acquaintances he had in Oxford"; and though at the beginning of his very brilliant University career he aimed only at "human praise," yet it was Cambridge that won him for Christ; for there he came into the circle where Charles Simeon was working with contagious zeal, transforming academic life by the new spirit he breathed into it. Thus, when the sudden tidings of his father's death reached Martyn, it startled him into a sense of his own spiritual peril; nor could he find rest till he found it at the feet of Him who has the keys of Hades and of death. To that Master he now devoted the inflexible tenacity of purpose which enabled him, a passionate lover of the classics, and ignorant of mathematics at seventeen, to come out as Senior Wrangler and first Smith's prizeman before he was twenty; and into deathless zeal for Christ was transformed the fervour of that "fiery mind" whose "flash and outbreak" had been perilous enough before his conversion; witness the story of the knife, which in an outburst of mad rage, he once flung at his college friend Cotterill, narrowly missing him. When we find one of such

passionate nature exemplifying in after life so much mild patience under exasperation that an observer like Sir James Mackintosh censured his "excessive meekness," we have to recognise a moral miracle in this convert who learned his religion from the study of the Acts and the Epistles—this almost too submissive disciple of Charles Simeon, "an Evangelical of the Evangelicals," rightly claimed as one of the chief glories of that sect—yet whose large tolerance and yearning love for the souls of men, bear the special stamp of its own school.

It is just when Henry Martyn, a Fellow of his college and a newly ordained minister of the English Church, is in the first glow of his missionary zeal, the first freshness of his resolve to abandon every prospect of worldly advancement in order to preach Christ in Hindostan, that the figure of Lydia Grenfell assumes that importance in his story which it never wholly lost. This lady belonged to a good Cornish family, which in our own day has become noticeable for the rare qualities exemplified by its women; and in her some, at least, of the family excellences and graces were conspicuously present. Readers and lovers of Charles Kingsley, aware of the part played in his life by the noble lady whom he married, and who was one of the four daughters—all wedded to remarkable men—of Pascoe Grenfell, Lydia's brother, will have little difficulty in understanding the strong enduring affection with which a woman of that type inspired the young, ardent, high-souled Martyn.

Her home, "the plain substantial Grenfell House," stands yet, though empty and half ruinous, in Marazion Street, looking through blank windows at the fair majestic prospect of St. Michael's Mount towering over the sea—"the grassy castellated height," which was the last spot of Cornish ground seen by Henry Martyn as he sailed for India, never to return. Lydia was six years his senior; and, for the misfortune of both, she had already loved and renounced a less worthy suitor, "Mr. Samuel John, solicitor, of Penzance." This early engagement long haunted, like an ill-omened ghost, her over sensitive conscience; she seems actually to have felt for her first lover, faithless as he proved—for he soon wooed, and

eventually married another—"the attachment of a widow with the responsibility of a wife;" and thus it was long ere she made anything like an adequate response to the pure youthful devotion which Martyn laid at her feet. That she did at last learn to love him, albeit with reluctance, since she apprehended idolatry in the affection, no reader of the extracts offered us from her copious journals can doubt. But that pale blossom of her second and worthier love unfolded too slowly, amid ungenial clouds and mists of scruples, apprehensions, misplaced delicacies, misunderstood duties; it was never to be gathered by Martyn's hand; it only availed to shed a faint unearthly fragrance over his grave.

From her journals and from Martyn's letters to her, which alone remain to show the character of their long correspondence, we derive the impression that her high qualities and her purity of nature were associated with an almost diseased spiritual sensibility, and that through the habit of morbid anxious introspection she had become incompetent to discern between a temptation and a duty. She shrank, as if it were a sin, from the budding inclination which, if allowed its natural growth, would have led her to take a wife's place at Martyn's side, restraining the imprudences of his zeal, counteracting by tender watchfulness the hereditary weakness of his constitution, and saving him alive for long years of added usefulness. Yet one would have thought that the career which marriage with him would have opened to her ought to have appeared both lawful and holy to a woman of her undoubted piety.

It would seem as if Martyn had not learned to love Lydia until his own conversion had made him sensible of the charm of a riper spiritual life in the gentle lady, who turned to God long ere he did. Their families were nearly connected, and their acquaintance was almost certainly anterior to that period of his Cambridge triumphs, amid which we see him nourishing his missionary longings by studying the achievements of Carey, of Vandenkemp, of Brainerd, and trying to prepare himself for emulating them by such home mission-work as University life afforded. A combination of circumstances that looked Providential indicated the special field for which he was to

leave his first curacy, under Simeon, at Lolworth, just when he had become fully aware that his heart had fastened itself on Lydia Grenfell. Suddenly deprived of the private means inherited from his father, and seeing his younger sister also without resources, he could no longer take service as a self-supporting volunteer with the Church Missionary Society; nor could he maintain his sister as well as himself from the "subsistence allowance of a missionary." At this perplexing juncture he received, and gladly accepted, the offer of a Bengal chaplaincy made through Simeon's friend Charles Grant, chairman of the Court of Directors, who, with Simeon, was endeavouring to supply India with Evangelical chaplains.

There now arose the question: should the new Chaplain go out as a married man, or as a celibate? Martyn's own opinion was at first strongly adverse to marriage, though the salary attached to the post—ample enough to permit him, while in India, to set aside for the needs of his brother's family the income of his Fellowship—would fully justify his marrying. He thought a single life "much more consonant with heavenly-mindedness"; and at first he strove hard against the rising tide of that passion for Lydia, the strength of which so appalled him that he dreaded lest his soul might drown and perish in the flood. His Journals show him to us in Cornwall, in the August of 1804, in constant intercourse with Miss Grenfell, "conversing with her on spiritual subjects," reading to her alone "from Dr. Watts," when he seized and adapted to his own use a prayer "on entire preference of God to the creature"; walking with her and her mother up Marazion Street, gazing with them at "the most beautiful prospect of the sea," arrayed in evening splendour, but unable to think of anything but one absorbing subject. "I felt too plainly that I loved her passionately. . . . I continued an hour and a half in prayer, striving against this attachment. . . . . One while I was about to triumph, but in a moment my heart had wandered to the beloved idol. . . ." Sleeping and waking her image possessed him wholly. "No one can say," he laments, "how deeply this unhappy affection has fixed itself; since it has nothing selfish in it, that I can perceive, but is founded on the highest admiration of her piety and manners."

So he wrote, while persuaded that the indulgence of this pure and high affection was incompatible with the apostolic work to which he had vowed himself. Without a sigh he had put aside the glittering dreams of worldly triumphs—the brilliant University career in which, as Classical examiner of his college, he had won fresh applause—the success he had once with good reason hoped to gain at the Bar. These were hollow joys. "I had obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow," was the cry of his heart when he was declared Senior Wrangler. But to sacrifice "with a glad heart and free" the love into which all "the rich devotion of his passionate nature" had poured itself seemed an almost superhuman effort. New suggestions soon arose to complicate the tumult of his feelings. There were those among the "Clapham Sect," to which Simeon had introduced him, who did not think with him that "voluntary celibacy was much more noble and glorious, and much more beneficial by way of example," in a missionary, at least; some, well acquainted with the special difficulties of the Indian work, did not shrink from telling him "he would be acting like a madman if he went out without a wife." And though the weight of Simeon's authority was at first thrown into the scale against marriage, Martyn finally resolved on opening his heart to Lydia, persuaded, with Cecil, that "her decision would fully declare the will of God." He did not urge her to go out with him as his wife; he only asked for a conditional engagement. "If ever he saw it right in India to be married, would she come out to him?" But she, as much shaken by contending feelings as himself, could speak no decisive word. Indeed, the question, as he put it, must have tended to deepen her perplexity.

It is a very touching picture that the *Journal* gives of their final parting. England being in the midst of her long duel with France, a military convoy was needed for the East-Indiamen; and the sailing of the fleet, with which Martyn's passage was taken, was postponed from week to week. The ships lay at Falmouth, and he was constantly coming on shore to snatch another, and yet another, farewell interview with Lydia; and at her side it was that the last hasty summons to

embark reached him—a surprise, after all the previous suspense. Heart leaped to heart in the anguish of that moment, in which Lydia was betrayed into the expression of feelings almost as warm, almost as deep—or so it seemed—as Martyn's own; and he went away with the consciousness warm in his heart of being loved by the woman he so passionately loved. But her *Diary* shows her quickly repenting of that self-betrayal, writing bitter things against herself because of it, fearing "she might be the occasion of much sorrow to him"—a fear that worked its own fulfilment. More than a year later, Martyn, now fully alive to the needs of his position, and fortified by Simeon's approval, wrote to Miss Grenfell, entreating her to come out to him and be his wife. The tone of their long correspondence had been such as fully to justify the ardent, tremulous hope which makes his letter singularly touching; and it was evidently an unexpected shock when she refused. Her only valid reason was the disapproval of her mother, who would not consent that Lydia should leave her for India. There was also an absurd suggestion that the step would be "indelicate," which one would fain hope did not originate with Miss Grenfell; and there was the fantastic scruple about her first engagement. More respect is due to another motive, revealed in her *Diary*—her overmastering dread lest this earthly love should interfere with her full consecration, and with Martyn's, to the service of God; but even in this there was "a sin of fear"—a lack of faith, a grievous lack of true spirituality of soul.

One need not fear to say that this refusal was the great mistake of her life. It was not only a fatal decision for Martyn, whose frail health needed supremely the tender guardianship of a wife; it was injurious for herself. The unhealthy self-scrutiny, the hypochondriac brooding over her own spiritual symptoms, which spread a sickly colouring over too many pages of her *Diary*, must have been replaced by a nobler concern for the welfare of others, a lofty passion for doing widely extended good, had she dared to take her life in her hand, and engage in the great venture to which her incomparable friend invited her in vain. With Martyn it fared otherwise. Though his sensitive heart was cruelly wounded,

there was no poison in the wound. Wholly blameless in the matter, he was not permitted to suffer loss by it; but he came forth from the fiery trial ennobled, purified, changed, as it were, from man to angel; and angelic was the solicitous tenderness with which henceforth he regarded her through whom he had endured the sharpest suffering. He submitted patiently when, upon refusing his offer, she broke off her correspondence with him; he gratefully welcomed its resumption, when, on the death of his last surviving sister Laura, his "dear counsellor and guide," Miss Grenfell wrote volunteering to take a sister's place towards him; he refrained from any further effort to shake her decision, but renouncing every dream of earthly bliss, remained content to be all Christ's—*to burn out for God.*

Let us follow now his brief momentous missionary career.

It begins when, in the August of 1805, we see Henry Martyn outward bound from Falmouth, passing through Mount's Bay, and wistfully following Mount St. Michael dying away from view, while he preaches to the motley congregation gathered on deck, from the words: "Now we desire a better country, that is, a heavenly." During the wearisome interval of ten months which elapsed ere he could set foot in Calcutta, he was doing genuine missionary work under very serious difficulties. The extraordinary length of the voyage was due to his sailing under military protection; the fleet convoying the East-Indiamen touching first at Bahia, and then passing to the Cape of Good Hope to aid in those operations against the Boers which ended by the annexation of Cape Colony to the British Empire. Martyn, actually "the only chaplain in a force of 8000 soldiers," had not contented himself with studying Bengali and Hindustani, with disputing on religion at Bahia among Brazilian friars, with learning missionary details from the veteran Vanderkemp in Africa; he had struggled hard to do his duty to every soul within his reach, and his efforts among the godless English troops had been repaid with such mockery and such blasphemous insult as would now be impossible. It was but a foretaste of what awaited him in India from his own countrymen—military and civilian. There the Company's strange anti-Christian policy of thwarting mis-

sionary effort, fostering Brahmanism and Mohammedanism, and neglecting the spiritual interests of its half-million of Protestant subjects—for whom in all India scarce three places of worship were provided—had borne its natural fruit. Anglo-Indian society seemed lapsing into heathenism, little deterred by the Company's chaplains, men generally of the easy-going worldly type, and Arian in opinion. Martyn, who could not, like them, complacently acquiesce in the *laissez-faire* system of India's rulers, aroused much disgust by the energy with which he preached the Gospel to the astonished Europeans in Calcutta; and some of his clerical brethren even denounced him from the pulpit for "extravagance, absurdity, self-sufficiency, pride, and uncharitableness." He, with his colleagues Corrie and Brown, was glad to escape to the more congenial society at Serampore of the Baptist missionaries, Carey, Marshman, and Ward.

There is charm in the story of Martyn's life at Serampore, where, pending his appointment to his military chaplaincy at Patna, he lived by the river Hoogli in a quaint old pagoda, enriched with fine brick mouldings and lace-like tracery, once the shrine of a Hindu god. Here, in the enjoyment of exalted friendship with the neighbouring missionaries, he worked hard at languages, and could still dream happily of Lydia's coming, only troubled by the spectacle of the surrounding idolatry and misery, which thrilled him with horror, and awoke in him passionate longings to be at work for the rescue of those oppressed by the devil. His opportunity came with his removal to Dinapore and Patna. There he found himself within reach of a great native population, chiefly Mohammedan, and went vigorously to work among them—preaching to the natives, opening schools for their children, distributing Bibles and tracts, and holding animated disputations on things divine with their learned men. It was all new to the European troops among whom he had to minister, and it aroused such virulent antagonism in them as made him aware of the presence of a spirit yet more malignant than he had met on his outward voyage. The Company's troops, more highly paid and better educated than the royal regiments, were often men of broken fortunes, with a wild history behind them; thus they joined to

the haughtiness of the dominant race something of the sore pride and vicious recklessness of the outcast from society. Seeing Martyn's endeavours to preach Christ to the natives, whom they held in utter contempt, they included him in the same bitter scorn; fiercely repelling his efforts for their own good, which they often repaid with frightful imprecations. It was peculiarly hard for Martyn, utterly alone as he now was, to take these things meekly; he had not only to strive against the fiery temper derived from his Celtic ancestors but against the diseased irritability owing to the hectic fever already burning in his veins. It would seem that tact and patience did sometimes fail him, but courage failed him never, and as it had been on shipboard so it was now, his dauntless loving perseverance did effect some good, raising up at last "a little church in the army," which outlived his removal.

He lived amidst these difficult surroundings two years, in great loneliness, between his unsympathetic countrymen and the hostile natives, whose visible dislike to their English masters included such an one even as Martyn. "From sheer simplicity, unselfishness, and consuming zeal . . . he lived as no white man in the tropics in any rank of life should live," his health failed fast, and he knew the sands of life were running low. Yet, said he, "while there is work which *we* must do, we shall live." And there was a work, peculiarly his own, which he did live to do.

He had quickly perceived the crying need for accurate versions of the Scriptures to circulate among the peoples of the East. The corrupt and ill-written translations current could only bring The Book into contempt with Orientals, whose excessive value for literary grace and propriety appears in their claiming the "eloquence" of the Koran as a miracle, proving Divine inspiration. Martyn longed to set Holy Scripture free to plead its own cause. "A chapter will speak plainly in a thousand places, while I can speak, and not very plainly, but in one," said he; and he felt sure that "the mock majesty and paltry precepts" of the Koran must sink into contempt, when compared with the Word of God and its superhuman grandeur. The three-fold translation of the Bible into Persian, Arabic, and Hindustani would, he averred, if properly

done, "be the downfall of Mohammedanism," and it was to the Mohammedans that he longed to preach the Gospel, having more hope of them than of the Hindus. He girded himself then for the task of translation, for which he possessed rare qualifications, in intimate scholarly knowledge of the original languages of the Bible, and in remarkable aptitudes as a linguist. "He read grammars as other men read novels, and to him they were more interesting than novels"; so entertaining, indeed, that his journals show him a little ashamed at the fascination with which these studies held him and apprehensive lest they should do him spiritual injury. The Bible Society, then just beginning its work, was therefore well advised in entrusting to Martyn the Hindustani version of the Scriptures, which, indeed, he was already beginning, in concert with the sort of Clerical Society formed of the various Evangelical chaplains in India. He completed the Hindustani New Testament in 1810, and he lived to add to it Arabic and Persian versions also; while he made such progress with the Hindustani Old Testament that his work has proved very helpful to later translators. His Arabic New Testament, which he himself did not rate very highly, has been superseded; but in Hindustani his "idiomatic and faithful version still maintains its ground, though, from the lofty elegance of its style, it is better understood by educated than by illiterate Mohammedans;" and his *second* Persian translation—to perfect which he left India for Persia, where he spent the last year of his life—is rightly reckoned as his noblest achievement, and is very unlikely to be ever excelled in its own kind. "What a gifted man is here, and what a splendid sum total of work!" is the exclamation of a recent eulogist, Canon Edmonds; and one must echo the remark, remembering that this work was wrought during "a five or six years' struggle with illness"—nay, with death—and amid difficulties and annoyances incalculable, while the worker could not bring himself to desist from direct evangelistic effort so long as a spark of life remained in his wasted frame.

This great enterprise brought Martyn into contact with one of the most irritating of the tormentors of his closing years—that singular convert to Christianity the Arab Sabat, whom

the Serampore missionaries sent to Martyn at Dinapore to aid him with his Arabic New Testament, and who accompanied him when he received orders to repair to Cawnpore, as military chaplain, in 1809. This "artless child of the desert," unable to control or disguise any feeling, good or bad, stands before us in *Martyn's Journal* with all his schoolboy pride of learning and logic, his cruel vanity, his sulks, jealousies, mad rages, among which mingled strange gleams of true faith and humility. "Think of the keeper of a lunatic asylum, and you see me," wrote Martyn of this "conceited and intolerable" assistant, when the "wild beast" in Sabat had broken forth in fury, and had been with some trouble soothed to sleep. It was characteristic of the man that he subsequently apostatised, for no better reason than because the Calcutta moonshis had disparaged the excellency and honesty of his Arabic translation, that he recanted his recantation when the fury-fit had subsided, and that in Penang, where he met a tragic fate, he spoke with tears of Martyn's heavenly goodness, and deplored his own vile conduct towards one who "was less a man than an angel of God."

Companion portraits of Sabat, the dark-browed, richly-clad, fiery Arab, and of the saint whose patience he did so much to perfect, have been supplied by the graceful pen of Mrs. Sherwood, the religious writer, very popular with a past generation of children, who with her husband, Paymaster of the King's 53rd Regiment of Foot, was fortunately stationed at Cawnpore just when Martyn, ill and almost fainting, arrived there after a terrible journey in the heat. In the kindly sympathetic society of the Sherwoods Martyn found almost the only alleviation of the discomforts of his Cawnpore life; he could hardly have been sent to a post more unsuitable for one in his critical state of health than this town of such terrible associations in its recent history, where the dry, burning, threatening climate seemed too apt a symbol of the brooding thunderous moral atmosphere in which its ill-affected people moved and had their being. It was a different air that encompassed Martyn. Mrs. Sherwood lets us see, what we could never learn from the touchingly humble *Journal*, that this self-scrutinising, self-condemning man was one of the most

charming inmates that could enter in any home. Something of heavenly childlikeness, of simple gaiety and gladness that quite harmonised with the ultra-refinement of his manners and nature, made him a perfect comrade for children, who nestled at his side and sunned themselves in the radiant smile which transfigured his features—features "not regular," says the lady, "but the expression so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with divine charity," that no one could look at them and think of their shape or form—"the outbeaming of the soul" absorbed all attention. Her testimony as to the winning cheerfulness of his manners has ample confirmation from men like Sir John Malcolm, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mountstuart Elphinstone, who saw much of Martyn when, two or three years later, he passed by Bombay to Arabia, and who cordially recognised in him "the consistent and ever-watchful saint, but at the same time the lively talker, the brilliant scholar, and, above all, the genial companion and even merry comrade." Mrs. Sherwood paints also for us vividly those outward surroundings which the *Journal* scarcely indicates —the bungalow Martyn inhabited at Cawnpore, as devoid of luxuries as a hermit's cell—the stiff funereal avenue of palms and aloes approaching it—and the strangely mixed crowd that hung about it, in which stately beings like Mirza Fitrut, Martyn's learned Hindu moonshi—to whom he taught Hebrew that he might carry on the Old Testament translation—the splendidly-robed Italian Jesuit Padre Julius Cæsar, and the haughty Arab Sabat, were mingled with humbler schoolmasters and with poor nominal Christians who came hoping for daily handfuls of rice from Martyn, whose generosity equalled the charity which made him willing and glad to hold verbal and written communion with all missionaries of Christ in India, whether they owed allegiance to Luther, to Calvin, or to the Pope. We are shown, too, that strange congregation of beggars—a swarming mass of diseased, deformed, hideous monstrosities, resembling the shapes that haunt feverish dreams—who assembled daily in front of the bungalow, tempted by the prospect of alms to listen awhile to the rich appealing music of Martyn's voice pleading with them on Christ's behalf. Yet even these wretches were seldom able to refrain from fierce insulting

interruptions, which never shook his composure or checked the flow of his ideas. It was sowing by all waters, indeed; the sower, who was always cruelly exhausted by the effort, was almost hopeless of good results; yet who dare say there were none, appearing "after many days," when the pleading voice lived only as a haunting memory in the hearts of the hearers? It is known at least that one learned young Mussulman of good standing, who had joined a company that came to mock at Martyn's novel services, was actually converted by what he heard, and, becoming himself a preacher of the Gospel he had been wont to scorn, led many others to Christ. In all, sixty-four converts who never fell away were raised up by "the missionary labours of Martyn at Cawnpore, followed up by Corrie," his faithful brother in the work, afterwards first Bishop of Madras.

Martyn himself had little hope of any such good, when, his health having completely broken down under his ceaseless toils, he obtained six months' sick leave, and, having left Cawnpore —as it proved—for ever, took his journey from Calcutta by Ceylon and Bombay to Arabia, and thence to Persia. Other motives beside the pursuit of health determined his course. "He willed, he agonised, to live till he should give at least the New Testament to the peoples of Arabia and Persia and to the Mohammedans of India, in their own tongue;" so, to improve his Arabic, he desired to visit Arabia; and, to perfect his Persian, he passed on to Persia, which he entered in the May of 1811.

That country, under the rule of its really "Great King," Futteh Ali Shah, the sagacious ally of England, received the saintly voyager with much hospitality. He came, indeed, well recommended.

"The friend of Malcolm Sahib, whose gracious dignity and lavish gifts had made him a hero among the officials and many of the people of Persia," Martyn brought letters of introduction from the Governor-General of India and the Governor of Bombay to the new British ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley, who himself became his warm friend; and, what still better served the work next his heart, he came "with the reputation of a man of God in the Oriental sense, and of a scholar who knew the sacred

books of Mohammedan and Christian alike, and who sought the good of the people." He so used these advantages, that a deeper interest attaches to his year's abode in Shiraz than to almost all the rest of his story.

His journey from the burning plains beyond Bushire up the rough, rocky "ladders" that lead to the central plateau of Iran, and so to the delightful valleys around Shiraz, had been as unrefreshing as a long delirious dream of pain. But when he was once domiciled in the upland city, with a friendly Persian of high rank, who could lodge the exhausted traveller in an "orange summer garden," and whose learned brother was very willing to lend invaluable aid in re-translating the New Testament into Persian, the slow fever that was consuming Martyn seemed checked. He found strength of spirit not only for the special work that he was all on fire to complete, but for long, intricate discussions with the most learned Mussulmans on the respective merits of Islam and Christianity; and singular insight into the Oriental habit of thought is given by his notes of these conversations. His opponents imported little bitterness into their disputes, for those of the Shi'ah sect, to which the Mohammedans of Persia belong, are habitually more tolerant of other beliefs than are the Turks and Arabs, bigoted Soonnis. Many of those who sought out the "Saint from Calcutta" in his garden retreat were adherents of that peculiar mysticism, half sensual, half spiritual, known as Soofism; and Martyn, studying its various manifestations with scientific curiosity, felt profound pity for its votaries, who could not find happiness in their dreamy philosophies, nor could learn from them how to control the vices which made the Persians, according to Martyn's witness, "a people depraved beyond belief," sinning daily the worst sins of the old heathen world, but not, like the ancient idolators, ignorant of their own sinfulness. Earnestly he strove to lead them to Him who can alone save His people from their sins. The crystal purity of Martyn's life commanded the deep respect of the conscious slaves of their own passions, and his affectionate earnestness for their salvation would sometimes move them to tears. To such influences they were more accessible than to argument; though the formal demonstrations of the immense superiority of the Gospel over Islam, of Christ

over Mahomet, which at their request he undertook, were so unassailable in their reasoning that the highest ecclesiastical authorities in Persia vainly attempted the task of refuting them; and they remain unanswered to this day. But Martyn, though he might not refuse the challenge, hoped little from mere argument, however cogent; the delusions of his Mussulman friends seemed to hold them like an enchantment. "I know not what to do but to pray for them," he said. They learned at least to love and to revere in him the beauty of the Christian character in its highest perfection.

Having at last completed his monumental work, the translation of the New Testament into the purest Persian, Martyn formed the plan of presenting beautiful and perfect manuscript copies to the Shah and the Heir-apparent, and by enlisting their approval to secure free circulation for the work in Persia. He attained his object, but it almost cost him his life. The Shah and the British Ambassador being then at Tabreez, it was necessary to traverse "the whole length of the great Persian plateau" at the most trying season of the year, before the precious volumes could be transmitted to Sir Gore Ouseley, and through him to the royal recipients. "The journey occupied eight weeks, and proved one of extreme hardship, which rapidly developed Henry Martyn's disease." His sufferings from the piercing cold, from the burning sun, from fever and ague, and from the cruel inhospitality of the people, are described in the *Journal* with a quiet simplicity than which nothing can be more pathetic. Yet these tragic records are no less felicitous in phrase, no less rich in vivid descriptive touches, than if the traveller had been in all respects at ease when he wrote of the trying or amusing incidents of the way.

Quite exhausted when he reached Tabreez, Martyn lay there long weeks in a raging fever, and had perforce to relinquish to Ouseley's hands the task of presenting his important offering to the Shah; but the Ambassador was a most faithful substitute, and the gift had as gracious a reception as the giver could have hoped. Could Henry Martyn have now brought himself to rest awhile at Tabreez, "the fever-dispeller," amid hills that have "the air of Scotland and Wales," and scenery that in the hot season, then just beginning, is the loveliest in

Asia, his insidious malady might have been checked, and his life prolonged for a season. But no such thought had visited him. "I thank a gracious Lord," he wrote to Simeon, "that sickness never came at a time when I was more free from apparent reasons for living. Nothing seemingly remains for me to do, but to follow the rest of my family to the tomb." This being his fixed persuasion, a passionate longing for home now seized him, his one hope being to look once more on Lydia's eyes, and say with dying lips a last farewell to her, face to face; and before he was well recovered from the terrible journey to Tabreez, he was preparing for another, which he fondly fancied might end in England, but which led him only to a grave in a strange land, to a death of utter loneliness.

Sir Gore Ouseley, apprised of the project, did all he could to ensure that his saintly friend should travel safely and swiftly; and by his advice, Martyn set off from Tabreez, by the old Roman route into Central Asia, towards Constantinople, that being the safest, speediest, and least forbidding road for him. But the journey proved nothing but a martyrdom, being performed of necessity on horseback, at the most unfavourable season, and at headlong speed in its last and most distressing portion, when "the merciless Hassan," the Tartar guard imposed on him on entering Turkey, hurried him violently towards Tokat, the plague-smitten city where the victim was to find at last the rest of the grave. "Wasting away from consumption, racked with ague, burning with fever," Martyn had to undergo hardships that would have tried the strength of a man in full health. Hard riding amid oppressive heat by day, stifling and unwholesome quarters by night, short rest and long toil, did their inevitable work; and it is piteous to trace in the *Journal* the rapid advances of weakness and decay, from the first hours of the journey when the traveller looked with "calm delight" on the natural beauty around him, to the last terrible days when he was hurried on at breathless speed through dark and light alike, "till almost expiring he sat on the ground and found refuge in a stable, refusing to go further"; and even then could not escape the heat that was killing him, until he "pushed his head among

the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept."

But amid all this outward misery we cannot but see that this tortured saint of God enjoyed a radiant tranquillity of soul yet more remarkable than the unimpaired keenness of intellect with which he kept watch and note of all his surroundings, and of the symptoms of his own swift decline. No records of the last ten days before the end survive; but our latest glimpse of Martyn shows him "sitting in an orchard, thinking with sweet comfort and peace of his God, and longing for that new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." This was on October 6, 1812. On October 16 he entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God—after what further tortures we know not. But at least we know that two faithful Armenian servants were with him to the last, and that his wasted frame was afterwards laid reverently to rest by Christian hands in the cemetery at Tokat, "not in a coffin, but in such a white winding-sheet as that which for forty hours enwrapped the Crucified."

Far away in Cornwall Lydia Grenfell received the fatal news with "intense sorrow," which, however softened by time, became thenceforth the companion of her life. Her last years were marked by severe bodily suffering from cancerous disease, and at last, by a kind of alienation of mind, from which she does not seem to have recovered at her death in 1829—thirteen years after Martyn.

This volume, where we study *her* life beside *his*, stands perhaps alone in religious biography as showing parallel examples of the better and worse ways of serving Christ. Martyn at the outset seems almost to stand on Lydia Grenfell's low level of pietism, and almost to vie with her in his anxious pre-occupation with his own spiritual condition; but we see him visibly developing, growing into the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus, when once he has gone boldly forth to do battle with the enemies of his Master. Vigilant as ever over himself, he is more wholly possessed by the passionate yearning over the souls of others, and ever mightier grows his strong, living devotion for his Lord, into whose spirit he seems at last absorbed, and whom he loves and serves with an ardour that

leaves no room for personal apprehensions. Here in very truth is one of God's own heroes, who must remain ever "a spiritual force," active for good, and ever raising up new Christian heroes to tread in his steps.

But what can be said of the other soul, whose progress we do not watch, because progress there is none? Where we found Lydia Grenfell there we leave her, absorbed in the same cares for her spiritual safety, troubled with the same difficulties; contending with the same visionary temptations, doubtless going through the familiar round of domestic duties, doubtless availing herself of every fair opportunity of religious profit; but so far from emulating the tireless activity of her noblest friend that we can scarce find clear traces of effort for the highest good of others. From the study of such a case of arrested development what spiritual force can be gathered, what hero-soul can be traced for fresh effort, what noble fire can be breathed into spirits heretofore sluggish? Is not the secret of this vast difference between two Christian lives to be found in the truth that the man loved, and loved unselfishly, far more than feared; that the woman feared, and feared selfishly, far more than she loved, their common Lord?

It is the difference between ascetism and living Christianity, between the cloistered nun and the hero-apostle. Both are servants of Christ; only one is Christ-like.

Art. II.—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

IT is proverbially impossible, when a man of note has recently passed away, to fix, with any approach to exactness, the place that he is likely to hold in the estimation of posterity. The popularity of a poet in his own time depends largely on the degree to which he is affected by its prevailing tone of thought, and on the extent to which his work is coloured by the interests, views, hopes, and aspirations of those for whom he writes, and among whom he lives. So far as he touches the sympathies which make men in all ages one; so far as

he deals with those interests, which are "not for an age, but for all time," his writings are likely to live, while all that part of them which is of merely local and temporary application will be so much dead weight to submerge it beneath the advancing waves of time. Great part of Whittier's literary work, though highly honourable to him as a man, will add little or nothing to his reputation as a poet, dealing as it does with a controversy long since extinct. Most of the Anti-Slavery lyrics by which he won his fame will soon be as little read as the Corn-law Rhymes of Ebenezer Elliot. Speaking of him in this connection, one cannot but feel that, as he himself said of a friend, "the man was greater than his verse." His *Voices of Freedom*, vigorous and telling as they are, lack, in most cases, the ineffable and indefinable something which makes the difference between verse and poetry. We miss the chord that vibrates, now and then, in his devotional and elegiac pieces, or in transcripts from nature and New England country life, like "Snow-Bound." But they form, nevertheless, his proudest title to remembrance. It must never be forgotten that he dared to speak and write on behalf of the slave, when to be an "Abolitionist" was to risk friends, fortune, reputation, and, sometimes, life itself. The honour and the peace in which his closing years were passed were the rightful meed of one who had played his part so manfully, in conflict with a deeply rooted social evil, supported by a vast majority of the wealthy and respectable classes, and, alas! in too many instances, by the accredited teachers of Christianity. The gallant stand he made, with voice and pen, on behalf of the cause of Abolition, will serve to keep his memory green while courage and faith continue to be honoured among men.

Peasant though he was, John Greenleaf Whittier came of a "good family," in the truest sense of the term. His great-grandfather, Thomas Whittier, one of the sturdy Puritans who left their native land for conscience' sake, and to whom modern America owes all that is soundest in her national life, settled in Massachusetts in 1638. His son became a convert to the doctrines of the Society of Friends, and shared the obloquy and persecution which was then the portion of that sect. Whittier's mother, Abigail Hussey, also belonged to a Quaker family, and he tells us, in the most charming and characteristic of his poems, how,

on winter evenings, while she turned her wheel by the great log-fire,

> "Some tale she gave,
> From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
> Beloved in every Quaker home,
> Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom."

From the same poem one can form a fair idea of the mode of life on a New England homestead in the first quarter of our century. It was a hard lot, but not a sordid one; the dignity of labour was felt and acknowledged; plain living was accompanied, as many instances prove, with high thinking; and a deep sense of the reality and "solemn weight" of eternal things pervaded the general life. The culture of the intellect in many a farm-house, beside the one at Haverhill, was pursued with a zest out of all proportion to the "meanness of opportunity." Mrs. Beecher Stowe drew from her own experience, when she described the farmer's wife, who read grave works on moral philosophy, without detriment to the homelier tasks of baking and spinning, and sat down to work out geometrical problems with her husband after the day's work was done. Books were scarce in the villages, but for that reason they were more carefully read and more dearly prized. The teaching at the district school was both elementary and intermittent; but it sufficed, in the case of boys like Whittier, to whet the appetite for knowledge, and to keep alive the flame of intellectual aspiration.

According to the custom in the rural districts, young Whittier attended school only in the winter. The summer months were devoted to work on the farm. All his best work is bright with the sunshine, and fresh with the breezy atmosphere, of the happy, healthy "out-of-door" life on the farm at Haverhill.

> "O for boyhood's time of June,
> Crowding years in one brief noon,
> When all things I heard or saw,
> Me, their master, waited for.
> I was rich in flowers and trees,
> Humming-birds and honey-bees;
> For my sport the squirrel played,
> Plied the snouted mole his trade;
> Laughed the brook for my delight
> Through the day and through the night,

Whispering at the garden-wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond,
Mine the orchard slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard-trees,
Apples of Hesperides."

From the very first, it is evident that he possessed an unusual sensitiveness to natural beauty; but it needed a stimulating touch from without to rouse the poetic consciousness within him, and to set him expressing what, hitherto, he had been content only to feel. A copy of the poems of Burns, lent him by his schoolmaster, awakened the dormant literary impulse. "This," he says, "was the first poetry I had ever read—with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student—and it had a lasting effect upon me. I began to make rhymes myself and to imagine stories and adventures."

His elder sister, Mary, the same whom he describes, in "Snow-Bound," as

> "A full rich nature, free to trust,
> Truthful and almost sternly just,"

encouraged him in these early attempts, some of which appeared in the *Newburyport Free Press*, then conducted by William Lloyd Garrison. The young country editor, not yet consecrated to his life-long task, was struck with the verses of his unknown contributor, and in the summer of 1826 went over to Haverhill to see him. Most people have heard how the barefooted farm-lad hurried in from his hoeing to make himself presentable when the distinguished visitor was announced; how Garrison urged that he should have further opportunities of education; how Mr. Whittier, the elder, demurred, on the score of expense; and how his son overcame that objection by learning the shoemaking craft in the following winter, and devoting his earnings to the payment of the school-fees. The story is worth remembering, as an illustration of the energy, the resource, the love of knowledge, and the manly independence which Whittier inherited from the sturdy New England race of which he came.

The acquaintance thus formed with Garrison proved of

immense importance in determining the future course of his life. In 1828, two years after his first meeting with Whittier, Garrison had come in contact with a Quaker called Benjamin Lundy—a name ever memorable, as being that of the man who was the first to devote himself exclusively to the abolition of slavery in America. He had lived when a boy at a small town which lay on the direct route taken by the negro-traders from Maryland and Virginia to the cotton plantations on the lower Mississippi. Here he witnessed day after day the hideous anomaly, in a Christian land, of traffic in the bodies and souls of men. The sophistry which came so glibly from the lips of the educated and respectable, in defence of the system, ceased for ever to blind the eyes that had seen for themselves the triumph of cruelty and avarice armed with irresponsible power, the separation of families, the degradation of womanhood, supported and sanctioned by the strong arm of the law. The sufferings he witnessed were branded into his very soul, and neither poverty nor weakness, neither failure nor persecution, had power to turn him from the task he had set himself—that of testifying against the accursed thing with all the powers that God had given him.

In Garrison Lundy found a man better fitted than himself for the arduous task of awakening the national conscience on the subject of slavery. Eminently strong and able, gifted with immense energy, untiring perseverance, and that dogged resolution which opposition only confirms, Garrison was altogether wanting in moderation, reticence and tact; but it is not these latter qualities that are in demand when a forlorn hope has to be led against an overpowering array of embattled prejudices and vested interests.

In the crisis of the War of the French Revolution, with a country torn by faction and an Austrian army on the frontier, Danton sent to the South for "three hundred men who were willing to die." The same call is heard whenever the conscience of society is to be awakened to the knowledge of a great wrong. It is not the cautious moderate man, careful of offending prejudices, anxious to find a ground of compromise, who is needed then; but the prophet, "who will cry aloud and spare not," the man to whom riches, comfort, friends, reputation, life

are as nothing, compared with the delivery of "the burden of the Lord."

Whittier was twenty-three years old, and had not long given up farming for journalism, when Garrison enlisted him in the Anti-Slavery cause, as a contributor to his newly established journal, the *Liberator*. The thoughts and aspirations with which the young man took his place in the pioneer band of Abolitionists are best described by himself:

"Upon mine ear, not all in vain,
Came the sad captive's clanking chain,
The groaning from his bed of pain.

"And sadder still, I saw the woe,
Which only wounded spirits know,
When pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

"Spurned not alone in walks abroad,
But from the 'temples of the Lord'
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

"Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,
In words which prudence smothered long,
My soul spoke out against the wrong.

"With soul and strength, with heart and hand,
I turned to Freedom's struggling band,
To the sad Helots of our land."

"The night is darkest just before the dawn."

At no time during the history of the Union had public opinion been in so callous a state with regard to the iniquity of slavery, as during the earlier years of the Abolition movement. Among the fathers of the Republic scarcely one had ventured to suggest that slavery was anything but an evil in itself. The institution, they said, had been introduced amongst them against their will by the Mother Country. England was responsible for it, not they. Their policy was to restrict it within certain geographical limits, where it was hoped it would die a natural death, as the importation of slaves from Africa was forbidden by law.

The acquisition of Louisiana, the introduction of the cotton-gin, and the immense consequent development of the industries of cotton growth and exportation entirely upset these calcula-

tions. Slaves in ever-increasing numbers were deported to the cotton-plantations, and as the manufacturing districts of Europe and of the Northern States increased their demand for the raw material, the great object of Southern policy became to acquire fresh land on which to grow cotton and fresh supplies of slaves to cultivate it. Not only the wealth of the South, but the commercial prosperity of the whole Union, seemed to depend on slave-labour; and thus, the Abolitionists touched the manufacturing and trading classes of the North, as well as the landowners and planters of the South, in the most sensitive spot possible—namely, their pocket. The first numbers of the *Liberator* awoke a storm of angry alarm in the South, for which the Mayor of Boston reported that he could see no occasion, as "his officers had ferretted out the paper and its editor, whose office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, his supporters a few insignificant persons of all colours." The worthy magistrate had probably read his Old Testament, and was familiar with the story of that blast of a few insignificant rams' horns at the sound of which the walls of Jericho fell down; but it did not occur to him that this country printer and his friends, living on bread and fruit, doing the mechanical work of the paper with their own hands, and sleeping at night on the floor of the "obscure hole" which constituted their office, would ever succeed in battering down the great institution which the influential classes united to support. The President of the United States took the matter rather more seriously. In the Annual Message of December 1835, he said, with reference to the Abolitionists:

"There is, doubtless, no respectable portion of our fellow-countrymen who can be so far misled as to feel any other sentiment than that of indignant regret at conduct so destructive of the harmony and peace of the country, and so repugnant to the principles of our national compact, *and to the dictates of humanity and religion.*"

It will be seen that by this time the governing classes had persuaded themselves that slavery was not a necessary evil, to be confined and circumscribed as much as possible, but a humane provision for the enlightenment of poor Africans and the spread of Christianity.

A few months previously Garrison had been nearly murdered

at Boston, by "a large and most respectable mob, composed in good part of merchants." It is necessary to insist on facts like these, for without them one cannot realise the virulent opposition, the bitter persecution, the slander, and the violence that Whittier and those who shared his views had to endure. Readers of Harriet Martineau's *Autobiography* will remember the odium she incurred while in America by expressing even a guarded sympathy with the Anti-Slavery party. It was not respectable, it was not even safe, to hint a criticism of the "peculiar institution."

Some colour was given, it must be allowed, to the falsehoods of the Pro-Slavery party, who did not shrink from including all their opponents in the two categories of infidels and anarchists, by the attitude of that small section of Abolitionists known as Garrisonians. These people, in imitation of their leader, argued that the Government which upheld slavery, and the Churches which defended it, must of necessity be unsound. They, therefore, refused to join any political party, or to identify themselves with any Church. We need not say that Whittier did not share their views. He was at this time, as he remained for the whole of his long life, a devout and earnest member of the Society of Friends. But it must be remembered that, as regards slavery, the record of his Church was exceptionally clean. While Christian ministers Sunday after Sunday were justifying the keeping of slaves by the example of St. Paul when he sent Onesimus back to his master—while even the Methodists, forgetting the energetic protest of their founder in his Georgian days, and the burning words of his very latest letter, addressed to Wilberforce, protested, if at all, with an uncertain sound—the Quakers threw against it the whole weight of their teaching and example. Among the ministers of other Churches, individuals here and there were honourably conspicuous as exceptions to the selfish and time-serving spirit which generally prevailed. Such was Dr. Samuel May, of Boston, the friend of Garrison; such was Elijah Lovejoy, the brave Presbyterian minister, who was murdered by a Pro-Slavery mob in Illinois, the provocation being that he was the editor of an Abolition journal. (The leading rioters were brought to trial and acquitted). The greatest social victory

that the Christian conscience has gained in our times was won with but scanty help, at least in America, from Church leaders and organisations. We read in the introduction to one of Whittier's poems of this period how, on the occasion of a Pro-Slavery meeting in Charleston, in 1835, "the clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene."

One is not surprised, after this, to find the poet exclaiming:

"What? Servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, Who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast—fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave?

"Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and Holy! is that Church, which lends
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?"

All through the course of the long agitation which culminated in the Presidential election of 1861, we find Whittier in the forefront of the fight. In 1838 he settled in Philadelphia as editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. His office occupied the basement of the "Pennsylvania Hall," a building which the Abolitionists had been obliged to erect for their own purposes, as no one in the city would let them a hall in which to hold their meetings. On the second day after its opening it was burned to the ground by a Pro-Slavery mob, including members of the leading families in Philadelphia. A cane was made from some of the woodwork that escaped the fire, and presented to Whittier, who treasured it as a relic.

The course of domestic politics in America continued to be marked by repeated encroachments on behalf of the slave-holding interests, and repeated concessions on the part of the Northern States. If any objection was raised to the extension of slavery westward throughout recently acquired territory, the South threatened to secede from the Union, and the North gave way. The Southern statesmen felt that they were masters of the situation; they did not perceive that their exaggerated claims were provoking a reaction which would whelm them and their cherished institution in one ruin. The annexation of

Texas, the Fugitive Slave Bill, the application of the "States-Rights" theory to Nebraska and Kansas, all looked at first sight like so many defeats for the Anti-Slavery party. In reality they all worked together for its ultimate triumph.

The Mexican War drew forth the most scathing exposure of Southern policy that has yet appeared—the first series of the *Biglow Papers*. The Fugitive Slave Bill did yet more to awaken the slumbering conscience of the people. The planters of Louisiana, to whom a slave-hunt was an ordinary incident of life, had no idea of the effect that would be produced on the New Englander, knowing nothing of slavery in practice, who was called upon to deliver up to his captors the poor fugitive who had taken refuge at his hearth. Such cases as that of the wretched mulatto woman, seized by the slave-catchers, who had killed her child rather than allow it to return into bondage—such tragedies acted before their very eyes—began to have some weight even against considerations of personal gain and of political and commercial expediency, and arguments drawn from the practice of the patriarchs. The extent to which the New England conscience had been aroused in the matter appeared in the number of Northern emigrants who set out to colonise Kansas as a free State. The death of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, after his strange attempt, half insane, half heroic, to excite a general insurrection against slavery, awoke the pity and interest of those who had the least sympathy with his method of redressing wrong. Even Whittier, Quaker as he was, has only a modified reproof for the gallant, though sorely mistaken, man:

"John Brown, of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother, with her little child, pressed nigh.
Then the bold blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
And he stooped between the jeering ranks, and kissed the negro's child.
The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart,
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's head the martyr's aureole bent."

It must be owned that Whittier himself, for a member of a peaceful community, had a strong infusion of combativeness

in his disposition. One cannot read the poems belonging to this period of his life without feeling the justice of Lowell's remarks in his *Fables for Critics*:

"There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart. . . . .
. . . . Both singing and striking in front of the war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor;
Anne hæc, one exclaims, on beholding his knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox?
Can that be thy son in the battle's mid din,
Preaching brotherly love, and then driving it in
To the brain of the tough old Goliah of sin,
With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly's spring,
Impressed on his hard moral sense with a sling?
All honour and praise to the right-hearted bard,
Who was true to the Voice, when such service was hard,
Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave,
When to look but a protest in silence was brave;
All honour and praise to the women and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then!"

In 1847 the *National Era* was established, and Whittier at once became one of its principal contributors. In its pages first appeared that remarkable work which made American slavery a burning question for the whole of the civilised world. As was to be expected, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has had to pay for its extraordinary success by a period of disfavour with the critics. But there are signs that the reaction has spent itself, and that the judgment of posterity will recognise not merely the power and pathos and brilliant character-sketching of the book; but also that sympathetic insight into the minds of the supporters of slavery, that appreciation of their position, that grasp of the intricate problems involved, that wisdom and fairness, combined with passionate advocacy of the oppressed, which make it unique among "novels with a purpose."

Mrs. Stowe had a great esteem for her fellow-worker in the cause of freedom. On Whittier's seventieth birthday she wrote of him:

"His life has been a consecration, his songs an inspiration, to all that is highest and best. It has been his chief glory, not that he could speak inspired words, but that he spoke them for the despised, the helpless, and the dumb; for those too ignorant to honour, too poor to reward him."

The consummation for which Whittier had striven so nobly drew near at last; but it came, as so often happens, by "a way that he knew not." The formation of the new Republican party and the election, in 1861, of a President pledged against the further extension of slavery, was immediately followed by the secession of the Southern States and by the outbreak of the Civil War. To most of the volunteers who filled the ranks of the Federal Army the summons to battle was like the call to a new crusade.

> "As Christ died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
> His truth is marching on."

The "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," which closes with these words, was sung with militant fervour through all the Northern States. But Whittier had no part in this martial exultation. The cause he had at heart was to triumph indeed, but through means that he abhorred. The solemn invocation which opens the series of poems entitled, *In War Time*, expresses the feeling with which he endured the four long years of civil strife in which his unhappy country paid in part the penalty of her national sin. In part only—for has she not still to bear the burden of that negro population at the South, which, with the ignorance, the moral weakness, the racial antagonism, that three centuries of bondage have fostered, forms a standing perplexity and menace to the State?

> "We see not, know not, all our way
> Is night: with Thee alone is day:
> From out the torrent's troubled drift
> Above the storm our prayers we lift.
> Thy will be done.
>
> "The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
> But who are we to make complaint,
> Or dare to plead, in times like these,
> The weakness of our love of ease?
> Thy will be done.
>
> "We take with solemn thankfulness
> Our burden up, nor ask it less,
> And count it joy that even we
> May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee
> Whose will be done."

In those dark days of 1862, with an untried pilot at the helm of the State, with disunion in the Council, and treachery in the field, while men's hearts were failing them for fear, and when, as one of the bravest of them said, "No thoughtful American opened his morning paper without dreading to find that he had no longer a country left to love and honour," Whittier never lost faith in the Divine Providence. "The future's gain is certain as God's truth," he wrote.

"For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Beneath its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow."

His publications during the war were of use in bringing before the public mind the real issue at stake, which Confederate sympathisers did their best to obscure. Like his English co-religionist, John Bright, he drove home to the public intelligence the fact that the South was fighting, not for the legitimate independence of States within their own borders, but with the object of establishing a Government and a society based on slave labour.

The combative instinct, which co-existed in him with a sincere devotion to his peaceful creed, finds striking expression in the ballad of "Barbara Frietchie." It is not likely that much out of the great mass of verse which the Quaker poet has left us will survive the rude sifting of Time, but one cannot help hoping that an exception will be made in favour of the spirited lines which tell of Dame Barbara's heroism and Stonewall Jackson's relenting. The story is one after his own heart: there was nothing in the passive courage of the old woman to contradict his principles; and the brave spirit that could face an army, alone and undismayed, was essentially akin to his own.

The close of the Civil War marks the end of the militant period in Whittier's life. Henceforward he was no longer the stormy singer of reform: the mellow mood of autumn came

upon him. In all his later work one finds a charm, due not so much to any high poetic quality, as to a simple unaffected love of nature, a serene conscience, a quiet heart.

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

"On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of nature stole,
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul."

These words of his suggest the reason why his unpretending verse, poor in thought, and faulty in form, as it often is, has nevertheless a power over the "sad and restless moods" of his readers which genius more unquestionable than his cannot always exert.

In 1840, the farm at Haverhill had been sold; and Whittier settled at Amesbury, devoting himself thenceforth exclusively to literature. He never married, though here and there in his poems there are hints of an unprosperous attachment. His mother, aunt, and sisters formed his household. His family affections were unusually deep and strong; but his youngest sister Elizabeth had the Benjamin's portion of his love and confidence. It was to her memory that he addressed the touching lines in "Snow-Bound":

"Upon the motley braided mat,
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?

* * * *

The birds are glad: the briar-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thine immortality,

What change can reach the wealth I hold?
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are,
And, when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee beckoning stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

Elizabeth Whittier was worthy of the distinction involved in being her brother's chosen companion and friend. In disposition and intellect she evidently much resembled him; and her published verses might easily be taken for his. She was not only gentle and sweet-natured, but eminently courageous and truthful; and her active sympathy and help never failed her brother and his fellow-workers through the darkest days of their long struggle against slavery. She died in 1857.

We have already seen that, in spite of his secluded life among the hills and woods of Amesbury, he did not fail sedulously to watch the current of public events, especially as regarded the great cause to which he had devoted himself.

"Whenever occasion offered," said the late J. R. Lowell, "some burning lyric of his flew across the country like the fiery cross to warm and rally. Never mingling in active politics (unless filling the office of presidential elector may be called so) he probably did more than anybody in preparing the material out of which the Republican party was made."

The poem called "Ichabod," is a fine specimen of the occasional lyrics to which the critic referred. It was written after a night of sleepless meditation on Daniel Webster's vote in Congress with reference to the "Fugitive Slave Bill." Neither the measure nor the man has much present interest for us; yet, whenever the trusted leader of a great cause descends to palter with the evil that it was once his glory to withstand, the passionate words of the poet will find an echo in men's hearts:

"So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone,
For evermore!

* * * *

Of all we loved and honoured, nought
Save power, remains.

A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong, in chains!
All else is gone! From those great eyes
The soul has fled.
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead."

In 1876 he removed to Oak Knoll, near Danvers, Massachusetts. Here, in the midst of the rural New England scenery which he has painted with so much truth and charm, his closing years glided away. The quiet spot among the trees, where the aged poet spent the long calm evening that followed his day of storm and strife, became a centre for the reverent and grateful thoughts of thousands who had never seen his face. Few men have ever received in more bountiful measure the blessings which

"Should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Foremost among these last were his brothers of the pen. There was nothing in Whittier of that petty irritability and jealousy that is supposed to be an attribute of the literary character. Emerson, with his quiet, genial humour and exquisite courtesy, was always a welcome visitor. Hawthorne, too, whose tender heart and sensitive conscience were overcrusted with a shell of moody reserve. "He looked as if he had just come up from down cellar," remarked his host after one of his visits. There also might have been found the ever-youthful Autocrat, and Lowell, who had fought the battle of freedom, with satire and song, only less stoutly than Whittier himself.

His wide reputation did nothing to impair the simplicity of his life and manners. To the last, there was a good deal of the New England farmer about him. He adhered with touching pertinacity to the quaint old forms of speech which modern members of the Society of Friends have discarded—at all events in their intercourse with the outer world. Over and over again, in his works, in ballads like "Cassandra Southwick," or reflective poems such as "First-Day" and "The Meeting," we find him referring with loyal pride and love to the history and worship of his own people. He was well-versed in the records of the early Friends; and their fame was as dear to

him as his own. *Woolman's Journals* were his favourite reading; and it was all he could do to forgive Macaulay his treatment of Penn.

> "Why shirk the badge which our fathers have worn,
> Or beg the world's pardon for having been born?"

This very characteristic inquiry occurs in one of his poems, the "Quaker Alumni," where we find this proud vindication of the place of his co-religionists in the providential order:

> "The word which the reason of Plato discerned;
> The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra fire burned,
> The soul of the world, which the Stoic but guessed,
> In the light universal, the Quaker confessed!
> No honours of war to our worthies belong;
> Their plain stem of life never flowered into song;
> But the fountains they opened still gush by the way,
> And the world for their healing is better to-day."

But, as the old warrior drew nearer to the brink of that river which bounds our earthly life, the barriers that separate sect from sect became of slight importance to him. He said, in his eighty-first year, to some one who questioned him about his religious views: "I like practical Christianity—the true following of the Master. More and more I love the old ways of Grellet and Woolman, but have no controversy with others. Let every one be persuaded in his own mind. . . . . My work is done. I wish it were better done, but I am thankful that I cannot glory in myself, and that my sole trust is in the goodness of God."

His own noble words of Sumner form the best comment on the story of his life:

> "He set his face against the blast,
> His feet against the flinty shard,
> Till the hard service grew, at last,
> Its own exceeding great reward.
>
> "Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
> The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
> The holy fanes of equal law,
> The New Jerusalem of peace."

It is exceedingly difficult to judge the work of Whittier by

a purely literary standard. The great public which reads and admires his verses does so, in many cases, for reasons quite unconnected with any poetic beauty that they may possess. The striking and attractive personality of the man, his deep religious earnestness, his unique position as the poet of New England, all contributed to make him popular with the large class who care little for literature, as such—hard-working tradesmen and farmers—who, as has been well said, "want even their poetry for use." Longfellow himself is too cosmopolitan for them, except in his simplest, not to say tritest, mood; while the verses of Whittier, breathing the fresh and simple life of fields and woods, full of buoyant hope for the future and of confidence in God, go straight to their hearts.

There is no doubt that he wrote vastly too much, and that only a small proportion of his work will survive. Yet, as time goes on, we venture to think that posterity will prize increasingly such "Flemish pictures" of New England country-life as he has given us in "Snow-Bound," "Among the Hills," and many of his shorter ballads and lyrics. The state of things there described has almost ceased to exist; and if one wishes to measure the extent of the change that has taken place since Whittier worked as a herd-boy on his father's farm, one has only to compare the photographs of rural life given us by Miss M. A. Wilkins and Mr. Howells, and confirmed by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's recent experiences, with those books of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's, *Poganuc People* and *Old Town Folks*, in which she has embodied the recollections of her youth. Even the hamlets of Vermont and Massachusetts have not escaped the malady of these latter days, the Nemesis that waits on a too eager pre-occupation with material progress, The sordid cares, the narrow interests, the colourless lives. depicted for us by the minute and patient realism of the authors we have quoted, leave us, while admiring the skill of the reproduction, with a sense of *ennui* and depression that is best combated by turning to these pictures of a rougher, harder, but infinitely more genial and hopeful life, that we owe to the writers of the older generation. Our poet well divined the gratitude that would be his portion from those for whom his

works preserve the memory of a state of society long since passed away:

> "And thanks untraced to lips unknown,
> Shall greet me like the odours blown
> From unseen meadows newly mown,
> Or lilies floating in some pond,
> Wood-fringed, the wayside's gaze beyond
> The traveller owns the grateful sense,
> Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
> And pausing takes, with forehead bare,
> The benediction of the air."

As a religious poet, Whittier has been compared to Cowper; but the points of contrast seem more numerous than those of resemblance. Both, it is true, have gained, through their devotional verse, extensive popularity with the large class of readers to whom the religious "motive" is of more importance than the quality of its poetic embodiment. Whittier, like Browning, though for a different reason, might be called "the poet of the unpoetical," and the same remark, though in a minor degree, applies to the author of "The Task." Both, again, had that sensibility to natural beauty which often accompanies a retiring disposition and a delicate physical organisation. But here the likeness ends. Cowper was gently born and bred, a man of elegant culture. Whittier began life as a farm-labourer, and what culture he had was picked up at odd moments in a newspaper-office. Cowper was a frail hypochondriac, shrinking, with more than a woman's sensitiveness, from the mere notion of facing the rough work of active life. Whittier, in spite of his delicate health, was one of the hardest workers and fighters of his generation.

Moreover, there was a fundamental difference in their way of regarding the great truths, to the enforcement of which each, in his own sphere, had devoted himself. To Whittier the love of God was the one salient fact of the universe. The sunny optimism of his creed pervades everything he wrote. The mystery of sin, the problems of man's fallen nature, the inscrutability of the Divine will—all these points, which exercised so profoundly some of the finest minds of his time, seem to have troubled him very little.

Cowper, on the other hand, is so intensely alive to the fallen state of man and the sovereignty of God, that it is rarely he can lift his eyes to the sunlit peaks of grace on which the thoughts of the Quaker poet are for ever dwelling. Even his brightest and most hopeful moods are touched with wistful melancholy, and the general state of his spiritual consciousness is best described in his own sad words: "I could not sing the Lord's song, were it to save my life, banished as I am, not to a strange land, but to a distance from His presence, compared with which the distance from east to west is no distance—is vicinity and cohesion."

If for a moment he is cheered by the recollection of "parents passed into the skies," the cloud darkens again immediately round his spirit, the haunting terror and misery return:

> "But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
> Always from port withheld, always distressed,
> Me howling waves drive devious, tempest-tossed,
> Sails rent, seams opening wide, and compass lost."

We may look all through the many volumes of Whittier's poems for anything approaching the poignant pathos, the tragic simplicity of these few lines. On the other hand, there is nothing in Cowper's work to match the bright and brave content of this, one of the later utterances of the Quaker bard:

> "The autumn time has come;
> On woods that dream of bloom,
> And over purpling vines
> The low sun fainter shines.
> The aster-flower is failing,
> The hazel's gold is paling;
> Yet overhead more near,
> The eternal stars appear!
> The airs of heaven blow o'er me,
> A glory shines before me,
> Of what mankind shall be,
> Pure, generous, brave and free.
> I feel the earth move sunward,
> I join the great march onward,
> And take by faith while living,
> My freehold of thanksgiving."

His death leaves Dr. Wendell Holmes as the sole survivor of that group of gifted men, whose works are the inheritance

not only of America, but of the whole English-speaking race. They all of them came to maturity in the midst of that great process of moral and social regeneration known as "the Anti-Slavery movement." They were all of them baptised in the fire of that conflict; and all in their separate ways witnessed for the right as they saw it.

As a mere man of letters, Whittier could hardly sustain a comparison with his compeers. We miss in him the artist-soul of Longfellow, the wit and fancy of Holmes, the keen satire and wide culture of Lowell; but there is, in his best work, an intensity of conviction, a white heat of enthusiasm, a trumpet-note of courage and faith, that cannot be paralleled in the work of his contemporaries. It may well be that, when his poems are lying untouched on the shelves of our libraries, the work that he did for the poor and the friendless will be spoken of for a memorial of him; and whether, or not, he lives as a poet in the memory of future ages, he has earned at any rate this praise—than which there is no greater—that he "served his generation by the Will of God."

ART. III.—BRITANNIC CONFEDERATION AND COLONISATION.

1. *The Expansion of England.* By J. R. SEELEY, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, &c. &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.
2. *Britannic Confederation.* Edited, with an Introduction, by ARTHUR SILVA WHITE, Secretary and Editor, Royal Scottish Geographical Society. London: George Philip & Son. 1892.
3. *The Case for Canada.* By G. M. GRANT, M.A., D.D., Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada. *Australian Arguments.* By H. D'ESTERRE TAYLOR, Melbourne, Victoria. The Imperial Federation League, Berkeley Square, London, W.

4. *Report from the Select Committee on Colonisation*, 1891.
5. *Report on the Emigrant's Information Office for the Year ending the 31st December*, 1891.

"THERE is not the least probability that the British Constitution would be hurt by the union of Great Britain with the colonies. That constitution, on the contrary, would be completed by it, and seems to be imperfect without it. . . . . That this union, however, could be easily effectuated, or that difficulties, and great difficulties, might not occur in the execution I do not pretend. I have yet heard of none, however, which appears to me insurmountable."

It may, perhaps, be a surprise to those, whose indifference to the question of Imperial Federation leads them to regard it as a modern "fad," to learn that the above extract is taken from a work published in 1776, and that its author, Adam Smith, propounded the first and also the most definite and practicable scheme yet published on the subject, according to which, "the British Empire would afford within itself an immense internal market for every part of the produce of all its different provinces."* The loss of the American colonies in that year had the effect of consigning the doctrines embodied in this portion of the *Wealth of Nations* to oblivion for over a century, till, in 1884, the publication of Professor Seeley's admirable history of the expansion of England and the foundation of the Imperial Federation League, under the presidency of the late Mr. W. E. Foster, for the first time brought the question of the union of the mother country and the colonies within the realm of practical politics. Professor Seeley was the first historical writer to point out that the most important and most conspicuous tendency in the more recent part of English history is "the simple and obvious fact of the extension of the English name into other countries of the globe, the foundation of Greater Britain," † and also the striking though characteristic indifference universally displayed by British subjects with regard to it. The Imperial Federation League, during the last eight years, has unceasingly striven to demon-

* *Wealth of Nations*, pp. 281, 425. *Cf.* Professor Shield Nicholson's paper in *Britannic Confederation*, pp. 96-100. † *Extension of England*, p. 8.

strate the national importance of this subject, and, thanks to its labours, there is now substantial evidence to show that it is no longer regarded with such absolute indifference as of yore. The growth of the League itself—two of the more recent features of which are the establishment of the City of London Branch, in 1889, and of the Imperial Federation League in the United Kingdom, in 1891—has been steady and continuous both at home and abroad. In this country its influence has produced the Imperial conference of 1887 and the establishment of the Imperial Institute and of the United Empire Trade League. In the colonies it has led to the formulation of the scheme of Australian Federation and the maintenance by the Australian colonies of a squadron of the Imperial navy in Australian waters; to the determination expressed at the recent elections by the dominion of Canada to cast in her lot with Great Britain rather than relinquish her independence by the alternative of absorption into the United States; and to the progress of the federation movement in South Africa. Lastly, the doctrine that our colonies "are useless," and that emigration to them "deprives us of the best of our population," is no longer accepted as unquestionable,* and it is even beginning dimly to be realised that they are after all an extension of England, and are bound to her by the same family ties that make Kent and Cornwall part of the body politic.

But encouraging as these manifestations of awakening interest are, it must be admitted that they are at present confined to a limited section of the British community. Neither the home nor the colonial public has, as Mr. Maurice Hervey puts it, "caught on," while the popular press has scarcely touched the question. Federation is still as little understood as bi-metallism or the zone freight system, because nine-tenths of the race to which the British Empire belongs know extremely little, and care less, about its history, its value, and its prospects, and are therefore supremely ignorant of the issues at stake.†

We have frequently pointed out in this REVIEW the importance of these issues, and the folly of ignoring them, and are therefore glad to welcome the publication of *Britannic Confederation*

* *Cf. Report of the Select Committee on Colonisation*, 1889. Burnett, *Qu.* 1908–1916. † *Britannic Confederation*, pp. 126–9.

as a valuable contribution to the too scanty stock of literature available for enlightening the prevalent ignorance regarding them. Its title, as the editor points out, implies an inviolable political union between the self-governing colonies acknowledging the rule of her Britannic Majesty; and we agree with Sir John Colomb that since federation can only apply to this portion of our colonial empire—the question as to the dependencies inhabited by alien races being solely whether they would continue to be ruled by the United Kingdom or by a United Empire—it might with advantage be adopted by the Imperial Federation League.* It comprises a series of able papers by acknowledged authorities, which deal in detail with all the more important aspects of Imperial Federation, and were originally published in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, with the object of treating the subject academically, as one suitable for discussion by the students of applied geography, and it is thus well calculated to satisfy the demand for clearer and more reasonable views regarding it which the work is designed to meet.

There is, however, one point which it only treats incidentally, and which, as it seems to us, has hitherto scarcely received the attention it merits. The process of colonisation by which the several units, which must unite to form the Britannic Confederation of the future, were called into being, cannot, in the face of the growth of population, which is the great fact of modern English history, and the closely connected problem of its future food supply, be regarded as yet complete, and no scheme for the union of the mother country with the colonies can be regarded as satisfactory which leaves it out of consideration. We propose, therefore, *first*, briefly to review the past history of colonisation in connection with that of the general expansion of England, of which it is a part; and, *secondly*, to consider its bearing on the question of Britannic Confederation.

1. England is now so pre-eminently a maritime, colonising, and industrial power, that we are apt to forget not only how comparatively recent, but also how remarkable, and, we might

* *Britannic Confederation*, Introd. p. x. cap. i. p. 1.

add, how apparently purposeless the development of that power has been.

Under the Plantagenets, when she was more warlike in spirit than she has ever been since, Scotland was still an independent kingdom. In Ireland she had but a colony in the midst of an alien race, and her foreign possessions lay wholly in France, of which, under Henry II. and Henry V., she possessed more than half. When, just at the close of the Tudor dynasty, she first began to discover her vocation for trade and the sea, her position as regards Scotland and Ireland remained unchanged, but she had lost all the French provinces, and had absolutely not a single foreign possession. Before two centuries had elapsed, however, she had acquired the lion's share of India and of the New World, not because she surpassed France, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, who competed with her for them, in daring, or invention, or energy, or showed a stronger vocation for colonisation, but because, owing to her evacuation of France in the fifteenth century, she was the least hampered by the Old World.

Though the first generation of English discoverers, such as Frobisher, Chancellor, and Drake, did not appear till Columbus had been half a century in his grave, and though England in the Middle Ages was, as regards business, a backward country, the voyages of Columbus and Vasco de Gama in the reign of Henry VII. mark the starting-point of her expansion. From that moment her position among European nations changed, and she began slowly and gradually to claim her share with Spain and Portugal in the New World; at first by exploratory voyages to Newfoundland, Labrador, and the Polar regions, and then by a series of buccanering raids upon the Spanish settlements, through which she earned a character for seamanship and audacity which attained its highest development, when, by the defeat of the Armada, she closed her period of apprenticeship, and for the first time took rank as a maritime and industrial Power.

Under the Stuarts this expansion assumed new and wider dimensions. John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, and Calvert laid the foundations of Greater Britain, by establishing the colonies of Virginia, New England, and Maryland during the

reigns of James I. and Charles I. The great civil war, which ended with the death of Charles, led to the permanent foundation of our maritime power, which enabled us successfully to oppose the Dutch, and, combined with the Navigation Laws, which struck at the very source of their trade—their mercantile marine—eventually secured our maritime supremacy at the Peace of 1674. And, lastly, the foundation of Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, and the expulsion of the Dutch from Delaware and New York, in the reign of Charles II., gave England an uninterrupted series of settlements extending from south to north along the Atlantic coast.

The period between the Revolution of 1689 and the Peace of 1815—during which England completed her union with Ireland and Scotland—marks a third phase, which, as Professor Seeley points out, supplies the key-note to the history of the eighteenth century—namely, the competition between England and France for colonial empire. This competition produced seven closely connected, though apparently distinct, great wars, practically constituting a second hundred years' war. At the close of the most important of these, the Seven Years' War (1756–1763), which secured to her India and Canada, she reached the culminating point in the history of her expansion, and after a series of splendid victories, which intoxicated the nation with glory, "stood," as Professor Seeley says, "upon a pinnacle of greatness which she had never reached before." * The American War (1775–1783) shook this pinnacle to its base by depriving her of the thirteen American colonies, but despite this, the Peace of 1815 secured her the first place among the European Powers, and within less than a century since, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with an area of 121,481 square miles, has increased her population from 9,000,000 to 38,000,000, and become the political centre of an Empire comprising about one-fifth of the habitable globe, and containing a population of 348,000,000.

If we now examine the composition of this empire we find that it is as remarkable as its growth, and is the result of a two-fold process of expansion, which has, on the one hand,

* *The Expansion of England*, p. 22.

placed territories inhabited by alien races under English rule, and on the other has extended the English nation and State by means of colonies. It comprises not only tropical dependencies, of which the largest is the Indian Empire, with an area of 1,533,611 square miles, and a population of 286,000,000, as well as "spheres of influence" over some 2,462,000 square miles of Africa, inhabited by a large population of unknown amount, both of which vast territories are governed by vice-regents of the Sovereign, but also numerous colonies, comprehending a united area of 7,375,587 square miles, and inhabited by British populations amounting to 19,065,237, which enjoy the same political rights and institutions as the mother country.

As has been already observed, it is the last-named class of provinces of the Empire which would, under a scheme of Britannic Confederation, be united with the mother country in administering the government of the other two. It is, therefore, important to note that, while the dependencies were almost all acquired during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, our modern colonies—of which Canada, Australia, Cape Colony, and New Zealand are the most important—have all been founded in the present century, and differ from those which we lost on the Declaration of American Independence almost as much as the latter did from the colonies of ancient Greece and Rome.

Under the Greek system of colonisation, though there was an extension of nationality, there was no extension of the State, which was strictly limited to the city and therefore incapable of expansion, and the colony founded by its surplus population was entirely independent of it from the first. The Roman colony again, though, unlike that of the Greeks, it was dependent on the parent State, was practically a garrison established in a conquered territory as a means of holding it without incurring the expense of maintaining an army for that purpose. The European colonisation, which followed the discovery of the New World, differed, however, from both these systems. In the first place, the territory colonised was not in the first instance occupied by colonists, but merely appropriated as a possession to a particular State by its discoverer, the

expenses of whose equipment and discovery were defrayed—or at least were supposed to be defrayed—by this State. In the next place, the European State was not confined to the city but included a nation, and the feeling of nationality made it seem only natural that the people of a nation speaking one language should have only one government. Lastly, the State, acting on this feeling, never relaxed its hold on a colony till it was forced to do so; and as, when the New World was discovered, there was in the Old no imperious demand for more room, the new territories were regarded rather as a source of revenue than as new seats of European civilisation, and the colonies, though felt to be an extension of the State, were treated as estates to be worked for the benefit of the mother country.

But since the beginning of the present century the progress of civilisation has materially altered these older views of colonisation. Prior to that date the view that the colonies are the natural outlet for surplus population could not occur to Englishmen, for the whole population of Great Britain was probably not more than 12,000,000 at the time of the American War, and the steady stream of emigration now flowing to the New World did not begin till after the Peace of 1815. The emigration which led to the founding of the first American colonies was not due to poverty or overcrowding, but was a real exodus or religious emigration caused by the harshness of the Anglican Church, and, after the meeting of the Long Parliament, the stream which had flowed steadily for twenty years since 1620 almost ceased for a century. Religion, as Professor Seeley justly says, is the only force that can break the spell that binds the emigrant to his fatherland, and the Puritans, Independents, Catholics, and Quakers who founded the New England States, Maryland and Pensylvania, departed with the secret determination, not of carrying England with them, but of creating something which should not be England.* The subtle principle of opposition thus introduced at the outset between the Old World and the New was aggravated by the old colonial system of Government. Though the colonies enjoyed comparatively the greatest freedom, and possessed

* *Cf. Expansion of England*, pp. 153–4.

representative assemblies, which grew up among them without any formal initiation from the home Government, simply because it was the nature of Englishmen to assemble, they were placed under very stringent regulations both as regards exports and imports, and especially with respect to manufactures, the more advanced and refined of which were reserved for the special benefit of the merchants and manufacturers of Great Britain. By thus interfering to fine the colonist for the benefit of the home trader, the system placed the mother country in the false position of claiming to treat the colonies as a population to be worked for the benefit of those Englishmen who remained at home, and the loss of the American colonies may be said to be due to the attempt on the part of the British Parliament to collect revenue for Imperial purposes without at the same time granting representation.*

American independence prepared the way for the downfall of the old colonial policy, which was completed by the victory of free trade; and the new colonial Empire which has gradually grown up to replace the old, though it originated in the same causes, has been developed under entirely different conditions. After half a century of government through despotic governors and powerless councils the remnants of the old colonies and those subsequently acquired by conquest, obtained practical independence as soon as their growing strength and the abuses of the Colonial Office led them to demand "responsible government." As neither the mother country nor the colonies have happily been called upon to make any very heavy sacrifice for each other, the slender tie, based on community of race and of religion, which holds the Empire together, has not only suffered no strain during the quiet time that has followed, but has been strengthened by science, which has infused new life into the political organism by the inventions due to steam and electricity. The founders of our present colonies were not, as those of the old ones, driven to emigrate by religious persecution, but went forth voluntarily to seek their fortune in countries which were less crowded and richer in natural resources than their own. Their descendants are still bound by innumerable memories,

* *Expansion of England*, p. 64–69, and *cf. Britannic Confederation*, pp. 96–97.

and a common history, language, and literature, to the island where their forefathers have lived for a thousand years, and were it but realised that they are also united to it by community of interests, this bond might be made indissolubly firm. Lastly, the popular idea of a modern colony has grown to be that it is a community founded by the overflow of another community, and this brings us to the second branch of our inquiry —the bearing of colonisation on Britannic Confederation.

II. The discoveries of Columbus in effect presented the nations of Europe with a landed estate so enormously large that it might easily have converted every poor man in Europe who choose to settle on it into a landed proprietor, provided only there had then existed in it organised States, under the government of which alone such property can be safely occupied and enjoyed. As, however, there was then abundance of room in Europe for all its inhabitants, it was impossible for statesmen to foresee this function of colonies. Populations so dense as that of modern England are an entirely new phenomenon in Europe, and hence it is only after the lapse of three centuries that States are beginning to realise that colonies considered in the abstract are nothing more nor less than land for the landless, and prosperity and wealth for those in crowded cities.

We have already said that the growth of population is the great fact of modern English history, and it is important to realise its full meaning. The Select Committee on Colonisation of 1891 state that "hitherto the country generally has been able to maintain its vastly increased population on the whole better than other European countries, or than the United Kingdom was itself able to maintain a much smaller population in the first half of the present century;"* but they point out that a condition of things might arise very different from that which they have described as now existing, "a condition which might call for special intervention by Parliament in aid of emigration or colonisation." A recent Report of the London County Council with regard to the water supply of the metropolis, which they now contemplate undertaking, enables

* *Report*, p. v.

us to form some estimate of what this condition of things might prove to be.

As by the time the ten years necessary for the completion of the works have elapsed, there would be an insufficiency of water owing merely to the increase of population, the County Council have, as a first step, calculated the probable population of London in fifty years' time, and they estimate that in "1941 it will amount in all probability to *seventeen and a half millions.*" Within half a century we shall, therefore, have concentrated, within a seven miles radius of Charing Cross, a population nearly double the amount of that of England and Wales in 1801, not much less than that of England and Wales in 1851, and just equal to that of Spain in 1887.* If we now extend this estimate to the United Kingdom as a whole, the population of which is at present rather more than six times that of London, we find that the total number of its inhabitants fifty years hence will be more than *one hundred millions.* The density of population is now 312 to the square mile; it will then be over 1872 to the square mile.

These figures, sufficiently startling in themselves, become still more momentous when considered in connection with the resources of our food supply, as to which some notable details were given in an interesting article in the August number of *Blackwood's Magazine.*† Even sixty years ago, when our population did not exceed 15,000,000, the food supply yielded by our territories was hardly sufficient to meet our needs, and as it now, manifestly, is inadequate to satisfy those of 38,000,000 persons, we have within the last two generations been forced to adopt a system of reliance on foreign food, which places us in a unique position among the nations of the world. Though no countries save Russia and the United States can now be said to be able to raise the whole of their own food, the amount of foreign food imported by other nations is not only infinitely smaller than that imported by us, but is always imported with

* *Cf.* an interesting article on "The London of the Future," in the *Spectator*, June 25, 1892. The estimate of the County Council is at *the least* twelve and a half millions, but far more probably seventeen and a half millions, and the writer concludes the latter figure to be by far the most likely to be the true one.

† "Our Foreign Food," pp. 175–193.

reluctance and anxiety. Other nations are unanimous in insisting that the duty and the first interest of a free country is to provide for its own sustenance, and we alone have acknowledged that it is useless for us to contend for the impossible, and have accepted the internationalisation of food as we had already previously accepted that of money. The hazards of the system may be to some extent outweighed by the difference of our situation from theirs—by the fact that we, being insular, have no frontiers, are not in constant fear of invasion, and cannot have our supplies cut off by land, but only by sea, while they, being continental, are exposed to these dangers. But be this as it may, there is no denying that the system of resigning ourselves to look definitely beyond the sea for our food supply is hazardous, and must grow more so as our population increases. The Board of Trade Returns show that we are at this moment importing about three-fifths of our bread-stuffs, more than one-third of our meat, and altogether a good half of our total food. The purchase of this in 1890—exclusive of wine and spirits—cost us about £185,000,000, of which it is important to note that no less than £155,000,000 went to foreigners, the United States alone taking £47,000,000 of it, while only some £30,000,000 went to our colonies. In 1941, therefore, supposing population to increase at the rate estimated above, our food bill will amount to about £487,000,000.

The important bearing of these facts on the question of Britannic Confederation will be evident if we now contrast them with the population and natural resources of the colonies. In the United Kingdom the density of population to the square mile is, as already stated, 312·8. In Canada, which has an area of 3,406,383 square miles, it is 1·3; in Australia, which has an area of 2,944,628 square miles, it is 1·4; in Cape Colony, which has an area of 221,311 square miles, it is 6·9; and in New Zealand, which has an area of 104,235 square miles, it is 6·4. The united area of these colonies is more than sixty times as great as that of the mother country, while the population of the latter is very nearly double their united populations. On the other hand, the colonies, being new countries engaged in the development of agricultural resources,

are able not only to raise their own food, but to provide that of other nations. While Great Britain, for instance, has about 30,000,000 of sheep for its 38,000,000 of inhabitants, Australia has about 115,000,000 of sheep for under 4,000,000 inhabitants; and Canada, which is more and more becoming the granary of the United Kingdom, and is even beginning to supply America, was able during the years 1885–1889 to export an excess of 14,500,000 bushels of wheat. In a word, the colonies, which, but for distance, should be as much a part of the United Kingdom as any of the counties into which it is divided, and which possess the means, not only of supplying us with food, but with the raw material necessary for the manufactures which enable us to pay for it, are unable to develop their unworked territories on account of their limited population. On the other hand, over-population is threatening in the near future seriously to impair the prosperity of Great Britain, which, through its wealth in coal and iron, its vast skilled industrial population, and its abundance of accessible seaports, is better fitted by Nature than any other nation, not only for supplying the manufactured articles which the colonies require, but also for receiving their products either for home use or for distribution throughout the world. Nothing, therefore, would seem more natural than an organised and steady flow of population from the mother country to the colonies, such as that which has peopled the United States; but this process has hitherto been checked, partly by the relations between them, and partly by the general apathy prevailing on the subject.

In the first place it must be remembered that, though every colonist enjoys as regards the mother country all the rights of a British subject, a native of Great Britain has no more property or rights in or concerning the territory of any colony than a Frenchman or German possesses, and is even liable to be prohibited from entering it if his pecuniary means do not reach a given standard. Together with the right to manage their own domestic affairs, the government and people of the United Kingdom also conferred on the colonies the fee simple of the vast territories on the fringes of which they are settled, thus making over the heritage of the whole British race to a small section of it. At the same time they freed this section from

all responsibilities for the mortgage, in the shape of the National Debt, imposed upon the whole of the territories composing the British Empire, which has cost some £800,000,000 to build up, and took the whole burden of it on their own shoulders. Nor did their generosity and self-sacrifice end here, for they also granted to the colonies the right of levying all taxes, both of Customs and Inland Revenue, and applying the proceeds for their own exclusive benefit, while they required from them no contribution whatever for those Imperial services supported by the United Kingdom—the naval, military, consular, and diplomatic services, and the Colonial office staff —of which the colonists share the advantages with themselves.* The colonies, however, have shown no gratitude for these favours, the true nature of which, in point of fact, both they and the mother country are only now beginning to realise. They have, as Mr. Maurice Hervey says, "been treated like spoilt children, and they have sighed for the responsibilities of manhood also like spoilt children, without realising what the responsibilities of manhood entail."† Hence, just as they are disposed to regard proposals to tax them for their *own defence* as an incredible hardship, so they are inclined to consider State-aided emigration to their shores as an invasion of their territorial rights. Their general attitude in the matter may be judged by the distinct refusals returned by various colonial governments in reply to a circular asking for grants of land suitable for emigration on a large scale, which was sent to them in 1887 and 1888 by a Committee of both Houses of Parliament formed for promoting State-aided colonisation, and by the explanation given of this course on behalf of New South Wales by its Premier, Sir Harry Parkes, namely, that the proposal was utterly inconsistent with the Australian watchword, "Australia for the Australians."‡

A curious proof of the short-sighted nature of the policy

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* Sir John Colomb, in *Britannic Confederation*, pp. 7, 8.

† *Britannic Confederation*, p. 131.

‡ *Report of the Select Committee on Colonisation*, pp. iv. v. *Britannic Confederation*, p. 145. It will be remembered, too, that not long since, the New Zealand Legislature proposed to veto the immigration of working men with the view of keeping up the rate of wages.

implied by this watchword has been recently supplied by the introduction of a Bill for promoting "village settlements in the interior," which has been introduced into the Legislature of Queensland on account of the growing tendency of the population to concentrate itself in the capital and in a few big towns—a process which has for some years been going on in the other Australian colonies.

As was shown in an article in the *Melbourne Australasian*, quoted by a correspondent of *The Times* of September 24, a limited population and the policy of simultaneously starting a number of public works have combined to raise wages to such a high rate—7*s.* per diem being paid for unskilled labour for a day of eight hours—that, while numbers of workmen are out of employment because their unions prohibit their acceptance of a lower amount, farmers and others striving to develop the natural resources of the country have been altogether crippled in their efforts to do so. The preference for industrial to agricultural labour is retarding the process to such a serious extent as to demand State interference. At the same time the so-called "bush labourers," who ride about the country asking for work, which they refuse to undertake save at rates which the farmer is unable to pay, have, apparently, a right, established by custom, of demanding from him 2 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of sugar, 2 oz. of tea, and a lump of meat, before proceeding on their journey—a tax which in some districts, the applicants numbering from twenty to thirty a day, is estimated at over £500 a year!

Happily there are other colonies which appear to have not yet fully given in their adhesion to the principle advocated by Sir Harry Parkes. In 1884, the New Zealand Government made a proposal, which, however, seems never to have been accepted, for the establishment of a crofter settlement in the province of Dunedin. A few years later it also concluded an agreement with the Colonists' Aid Corporation, under which 3000 persons, a number of whom were married and had families, were permanently settled on an estate, known as the Fielding Settlement, of 105,000 acres, the Corporation paying in all 45*s.* per acre for the land, which yielded a profit of 5 per cent. to the shareholders for fifteen years, and receiving no extraneous

assistance, save the payment of the passage-money of the colonists at £16 a head.* Again, in 1888 and 1889 some seventy families were settled in Canada under a scheme for promoting crofter colonisation, the Government of Canada offering sections of their unoccupied lands to the settlers at the rate of 160 acres per man, while the Imperial Government agreed to advance £10,000 on condition that £2000 should be provided by private subscribers, and the fund being administered by four Commissioners respectively, representing the two Governments, the subscribers, and three land companies, whose gratuitous co-operation and assistance were promised, subject only to the reimbursement of actual outlay.† Lastly, in 1888, the Government of British Columbia appointed a Commissioner, Mr. Begg, to submit to her Majesty's Government a scheme, under which the Treasury should experimentally advance £150,000 at 2¾ per cent., the repayment of principal and interest being guaranteed by the Columbian Government, who proposed with these funds to take out gradually 1250 families, and to settle them on locations variously suited for agriculture, fruit-culture, sea-fishing, and other industries. Hitherto, however, no decision with regard to this scheme has been come to by the Imperial Government,‡ though the Select Committee on Colonisation strongly recommend that it, as well as any similar proposals from other colonial governments, should be favourably entertained, and also that the experiment of colonising the crofter population in Canada should be further tried.§

One of the recommendations of the Committee has, however, been already adopted—namely, the increase of the grant to the Emigrants' Information Office, the design and management of which they describe as "admirable," and which was instituted in 1886 in order to give useful and trustworthy information as to the British Colonies to intending emigrants. This information can be obtained both at the office—at which

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* *Report of the Select Committee on Colonisation*, pp. v. xii ; and *cf.* Fielding, *Qu.* 1510, &c.; Bell, *Qu.* 1890.

† *Report of the Select Committee on Colonisation*, p. iv.; App. No. 1, p. iv.

‡ *Ibid.* p. xiii. App. No. 7. Begg, *Qu.* 3087.

§ *Ibid.* pp. xiv. xvi.

in 1891 9226 letters were received and 4561 personal inquiries were made—and at depôts in some of the larger provincial towns, while it is also disseminated through the Post Office, workmen's clubs, free libraries, the clergy, boards of guardians, and other agencies.*

It is in point of fact by *emigration* rather than by *colonisation* —a term implying not only the simple transfer of emigrants but also their direct settlement in a colony—that the congestion of population has hitherto been chiefly relieved, though the average number of British and Irish emigrants per annum during the last ten years has been only 250,000. Under the powers vested in Boards of Guardians by various Acts since 1836, which are now regulated by the Union Chargeability Act of 1865, 3337 persons, chiefly children, have been emigrated between 1879 and 1889, wholly or partially at the cost of the poor rate, at an expenditure of £23,390. Of this number, 2620 children were sent to Canada, with the Government of which very suitable arrangements for the care of children have been made, and the Committee urge that every facility should be given to further this method of emigration both to that colony and to Natal, which also offers a suitable field for it.† Powers of contributing to emigration or colonisation, through the co-operation of the Poor-Law Authority, have also been conferred by the Local Government Act 1888, and the Local Government Act (Scotland) 1889, on County Councils both in England and Scotland, but they do not yet seem to have been made use of. There is, however, no doubt, as the Select Committee point out, that, as the colonies not unnaturally look askance at emigrants sent out by the guardians of the poor, private agencies are the best means of furthering emigration, and that since the State is debarred by similar reasons from undertaking it itself it cannot promote it better than by means of grants in aid of such agencies.‡

Report, p. xv., and *cf. Report of the Emigrants' Information Office* for 1891, *passim*.

† *Report*, pp. vi. xi., and *cf.* Owen, *Qu.* 2814, 2831, 2918, &c.; and Peace, *Qu.* 648 *et seq.*

‡ *Report*, p. 10. Prominent among such private agencies is that carried on by Dr. Barnardo, who, during the nine years between 1882 and 1891 has sent 5010 boys and girls to homes in Canada.

Though, however, the Committee are of opinion that encouragement should be given to young men to emigrate before marrying, or, if already married, before settling in an overcrowded area, they regard colonisation as the chief remedy for a congested population, and as that which would meet with most co-operation and least resistance in the colonies. Though more costly and requiring a more elaborate machinery, it assures the State to which the people go that it is receiving inhabitants able to support themselves; and as its failure hitherto has been chiefly due to insufficient expenditure, the Committee urge that "the co-operation of the Treasury will be only advantageous if given with liberality, with the acceptance of a certain possible or even probable loss, and certainly without an ideal insistance upon securities and conditions." *

It will be evident from the recommendations of the Committee that our system of dealing with the congestion of population is, like that of providing for our food supply, entirely dependent upon the good-will of foreign countries, among which our colonies must, as regards this question, be ranked. We have to content ourselves with realising it chiefly in driblets, by means of emigration to countries which consent to receive our emigrants, and if any of our colonies is good enough at any time to propose a scheme of colonisation, of which we are to bear the lion's share of the cost, we must thankfully accept the offer. As the Committee consider that with the exception of the congested districts of Ireland and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland, "no extensive measure of emigration is at present necessary for the greater part of the United Kingdom,"† this system may perhaps be considered satisfactory *for the present.* Our satisfaction is, indeed, somewhat marred by their statement that "there is another species of congested population whose misery is often very great, and which seems to cry out for assistance even more than the Celtic districts of the kingdom, namely, the congestion which takes place in our large towns," and that they are unable to offer any suggestion dealing with it.‡ Setting this aside, however, and considering it merely with reference to the condition

* *Report*, pp. x. xi. † *Ibid.* p. v. ‡ *Ibid.* pp. xiv. xv.

of things which the Committee admit may arise *in the future*, and which we have depicted above,*—the probable amount of our population fifty years hence—it is a system which seems manifestly and alarmingly inadequate. Britannic Confederation, as it seems to us, would offer by far the most effective and also natural solution of the problem. The territorial rights conceded to the colonies cannot now be taken away from them, but if these extensions of the United Kingdom were absorbed into the Empire and given a share in Imperial representation, Australia would no longer "be for the Australians," but its territories, and those of all our colonies, would once more belong to and "be for" the entire British race, while the British Empire would become, as Adam Smith dreamed, "an immense internal market for every part of the produce of all its different provinces."† Both the mother country and the colonies have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a step, which would treble the trade and commerce of both, enable them to defy attack, and, as Sir John Colomb says, make the Empire a league of peace capable of enforcing its will upon the world.‡ Disintegration, on the other hand, means the destruction of the collective interests of both, which would degrade the United Kingdom to the level of a fourth-class Power, and seriously jeopardise the very existence of the colonies. It is for the latter to decide which of these alternatives they will adopt, and if love of country and nationality are not mere sentiments, they can but choose the former.

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

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* *Ante*, p. 245. † *Britannic Confederation*, p. 146. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 26.
§ Wordsworth. Quoted in *The Expansion of England*, pp. 1, 2.

ART. IV.—SIR DANIEL GOOCH.

Diaries of Sir Daniel Gooch, Baronet. With an Introductory Notice, by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1892.

SIR DANIEL GOOCH takes rank as one of the modern "Makers of England." His long and honoured service in connection with the Great Western Railway, and his active share in the triumph of the Atlantic cable, make this unassuming record of his life a welcome addition to the growing library of volumes devoted to English leaders of commerce. Sir Daniel left voluminous diaries, "and it was his wish that extracts from these, either illustrative of his career, or bearing upon the works of national importance with which he was connected, should be made public." He was laudably proud of the fact that he had raised himself by industry, steady perseverance and high integrity from a lowly position to the sphere of commanding influence which he filled in later years. Sir Daniel begins the narrative of his early life in December 1867, when he was created a baronet in recognition of his success in laying the Atlantic cable. He says, "Looking back, as I now do, for a period of thirty-five years, during which I have had to struggle with the world, I must first express my gratitude to God for the many and great blessings He has bestowed upon me. I feel and acknowledge that all is due to His goodness, and that many who have run the race of life with me, while falling greatly short in the result, have equally merited advancement. The principle which has guided me through life has been a steady perseverance in the path of duty to my employers, not being disheartened by a first failure, but ever believing in the possibility of ultimate success, and a determination not to be led into changes by the inducement of immediate advancement." He was proud of the fact that he had spent his life in the service of the Great Western Railway, though he had been several times tempted to leave it by offers of a much higher salary. He urges the readers of his diary to cultivate a character for strict honesty, such as may create in the minds

of those with whom they are brought into contact the feeling that what they say may be relied on and will be honourably fulfilled.

Sir Daniel Gooch was born on August 24, 1816, at Bedlington, in Northumberland. His father was engaged in the ironworks there, which belonged to some of his relatives. The Gooches were a Suffolk family, who claim, according to a pedigree drawn up for Sir Daniel's father, to be descended from King Alfred. When Daniel had been a few years at a lady's school in Bedlington he was sent to a large establishment at Condhall, four miles off, kept by Mr. Thompson, the clergyman of Horton parish. The pupils were the sons of neighbouring farmers, who came to Condhall mounted on ponies and donkeys, which stood in the old stables during school-hours. When the Northumberland foxhounds, then belonging to Sir Matthew White Ridley, came past, the indulgent master allowed the boys to slip out and follow the hounds, greatly to the amusement of the hunters, who found a troop of eighty ponies and donkeys suddenly added to their company. When Mr. Thompson had to attend a wedding or a funeral, his eldest son, himself a boy, took charge. The scholars used then to close the shutters, and indulge in all kinds of merriment. They dined in the schoolroom. Each boy had a large basin of milk with a thick coating of cream upon it, into which they used to dip their bread, with no small delight. In his leisure moments young Gooch often visited a pit called the Glebe, where his chief enjoyment was to drive the underground trams. He says, "In looking back at the risks I ran at this pit, it is a wonder to me I never met with an accident; but it was not in my nature at that time to have any fear, and I could never rest an hour at home." Sunday was reverently observed in the Gooch household. At afternoon service the young folk of the village had to say their catechism before the whole congregation. There was a large open space round the reading-desk, where the boys and girls stood in a circle and answered the questions asked by the clergyman.

Daniel Gooch got into many a scrape by his love of fun. Once he and two friends found some girls trespassing in a field and ordered them out. The girls only laughed. Gooch

had a young frog in his hand, and when one girl was laughing heartily he slipped the frog in her mouth. She said it went down her throat and ran off screaming to the village with her companions. There was soon a hue and cry after the culprits, who found it wise to keep out of the way that night. They were threatened with Morpeth gaol, but managed to get safely out of the scrape. Bedlington was the scene of many a sharp fight between the excisemen and the smugglers who carried whisky across the border. These men used to ride very good horses with kegs of whisky hung across like saddle bags. The population always took the smuggler's side so that the excisemen sometimes fared ill. Young Gooch remembered one very hard fight with two smugglers. "The excisemen had got them off the horses, and secured the kegs of whisky, which they placed against the side of a house while they were securing the men, and we, finding the kegs, stove the ends in and let the whisky run to waste, much to the disgust of the excisemen when they came to take them away."

The Burke and Hare murders at Edinburgh were then making a great sensation. Hare was thought to be at Bedlington one night, and the whole village turned out to lynch him. Fortunately the stranger, whoever he was, had a good pair of legs, so that his pursuers could not catch him. Mr. Gooch, who was churchwarden, used to go round with a constable to see what tramps were in the lodging-houses. Daniel often accompanied his father. He says: "It was a winter of great dread, which was made worse by many practical jokes—by a piece of sticking-plaster being put over people's mouths in the dark, the belief being that a number of people were killed by the resurrection-men in that way, they having a plaster which the person operated on could not get off. I had a dagger made out of an old bayonet, that I used to carry about with me when out after dark, although I daresay I should have used my legs freely had I fancied there was any real danger."

When he was ten or twelve the boy was made happy by the gift of a lathe and box of tools. He took lessons in turning, and got many an order from the ladies of the neighbourhood for chessmen, screen handles, and such things. He also read useful books on mechanics, gained a good acquaintance with

the details of the steam-engine, and soon had a fair knowledge of natural philosophy. His parents set him a high example of earnest and godly living, and did all they could to provide him with a good education. When school was over his time was his own. He lost no opportunity for self-improvement. He used often to be out on Saturday morning before any one else was up, and even remembered eating his "breakfast before going to bed to save time next morning."

One scene of these days made a strong impression on his mind. He went to Morpeth to see a steam-engine working on the common road. It was taking a threshing machine from Newcastle to Alnwick. Gooch found it at a standstill and waited to see it repaired. Then he "went on with the driver making the turnings of the streets capitally." George Stephenson was a frequent visitor at his father's house, when he would take Daniel on his knee and talk to him about pits and other matters. His eldest brother, Tom, went to Stephenson's works at Newcastle as a pupil. The younger boy thus heard many an early discussion about railways, or waggon-ways as they were then called, and remembered the first introduction of the long straight iron rail.

In February, 1831, the Gooches moved to Tredegar Iron-works in Monmouthshire. They had a kind of omnibus built with curtains round it in which the whole family travelled posting. It was a delightful journey, and Daniel Gooch never forgot the lovely moonlight night on which they crossed the Malvern hills. At Tredegar he began to work in the moulding department, making cores and then moulding tram-wheels. This was heavy work. The wheel-pattern weighed fifty or sixty pounds, and Daniel had nine boxes to mould twice a day. The furnace was run off at nine in the morning. When the wheels were all cast the young workman went to breakfast for a couple of hours. On his return he opened the boxes, tempered the 'sand, and moulded the second set; this was generally finished between four and five o'clock. A few months of such hot and exhausting toil wore down the youth's strength, but a sea voyage helped to restore him to health. On his return to Tredegar he went into the pattern-maker's shop. He was steadily gaining that practical knowledge which

proved invaluable in after-years. He learned the mode of working a furnace, and became a good judge of the quality of the iron produced. He kept notes of all that impressed him, which proved of great service to him by-and-by. His love of adventure was still strong, and any work with a spice of danger or novelty was welcome to the young engineer. He seems to have had a happy faculty of enlisting sympathy, so that workmen and masters were alike ready to share their knowledge with this vigorous and obliging beginner. He could scarcely have had a better training. "Large works of this kind," he says, "are by far the best school for a young engineer to get a general knowledge of what he needs in after-life. It is, in fact, the foundation for all else. Every Englishman ought to know and understand the manufacture of iron and working of mines. It is a kind of knowledge that is constantly coming in useful as he gets older, and I look back upon the time spent at Tredegar as by far the most important years of my life, and will ever feel grateful to those, many in number, who were so kind to me in enabling me to obtain and in giving me information."

The delight of earning money for himself was first tasted at Tredegar. There was some difficulty in fixing his wages, so that is was sixteen weeks before he received his pay. As he walked away with upwards of six gold coins in his hand, he did not think there was so rich a person in the world as himself. "Those first sovereigns gave me more pleasure than millions could do now." He had become a wage-earner before his father's sudden death in August 1833. Mr. Gooch had been feeling unwell, and had gone up to London for advice. On his return he stopped at a relative's in Worcester, where his wife joined him. He was weak, but quite cheerful. One night Mrs. Gooch awoke and found him lying dead at her side. There were four children younger than Daniel to provide for, but the mother nobly performed her double duty.

The Merthyr riots of 1831 brought terrible scenes to that district. The Tredegar men would not join them, but, one Friday, a large body of rioters marched through the town and attacked the castle where the magistrates were with some Highland soldiers. The troops had to fire from the windows

in self-defence. About twenty-one of the assailants were killed. Next Monday some eight or ten thousand rioters assembled. They compelled all the Tredegar men they could find to march with them. Daniel Gooch was one of the unwilling company who were forced on in front by rioters bearing sticks armed with spikes. When they reached Rhymney, instead of the comrades whom they were to meet, a party of soldiers was posted on Dowlais Hill ready to give them a warm welcome. The rioters indulged in much bluster as they marched up the hill, but the Tredegar contingent in front did not relish the look of things at all. When they reached the soldiers, some of the magistrates came forward and advised the men to return home, but they stubbornly insisted on marching to Merthyr. "The magistrates then retired, and the soldiers were ordered to 'present'—unpleasant sound to us in front—as one word of command received, and who could say how many of us would roll in the dust? A panic certainly took possession of us in front, and was as quickly communicated to those behind, and a general scramble down the hill took place, so that in a very few minutes the word 'Fire' would have done us no harm." The would-be rioters had plenty of "chaff" as they returned crestfallen enough through Tredegar.

Young Gooch's daring exposed him to another very serious danger. One day, some foolish friend dared him to go thirty yards down a pit by the chain and climb up again. He took a piece of iron to slip through the round links in order that he might rest now and then, and got safely down, but when he had climbed half-way up, his muscular power failed. Only grim determination to save his life enabled him to hold on. His arms and legs trembled so violently that he could scarcely keep his grasp, and if the top had been two yards further off, he could scarcely have reached it. He never forgot that warning against foolhardiness. More than thirty years afterwards he saw a man on the *Great Eastern* in a similar predicament. He had been sent up a rope to free a line, but before he could get back his muscles failed, and if some one had not helped him down on their shoulders, he must have fallen into the paddle engine-room. The sailor shouted at the top of his voice; Gooch, in similar circumstances, made no noise, though

he felt death almost certain. He was probably unable to shout.

The family now moved to Coventry, travelling in the omnibus which had brought them to Tredegar. The night before they left, one of Daniel's best friends gave him a small Bible and Prayer Book, telling him to seek comfort and support there in every trial. Those kind words were never forgotten. In January 1834, the boy of sixteen entered Robert Stephenson's Vulcan Foundry, near Warrington, which was mainly intended for the building of locomotives. His mother urged him to keep his thoughts fixed on obtaining a good position in life, and never be satisfied to stand still. He often pondered those parting words, and saw what true wisdom they contained. The road to success in life was, he felt, "open to all who will, with determination and honour, follow it, never looking backward, but keeping the eyes and soul ever fixed forward. Men are more indebted to their mothers, I think, for the feelings and impressions that guide them through life than they are to their fathers. There is more of sympathy between the boy and his mother than with the father; the advice is probably given more in love and less as a duty from her, and comes nearer home to the heart of the boy, while from the father it appeals more to the reason; and all who have lived fifty years feel and know how much greater and purer the heart is with us than the reason."

At Warrington young Gooch was always glad to go out on the new engines, and thus gained much useful experience as to the actual working of a railway, which he could not have obtained in the workshops alone. But before the summer was over, his health again gave way, and he had to return to Coventry. The following January he went to Dundee, as draftsman in the foundry, with a pound a week as salary. The firm turned out marine engines, besides flax and other general machinery, so that this year added considerably to his knowledge of engineering. He next went to Robert Stephenson's works in Newcastle as a draftsman. Here he made some drawings for locomotive engines which were to be sent to Russia. Two of them were supplied to the Great Western Railway. The young draftsman was delighted to find that the

Russian railway had a six-feet gauge, which gave him more room to arrange the engine. This impressed him strongly with the advantage of a wider gauge, though he did not know that Mr. Brunel had already brought the subject before the directors of the Great Western, nor dream that so large a share in the coming Battle of the Gauges was to be allotted to him. After eight months with Mr. Stephenson, he went to join a firm in Gateshead, with the understanding that he should be partner in the locomotive engine works. He visited Manchester to buy tools, and formed his friendship with Mr. Whitworth, the great mechanical engineer. At Bristol he tried to secure an order from the directors of the Great Western Railway, who had determined upon building broad gauge engines.

Not long afterwards, in July 1837, Gooch heard that Brunel wanted a locomotive engineer for the Great Western. On the 9th of August Brunel called at Manchester where Gooch was working, and arranged that he should at once take the new post. It was a permanent position in which he might fairly hope to win success. He was the more pleased with the opening because he was an enthusiastic believer in the broad gauge, which seemed to him to be the great movement of the age. On August 18, 1837, he started for London to undertake his new duties. His first task was to prepare plans for engine-houses at Paddington and Maidenhead. Next, he went to inspect the eighteen locomotives which were being built for the company in various provincial works. He was not pleased with the designs, and felt sure that some of the engines would have enough to do to drive themselves along the road. "The Great Western line had been laid out with very flat gradients, generally four feet per mile, and a maximum of eight feet, with the exception of the inclines at Box and Wootton Bassett, which were one in a hundred. The idea was to concentrate the gradients on these inclines, and work them with stationary power." It was thought these favourable gradients would lead to considerable reduction of the working expenses, and materially increase the speed of travelling. The directors say in their report to the shareholders for August 1836: "Under these peculiar circumstances, and with the view of obtaining the full advantage of the

regularity and the reduction of power effected by the near approach to a level, and also to remedy several serious inconveniences experienced in existing railways, an increased width of rails has been recommended by your engineer, and, after mature consideration, has been determined upon by the Board." They also stated that the engines constructed for them would be "capable of attaining a rate of thirty-five or forty miles per hour, with the same facility as twenty-five to thirty miles is gained by those now constructed for other lines."

Gooch, though far from satisfied with the engines under construction, loyally set himself to make the best of circumstances. He was now twenty-one. The company provided him with a horse and gig, and he fixed his quarters at West Drayton as a convenient point between London and Maidenhead. An engine-house was built here, and the first piece of the line finished lay between it and the Dogkennel Bridge through the cutting towards Maidenhead. The "Vulcan," from Stephenson's works, was the first engine delivered. On January 9, 1838, she was in steam on the line. Other engines followed quickly. They came by canal, and Gooch had to get them from the barge to the engine-house, a mile away. The first running of the engines was celebrated by a dinner at West Drayton on January 16, for which Gooch was one of the stewards. An incident which occurred at the close of the dinner made him resolve to have nothing to do with another. "Some Irish gentlemen took more wine than was good for them, and amused themselves by dancing an Irish war dance on our hats, which happened to be piled up in a corner of the room." A fortnight later he went to his first London party at the house of Mrs. Horsley, Brunel's mother-in-law. Gooch believed that he did succeed in getting as far as the staircase, but he left the house in disgust, making a note in his memorandum-book never to go to another. He might well be annoyed at the result, for he had driven in from West Drayton, and walked from the public-house, where he put up his horse and got a bed, in silk stockings and thin shoes.

In the following March he was married at Bishop Wearmouth to Miss Margaret Tanner. On the next Sunday night the bride and bridegroom left Sunderland for Durham in a post-

chaise. There they took coach for London, arriving there in thirty-six hours. The same evening they went on to West Drayton, where they had taken part of a furnished house. It was in this month that the *Great Western* steamship, built from a design of Brunel's, made her trial trip. Dr. Lardner *proved* to his own satisfaction and that of a wide circle of critics that she could not cross the Atlantic; but, despite these prophecies, she turned out a successful ship. Meanwhile every effort was being put forth to get the first part of the Great Western line from London to Maidenhead ready for opening. On May 31, 1838, the directors made their first trip over the whole length of this section. When it was opened to the public on June 4 Gooch's troubles with the engines began. There were only seven on which he could at all rely. He had almost to rebuild half of the stock. For many weeks his nights were spent in a carriage in the engine-house at Paddington, as the locomotives had to be repaired at night in order that they might do their work next day. It was no wonder that he began to think railway life very hard and anxious. He was soon obliged to leave West Drayton and take furnished lodgings in the Harrow Road, that he might be near the terminus at Paddington. He often wondered in later days that there were no serious accidents, for it was no uncommon thing to take an engine out on the line in order to look for a train that was behind time. Many times Gooch saw the train coming, reversed his engine, and ran back as quickly as he could. What would the great railway companies think of such a locomotive engineer now! The directors grew very anxious at the failure of so many engines, and called upon Gooch, apart from Mr. Brunel, to report on each engine. He had hitherto done his best to repair the locomotives, and had communicated direct with his chief. He now felt that he was bound to give an honest verdict, and wrote condemning the construction of the engines. This alarmed the directors, and brought him a rather angry letter from Brunel. But the great engineer's irritation was soon over. He was personally most kind and considerate to Gooch, whose fidelity and capacity he heartily recognised, and left him to deal with the stock as he thought best. Gooch was now instructed, with Brunel's full consent

and support, to prepare designs for the large number of new engines which had to be ordered. One hundred and forty-two of them were soon in hand at various provincial works, where Gooch often went to inspect them. After they had been running twenty-eight years he was able to state that no better engines for their weight had been constructed by himself or others.

No sooner was the Great Western opened than a strong party among the shareholders began to condemn the broad gauge. They appointed two engineers to report upon it, and called in the help of Dr. Lardner. But the doctor proved a very inexact critic. He said the "North Star" engine could only draw a load of fifteen tons when going at a speed of forty-five miles per hour. Gooch tried her next day, and took fifty tons. The directors carried their point by 7792 votes; a majority of 1647 over their opponents. Gooch and Brunel had worked hard in preparing facts for the directors. They spent most of their Christmas Day at work on the necessary experiments in the upper smith's shop. Gooch also wrote a full report on the gauge, which greatly pleased Brunel and the directors.

Gooch was now living in rooms on Paddington Green, where his first child was born. It was almost impossible in those days to get a house, and suitable lodgings were very scarce. His salary was £550 a year. He had begun life with a resolute determination not to get into debt. "I advise all young people," he says, "to do this. It will add not only to their present peace of mind, but to their future success in life. Nothing is so destructive to the mind as the feeling of being in debt. Illness or misfortune may force it upon you, but apart from these two causes it should be avoided as you would poison."

In 1840 the Great Western agreed to lease the Bristol and Exeter and the Swindon and Cheltenham railways. On Gooch's recommendation Swindon was chosen as the best site for the extensive railway workshops. Gooch was gaining ground with his chief and the directors every day. His new engines gave universal satisfaction. It was now possible to calculate their speed with some certainty, and to feel confident

that they would not break down on the journey. They had no difficulty in running sixty miles an hour with good loads. The locomotive expenses had been 1*s.* 6*d.* per mile, but they were gradually reduced to 7*d.* and 8*d.* Gooch also took out a patent for steeling the surface of rails and tires. This involved the construction of machinery for grinding the tires, which were too hard to be turned in the ordinary way. Solid steel tires and rails have since come into general use, but Sir Daniel Gooch held that iron tires with a steel surface were more satisfactory. He took out a patent for his invention, but it only yielded between £5000 and £6000, and placed him in such a false position with his own company that he never took out another. He did not approve of engineers who had to advise large companies being interested in patents. His verdict on the whole subject will be read with interest. He says: "I look upon the Patent Law as a great curse to this country. It cannot be worked with perfect honesty. Patents are taken out for all kinds of absurd things, and by people with little or no practical knowledge of the work they undertake, and the really practical man in carrying out his work is met at all points by the claim of some patentee. I have in my practice constantly found the disadvantage of the law; not that I object to reward a man for a real invention, but the real inventors are rare, while the patents are counted by thousands. The absence of a patent law would not retard invention. The human mind will scheme and study for the pleasure of the work, and the honour of being the originator of a real improvement would be a sufficient stimulus."

The whole of the Great Western line between London and Bristol was opened on June 30, 1841. Brunel was very anxious about the gradient in the Box tunnel, but Gooch felt that with the assistance of a bank engine it would present no difficulty. Only one line of rails through the tunnel was ready for the opening day. Gooch therefore undertook to accompany all the trains through the tunnel. This he did for two days and nights. His presence of mind saved the company from a great disaster. He was going up the tunnel with a train when he fancied he saw some green lights in front. A second's reflection convinced him that this was the night mail coming

down. He reversed the engine and ran back to Box Station with his train. The mail came down close behind him. The policeman at the top had made a blunder and sent the mail on. Had not the tunnel been pretty clear of steam there must have been a calamitous accident. When Gooch got his own train into the tunnel again his engine ran off the lines, so that he was kept busy all night. He was thankful enough when he was free to leave for Paddington. Brunel, who was then living at Bath, took care that he was well fed, so that his strength was kept up for this exhausting strain.

The Queen had now given up travelling to and from Windsor by road, and went by the Great Western. Gooch nearly always had charge of her engine, and was fortunate enough never to have a single delay. In July 1843, he took Prince Albert down to Bristol to the launch of the *Great Britain* steamship, and did the return journey in two hours, four minutes. Next year, when the railway was opened to Exeter, a great dinner was given there. Gooch drove the engine down in five hours, and did the return journey that evening in twenty minutes less. His back ached so much the next day that he could hardly walk. His experience on this trip convinced him that a regular train might be put on which would travel between London and Exeter in four and a half hours. This was shortly afterwards done. Sir Daniel Gooch was thus, as he puts it, "the father of express trains." All this was preparing for the great gauge fight in 1845. The Great Western went to Parliament for power to construct a line from Oxford to Worcester and Wolverhampton, but this was opposed by the London and Birmingham Railway. The Committee of the House of Commons sat for more than three weeks to deal with the scheme, but at last gave it their consent. The strain of preparing evidence at night and sitting all day in a room where the crowd and heat were excessive told heavily on Gooch's strength. He says, "I will never forget the passion George Stephenson got into when the decision of the Committee was announced. He gave me his mind very freely for fighting the broad gauge against the narrow, in which he said I had been reared. I was not only fighting for my convictions, but also for my employers, who expressed themselves well satisfied with

what I had done." A Commission was afterwards appointed to consider whether provision ought not to be made to introduce a uniform gauge into the railways of the United Kingdom. The burden of conducting the case for the Great Western lay on Gooch, as both Brunel and the general manager were on the Continent. The Commissioners were not able to decide between the contending factions, so that actual trials were made by each side on its own gauge. The Commissioners decided in favour of the narrow gauge as the national system, but acknowledged that the experiments made proved that the broad gauge engines possessed greater capabilities for speed, and that the system was economical for high speed or heavy loads. The practical value of a uniform gauge has since been demonstrated so conclusively that even the Great Western has given up the broad gauge. Were the whole question still open, Sir Daniel Gooch was of opinion that the broad gauge is cheaper, safer, more economical, and attains a much higher speed than the narrow. The directors presented Gooch with a cheque for £300 for his services in this long struggle, and raised his salary to £1000. It had been raised to £700 in January 1841, and ten years later it was increased to £1500. After the gauge fight the Great Western built some larger engines. On June 13, 1846, they made a sensational trip to Bristol with the first of these, the "Great Britain." They attained a steady speed of sixty-two miles per hour, with a load of a hundred tons. The gauge contest thus proved of great advantage to the public, for it spurred all parties to increased efforts, introduced high speeds and many other improvements. It was no longer possible to rest content with a rate of twenty to thirty miles an hour.

Gooch had already refused higher salaries than he was now receiving, but he felt it wise to make some arrangement with his directors which would render him more independent. He easily obtained the consent of the chairman to undertake any other work which would not cause him to neglect the Great Western. He had no difficulty in making money by professional services in various ways, and thus laid the foundations of his fortune. In 1856 he formed the Ruabon Coal Company. The directors of the Great Western had found it

impossible to get a regular coal trade on their line. Gooch advised them to secure some collieries of their own. When it was found that this was not within their powers, he formed a private company, of which he was chairman, and agreed to send a large fixed quantity of coal over the Great Western. He got much abuse by thus trying to do a good turn to the shareholders of the railway, but happily the colliery proved a capital investment.

In March 1859 Mr. Gooch bought Clewer Park, near Windsor, which proved a very happy home. The same year he lost Mr. Brunel, his oldest and best friend. Sir Daniel calls him the chief of England's engineers, the man of the greatest originality of thought and power of execution. The commercial world thought him extravagant, but such schemes as his could not be accomplished without heavy cost. The ingenuity of the man is illustrated by an odd anecdote. Some years before his death, while playing with a child, he swallowed a half-sovereign. It lodged in his chest, and no effort to remove it proved successful. At last he got a frame made to swing like a looking-glass. He had himself fastened to this, and then suddenly turned head downwards. On the second attempt his medical men and friends had the joy of seeing the half-sovereign roll out on the floor.

The *Great Eastern* had been Brunel's last important work. The year after his death Gooch was elected on the new board of directors. He went to Southampton to superintend the engineering department of the ship. In June 1860 he sailed in her to America. When the monster vessel moved up to New York hundreds of yachts, steamers, and other craft surrounded her. It was a grand and exciting scene. The banks were lined with thousands of people; the forts and men-of-war saluted them as they passed, "so that," Sir Daniel says, "it was one continual firing of guns and shouting of thousands of people all the way up to New York, and when we came close to that town the scene was wonderful. The wharfs, house-tops, church towers, and every spot where a human being could stand and get a sight of the ship, were crowded." The owners expected to earn a large sum of money by exhibiting the steamer, but the heavy expenses in America ate up all they made. The

voyage was entirely prosperous so far as the speed and safety of the ship were concerned, but it was not profitable. The huge vessel made several voyages during the next two or three years, but proved a disastrous investment. In 1864, when it was resolved to make another attempt to lay an Atlantic cable, Mr. Gooch, with the present Lord Brassey and Mr. Barber, determined to buy the *Great Eastern* as the cable steamer. They were prepared to give £80,000, but, to their great surprise, she was knocked down to them for £25,000. The steamer was now chartered to the company formed for laying the cable, and arrangements were steadily pushed forward for that great undertaking.

Meanwhile other duties claimed Mr. Gooch's attention. June 3, 1865, he regarded as the brightest day in his life. He had left the Great Western during the previous year. The officers and servants of the company resolved to present him with an address, and to give a valuable present to his wife. That proof of good-will and esteem on the part of those with whom he had been associated through life gave him profound pleasure. He had been the founder of Swindon, and took an active part in establishing schools and libraries there, and providing suitable recreation for the skilled mechanics of the place in their leisure hours. His well-known skill as a mechanic, and his hearty sympathy with the men in all their affairs made a profound impression on them. A month after the presentation he was chosen Member of Parliament for Cricklade, the division in which Swindon lay. This fresh mark of good-will gave him much delight, but he did not feel that to be an M.P. satisfied any personal ambition. He kept his seat for more than twenty years. He was a pronounced Conservative, but his constituents were well aware that no one whom they could choose knew and loved the working man better than he. In 1885, when Parliament was dissolved, he expressed his great relief that he was not to be mixed up in the coming contest. "The House of Commons," he says, "has been a pleasant club. I have taken no part in any of the debates, and have been a silent member. It would be a great advantage to business if there were a greater number who followed my example."

The news of his first election to Parliament reached him on board the *Great Eastern*. On July 23 the shore end of the cable was laid in Valencia Bay. It was soon running out from the vessel at the rate of nearly six knots per hour. Two war steamers accompanied her. The machinery worked admirably, and there seemed no reason why twelve days should not see the undertaking safely accomplished. A few hours later all these hopes were clouded. A fault had been discovered in the cable. An anxious and weary day followed, but next morning the flaw was found out. Sir Daniel Gooch says: "I do not know that I ever experienced the sensation of joy as I did this morning. Just as we finished breakfast at 8.30 a message came down from the deck to tell us the cause of the fault had come on board. Oh, what happy news it was; for half an hour before the captain, Canning, and I had agreed it was useless to waste more time in hauling in the cable; we had only got in ten miles since yesterday morning when we first began, and the electricians seemed so uncertain in their calculation we thought it hopeless to persevere, and had settled to cut the cable and go again to our starting-point." It seemed that a piece of the steel wire had been forced into the cable, and had made a hole in the core. The damage was repaired, and the ship was just about to start forward when it was found that all signals through it had stopped. It was a terrible knock-down. Preparations were made to take up the cable again. Gooch went down to his cabin, but found it impossible to sleep or read. After two miserable hours it was discovered that all was right. There had been some mistake or neglect at Valencia that had caused all this misery. Four days later another fault showed itself, but this also was repaired. Mr. Gooch and his friends in charge had to take duty for a couple of hours in the tank of cable covered with tar, jumping over it as it ran out every minute like a girl with a skipping-rope, or else sitting on the edge of an iron bar, with legs raised above the cable. Hope was beginning to rise high. A couple of days more and the cable would be safely across. At this point a third fault was discovered, and in attempting to raise the cable it snapped in sunder a few yards from the ship. The disappointment was terrible. "How one short hour has buried

all our hopes, the toil and anxiety of the two last years all lost! This one thing, upon which I had set my heart more than any other work I was ever engaged in, is dead, and all has to begin again, because it must be done, and, availing ourselves of the experience of this, we will succeed." They managed to get hold of the cable next morning, and raised it 700 fathoms, but then the strain proved too much for their line, and it broke at one of the shackles. It took them two hours to get their line down to the bed of the ocean, which was here two and a half miles deep. On August 8 they managed to draw the cable up a thousand fathoms from the ground, then another of the shackles of the grapnel line broke. Three days later their gear gave way again, and it was found necessary to steam homewards. But Mr. Gooch felt that this failure was only a postponement of the final triumph. Twelve hundred miles of the cable had been laid, and with proper tackle he was convinced that the end might be picked up and the whole finished at a cost of about £30,000.

At the beginning of 1866 the cable scheme was much in his thoughts. Mr. Cyrus Field came over from America to raise capital by the Atlantic Company; but one Sunday night he found his way to Mr. Gooch in despair. Gooch proposed that they should start a new company. The suggestion was acted upon, and the Anglo-American Company was formed in March 1866. The next question was how to raise the £600,000 required. Mr. Gooch proposed that each member of the construction company should put his name down for £10,000. £100,000 was thus raised round the table, and the required capital was soon forthcoming. Preparations were eagerly pushed forward, and on June 29, Mr. Gooch was seated in his old cabin on board the *Great Eastern*. He had an anxious month; but as the huge vessel gradually pushed on her way hope began to grow stronger. One morning, as Gooch walked along the deck, an old sailor looked him in the face and said: "I think we are going to do it this time, sir." At last the trying task was finished. The shore-end was safely spliced in Heart's Content Bay, and the electric current flashed across the Atlantic. "All on board," says the diary, "have certainly done their duty like Englishmen; they have never flagged in

attention and zeal, nor could have behaved better; and I say this of all—ship's crew, cablemen, electricians, engineers—in fact, every department, have thrown their whole heart into the work, and will greatly rejoice at the success." For the last fortnight every one had almost been afraid to smile or laugh lest the next second might bring bitter cause for tears. When the end of the cable was safely landed, there "was the wildest excitement I had ever witnessed. All seemed mad with joy, jumping into the water and shouting as though they wished the sound to be heard in Washington." The noise of the salute fired by the ships in the harbour was tremendous. Whilst the end was being connected with the instruments, the company attended a thanksgiving service in the little wooden church, then the first cablegram was despatched. The Queen sent a cordial greeting to the President of the United States. The *Times* said in a leader on the triumphal close of the expedition: "It is a great work, a glory to our age and nation, and the men who have achieved it deserve to be honoured among the benefactors of their race." This was telegraphed across and posted on the news-board of the *Great Eastern*, where some sailors stopped to read it. "I say, Bill," said one, "we be benefactors of our race." "Yes," said Bill, "we be," and he strutted off with his head full two inches higher. The *Great Eastern* now returned to the spot where the cable of 1865 had broken. After three weeks wearing anxiety and many disappointments, the missing cable was safely on board, and the ship was steaming again to Heart's Content. Six days' later a message was sent through this cable to England.

Mr. Gooch was created a baronet on his return to England, and few men have more worthily earned such an honour. He had been appointed chairman of the Great Western Railway in November 1865. The company was seriously embarrassed; but by avoiding all new lines and extensions, cutting down capital expenditure to a minimum, and making friendly relations with adjoining companies, Sir Daniel Gooch had the satisfaction of seeing the Great Western weather the storm. There was a gradual but sure improvement in the condition of the company. Shares rose from 90 to 118 in seven years, and, in 1872, the

shareholders passed a resolution granting Sir Daniel five thousand guineas in recognition of his services. In 1883 the dividend was 7½ per cent.

Sir Daniel had another successful cable laying expedition in 1869. He retained his position as chairman of the Directors of the *Great Eastern* till 1880. "She has done good work," he says; "I doubt but for her if we would as yet have the long lines of deep-sea cables." The Severn Tunnel was another vast undertaking, which he successfully carried through as chairman of the Great Western. A large spring of water on the Welsh side caused great expense. Its flow of water was 30,000,000 gallons per day. The estimate was £900,000, but the tunnel cost more than £1,600,000. Yet even at this vast outlay it has proved a successful undertaking. In 1885, Sir Daniel attended the hundredth half-yearly meeting of the Great Western. He had been present at ninety-four or ninety-five of these meetings. He presided for the last time in February 1889, when he had the pleasure of announcing a dividend of 7½ per cent. The next October saw him laid to rest in Clewer Churchyard, adjoining the pleasant gardens of his own lovely home. Few men have lived so worthily or done so much to promote the growth of English commerce as Sir Daniel Gooch. The unaffected record of his life deserves to be widely known. It is a story which makes a reader proud of his country, and we have not found an ill-natured or ill-tempered word from beginning to end of these Diaries.

Art. V.—PROBLEMS IN CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

International Theological Library. *Christian Ethics.* By Newman Smyth, D.D., Author of *Old Faiths in New Light*, &c. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1892.

THE history of the Christian Church has been divided into three periods—the Petrine, before the Reformation of the sixteenth century; the Pauline, covering the three centuries since the Reformation; and the Johannine, that on

which we are just entering. And, it has been said, that as the church needed a Reformation to restore to her the full significance and force of St. Paul's teaching, so another Reformation is needed to bring us nearer to the mind of St. John, Evangelist and Divine. The epigram, like most sayings of the kind, contains mingled truth and error. It is, however, possible to pass through a Reformation without knowing it. And, in spite of the many obvious deficiencies and some crying evils in the Christian Church of our time, there are not wanting signs that the church in our day is being led, though by a circuitous path, into a greater simplicity and depth of Christian thought and experience, a more intuitive perception of the glory of Christ, her Lord and Head, as well as a more complete practical likeness to Him in spirit and in life. So great is the disturbance and disquiet in some departments of theological thought, that to many it appears as if the very foundations of faith were quaking under their feet, while to others, the very heaving of the waves on which they essay to walk only shows the necessity of keeping the eye steadfastly fixed on Christ Himself, and drives the soul into deeper and more intimate communion with Him. While doing this, and striving more simply to obey and more closely to follow her Master, the Church may learn some of the deepest and most necessary lessons, even in the very midst of anxiety and unrest. There is a shaking of "the things that are made," in order that "those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

One excellent sign of the times is the increased attention given to Christian ethics. The very use of the word "ethics," rather than "morals," is significant. The Greek word reminds us that morals means something deeper and more abiding than *mores*, "manners," and the associations of the nobler word lead us happily away from the point of view of the "moralists" of a hundred years ago. Man cannot live by bread alone, and there was little enough sustenance for the spirit in the "cauld-rife" moralisings of the eighteenth century. But if the dominant note in former times was *behaviour*, one of the shallowest of words, that of to-day is *character*, one of the deepest. The Christian instinctively feels the radical importance of

Christian character. One of the earliest names for the nascent Christian Church was ἡ ὁδός, "The Way," * and while the Church in all ages has been the minister of truth and the home of worship, at least, in theory, it has never ceased to be the school of character. These have ever been the noblest and best periods of Christian history, in which this lofty practical function of the Church has been kept in the foreground.

There are, however, several reasons of urgent importance why this aspect of church life and duty should be especially insisted on to-day. We can only name three from among many, and can do little more than name them. (1) The prevalence of materialistic philosophy, occupied with the "positive" or physical side of life, which is rapidly doing much more than tinge and colour the current views of ethics. "The secularisation of morals is becoming imperative," urged Mr. Herbert Spencer in his *Data of Ethics*, and emphasis has been given to the thought in his new work on ethics only just published. We meet such an utterance by an emphatic "The Christianisation of morals is more imperative than ever." The errors of Hedonism cannot be adequately combated from the point of view of the Intuitionalist school, and it is high time that the Christian philosopher made his voice more distinctly and more loudly heard. (2) The slow filtering down of such philosophy has infected the multitude, who know little about philosophy, and care less, with ideas the practical influence of which is visible in almost every part of our national life. The sense of personality has been weakened, and with it men's feelings of responsibility and views of sin. The feeble sentimentalising about evil which has taken the place of the more robust, if sometimes unduly harsh, views of earlier generations, is largely due to this cause. Evil is traced rather to outward conditions than to the exercise of individual will; excuse is made for it accordingly, and the remedies sought operate rather from without than from within. The generation needs a strong ethical tonic, and there is none available but that which Christianity supplies. (3) There is great need of the moralisation of all the spheres of life. We require not so much the

* Acts ix. 2; xix. 9-23, R.V.

increase of ethical knowledge as the more complete application of what we have to all departments of our various life. It is quite possible, as the Bishop of Peterborough said at the Folkestone Church Congress, for a man to be perfectly moral in his family life, less so in his daily business life, only conventionally moral in his public life, while he is unable altogether to appreciate the application of morals to international affairs. These are only a few of the reasons which make the practical study of Christian ethics a crying need of our time. If we needed any other argument to drive home these considerations, it would be that there is no part of the work of the Church which produces so immediate, so striking, and so permanent an effect upon the irreligious multitude outside her pale, whom she hopes to win for Christ, as a cultivation of the Christian spirit, a manifestation of the Christian temper, and a vigorous application of Christian principle to the affairs of common life.

The volume before us will prove an excellent guide and help to those who are anxious to work out for themselves some of the problems of Christian ethics. The marvel is that no such work has appeared before in this country. In Germany, books on Christian ethics abound. The history, the metaphysics, and the practical bearings of the subject have alike been copiously treated in the works of such writers as Luthardt, Gass, Rothe, Harless, Dorner, and Paulsen, not to speak of the Danish Martensen. In our own country, if we pass by the casuists of the seventeenth century and the moral philosophers of the eighteenth, we find hardly a treatise in our own age which deals directly and specifically with Christian ethics. What is wanted is an adequate interpretation of the Christian consciousness, the moralisation of life from a distinctively Christian point of view. All the wider and more open, therefore, is the field before Dr. Newman Smyth, the well-known American divine, for the contribution he has furnished to Messrs. Clark's International Theological Library; and in many respects he has filled an undeniable gap with judgment, ability, and success.

The work is divided into two parts, which deal respectively with the Christian ideal and Christian duties. A thoughtful Introduction discusses a number of preliminary questions, such

as the relaion between Christian and philosophical ethics, the bearing of ethics upon theology and religion, together with certain theological and philosophical postulates necessary to the exposition of the subject. The first part begins with the revelation of the Christian ideal, in the historical Christ, in Scripture, and through the Christian consciousness. The author then unfolds the contents of the Christian ideal, or the Biblical doctrine of the Supreme God, comparing the Christian ideal with others. The "Realisation of the Moral Ideal" includes a description of the various stages of moral development in history—the pre-historic stage, the legal stage, and the Christian era, while the remaining chapters of this part explain the Christian ideal of virtue, the methods by which it is progressively realised in a world of evil, and the various spheres in which it is exercised—the Family, the State, and the Church. In Part II. an instructive chapter deals with the Christian Conscience, and this is followed by an analysis of Christian duties, duties towards self as a moral end, duties towards others, including a discussion of social problems, and duties towards God, while last of all comes a chapter, all too brief, on the "Christian Motive Power," without which the whole of the previous elaborate analysis would be null and naught.

As to the execution of the work, the arrangement of topics, as will be seen, is clear and methodical, and the relative proportion of space and attention allotted to each is fairly observed, though the important subjects of the latter chapters, our duty to God and the Christian Moral Dynamic, appear to have received scant justice, because of their place at the end. We cannot, however, avoid marking certain grave deficiencies. There are subjects of the first importance, not forgotten indeed by Dr. Smyth, but all too slightly dealt with in his exposition, among which we may name the distinctive Christian doctrine of Sin, the bearing of the Atonement upon the genesis and formation of the Christian character, and the doctrine of the Christian character and the doctrine of the New Birth, with an accompanying exposition of the work of the Holy Spirit. Also we have failed to find such an account as we might have expected of what may be called specifically Christian virtues,

those which differentiate the Christian ethical system from all others, and among them Humility and Forgiveness. It would, perhaps, be ungracious to press these omissions from a volume which is already very full and comprehensive, but it will be seen that a fuller treatment of the topics we have mentioned —all possessing an inner kinship and mutual connection— would have given a richer and deeper Christian colouring to a very ably drawn picture. Dr. Smyth's style is lucid and flowing, occasionally forcible and striking. If we miss something of what might be called ethical ardour and enthusiasm, and if the very evenness of the style causes the attention sometimes to flag, the reader cannot but be conscious that he is being easily and skilfully led by a guide who knows the country well, and whose object it is to make the road smooth and easy to travel. There is no display of resources, but the author is evidently a man who has read and made the results of reading his own. We by no means always agree with him, but we have hardly found a single point where our judgment differs from his, on which we have not learned something from Dr. Smyth's way of putting his case. The volume well sustains the character of the series of which it is the second issue—Canon Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* being the first—and it will form a valuable addition to English theological literature.

It is not, however, our intention to review Dr. Smyth's book in detail. Having given some account of its scope and character, we propose only to discuss a few of the many great questions raised in the course of this comprehensive investigation. These questions are evidently of two kinds, metaphysical and practical; if, indeed, we should not make a third class of questions more strictly theological. The theoretical questions arise concerning such points as these. First, as to the very foundation of the science of Christian ethics, its relation to philosophy on the one hand and religion on the other; the nature and authority of conscience, the relation between the natural and the Christian conscience, and the extent to which Christian ethics may proceed upon conclusions reached by spiritualistic philosophy; the law of Christian ethics, how far it is constant, how far variable, in what sense Christ and in

what sense the Scripture constitutes the norm for the Christian ideal; the methods by which the ideal is attained, the moral value of faith, and the possibility of constructing an ethical system in which faith and love figure so largely, yet it might seem so vaguely; the true significance of Christian virtue, and the analysis and classification of duties which has been determined in so many different ways by different writers on the subject.

The number of practical questions that arise is legion, and these are likely to be more generally interesting. Without meddling with the unprofitable details of casuistry, the Christian moralist has a thousand questions thrust upon him which he finds it equally difficult to ignore and to answer. The relation between duties to self and duties to others, and man's duty to God in relation to both, the meaning of "a conflict of duties," and the mode of reaching a practical solution; the right of self-defence, the defensibility of suicide and euthanasia the obligation of truthfulness, whether by speaking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is universally binding upon all men at all times, and if not, within what limits and conditions; the question of marriage and divorce, the relation between Church and State, in theory, if not in practice, together with the whole of that vast, far-reaching, deep-seated Social Problem, of which we hear so much and know so little; the nascent science of the Christian Economics and the formation of "industrial conscience." It is clear that the whole subject bristles with questions and the mere enunciation of a few of them might leave the impression that the science consists of the statement of a series of problems which may be propounded but can never be solved. This is, however, very far from being the case. The foundations of Christian ethics are broad, and deep, and sure; the principles laid down are sufficient for practical guidance, and it is only by way of showing the living, practical interest of the study that we have enumerated some of the questions which in our own day are clamouring for an answer. In this Article we shall mainly occupy ourselves with the practical side of the subject, but must give our readers a specimen or two of the way in which Dr. Smyth deals with its theological and metaphysical aspects.

Is Christian ethics an independent science? Yes, and No. Like philosophical ethics, it starts from facts, but, unlike philosophical ethics, it finds its facts in the *Christian* moral consciousness and its historical development. "It is the science," says Dr. Smyth, "of the moral contents, progress, and ends of human life under the formative Christian ideal" (p. 3). Christian ethics is "ethics raised to the highest power, the last and fullest interpretation of the world and its history." It therefore presupposes scientific ethics, but so far from being dependent on the science to which it owes a large amount of material, it also brings the ethics of the schools before its bar and judges them. Similarly, Christian ethics rests upon Christian doctrine, and is often represented as entirely dependent on the theology out of which it springs. Dr. Smyth, however, magnifies his office as a Christian moralist, and while he admits a certain "necessary and legitimate subordination and service of ethics to theology," he will not allow this to degenerate into servitude. The point is one of greater importance in its practical issues than might at first sight appear, Dr. Smyth making the significant remark that we need an "ethical eschatology," clearly hinting that the Christian conscience is to form its own judgment on current doctrine concerning the last things. We extract, therefore, a few sentences, giving the substance of a somewhat long paragraph, that the author may speak for himself:

"Christian ethics must be allowed to follow closely, and should remain true to the ethical-religious consciousness, without prevention or prejudice from Christian dogmatics. Moreover, whatever postulates Christian ethics may borrow from Christian theology; it must bring these to its own moral tests and judgment. We cannot consent to lower the Christian conscience before any churchly tradition, or to yield for a moment the Christian sense of right to any supposed dogmatic interest. The question, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' is an ancient appeal directly to the religious conscience, which Christian ethics should always keep open and sacred . . . . . Old theology is always becoming new in the vitalising influence of ethics. The Church will not long refuse to bring any article of its faith to the test of its most Christ-like sense of love and fairness. It is reason enough for doubting and for re-studying any traditional teaching, or received word of doctrine, if it be felt to harass or confuse the Christian conscience of an age. Nothing can abide as true in theology which does not prove its genuineness under

the ever-renewed searching of the Christian moral sense: nothing is permanent fruit of the teaching of Christ which does not show itself to be morally Christ-like . . . . Christian ethics cannot consent to commit suicide in any supposed interest of theology" (pp. 10, 11).

There is important truth here; but it is, perhaps, too absolutely stated, and the passage presents only one side of the case. It is true that the truth as it is in Jesus commends itself alike to the sanctified reason and the enlightened conscience, that both faculties are to be intelligently and simultaneously used, and that the exercise of conscience may often furnish a salutary and much-needed check upon the exercise of the speculative reason. But it is true, also, that only the Christian conscience can thus judge; that it needs itself to be perpetually instructed and guided, and either restrained or stimulated by Christian doctrine, and history has proved again and again the proneness of the conscience to err in certain directions when not sufficiently enlightened. Only the spiritual man "judgeth all things," and himself is judged of none; and the πνευματικός in London, as in Corinth, is all too rare. Christian ethics and Christian doctrine are naturally dependent: they must grow together, and the growth of each will be the steadier and truer for the presence of the other. It is thus that the Apostles teach. Whether it be a John or a Paul, different as they are in type and temperament, the Apostolic leaders of Christian thought give, each in his own way, a perfect example of the marriage of doctrine and practice: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

An important question, especially at the present time, concerns the relation of the Scriptures to the Christian conscience; how far and in what sense to Scripture is to be considered the ethical norm, the rule of practice, as well as of faith. Dr. Newman Smyth is one of the leaders of the American school of divines who confer a perilously high prerogative on the Christian consciousness. Hence we scan with some carefulness his utterances on this point, and hesitate somewhat as we read:

"The source of infallibility in a Scripture in the last analysis can be only Christ and the Spirit of the Christ; the degree and power of the authority of any inspired Scripture depends upon the closeness and certainty of its relation to the teaching and spirit of

Jesus. A Scripture becomes of doubtful canonicity the more the immediate Christian source and quality of it, either by critical studies or difficulties in its contents, is thrown into doubt or obscurity" (p. 62).

The passage as it stands is unexceptionable; but it raises the questions, Who and what is the "Christ" here spoken of, how far is His teaching and spirit estimated as apart from Scripture, and with whom and under what limits rests the power of judging the various Scriptures by their "Christ-like" character? "There cannot be two nominative authorities, the one Christian and the other Scriptural," says Dr. Smyth, and to this all must assent, if between these two there can be supposed to be conflict or discrepancy. But there can be no reason why Scripture should not be itself the rule, as unfolding to us the mind of Christ, the various contents of Scripture falling easily and naturally into place when Christ is viewed as the Lord and the Light of the whole Bible. The danger—as experience has shown, a practical and serious one—is lest men should constitute themselves judges of what is meant by the words "Christ" and "Christ-like," and on some subjective principle like the arbitrary one of Luther, pick and choose among the writings of the New Testament, rejecting here a book and there a miracle, or an Apostolic utterance, because, to the individual Christian consciousness, "Christ" does not sufficiently appear in it. It is only too easy for such critics like Marcion to mutilate the Gospel they undertake to improve. But Dr. Smyth re-assures us as to his meaning later on. He accepts the "Sacred Writings as a whole, and in the moral and spiritual teaching which issues from them" as "the authoritative outward rule of faith and practice." And in the following passage he puts with clearness and force his view of the relation between Scripture and the Christian consciousness:

"The true relation between faith and the Bible is not to be found in a hasty answer which subjects either one without qualification to the other. Rather, we hold that the two are harmoniously related, and that we are to endeavour to understand the just province and authority of each, and the unity in which the same Spirit works through both. If it has been the active error of Romanism to exalt the infallibility of the Spirit in the voice of the Church above the infallibility of the same Spirit in the Written Word, it has seemed to

be the passive error of Protestantism, since the Reformation, to forget too much the interdependence of the Written Scripture and the living witness of the Spirit in the mind of the Church. Yet the two testimonies of the Spirit are complementary, and the authority of the one requires the witness of the other. If we separate these two factors of the spiritual life of man, we can have no sufficient rule, and, consequently, no infallibility. Furthermore, neither of these two is of itself source of authority, but only means for the impartation and reception of supreme truth. There is but one original source of authority: it is the Truth itself—the truth which came by Christ. There is only one final and supreme authority in Christianity, either for its theology or for its ethics: that is the Christ, the mind of Christ, the Spirit of Christ. The Holy Ghost is the final authority; the teaching of the Holy Spirit is the only infallible rule of faith and practice" (pp. 72, 73).

Few questions are more important at the present time than the relation between Scripture, the Church, and Faith or Reason. The only abiding reconciliation between what have been considered by some to be rival and irreconcilable claims, is to lay it down, that for the Christian the one infallible Authority is Christ, teaching, according to His promise, by the Holy Spirit; and as to the channels through which He speaks to us, to take for guide the inspired Scriptures as a fresh interpreted and applied by the enlightened consciousness of the living and "Spirit-bearing" church. This canon by no means puts an end to all discussion, but it appears to be no part of the divine method in educating mankind to provide a supreme authority, which will end all discussion. Men in their ignorance and weakness long for such an authority, and when none is forthcoming, are ever seeking to manufacture one for themselves. But God breaks up these human crutches, that His church may learn to walk; to walk indeed by faith, but to use their own divinely given limbs in dependence on Himself alone.

The section in which Dr. Newman Smyth discusses faith is on the whole, excellent. We have already said that the subject of the Atonement and its bearing on Christian Ethics is by no means adequately treated in this volume. We are not quite sure what the author's views of the Atonement are. He speaks of "the world with Christ in it becoming a new world" now that "the Father is no man's enemy," it is to be

"known henceforth as a redeemed world"; and, again, of "the *confession of sin* (the italics are ours), which has been made for man in the sufferings and death of Christ." Again he tells us that "we are to claim our part in that divine forgiveness which has been received for humanity by the son of man," and that "inasmuch as we partake in our human nature of that humanity which exists in Christ always before God, we are in a Christian relation, we are under a gracious privilege which would not exist for us without Christ." But after carefully reading and re-reading the few paragraphs which deal with the subject, we find it not a little difficult to understand in what, according to Dr. Smyth, the redemption and reconciliation in Christ consists. The same criticism of course applies to the treatment of faith, in so far that the atonement of Christ as an object of faith, as well as in its relation to the conscience and, again, as a means of moral renewal, does not receive sufficient attention. But the analysis of faith itself, and the description given of it as a moral force, contains much that is admirable. Faith is described as a "principle of Christian appropriation" or of "moral personal receptivity," not yet by any means perfect, but itself the very vital principle of the Christian life, in which all that God provides in Christ for the soul's nourishment is received and assimilated, and which is capable of indefinite extension for growth in grace and in moral and spiritual excellence. The following passage will remind many of a similar strain, in Hare's "Victory of Faith":—

"Faith, the peculiar principle of moral appropriation in the Christian dispensation, is seen to be in its simple and vital sort, a personal trust. It consists in receiving the influence and power of a person, even the Christ. But this original personal trust proves to be a fruitful moral relation. It is new-creative of character. It reforms the conduct of life. It opens the understanding to truth. It quickens the spiritual imagination. It lends earnestness to the reason. It contains the peace of justification. It brings the life into the freedom of the law of the Spirit. Faith in its increasing power gives to men spiritual mastery over their passions. It enlightens, justifies, makes righteous. It opens free course to love, and possesses the cheerful expectation of the new heavens and the new earth. In one word, the Christian faith becomes within the soul the new-creative principle of the Christian personality" (pp. 199, 200).

We cannot follow Dr. Newman Smyth into his justification of the place in human nature rightly claimed for the faith-principle, what he calls its "psychological validity," or through the still more interesting section on the distinctively Christian use of faith. But by no means the least valuable part of this exposition is the explanation given of the relation between faith and love. Here the ethical insight which the author possesses is seen at its best. Here, in the personal relation established between Christ and the soul, the foundation is laid of a new and better obedience. In Apostolic phrase, "Faith works by love." The transition is thus effected. "In this new, personal relationship to Christ, the weight which prevented the up-springing of true, free life, is removed from man's heart, and at once the new power is imparted which is able to raise up the new, fruitful life. The stone once taken away, the moral nature, responsive to the warmth of the divine love, can break through its earthly corruption, and spring up and grow to strong rich moral life and fruitfulness." Thus is solved the great question concerning Christian virtue: Is there a double principle of virtue in the Christian life, faith and love, and if these are united, how and by what bond of relationship are they joined together? Dr. Smyth answers:—

"In ethics we may say that love is the material, and faith the formal principle of Christian virtue. The Christian character is formed by faith, it lives in love. It is constituted what it is through faith, but it consists in love. Or we might say, love, which is the essential Christian character, in its receptive and formative principle, is trust; and faith, which is constitutive of Christian character, in its positive and active power becomes love. Faith passes into love, which abides. And love remains love only as it always trusts. The two belong together, therefore, as condition and completion of the same virtue; as the formal cause and material principle of the same character. Faith is the finiteness, the dependence of love. Love is the independence, the infiniteness of faith" (pp. 223, 224).

The analysis of love itself is finely suggestive. Love implies self-affirmation, self-impartation, and self-existence in others. The first of these is often forgotten. Dr. Smyth shows that this initial stage is necessary to those which are more characteristic of love's exercise. Love "affirms its own worthiness, imparts to others its good, and finds its life again

in the well-being of others." The application of those thoughts to the Divine Love is as full of instruction in theology, as the working out of them in Christian life is fruitful for ethics.

But we must hasten on to the more practical aspects of this comprehensive theme. One of the earliest questions asked by those who are interested in the better sort of casuistry, is What is to be done in the case of a conflict of duties? One of the first lessons to be learned by a Christian who would rightly educate his conscience, is how to act in the case of such a conflict, real or apparent. On this subject we are in hearty agreement with Dr. Newman Smyth. There is no real conflict of duties. Moral perplexity is abundantly common, a conflict of moral claims recurs every day, perhaps many times a day, but Duty is One and indivisible. It is the very meaning of our training in the school of life that we should learn to make our choice as wisely, as promptly, and as peacefully—with as little distraction and suspense of mind—as we may. The claims of public and of private life, the need of self-culture and the obligation to help and benefit others, the claims of the family, the Church, society, and the world outside—these are but representative of rival claimants upon our time and interest, the relative proportion of whose legitimate demands it is often exceedingly difficult to estimate. But there is a hierarchy of duties, and the principles of life laid down by the Master are sufficient to enable His followers to part and arrange their ranks and orders. It is, indeed, not a question of principle, but of practice. What is needed is the finer discrimination, only to be obtained as love abounds more and more in "knowledge and all discernment" (ἐπιγνώσει καὶ πάσῃ αἰσθήσει, Phil. i. 9), the spiritual tact which of itself constitutes another and more delicate moral sense that can solve these difficulties for us. "Duty is unity of heart. It is the harmony of will with opportunity." It brings peace, not a sword. The earlier stages of the action of conscience may bring disquiet, anxiety, alarm. It drives us, as Amiel says, "into contact with the terrible wheels within wheels of human suffering and responsibility; it is the bugle-call, the cock-crow, which puts phantoms to flight; it is the armed

archangel who chases men from an artificial Paradise."* But that is only the beginning of its work. It may, it is true, drive a man into the desert, but it will not leave him there. And the emancipated and enlightened Christian conscience leads into a real Paradise a peace which has none of the seductive ease of an Armida's garden, but the triumphant calm of one who sees his way to victory through the bitterest and most perplexing moral conflicts. Dr. Smyth very appropriately cites the example of our Lord, in whose life there was no collision of duties, though no man ever lived among more complex and conflicting claims. "It is impossible to conceive a life busied with more varied tasks, called by more incessant demands upon its energies, and occupied with vaster problems, present, future, eternal—all to be met and answered in three short years of earthly opportunity—yet in that brief life, into which time and eternity poured their tremendous issues, the really wonderful thing is that there was no indecision, no note of inward perplexity, no doubt concerning the will of God immediately to be done, no mistake as to when his hour was come" (p. 319). Deep and wide is the gulf which separates us from Him; startling is the contrast between His calm, perfect life and our troubled and distracted hours; but is it not one of the earliest practical problems in Christian ethics, how to bridge that gulf over which he graciously stretches to meet us more than half-way, and would not a little more inward fidelity, a little more earnest prayer, a little more strict self-discipline, and that "much more" of the gift of the Spirit which is to be had for the asking, make the Christian disciple in this respect more like his Master?

One of the advantages to the Christian minister of the study of a systematic treatise like the one before us, is that aspects of duty are brought before him, which otherwise he might be likely to forget or to misunderstand. How difficult it is, for example, to form a just estimate of our duties to ourselves. It is easy to be selfish; it is almost as easy to some persons to rush to the opposite extreme of excessive asceticism and self-denial; but to realise in practice the "reasonable self-

* *Journal Intime* (translated by Mr. Ward), p. 199.

love" of which Butler speaks, and which is certainly recognised in the New Testament, is another matter. Dr. Newman Smyth begins his study of duties by describing those "towards self as a moral end." We doubt the wisdom of beginning there. Our Lord gave us a different and a better order when from the Old Testament He selected a "first and great commandment," and added, in the next place, a "second, which is like unto it." In this volume our duties to ourselves are treated first, and occupy nearly fifty pages; our duties towards others next, occupying a hundred more; while duty towards God is crowded into ten at the close of the book. Still, following Dr. Smyth's order, it is certain that the second great commandment recognises love of self as well as love of our neighbour, while the whole Scripture teems with instruction as to the true nature of our duty to ourselves. "A human personality is a sacred trust of being. Every man holds himself in trust from his Creator." It is this view of self as a moral end which makes proper self-regard a duty, and distinguishes it easily and completely from selfishness, which is "its counterfeit and degradation." Dr. Smyth points out how this proper self-regard will preserve true Christians from self-destructive asceticism, from narrow and one-sided ideas of self-culture; how it comprises the obligation of self-defence and self-protection; how it embraces all those virtues that are conducive to vigorous life, making all our habits and surroundings as wholesome as possible, physically, intellectually, and morally; and, further, how it should control the Christian's whole thought of death. Here is evidently a wide field for the Christian moralist, some of it almost untrodden ground.

We leave it, however, unexamined, in order to show how Dr. Smyth approaches such a practical question as the defensibility or indefensibility of suicide. It is one of those touchstones by which the practical working of rival ethical systems may be tested. Instinct decides against it, but is the instinct justifiable? How is it possible to meet the arguments by which philosophers have defended what the simple-minded man unhesitatingly condemns? So with the question of "euthanasia." Is it permissible for a helpless sufferer, who is enduring physical agony without the slightest hope of recovery or

relief, to shorten by the use of a merciful anæsthetic, pain which is even more distressing for others to witness than it is for the sufferer to bear? Dr. Smyth, as a Christian moralist, deals very finely and conclusively with these sophistries. "A man's life, in all its powers and faculties, is a personal trust from his God. It is our trust-fund of being, not our absolute property. We have no right to spend or to scatter a trust-fund at our pleasure. Moreover, to the Christian conscience human life, in all its constitutive elements and powers, has been redeemed in Christ, and each life is to pass in this world through His redemptive processes until, as far as possible on earth, its full salvation shall be accomplished." We must not "play truant from God's school." He alone knows when life's lesson is learned and the best means—often strange enough in our eyes—by which that lesson can be fully taught to His wayward children. Further, "each life belongs to others' lives. To live is not only an individual duty; it is a social obligation." Even in those rare cases where self-destruction seems to be the only way of escape from moral pollution, *suicide* can hardly be said to be justifiable, the act of self-destruction changes its character into one of "necessary self-defence." As to the question of euthanasia, "the general ethical rule is that life is to be fought for by all the resources of science until the end." Medical science is strangely ignorant even now concerning the probabilities of life or death, and it has no right to interfere in any way that would cause death. "A quieting balm may be given, but not a deadly potion; positive interference in favour of death, with another's life, would be an interference which, even though suggested by benevolence, no man has authority to render, and which is also contrary to general considerations of utility. The sacredness of life and God's responsibility for it, forbid the assumption of any medical lordship over it." Considerations of utility are here introduced into the argument in an entirely subordinate way, but it is tolerably clear that Utilitarianism, even in its highest and purest form, would not find it easy to refuse the "quietus" which a hopeless sufferer earnestly desires, as much for his friends' sake as for his own. Only the light which comes from the revelation of a personal God, of Christ, Lord of life and death, and from the life and immortality

brought to light through the Gospel, is sufficient to show clearly where the path of duty lies amidst this dark valley of the shadow of death.

Another of the constantly recurring practical questions of Christian casuistry concerns our duty to others rather than to ourselves. Wherein lies the obligation to speak at all times the exact truth? Has it any limits, and, if so, how can these be defined without prejudice to the performance of one of the most sacred and most elementary of duties? Are there any limitations to the obligation of veracity? We have said that our duty in this matter is mainly to others; as St. Paul puts it: "Speak every man truth with his neighbour, for we are members one of another." But it is clear that veracity is a duty a man owes to himself. It is like the duty of personal cleanliness, which is binding on every one, for his own sake as well as for that of others. Truth is the girdle which binds about the loins, keeping all garments in place, and bracing up the body for exercise and service. "Truthfulness," says Dr. Smyth, "is the self-consistency of character; falsehood is a breaking up of moral integrity. Inward truthfulness is essential to moral growth and personal vigour, as it is necessary to the live oak that it should be of one fibre and grain from root to branch." Even the common and apparently trifling fault of affectation is corrupting. "Let the habit of untruthfulness in little social things, and daily affectations of manners, continue, and a wholly unnatural type of character, eaten out with insincerities, may be the result." But none will question the absolute necessity of truthfulness, within and without, as a duty towards self and towards others, and as, perhaps, the first requisite of morality, though many in an age like ours, of varnish and veneer, may fail to see how easily truthfulness may be undermined by the "seeming genial, venial fault," which Society condones, or even inculcates. There is a ready response in the unsophisticated conscience to the vigorous homilies of Ruskin on this point. "Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: they may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should

be swept clean of them, without over-care as to which is largest or blackest."*

Still we are pressed with the question: Are there no fictions of politeness, no falsehoods of necessity? Dr. Newman Smyth seems disposed to allow some place to the former. Untruth may be hidden under the current phrases of polite conversation; so far as this is the case, such forms of speech are reprehensible. "Ordinarily, however, like paper money, though worthless in themselves, they have value in the general social credit and responsibility which they represent. So far as such phrases are convenient as the small change of social intercourse, which, were it necessary, might be redeemed in the real service and helpfulness for which these light passing words of politeness stand, they cannot be regarded as counterfeits of the inward truth of human hearts. Much polite manners and speech is a praiseworthy, though often too heartless, endeavour to carry out in society the golden rule. And the practice with sincere intention of these forms of golden speech may prove a refinement of the spirit as well as of the manners" (pp. 391–392). The emphatic words here for the moralist and the preacher are "with sincere intention." This it is which distinguishes true politeness from false, as it marks out the delicate but very clear line which separates truthfulness from untruthfulness in the use of kindly, courteous forms of speech.

Are there any "necessary lies"? It is better to face a question of this sort outright, and if a failure to tell the whole truth, or anything but the truth, is at any time morally justifiable to declare it and to be able to tell the reason why. Conscience must not be tampered with. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." There is a moral instinct in man which excuses falsehood under extreme and special circumstances; it is well to know whether this is justifiable, or whether the plea of necessity is a mere cloak to cover what must be considered in itself wrong. We quite agree with Dr. Smyth, that all justifiable exceptions to general moral rules should themselves proceed from fixed moral principles. Nothing is so harmful in morals, and in civil or

* *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ch. ii. sec. 1.

family government, as the notion that rules are elastic and may be stretched this way or that upon occasion. If one rule is set aside, it must be by the action of that which is seen to be a higher and more imperative commandment. Then the moral sense is not injured, for between the laws themselves there is no collision, only that under certain circumstances a moral obligation of a higher type suspends the working of one which, in its own sphere, is paramount. Let Dr. Newman Smyth speak for himself at this point:

"The rule for all these cases of conscience may be stated thus: Speaking the truth is an obligation which we owe to all other rational creatures; it is a social duty; but evidently it cannot be owed whenever, from the nature of the case, no claims can be made upon us for the truth. Neither is it owed when it is perfectly clear that those claims have been morally forfeited, or temporarily lost. But this forfeiture of claims upon our truthfulness needs to be determined with sound ethical judgment, and not at our convenience, or by our supposed self-interest. The law is: we are under obligation to give the truth, and no falsehood, to all who have claims to know the truth from us. . . . . Do any men, or men under any special circumstances, lose that social right and cease to have immediate claims upon others for the truth? This is the moral core of the question" (p. 395).

The cases in which such forfeiture has clearly taken place, are such as these. Disease may have made a fellow-creature insane, delirious, or too weak to receive the truth which otherwise would be his due, or he may have "dehumanised himself" by a criminal intent, or, possibly—here authorities may differ—in war it may be held that the claims of an enemy to be told the truth are for the time in abeyance. Dr. Smyth at least takes this position, saying, "It would be absurd to say that it is right to kill an enemy, but not right to deceive him." Few consciences would be injured by a defence of the woman, alone in her house, who frightens away a criminal tramp by calling as if to her husband in the next room. And the physician, or the nurse in charge of the sick, may find from time to time a concealment of the truth to be not only kind, but necessary. Nevertheless, even in these cases, to tell the truth may prove to be the wiser as well as the kinder course, and a little care and skill will frame an answer which will neither injure a patient through bluntness nor violate the

truth through mistaken kindness. We come back once more to Apostolic teaching and shall do well if we can combine St. Paul's ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ, "truthing it in love," with St. John's ἀγαπᾷν ἐν ἀληθείᾳ, "loving in truth."

Space will not admit of our dealing with the social problems raised in connection with Christian ethics. That subject would claim at least an article to itself. It is an excellent sign of the times that hardly any ecclesiastical gathering of any importance is held at which social questions do not occupy a somewhat prominent place. The Church Congress vies with the Congregational Union in claiming for the Christian church a voice in industrial problems. Nothing but good can come of this so long as the Church—which in this case, for the most part, means the clergy—will keep to its proper task of investigating and laying down the *principles* which should regulate social economics, leaving the application of them to the individual or the social conscience. The Christian minister does much more harm than good by meddling in matters which he only half understands. Besides the actual mischief of interference, he imperils that higher influence which it should be his constant aim to preserve and wisely to use. This does not mean that a Christian teacher should not endeavour thoroughly to acquaint himself with the facts which constitute the social problem, or that he is not often among the best and wisest, as he may be amongst the most foolish and impracticable, of counsellors in commercial matters. It means that the Christian minister is chiefly concerned with Christian principles and the inculcation of a Christian spirit by example as well as by precept. To understand the way in which these principles bear upon the present condition of society needs much careful study; it needs indeed more practical knowledge, sounder judgment, and more leisure time than most ministers of religion can command.

They will find, however, much help of the right kind in the treatise before us. Dr. Smyth happily has no "fads" or crotchets; he is fairly free from class prejudices; he can sympathise with the needs of his fellow-creatures without writing nonsense about the People with a capital P. He points out evils calmly, not hysterically. Some of these are: the "impersonality or anonymousness" of modern industrial

life; the tendency of society to gather round two opposite poles, of capital and labour; the human waste under the present industrial system; and "the tendency to form three permanent monopolies—the monopoly of land, of capital, and of place; and, of the three evils, the latter would be felt by many as the worst class grievance. As to the remedy, he says:

"In view of these signs and tendencies, we may reach the following general conclusion concerning the nature of our social problem; the evils which we have noticed accompany the rapid differentiation of the complex elements and functions of modern life; our social need, consequently, is a further and better integration of these factors. The vast and rapid industrial development of our age threatens social disintegration; what the age demands is some larger and happier social integration. In this new wholeness and soundness of society all the differentiations which have been historically developed are not to be destroyed, but fulfilled. Our social problem is to work out the next needed social integration" (p. 447).

Not that the new "integration" proposed by Socialism is by any means to be commended. Apart from its impracticability, the desirability of the programme proposed by the Collectivism of our day is more than doubtful. Dr. Newman Smyth values Socialism chiefly as a needed criticism of the existing state of things, and he gives a number of hints, some of which are new as well as valuable, that may prove very serviceable to ministers desirous of thinking out for themselves an answer to the question—What solution of the existing social problem is furnished by Christianity? Or, using the words with all possible reverence, What would the Lord Jesus Christ say upon the subject, if He were amongst us? He would not make Himself a "judge or a divider" over classes or individuals, but He would lay down principles which would go to the heart of the most complex social difficulties. Has He not already laid down such principles? It is for the ministers of His Church to give the answer. Let us take, however, from Dr. Newman Smyth one illustration—what he calls the "Christian ethical principle of distribution," which is stated in the abstract as follows: "To each according to his power of production and capacity of appropriating the good of being, in harmony with the same law for all." Or, in words the scope of which may be more readily apprehended:

"Christian ethics may insist, as a regulative principle, that one's share in the profits should bear a direct ratio to his social utility. A large share in the products of industry imposes a large social responsibility. The ratio of a man's productive obligation and social responsibility increases in direct proportion with his means. Social justice requires that this direct proportion be maintained between the individual's social utility and his share of the profits of civilisation. A clear and intense perception of this ethical principle of the possession of property is one of the marked characteristics of the public conviction at the present time of the responsibilities of wealth. Bishop Butler once said that he should be ashamed of himself should he die with £10,000. The great public are becoming more and more impatient of the man who has accumulated millions and spent little or nothing for the good of the people. Great wealth is to be estimated as an honour or a reproach, according to the Christian law of productive use and human service" (p. 451).

Let us suppose that this wholesome doctrine were, as with one consent, proclaimed from Christian pulpits and practised with fair unanimity by all Christian merchants and men of wealth amongst us? Would not even an approach to a realisation of this practical "Gospel of Wealth" go far to revolutionise the Christian Church? The influence of such an example would be no less potent for good among capitalists than amongst the representatives of labour, and one hardly knows whether greater results would be achieved by the redistribution of wealth thus effected or by the moral influence of such practical Christianity. But the Christian minister who is faithful enough to announce the duties of property must be equally prepared to maintain its legitimate claims, and have the moral courage to insist upon the duties as well as the rights of labour. Dr. Newman Smyth may perhaps be thought to be over-sanguine in the picture that he draws of the modern Church "organising all Christian humanities and philanthropies in its own spiritual power," becoming "the strong and firm centre around which different industrial groups may be gathered and harmonised," itself "a permanent as well as powerful force of true social development." But it is one great business of ethics to aid in the realisation of high ideals by a clear and vigorous representation of their excellence. Christians should be the very last to complain of the picturing of ideals which seem too fair and too lofty to be realised. The

method of our Lord and Master was not to despair of the lowest, but to bring the very highest within their vision and reach. And it is only in times of unbelief and spiritual decadence that the Christian Church will allow itself to be baffled or disheartened in its glorious task of purifying and Christianising the whole life of the whole world.

We take leave of a most interesting and instructive volume, having given our readers but a faint idea of its contents. The points in which we fail to agree with the author sink out of sight in view of the inspiring picture of the work which lies before the Christian Church in the department of practical ethics, if she is but faithful to her calling and to her Living Head. The vision of "a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing," will be fully realised only at the last. But, before that time comes, the spectacle may be seen of a church by no means herself without blemish, yet labouring with might and main to purify every part of the life of the world in the midst of which her lot has been cast. And He who Himself shrank from no effort, from no humiliation, in order to seek and to save that which was lost, has taught us that it is in the midst of such arduous, self-denying toil His followers draw nearest to the personal holiness they seek, and best prepare for the reward of His presence and smile. "There will come a time," said Hooker, "when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive more reward than three thousand volumes of Divinity written with a disdainful sharpness of wit." Christian doctrine has its crown, its aureole of glory; but only a few can win it. The glory of the Christian doctor is surpassed by that of the Christian saint. "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is Love."

Art. VI.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

1. *The Career of Columbus.* By Charles I. Elton, F.S.A., sometime Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford; of Lincoln's Inn, one of Her Majesty's Counsel; author of *The Tenures of Kent, Norway, the Road and the Fell, Origins of English History,* &c. With Map. London: Cassell & Company, Limited. 1892.

2. *Christopher Columbus, and how he Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery.* By Justin Winsor. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.

ON the third day of last August the little Spanish port of Palos, on the river Tinto, witnessed a remarkable spectacle. At six o'clock in the morning a tiny vessel, the caravel *Santa Maria*, set all its sails and was ready to go down the river, in imitation of the early start of Christopher Columbus on his eventful voyage of discovery four hundred years ago. But there was no wind; a thick mist hung over the water, and the little caravel, built on the model and according to the measurements of the great Admiral's flag-ship, had to be towed down the river till it reached Huelva, where a grand array of foreign vessels thundered a salute as the tiny *Santa Maria* threaded its way between their gigantic lines. It was an interesting scene, and might be taken as emblematical of the mists of imaginative geography and doubtful navigation which beset the voyage on which the Genoese mariner started from Palos on the morning of August 3, 1492—a voyage which cleared away the ocean barriers that had shut out the New World from the view of the Old, and threw wide for coming centuries the Western gates of enterprise and exploration.

Not a little enthusiasm has been displayed on occasion of this four-hundredth anniversary, both in Spain and in Italy; and here in England, as well as across the Atlantic, there has been and will be a good deal of "reading up" with reference to the exploits of this notable figure in fifteenth-century

history. Recourse will be had not only to standard books like Washington Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, but to newer and more critical works, such as Mr. Elton's interesting investigations into the *Career of Columbus*, and the first volume of Mr. Payne's *New History of the Discovery of America*, lately issued from the Clarendon Press. It is true the last-named writer does not contribute much to foster or rekindle the Columbian hero-worship. He seems to regard the Genoese sailor as not at all out of the common track, and attempts to show—not altogether without reason—that he was troubled with little of the pure intellectual thirst for geographical discovery with which he has been credited, but with a great deal of the greed for gold which in all ages has been the chief motive power, and has filled the sail and pointed the prow of the daring explorer from the days of the Argonauts to the present time.

From the clouds which a cold criticism may raise to dim the lustre of a great name, we turn with a feeling of relief to the calmly judicial yet sympathetic spirit in which Mr. Elton has dealt with his subject. Though he scarcely fulfils the promise of his preface by illustrating the explorer's *character*, he pleasantly depicts the surroundings of his youth, throws light on several obscure passages of his career, and stands up manfully for him when it is sought to shear him of the glory of prescient genius in regard to the position and attainability of what we call "the New World," but what he fondly regarded as but the tail of India and Cathay lapping over towards the western side of Europe.

Recent researches, conducted in a sifting critical spirit, have served to confirm the credibility of the main facts of the great navigator's life, as presented to the world in the biography attributed to his son Ferdinand. In the dusty archives of Savona, Mr. Henry Harrisse—a most industrious collector and acute analyser of all that relates to Columbus—discovered the original documents cited in the law suit about the family property, which dragged on its tedious length till the year 1514, but which has preserved to us an authentication of several particulars, on which doubt had till lately been cast.

So far as English readers are concerned, the narrative of Washington Irving remains, after sixty years, at once the most

fascinating and the most complete account of the career of Columbus, and in its main story bids fair to keep its standard position unimpaired. It has sometimes been laid to its charge that it gives too glowing an account of the discoverer's deeds, and deals too tenderly with the blunders and blots of his later life. Irving no doubt thought that a biographer, like a barrister, is bound in all honour to put the most favourable construction on his client's actions, and to credit him as far as possible with high aspirations and pure motives. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that he availed himself largely and judiciously of Las Casas' *History of the Indies*, then existing only in manuscript, and of the invaluable *Coleccion de los Viages Españoles* of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, who, in the Introduction to his third volume, bestows on him this fine encomium :

"Resident in Madrid, exempt from the rivalries which have influenced some European nations with respect to Columbus and his discoveries; having an opportunity to examine excellent books and precious manuscripts, to converse with persons instructed in these matters, and having always in hand the authentic documents which we have just published, he has been enabled to give to his history that fulness, impartiality, and exactness which make it much superior to those of the writers who preceded him."

Mr. Justin Winsor's *Christopher Columbus* is a most interesting and painstaking summary of all that relates to the Admiral—his early life, his voyages, biographies, and portraits, with the geographical results of his discoveries. It is, in fact, an encyclopædia of information on the subject. But, admirable as it is, it is, perhaps, adapted rather for the use of the specialist—to whom, indeed, it is almost indispensable—than for the reading of the many ; and, though its author's purpose evidently is to be perfectly fair towards all, its bias may be thought to incline a little to the disparagement of the great man himself.*

The date of Columbus's birth, like most of the details of his early life, still remains wrapped in uncertainty. While Irving gives it as 1435, recent biographers place it at least ten years

* We are glad to see that the Wesleyan Conference Office has issued a new edition of Mr. Cubitt's little book, *Columbus ; or, the Discovery of America*, an admirable epitome of the history of the great Genoese, pleasantly written.

later—1445-6. His father, Domenico Colombo, of Terra Rossa, was a woolcomber and weaver, who lived in the suburbs of Genoa. In that stirring city Columbus himself distinctly affirms that he was born. In his last will, as Mr. Elton points out, he twice speaks of himself as "nacido in Genova," and charges his estate with the maintenance of some member of his family to keep up his memory in that city, "because thence I came, and there I was born." Here he seems to have spent most of his boyhood with his parents, who lived in the new suburb just outside one of the ancient gates, or in their house by the seaside at Quinto. Of the lively scene which probably met the eye of the embryo voyager at Genoa Mr. Elton paints a pleasing picture. Here, within sight and scent of the sea, and amid the stir of maritime life and the bustle of commerce, the very atmosphere would be an inspiration to adventure, an aërial basis for castles innumerable. When about fourteen years of age young Christopher is said to have been sent for a short time to the University of Pavia; but previously to this he had probably been apprenticed to his father, and would be bound to work at weaving for a term of years, to obey all lawful orders, to remain in Genoa except when the plague was raging; and in return would be entitled, by the usual Genoese form of indentures, to have board and lodging, a blue gaberdine, and a good pair of shoes, &c. But it was open to his father to relax these stern and strict conditions, and give the bright, energetic boy the opportunity to follow his favourite cosmographic pursuits, to pick up Latin and arithmetic, and gain some skill in drawing and painting—arts which in after years proved of much use to him.

Of the Pavia of those days Mr. Elton gives a fascinating account. It is now a dismal and probably unwholesome old city. But in the time of Columbus the broad streets were full of youthful life, the gardens were bright with flowers, and the encircling meadows resounded with the games and races of merry boys. During his short stay here young Christopher, if he listened attentively to the lectures of the learned professors, would drink in some marvellous information, highly creditable to the imaginative powers of the geographic staff. After leaving this seat of science he is supposed to have been

employed for a few months at home, wool-carding and assisting at the loom, but all the while looking forward from this monotony to a life of adventure at sea. His first trips were probably to Sicily and among the islands of the Mediterranean. His time on shore was spent principally at Genoa and Savona, where his father made and sold "good cloth," and where his mother attended to the wants of the sailors who frequented their little tavern. Of his proceedings during these early years, from 1461 to 1470, the details are but scanty. His son and biographer, Don Ferdinand, says:

"Of his voyages to the east and west, and many other things about his early days, I have no perfect knowledge, because he died when I was confined by my filial duty, and had not the boldness to ask him to give me an account of them, or (to speak the truth), being but young, I was at that time far from being troubled with such thoughts."—ELTON, p. 4.

During the latter part of this period it is probable that he gave up trade entirely, and engaged in privateering under the command of the two notorious rovers named Columbus, or Colombo; the elder of whom figures in French history as "the Admiral Coulon," and was "one of the most useful tools of Louis the Eleventh," harrying the merchantmen and treasure-ships of the enemy, and sweeping the seas with a daring piratical course. Under this worthy our Christopher evidently sailed, and was employed by him when his services were engaged by Réné of Provence. Old Colombo commissioned him to "cut out" a large Neapolitan vessel lying off the African coast, and Columbus has told the story in a letter written in January, 1495, as an illustration of his own nautical skill; but it serves also as a specimen of his unscrupulous tricks in the management of a turbulent crew. "I saw," he says, "that there was no going against their will without some contrivance, and seemed to give way; but then I turned the needle of the compass right round, and set sail when it was getting late."

In this rough life under the two "Admirals" Columbus probably spent great part of his time up to the end of his twenty-fifth year, when a disastrous sea-fight is stated to have put a stop to his career as corsair under the younger Colombo.

His son's brief and stirring account of this catastrophe seems to bear marks of having come direct from the father's lips. Unfortunately it must be received with many grains of salt, as the battle in question did not take place at the time assigned to it, and, according to one theory, we owe this interesting incident to the genius of the compiler of the Italian *Historie*, published under the name of Ferdinand Columbus, who possibly interwove imagination with actuality, and filled out his narrative with the adventures of other mariners. On the other hand, an imaginative compiler would probably have made more of the incident, and Mr. Elton holds that "the narrative is in no way injured by the error which the biographer made in thinking that the later battle described by the Venetian writers was that in which his father had been engaged." Ferdinand writes:

"I say that while the Admiral sailed with the aforesaid Colombo el Mozo, which was a long time, it fell out that, hearing of the galleys coming from Flanders, they went out to look for them, and found them near Cape St. Vincent. Then falling to blows, they fought furiously, and grappled and beat one another from ship to ship with rage and fury, with their pikes and hand-grenades and other fiery artillery; and so after they had fought from matins to vespers, and many had been killed, the fire seized on my father's ship and also on one of the great galleons. Now they were grappled together with iron hooks and chains such as sailors use, and neither of them could get free because of the confusion and fear of the fire; and the fire soon grew so great that the only hope was for all who could to leap into the water, and to die quick rather than face the torment of the flames. But the Admiral being an excellent swimmer, and seeing himself about two leagues from land, laid hold of an oar which Fortune offered him, and sometimes resting on it and sometimes swimming, it pleased God, who was preserving him for greater ends, to give him strength to get to land, but so tired and spent with the water that he had much ado to recover himself."

The story has a happy termination. His escape from a watery grave, according to his son, took place

"Not far from Lisbon, where he knew that there were many Genoese, and he went there as fast as he could; and being recognised by his friends, he was so courteously received and entertained, that he set up house and married a wife in that city."—ELTON, pp. 60, 61.

At this point his biographers usually attempt to give us an idea of his personal appearance. Tall and large of limb, his

face long, his nose aquiline, his cheeks rather full, his eyes bluish grey, his hair and beard red, turning quite early to grey and white, he was, we can believe, "of a comely presence." The bent of his career seems to have been given by his marriage to a fair lady of Lisbon, Philippa Moniz. She was the daughter of Bartholomew Perestrello, a descendant of an old Italian family, and "one of the great explorers who had found again the lost islands of the Atlantic." When Columbus arrived in Lisbon, Perestrello had been dead about twelve years. Philippa's mother had a house in the city, but she herself was a *cavaliera*, or dame, in one of the knightly orders, and could reside, if she pleased, in the Convent of All Saints. Here she sang in the chapel choir, and hither the young Genoese found his way, and became a regular attendant at the service which presented such an attraction. If Christopher was charmed by her beautiful face and voice, Philippa could not but notice his fine figure and handsome features, and she allowed him to make her acquaintance. Her well-to-do relations, no doubt, looked depreciatingly on such an alliance. "He was clever enough, and able to keep himself with his charts and scrolls; but, after all, he was nothing but a foreign captain who had lost his ship and had joined the crowd of adventurers full of rich promises and fantastic inventions." But she had inherited a strong will—as well as a plantation in her father's island of Porto Santo. She admired his brave enterprising spirit, and entered into his adventurous dreams. Like Desdemona,

> "She loved" him "for the dangers" he "had passed,
> And" he "loved her that she did pity them."

"She was so taken with him," says his filial biographer, "that she soon became his wife." They went to live with her mother, Donna Isabel, and Columbus worked closely at map-making, in which his wife ably assisted him. The two ladies fanned the flame of his longing for maritime adventure and discovery by their talk about Madeira and Porto Santo, and the feats of old Perestrello, "a great seafaring man." In these quiet days at Lisbon Columbus had the opportunity of studying, in the companionship of his wife and her mother,

the papers, sea-charts and memoranda of the defunct mariner, amongst them being a description of what he found at Porto Santo; by which "the Admiral was still more inflamed." After a while, his brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, who had acted as governor of the colony of Porto Santo during the minority of young Bartholomew Perestrello, returned to Lisbon, with his wife Iseult, and had much to say about the signs and tokens of new lands in the West. He had seen a piece of wood, curiously carved, brought by westerly winds to Porto Santo, which lies within reach of the current of the Gulf Stream. Moreover, he had found afloat great canes, which were still to be seen at Lisbon, having been sent as a curiosity to the King. "Seeing is believing," and the King himself having showed the canes to Columbus, "he looked upon it as certain," his biographer tells us, "that the wind had brought them from some island, or perhaps from India."

Little by little, these tales from Porto Santo, these tokens of life drifted from the far western waste of waters, told upon the Genoese mariner, and possibly led him to think of the feasibility of settling down in the family island, as a starting-point for future essays and feats of discovery. Accordingly they are stated to have gone back to the old home of the Perestrello family; but the statement is very doubtful, this period being involved in mystery and uncertainty. In the intervals between his annual runs out to sea, we may imagine him to have pored over his well-thumbed favourites—the *Cosmography* of Æthicus, the *Imago Mundi* of Pierre d'Ailly, the marvellous stories of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, and thence derived much of his inspiration, as well as many of his blunders. The settled idea which he formed from the perusal of these worthies was that the far end of India and Cathay, and the proud city of waters where Kubla Khan held high state, were to be reached by a brief sail across the Atlantic. The old tales of Tyre and Carthage about the discovery of fertile islands in the Western Ocean, the legends of the Hesperides and the fruitful Antillia, all helped to shape the conclusions which he had drawn from the visible drift of the Gulf Stream, and from his own speculations on the make of the world.

One of the first practical steps we find him taking towards his contemplated voyage of discovery was to consult Paolo Toscanelli, of Florence, an enlightened and famous cosmographer. Towards the end of 1474, he sent by a friend a letter to this learned man, acquainting him with his design, and asking advice and information. Toscanelli, though then seventy-seven years of age, speedily replied in an encouraging letter, praising his "noble and earnest desire," and enclosing a copy of a chart which he had prepared for the King of Portugal, and on which were figured India and a multitude of islands, with the "most noble country called Zacton," under the dominion of the Great Khan, who resided for the most part in the province of Cathay, and from whom, quite lately, an ambassador had come to the Pope, Eugenius IV. Toscanelli's letter retailed many astounding Asiatic marvels, derived from this indubitable ambassador and other truth-loving travellers. His map has unfortunately been lost from view; but it appears to have set forth the same notion of the coast of Asia lying opposite to that of Spain, and is even thought by some to have originated Columbus's theory on that point.

Early in 1477, Columbus is supposed to have made a voyage to the north of Europe; but his own account of it, as given in his son's Life of him, is so brief and vague that it is a disputed point *where* he went, and even—such was his carelessness as to dates in these conversational reminiscences—*when* he went. From his own words, it has been inferred that on this voyage he visited Iceland; and Professor Magnussen on this frail foundation built up the theory that he must have held conversations with Icelandic scholars, and gained particulars as to western discoveries in former days by Scandinavian voyagers. The drift of the whole—a mere series of surmises—is simply to deprive Columbus of some portion of his glory, as if he had availed himself of Icelandic traditions, and carefully concealed any knowledge of them. But this, as Mr. Elton shows, was quite contrary to his custom; for, "as a matter of fact, it was his habit to write down all that he could learn in any quarter which tended to the confirmation of his theory." Whatever the historic value of the Norse stories

about "Vinland the Fair" may be, there is no proof and little likelihood that Columbus knew anything about them.

After this voyage to the north, in which it is possible he visited Bristol, he seems to have passed some time at home on the little island of Porto Santo, and to have made and sold maps and charts as before. Probably this was the happiest part of his life. His project of oceanic exploration was as yet but a castle in the air, gilded with gay fancies and tinted with the fair hues of hope. As opportunity served, he would go out on a summer voyage—now, with his brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, sailing about the Azores; now visiting the Portuguese factories in Morocco; or venturing to more distant shores, and taking a peep at the blacks on the Senegal or on the Gold Coast; or trading with the sugar-makers in the Canary Islands; all the while gathering up whatever tended to favour his theory that there was to be found a quick and quiet route across the Atlantic in a westerly or south-westerly direction, by which he and his employers could make their way to that extreme eastern end of the Indies, which he supposed to curl round the globe to a position not so very remote from the west of Europe. The "Indies" were the field in which the imagination of the old travellers had luxuriated, and whoever hit upon this short untravelled road to them would command untold riches—gold, precious stones, sway and splendour unsurpassed.

In 1481, Martin Behaim had so improved the astrolabe as to make it into a rough-and-ready sextant, by which the latitude might easily be got at and the ship's course ascertained when far from land. King John II. of Portugal, soon after this useful discovery, finding it necessary to send a fleet to the coast of Guinea to protect his factory at Saama, Columbus took part in the expedition, having command of one of the caravels; and on this occasion he made his last visit to that part of Africa. After his return he began to press his schemes of western voyaging upon the king, who at first seemed favourable to them, but subsequently, after his council had discussed the project, declined to entertain it. Portugal was already deeply engaged in the exploration of Africa, and he and his council were not disposed to neglect a certainty, which sufficiently taxed their resources, in order to devote themselves to a novel

search for the dream-lands pictured by the glowing imagination of Marco Polo. But though John can hardly be blamed for taking this line of prudence, he acted with a meanness fully in accordance with his grasping, covetous character by secretly sending out a little expedition of his own from the Cape Verde Islands on the route proposed by Columbus. His three caravels, however, came back with the report, that after voyaging to the westward for several days they could see no land. The king's jealousy of other nations in the matter of foreign possessions, and his barbarous treatment of any whom he thought likely to betray the secrets of his explorations and possessions to other potentates, were well known to Columbus; and after a year or two passed in Portugal, in danger of being punished merely for having had the opportunity of learning too much about the African settlements, he slipped away, about the end of 1484, into Spain. Perhaps, also, he found himself liable to be arrested for debt. His monetary condition and his movements at this crisis of his affairs are lost in a cloud of uncertainty. By some he is supposed, on leaving Portugal, to have laid his plans of discovery before the Signoria of Genoa, his birthplace, and subsequently before the authorities of the Republic of Venice, but without success. In his own country he met with the proverbial fate of the prophet.

The commonly accepted account of his entry into Spain is, that on leaving the Portuguese boundary he was making his way on foot, with his little son, towards Huelva, to find the house of his sister-in-law, Donna Muliar, when he came to the convent of La Rabida, which stands on a solitary height on the sea-coast, very near the port of Palos.* Here he applied at the gate for alms; and while the porter was supplying him with bread and water, the good prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, attracted by the sight of the way-worn beggar and child, and by their foreign accent, entered into conversation with them. Columbus told him his errand, and so interested him in his schemes that the hospitable Franciscan kept him as his guest

* In Washington Irving's Appendix will be found an exceedingly interesting account of "A Visit to Palos in 1828," in which he gives a full description of the convent of La Rabida.

for a few days, and invited a learned physician of Palos, Don Garcia Fernandez—to whose testimony we are indebted for these particulars—to join in the discussion, and weigh the worth of the stranger's remarkable projects. Perez recommended the projector to repair to the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and lay his facts and proposals before them, so as to gain their patronage and help. Another member of this informal council was Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the distinguished head of a well-to-do family of navigators, who is said to have furnished Columbus with the means of proceeding to Court. The King and Queen were then busily engaged in the conquest of Granada, and Columbus was obliged to wait for more propitious moments, receiving meantime some small allowance from the State, and gradually acquiring more influence in favour of his project. In 1489 he served in the campaign against the Moors, and during the next two years he kept a small bookseller's shop at Seville, where he sold charts and maps.

At length, after these years of weary expectation, he succeeded in making an impression upon the united Sovereigns, and the matter was referred to a conference of *savans* and mariners at Salamanca. The report of these learned and practical men was adverse to the scheme; and Columbus, after stating and defending his proposals with clearness and eloquence, had to undergo another term of painful training, and "learn to labour and to wait." On further application through powerful friends, the King and Queen sent him intimation that they could not entertain or even listen to his plan for making a western passage to the Indies until the war with the Moors was happily ended. Though the plea was just, for the royal exchequer was already drained by the exigencies of the long campaign, Columbus, unsuccessful also in his efforts to induce the commerce-loving Dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi to take up the speculation, was about to leave Spain for France, never to return. Queen Isabella, however, had had some doubts and regrets about the decision, and, Granada being now at last wrested from the Moors, she felt a characteristic dislike to lose even a chance of increasing the royal dominions and revenues, to say nothing of the advantages which might accrue to religion

from the conversion of the Indians, and the grand crusade against the followers of Mahomet, which the Genoese dreamer put forth as the outcome of his scheme. The Indies were to furnish the sinews of war for the Faithful in the final overthrow of the Paynim.

Much romantic colouring has been bestowed upon the Castilian Queen, and she has often been contrasted with her less agreeable consort, greatly to his disadvantage. But were they not in reality very evenly matched, being closely joined in all State policy, and both being adepts in the cunning and deceit which were the ordinary working tools of the monarchs and statesmen of those days? Isabella's gracious demeanour, her religious fervour, her patriotic ardour, were, in many instances, but useful screens for the calculating coldness and marble hardness which lay beneath the fair appearance. The thoughtful and genial Helps writes of her: "Perhaps there is hardly any great personage whose name and authority are found in connection with so much that is strikingly evil, all of it done, or, rather, assented to, upon the highest and purest motives." "An anxious inquirer into the Queen's ways," says Mr. Winsor, "is not quite sure that she was able to distinguish between her own interests and those of God." Of course, we should make allowance for the times and the circumstances which influenced the cast of her thoughts. But, to gauge the breadth and depth of her Christianity, it is only necessary to bear in mind her acquiescence in the barbarous expulsion of the Jews, and her complacent allowance of the horrors of the Inquisition, introduced into Spain by her husband —an accursed apparatus, from the dark operations of which in the past that noble country suffers to this day. The King was a narrow-minded bigot, of the genuine Spanish Catholic stamp—a smiling, cold-blooded tyrant, whom the Papacy marked out as its specially devoted son by conferring upon him the absurdly inappropriate title, "His Most Catholic Majesty."

Through the good offices of his old friend Perez, Columbus was again summoned to the royal camp, and rode into Santa Fé on his mule in December 1491. He was in time to see the grand parade of the submission of Boabdil, the last of the

Moorish kings; and at length his turn for audience came, and he was called to state his case to Fernando de Talavera, the Queen's confessor. Now the tables were turned, the oft-disappointed projector was the man in most request, and all would have gone well but for his extravagant demands. Poverty and neglect had taught him no moderation in his stipulations for power and wealth as a reward for a chimerical undertaking. He overstepped the boundary which a more modest estimate of the situation would have marked out for him, and the negotiation was speedily closed. He again resolved to offer the tempting project to France, and in February 1492 turned his back on the Spanish Court, and trotted away towards the frontier. Two leagues from Granada a horseman overtook him, and brought him back once more. The Queen had been talked over and warmed into a glow of enthusiasm by splendid pictures of the boundless wealth, wide dominion, glorious spread of the Catholic religion, that were to result from an undertaking which in its fitting out would cost the paltry sum of three million crowns. When Ferdinand hung back a little, desirous of the gain but dismayed at the cost, Isabella declared that the cost should fall only on her kingdom of Castile. The bargain was concluded on liberal terms for Columbus. He was to be the King's Admiral in all parts discovered by himself, to be viceroy and governor-general over all the said islands, continents, &c.; to have the tenth part of the net profits, and, besides, in consideration of contributing an eighth part of the expenses, he was to take an eighth share of the gain. Palos, as bound by charter, had to provide two caravels, and Columbus was to provide a third. The little port was dismayed at the royal mandate, but after some consideration, and by the help of the brothers Pinzon, two rich shipbuilders and able navigators, who were willing to accompany the expedition, the small fleet was got together; the *Santa Maria*, the new Admiral's flag-ship, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*, were ready for sea; and early on the morning of August 3rd, 1492, they spread sail and passed down the little river to the main, to penetrate the secrets of the unknown ocean of the West.

In celebrating the commencement of this daring venture by

these tiny vessels, the largest of which was probably not over sixty-three feet in length, the world of to-day looks at Columbus not so much in the character of the Genoese sailor who led the way into strange seas, and whose career has been covered with romance and taken as the text for innumerable lessons on faith and perseverance, but as the striking figure which stands at the Rubicon between the old order and the new. After a long sleep Europe was waking up, the darkness of the Middle Ages was clearing away, learning had revived, and the printing press was hard at work. Luther was about to deal the Papacy —the great mother of superstition and fosterer of popular ignorance—a blow from which it should never recover. The spirit of enterprise was abroad in all the seaboard lands. Spain, bracing herself to the task, had shaken off the inglorious Moorish yoke. For the fiery souls who felt the chronic craving for conquest the known world was all too small. Columbus was eminently a man of his time, and he stands forth to the modern eye a bold embodiment of the spirit of the age. The seeds of maritime and mercantile enterprise had found in his mind a soil receptive and tenacious. His boyhood at Genoa amidst busy merchants and bronzed seamen, his semi-piratical training, the study of old Perestrello's charts and memoranda, the experiences of Lisbon and Seville, had aroused and fostered his passion for discovery. The same passion was in the hearts of a thousand more of those times, but while they stopped short of pushing their projects into shape and action he built up for himself a compact theory from the small attempts and feeble fancies of others, and fortified it by the drifts and strays, the dim outlines and mysterious marvels, which old tradition and recent adventure had mapped out for him. These all seemed to him to point to a western land, yet part of the Indies, and endowed with the rare treasures of the East, and the enthusiastic Ligurian had looked forward through long years to the day when he should claim a portion of these rich possessions as his well-earned reward.

After various perils from sea and from crew, the morning light of October 12th, 1492, brought land into view; the New World was reached, and a little island in the Bahama group was taken possession of, and christened San Salvador

(probably the one now called Watling's Island). They had not, it is true, touched the shores of the great Asiatic continent, or the large island of "Cipango," still the Admiral gazed with wonder and delight on the beautiful scenery, and thought for the time that his dreams were now to be realised, and that the Great Khan, and the Gold Mines, and the Garden of the Hesperides, and the Earthly Paradise were within easy reach. After taking possession of two other islands he came to Saometo, afterwards named Isabella—an isle which fascinated him more than anything he had yet met with: "It is all so fine," he wrote, "that I do not know where to begin." But it did not satisfy his thirst for the tangible gold—something showy to send home as the product of the expedition. His "Indian" guides told him of a king in the interior who carried much gold about him. "I wish," he said, "I could see this king, and try and get the gold he wears." The king evidently was expected to give up his gold in return for the boon of Spanish religion and civilisation. But the golden king appeared not. "I must go on to some country," the Admiral resolved, "where I can manage some great commercial operation." He determined to visit all the islands, and then to go to "the Terra Firma and the City of Quinsay" (probably Hangchow), to remit King Ferdinand's letters to the Great Khan, to ask for an answer and return home with it.

Sailing for Cuba, and still full of these illusions, he found it to be "the fairest island ever seen by the eyes of man." Next came the crowning exploit of this first voyage. On December 6 he arrived at the island of Bohio, or Hayti, of which he had heard amazing accounts. Its beautiful scenery reminded the Spaniards of the Vale of Cordova, and in the warmth of home recollections they gave it the name of Hispaniola. Of the natives Columbus wrote a flaming panegyric: "So loving, tractable, and free from covetousness they are, that I swear to your Highnesses there are no better people nor any better country in the world. They love their neighbours as themselves, and their conversation is the sweetest in the universe, being pleasant and always smiling." But it was a bad day for these unspoilt people when the admiring Admiral landed on their shores; they cannot but be pitied in view of the coming

loss of their tropical Eden. Here he found rumours and signs of gold, and felt sure that he had secured the object of his voyage, and hit upon the rich stores of the wealthy "Cipango." He determined to return at once to Spain without attempting further discoveries, "lest some other misfortune might befall him, which might hinder their Catholic Majesties from coming to the knowledge of these newly acquired kingdoms." Building a fort at a place christened La Navidad, and leaving there a garrison of forty-two men, he set sail homeward on January 14, 1493, in the *Nina*, his own ship having been wrecked a few days previously on a flat "in a dead calm, and with the sea as still as the water in a dish." They fell in for a fearful storm, which gave rise to much terror and many comical vows on the part of the crew, and some excellent reflections on the part of the Admiral. At last they gained the Azores; then came another storm, and finally, after "running on without a rag of cloth," they got sight of land, found themselves at the mouth of the Tagus, and were glad to get into the port of Lisbon. "And this, to my mind," said Columbus, "is the greatest marvel in the world." He was unaware of a still greater marvel—that, by a slight change of course before touching the little island of San Salvador, he had narrowly missed running on to the American continent itself.

There was great excitement in Lisbon when the weather-beaten Spanish Admiral entered the port. The populace thronged to stare at his Indian captives, and shouted for joy at his success. King John, ever grasping and unscrupulous, was mortified that Spain had engaged the services which he had rejected, and so would have rule over these Indies of the West. He put the best face on his chagrin, and invited the "ancient mariner" to come into his presence and tell his marvellous tale himself. A fair opportunity for revenge was now presented to the formerly despised navigator. Holding him "with his glittering eye," he recounted his adventures without mercy, and poured out his praises of the golden lands to the mortified king without regard to his darkening brow.

Embarking once more on his caravel, Columbus reached the port of Palos on March 15, and thence made a triumphal progress through Spain to Barcelona, there to tell his startling

story to his royal employers and partners. This first voyage, spite of all its mistakes, had been a grand success, and brought well-deserved renown to the man who had brooded for years over its conception. Whatever depreciation may be attempted of the enterprising genius of Columbus, this exploit can never be minimised down to nothing. Wash out from the memory of his career what incidents we may, chip off from his statue all the ornamental trifles we can, still he stands forth majestic as the man who conceived a great world-revealing enterprise, and had the courage and ability to carry it out.

The second voyage took a more business-like shape. A colony was to be founded across the sea. Columbus had found, as he thought, a short cut to the mountains of Ophir, and the Spanish expedition was expected to emulate the feat of Solomon's ships by bringing thence rich freights of gold and silver. Early on September 25, 1493, seventeen ships and caravels set sail from Cadiz Roads, crowded with sailors, husbandmen, artisans, and adventurers. After victualling at the Canaries, the Admiral, who was accompanied by his two sons, Diego and Ferdinand, stood out to the south-west, to find the islands of the Amazons. On Sunday, November 3, he came in sight of one of the Caribbean group, and christened it Dominica, on account of its being discovered on the Lord's Day. After a stay of a few days at Guadaloupe, they made a fresh start, Columbus being anxious to reach Hispaniola, and see how the infant settlement at La Navidad was getting on. At Santa Cruz they had a skirmish with the Caribs, and found that there were still some doughty Amazons left in the world, for the female archers were quite as ferocious as the male warriors. Passing the Virgin Isles, and touching at Porto Rico, they at length reached Hispaniola.

Here a sad scene awaited them. The little fortress had been destroyed, the Indian houses burnt; all was silent and deserted. The Carib chief had descended on the place, and swept away the Spanish settlers and whatever treasure they had collected. Columbus acted with vigour. He found near Monte Christo a site for a new city, which he called Isabella; sent out two officers to examine the gold mines and the auriferous streams, and, at last, was able to despatch part of his

fleet back to Spain with some specimens of gold, and such fruits and plants as appeared to be valuable; and, above all, with glowing accounts of what was to be the outcome of his discoveries; but, on the other hand, with a request for fresh supplies for the colony.

Misfortunes now seemed to come thickly upon him. He voyaged to the beautiful isle of Jamaica, but found he had been misled as to its metallic riches. "It soon appeared," says his son, "that the story of the gold was a delusion, and Columbus started off again to look for the cities of Asia." Still under the old delusion; still imagining that he was skirting a projecting horn of the Asiatic continent when sailing along the lengthy coast of Cuba; still fancying that the numerous islets they passed were identical with the thousands of islands which Marco Polo's liberality had bestowed upon the Eastern Archipelago: all the while unaware that he was close to the open sea, and that across the Gulf of Mexico lay the key to richer lands than he had yet gazed upon. He made his captains and crew swear to his imaginary "facts" about his Indian continent, and undertake to suffer the severest penalties if they ever asserted anything to the contrary.

On his return to Spain from this second transatlantic voyage he was favourably received by the king and queen. Isabella was much interested in the Indians whom he took back with him. But Ferdinand and his subjects were getting tired of these expensive and comparatively unproductive expeditions. He had more important matters of State to engage his attention; and the Admiral, finding it difficult to procure men for a fresh voyage, at last had to be content with a fleet of six ships, manned chiefly by convicts.

He sailed on this third voyage on May 30, 1498, and it proved very important in its results. Making for the Carib Islands, he came to an isle with three mountain peaks upon it, and named it Trinidad. Stretching to the west was seen a long line of land, which he took to be another island, but which was really part of the South American continent, near the mouth of the Orinoco. Passing into the Gulf of Paria, he coasted along its northern shore, and now for the first time actually touched the great continent, and had communication

with its inhabitants. It is uncertain whether he himself landed on the coast of Paria, since he was very ill at the time, and was suffering from a severe affection of the eyes. But he saw or heard enough to confirm him in his delusive fancy that Paria, like Cuba, was a horn of the great *Asiatic* continent, and that here, or not far off, were the precincts of the Garden of Eden. But his own provisions and his stores for the colony were fast running short, and he found it necessary to emerge by the dreaded Dragon's Mouth from the Parian Gulf, and make for Hispaniola. After sighting Tobago and Grenada, and turning westward to track the Pearl Coast, he came across the islands of Cubagua and Margarita, where his crews bought some pearls from the natives, which Columbus regarded as the first-fruits of a precious harvest which should restore his credit in Spain, but which he could not now stay to get in.

At length he got back to his colony in Hispaniola, and found his brother Bartholomew building the new city of San Domingo, named after their old father Domenico. But all was going wrong. Since the Admiral's departure there had been nothing but wars and rumours of wars, and now rebellion and disaffection were the order of the day. Columbus, for peace' sake, allowed the Spanish rebels to send home for sale their Indian captives, including the daughters of chiefs. This culminated his disgrace at the Spanish Court, where the Queen expressed great indignation at such treatment of her Indian vassals. All sorts of charges—unfortunately not altogether groundless—were sent home to Spain against the man who had added such famous reaches of territory to the Spanish dominions. Worn out with his troubles, he felt quite ready to "give up the government of this dissolute people." His sigh for relief was gratified in an unexpected manner. Bobadilla arrived as High Commissioner with full powers, and summoned him and his brother Bartholomew to stand their trial at San Domingo. On coming there they were put in irons, and after the semblance of a trial were sent to Spain as convicts in chains. We can imagine the much-tried Genoese exclaiming in the words of the poet:

> "Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains
> For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,

> As holy John had prophesied of me,
> Gave glory and more empire to the Kings
> Of Spain than all their battles! Chains for him
> Who pushed his prows into the setting sun,
> And made West East, and sailed the Dragon's Mouth,
> And came upon the Mountain of the World,
> And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!"

But when they arrived in Spain, Columbus found that the insults heaped upon him by his enemies had overshot their mark, and had raised a counter storm of indignation. The King and Queen believed his protestations, acquitted him of all the charges, and invited him to Court at Granada. There the Admiral appeared in rich apparel, and attended by his squires and pages, and faced the King with looks of anger and reproach. But the Queen is said to have burst into tears at the sight of her much-suffering *protégé*, and then the emotional seaman threw himself on his knees before her, and also gave vent to his feelings in tears and sobs.

From October 1500 to May 1502 Columbus remained in Spain, "fallen from his high estate," discredited both as a discoverer and as an administrator. He was nominally suspended, but really dethroned, from his viceroyalty. Ferdinand, never the most honourable of men, had found that he could do much better without him. Columbus had shown the way, and now, with the knowledge that there really was land on the other side of the water, and that a daring voyager could not fail to run his ship upon something rich and rare, many adventurers were ready to sail westward, and to take their chance of profit and reward. To add to his mortification, a new Governor was appointed, to supersede Bobadilla and to take command of all the domains already acquired, or to be acquired, in the New World. Nicholas de Ovando was the man selected, who, in February 1502, went to sea with a fleet of thirty ships, and in a style of state and grandeur which the ex-viceroy had never attained.

Depressed with disappointment in his long struggles to gain his rights, Columbus allowed his mind to wander into those visionary tracks in which it had formerly found relief. He spent some months at Seville, inditing his *Book of Prophecies*, in which he showed—at least, to his own satisfaction—that he

was predestined to recover the Holy Places from the infidel, as well as to press forward the enlightenment of the world before its cataclysm, which he had calculated as about to take place at the end of 155 years. Presently he turned again to his cosmographical theories, and at last persuaded the King to grant him leave to make yet another voyage, in which he hoped to discover the passage westerly through the Caribbean Sea, which should carry him to the Asiatic Indies. Ferdinand probably thought the troublesome old navigator was as well out of the way, and that his little expedition might have some good results. The lofty notions which Columbus entertained as to his own favourable standing in the sight of Heaven may be seen in a letter which he addressed, shortly before he set sail on this last expedition, to the managers of the Bank of St. George in Genoa, and which was discovered on the files of the bank in 1829. A sentence or two will suffice:

"HIGH NOBLE LORDS,—Although the body walks about here, the heart is constantly over there. Our Lord has conferred on me the greatest favour to any one since David. The results of my undertaking already appear, and would shine greatly were they not concealed by the blindness of the Government. I am going again to the Indies under the auspices of the Holy Trinity, soon to return," &c.—WINSOR, p. 435.

In May 1502 he started on this last quest, his fleet consisting of four caravels, carrying in all 150 men. The voyage, taken altogether, was a failure. The old Admiral wandered along the coast of Honduras, Costa Rica, and Panama, but found not the outlet he wanted to the westward. Instead of a strait there was an isthmus, and he knew not the grand scene that would have met his eyes had he crossed that narrow neck of land. Returning to Jamaica a disappointed man, he spent some time there, confronted by a sea of troubles. "The honesty of my service," he wrote home, "and these unmerited affronts, would not let my soul be silent, if I wished it. . . . . For others I have wept before; but now let Heaven have mercy upon me, and let the whole earth weep!" At last he received from Ovando the much-needed help, and, after a brief rest at San Domingo, pursued his course homeward in a stormy passage, and arrived, sick and sorely disheartened, at San Lucar, on November 7, 1504.

So ended the last disastrous voyage of the great discoverer. In his old home at Seville he heard of the death of his patroness, Queen Isabella, and wrote to his son Diego: "We trust that she rests in glory, far from all care for this rough and weary world." He devoted his remaining days to the thankless task of applying for the arrears due to his men, and for the restitution of his dignities, following the Court from place to place on his hopeless errand. At last, being pressed by Ferdinand to give up his claims, in exchange for an estate and a pension in Castile—"the Indies showing more and more what they were like to be, and how great would be the Admiral's share"—he manfully replied that if the King would not keep his word it was useless to contend with him. "I have done all that I could, and I leave the rest to God." His death took place at Valladolid on Ascension Day, May 21, 1506, comparatively unnoticed; but after-ages have amply atoned for contemporary neglect.

We turn for a moment from the career to the character of Columbus. It was marked with some fine qualities, and with many stains and defects. To these latter he mainly owed the dishonour and neglect of his later days. We cannot but admire his grand conceptions, his acute observation, his undaunted courage, his patient persistence. But his character was degraded, as his career was spoilt, by the hunger after gold, which distinguished his demands even before his first voyage westward was arranged, and which lowered the level of his aims and sullied the shield of his fame. In a rough and cruel age he stands out, not as a chivalrous reformer, a true friend of humanity, but as an earnest introducer and steady encourager of slavery and the slave trade in their worst form, and from the meanest motives. With regard to his treatment of the natives of Hispaniola, Las Casas records that his policy in 1494–96 killed off one-third of them in that short period. Carried still further by his successors, his barbarous system of government soon resulted in the utter annihilation of the unfortunate race that dwelt in the Antilles. If we want to regard Columbus as a really great man, we must leave his personal character entirely out of sight. We must forget his unscrupulousness, his untruthfulness, his grasping covetousness,

his foolish conviction that he was the chartered favourite of Heaven. We must confine ourselves to his one great feat—setting the first lesson in that exploration which added the American Continent to the then known world. It is true this feat was the consequence of a blunder, and Columbus did not find the short cut to the riches of India and Cathay, on which he doted to his dying day. Had he and his aiders and abettors known the actual distance from Palos to the Asiatic coast, probably he would never have started on the quest; certainly they would never have fitted him out with his little fleet. Even if he had succeeded in traversing the fifteen thousand miles to the land of his visions, he and his tiny squadron, instead of conquering or cajoling the mighty monarchs of the East, would without doubt have been swallowed up and heard of no more.

But, blunder or not, his was the first venture into that great unknown, and to his bright intelligence and quick observant eye, his skilful use of primitive and inadequate appliances, his restless research and brave endurance, we owe the more business-like achievements of a long illustrious line of contemporaries and successors. His commanding figure, as we have pointed out, stands between the old order and the new. While, on the one hand, Count Roselly de Lorgues and others of his French admirers have absurdly striven to crown him with the halo of saintship, and to procure his canonization by the Roman See; and, on the other hand, his "candid friends" in both hemispheres have done their best to damp all enthusiasm in his favour, the vast unprejudiced public of Europe and America justly celebrates to-day his first adventurous voyage as a memorable epoch in the history of the centuries, from the glory of which Columbus himself cannot be excluded.

ART. VII.—TENNYSON.

The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and other Poems. By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

THE closing years of our dying century are no longer to be graced by the presence of the last great English poet who has adorned the age. Alfred Tennyson, whose life began in 1809, when Byron had not yet published *Childe Harold*, who was but a schoolboy when Keats faded out of life at Rome, and Shelley perished off Spezia, whose long life of steady achievement and widening popularity kept even pace for many a year with that of Robert Browning, has now himself gone over to the great majority of the brother-poets among whom he had earned and kept an illustrious place. He has not outlived by three full years Browning, the only singer of these later years whose name could be fitly coupled with his own, and the one whom, of all others, he most resembled in the fortunate circumstances of his life and the tranquil grandeur of his death. We are told that, like Browning, Tennyson [himself corrected the proofs of his latest volume of poems not long before his departure. The volume has an added if a melancholy preciousness on that account, for in its silver notes of lofty hope and courage we hear the last of those clear, full, frequent bursts of song, as of the "immortal bird," the summer's nightingale, which year by year rang out their rich music from the shadowy seclusion that the poet loved, even as the bird loves its "melodious plot of beechen green and shadows numberless."

The singer has spread his wings for happier isles, and will not return to us with the spring; but we know that his power over our hearts lives still; we know him numbered with those

> ". . . . dead yet sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns;"

we have never known it so certainly as now.

"I will call no poet immortal till he is dead," seems, but

hardly is, a paradox. To some extent it is with the poet as with the days of our lives when they are gone. He, too, being no longer among us, puts on at his departing the glory of a lost and beloved possession, even as the Past may win

> ". . . . a glory from its being far,
> And orb into the perfect star
> We saw not, while we moved therein."

It is a clear-shining star of mellowest lustre that is seen assuming its own fixed place among the great constellations of world-poets, now that Alfred Tennyson, the man, is dead.

We may now survey the whole result of his sixty years and more of unwearied poetic production; rounded and complete in its gem-like wholeness his work lies before us. Are there many lurking blemishes in it, half hidden by its fair colours, does any sign of "difference and decay" mar its smooth perfection here and there? While the poet lived there were those, we know, who had a pleasure in hinting of the frosts of age and their ravages, who could espy defect and roughness where others saw grace and symmetry. But, if we watch the progress of his genius from the earliest to the latest stages of its development, we shall see little indeed of loss and degeneration, but rather growing greatness. Change of manner, change of mood, we may perhaps have to note; there will be not much diminishing of energy, but rather an increase.

Claribel, the youthful poem which stands first in the complete editions of Tennyson, is rightly named *A Melody*, delicately musical, full of woodland colour and suggestion, and vaguely hinted human sadness; its inarticulate dim sweetness is like that of some exquisite "song without words." *Crossing the Bar*—that now famous poem in four faultless verses, which, set to music not sweeter than its own, was sung at the poet's burial—has even more absolute perfection of rhythm than *Claribel*, its subdued colouring is eloquent of a richer melancholy, but it is no mere dainty piece of word-play; how calm, strong, majestic is its movement, how deep its solemn meaning! The "perfect music" is now wedded to "noble words," the admirable art of the poet now serves a great and serious purpose. It was indeed no new thing to find Tennyson thus employing his powers, yet the difference between the two poems

is typical of the change which the long years that brought the "philosophic mind" had wrought in him, since those early days, when wandering through the Lincolnshire fields, amid which lay his father's home of Somersby Rectory, he learned first of all to love and to paint mere beauty, catching and reproducing the hues, the tones, the mystical suggestiveness of the fenland scenery, of its rivers, its meadows, its wolds, and marshes, and great overhanging skies, with the rare vividness and accuracy we see in *Mariana*, in the *Lady of Shalott*, and in many another poem, musical, pictorial, expressing not so much any definite thought as some dreamy phase of feeling, or perhaps adorning only with lavish garlandry of lovely fancies the shrine of some worshipped type of maidenly or womanly beauty.

With such poems—often remarkable for excellence of form, but essentially youthful in inspiration—there were mingled almost from the very first, others of a loftier, manlier tone, many of which perforce remind us amid what a circle of like-minded friends the young poet moved at Cambridge—a fair company of ardent, high-thoughted, gifted young Englishmen, of whom many attained distinction in after-life only second to his own. There was the early lost and long-lamented Arthur Henry Hallam, whose great promise of excellence, so soon blighted by death, would now live only in friendly memories, were it not for that splendid monument erected to him by Tennyson, *In Memoriam*. There were such as John Mitchell Kemble, the illustrious Anglo-Saxon scholar; as James Spedding, the able apologist of Bacon; as Henry Alford, Monckton Milnes, Richard Chenevix Trench. In high debate with this "band of youthful friends, on mind, and art, and labour, and the changing mart, and all the framework of the land," the poetic dreamer gathered strength for his soul and learned to estimate justly his own powers and to value theirs to the full. It is very interesting to note what high unworldly conceptions he had framed of the future eminence of those friends whom he celebrated in tributary poems: how one should be "a later Luther and a soldier-priest," shooting "arrows of lightning" against error: how the "joyful scorn," the "subtle wit" of another should work the overthrow of Falsehood, the fiendish enemy, and pour new strength into "weak, wasted Truth, in

utmost need." While prophesying high things for others, the young Tennyson had lofty thoughts of his own work. Realising early that he himself was one of the great order of whom he sang,

> "The poet in a golden clime was born,
> With golden stars above;
> Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love,"

he proposed to use his rare faculties for the cause of truth and freedom and eternal good, not doubting to do it service.

Such thoughts and such self-consecration were not presumptuous in a poet who could show, even among his *Juvenilia*, verse so majestic on a theme so great, as we may find in *Love and Death*, a poem worth citing here because of its curious likeness and unlikeness to the last lines in the last-published volume of Tennyson. In the earlier work, Love pacing "the thymy walks of Paradise" by the light of the waxing moon, is confronted with Death, who has become lord of those walks, and, at the bidding of the awful new-comer, Love has to "spread his sheeny vans for flight," all weeping;

> "Yet, ere he parted, said, 'This hour is thine:
> Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
> Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
> So in the light of great eternity
> Life eminent creates the shade of death:
> The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
> But I shall reign for ever over all.'"

Compare with this earlier utterance the words addressed to the mourners for that princely youth, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, by the aged Laureate, who within the twelvemonth was to follow him to the Silent Land:

> "The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
> His shadow darkens earth; his truer name
> Is 'Onward.' . . . Mourn in hope!"

Even in the imagery employed, one passage resembles the other; but there is a significant difference, in that Death, once depicted as Love's enemy and banisher, has now become Love's friend, and is declared to be

> ". . . . no discordance in the roll
> And march of that Eternal Harmony
> Whereto the worlds beat time."

Underlying each passage, nevertheless, is a clear proclamation of the deathless sovereignty of Love, which suggests that the poet's special opinions must very early have crystallised into the shape they retained to the end.

The germs of his greatness were quite discernible, for those who had eyes to see, amid whatever was trivial and boyish in the "Poems, chiefly lyrical," which, published in 1830, were Alfred Tennyson's first real revelation of himself to the world that had scarcely known the *Poems, by Two Brothers*, which he and his brother Charles adventurously printed in their boyhood. In the 1830 volume were things of memorable beauty—*The Ballad of Oriana*, *The Dying Swan*, *Mariana*, and the richly-coloured *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*. But it fared with him as he has told us, even now, that it *must* fare with the singer: "Some too low would have us shine, some too high." Friends like Arthur Hallam ran into generous excess of laudation, while older and harder critics tried to humble the "pet of a coterie" by harsh blame mingled with their praise. The poet, if he resented the censure, was strong enough to profit by it; he "held his own and worked his will," and in 1833 could offer to his public work finer, more serious, and more perfect in a new volume which won golden opinions, despite the hostility of Lockhart and the *Quarterly*. For here, with the sumptuous colouring, the stately music, the sustained passion of *Œnone*, Tennyson initiated that long series of admirable classical studies which he has closed but now by the sombre magnificence of the *Death of Œnone*. Here was that exquisite domestic idyll, *The Miller's Daughter*, which is said to have won for him the Laureateship by winning the fancy of our home-loving Queen. Here, beside the mysterious grace of the *Dream of Fair Women*, stood the subtle, splendid allegory, *The Palace of Art*, the first proof of his power to speak prophet-like to the age, rebuking some of its special sins —the selfish æstheticism, the godless pride of intellect, the loveless worship of mere beauty, which surely work out their own doom in soul-sickness and horror.

Men could not doubt that a singer of the highest order had appeared among them. But the poet who, in superb consciousness of power, and in fixed resolution to use that power nobly,

was not inferior to Milton, was now to show a self-restraint still more rare, for after this success he remained silent for ten years, working the while "without haste, without rest," but publishing nothing. Ten momentous years they must have been, for it was in 1833 that the sudden death of Arthur Hallam left Alfred Tennyson "the divided half of such a friendship as had mastered time," to acquaint himself with all the secrets of sorrow for the lost. Such of these as can be told he has unfolded to us by *In Memoriam*, and there we may learn what gain came to the poet through his grief. Death having "made his darkness beautiful" with the presence of "the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes," the survivor could not but lean towards that darkness, which now seemed shot through with mysterious light, and now appeared to blacken with the tremendous eclipse of faith; and so, brooding on the mysteries of life and death, and grief and separation, and contending manfully against the weird doubts that come of such broodings, the strong poet-soul grew stronger and its powers ripened fast. It was the work of a grand maturity which Tennyson gave the world when at last, in 1842, he put forth two new volumes which included severely revised reprints of earlier poems along with many noble new ones, and among these latter the memorable *Two Voices*, which in a certain measure anticipates the tone and teaching of *In Memoriam*, and *Locksley Hall*, with its series of brilliant word-pictures and the torrent-like rush of its rhythm. Each in its different way spoke to the very heart of the time, for the one embodied its spiritual anguish and sickening doubt, and found an answer and a remedy in the soul of man itself, and its inner consciousness of a Divine light, holiness, and helpfulness never seen, but yet felt "working to an end," through the life of the individual and the history of the race; while the other, keenly as it satirised the mammon-worship of the century, gave splendid expression also to the visionary hopes, the fairy dreams of a grandeur and a glory soon to be inherited, which the singer shared with his generation. Both poems quickly won a wide popularity, and there were only a few who cavilled when the actual achievement and the splendid promise of the two wealthy volumes that included them found the reward of a

Government pension of £200 a year, which friends such as Carlyle and Monckton Milnes worked together to secure for the poet, that he might devote himself wholly to the cultivation of his great gift. State aid was, perhaps, never better bestowed, and we may say that he well deserved the help of England who has loved and served England as well as poet may. This passionate lover of the beautiful had already given proof that he had the heart of a true national poet, and that he desired nothing so much as that his people should attain the greatness that can come only to faithful followers of truth and justice. England was dear to him as the "isle-altar" of sacred freedom, "grave mother of majestic works," as the land whose austere climate and misty skies fostered a race of fearless freemen. A holy fire breathes through the verses—written in 1833 in the *In Memoriam* measure—that begin:

> "Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
> From out the storied Past, and used
> Within the Present, but transfused
> Thro' Future time by power of thought.
> True love turned round on fixed poles,
> Love that endures not sordid ends
> In English natures, freemen, friends,
> Thy brothers, and immortal souls."

The "sovereign and intolerant love" that can endure no blemish in the object of its love is what this poet has ever nourished for his country; and this it is which has informed with sombre fire much of his later work—such as the opening stanzas of *Maud*, in which, as a critic complained, Tennyson had turned a column of police reports into poetry; but it *is* poetry, this fierce and rough indictment of the sins of a people reproached because, being slaves of Mammon, they "had taken the blessings of peace and made them a curse."

> "Pickpockets, each hand lusting for that which is not its own;
> And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
> Than the heart of the citizen, hissing in war on his own hearth-stone?"

Wrathful love asked the question—the same love which, a decade earlier, gloried over England as "the land that freemen till, that sober-suited Freedom chose." None fitter than such

a writer for the Laureateship conferred on him by the Sovereign in 1850, when the wreath was left vacant by the death of the venerable Wordsworth, who lived long enough to recognise the high promise of the younger poet. "He ought to have done greater things," the old man had said. Tennyson went on to do greater things; for in 1847 he gave us *The Princess*, and in 1850 *In Memoriam*.

The latter is the grander and graver of the two, and has told far more on the mind of contemporary England. Yet there is much that is rarely beautiful in *The Princess*. "Medley" as it is, perhaps a future age may judge its quaint blending of things new and old no less leniently than Shakespearean critics now judge *As You Like It*, with its lions and palm trees in Arden wood; *The Winter's Tale* with its Delphic oracle contemporary with an Emperor of Russia, and its Bohemia endowed with a sea-coast; or *Julius Cæsar*, with its rabble of right English artisans making holiday in the streets of Rome. The deliberate anachronisms of *The Princess* can do little to mar the true wisdom of its teachings as to woman's mission in the world, or its lovely picturings of that true womanhood which conquers by the might of gentleness and the awful power of purity, and which will lose nothing of sweetness, but will gain in power, through the broader and grander culture the poet would claim for it.

The perfect little lyrics scattered through *The Princess*, which appear so native to their place in it, were not introduced until the second edition appeared—one instance among many of that ability to improve on his own work which Tennyson showed so conspicuously when he adapted and altered his early splendid fragment of *Morte d'Arthur*—making it fill its proper place in the brilliant mosaics of the *Idylls of the King*.

But *The Princess* is almost insignificant when compared with *In Memoriam*, which followed it in 1850. A series of a hundred and thirty-one distinct poems, having something of the character of a diary, but devoted to the one theme of a great personal bereavement, might easily have been monotonous; but its vivid variety is hardly less striking than its pathetic beauty. It makes us free of the splendid inner world of the poet's mind, and allows us to watch the momentous

spiritual transactions going on in that world through long years in which the mourner strove with the dark problems of this life—the mystery of Death and Separation, "the riddle of the painful earth," the grim doubts suggested by modern scepticism. We follow him through the strife, we triumph in his victory; for the strife and the victory are our own. The wonderfully-told story possessed universal interest, for it appeals to every soul that had known the anguish of loss, to every one that had known the darker anguish of doubt; and it was set forth in lovely lucid verse, and adorned throughout with a glory of descriptive painting, scenes and figures all finished with a jewel-like perfection, a delicate truth of detail proper to this master of style. What he wills us to see we must see, be it storm-beaten landscape lit by wild gleams of sun, or deserted autumn garden in its forlorn beauty, void of loving, human care, or summer seas of molten glass, or girl-bride "'ranging golden hair" before her mirror, unconscious that the lover she awaits is even now dead; or Lazarus sitting at meat with the Master, and Mary, whose "eyes are homes of silent prayer," bowing to bathe "with costly spikenard and with tears" the feet of Him who has raised her brother from the dead, while the streets of Bethany are "filled with joyful sound," and the purple brow of Olivet is crowned with solemn gladness.

This sovereignly beautiful poem conquered public admiration quickly, and found acceptance with a great circle of readers whose needs it met as no book had done before—a circle that has grown wider and yet wider as the years have gone on. No contemporary work can be named which has wielded quite the same quietly pervasive power, as this majestic tribute of Tennyson to the friend whose power on him actually seems to have been greater in death than in life. One may rejoice over the long-continued popularity of *In Memoriam*, since its teaching is not only morally noble, but is quite distinctly Christian, keeping the promise of those beautiful prefatory verses, in which the singer lays his songs at the feet of the Saviour, imploring forgiveness for their failures in truth, and even for his own excessive grief

"For one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair;
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved."

We must not, however, look here or elsewhere in Tennyson for the language of definite theological assertion. It has been possible to say of him that he "felt more of wistful faith than of clear conviction," and this despite the intensity and fervour which mark the expression of his faith, the passionate resolution with which he clings to it. He has never attempted indeed to formulate his creed, or to give logical demonstration of its truth; he has held such demonstration impossible. "Nothing worthy proving can be proven" he told us only some six years ago; but he has rested well content with the deep inner conviction, not demonstrable by reason, but not opposed to it, which during more than fifty years has assured him of the existence, and the benignant Fatherhood of God, the existence and the redeeming might of Christ, the deathlessness and the majestic future possibilities of the human spirit. Confronted by modern theories, modern discoveries, supposed to be anti-Christian in their tendency, he has not been daunted, but has found them capable of supporting the truth he loves. There is an almost Biblical grandeur in his *Higher Pantheism*, higher indeed than the Pantheism of the sceptical herd:

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns? . . . .
Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I'? . . . .
Speak to Him then for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
. . . . And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,
But if we could see and hear, this vision—were it not He?"

He is unappalled by "Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses," though they forbid any poet to "hope for a deathless hearing" in this little world with its immemorial past of wreck and convulsion, upheaval and change, this world but one

among myriads; for he believes that the soul of music in the singer will eternally outlive the mortal music here.

"Other songs for other worlds! the fire within him would not falter;
Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is Homer there."

He can snatch hope of future spiritual progress, even from that Darwinian theory which only spells Materialism for so many of Darwin's disciples. Tennyson's "Evolutionist" can say in quiet triumph,

"I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last,
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

One might say that his championship of faith has become bolder as its enemies have become more insolently aggressive. He is not content with holding the fort; he sallies forth with ringing battle-cry against the foe. It would be hard to estimate fully the far-spreading, beneficial influence, in an age so tormented by doubt as our own, of this golden-mouthed prophet of good, who is almost too conversant with the intellectual difficulties that beset his generation, and too deeply saddened by seeing the moral ruin they work, but whose faith, undefined as it is, has always inspired him to teach the heaven-high morality of Christ. A story is current that one would gladly believe, how Tennyson, walking in the garden, and being asked the ever-new question, "What think you of Christ?" answered after a pause, by pointing to a beautiful flower, and saying, "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul. He is the Sun of my soul." True, or merely well invented, the anecdote is wholly consistent with the life-long attitude of the poet towards the Saviour.

In Memoriam was put forth anonymously at first; but the poet's strongly individual style defied concealment: Tennyson is a painter, "whose brush must sign his name" whether he will it or no, and the public divined his authorship here as certainly as it did in two or three unsigned poems of this period, too daring in their plain-spoken patriotism to be openly

avowed by a Court poet who must not compromise his Government. "Britons, Guard Your Own," rang like a war-trumpet, sounding the same rough note of warning as "Form, Form, Riflemen, Form"; both are eloquent, like "The Third of February," of the poet's stern and deep distrust of that strange ally, the unscrupulous author of the *Coup d'Etat*; to Tennyson, jealous for England's glory, there was baseness in the deference that our leaders and our peers were willing to show for a ruler who won power through a public crime. Time has justified the prophetic denunciations of these poems; and the downfall of that Napoleonic throne, which was not established in righteousness, has allowed the Laureate to acknowledge his work here, as well as in "Hands All Round," that lyric inspired by the same high patriot passion as the great "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," which, much cavilled at once, has become under his exquisite revising touch a work of monumental grandeur at which no one cavils.

In the same year which gave *In Memoriam* to the world and the Laureateship to its author, the poet married Miss Emily Sellwood, the gentle lady who survives him. Fortunate in wedded life, as he deserved to be whose attitude towards womanhood was nobly reverent and whose ideal of marriage was rarely high it has been his to supply new disproof of the cruel apophthegm, "that wife and children drag an artist down"—a false position attacked in his recent poem, *Romney's Remorse*. Some of Tennyson's grandest work has been done since his marriage; and without impertinence we may find in his wedded bliss the inspiration of the love-lyrics which are the charm of *Maud*, published in 1855. Nothing more glowing in colour, more airily musical in movement, more passionately pure in feeling, can ever have been produced; the womanly love and loveliness that are strong to uplift a soul drowning in self-despair can never have been more aptly sung. These beautiful passages redeem but scarcely harmonise with the gloom and scorn that give the dominant tone to the story of luckless love, and that cannot be pleasing though they be dramatically true in the character of the unhappy hero. For once Tennyson was unfortunate in his theme; and many readers persistently credited him with feeling in his own

person the cynical bitterness of the solitary misanthrope whose mouthpiece he chose to be in this "monodrama"—a mistake almost justified by the accent of fierce sincerity in the poet's praise of war, as an awful but sorely-needed purifying power that alone could heal "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." Such doctrine repelled, even in those days of Crimean war fever, many who hailed with just delight such a noble war lyric as "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Happier than *Maud* in inspiration, and far wider in popularity, were *The Idylls of the King*, of which the first instalment appeared in 1859. That Tennyson's fancy had long been hovering over the charmed field of Arthurian romance was evidenced by not a few graceful figure-studies he had already made of its characters, in one of which, *Sir Galahad*, he showed his delight in the mystical significance the Arthur-myths had borne since Walter Map closed their cycle with his wildly beautiful allegory of *The Holy Grail*, in the days of our first Angevin kings. But Tennyson, brooding long over the theme, perceived that the old tale might be made eloquent of a new meaning, might shadow *Sense at war with Soul* if he put aside the original type of Arthur's character, heroic king but deeply erring man, whose youthful sins follow him through his nobler maturity and work his downfall, and that of the Christian chivalry he gathered round him to fight the heathen foe. For this conception our poet substituted that of the "blameless king"—the higher soul—"the conscience of a saint, amid his warring senses," which senses are typified, more or less clearly, by the knights and ladies who make Arthur's Court glorious, and yet mar his life-work by the errors and sins into which most of them are betrayed; his wedded wife—the royal power of intellect and imagination that should have served the pure aspiring spirit best—leading all the other powers astray. Mysterious is the coming of this Arthur, mysterious is his passing, "from the great deep to the great deep he goes," as the soul comes out of mystery to begin in joy and hope its earthly warfare, and passes away into mystery, its warfare ended here; but he goes, as goes the spirit of the just, not without hope of a glorious future return—not without some vision of a fairer life that has received him meanwhile. For,

in the *Passing of Arthur*, we are shown how the watcher, straining eager eyes after the funereal barge that has borne his liege lord away, sees it passing dimly afar towards the sunrising, and hears strange sounds of joy greeting its coming.

> "Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint,
> As from beyond the limit of the world. . . .
> Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
> Around a king returning from the wars."

Many admirers of the *Idylls* can see little charm in the grand ideal figure of *Arthur* that the poet has sculptured for them. There is something too cold and calm in that faultless marble, they say; and they confess a certain sympathy with Arthur's sinful queen, who "could not breathe in that fine air, that pure severity of perfect light." If their verdict be just, here is another proof how impossible for any artist in fiction were the imagining and portraying of a perfect character that should be wholly lovable—a task which some sceptics would have us believe was accomplished with equal ease and artlessness by those four obscure and unequally gifted writers to whom we owe the story of our Saviour's life and death, and who have all succeeded in portraying a character of the grandest holiness, which yet has inspired through all the Christian centuries the most impassioned love for its flawless perfection. Could the Galilean peasant have so outdone the greatest literary artists of all time, if he had drawn his picture from anything but the life? But, if a Tennyson have failed where no uninspired author has succeeded, he has shown all the masterhood of a great poet-painter in dealing with the lower characters that cluster round his "faultless king." Not one but lives and glows with breathing life on his canvas, whether it be the luckless queen whom he has invested with a dignity in her greatness and a grace in her penitence that he never found in her roughly-coloured portrait in the old romance, or Lancelot, who, under his pencil becomes a type of fallen humanity, still grand in its ruinous downfall, struggling in the thick-woven snares of habitual sin, which it loathes and cannot leave; or sweet Enid in her patient sorrow—a more reasonable and more truly womanly Griselda; or Elaine, the lily-maid of Astolat, whom Tennyson's "lily-sceptred hand" frees from the earthly stains that soil her purity

on the page of Malory. The baser shapes mingled with these are drawn with unsparing vigour, the lines on which the old romancers modelled them are faithfully kept, but the coarseness of earlier portraiture has given place to a stern vigour that makes vice look as loathly as it is deadly, without sinning against poetic fitness in its presentation. This work is done with incomparable skill, and the details of the original story are subordinated to the grand informing purpose of Tennyson's poem with an ability impossible to any but a sovereign "Maker."

Few readers discerned that inner purpose when the first four idylls appeared; it was even possible for Carlyle, though a friend of the poet, to speak of their "finely-elaborated execution and inner perfection of *vacancy*," and this, despite the not doubtful hints afforded in that scene of almost matchless pathos, where we read of Arthur's farewell to Guinevere, and the Queen's passion of penitence on his departure. But as the years went on, and new and ever new idylls appeared, unfolding the fair beginning and the stormy conclusion of the half-told tale, its deep significance revealed itself; and, when all were at last arranged in fitting sequence, it was seen that another great masterpiece had been added to English literature. The stately temple of Tennyson's poetic reputation will rest, say some good judges, on two main pillars—one being *In Memoriam*, and the other the *Idylls of the King*.

But these monumental achievements must not make us forgetful of lesser works not less beautiful in their measure. This artist is as felicitous in carving such a cameo as *The Day Dream*, or in fashioning such a grotesque corbel head as that of *The Northern Farmer*, as in hewing such a colossal statue as that of his idealised King Arthur, or in building a sumptuous shrine "of rare device" to the memory of that other dearer Arthur, the friend "who loved him, and cannot die"; and his chisel loves to dwell on the homely shapes of his own country-folk yet more than on stately forms of knight and prince of the olden time. Many a graceful idyll, such as *Dora* or *The Gardener's Daughter*, many a warble of musical song like *The Brook*, had evidenced his rare power of repro-

ducing with fine fidelity the delicate charm of English landscape, the softer shades of English character, before in 1864 he opened, with the *Northern Farmer*, that series of studies from the very life of sturdy, strong-spoken sons and daughters of the English soil which is just closed, with *Churchwarden and Curate*, in his last volume, and which proved him a master of humorous portraiture. But there is melancholy in the keen insight of these studies. They are of the earth, earthy, these good folk who unfold the secrets of their souls in the rich racy Lincolnshire familiar to the poet's youth; the wings of their souls are clogged with thick clay, and one short flight above the ground is hard to them. The *Northern Cobbler*, who makes such a sturdy fight against his "enemy," the besotting love of drink—the farmer who keeps a very soft place in his heart for "Roä," the old dog that saved "little Dick" from the fire, have their own rough nobility and tenderness, pleasant to remember; not so that powerfully-drawn *Northern Farmer, Old Style*, doubtful of the wisdom of "Godamoighty," in taking away such an indispensably useful man as himself, and resentful of the pious exhortations of "parson," whose most useful work is to "reäd wonn sarmin a weeäk;" not so his modern successor, keenly alive to the charms of "proputty," keenly scornful of the folly of "marrying for luvv;" and these two are scarcely so sordid as the Churchwarden, who holds up his own obsequiousness that brought him "to the top of the tree" as a pattern to the new-ordained Curate, "the Parson's lad."

"If iver tha meäns to git higher
Tha mun tackle the sins o' the Wo'ld, and not the faults of the Squire;
And I reckons tha'll light of a livin' somewheers i' the Wowd or the Fen,
If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeäps thysen to thysen.
But niver not speeäk plaain out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, and thou'll be a Bishop yit."

Worldly wisdom, hard, narrow shrewdness, are stamped on such masculine portraits; but they are not quite so unlovely as that sharply-etched figure of *The Village Wife*, the cruel gossip with such a single eye to her material interests amid all her venomous talk; they come nearer in mirth-moving satire

to that quaint study, *The Spinster's Sweet-Arts.* Tennyson did not choose to employ dialect when, with delicately-sympathetic touch, he drew that wonderfully life-like *Grandmother,* when he depicted the terrible mother-passion in *Rizpah.* Were all those harder pictures of North-countrymen and women drawn from the observations of the poet's keen-eyed youth? Would they have been softer in their truth if his home through life had lain in Lincolnshire, instead of in these lovely southern neighbourhoods of Farringford and Aldworth? One fancies that these blissful abodes of Tennyson's prosperous maturity furnished him with the scenery and the figures for *Enoch Arden*—that tale where lowly sorrow is clothed with such simple dignity, such piercing pathos—and for the richly-wrought tragedy of *Aylmer's Field,* in which the pride of birth and wealth are the fatal movers of woe; both abound in exquisite vignettes of a softer, sweeter English landscape, in glimpses of an English life less rough and strong than we can find north of the Humber. But it would be difficult to point out a writer who has seen and described his countrymen so truly, alike in their nobler and their baser aspects, or whose purpose in such description has been higher; if he points us to the blots on our shield, it is that we may cleanse them away.

Much need not be said here of the dramatic experiments with which Tennyson amused his later years. His fame will not rest on these, though they might have made the reputation of another man. Even in such slight work as *The Cup, The Falcon, The Promise of May,* there was evidence of the fine dramatic sense with which this master of lyric art—superior here to Byron—was richly endowed; while *Queen Mary, Harold, Becket,* and the light, graceful, lately-produced *Foresters,* airy trifle that it was, witnessed to the poet's intimate acquaintance with the story of the land he loved so well, and to the ardour with which he desired its grandeur and its freedom; to his pride in the glorious past of England and in the sacred zeal for duty, which was the guiding-star of England's greatest sons. But these feelings have found a grander embodiment in some of his poems that do not aim at the dramatic form, and that are known and loved by many who have never seen the dramas acted, and who care not very much to read them; witness the

patriot pride in that masterly "Ballad of the Fleet"—"The Revenge;" witness the exultant joy in "The Defence of Lucknow"—splendid summary of a heroic story that never should be forgotten; witness, in the "Ode to the Memory of Wellington," the stately enthusiasm with which he dwells on the great mission of "our noble England" among the nations of the world, as the guardian of "the one true seed of freedom" that shall help to save mankind. Songs like these can stir noble passion—the parent of noble future deeds—in hearts that are not moved by the skill with which the figure of an unloved and unlovable Mary Tudor is put on the stage, and that feel but a feeble interest in new readings of the character of the Harold who fell at Senlac, or of the Archbishop who matched himself against the first great Plantagenet, and conquered by perishing in the strife. The dramas are not unattractive reading, thanks to the inalienable grace of their author's style—a master of blank verse not inferior to Milton; and he has lighted up every play with snatches of song as lovely as rainbow-gleams. But none of these productions are supreme examples of the excellences we associate with the name of Tennyson—the rich, dreamy fancy, the glowing colour, the ethereal lightness of touch. Has not contact with the theatre of our own day acted like a paralysing spell on his powers? We are almost compelled to think so, when we note the lower quality of a work such as *The Promise of May*, intended to enforce a deep moral lesson by dramatic representation, to others undramatic in form, in which the author has rebuked sins that are of one household with the selfish epicureanism based on unsound ethical theories, and the airy indifference to human suffering, which are the prominent traits in the godless voluptuary who is the sorry hero of this play.

Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After, with its denunciations of prevalent sins and follies, awakened much more interest, and spoke with more power, to a wider audience, than any drama of to-day could do. We find in it the singer of the original *Locksley Hall* with his passionate intolerance for social sins and wrongs, and his bold freedom of touch in handling them; and opinion differed on his later as on his earlier utterances. There were many who scented pessimism in the old man's view of

modern things; there were many, too, who thought the poet should not sing of children who "soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime," should not point our gaze to the glooming alleys, where crime and hunger—worse than virgin-devouring dragons of old—blight the very soul of maidenhood with sin; where the Mammon-serving master "scrimps the haggard sempstress of her daily bread," and "the smouldering fire of fever creeps about the rotted floor" in the "sordid attic," where the living sleep beside the dead. Such things, it was said, are not proper subjects for poetry. They would assuredly not have been proper for theatrical representation. But off the stage the poet had his own freedom again; and we must grant that he was in the right to slight nicer scruples, who deemed that his prophetic insight and song-faculty were held from God to use for God, and that he must cry aloud and spare not, when he saw hideous evils, born of human selfishness, springing thick and black around him. But he could and did follow up these stern prophet notes with milder helpful words of counsel to the new generation, more hopeless in its cynic bitterness than he in his righteous anger.

"Ere Earth gain her heavenly best, a God must mingle in the game.
Nay, there may be those about us whom we neither see nor name.
Felt within us as ourselves, the Powers of Good, the Powers of Ill,
Strewing balm, or shedding poison, in the fountains of the Will.
Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.
Follow Light, and do the Right, for man can half control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb."

A poet who can cheer us with words of hope like these should not be reproached, as too gloomy a preacher, even though he be so far behind the "advanced thought" of his age, as to think it essential to human goodness that man should "look beyond the grave," and, though he scorn their folly, who

". . . . crowning barren Death as lord of all,
Deem this over tragic drama's closing curtain is the pall.
. . . . Truth for truth, and good for good! The Good, the True, the Pure, the Just,
Take the charm 'For Ever' from them, and they crumble into dust."

Let us be thankful for the voice so strong and clear and sweet, that never feared to speak out boldly on behalf of the eternal Truth, whatever the fashion of the hour might be—that did not fear—hearing the modern cynic whisper how "the good Lord Jesus has had his day"—to make the brave reply:

"Had? has it come? It has dawn'd. It will come by-and-by,"

for this poet, too, waited in faithful hope "for the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Have we among us a voice remaining as strong and as courageous of all that sing sweetly in our England's ears to-day?

Tennyson's distinctively Laureate work has not been rated as his best; yet, now that he has rendered his last homage to the Royalty that honoured itself by honouring him, no impartial critic can help admitting the grace, dignity, and sincerity which gave a wholly new quality to his few official poems. The dedication of the *Idylls* to the memory of the Prince Consort is perhaps the noblest of these—if it be not unjust to class as "official" so true a tribute from the heart; yet that is almost matched by the epilogue to the same *Idylls* addressed "To the Queen," and reprobating with fine scorn the policy that would bid England shake herself free from the vast and loyal dependencies that make up Greater Britain. It has not been amiss that Laureate achievement of unmatched excellence should have received a recompense never before awarded to Laureate poet; but it was England and England's Queen that honoured themselves most in the transaction by which Alfred Tennyson became Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford; and they were not very wrong who held that this title gave no new distinction to the poet's name.

Turning to the numerous poems which Tennyson has given us since he consented to accept that crowning honour from his Sovereign, we cannot but mark how his thoughts bend more and more toward the Life beyond Death—not with gloom or fear, but with a wistful longing, almost a solemn joy. Such is the feeling that breathes throughout *Merlin and the Gleam*,

that wonderful summary of his life-work. "*I* am Merlin, and *I* am dying," says the aged poet, who tells how "the Gleam," guiding light of his life, which shone for him once on wild creatures of fancy, on fair realities of earth—"silvery willow, pasture and plowland, horses and oxen, and rough, ruddy faces of lowly labour"—floated on to "the city and palace of Arthur the king," and thence passed to "the valley named of the shadow—no longer a shadow, but clothed with The Gleam" and in its light he saw how *Under the Crosses* the grave itself would burst into blossom.

"So to the land's
Last limit I came—
And can no longer
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the magic
Of Him the Mighty
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers The Gleam."

We find this wonderful autobiography in little in the volume, which closed with "Crossing the Bar"; neither was unworthy to be the poet's last word on the great subject. But he was to speak to us again, as if from beyond the grave, in the poems published since his death. More than the classic grace of Œnone's death-story—more than the verse instinct with noble fire which tells the self-devotion of St. Telemachus, more than the lordly lines that in "Akbar's Dream" reveal that Mussulman ruler's amazing tolerance—we prize the scattered songs which speak to us of our poet's calm believing anticipation of the fast-approaching end. Sometimes, as a wanderer passing forth from "the gleam of household sunshine," he says gentle, grateful farewells to the friends who "will not speak unfriendly of their parted guest"; sometimes he appeals to the Silent Voices of the dead, to call him not back, but "forward to the starry track, glimmering up the heights beyond me—On, and always on." Sometimes the fear that his "tiny spark of being" may wholly vanish in the deeps and heights of the boundless Heavens is self-rebuked in this grand way:

"Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate."

A deep pathos breathes on us from these words, now that their speaker has passed away. How gently the gate was opened for him; how calmly he passed through it, possessing his soul in peace, to meet the Heavenly Friend in whom he trusted; we have all read, and in fancy have stood in the moon-lighted death-chamber, and seen the white radiance bathing the noble head, and watched the "gloriously beautiful" departure of the beautiful spirit to meet its loved and lost ones—the parents who fostered his boyhood, the friend of his youth, the son taken from him too soon. He has fulfilled the destiny he coveted for Arthur Hallam:

"Slowly worn its earthly robe,
Its lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
His spirit has faded off the globe;"

and the people that inherits his wealthy legacies of musical thought did well to express its double sense of gratitude and bereavement in the majestic obsequies with which all that was mortal of the minstrel was laid "to rest for ever among the wise and bold" in England's great Valhalla of Westminster.

We cannot close this imperfect survey of Tennyson's work and teaching more aptly than with the lines of lofty counsel that he addressed, some seven years ago, in *The Ancient Sage*, to the younger generation that seemed to him in danger of sinking into cynical despair and mere materialism. For it is the earnest, the impassioned protest of his whole life against such tendencies that is again embodied in these grave prophetic words of warning and encouragement:

"Think well! Do-well will follow thought,
And in the fatal sequence of this world
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;
But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness,
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,

> And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
> Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond
> A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
> And past the range of Night and Shadow—see
> The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
> Strike on the Mount of Vision!
> So, farewell."

He who thus exhorted and entreated his fellows had himself climbed up the arduous way, had reached the Mount of Blessing, and beheld on the Mount of Vision the dawn of the more than mortal day into whose fuller light he has now passed, into which our eyes may no longer follow him, but where our hope and trust surely apprehend him, since he kept his faith unshaken to the end.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Teaching of Jesus. By H. H. WENDT, D.D. Translated by Rev. JOHN WILSON, M.A. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1892.

IN the present as in the former volume Dr. Wendt's critical revision of the text of the Gospels is quite as important a feature as his exposition, the latter being of course based on the former. The chief point in the revision is the sharp distinction drawn between the Synoptists and the Fourth Gospel. Throughout the exposition these two sources of our knowledge of Christ's teaching are kept distinct—a proceeding which leads to some repetition. The peculiarities of the Fourth Gospel are partially explained by two causes—first, an editing of the original document by the apostolic evangelist: and secondly, an editing by the post-apostolic writer who is held to have given the book its present form. Dr. Wendt endeavours to distinguish between the parts due to these different hands. Thus ch. i. 15 and "water" in iii. 15 may have been interpolated by the apostolic evangelist. Two remarkable results come out in the end. First the author is driven to hold that, while the present form of the Fourth Gospel is due to the second century, or at least to the post-apostolic age, the bulk of its matter comes from an apostolic hand, presumably St. John's; and secondly, that there is a pervading harmony between the synoptical accounts of Christ's teaching and those in the Fourth Gospel. Both these points are repeatedly emphasised by the author, who evidently thinks it inconceivable that the matter of the Fourth Gospel could have originated in post-apostolic days. "The view of the relationship of the teaching of Jesus to the Divine Revelation of the Old Testament, given in the discourses of the Fourth Gospel, is the product of the same spirit which governs the view of this relationship in the synoptical discourses of Jesus. There is no imitation of the synoptical expressions, but certainly there is harmony in the fundamental mode of view. Where in the post-apostolic period do we elsewhere find such an apprehension of this grand mode of view of Jesus? And in connection with what other known view and use of the Old Testament in post-apostolic Christianity would we explain this view presented in the Johannine discourses, if we would not admit that it is the spirit of the historical Jesus Himself which here finds voice out of the records of His disciples?" On each separate topic the harmony between the

synoptical and Johannine accounts is dwelt on. The mere fact that the author of the present work uses the Fourth Gospel as an authority on the same footing as the other Gospels is significant.

As to the exposition one cannot but be conscious of a certain miuimising strain as well as of a certain reserve. The pre-existence spoken of in ch. viii. 58 and xvii. 5 is explained as ideal, not actual. Actual existence is expressed, but ideal is meant. We cannot but ask, how then would actual existence be expressed? There is no difference, so far as we can see, between the language used in these passages and that used of persons actually existing. But it seems that, "according to the mode of speech and conception prevalent in the New Testament," one mode of existence may be described in terms of another. Thus in ch. viii. 58 it is said, "The present earthly existence of Jesus, in which He is the Messiah, was not a real thing before Abraham's time, but yet it could truly be spoken of, in so far as it held good *in the Spirit of God*, in the thoughts, purposes and promises of God." This is true enough of "the present, earthly existence of Jesus," but is this all that is referred to? It is curious to find the old and absurd Unitarian gloss on this verse turning up here once again. On ch. xvii. 5 we are told, "It is wholly unnecessary to find the thought that Jesus Himself had a pre-existence in the possession of the heavenly glory with God, but the meaning is also possible, that the heavenly glory which Jesus, as the Messiah, shall attain at the close of His earthly ministry, has been laid up for Him with God in Heaven as a reward destined for Him from eternity." The sayings of Christ about His being from God and coming down from Heaven are explained 'as figurative' (p. 160). The Divine Sonship of Christ is compared with the sonship of believers. The unique language which Christ uses of Himself on this subject is not of course ignored. "Jesus has most decidedly expressed the consciousness of such a pre-eminence over others as belongs to Himself alone." He is the medium of the filial relationship to others. Still, it is suggested, that these passages must be reduced in meaning in order to harmonise with other statements (p. 167). A uniqueness of degree, not of kind, is said to be meant. We do not wonder that a critic of the volumes failed to find evidence of the writer's faith in the Deity of Christ. We are glad to learn that the writer, in a private letter, describes the obvious inference as "utterly wrong" (*recht inkorrect*). But the impression made by the entire work, despite all its ability and suggestiveness, and despite the eulogy lavished on Christ's teaching in the closing review, is decidedly the other way.

"International Theological Library." *Apologetics; or, Christianity Defensively Stated.* By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1892. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The new volume of the International Theological Library is one of the most important works on Apologetics that we possess. Professor

Bruce regards his Science as "a preparer of the way of faith, an aid to faith against doubts whencesoever arising, especially such as are engendered by philosophy and science. Its specific aim is to help men of ingenuous spirit who, while assailed by such doubts, are morally in sympathy with believers. It addresses itself to such as are drawn in two directions, towards and away from Christ, as distinct from such as are confirmed either in unbelief or in faith." His work is an attempt to state the Christian argument with due regard to the intellectual difficulties of the day, and the present position of the higher criticism. Burning questions are brought to the front, whilst subjects which once held the most prominent place in similar treatises are thrown into the background. The sketch of the Apologetic elements in the New Testament is very suggestive. Here the Epistle to the Hebrews holds the chief place, but the sayings of Jesus though "less obtrusive are not less significant." Our Lord abstains from apology in reference to Himself, but vindicates clearly the nature of His mission, and of the kingdom whose advent He proclaimed. The true cure for half-hearted attachment to the Christian faith is to remount to the fountain-head, and learn the nature of our faith from the record of Christ's life and teaching in the Synoptists. The section which deals with "the Christian facts" is very valuable, whilst the discussions of various theories of the universe are marked by wide research and great facility in finding the core of each system. Materialism—the foe which at present is in the ascendant—is rightly described as "the most thorough-going, and the most formidable opponent of the Christian theory of the universe." It "begins with an unknown quantity, and ends with an insoluble problem." The closing words in the chapter on "Agnosticism" will be heartily endorsed, "Faith is the result of a successful struggle—against all that tends to produce religious atrophy, including too exclusive devotion to scientific habits of thought, which may turn the mind into 'a machine for grinding out general laws out of large collections of facts,' and prove fatal not only to religious faith but even to all taste for poetry, music, and pictures."

The statement of the Christian argument in view of the latest developments of the higher criticism is the most important part of the work. Professor Bruce does not feel called upon as an apologist to accept such doctrines, but he shows what the position of apologetical science would be if some of the chief critical positions were accepted. The course of his argument seems to reveal more clearly than ever the weaknesses and inconsistencies of the advanced school. Many of Professor Bruce's readers will be unable to follow him at not a few points, but they will always find him suggestive. He regards the Bible as a literature which providentially grew up around a historical revelation of God in Israel, and which performs for that revelation the function of an atmosphere, diffusing the sunlight, so that the knowledge of God is spread abroad over all the earth." The third book on "The Christian Origins" is very fresh in style and treatment.

Not a few of its positions will be questioned by many readers, but no competently prepared reader can fail to derive benefit from a close study of such a volume.

Through Christ to God. A Study in Scientific Theology. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1892.

The present is the first of four volumes which are intended to cover the whole field of Christian theology. The form, which is that of lectures delivered by the author to his students, explains several features, such as the full details of exposition given as well as the frequent recapitulations of results. The thirty-nine lectures of the present volume are arranged in five parts, the first dealing with general preliminaries, the other four with the doctrines of Justification by Faith; the Atonement, the Incarnation, and the Resurrection of Christ respectively. This order of discussion shows at once the originality of the path followed by the author. The above-mentioned doctrines are not the ones usually placed first in a theological system. It seems doubtful whether some doctrines will find explicit mention at all. Nothing is said, so far, of any doctrine of Inspiration. It would seem as if the author intended to conduct his argument independently of the doctrine. "That I have not assumed the infallibility of the Bible or of the Church, gives to this volume special fitness to the needs of the present day." The inspiration of Scripture is indeed substantially asserted, although incidentally (p. 363), and is of course assumed throughout; otherwise, it could not be used as the source of knowledge and instrument of proof as it is used. The order in which the doctrines are discussed is explained by the line of argument, which is followed consistently throughout. In the case of all the four great doctrines mentioned, Dr. Beet starts from the teaching of Paul on the subject, then shows the harmony of the other apostles and of Christ's teaching in the Gospels with Paul, and, lastly, systematises the whole. Why is Paul thus put in the forefront? Because, as the author truly and powerfully argues, we have in Paul a witness whose testimony is unimpeachable, apart from any doctrine of inspiration. Here we have the explanation of the phrase, "A Study in Scientific Theology," and of the frequent references to the scientific character of the method pursued. The method is one which was well worth taking, and it is effectively worked out. As the preface suggests, it is one that ought to carry weight with those who crave scientific proof. The prominence given to St. Paul and his teaching is almost startling. Here is no surrender to those who so loudly demand to be led back from Paul to Christ. The high part played by the great apostle in the shaping of Christian doctrine is well defended and illustrated. Paul might well say "my gospel." And yet of course it is the greatest exaggeration to speak of Paul as the author of Christianity, as some do. The author's com-

mentaries on Paul's epistles have prepared him to do justice to the Pauline theology, which he takes as his starting-point. "In each of the Four Gospels teaching is attributed to Christ at important crises of His life which, though less full than that of Paul, is not only in complete harmony with it, but is incapable of explanation except on the principles asserted by Paul. In other words, the entire teaching of Paul about the death of Christ is a legitimate inference from that attributed to Christ in the earliest records of His teaching, records altogether independent of the epistles of Paul."

We need not speak of the freshness of treatment, cogency of reasoning, and wealth of expository detail with which the author's former works have made readers familiar. Process, as well as result, is set before us. A work constructed on this basis is an excellent substitute for personal teaching. We are struck also with the author's fidelity to old lines of Christian doctrine. Points open to criticism are not many, and relate to details. Take the following on the doctrine of the Trinity, which is expounded in connection with the Incarnation: "It is evident that in the thought of the writers of the New Testament there were not three Gods but one God. Not to three Divine Persons did they bow as supreme, but to one—viz., the Father, who is supreme even in His relation to the Son and the Spirit. Nevertheless, beyond the distance which separates the Creator from even the loftiest of His creatures, they saw three Divine Persons, each alone in His own sphere and all united in closest essential harmony: the one Father, the one Ultimate Source and Ultimate Aim of whatever exists; one Lord, the one Agent of the entire activity of God and the one Head of the Church; and one Spirit, the inward animating principle of whatever lives." We venture, however, to suggest that the illustration of so transcendent a mystery by "a firm of manufacturers" is scarcely in place, and will grate very painfully on nearly all who read this volume. Many of the expositions of New Testament phrases and ideas, such as righteousness, faith, justify, redemption, propitiation, reconciliation, are, of course, particularly excellent.

It must not be supposed from what has been said that the author puts Paul in Christ's place. His argument throughout is that the Apostles could not have taught as they did if Christ had not so taught. "Paul's entire teaching about Justification through Faith is a logical development of teaching ascribed to Christ in the Fourth Gospel. . . . The deep, underlying harmony of Paul and John leaves no room for doubt that each of them interpreted correctly the thought of the Great Teacher. And this strong presumption is confirmed by important coincidences in the Synoptist Gospels."

The work, when completed, will be a valuable addition not only to Methodist theology but to Christian theology generally.

The Documents of the Hexateuch. Translated and Arranged in Chronological Order, With Introduction and Notes. By W. E. ADDIS, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. The Oldest Book of Hebrew History. London: David Nutt. 1892.

The author, who is a thorough-going supporter of the extreme critical school, essays to reproduce the original documents of the Hexateuch. "The Oldest Book of Hebrew History," which is given in the first volume, consists of the Jahvist and Elohist documents to the end of Joshua, and these are distinguished from each other by different type, as the critics think they are able to distinguish them. Genesis has two different types for the works of the Jahvist and Elohist respectively, with brackets for the words added by the harmonising editor or compiler. From the beginning of Exodus onward there are three different types—for the Jahvist, the Elohist, and the part in which these are undistinguishable. The translation is also furnished with notes. It is needless to say that the work is one requiring and evincing great care and ability, and also that it will be useful even to those who are far from accepting its teachings. A second volume, containing the Deuteronomist and Priestly Writing will complete the work. The preparation of this second volume will be a comparatively easy task, as it does not involve the analysis of different writers and documents necessary in the first.

Perhaps the greatest interest, however, attaches to the Introduction of ninety-four pages, describing and explaining in lucid language the rise, progress and present condition of the "Higher Criticism" of the Old Testament. Astruc and Eichhorn discovered the Jahvist and Elohist portions, De Wette pointed out the peculiar features of Deuteronomy, Bleek showed that Joshua is of a piece with the Pentateuch, Ewald traced the separate documents to the end of Joshua, Graf started the problem of the date of the priestly writer, putting it after the Exile. The writer then states at length the grounds on which this theory of the composite structure of the Hexateuch rests—namely, the different accounts of the same events, the discrepancies of these accounts, the difference of their linguistic and other features. The characteristics of the different documents, their points of affinity and contrast, are also described. The last point discussed is that of their dates, the author agreeing with the Graf view of the Priestly document. It is the last question which divides the extreme from the more moderate or comparatively "conservative" school of advanced criticism, the former making it post-exilic, the latter putting it before Deuteronomy. Dillmann represents the latter, and he assigns it to the middle of the ninth century B.C., supposing that the writer used still older material. Dillmann is "the best commentator on the Hexateuch," and he is supported by Nöldeke—perhaps the very greatest of Semitic scholars now living—Bredenkamp, Ryssel, Baudissin, Kittel, &c.

It is impossible here to enter into the discussion, but we are struck at every step of the author's argument with the emphasis laid on the silence of writers. The argument constantly is, "A reference to the Priestly Code would have suited the writer; there is no such reference, therefore the code did not then exist," and yet no arrangement can be more precarious. Another buttress is found in the improbabilities which arise on the old theory. Nothing, however, is said of the improbabilities which the new theory has to face. Thus, the author identifies "the book of the law" discovered in Josiah's reign with Deuteronomy, and also holds that it cannot have been written long before that time. What then is the meaning of the discovery? How could a book just written be forgotten or lost? Is the suggestion that a book just written was palmed off as ancient? Is this an example of the "easy notions" of Hebrew historians? Some such conclusion is unavoidable.

There can be no objection to the supposition of the use of previous documents, and of compilation in the construction of Scripture; but this by no means carries with it the other parts of the critical theory, such as the complete inversion of the old order of the books. The motive seems to be the desire to explain the Old Testament religion as a natural development. If this is not the motive, we do not know what it is. The anti-supernatural bias is constantly cropping up. In reference to Deut. xxviii. 68 we read, "Here we have a genuine attempt at prediction—an attempt which failed"—*i.e.*, attempts which are alleged to have succeeded are not "genuine." The pervading assumption is the impossibility of miraculous revelation, a most unscientific assumption. Less assumption and imagination, and more evidence, are needed to make out a case. The notes to the translation reduce "The Oldest Book of Hebrew History" to myth and legend. "Even the noble narrative of the Jahvist is not sober history. . . . It is the history of religious ideas."

Did Moses Write the Pentateuch After All? By F. E. Spencer, M.A. Formerly of Queen's College, Oxford, and Vicar of All Saints', Haggerston. London: Eliot Stock. 1892. 6*s.*

Mr. Spencer divides his work into two parts, dealing with the history and legislation of Israel. These are supplemented by extended notes on more technical points, such as the value of Wellhausen's judgment as a guide to scientific history, the critical *ipse dixit* and kindred topics. He reaches the conclusion that the histories of the Pentateuch are substantially contemporaneous with the events which they relate. "The history was written in or near to the times of which it is a record. If a later writer touched the work, it was to combine or to edit written materials, or to make archæological, explanatory, or complementary additions. And these additions were comparatively

insignificant." The study of the legislation of the Pentateuch, which is the most important part of this book, points in the same direction and shows that it is in the main, and in its present form, of Mosaic age. The volume is a thoughtful study of the whole question which cannot fail to be both helpful and reassuring.

The Early Religion of Israel As Set Forth by Biblical Writers and by Modern Critical Historians. The "Baird Lecture" for 1889. By JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1892. 10*s.* 6*d.*

We gave the first edition of this book a warm welcome as the most complete and scholarly putting of the case as against the extreme critics of the Old Testament. It is a book full of sound learning, which ought to be in the hands of every student of the *Early Religion of Israel.*

The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ. By THOMAS DEHANY BERNARD, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of Wells. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

The author of the Bampton Lectures on "The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament" has surpassed himself in this beautiful and suggestive volume. The subject is the five wonderful chapters of St. John's Gospel which begin with the 13th. The exposition is equally profound and delicate; it is consecutive, and may be described as, at least in outline, complete. With admirable insight and precision, and with exquisite gentleness of tone, not a few modern misapprehensions, inspired by the "higher criticism," such as savour of rationalism and even of irreverence, are indirectly indicated, and thoroughly refuted. Archdeacon Watkins and Dr. Sanday could not but be directly referred to, and both will have something to be grateful for in his most courteous instructions. Dr. Sanday, as might be expected, is criticised with a certain gentle keenness, especially at pp. 116–17 and 20–21. It is at p. 21, in connection with a reference to Dr. Sanday, that Canon Bernard, having shown good reason for his words, remarks that "it surely requires overwhelming reasons to justify those suppositions of changes, developments, modifications by subjective tendencies, mixing together portions of other discourses, and the like, in which even reverential writers have been prone to indulge, after breathing a literary atmosphere infected with critical distrust." The last clause is very aptly suggestive, and this volume furnishes large and convincing illustration of the weakness of the reasons

which have too often prevailed, not only with Dr. Sanday, but with other recent writers. We most earnestly recommend this volume, and place it in the same category with Dr. Reynolds' noble commentary, and with those of Dr. Pope and Dr. Moulton.

1. *Christ, the Morning Star, and other Sermons.* By the late JOHN CAIRNS, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the United Presbyterian College, Scotland. Edited by his Brothers.

2. *The Divine Unity of Scripture.* By the late Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, D.D. 6*s.* each.
London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892.

1. Dr. Cairns had made considerable progress in the preparation of his volume of Sermons during the last two or three months of his life. He had re-written twelve discourses and had selected as many more for similar revision, "when suddenly death interrupted him in the midst of his labours, the pen almost literally falling from his hand, as on the day preceding his death he had been engaged in writing the sermon on 'Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,' and left it unfinished." We have been much impressed with the sonorous eloquence of the fine sermon which gives its title to the volume, and the book will be a much-prized memorial of a man who ranks among the noblest preachers of his age. "The Unwritten and the Written Life of Christ" is one of the freshest and most suggestive discourses in the collection. The style of sermonising is somewhat antique, with its skeleton too evident and its divisions often stiff, but the thought is, like the preacher himself, masculine and masterly.

2. Mr. Carlyle writes the preface to Dr. Saphir's Lectures, which were delivered at Kensington, in 1889–90. "They are," he says, "in some respects, the most important of all his writings, as they give, in connected form, his matured views of the relation of the two great divisions of the Bible. No preacher or writer of our day had such a clear insight into the spirit and connection of the Sacred Writings." The way in which he brands the theory about the Books of Moses having been fabricated after the Exile as "utterly void of common sense" is very striking. Had such a record of Jewish unbelief and idolatry been made centuries after the events, who would have received it? "What an extraordinary thing it is that the Jews who killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent unto them did not dare to touch the written records of their lives and all their testimonies?" Still more impressive is the passage (on p. 113) about the Jews as a witness for God: "Monuments made of marble and of stone are nothing compared with the nation of millions for eighteen centuries under the greatest persecutions, and in the most diverse circumstances, commemorating continually the great facts that had been wrought

out for them in the days of old." The volume is full of suggestive passages like these, which have even deeper interest as coming from a converted Jew.

1. *Christmas Day and Other Sermons.* 2. *The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament.* By F. D. MAURICE. London: Macmillan. 1892.

1. If we are not mistaken, this was the first volume of sermons published by Mr. Maurice. That was in the year 1843. It now appears in its second edition. Maurice's sermons seldom sold well; but in this volume will be found not a little that is beautiful, while there is less that savours of heterodoxy or eccentricity than in most of his writings. All who are making a study of Maurice as a thinker and writer should without fail read this comparatively early production of his pen.

2. If some of the sermons in the *Christmas Day* volume are among the most delicate in thought, and the most happily suggestive, of Mr. Maurice's writings, the volume on the *Prophets and Kings* is beyond doubt one of the most original and valuable. Those who have differed most seriously from the Lincoln's Inn preacher have frankly acknowledged their obligations to this suggestive volume, the value of which is shown by the fact that, unlike his sermons generally, it passed through more than one edition during his life, while several editions have been published since his death. This is the sixth edition.

The Gospel of a Risen Saviour. By the Rev. R. M'CHEYNE EDGAR, A.M. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1892. *7s. 6d.*

This is a very able putting of the manifold argument for the Resurrection of Christ. Mr. Edgar, who is Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, has been busy on his book for many years, and has found in it "the great set-off to the unsettling tendency of the criticism of the time." He felt that here, at least, his feet were on sure historic ground. The introduction deals forcibly with the historical, physiological, and psychological arguments for the immortality of the soul; then the resurrection is shown to be the key of the Christian position. All Jewish history points to it—the whole of the New Testament is based upon it. The testimony drawn from the Lord's Day and the Lord's Supper is clearly brought out, and the chief objections are skilfully met. The whole book forms a chain of evidence in which each link is forged with rare skill. Mr. Edgar has not only mastered his subject in its length and breadth, but he knows how to put the results in such a way as to attract and hold attention. We hope that a book so valuable in every respect will be widely known and read.

The Self-Revelation of Jesus Christ. With an Examination of Some Naturalistic Hypotheses. By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D., Honorary Professor, New College, London. New Issue. With an Introduction on the Trustworthiness of the Gospel History and an Index. London: Isbister & Co. 1892. 5*s.*

Dr. Kennedy's work deserves the honour of a re-issue. He quotes the testimony which our Lord offers to Himself and His mission, and shows that He speaks habitually about Himself "in terms which have no parallel in the words of the greatest of the Hebrew prophets, or of any religious teacher known to history." The first section of this volume discusses that testimony, then a consideration of "the titles assumed or sanctioned by Jesus Christ" helps to reveal special attributes of the One Lord. The third part deals with "Corroborations: Prophetic and Historical"; and in a final section the Naturalistic Hypotheses are met and exposed. The book is singularly fresh in its treatment of the subject, crisp in style, and will prove a true help to faith.

Book By Book. Popular Studies on the Canon of Scripture. By the Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON and Others. London: Isbister & Co. 1892. 7*s.* 6*d.*

These studies were published as introductions to the various books of Scripture in Virtue's *New Illustrated Bible.* They certainly give a complete and scholarly view of the various questions raised as to each book of Scripture, and are written in a style which ought to secure a wide circle of readers. Professor Robertson's treatment of the Pentateuch and the historical books of the Old Testament is eminently reassuring to those who have been disturbed by the "Higher Criticism." No man is better fitted to deal with such questions, and his words have additional weight from their manifest candour and readiness to admit the force of every valid argument. Professor Elmslie's introductions to the Minor Prophets make us regret still more deeply his early loss. The description of the literary power of Amos is very impressive. Nothing in the volume is more valuable and helpful than Professor Sanday's treatment of the Synoptic Gospels. All the books, indeed, are in competent hands, and the result is an Introduction to the Bible, which is throughout clear, scholarly, and well-balanced in its judgments. On page 253 "eight century" is a misprint.

The Teacher's Synoptical Syllabus. With Reference Tables, Maps, Plates, Diagrams, &c., for Blackboard Purposes. By the Rev. CHARLES NEIL, M.A., Vicar of St. Matthias', Poplar. With an Introduction by the Venerable W. MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D., Archdeacon of London. London: Nisbet & Co. 1892. 15*s.*

Mr. Neil's massive volume is the first instalment of a "Comprehensive Scripture Lesson Scheme," which is to include a "Teacher's Catechising Bible," with the Revised Version "displayed," so that its structure and the relations of each sentence in every paragraph may be detected at a glance. There will also be volumes of classified lesson-material gathering together all that a teacher needs from the vast mass of information in Commentaries, Bible Dictionaries, and other works. In this first volume the text of the historical books of Scripture is analysed, so that convenient sections may be suggested for lessons, and the connection of each part clearly understood. The work is specially valuable in dealing with the Life of Christ and the Speeches of St. Paul; but, we are afraid, that it is too bare a skeleton to render any vital service to teachers. They can get such analysis in any good Commentary, with the notes as well. We are sorry to write thus, for no one can fail to recognise the immense amount of skill and labour bestowed on the preparation of the volume. It will be a book for Sunday-school libraries rather than for individual teachers. The Appendices are the most valuable part of the work. The remarks on Bible Chronology are distinctly helpful. The brief table showing the Chronology of our Lord's Life, the classified lists of parables and miracles, the admirable Index of Mosaic Legislation, and the numerous Maps and Plans will be of real service. We do not know any other volume in which a teacher could find so valuable a collection of such material.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature. Edited by Professor S. D. T. SALMOND, D.D. Volume II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1892. 7*s.*

The Critical Review has established its claim to be an indispensable guide to the chief theological and philosophical literature of the day. It is not possible to find anywhere else a series of brief notices so adequately descriptive yet so full of sound criticism as these. We have never admired the type and get-up, but there cannot be two opinions as to the value of the writing. Professor George Adam Smith's "Communication on Some Unpublished Inscriptions from the Hauran and Gilead" is singularly interesting, and there are some valuable notices from our own Professor Davison. The "Record of Select Literature" gives a conspectus of all the books which need a

preacher's attention. Dr. Salmond has a splendid set of helpers, and the value of *The Critical Review* is becoming more and more evident.

The Expository Times. Edited by the Rev. JAMES HASTINGS, M.A. Volume III., October 1891, September 1892. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1892. *7s. 6d.*

The success which this enterprising magazine has met is evident from the fact that its size has doubled during the present year. It is now possible to deal more adequately with all matters of interest to preachers. There is much good food for advanced students in such papers as the Vicar of Borrowdale's critique of Siegfried u. Stade's "Hebrew Lexicon," whilst the lighter side is well represented by such papers as that of the Rev. George Jackson on St. Paul. Mr. Hastings has secured help from the best scholars of the day, and has certainly produced a volume full of variety and eminently suggestive for Bible students. Surely, however, it is not necessary to publish the titles of all the articles in the magazine, or to devote such a paragraph to the "Magazine of Art" as that we notice on p. 141. References ought to be confined to any paper which has special interest for preachers.

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 Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. II. Timothy, Titus, and Philemon. London: Nisbet & Co. *7s. 6d.*

The Three Epistles dealt with in this volume furnish a fine field for illustration and exposition, and Mr. Exell has gathered around them a wealth of material for which all preachers and teachers will be thankful. We notice new names among the writers, who have been laid under contribution, and of course, the great commentators are made to yield up their best things for this treasure-house. Anecdotes are scattered plentifully through the volume, and they will often be found very useful for garnishing speeches, sermons, and lessons. Such a book must involve an immense amount of labour on the compilers.

What and How to Preach. Lectures Delivered in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. By ALEXANDER OLIVER, B.A., D.D. (Edin.). Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1892. *3s. 6d.*

These Lectures are the outcome of Mr. Oliver's tenure of office as "First Lecturer on Practical Training" at the United Presbyterian

College in Edinburgh. They are just the Lectures to arouse young preachers, and quicken their desire to make the most of their office. Mr. Oliver deprecates quotation in preaching, but he knows well how to make it serve his purpose in this volume, which resembles some dainty mosaic work with precious fragments gathered from all parts, and skilfully woven into one attractive whole. We do not agree with the dictum that "careful writing and careful committing is to be commended. That will yield, in the average, the best results," but even where we disagree, we find much to instruct and suggest in these Lectures. "I do not think I hardly ever" is a hideous expression, but the style is generally brisk and terse. Taken on the whole, and with some reservation as to certain points, this volume—which every preacher will study with interest—is one of the best books on preaching we know. On page 187, "Hynd" seems to be a misprint.

Words of Counsel to English Churchmen Abroad. Sermons by Right Rev. C. W. SANDFORD, D.D., Bishop of Gibraltar. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892. 6*s.*

There is no rhetoric about these sermons, and little illustration, either from nature or books, but they have a sedate impressiveness well befitting the Episcopal office. They are chaste, well-reasoned, clearly thought out discourses which could scarcely fail to make their mark on those who listened to them. Dr. Sandford is a sound Anglican, as any one will see by turning to the discourse entitled, "Why am I a Churchman?" but, as a rule, sectarianism is not allowed to obtrude. There are some wise counsels in the sermon on *Sobriety and Quietness*, and the protest against gambling, delivered not far from Monte Carlo, is earnest and timely. Wise and weighty are the two words, which seem best to describe this volume of sermons delivered in sight of the Mediterranean.

Sermons and Addresses Delivered in America. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster. With an Introduction by PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892. 3*s.* 6*d.*

These Sermons and Addresses have not had the wide circulation of some other volumes in the new edition of Archdeacon Farrar's Works, but there is great variety of topics, for here are fourteen Sermons, four Addresses, and two Lectures, entitled "Dante," and "Farewell Thoughts on America." The book is a good specimen of Dr. Farrar's teaching, and his literary style—crowded with incident, quotation, and

illustration—with not a little denunciation and much rhetoric, but with a charm and freshness which make it very pleasant to turn these jewelled pages.

Did a Hen or an Egg Exist First? or, My Talks with a Sceptic. By JACOB HORNER. Edited by JAMES CROMPTON. London: Religious Tract Society. 1892. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Horner has moved much among working men in various parts of England during the last thirty years. He has found many of them intelligent, even where they were rough and uncouth. "Very few of them," he says, "have shown any real leanings to atheistic teaching, despite a great deal of boasting in certain quarters to the contrary. I have found the working man either respectful towards religion, or simply thoughtless and fully taken up with other matters, and pretending not to have time to attend to sacred things. They are anxious to understand the grounds of religion—the religion of reason and commonsense, without shams, and apart from priestly pretensions." Some vague notion that religion has been undermined by the discoveries of modern science has crept in among them, and Mr. Horner has not been able to lay his hands on any book which he could recommend to them. He has, therefore, gathered up his own thoughts in this crisp and acute little volume. There is enough movement in the dialogues between the uncle and his sceptical nephew to afford relief to the argument, and the Christian apologist does his work well. The egg existed before the hen. The sceptic traces the universe back to an hydrogen egg, but fails utterly to account for that. It is a clever little book which compels one to think, and leads us on step by step to see the reasonableness and cogency of the Christian argument.

Unalism is not yet Old Christianity. By UNITAS, M.A. London: Eliot Stock. 1892.

There is much that is suggestive about this little book. Its main contention is that God's two great works—Nature and Revelation—are stamped with the same characteristics by their author, so that the God of Nature and the God of Revelation are not discordant, as so many Christians seem to think. It is a pity that good matter should be put in such an unattractive form. To talk of a Unal Rule and of Double Deism or Ditheism, is to deliberately frighten one's readers.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

History of the New World called America. By EDWARD JOHN PAYNE, Fellow of University College. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892. 18*s*.

THERE is more food for thought in this history than in any volume we have met for many a day. The first book deals with the discovery of America, which Mr. Payne describes as an episode in the general history of geographical exploration dependent on physical conditions and involved in three separate historical processes—the pursuit of the Greek idea that the east of Asia might be reached by sailing due west from Spain, and the pursuit of northward and southward maritime exploration. The unique grandeur of the discovery of America naturally leads the mind to regard it as a thing *sui generis*; but, great though the achievement of Columbus was, it was only the greatest in a long series of great discoveries of the same kind. The fifteenth century was the age of discoveries. The long intellectual slumber of Europe had been broken, and for 300 years the world witnessed a splendid series of daring nautical ventures which gradually opened the globe to European knowledge and enterprise. "To this movement, which some historians have denominated the *Maritime Revolution*, the discovery of the Western Continent belongs. These great geographical discoveries were accompanied by a far wider circle of other discoveries —discoveries in science, in morals, in politics, in the useful and the fine arts. The whole cycle of these is commonly called the Renaissance; and, properly to understand the discovery of America, we must conceive it as a member of that great process in which half-dead Europe regained consciousness, and which it was little exaggeration to describe as birth into a second and greater life. And conversely, if we wish to grasp the full meaning of the Renaissance, we must turn from Europe, and fix our gaze upon the New World. The greatest fruit of the Renaissance was America." This striking way of putting well-worn facts quickens the reader's expectation at the outset of the investigation. The sketch of the fortunes of geographical science shows how the human mind marches from ignorance to science. So far as Europe was practically concerned, America was discovered a century too soon. Its discovery was, however, the lever which overthrew the Ptolemaic cosmography, and furnished the principal hints for the reconstruction of the intellectual world by Bacon. Mr. Payne sets himself to relate the main facts, "stripped of the artificial halo with which they are sometimes surrounded, removed from their traditional historical isolation, and restored to their natural historical setting." The discovery was "no historical earthquake, startling the world, and working instant changes in the relations of its peoples," but a matter of slow growth which was only reached by a long course of events. The wind and currents of the

North Atlantic are more favourable to the discovery of Europe from America than to the discovery of America from Europe. Had the shores of the western fringe of the Atlantic been peopled by an ocean-going race, the New World might have been the first to discover the Old. The general inquiries into the geographical relation of Western Europe to Eastern Asia which followed as a matter of course on the Greek discovery of the sphericity of the earth, was one of the processes by which the discovery was brought about. The nautical exploration proceeding ever farther and farther towards the west helped in the same direction. Mr. Payne works out this part of his investigation with great care and skill. Toscanelli, the celebrated Florentine astronomer, had told his friend Martius, the monk of Lisbon, that he believed the land of spices might in time be reached by sailing due west from Portugal. Columbus's great undertaking was mainly influenced by Toscanelli's ideas, but he had an acquaintance with the entire field of navigation, as known in his time, which he had gained by service under the flag of Portugal. Mr. Payne holds that the greatness of Columbus consisted mainly in his practical capacity as a sea-captain. He discerned that a wide margin of sea lay beyond the most westerly islands known to seamen, and saw that earlier attempts to cross over it had failed because undertaken on too small a scale. He took care, therefore, that his own vessels should be fully manned and equipped for a year's voyage. "What the occasion demanded was a large plan, courageously and skilfully carried out. Every shot aimed below a certain mark was sure to fail, and Columbus stood alone in discerning what that mark ought to be. A man of less capacity would have accepted a smaller equipment, and have failed. Columbus went from capital to capital, offering, though he knew it not, the New World in exchange for three ships and provisions for twelve months." The old story of the discovery is told with many new lights, which add greatly to the interest of the subject. The long seven years of waiting which Columbus spent in Spain seem to have been necessitated by the circumstances of the time: and, irksome though the delay was, Columbus himself saw that it was inevitable. The treasury of Castile was exhausted by the struggle against the Moors, and he was induced to postpone his expedition until the war was over. The sketch of his voyages and the pages devoted to his successors give a singularly lucid account of the gradual discovery of America. The horde of adventurers that followed in the wake of Columbus were drawn by the lust of gold, of territorial conquest, and spiritual supremacy. They never dreamed of America as a field for human progress, but were simply repelled by its vastness, its solitude, its desolation. Columbus claimed the hereditary vice-royalty of all the lands he discovered for himself and his family, but his true employment would have been to pursue his great work as a discoverer. He died in obscurity at Valladolid in 1506, ignorant or unconvinced to the last that he had found a new continent. "He regarded himself not as the discoverer of a new world, but as the fated bearer of the Gospel to the Indies, and the subjugator to the rule of the Spanish monarchs of the vast and

wealthy nations of Eastern Asia. He regarded himself as an instrument chosen by the Almighty for the accomplishment of an appointed end. The East was to be Christianised; its treasures were to be poured into Spain; by their help Jerusalem was to be rescued from the infidel; and then were to follow the Great Judgment and the Millennium." What embittered his last years was the scantiness of his own share in executing this magnificent programme: nor would he have felt himself compensated by the fame which in later years began to attach to his name on the score of his geographical discoveries." The second book, in which Mr. Payne traces the social economy of the advanced aborigines of the New World to its physical conditions propounds a novel theory of human advancement. He thinks that it rests on no loftier basis than the organised provision of the food-supply on an artificial as distinguished from a natural basis. In a later stage of the investigation Mr. Payne proposes to show how this organisation of the food-supply has been combined with defence, and how communities in which these combined organisations have been fully elaborated have extended their boundaries at the expense of others whose social arrangements were less advanced. The state of things revealed to Europe on the discovery of Mexico and Peru falls short of that degree of human progress to which the name of civilisation may fairly be applied. "The Mexican warriors—the most advanced class found in America—were cannibals; in both Mexico and Peru regular human sacrifices formed an essential part of the scheme of life." Mexico had a rudimentary commerce, but in Peru commerce was unknown. The views of the older historians, who regarded the Mexicans and Peruvians as highly civilised people, are thus shown to be misleading. We have followed Mr. Payne's exhaustive study of his subject with profound interest. The description of the cultivation of early times, the maize festivals, the drinking customs, the religious beliefs of the New World, are simply fascinating. War was inextricably interlaced with religion, for the gods needed to be fed, and human sacrifices were essential to maintain the vigour of the terrible divinities from whom the nations looked for their daily bread. We sometimes find ourselves differing from Mr. Payne in his supposed parallels between Bible history and the state of things in the New World, but there can be no doubt that his book is one of the most suggestive discussions of the religious and social life of Peru and Mexico that has yet appeared. We shall await the next volume of this history with no little expectation. Every student of civilisation and comparative religion will need to master the work.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A Study of his Life and Work. By ARTHUR WAUGH, B.A. Oxon. London: W. Heinemann. 1892. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Waugh's book is not one of those that spring up in a single night after the death of an illustrious man. It was completed all but

the last page of biography, when the sudden death of the Poet-Laureate startled the author at the task of minute revision which he had hoped might long form a pleasant occupation. His book has been his companion during the last two years, "and grew into shape as the natural result of a love for the poetry, and a desire to possess in convenient shape all that could be recorded of the life of one whom the writer regarded with sincere enthusiasm." His book is distinctly the best on Tennyson that has yet appeared. Mr. Jennings' useful life is only one-tenth of the price, and does not possess the illustrations which give such a charm to this volume, nor attempt to enter on very minute investigation of the poetry. Mrs. Ritchie's sketch furnishes Mr. Waugh with some material; but, of course, that delightful cluster of personal recollections has quite a different niche to fill. Mr. Waugh has ransacked every available source for information as to the facts of Tennyson's life. Fear of re-traversing well-beaten tracks makes him sometimes slightly too allusive in his way of telling an anecdote, so that readers who have not met it before will scarcely find all the details here. But that is a minor matter, which could be set right in a second edition. The book is written in a style that is worthy of the subject. Every phrase is neatly turned and well balanced. The writing is a kind of prose-poetry over which one is glad to linger. Yet pleasantly as the story is told, it is as a critical study of Tennyson's poems that Mr. Waugh's book has its chief value. Lover and admirer of the Laureate as he is, the writer is never betrayed into playing the part of a mere panegyrist. His criticism is always intelligent, and often shows rare insight. In dealing with that line in "The Lotus Eaters,"

"Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel,"

he says, "It is the very apotheosis of sensuous enjoyment. This was something new to literature. The formal, restrained poetry of Wordsworth had wedded itself to the melody and colour of Keats and Shelley and the vigour of Byron, and the result was Tennyson. Keats had not more colour nor Shelley more music. Wordsworth's skill in reading nature's secrets combined in Tennyson with a delicacy and refinement of observation which turned every scene he touched into a little paraphrase. His poetry was the voice of a sensitive, nervous mind, quivering in sympathy with nature." We quite agree with Mr. Waugh's verdict that "There is no book of the *Idylls* so perfect in its scheme, so brilliant and retentive in its imagery, as *The Holy Grail*. There is no passage in modern poetry, perhaps, more complete in itself, more mystically vivid, than the scene of Galahad's final passage into life. It is one of those scenes that illustration would ruin, because it stands almost beyond the possibilities of pictorial art. It reminds the reader of scenes in the Revelation, scenes that the eye can picture in the air, but the hand cannot fix upon the page." Mr. Waugh considers the *Idylls of the King* to be the most characteristic, and, perhaps, the most permanent of Tennyson's contributions to English literature. The chapter in which he deals with them is one of the most suggestive in his volume. The dramas are carefully discussed. *Harold* is

described as a great drama, though it has never been seen on the stage. "*The Promise of May* is," Mr. Waugh thinks, "the only work of Tennyson, perhaps, which his hearers would be glad to forget." We have done scant justice to this delightful book. Young students of Tennyson will find Mr. Waugh a wise and competent guide, who will teach them to appreciate our late laureate's beauties of style, and will throw new light on the poems. It is beautifully illustrated.

Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. By ANNE RITCHIE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892. 10*s*.

The death of the Poet-Laureate has given a special interest to the first of these graceful and sympathetic studies. Mrs. Ritchie refers in the opening of her paper on Browning to the happy fortune of the sons and daughters of men and women who are eminent in their generation. "From childhood they know their parents' friends, and contemporaries—the remarkable men and women who are the makers of their age—quite naturally and without excitement. . . . . My own experience certainly is this: the friends existed first, then, long afterwards, they became to one, the notabilities, the interesting people as well, and these two impressions were oddly combined in my mind." The sketch of Tennyson, to which the newspaper notices of the last few months owe so many of their facts, opens with a description of Somerby and the happy household there more than seventy years ago. The handsome children, who "had beyond most children that wondrous toy at their command which some people call imagination," make a charming study. Then we watch the future Laureate's first attempt at verse, and are helped to understand the influences that moulded his genius. Once when Henry Hallam was at Somerby they "sat up so late talking in the starlight that the dawn came shining unawares; but the young men, instead of going to bed, then and there set off for a long walk across the hills in the sunrise." The steps by which Tennyson won his way to fame are very pleasantly traced, and some glimpses are given into the poet's life at Farringford and Aldworth. Mrs. Ritchie first saw Tennyson as he sat at her father's table, where she sat "propped up in a tall chair between her parents," and has enjoyed many opportunities of knowing his private life, but we cannot help feeling as though she scarcely dared to lift the veil. Tennyson's hatred of publicity, no doubt, influenced her somewhat, for the paper was published in the Laureate's lifetime. Perhaps in some future edition Mrs. Ritchie may feel free to add the more intimate touches. We hope also that she will revise her phrase, "one of Tennyson's after companions." We may add that Aldworth is not in Surrey, but just over its borders in the county of Sussex. In her *Ruskin* Mrs. Ritchie has drawn largely from *Præterita*, which makes her paper almost a mosaic of felicitous quotations. This is perhaps the best sketch of the three. The reading public on both sides of the Atlantic always delights to know something more about

Ruskin, and Mrs. Ritchie has given us a portrait which it is a pleasure to look upon. "Mrs." Fanny Kemble needs alteration, and the comma after lightly (foot-note, p. 93) should be deleted. There are some happy bits of meditative writing in this sketch: "Who can ever recall a good talk that is over?" Mrs. Ritchie asks, "Can you remember the room in which it was held—the look of the chairs? but the actual talk takes wings and flies away. A dull talk has no wings, and is remembered more easily; so are those tiresome conversations which consist of sentences which we all repeat by rote—sentences which have bored us a hundred times before, and which do not lose this property by long use. But a real talk leaps into life; it is there almost before we are conscious of its existence. What system of notation can mark it down as it flows, modulating from its opening chords to those delightful exhilarating strains which are gone again almost before we have realised them?" Browning is perhaps the most attractive of the three men whom Mrs. Ritchie describes in her charming book. Her intimate friendship with him from early childhood, and the fact that she was able to speak more freely because the poet was no longer living have probably contributed to this result; but the sketch is a very happy one. The book is one in which all lovers of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning will delight.

Lord Tennyson. 1809–1892. A Biographical Sketch. By HENRY J. JENNINGS. Revised and Enlarged. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892. 1*s.* paper covers.

The greater part of this sketch was published in 1884, but the present edition has been materially enlarged by the addition of many interesting references to Tennyson which have since appeared, and various particulars of the Laureate's last years have been added, which give it some claim to completeness. The book was ready for sale before the funeral, and must have proved of service to many who wished to have a somewhat full account of Lord Tennyson's life and writings. Mr. Jennings has made very full use of Mrs. Ritchie's charming paper on Tennyson which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for 1883, and which has recently been published by Messrs. Macmillan. He has gathered together all available material with great care, and done his work with good taste and sound judgment. Till an exhaustive biography of Tennyson has been written many will be thankful to have this full, accurate, and well-written record of a noble life. The use of "promptest" on p. 53 is peculiar.

Social Life in England from the Restoration to the Revolution. 1660–1690. By WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY. London: Ward & Downey. 1892. 10*s.* 6*d.*

This well-printed volume almost takes the place of a preface to Mr. Sydney's *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century.* It

is a brightly written study of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., showing the same unwearying research and skilful use of material as the larger volumes which we reviewed some time ago. Our chief complaint is that Mr. Sydney has not given us a table of contents or supplied headings to his chapters. It is therefore not so easy to see what wealth of material there is in this volume. There is, however, a good index, and an extended list of authorities, whilst the source of each important statement is given in foot notes. There are some expressions like "any much" on p. 34, "nothing so peculiar . . . . than" on p. 60, and the very awkward wording of the first three lines in the notice of Claude Du Vall on p. 217, which show that Mr. Sydney has not been careful enough in revising his work. But these are small blemishes in a book that, besides being always readable, is eminently instructive, and full of matter. We are shown "some sections of the moral strata of that strange compound which constitutes civilisation" by the help of farces and comedies, fugitive essays, libels and satires, collections of familiar correspondence, private memoranda, novels, and biographies. After quoting various estimates of the population of England and Wales at the time of the Restoration, Mr. Sydney sets it down at little more than five millions. Then he proceeds to deal with the woollen and serge manufactures in the West of England, giving good descriptions of Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Bath, and other centres of commerce and fashion. In the next chapter similar bird's-eye views are given of Liverpool, Manchester, and other seats of industry. In this way we pass from town to town watching the daily life of the people, and learning a great deal about the making of England. The pages devoted to Norwich in the days of Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the *Religio Medici*, strike us as specially vivid. We watch Sir Thomas showing John Evelyn about the city, and get some glimpses of the civic pageants for which Norwich was famous. Thence we turn to Yarmouth, which has already won its position as the capital of our English fishing trade, and pass on through the county of "spinners and knitters" to Cambridgeshire. The two chapters which describe the actual state of provincial society are full of facts which help to qualify Lord Macaulay's somewhat sweeping assertions about the clergy. These are not the least valuable chapters in the book, and the sketches of notorious highwaymen open our eyes to the change which has come over England since those days of licence. The sections on London and town life throw considerable light on the England of Charles II. The whole book is indeed crowded with matter, which will be of the greatest interest to every student of English life in the past.

Rulers of India: Ranjit Singh. By Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN, K.C.S.I. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892. *2s. 6d.*

Sir Lepel Griffin has been able to draw largely upon his former writings and his wide official experience in compiling this masterly

monograph. It is a condensed history of the most notable and picturesque figure among the Chiefs who rose to power on the ruins of the Mughal Empire. The Maharaja Ranjit Singh "welded the turbulent and warlike sectaries who followed the teaching of Govind Singh into a homogeneous nation. Under his strong and remorseless rule, the Sikhs—trained and disciplined on a military system more perfect than had before, or than has been since employed in the native States of India—were rapidly converted into a formidable fighting machine, which only broke in pieces when the folly and weakness of the great Maharaja's successors persuaded them to use it against the English." Sir Lepel Griffin's sketch of the benefits brought by the Mutiny is very suggestive, and he throws side-lights on Hinduism with "its ivy-like vitality, enfolding and strangling everything which it has once grasped," which English readers will find eminently instructive. The women find the morning visit to the temple and the numerous festivals of the Hindu pantheon the chief diversion in their somewhat sombre lives. "To choose between Hinduism and Sikhism was for them as if English women were asked to choose between a ball-room and a Quaker meeting." The Sikh is a born fighter, and is always the same in peace or war, in the field or in barracks. He is not a scholar, and is easily outstripped by the Brahman in all that relates to mere learning, but he is unequalled in India as a man of war and action.

Ranjit Singh's military genius and his ability as an administrator place him in the front rank of the statesmen of the century, but he is not an estimable character. The key-note of his life was selfishness, and none of his servants regarded him with gratitude or affection. His scheming to get possession of the famous Kohinoor and the mare Laili—the life of his harem, and his drinking-bouts, make an unlovely picture; but Ranjit knew how to rule, had the faculty of choosing well his subordinates, and was unswervingly loyal to the British Government. His kingdom "crumbled into powder when the spirit which gave it life was withdrawn." His people were thus able to enjoy the blessings of our administration. A single fact will show what that means. Where the Sikh Government took six shillings' worth of produce from the peasant as rent out of every twelve, we take only two, or even one. Sir Lepel Griffin's book is one which every student of Indian life ought to master.

Myamma. A Retrospect of Life and Travel in Lower Burmah. By Deputy-Surgeon-General C. T. PASKE, late of the Bengal Army. Edited by F. G. AFLALO. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1892. *6s.*

Surgeon Paske went out to Burmah in the fifties, so that his record appears at first sight somewhat belated; but it is pleasant to read in these days of rapid locomotion of the leisurely way in which the old frigate-built East Indiaman and her passengers sailed to the East. The

book is brightly written, with some good descriptions of Burmese life forty years ago. Gambling and betting are the Burman's besetting vice, and some pitiful instances are given of the excesses into which the natives ran. There are also some lively adventures on river expeditions, with a thrilling story of escape from a shark which caught the writer by the ankle, but happily was not able to hold its prey. The descriptions of the elephant's restlessness, of the cowitch which falls sometimes on a traveller's neck, of the orchids, and of the Surgeon's adventures when lost in a forest, are very well done. The volume is a pleasing chronicle of faithful work in olden times. The writer is a *laudator temporis acti*, for he holds that Europeans and natives were far happier under John Company's Raj than they have ever been since, or ever will be.

1. *Charles Darwin:* His Life told in an Autobiographical Chapter, and in a Collected Series of his Published Letters. Edited by his Son, FRANCIS DARWIN. With Portrait. *7s. 6d.*

2. *Notes by a Naturalist.* An Account of Observations made during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger*. By H. N. MOSELEY, M.A., F.R.S. A New and Revised Edition. With Map, Portrait, and Woodcuts, and a Brief Memoir of the Author. London: John Murray. 1892. *9s.*

1. In this abbreviated edition of *Darwin's Life and Letters* the personal elements of that classic of scientific biography are retained as far as possible. Large numbers of purely technical letters have been omitted, so that the book is adapted for wide circulation among all who, though not able to read the larger work, feel that they would like to study an epoch-making life. Darwin's son has aimed to preserve some sort of chronological sequence in the volume, even where it is mainly a collection of letters. His own bright chapter of reminiscences is the outcome of eight years' collaboration with his father. The book ought to be in the hands of all lovers of natural history. Mr. Darwin has made his selections well, and the volume is a wonderful memorial of devotion to science.

2. Professor Moseley died a year ago at the age of forty-seven, prematurely broken down by the incessant strain of his work. The biographical sketch supplied by one of his pupils as an Introduction to this new edition of his most popular book gives a charming picture of the man. His father did not understand his son's bent for science, and it was only through the intervention of a friend and brother clergyman, who discovered young Moseley at Exeter College, given up to idleness and collecting beetles, that he was allowed to join Professor Rolleston's laboratory, and to take his examinations in the Honour

School of Natural Science. He came out with a First Class in 1868, and then studied for some time in Vienna. He afterwards joined the Government Eclipse Expedition to Ceylon, and in 1872 became Naturalist on the *Challenger* Expedition. He found his true sphere in 1881, when he succeeded Rolleston as Linacre Professor of Anatomy at Oxford. In the Laboratory and Museum he was an inspiration to his students, but in the height of his influence and success his health gave way, and he died in November, 1891, after four years' illness. His *Notes* are a popular description of all that he saw during the long cruise of the *Challenger*. They are never abstruse, but convey a large amount of scientific information in a style that tempts one on from the first page to the last. Readers, whether young or old, who have any taste for natural history, will find this a very enjoyable volume. It deals mainly with the places at which the *Challenger* touched, but there is a final chapter on the life of the deep seas which is not less absorbing than the rest of the book.

Recollections of my Youth. By ERNEST RENAN. Translated by C. B. PITMAN, and Revised by Madame RENAN. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Renan's sketch of his early life, with its glimpses of Brittany at the beginning of the century, and the minute account of the steps by which he was led to renounce Catholicism, is a study which cannot fail to have profound interest for a multitude of readers. The delicate literary finish of the book reveals the secret of Renan's power, but the unaffected loyalty to truth and duty which breathes through the recollections is scarcely less remarkable than the style. Renan was trained in circles where criticism was scouted, and often wished that he had been a Protestant, so that he might have had a freer hand. As it was, he was led on step by step till he threw off the yoke, both of superstition and of religion. One or two of the sketches are slight, but the study of the evolution of Renan's mind is profoundly interesting, and the description of Catholic seminary life is very instructive. The tribute paid by Renan to the moral character of the priests and students that he has known should not be overlooked. It is altogether a touching story, and one that is crowded with lessons.

Prince Bismarck. An Historical Biography. By CHARLES LOWE, M.A., late Berlin Correspondent of *The Times*. A New and Revised Edition. London: William Heinemann. 1892. 6*s.*

The first edition of this work, published in two-volume form about five years ago, was recognised on all hands as a standard work which supplied a long-felt want. Mr. Lowe's position as *Times* correspondent at Berlin gave him exceptional facilities for dealing with those

intricate political problems which must be studied by any one who essays to write the life of the maker of the German Empire. In this one-volume edition, Mr. Lowe has reduced and reconstructed his book in such a way as to make it at once lighter and more complete. He has added a final chapter which deals with the sensational close of the great statesman's political career. The thrilling story of Bismarck's fall, which was felt to be one of the wonders of the century, is told with great force, and helps those who read it to understand the causes of the breach between the young Emperor and the man whom he had regarded as his political Palinurus. The description of the farewell to Berlin is quite exciting. The book is written so brightly that it ought to become widely popular. Mr. Lowe does not lose his way amidst a mass of details, but seizes on the essential points, and tells his story with clearness and force. The volume is neatly bound, well printed, and has two striking portraits. There is no doubt that it is the best life of Prince Bismarck in any language.

Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. By the Rev. ANDREW BONAR, D.D. New Edition. With Appendices, Facsimiles of Writings, and Portrait. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1892. 5*s.*

Dr. Andrew Bonar has been spared, at the ripe old age of eighty-two, to revise and add to the biography in which he long ago enshrined the memory of the friend of his youth. It first appeared in 1844, and has made the name of M'Cheyne rank with those of Rutherford, Henry Martyn, Brainerd, Fletcher, John Hunt, and other saints of modern times. Many of us remember the spell which this memoir threw over us long ago, and it is pleasant to revive old memories, and take truer measure of M'Cheyne's character and life. Appendices of unusual interest have been added in this edition.

The first is like a portrait gallery, in which Dr. Bonar sketches the friends of M'Cheyne and traces their history; then we have an account of the Jewish mission, which is so closely linked with M'Cheyne's memory. The speech of Dr. Adolph Saphir has great importance. There is also the testimony of a friend to M'Cheyne's memory, and some specimens of his neat writing. The volume, with its clear type and good binding, is a marvel of cheapness.

The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. By EDWIN HODDER. Popular edition. With eight full-page Illustrations. London: Cassell & Co. 1892. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This volume is a marvel of cheapness. It contains more than 800 closely printed pages, with eight full-page illustrations, and is neatly

and strongly bound, yet it is published at the low price of three shillings and sixpence. Earl Shaftesbury's life is an integral part of the history of European philanthropy, and the skill with which Mr. Hodder has seized the salient facts, and allowed the earl to speak for himself, has made the book a classic. It is an education and an inspiration to read it.

The Ancient Irish Church. By JOHN HEALY, LL.D., Rector of Kells. London: Religious Tract Society. 1892.

This is a history, let it be noted, of the *ancient* Irish Church. It closes with the incoming of Henry and his Normans. The details of the six centuries here dealt with are often dry; the material of the history is meagre; there is little movement, and scarcely any thread. Nevertheless, there is real intrinsic interest in the scanty records—they form a suggestive chapter not to be lost sight of. This is a carefully compiled little book, and shows, also, independent research. The first page of the Preface, however—the worst-written page, we believe, in the volume—gives a promise of inelegance and clumsiness which does injustice to the pages that follow.

The Story of John G. Paton told for Young Folks: or, Thirty Years among South Sea Cannibals. By the Rev. JAMES PATON, B.A. With forty-five full-page Illustrations by JAMES FINNEMORE. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892. 5*s.*

We are delighted with this book. The illustrations are really works of art, and the get-up of the volume makes it just the thing for a prize or present. The story is told in a way that cannot fail to impress and charm the young. Our feeling is that the book is more attractive than the two wonderful volumes from which it is compiled. The full flavour of the original work is preserved, but it is more artistically put together. We hope that the book will have a very wide circulation.

BELLES LETTRES.

Hymns: their History and Development in the Greek and Latin Churches, Germany, and Great Britain. By ROUNDELL EARL OF SELBORNE. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1892. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This dainty little book, with its rough paper and red lines round each page, will form a pleasant companion volume to Lord Selborne's *Book*

of Praise. It is a reprint of his article in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with a few additions and variations, and with illustrations by selected hymns. When these are not English a translation is appended. Lord Selborne's own rendering of Catullus' address to Diana, made in 1834, and his version of "Ein feste Burg" show his skill as a translator, but the latter is inferior to Carlyle's "A Safe Stronghold," which retains all the rugged force of the original. Lord Selborne begins his study with a short section on Classical Hymnology, then he turns to Hebrew Hymnody, and afterwards deals with the hymns of the Eastern and Western Churches, of Germany and Britain. Any one who wishes to get a bird's-eye view of the whole course of hymnology by an expert of the first rank, will find this just the book he needs. Its sections are not so full as the articles on kindred subjects in Mr. Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, nor are they quite so popular in style. The book is rather too brief and allusive to make it so welcome to ordinary readers as it might be, but only a master of the subject could have produced it. It is not absolutely correct to say that, although John Wesley translated and adapted, he is not supposed to have written any original hymns. His paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, given as No. 235-6-7 in the Wesleyan Hymn Book is, however, an original hymn.

1. *Good Words.* 1892. Edited by DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

2. *The Sunday Magazine.* 1892. Edited by the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH. 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

London: Isbister & Co. 1892.

1. No pains or cost has been spared to make *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine* worthy of their established reputation. The annual volumes have never been more variously interesting. The serial stories in *Good Words* are by some of the best known writers. Helen Shipton's "Alston Crucis" is a story of considerable power. The names of the Bishop of Ripon, Mark Guy Pearse, R. F. Horton, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Editor are sufficient warrant as to the value of the religious papers. Mr. Buckland's sketches of "London Street Life" are very enjoyable reading, and the Dean of Gloucester supplies five valuable articles on Tewkesbury Abbey and Cloister Life in the reign of Cœur de Leon. "About Amsterdam" is another good paper, whilst "In the Laureate's Footsteps," "Linlithgow," and the delightful account of "Some Old German Wood Engravers," should not be overlooked.

2. The *Sunday Magazine* has some features of unusual interest. Many readers will be pleased to have the two pages which give portraits of "Some of Our Contributors"—"Carmen Sylva" is among them—and they certainly form a band of helpers of whom Mr. Waugh may justly be proud. "In and About the Channel Islands," at once catches the eye with its quaint illustrations; Canon Talbot's articles

on "Our Bible" supply many valuable facts about English translators. The whole volume is specially attractive, and the illustrations are a marked success. "Half Brothers," the serial by Hesba Stretton, is an absorbing story, full of strong situations and good points. Carmen Sylva's "Home Secretary" is both pleasing and touching.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

Those who know Auvergne, who have climbed the extinct volcanoes of that strange weird country, and threaded the gloomy tortuous streets of its lava-built towns, will turn with lively interest to the article by M. Maurice F. Lamy, on "Les Sculptures de l'Abbaye de Mozac," in the second September issue of *L'Art* (Paris: Librairie de l'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin), and will not be disappointed. Those who are strangers to Auvergne cannot do better than spend their next holiday there, making Mozac their centre, and studying, with M. Lamy's help, its marvellous wealth of chiselled work, Romanesque Gothic, Renaissance, rich and curious beyond description. Few ecclesiastical edifices in the world are so well worth patient and intelligent examination.

Cosimo Tura, whose *Virgin and Child* and *St. Jerome* are familiar to visitors to the National Gallery, is the subject of a careful and critical study by M. Gustave Gruyer in the second October and first November issues. The main facts of the life of this comparatively little known artist are clearly told, his debt to the Venetian School on the one hand, and on the other to Mantegna, whose influence M Gruyer traces in his love of statuesque form and stiff drapery, are well discussed, and an apparently exhaustive catalogue of his works is given in an appendix. Under the title "Un Don Récent au Musée du Louvre" M. Emile Molinier describes an ivory harp, curiously carved with the fleur-de-lis and bas-reliefs of the Nativity and Massacre of the Innocents, and apparently of fifteenth-century workmanship, which has just been added to the Salle des Ivoires du Moyen Age.

In the second November issue, M. Bossebœuf essays to solve the problem presented by the celebrated recumbent statue known as La Femme Noyée d'Amboise. The first December issue is mainly devoted to Japanese art and Elie Delaunay.

MESSRS. BLACKIE'S STORY BOOKS.

1. *Beric the Briton:* A Story of the Roman Invasion. By G. A. HENTY. With Twelve Illustrations by W. PARKINSON. 6*s.*
2. *Condemned as a Nihilist:* A Story of Escape from Siberia. By G. A. HENTY. Illustrated by WALTER PAGET. 5*s.*

3. *An Old-Time Yarn.* By EDGAR PICKERING. Illustrated with Six Pictures drawn by ALFRED PEARSE. *3s. 6d.*

4. *A Rough Road: or, How the Boy Made a Man of Himself.* By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS. Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE. *2s. 6d.*

5. *Penelope and the Others:* A Story of Five Country Children. By AMY WALTON. Illustrated by G. L. BROOKE. *2s. 6d.*

6. *A Cruise in Cloudland, and What Came of It.* By HENRY FRITH. Illustrated by W. S. STACEY. *2s. 6d.*

London: Blackie & Son. 1893.

1. Mr. Henty felt that his series of stories dealing with the wars of England would be incomplete without a sketch of the days when Rome ruled Britain. Beric is a young British chief in the days of Boadicea, who is taken to Rome as a hostage, and learns the secret of her conquests. He teaches his own tribe some of the lessons he had learnt, and manages to win a great victory over the Romans, but the rude Britons who flock to Boadicea's standard disregard Beric's counsels, because they think themselves invincible. They are soon utterly routed by Suetonius. Beric and some of his friends, who take refuge in the Fens, are betrayed, and sent to Rome to be trained as gladiators. How Beric saves a Christian girl from the lions, wins and loses Nero's favour, and at last returns to Britain, we must allow Mr. Henty to tell. His spirited story will delight boy readers, and give them a good description of the early days of this country, as well as of life in Rome during the reign of Nero.—2. *Condemned as a Nihilist* gives the adventures of an English merchant's son, who leaves school at Shrewsbury to go out to St. Petersburg, where his father does considerable business. He comes under suspicion as a Nihilist, and is sent to Siberia. His escapes and adventures form a thrilling story, and there is a manly ring about the book which makes one glad that boys will read it and enjoy it so much.—3. Mr. Pickering's *Old-Time Yarn* is a blood-curdling story of "desperate mischances which befell Anthony Ingram of Plymouth, and his shipmates," who sailed to the West Indies with John Hawkins and Francis Drake. The encounters with the Spaniards, and the wonderful escape from the Inquisition, will set a boy's heart beating fast. The story is told with spirit, and is a fine picture of the British bulldog in the days of good Queen Bess.—4. *A Rough Road* is the story of a schoolmaster's son who ran away from home because of his father's harsh treatment, began life as a needle hawker, and by dint of pluck and industry gathered together a growing trade. He was able to start in business for himself, and married a girl of good family who had been kind to him in his early troubles. Mrs. Banks' story will do all young people good. It gives some inter-

esting glimpses of needle-making, and of Rugby school in the worst days of bullying before Dr. Arnold's reformation.—5. *Penelope and the others*—the five boys and girls of Easney Vicarage—is a tale for young children which is very pleasant reading. The boys and girls are full of life, and their childish adventures are told in a way that will please the youngest reader.—6. Mr. Frith's *Cruise in Cloudland* relates the adventures of a boy who was lost in a balloon, and another schoolfellow who drifted out to sea in a boat. After many perils they meet at Plevna, where we get a graphic record of the siege with plenty of fighting. Mr. Frith's frequent use of "our hero" rather annoys us, and the shark which Ben sent flying by aid of the electric battery is a heavy draw on probability, but the story is full of hair-breadth escapes and adventure such as boys love.

CHAMBERS'S BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. *Robin Redbreast.* A Story for Girls. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH. With Six Illustrations by ROBERT BARNES. 3*s.* 6*d.*
2. *The Dingo Boys: or, the Squatters of Wallaby Range.* With Six Illustrations. By W. S. STACEY. 3*s.* 6*d.*
3. *Through Storm and Stress.* Being a History of the Remarkable Adventures of Richard Fletcher of York. Retold by J. S. FLETCHER. 2*s.*
4. *Some Brave Boys and Girls.* By EDITH C. KENYON. 2*s.*

London: W. & R. Chambers. 1892.

1. *Robin Redbreast* is the name of a quaint old house where Lady Myrtle, a rich old aristocrat, lives in solitary state till three bright children burst upon her who have come to live in Thetford until their father and mother return from India. Mrs. Molesworth has a dainty style, and this is a charming story. All the characters are pleasantly sketched, and the book will teach young folk to be true and chivalrous.

2. *The Dingo Boys* is a lively tale of settler life on the coast of Northern Australia. Captain Bedford, a retired officer of the Royal Engineers, and his family stand quite a fierce siege from the blacks, and are nearly burned out of their home before timely succour comes. Mr. Fenn evidently enjoys telling this story, and boys will enjoy reading it.

3. *Storm and Stress* is a spirited chronicle of the adventures of two boys who run away to sea, help to quell a mutiny, escape from a burning ship, are taken captive by the Turk, and aid in rescuing all the prisoners at Alexandria. It is based on the true story of John Fox, and is an enthralling book.

4. Miss Kenyon groups her brief tales of *Brave Boys and Girls* well into sections. Her book will teach young people both pluck and presence of mind.

NELSON'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. *With the Admiral of the Ocean Sea.* A Narrative of the First Voyage to the Western World; drawn mainly from the Diary of Christopher Columbus. By C. P. MACKIE.
2. *The Forlorn Hope.* By A. L. O. E.
3. *The Robber Baron of Bedford Castle.* By A. J. FOSTER, M.A. and E. E. CUTHELL.
4. *Cyril's Promise.* By WILLIAM J. LACEY.
5. *The Peep of Day.* A Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the Infant Mind is capable of receiving; with Verses illustrative of the subject.

London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1892.

Mr. Mackie's *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* tells the story of Columbus so far as possible in the language of those who shared his voyage. The plan is well carried out, and the spirited story will give young readers a first-rate notion of the times and the man.—A. L. O. E.'s story deals with Garrison's brave fight for the abolition of slavery. The book gives a stirring account of the bitter contest and the great victory. "Gloria" is a fine character, and one wishes that such a heroine had only had a brighter life.—*The Robber Baron* is a tale of life in Bedfordshire during King John's reign. The adventures of Ralph de Beauchamp and Alina de Pateshulle, with the siege of Bedford Castle, will delight every boy who reads this bright story.—*Cyril's Promise* is one of the best temperance tales we know. The way that the lad stood firm to his pledge under all the pressure that his grandfather, the wine merchant, could bring to bear upon him shows that Cyril was a true hero, and many a young reader will learn from such a book to make a brave stand against temptation.—The new edition of *Peep of Day* is printed in good type, and has some fine coloured illustrations. It is a charming gift for the nursery, and one only needs to glance at its contents to see how well both prose and poetry are suited to infant minds.

WESLEYAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Beyond the Boundary.* By JEANIE PERRETT. 1*s.* 6*d.*
2. *For John's Sake*, and other Stories. By ANNE F. PERRAM. 1*s.* 6*d*
3. *Scaramouch*, and other Stories. By ANNIE M. YOUNG. 1*s.* 6*d.*
4. *Twelve Famous Boys.* By W. J. FORSTER. 1*s.*
5. *The Wonderful Half-crown*, and other Stories. By W. J. FORSTER. 1*s.*
6. *Little Black Rover*, and other Stories. By CAROLINE RIGG. 9*d.*
7. *That Odd Little Pair; or, the Sayings and Doings of Molly and Larry.* By ISABEL STUART ROBSON. 9*d.*
8. *Ned's Helper*, and other short Temperance Sketches. By HELEN BRISTON. 6*d.*
9. *Our Boys and Girls.* 1892. 1*s.*

London: Wesleyan Sunday School Union. 1892.

Beyond the Boundary is scarcely a happy title, but it is a capital story of a girl who is the means of restoring a drunken wife and reclaiming a dishonest merchant. It is bright and well-written.—*For John's Sake* is another temperance story that will teach some good lessons.—There is much that is helpful in *Scaramouch* and the pleasant tales in Miss Young's book; but some of the words are too big.—Mr. Forster is very successful in his brief sketches of *Famous Boys*, which will stir up young readers to make the best of their own gifts.—*The Wonderful Half-crown* is a delightful little story.—We are glad that some of Mrs. Rigg's work is gathered together in *Little Black Rover*. The book is full of tender sympathy with the poor and the young, and has much bright teaching happily put. We hope a host of children will read these stories.—Mrs. Robson has given us two good child-studies in *That Old Little Pair*. It is a dainty tale.—*Ned's Helper* is his brave sister who rescues her brother from bad companions by going to meet him as he leaves the mill at night. It will suggest many ways of helping others. *Our Boys and Girls* is as attractive as ever. Its stories are well selected, and, though brief, manage to convey many a good moral. Mr. Simpson's fables are a special feature of the volume, and they are happy specimens of his unique gift as a teacher.—All the volumes are made attractive by bright covers and many pictures. They will be welcomed in every Sunday-school and in every home.

Quest and Vision. Essays in Life and Literature. By W. J. DAWSON. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892. 3*s.* 6*d.*

We noticed the first edition of these essays when they appeared in 1886 and are glad to welcome this revised and enlarged edition. Mr.

Dawson's mastery of phrase and his range of illustration add much to the charm of his critiques. The added studies of George Meredith and of the New Realism show the same power of entering into a writer's meaning and getting to the heart of his work as the earlier essays. George Meredith's keen but cruel satire is vividly brought out. "If it were possible to light up a human body from the inside, so that it should become transparent to us, like a glass beehive, in which we see every movement of busy wing or tentacle, so that in like manner we might discern every little beating nerve of man, every throb and palpitation of remotest vein and artery, it would be an apt figure of how Meredith treats the souls of men." The *New Realism* gives four brief but sympathetic and luminous studies of Olive Schreiner, Mark Rutherford, Rudyard Kipling, and J. M. Barry, which will tempt many readers to a closer knowledge of their works.

1. *The Guinea Stamp.* A Tale of Modern Glasgow. By ANNIE S. SWAN (Mrs. Burnett-Smith). 5*s.*
2. *A Woman's Word.* By DORA M. JONES. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1892.

1. Gladys Graham, the orphan child of a struggling artist, is taken to live with a miserly uncle in Glasgow on her father's death, and finds herself heir to a considerable fortune. Her rash engagement to a handsome scapegrace, with her happy escape and marriage to her uncle's assistant, make a fresh and lively story. Any one with a heart would fall in love with Gladys at once. She and Walter Hepburn are capital characters.—2. Miss Jones' story also turns on another foolish engagement, but death is here the deliverer. Mary Deverell and Henry Drummond were made for each other and they are allowed to be happy at last. Both books are brightly written, and attractively got up.

The Cornhill Magazine. New Series. Vol. XIX. July to December, 1892. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1892.

The two serials in this volume of *Cornhill*—"Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven," by Mr. Baring-Gould, and "The Countess Radna," by W. E. Norris—are full of powerful situations, and in each the interest is well sustained. Mr. Baring-Gould's story gains in interest as we reach the marriage of the new squire of Curgenven. The short papers are scarcely so good as in some former volumes, but the "Unpublished Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb" will be a treat for lovers of the gentle essayist. "Up a Creek in Demerara" gives an impressive picture of the wonderful vegetation of the West Indies.

Household Words for 1892. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS. London: Dickens & Evans. 1892.

Mr. Montagu Williams' papers—"Round London" have formed a special feature of *Household Words* during the year. They vary a good deal in merit; one or two are provokingly vague and wordy, but others give glimpses of the humbler aspects of London life which one would be very sorry to miss. They show what a warm interest Mr. Williams has taken in his clients, and the suitors who have appeared in his court. The fiction in the volume is rather sensational, but there are some very capital tales among them. The six stories in the Christmas number are a success, especially "The Princess's Glove" and "Eliza," a delightful Irish tale. The scraps of information on medicine, dentistry, gardening, dress, and the collection of chatty paragraphs on famous men and books, which form a notable feature of *Household Words*, are better than ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India, their Haunts and Habits from Personal Observation, with an Account of the Modes of Capturing and Taming Elephants. By G. P. SANDERSON, late Officer-in-Charge of the Government Elephant-Catching Establishment in Mysore. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co. 12*s*.

MR. SANDERSON'S early death has robbed India of her chief authority on elephants. He actually caught 404 of these huge beasts in one season, and 132 in a single drive. Readers of Sir Samuel Baker's entertaining volumes on *Wild Beasts and their Ways* will remember with what respect he quotes his friend's judgment on all questions of sport, and will thus see what Mr. Sanderson's reputation was among those best able to form an opinion. This handsome volume, of which we are glad to see a fifth edition, has taken rank as one of the classics upon the wild beasts of India. Mr. Sanderson, the eldest son of an Indian missionary, afterwards Governor of the Wesleyan College at Richmond, went out to Madras in 1864, intending to join a friend on a coffee plantation. Before he reached India, however, this friend had been eaten out by the "borer" insects or by blight. Mr. Sanderson's vision of wild elephants, tigers and bison seemed hopelessly dispelled. It was only in 1873, after some years spent in the Irrigation Service,

that the Mysore Government employed him to capture some of the hordes of elephants which roamed that province.

The work proved most congenial to himself, and most profitable to the Government. Better still, it taught the authorities the capabilities of the elephant as a beast of burden, and has gone far to secure the magnificent creature immunity from the hunter's rifle. Such was the success of Mr. Sanderson's work that well-informed people are anxious to see some one with similar gifts sent to Africa to capture and train its elephants for service in the Dark Continent. Mr. Sanderson feels that the elephant's intelligence has been much over-rated, and throws considerable doubt on many of the accepted stories as to his sagacity, but he shows that the huge beast has an extraordinary power as a learner, and that in obedience, gentleness, and patience none of our domestic animals excel it. There are many delightful details as to its habits, and some stirring stories of sport, with full descriptions of the keddah and the way to capture and train wild elephants. To bison-stalking, which is only second to elephant-shooting, Mr. Sanderson gives some spirited pages. The chapters on the tiger are still more exciting, and will be eagerly read by both sportsmen and lovers of natural history. The book is handsomely got up, with excellent maps and illustrations. It is an enduring monument to one of the best-informed and bravest of sportsmen who ever set foot in India—a man who has done more to make the elephant a worthy servant of the Crown than any Englishman who ever lived.

Outlines of Psychology. By JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D., Grote Professor of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at the University College, London. New Edition. Revised and largely re-written. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892. 9*s.*

Professr Sully's *Outlines of Psychology* have long held rank as, on the whole, distinctly the best text-book on mental science. His mastery of the entire subject, and his long experience as teacher and examiner, have enabled him to provide a book which has no rival, either for completeness or for lucidity of style and arrangement. In the present edition the sections dealing with the applications of psychology to the technical work of the teacher have been withdrawn. They are now gathered together in a separate volume, under the title of *The Teacher's Handbook of Psychology*, intended for those who are engaged in training others. This is a marked improvement, for, suggestive though those paragraphs were, they were not needed by those who were preparing for such examinations as those of London University. The withdrawal of so much matter has also enabled Professor Sully to reduce his volume to a much more convenient size. The practical element has not, however, been lost sight of. No effort has been spared to make this book a more complete introduction to

the science with which it deals. The order of exposition has been altered, so as to bring it into line with Professor Sully's treatise on *The Human Mind* and a few helpful drawings have been added. Many students have found the earlier editions of this work of the greatest service in their first attempts to master the elements of psychology. The generation that had few guides except Bain, will know how to appreciate a book at once so searching and so clear as that of Professor Sully.

Lombard Street: A Description of the Money Market. By WALTER BAGEHOT. Tenth Edition. With Notes, bringing the work up to the present time, by E. JOHNSTONE. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1892. *7s. 6d.*

It is waste of time to praise Mr. Bagehot's *Lombard Street*. It has long been recognised on all hands as the most luminous and judicious account of the money market that we possess. How little in the book needs modification may be seen from studying Mr. Johnstone's useful notes. They show how the business of the world is growing, for since 1872 the bank deposits in London have risen from £120,000,000 to 216,000,000; in Paris, from 13,000,000 to 28,000,000; in New York, from 40,000,000 to 80,000,000; in the German Empire, from 8,000,000 to 20,000,000. The fact that the private deposits in the Bank of England have risen from 18,000,000 to 30,000,000, while the deposits of the four great Joint-Stock Banks to which Mr. Bagehot refers are now reduced by 2,000,000 is significant. The dividend of the Bank of England has risen 2 per cent.; its Stock is now quoted at 341 as against 212. Various modifications in the Bank of England's working are clearly pointed out, whilst the change that has come over the banking world is indicated by the fact that the number of private banks admitted to the Clearing-house has been reduced from thirteen to four. The notes are brief and well up to date. They help a reader to understand how little this economical classic has been affected by the changes of the last twenty years.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Marriage-Knot Wisely Tied.* By the Rev. WILLIAM UNSWORTH. *3s. 6d.*
2. *The Living One. With other Sermons of my Early Ministry.* By RICHARD ROBERTS. *3s. 6d.*
3. *The Gospel for the Day.* By MARK GUY PEARSE. *2s. 6d.*
4. *Four Years in Upper Burma.* By W. R. WINSTON. *3s. 6d.*

5. *John Nelson, Mason and Missionary in the Heathen England of the Eighteenth Century.* By ANNIE E. KEELING. 1*s.* 6*d.*

6. *The Cracked Hearthstone.* By JOHN M. BAMFORD. 2*s.*

7. *The Man who Spoiled the Music, and other Stories.* By MARK GUY PEARSE. Illustrated by CHARLES TRESSIDER. 1*s.* 6*d.*

8. *By-paths of Sunday-school Work.* A Record of Experience. By E. G. HARMER. 1*s.*

9. *Early Days.* 1892. 1*s.* 6*d.*

London: C. H. Kelly. 1892.

1. Mr. Unsworth has written no book so full of practical wisdom, brightly and tersely put, as this *Marriage Knot Wisely Tied.* The title is a poem, and it will be hard to find any young man or maiden on whom it will not act as a spell. The volume opens with a chapter in praise of "Old Bachelors and Maiden Ladies" who have sacrificed themselves to make others happy. It is well in sitting down to the feast of love to pay homage to those who have deliberately put aside these dainties, and such a chapter ought to make young and old more tenderly careful of those who have not known the delights of a happy home. Schumann's praise of the Germans, that they love both with heart and head, is turned to capital account in vindication of English love and courtship. The hints as to the choice of husband or wife are full of homely sense. The passage on industry and careful habits deserves to be framed and hung on the walls of every home. The dainty bit upon courting with the eyes ought not to be overlooked. Mr. Unsworth has always been a friend whose goodwill and kindly ways invited confidence, and he is able to enrich his book by two somewhat detailed illustrations of courtship as it ought not, and as it ought, to be, which young people may profitably study. The amusing counsels on medicine, with the interesting asides as to cooking and the registrar, add to the charm of a book which ought to be given to every bride on her wedding-day. It ought, in fact, to be a *vade mecum* for all that are married, or intend to take the holy estate of matrimony upon them. Mr. Unsworth has something for all, and something which cannot fail to make life sweeter and purer. His book is very tastefully got-up, and in all respects as attractive as its title. It is full of quaint things, and often raises a smile, but it always manages to teach some wise and good lesson.—2. Mr. Roberts' neat volume is rich in Evangelical teaching and earnest appeal. The sermons have been carefully thought out, and every

phrase is polished and so framed as to heighten the impression which the preacher seeks to make on mind and heart. The searching study of Pilate's character forms the basis for a mighty appeal to the conscience. "The heavenlies" in the Epistle to the Ephesians furnish a fresh and most suggestive theme, which is well worked out. Incidents of pastoral visitation or holiday recreations are sometimes effectively used. The sermons are good specimens of a ministry that has been full of spiritual power and gospel truth.—3. Mr. Pearse's *Gospel for the Day* opens with a sentence which all preachers will endorse. "The text is always more than the sermon. At best the sermon is but a magnifying-glass to bring out some golden truth that lies in the text." His book is faithful to this principle throughout, and throws not a little light on many a gem of Scripture. There is a beautiful little illustration in the sermon on the "Gentleness of God," about the preacher's drawing-master, who dispelled his young pupil's despair by telling him, "You can draw as well as I could when I was your age." "Ways of Salvation" is a very helpful sermon, which ought to be widely read. Mr. Pearse's friends will certainly not be disappointed in this volume.—4. We do not know any book on Burma at once so full, so cheap, and so readable as Mr. Winston's. He has availed himself of every source of information, but his work is no mere compilation; it is a record of personal impressions and experiences from the note-books of the man who will be known to history as the founder of Methodist missions in Upper Burma. Mr. Winston's style is sedate and guarded, but he carries his readers into a strange world, and makes them understand Burmese life and religion as no one else has done since the days of Dr. Judson. It is a manly, thorough, and most interesting record, and the volume is crowded with capital illustrations.—5. Miss Keeling has found a congenial study in John Nelson. As a resident at Birstall she is familiar with many details as to the birthplace of that heroic stonemason and Methodist preacher, and these touches add fresh vividness to the old story. The graceful style in which the narrative is told, and the woodcuts scattered through the volume, ought to make this a popular book.—6. In *The Cracked Hearthstone* Mr. Bamford deals with family life in a way that cannot fail to impress his readers, and teach them some valuable lessons. There is rather too much talking at the wedding-breakfast, but it is spicy and practical. George Genius and Hannah Standwell begin life with everything in their favour, but the husband nearly wrecks his home happiness by his petulance and haste to win wealth. He is, however, brought to a better mind, and the story ends with a bright silver wedding. Mr. Bamford is as sententious as ever, but it is a sententiousness that leaves many a dint in memory. George, it is said, "vexed himself with trifles, and banqueted his bad temper on a crumb." Hannah's father, the old Methodist farmer with a passion for bell-ringing, is the finest character in the story.—7. Mr. Pearse's volume is dedicated to Lady Henry Somerset, "in grateful acknowledgment of many kind services to the West London

Mission." *The Man who Spoiled the Music* is a capital tale of a drunken father's reformation, and the other stories and chats will be eagerly read by those for whom they are chiefly written. Many will be glad to know that they are published separately as illustrated booklets.—8. Mr. Harmer's *By-paths of Sunday-school Work* are the outcome of much personal effort to extend the influence of our Sunday-schools. They are full of hints which workers among the young will prize and profit by. The two papers on the library are timely, though we do not always find ourselves at one with Mr. Harmer in his opinions as to books. Still it is refreshing to meet a man who knows his own mind, and has earned the right to express it by much practical work.—9. *Early Days* for 1892 is a bright volume, with a lavish supply of pictures and reading such as small children delight in. A paper like Mr. Unsworth's "Flowers and Birds" will teach many young folks to find a new charm in their country walks, and the sketches of "Holiday Haunts" mix well with the stories and poetry in the volume.

1. *Black's Guide to the County of Surrey.* Fourth Edition. Revised and corrected to date.

2. *Black's Guide to Hampshire, including Descriptions of Southampton and Netley Abbey, Portsmouth, Winchelsea, and Salisbury, New Forest, &c.* Twelfth Edition.

3. *Black's Guide to the County of Sussex and its Watering-places.* With Maps, Charts, and numerous Wood Engravings. Edited by FREDERICK E. SAWYER, F.S.A. Ninth Edition.

London and Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1892. *2s. 6d.* each.

These neat guide-books are just the thing for a tourist to slip in his pocket as he walks or rides about the three famous counties which form such a tempting pleasure-ground for Londoners in pursuit of rest or recreation. They are strongly bound, amply supplied with good maps, and give that detailed information about routes, inns, and other matters which tends to smooth the path of the holiday-maker, and add new charm to his journeyings. The *Guide to Surrey* does not attempt to deal with that portion of the county included in "Greater London." It is intended for the use of tourists, and draws the line between town and country from Wandsworth south to Merton and Mitcham, and thence east to the Kentish border, just north of Croydon. The introductory sketch of the county, with its physical geography, geology, history, antiquities, and scenery, gives a bird's-eye view of the rare delights of Surrey. We quite agree with the writer that those who only now it as seen from the railway cannot form the faintest notion of its wealth of beauty. "It is only when we reach the high grounds of the

chalk plains that its exquisite loveliness is seen as a whole." Great pains has been taken to point out the best tours, and call attention to their most charming features. We have been particularly struck with this in the pages devoted to the surroundings of Guildford. The same method is pursued with equal care and fulness as to Dorking, Farnham, and other centres from which the county may be surveyed in detail. The accuracy of the ample sketches of Kingston and Richmond deserves special notice. Charterhouse is rightly printed in other parts of the book, but on page 119 it is misprinted "Charter House." In the next new edition we should like to see some reference to the "Lily Maid of Astolat," or Guildford [see Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, p. 419, Globe Edition]; to the fact that General Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia, lived at Westbrook (now the Meath Home), close to Godalming new station; and that Dr. Burton, who had so large a share in inducing the Wesleys to undertake their mission to America, was rector at Worplesdon, where, an old history says that "the most extraordinary epitaphs rusticity ever invented" may be seen.—In the *Guide to Hampshire* we have an exceptionally clear and full account of Winchester, though in the table on page 44 we miss the dimensions of St. Albans, which stands next to Winchester for length among our English cathedrals. The description of Portsmouth deserves special commendation; and the charm of Selborne is well brought out in the three or four pages devoted to the village for which Gilbert White has won world-wide fame. "From hence," on page 131, is a point that needs pruning; but the literary merit of the *Guide* makes it pleasant to turn over these crowded pages.—Mr. Sawyer, in the volume which deals with Sussex, finds himself among a cluster of watering-places. He allows due prominence to present-day aspects, but does not forget to open up the wealth of history surrounding Hastings. An epitome of Freeman's description of the battle of Senlac, or Hastings, is given, with a map of the ground. The charm of Battle Abbey and Arundel is well brought out. Eastbourne, Hastings and Brighton, of course, receive ample detailed notice. Each of the *Guides* will be found a treasure for the tourist. The clear type and the good pictures add to one's pleasure in using these reliable and brightly written books. Residents in Sussex, Surrey, or Hampshire ought to have them available for constant reference. It is astonishing to those who are not familiar with the home counties what a wealth of beauty or historic interest there is in almost every corner.

Yorkshire Folk-Talk, with Characteristics of those who Speak it in the North and East Ridings. By the Rev. M. C. F. MORRIS, B.C.L., M.A., Vicar of Newton-on-Ouse, Yorkshire. London: H. Frowde. 1892. *7s. 6d.*

Mr. Morris has given us a book full of good things, not only for Yorkshiremen, but for every lover of "Folk-Talk" and Folk-Lore. The racy stories with which it is packed serve as spice and seasoning to

the more severe sections of the volume. Four years ago Mr. Morris wrote a circular letter inviting the help of friends who were interested in the East Yorkshire dialect, and he has been fortunate in securing aid from many correspondents. "The backbone of the Yorkshire dialect is Danish pure and simple." A Danish artist found that when he first came to England, he could at once make out what the Flamborough fishermen were saying without any difficulty. Mr. Morris was greatly struck with the similarity between Danish and the East Riding dialect when he himself visited Denmark. In Cumberland, where the Danes got a strong footing, "To think on" is used, as in Yorkshire, in the sense of remember; "off" is equivalent to "by heart;" "fast" and "daft" are also expressions constantly heard. Mr. Morris goes into many details, which have special interest for close students of dialect, and his glossary with its ample explanations and examples will be very helpful to all who wish to track any word or expression. Perhaps the raciest chapter is that which deals with "the Yorkshire character." It will certainly delight the people of the Ridings, and will do not a little to show other readers what Yorkshire people really are. The chapters headed "Miscellaneous" and "Customs and Superstitions," are specially entertaining. The whole book is full of good things which have been gathered together as a labour of love, by one who is himself a Yorkshireman and an enthusiast in all that pertains to his county. The instruction and pleasure to be got out of this volume ought to win it a host of readers.

Beneath Helvellyn's Shade. Notes and Sketches in the Valley of Wythburn. By SAMUEL BARBER. London: Eliot Stock. 1892. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Barber, who was for some time clergyman at Wythburn, has given us a charming little book. Its bits of Cumbrian dialect and glimpses of homely life under the shade of Helvellyn show how carefully and lovingly the writer has studied the region. There is a good description of the Roman road and Celtic bridge in the district, a suggestive geological chapter, a few useful notes about birds, many references to Wordsworth, who has thrown a halo round the region, and a capital account of a sheep-shearing with the "Merry Night" that follows it. Mr. Barber has long been a careful student of the clouds, and his chapters about them will encourage many people to use their own eyes better. The chapters are somewhat slight, but the book is gracefully written, and has much varied interest.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October 1).—M. Houssaye's "France under the First Revolution" deals with the beginning of the reign of Louis XVIII. He describes the King's entry into Paris on May 3, 1814, amid pealing bells and booming cannon, in a carriage drawn by eight white horses. On May 30 the treaty of peace was signed, and the allied armies began to march towards the frontier. The period of revolutions and of wars was closed; the hereditary monarchy and the authority of divine right were re-established. The legitimate king was at the Tuileries on the throne of his ancestors. But, to succeed in those trying times, Louis would have needed to be another Henry IV., indifferent alike to principles and prejudices, speaking in his Council with the firmness and *prestige* of a captain who had carved out his kingdom by the strokes of his sword. Yet even Henry had fewer interests to conciliate, fewer fears to quiet, fewer oppositions and prejudices to vanquish than Louis. When he received Beugnot at Saint Ouen, Louis said, "The hardest task is accomplished"; but that was an illusion. Royalty had been welcomed with enthusiasm by one-tenth of the population. Various considerations had rallied other three-tenths to the same side, but the half of France remained hesitating, defiant, almost hostile. The various factors of the opposition are shown in detail. The memoir writers and historians say that the re-establishment of the Bourbons was received without opposition, and even with enthusiasm. This is true so far as the opinion of the *salons* is concerned, but it is false if one listens to the murmurs of the people and the clamour of the army. Much prudence and a little skill would have calmed people's minds, but Louis was not the leader for such a crisis. When the King proclaimed the charter, which they regarded as an abominable compact between the Monarchy and the Revolution, the deceived and discontented Royalists turned towards the princes. The household of the Comte d'Artois was composed of intractable Royalists. Not one of his officers had served in the Imperial armies. In his retreat at Marsan his courtesans formed a kind of ministry called the Green Cabinet, with a bureau of favours and promotions and a counter-police agency. The Count was greatly disturbed by the eagles and other Imperial symbols which still decorated the Tuileries; but when he urged the King to have them removed, Louis said impatiently, "If you insist further, I will set his bust on my mantelpiece." The Duchess d'Angoulême shared the same sentiments as the Count. She was born to be the noblest and best of princesses, but her natural goodness had not been able to withstand the test of evil fortune. She breathed forth hate and vengeance. Her beautiful eyes, which were red with weeping, flashed with anger if any event of the Revolution was referred to. A voice, strong, harsh, masculine, gave her words a kind of hardness. Haunted by the forms of her murdered father and mother, she seemed to see blood on the hands of all who had served the Republic. The article is full of impressive passages. M. Antoine de Saporta's essay on "A School of Arts and Measures" gives an exhaustive account of the School at Aix and its two sister institutions, and insists strongly on the need of actual manual work as the essential and principal part of the training.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (September).—M. Puaux contributes some interesting souvenirs of his old and faithful friend General Perrier to this number. Reading over again a precious correspondence with him during the war of 1870, and finding there the best presentment of a truly noble man, he has thought it would honour his memory to give some extracts which show his real character as a patriot and a Republican. It was at Valler-Augue, in the years preceding the fall of the Empire, that M. Puaux first met Perrier, then a staff-captain. The soldier loved to spend his leave in the little city of the Cévennes

lying picturesquely at the bottom of the valley which dominates the Aigoual. His parents were naturally proud of the success which their son had won in the geodetical branch of army work. He had at once been recognised as a master, and in his conversation he knew how to present results free from repulsive technicalities. M. Puaux met Perrier again in Paris amid the terrible events of 1870, and he warmly supported the request of M. Puaux that he might be attached to the army of the Rhine. The war separated them, and for months they had no news of each other. Perrier was at Metz, and his friend often consulted anxiously the long lists of dead and injured, fearing to find his name there. The Franco-Swiss Ambulance, of which M. Puaux was chaplain, had been disbanded, and he returned to Stockholm, where he was pastor of the French Church. There, at the end of November, he received a letter from Perrier which told how he had been included in the infamous and disastrous capitulation at Metz, and, after three months of fatigues and dangers, of unspeakable moral and patriotic sufferings, had become a prisoner of war in Germany. He had passed through three great battles and a number of skirmishes without receiving the least injury, though one of his horses had been killed by the bursting of a shell. "The Empire," he said, "is dead, and well dead. It has committed suicide at Sedan and Metz, and will not revive out of its ashes." Perrier was Republican by race and tradition, and he did not regret the Empire. He had served France, and it was of France he thought in the weary days of captivity. He found it impossible to pardon Bazaine for his shameful conduct. He was at Leipzig when the salvo of artillery announced that Paris had capitulated. It was eleven o'clock at night, and Perrier was in bed. He rushed to the window in his night-dress. There were twenty degrees of frost, and the shock of the tidings unhinged him. He fell senseless, as though he had been struck on the head with a club. When he recovered consciousness he got into bed with difficulty, and was soon delirious, suffering from congestion which proved well-nigh fatal. Perrier came home to France feeling the need of combating ignorance at all costs. Gambetta appointed him to accompany the French plenipotentiaries to the Congress at Berlin. He was then only a lieutenant-colonel, but Gambetta brushed aside his representations that he was of too humble rank for such a distinction by saying, "A member of the Academy of Sciences is always in his place." At Berlin constant appeal was made to him as an authority on many matters, and Bismarck congratulated him that he belonged to a noble and valiant race—the Camisards. He was a worthy descendant of those Huguenot soldiers of the sixteenth century who were so firmly attached to their country and their faith. M. Ollier's article on "The Marriage of Calvin" gives a pleasant glimpse into the home of the great theologian, and proves, as the writer shows, that he was not the man without morals or heart that his enemies loved to represent.

(October).—M. Allégret, in his "Home of Missions and the French Congo," points out that it is now impossible to open a journal without finding some colonial question raised. We are taking part in an expansion which has no analogy in history save the conquest of the ancient world by the Romans. Europe has employed all her arts to conquer the most desolate regions of the earth; the old civilised nations are embarked, as it were, in the vessels of a mysterious Columbus in pursuit of unknown lands. "The Society of Missions of Paris," which has done such noble work in Tahiti, Lessuto, Zambezia, and Senegal, has been stirring itself to enter every door opened by the French colonial movement. It has now at last found its way to the Congo, where M. de Brazza, going, like Livingstone, without arms, and almost without resources, has gained the confidence and affection of the natives, and founded an empire. The French missionaries have travelled in that region for two years without meeting any hostility. The writer of the article gives some interesting details about his journeys. One night, when the sun was setting, he and his family arrived in a village where they wondered how they would be received, and whether they should be able to find victuals. The chief came to meet them, and one of his first words was, "Do you know Brazza?"

"Yes," was the reply; "he is our friend." The chief smiled, and said, "He is mine also. Is he coming soon?" M. de Brazza has forbidden the importation of spirits into the interior, and has shown himself a warm friend to the tribes. The writer of this article and M. Teisserès visited the Congo to see what steps should be taken to establish a Protestant mission. Their plan of operations has been approved by the Missionary Committee, subject to its ratification by the Reformed Churches. The Parisian Society will help its American allies by furnishing them with French teachers, so that the Americans may continue their disinterested work on the Congo. The French will take over Talagonga, the most advanced mission station, four hundred kilometres from the coast. It is very well situated, in the midst of the strongest tribe of the region—the Pahouins—and lies at the foot of the rapids, so that everything is ready when the time comes to push on into the interior. The station is to be organised, and schools—primary, biblical and professional—are to be founded there.

(November 1).—M. Puaux's "Review of the Month" is devoted to Renan, whom he describes as the first historian of the age, both in virtue of the power of his work, the versatility of his genius, the grace of his thought, and the beauty of his style. He had a charming serenity of mind, and his life was that of a sage. No one who was honoured with his friendship could escape the fascination of his look and the charm of his conversation. His toil was incessant, and he spared no pains to secure the perfection of his work; but he did not aspire to be a leader. He was not displeased if people followed him; but he only required that they should hear him. He listened calmly to the clamour that arose round his writings, and quietly pursued his own course. M. Puaux refers to his separation from Catholicism. The scholasticism of St. Sulpice had wrought its work of death in that powerful intellect which was henceforth consecrated to knowledge. This became his divinity, his religion. He was as sincere in his devotion to it as the Catholic devotee trembling before the host. The mischief done by his *Vie de Jésus* is clearly pointed out. Renan was a stranger to that divine passion of Christ for the multitude who were as sheep without a shepherd. He lived for a select circle. "The life of the individual is short," he said, "but the memory of men is eternal, and it is in that memory that one really lives." Such was his last word to his friends, and it would not be easy to find a saying more utterly gloomy. His death has shown the gravity of the religious situation in France. The man whom the Church had declared an heresiarch received supreme homage from the nation, and the gates of the Pantheon were thrown open to him. The protestations aroused by such honours only served to reveal more clearly the decay of the Catholic and Christian traditions of France. The Church is losing more and more completely the direction of men's minds; the power is in other hands to-day, and for a long time it seems as though this state of things would continue. In France politics rule religion, the Catholics being especially preoccupied with ecclesiastical diplomacy, following in this the example of their illustrious chief, Leo XIII., of whom they love to say—strange praise for the pretended Vicar of Christ—that he surpasses Bismarck. The article is one of great interest and importance. All who wish to understand French Protestantism, or to get interesting French reading, with stories that can safely be put into the hands of young people, would do well to take in this *Review*. (Paris: Avenue de l'Observatoire 11.)

UNSERE ZEIT.—The drawing-room number of *Unsere Zeit* is one of the most attractive we have seen. It is full of illustrated articles and stories which are of unusual interest. "The Diamonds of the Captain," by Hermann Heinrich, is bright reading; and Herr Arnold's "From Font to Font" is an entertaining record of birth, courtship, and marriage. It forms a domestic idyll on a small scale, with amusing woodcuts plentifully scattered through it. There is also a brief account of "Bismarck in Jena," which shows what enthusiasm the ex-Chancellor's recent visit to that city awakened. Herr Storch supplies five striking original drawings of the Jena festivities. We have seldom read a more charming story than "The Golden Hair," translated from the Finnish of

Emil Jonas. The husband falls in love with a hair which he finds fastened to his sleeve. A little cloud comes between him and his girl-wife; but one day he forgets his pocket-book, where she finds the hair. It was her own; and the happy little scene in which she tells her husband of her discovery is very tenderly painted. We must not forget to refer to the brief paper on "The Hackney Coachman of Vienna," who plays a part in the life of the Austrian capital which those who do not know Vienna cannot possibly understand. Herr Freund gives a charming description of his care over his own appearance. The sharpest eye can discover no speck of dust on his velvet jacket, and he is no dry or lazy functionary, but a man who loves his business fanatically—loves his horse, his vehicle, every little bit of his harness, every part of the wheels. The reproduction of Herr Engelhardt's painting of the "Cabman Asleep on his Box" is very attractive.

DAS ECHO, also published by Herr Schorer every week, gives a clear view of all matters of political, literary, artistic, or scientific interest in Germany or foreign parts. It is made up of extracts from the leading journals of the day, with some good news notes.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA.—Some articles of special interest have appeared in recent numbers of this Review. Professor Cesare de Lollis' paper on "The Mind and Work of Christopher Columbus" is another of those centenary studies which have been appearing in all periodicals during the last few months. The writer holds that the discoverer's unshaken and unbounded faith in himself and his enterprise is the real glory of Columbus. In a letter to King Ferdinand, written the year before his death, in which he claims the right to rule his possessions, and retain the privileges granted to him, Columbus insists on the miraculous character of his enterprise from first to last. The Professor shows how alien that eminently mediæval view is to our present-day notions. There is a good article in the same number, "The Political Tribune in England," based on Mr. Jephson's book, *The Platform*. Still more important is the article on "The Italians in New York and Chicago," written by Giuseppe Giacosa, who went in September 1891 to the United States to direct the rehearsals and assist in the representation of his drama, "La Dame de Challant," in which Sarah Bernhardt was to appear. His own work occupied much of his time; but he aims to give in this paper his impressions of America. All the time that he had at liberty from his work was spent in the company of Italians. For the most part they were Italians who had become Americanised, but who still cherished a profound tenderness for their native land. He says that the gravest charge which the Americans make against Italian emigrants is, that they practise a sordid, degrading, and unhealthy abstinence, and accept the humblest offices, the labours most abject and worst remunerated. Only the Chinese can compare with the Italian population of New York and Chicago in their supine resignation to misery, or their almost cynical indifference in regard to the good things and pleasures of life. Yet it is not long since the head of the police in New York affirmed publicly that, compared with all other immigrants, the Italians furnished the smallest proportion of assassins, thieves, and criminals of every kind. The article deserves careful attention. Signor Bonghi's discussion of "Christian Socialism" will commend itself to moderate thinkers. He says that Christianity has powerful allies against Socialism, so-called: human nature, the development of civil society, and the unconquerable sentiment of the liberty of the person. "*In these signs*" it will triumph. In the review for September 16, Francesco d'Ovidio has an interesting study, "Dante and Witchcraft," which will be welcomed by lovers of the poet. Signor Mariano's "Genesis of the Ancient Catholic Church" appeals to another circle of readers. He shows that just as Nature loves to hide the beginning of its processes, so it is with religion. The cradles, the beginnings of things, always present a problem which is not easy to solve. The grand facts and historic institutions do not rise up as with the wand of an enchanter. On the contrary, there is a long period of incubation, and the precise moment at which such things begin does not appear. The origin of Christianity gives rise to a number of complicated and almost insoluble questions. How did the

old Catholic form of the Church come about? The writer discusses various theories. The true genetic reason of the Catholic Church, he says, is to be found in the various necessities, the totality of duties and functions which the Church had to reconcile and satisfy. It was thus, the writer holds, a spontaneous and natural result of the complicated circumstances of the case. The teaching of Scripture had to be formulated, so that it might become the sure and precise rule of conduct. This led to the need of a grand, strong, central authority which had power to resolve and decree. Such Signor Mariano thinks to have been the development of antique Catholicism.

THE METHODIST REVIEW (November—December) has an appreciative and well-informed paper on Mr. Spurgeon by Dr. Houghton, of Canisteo. Professor Davies, of Ohio Wesleyan University, deals with Cheyne's "Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter" in a scholarly article. He points out the contradictions and assumptions of the book, and describes "the arguments" as too subjective, too arbitrary, and inconclusive." Dr. Morris, of Cincinnati, discusses "The Relation of the Voice to Ministerial Success" in a suggestive fashion. He says: "Let a course of vocal exercises be chosen that will call into action, normally, in due succession, every part of the entire vocal machine. Let these exercises be used daily from thirty minutes to an hour. This will call more blood, and hence more nutrition, to every fibre, and so impart increased strength." We learn from one of the Editorial Notes that the statistics of American Methodism, "lately issued by the Superintendent of the United States Census, present a forcible setting forth of the steady, persistent, resistless growth" of that great denomination. So far as the compilation has gone, Methodism stands first among Protestant churches of America with 2,240,354 communicants, and church buildings valued at $96,723,408.

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH (October) —The first article, on "The Governing Body in Methodism," sketches the different stages in the history of American Methodism before the General Conference took its present form. The writer (E. E. H.) refers to the origins of English Methodism, and quotes Wesley's description of the first Conference, and deals with the various plans by which he sought to secure permanency for his work. His letter to Fletcher, asking him to give up his living at Madeley and come to his help, is given at length. A curious slip on page 13 represents the "Birstall Case" as "a local difficulty with the treasurer of a chapel at Bristol." There are good papers in this number on "St. Patrick," "Egypt," "The Wages Question," and other topics of various interest.

CANADIAN METHODIST QUARTERLY (July).—This number is somewhat severely Biblical and theological. In a short paper called "The Morning Watch" the Rev. A. M. Phillips quotes some words of the Rev. F. B. Meyer's about spending the first hour of the day in prayer and reading the Bible. Mr. Phillips asks all who will join such a union to send him their names and addresses. He specially appeals to ministers, local preachers, and Sunday-school teachers to join the union. Chancellor Burwash's paper on "Methods of Systematic Bible Study," and Dr. W. R. Parker's exhaustive article on "Amos, the Herdsman Prophet of Tekoah," given in this number of the review, are just the material for such a Bible union to work on.

CENTURY MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—"What I Saw of the Paris Commune" furnishes Mr. Archibald Forbes with matter for two thrilling articles. On the morning after MacMahon's declaration—"I am absolutely master of Paris"—Mr. Forbes visited Père-Lachaise, where the very last shots had been fired. Bivouac fires had been fed with the souvenirs of pious sorrow, and the trappings of woe had been torn down to be used as bed-clothes. But the ghastliest sight in Père-Lachaise was in the south-eastern corner, where close to the boundary wall had been a natural hollow. The hollow was now filled up by the dead. One could measure the dead by the road. There they lay, tier above tier, each tier powdered over with a coating of chloride of lime, besides those underneath hidden by the earth covering layer after layer. Among the dead were many women. There, thrown up in the sunlight, was a well-rounded arm, with a ring on one of the fingers; there

again was a bust shapely in death; and there were faces which to look upon made one shudder—faces distorted out of humanity with ferocity and agony combined. "The ghastly effect of the dusky white powder on the dulled eyes, the gnashed teeth and the jagged beards cannot be described." The Christmas number is very attractive, with its short stories and well-illustrated papers. "Picturesque New York," with nine etchings by Charles Mielatz reproduced by wood engraving, and three pen-and-ink drawings by T. R. Manly, is a delightful paper by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who is herself a born New Yorker. She says that the city is kept incomparably clean by its transparent, almost metallic air, though it is often very dirty underfoot. Its most picturesque aspect is when seen at night from a boat on the water.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—Mr. Warner's "Holy Places of Islam" is a bright article, with some striking illustrations. "The picturesqueness of the land pilgrimages is much lessened of late years. That from Cairo is mainly official. It brings the sacred coverings for the Kaaba, and it still pays tribute to the desert sheikhs, as has been said. It used to be of great splendour. Men of rank journeyed with large and showy retinues; and camps of dancing girls and public women, with luxurious equipages, attended the caravan." It is probable that, of the pilgrims who go by sea to Jedda, as many perish of disease and overcrowding in rotten, and often infected ships as used to die on the overland routes. Mr. Child's "Along the Parisian Boulevards," with its seven full-page illustrations, is an attractive feature of the same number. A man like Auguste Petit, the Worth of hairdressers, plays an important part in Parisian society. He is "an artist to the tips of his finger-nails, a creature of refined sensibility, of an acute perception, and of abundant creativeness." An artist "every time he dresses the hair of the princesses of fashion makes an effort of composition, and seeks a happy inspiration, the suggestions of which he will control and correct with reference to the character and expression of the subject's face, the natural silhouette of the head, the general lines of the features, and the style of the toilet worn."

ST. NICHOLAS (October, November, December).—John Burroughs' little paper in *St. Nicholas* for November—"A Young Marsh Hawk"—makes us almost regret that he has turned farmer. He does not produce nearly as much of such work as when he was in the dreary Government office. This paper is a gem. He describes a quail's nest more crowded with eggs than any nest he had ever seen. "Twenty-one of them! a ring or disc of white like a china teasaucer. You could not help saying how pretty, how cunning, like baby hen's eggs, as if the bird was playing at sitting as children play at housekeeping." Then the picture of the young hawks crouching on the ground. "The expression was not one of youth, but of extreme age. Such an ancient, infirm look as they had—the sharp dark, and shrunken look about the face and eyes, and their feeble, tottering motions! They sat upon their elbows and the hind part of their bodies, and their pale, withered legs and feet extended before them in the most helpless fashion." Only John Burroughs could paint such a picture. The article "Winter at the Zoo" is another admirable natural history paper for children. In the December number there is a description of the *Sequoia gigantea*, which grows on the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas. The largest known eucalyptus is 470 feet high, but it is not so stout as its American rival, which has been known to reach a height of 400 feet, and contain 537,000 feet of lumber.

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