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THE

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ART. I.—DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."

The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man. By HENRY DRUMMOND. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

MORE than a decade has passed since we reviewed in the pages of this JOURNAL Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.* The writer leaped suddenly to fame, and his first book sold by tens of thousands. The causes of this rapidly won popularity were not far to seek, and while we did not fail to appreciate the strong points of a fascinating series of essays, we were compelled to point out the weakness of argument which underlay the brilliance of style, and to show how dangerous it would be to trust very far the writer's attractive but hasty generalisations, and his happy, but often misleading analogies. After the lapse of years we are confronted with a similar task. Much has happened in the interval. Professor Drummond's reputation has been established for one thing, and his popularity has become almost world-wide. But a change has passed over both science and theology since the publication of the earlier work. Darwinianism has incurred the fate of most theories and systems, it has generated rival schools, and begotten children that threaten to bite and devour one another. Meanwhile theology

has begun to be less afraid of the word evolution, in proportion as it is seen that the theory of the universe which goes by that name may wear many shapes and bear many meanings, and that rightly understood, it is not only compatible with Theism, but an ally of an unexpected and most potent kind.

Professor Drummond has changed also, and for the better. Instead of a series of essays strung together on a loose and uncertain string, he gives us in his *Ascent of Man* a connected argument and a consistent picture. His style is essentially the same—bright, rapid, picturesque, attractive — but it is matured and strengthened. Characteristic defects, arising from the handling of theological subjects from a biological point of view, or biological subjects from the standpoint of theology, mark the later as well as the earlier work. But the writer's position is more clearly defined for himself and for his readers, the tentative treatment which characterised *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* has given place to a more assured touch and more confident outlook. Some inconsistencies which were inevitable in the untenable position taken up in the earlier book have disappeared, and the *Ascent of Man* is every way stronger than its predecessor. It is still, however, only a volume of (somewhat brief) popular lectures. It is not a scientific treatise, still less a contribution to theology. It will not attract the close student of physical science, or the careful thinker in theology, for the very reason which will make it attractive to the multitude—because it touches with light and skilful hand, with fanciful and plausible grace, great questions which lie on the borderland of these two spheres. The specialist in each subject looks askance while the dilettante artist, more or less acquainted with both, sketches in brilliant but somewhat crude colours his picture of the relation between the two. Something may, however, be learned from the "lightning painter," which may be sought for in vain in the laborious productions of the conscientious scholar, and there is undoubtedly much that is suggestive in these Lowell Lectures, if there is little that is new or profound. In any case, Professor Drummond has so fully gained the ear of a large and appreciative audience that an examination of his last, most interesting,

and most important work becomes a duty, as to read it was certainly a great pleasure.

It will, perhaps, be well if we state in the compass of a few sentences what Professor Drummond claims to have done in the lectures now presented to the public. After this it will be easier to examine how far these claims have been made good, and what is the significance of the author's conclusions in relation to kindred topics which he has handled but slightly, if at all. Mr. Drummond's claims are modest, if he is content to be taken literally at his own valuation. He tells us in the Preface that there is nothing in his work for the student of science "beyond an attempted readjustment of the accents," that is of the due proportions in which the various parts of the theory of evolution ought to be presented. He maintains that "Evolution was given to the modern world out of focus, was first seen by it out of focus, and has remained out of focus to the present hour." It appears to him that that which is greatly needed for modern thought is "an evolution theory drawn to scale, and with the lights and shadows properly adjusted"—a task, however, which he does not himself profess to undertake, but only to supply some materials for a very necessary reconstruction. Nor again, with one significant exception, does Professor Drummond profess to provide anything for the theologian. He does but tell a story. He desires to "tell in a plain way a few of the things which science is now seeing with regard to the ascent of man." What can be simpler than the work of the historian? How can any one, theologian or scientist of any school, have any quarrel with a man who, like Mark Antony, "only speaks right on," and tells an unvarnished tale of simple facts?

But, as we read, our confidence in this modesty and simplicity begins to give way. Not that there is the slightest insincerity in Professor Drummond, but we find that he, like the rest of the world, finds it one of the hardest things in the world to tell a plain story. He is, indeed, partly conscious of this himself. He says, "This story will be outlined here partly for the story and partly for a purpose. A historian dare not have a prejudice, but he cannot escape a purpose—the purpose, conscious or unconscious, of unfolding the purpose which lies

behind the facts that he narrates." And when this purpose is the very point at issue between rival students of the narrative, the "mere historian" is tolerably certain to become something more before he has proceeded very far with his work. Consequently we find that, while Professor Drummond sincerely disclaims having contributed anything of magnitude either to science or theology, he really and not unnaturally expects that his fresh presentation of the case of evolution will exercise a considerable influence on both. A change in the scale, or the focus, or the "accents" of a picture may alter it beyond recognition. In the very sentence which tells us that in the book "there is nothing for the theologian," we find the significant exception made, "apart from teleology," which opens the whole question. While, as we shall shortly show, the plain story of evolution, as here narrated, would, if accepted as Professor Drummond puts it, have an exceedingly important bearing on every existing theology that deserves the name.

The Introduction was probably written last, and may most conveniently be considered last. It discusses the significance of the author's own position in relation to current theories and other writers. The book proper begins with p. 75, and describes in characteristically graphic style what the author calls "The Ascent of the Body." Beginning with the one-celled human embryo, the process of building up the marvellous structure of the human body, as science has now made it plain, is sketched in clear, skilful, fascinating fashion, so as to bring out the true significance of succeeding stages, even for the least instructed readers. The next chapter describes "The Scaffolding left in the Body;" in other words, the traces found in the human frame of structures which appear fully developed in other animals; rudimentary organs of no use, or even of some peril to man, but apparently forming links between his present physical conformation and that animal ancestry which the evolutionist claims for him. The third chapter deals with "The Arrest of the Body," and in it Professor Drummond seeks to show that the human body is the highest form of life possible subject to the conditions of matter in this globe, and that the physical structure of man

completes the design of the animal kingdom, and that henceforth there is and can be no progress in the development of the body, but that progress is and must be that of the brain, the intelligence, the highest part of man's nature. In his own words:

"Now this means not only that an order of higher animals has appeared upon the earth, but that an altogether new page in the history of the universe has begun to be written. It means nothing less that the working of evolution has changed its course. Once it was a physical universe; now it is a psychical universe. . . . . Watch the majestic drama of Creation unfolding, scene by scene and act by act. Realise that one power, and only one, has marshalled the figures for this mighty spectacle; that one hand, and only one, has carried out these transformations; that one principle, and only one, has controlled each subsidiary plot and circumstance; that the same great, patient, unobtrusive law has guided and shaped the whole from its beginnings in bewilderment and chaos to its end in order, harmony, and beauty. Then watch the curtain drop. And as it moves to rise again, behold the new actor on the stage. Silently, as all great changes come, Mental Evolution has succeeded Organic. All the things that have been now lie in the far background as forgotten properties. And Man stands alone in the foreground, and a new thing, Spirit, strives within him" (pp. 149, 150).

There follows, in the fourth chapter, an account of "The Dawn of Mind," and with it may be associated the contents of the fifth on "The Evolution of Language." We hesitate here a little over the task of representing Professor Drummond's position in our own words, or in his own words of our selection. But it may be said in brief, that while it is admitted that "the ultimate origin of mind is as inscrutable a mystery as the origin of life," yet the history of the development of mind is becoming obvious enough. And as it is seen that there is a mental evolution in animals from the cœlenterate to the ape, and as there is a palpable evolution of mind in child-life, an unfolding of faculties in the same order that is discernible in the animal world, so—though here the author by no means makes it clear what he believes the exact history to have been—it may be taken as proved that a law of continuity holds in the evolution of the human mind, as in the evolution of the human body. This evolution has been profoundly modified by the acquisition of the power to speak. Language

plays a very important part here. Man was by its means enabled to put all previous acquirements to far richer use. Thus he banked up his earnings. "He rapidly ran up a fortune in brain-matter, because he had found new uses for it, new exercises of it, and, especially, a permanent investment for husbanding in the race each gain as it was made in the individual. When he did anything, he could now *say* it; when he learned anything, he could pass it on; when he became wise, wisdom did not die with him, it was banked in the mind of humanity." The details of this exposition we need not follow. Suffice it to say that the idea thus sketched out is elaborated with all the author's felicity of expression and illustration through two interesting chapters. Their exact significance as parts of a whole will have to be examined shortly.

The next four chapters must be considered together. They describe the "Struggle for Life," the "Struggle for the Life of Others," the "Evolution of a Mother," and the "Evolution of a Father." In other words, they describe two great principles found in operation together in the process of the evolution of man after the dawn of mind and the acquisition of of language. The first of these principles is familiar enough. Since Darwin gave to the "Struggle for Life" the supreme rank among the factors in evolution there has been no danger of its being lost sight of. On this, Professor Drummond has nothing new to say; but his exposition of the value of this factor in the development of man and society is, as always, graphic and skilfully arranged to present a few salient points clearly before the minds of comparatively uninstructed readers. It is in the seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters that the subject is opened up on which Professor Drummond lays most stress. It is in dealing with the complementary principle of the "Struggle for Life for Others" that he claims to be rectifying an error of current science, not indeed by contributing a new thought, but by giving for the first time due place to an old one. In constructing the fabric of evolution, he holds that the great mistake has been made of taking into account one principle only. In the drama of creation there has hitherto been but one actor, and he the "villain of the piece." The

"struggle for life" has so far monopolised the attention of spectators, that they have failed to see the importance of the "other-ism," as firmly established in nature in connection with the processes of reproduction as "self-ism" is in connection with the processes of nutrition. "The web of life is woven upon a double set of threads, the second thread distinct in colour from the first, and giving a totally different pattern to the finished fabric." At considerable length, therefore, and often in passages of great beauty and impressiveness, Professor Drummond describes the part which this second, and comparatively neglected set of threads, has had to play in the construction of the pattern of life. He points out the traces of self-sacrifice in nature, the ethical significance of sex, the significance of maternity, the meaning of man's long infancy, the development of a father's interest and care for his offspring, the physical and ethical uses of the family. No one will be disposed to deny the importance of the facts of nature herein dwelt upon, and few, we imagine, will be disposed to assert that they have hitherto received adequate recognition as parts of a greater whole. Professor Drummond has not discovered them, he has not discovered their importance, but he has pointed out their value in relation to other facts of nature, and given to them a more distinct place, and therefore a new meaning in the history of evolution.

Throughout his work, but at this point especially, Professor Drummond figures as the poet of science. He revels in analogies. He loves to wonder and to dream. He builds cloud-pictures and wreathes them with all the colours of the rainbow. Our prosaic pen halts feebly after him, and from half a score of eloquent passages we have difficulty in selecting one which shall present the theme of this particular part of the book steeped in the glow with which the author desires to invest it. He is the prophet and spokesman of Love in the history of evolution, and thus he unfolds his message.

"That Love did not come down to us through the struggle for life, the only great factor in evolution which up to this time has been dwelt upon, is self-evident. It has a lineage all its own. Yet, inexplicable though the circumstances be, the history of this force, the

most stupendous the world has ever known, has scarcely even begun to be investigated. Every other principle in nature has a thousand prophets; but this supreme dynamic has run its course through the ages unobserved; its rise, so far as science is concerned, is unknown; its story has never been told. But if any phenomenon or principle in nature is capable of treatment under the category of evolution, this is. Love is not a late arrival, an after-thought, with creation. It is not a novelty of a romantic civilisation. It is not a pious word of religion. Its roots began to grow with the first cell of life which budded on this earth. How great it is, the history of humanity bears witness; but how old it is, and how solid, how bound up with the very constitution of the world, how from the first of time an eternal part of it, we are only now beginning to perceive. For the evolution of Love is a piece of pure science. Love did not descend out of the clouds like rain or snow. It was distilled on earth. And few of the romances which in after years were to cluster round this immortal word are more wonderful than the story of its birth and growth. Partly a product of crushed lives and exterminated species, and partly of the choicest blossoms and sweetest essences that ever came from the tree of life, it reached its spiritual perfection after a history, the most strange and chequered that the pages of Nature have to record. What Love was at first, how crude, and sour, and embryonic a thing, it is impossible to conceive. But from age to age, with immeasurable faith and patience, by cultivations continuously repeated, by transplantings endlessly varied, the unrecognisable germ of this new fruit was husbanded to its maturity, and became the tree on which humanity, society and civilisation were ultimately borne" (pp. 276, 277).

The last chapter of all is entitled "Involution." Here the historian proceeds to gather up and arrange his facts. What is the meaning of the long history of development that has thus been traced in outline? If the fossil Sigillaria is found to be but the stem of which another fossil Stigmaria is the root, if the organism of the clay has been found to pass into a higher world above, what is to be made of this strange connexion, what is to be learned concerning the marvellous whole of which we have surveyed the marvellously interconnected parts? "Is the biologist to give up his clay or the moralist his higher kingdom? Are Mind, Morals, Men to be interpreted in terms of roots, or are atoms and cells to be judged by the flowers and fruits of the tree?" Neither one nor the other, is the author's answer. "Tree and root—the seed apart—find their explanation not in one another nor in something in themselves, but mainly in something outside

themselves. The secret of evolution lies, in short, with the *environment*. In the environment, in that in which things live and move and have their being, is found the secret of their being, and especially of their becoming." This something more is some One more—an Infinite Intelligence and an Eternal Will. "Evolution is not to unfold from within, it is to infold from without." Man watches the process of evolving, but He who has involved, informed all things is God. "No man can run up the natural lines of evolution without coming to Christianity at the top. Christianity—it is not said any particular form of Christianity—is the Further Evolution." And for the history of that further evolution, the coming of that higher kingdom, we and all men wait.

Such is an outline, however inadequate, of Professor Drummond's argument. His claim is to have presented a history which suggests a purpose. The history, indeed, is not new; but our author says that in some important respects it had been so partially told in the past as to be unfairly and misleadingly told. Re-stated, with due weight given to a hitherto neglected factor, that history leads to a teleology. It is possible to discern in the long line of events not only an order, but a meaning. The meaning which runs through the whole cosmos is one. Continuity is discernible through all time and all space. Evolution is the scientific history of the world, and Christianity is a history of some of the later steps in that evolution. The continuity is one, not of form, but of spirit. The principle which emerges as the final result of the first creation is the instrument and end of the new creation. That immortal principle is Love, and Professor Drummond contends that it is scientific as well as Christian doctrine to say that, while various factors have been at work in the evolution of man in the past, and various factors are still performing their part in the great drama, "the greatest of these is Love."

It cannot be denied that the very indication of such an argument is attractive. Decked with all the grace and beauty of Professor Drummond's mode of presentation, it is exceedingly attractive. It charms the eye like a picture; many of the sentences linger in the ear like music. To pass from exposition to criticism is not grateful, but it is necessary. The very

harmony and completeness of the picture gives us pause. It makes us think that not all has been told. The optimism of the poet is no less visible in Professor Drummond's pages than his love of metaphor and felicity of diction. A magic wand has been waved over a familiar scene, so that its outlines are given with all the irregularities and roughnesses and unsightly elements left out. The picture is charming, but it is a picture and not the reality. We may learn much from the artist's presentation of some aspects of a long and complex history, but it will be an utter mistake, it may even be dangerous, if we receive it as an adequate, or even a fully accurate, representation of life. What then is to be said as to the degree in which Professor Drummond has made good his claims, and what as to the bearing of his exposition upon topics which he has only touched in passing?

We will not delay to discuss the question of originality. We observe that some scientific men complain that Professor Drummond has misrepresented his predecessors. His main point, they say, is not new. Darwin did not forget the phenomena on which Drummond lays such stress. Biologists generally have been as emphatic upon the importance of reproduction as upon nutrition, and critics object that a rhetorical exposition of facts familiar to all students of the subject is at least no gain to science. But it is to be observed that Professor Drummond makes no claim to originality in this sense. The work of Fiske, Romanes, Le Conte, and especially of Geddes and Thomson, in recognition of the altruistic factor in evolution is duly recognised.* But it may surely be said in all fairness that no scientific writer has hitherto given the same prominence to the subject or found in it the same significance. The credit which is due to a writer who from a new standpoint gives a new air and character to a familiar theme is certainly due to Professor Drummond. If it is as true as it is new, if it more accurately fits the facts, as well as alters their relative proportion, then additional value may be claimed for the author's work. The accuracy and adequacy of the survey,

* See p. 43. The book of the last-named writers on *The Evolution of Sex* contains substantially the germ of Drummond's teaching, much more drily, and at the same time more exactly expressed.

however, rather than the measure of its novelty, at present concerns us.

It is tolerably clear, then, to begin with, that Professor Drummond's main thought in this book, as in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, is to prove and illustrate the unity of that cosmos of which Nature and Spirit form several parts. Not as before, in a number of separate essays, taking illustrations from a number of separate laws and seeking to establish a number of separate analogies which should be more than analogies; but by one carefully composed picture of the process by which, as it seems to him, the world of nature and of man has come to be what it is, does our author seek to press upon his readers his rendering of the familiar couplet:

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

In the Introduction we have the note clearly struck which is struck again in the closing pages:

> "If Nature is the garment of God, it is woven without seam throughout; if a revelation of God, it is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever; if the expression of His Will, there is in it no variableness nor shadow of turning. Those who see great gulfs fixed—and we have all begun by seeing them—end by seeing them filled up. Were these gulfs essential to any theory of the universe or of man, even the establishment of the unity of nature were a dear price to pay for obliterating them. But the apparent loss is only gain, and the seeming gain were infinite loss. For to break up Nature is to break up Reason, and with it God and Man" (p. 73).

Mr. Drummond here, for better or worse, makes a distinct advance upon his former book. In it the breaks in continuity which are observable in nature were dwelt upon and even emphasised. The law of Biogenesis was laid down as of the utmost importance in the physical as the spiritual world. "No life without previous life" was said to be written in indelible characters over both spheres. Now, the distinction between organic and inorganic kingdoms, between conscious and unconscious existence, is lightly treated, and the lines of demarcation, if not obliterated, are but faintly drawn. We do not dwell much on this, for from different

points of view the lines in a drawing appear very differently, and there is no necessary inconsistency between the two positions. But the contrast must be noted, and may prove to be significant. It points the remark that the author's object in this book is to emphasise as strongly as possible the unity of nature. He seems impatient of anything that even appears to break the regular continuity of discernible law. He is evidently uttering one of his own guiding principles when he complains: "There are reverent minds who ceaselessly scan the fields of nature and the books of science in search of gaps, gaps which they will fill up with God, as if God lived in gaps." This is a not too reverent way of rebuking what is undoubtedly a weakness of human nature—which takes *omne ignotum pro magnifico*—the tendency to underestimate the known and clear, and overestimate the unknown and mysterious. We must take care, however, lest we fall into the opposite danger—also a very common one, though affecting a different class of minds—the seeking to round off our knowledge where it is incomplete, and close up existing gaps by guesses of our own. The inexactness of correspondence between the movements of stars as calculated by astronomers and as actually observed points to phenomena not duly allowed for, and may lead to the discovery of a planet. The "faults" that occur in certain strata of rock are as important to geology as the regularity of stratification. It is as easy to make a fetish of unity in nature as of anything else. Unity there undoubtedly is, but all experience goes to show us that it is a unity far beyond our narrow conceptions, embracing and taking up into its own mighty order numberless elements which to our eyes appear to produce disorder and confusion. The scientific tendency to "abhor a vacuum," to resent everything which it cannot explain and docket and put into one of its numerous pigeon-holes, is a danger as real and perhaps now more widely operative than the danger of thinking that "God lives in gaps."

But, not to harp too much upon a phrase, we are quite prepared to agree with the *general* tendency of Professor Drummond's arguments. We fully believe that it is given to this generation to see much more clearly than has ever been seen before the nature and extent of the unity which pervades the

universe. As the spectroscope has revealed to us the same elements present in the sun and stars which go to constitute the crust of the earth, so biology, psychology, and other sciences are revealing to us innumerable fine and subtle but very significant links which bind together in one the parts of a great whole, such as only One Mind could have conceived, only One Power could have sustained and caused to cohere through the ages. So far as the *Ascent of Man* contributes to this end—and it seems to us in certain important respects very materially to contribute to it—we believe Professor Drummond has rendered good service to the cause of truth.

The question is, however, What is the nature of this unity? Has the author rightly conceived and presented it? Does he avoid all danger of confusing things that differ, of slurring over difficult places and constructing a synthesis, hasty, premature, and unwarranted, and therefore sure to be unstable? This question cannot be answered in a moment. We may, perhaps, allow that Professor Drummond does not fall into the error, so common among evolutionists, of confusing history and explanation. We speak with some hesitation, because in some places the author distinctly points out the error implied in such confusion, and at times appears himself to fall into it. Evolution, in a sense, explains nothing. It is a mode, not a cause. A "summary of results throws no light on ultimate causes." Nothing could be more explicitly stated than Professor Drummond's repudiation of the common mistake that to see a thing grow is equivalent to knowing how and why it thus grows, or that we have accounted for (say) the phenomena of conscience by giving a history of its genesis.

"Because the spiritual to our vision emerges from the natural, or, to speak more accurately, is conveyed upwards by the natural for the first stages of its ascent, it is not necessarily contained in that natural, nor is it to be defined in terms of it. What comes "first" is not the criterion of what comes last. Few things are more forgotten in criticism of evolution than that the nature of a thing is not dependent on its origin, that one's whole view of a long, growing, and culminating process is not be governed by the first sight the microscope can catch of it" (p. 337).

Very good; only we should have said, "Few things are more forgotten by most evolutionists." It is for the most part the

evolutionist, not his critic, who thinks that the nature of man as he is, is "explained" by a picture of the various steps by which the present stage has been reached, who seeks to "explain" the phenomena of mind by the phenomena of matter out of which it is supposed to have been developed, and on which it is supposed to be dependent for the exercise of its functions. Professor Drummond, then, is not fairly chargeable with this mistake, though there are parts of his argument in which he seems for the time to have forgotten the danger which he himself has more than once pointed out.

He does appear, however, in his eagerness to establish unity between the physical and spiritual parts of the cosmos, to have strained analogies and parallels to breaking point, and to have confused things that differ materially, as well as to have slurred over important difficulties without explanation, and, at least, left his meaning doubtful on other important questions. These are somewhat serious charges; let us see if they can be made good. And, first, the habit of reasoning by means of figures of speech leads to confusion. Professor Drummond is both biologist and theologian; neither of the two, perhaps, in a very strict sense of the words, but quite enough of both to write with ability in both capacities. This is in some respects an advantage, but it leads to difficulties. Theology is poured into biological moulds which it was not intended to fill, and which are not fitted to receive it. Biology is made to take a theological or an ethical tinge, which confuses rather than elucidates its exposition. A habit has grown up of using musical terms to describe a picture, and terms derived from drawing or painting to describe musical effects. Within limits this may be helpful; but we may easily have too much of "harmonies in yellow" and "nocturnes in silver." Similarly, the use of ethical terms to describe the multiplication of cells by gemmation is not helpful, but confusing. "As the cell grows large, there is not wall enough to pass in all the food the far interior needs, for while the bulk increases as the cube of the diameter the surface increases only as the square. The bulk of the cell, in short, has outrun the absorbing surface; its hunger has outgrown its satisfactions; and unless the cell can devise some way of

gaining more surface, it must starve. . . . . The alternatives are obvious. It must divide or die. If it divides, what has saved its life? Self-sacrifice. By giving up its life as an individual it has brought forth two individuals, and these will one day repeat the surrender." So again in an eloquent passage in which the beauty of the flower is represented as "a miracle of Love." Its "splendour of colour, its variegations, its form, its symmetry, its perfume, its honey, its very texture, are all notes of Love—Love-calls, or Love-lures, or Love-provisions for the insect-world, whose aid is needed to carry the pollen from author to stigma and perfect the development of its young." Used as an illustration, the analogy between these features in the life of the unicellular organism, or the fertilisation of plants on the one hand, and human ethics on the other, is most interesting. As used by Dr. Hugh Macmillan, for example, these illustrations from nature are charming, and they suggest in a humbler degree some of the very thoughts which our Lord's parables so inimitably convey. But to say that self-sacrifice is taught by the subdivision of unicellular organisms, or the nature and duty of love by the shape of the organs of a flower, is mere confusion. As metaphor it is excellent, because the analogy pointed out does not imply forgetfulness of differences. But Professor Drummond is uttering neither good science nor good ethics when he says, "When man lives upon seeds he lives upon love. Literally, scientifically, Love is Life. If the struggle for life has made man, braced and disciplined him, it is the struggle for love that sustains him."

This may, however, be considered a superficial objection against a mere mode of speech. A poetical mind, it may be said, is apt to multiply metaphors, and whilst in a scientific argument an excessive use of these is out of place, the error is chiefly one of taste and literary expression. A recollection of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* would lead us to doubt whether Professor Drummond would accept this explanation of his language; no one could disclaim more decidedly than he did the idea that he wrote to point out "mere analogies." But his present work furnishes ample evidence that the author still exaggerates the points of similarity between the lower and

higher regions of life, and by ignoring points of difference, misrepresents their relations. Granted that in the animal world certain facts in the history of reproduction, the multiplication of cells by fission, the fertilisation of flowers by insects, the care taken by birds of their eggs and by mammals of their young, constitute a faint outline-sketch, traceable as we look back upon the lower from the higher, of what afterwards appears in man as love, what then? The outline-sketch is in reality very faint, much slighter than it is made to appear in Professor Drummond's glowing pages. Scientific men are not likely to accept the "accents" of his picture as an accurate account of the facts. Dr. Dallinger, in a trenchant criticism which has been published since this article was placed in the printer's hands, has with stern directness spoken for himself and his fellows as to this point. Parental love is not to be confused with social care and interests, and some of Professor Drummond's examples illustrate self-love rather than altruism. But this by the way. Is Professor Drummond prepared to say that the traces of this care-for-others, beautifully discernible in the animal world, really form a basis for the principles of human morals? He protests against Professor Huxley's well-known position that social progress in man means a checking of the cosmic process in nature and the substitution of another, which may be called the ethical process; but the facts so interestingly adduced in the *Ascent of Man* go a very small way indeed in arrest of Huxley's judgment. Is Professor Drummond prepared to say that the ethical process in human life is so far implied in these phenomena of animal life as that the former can be shown to be evolved from the latter by a continuous process, in which are no abhorred "gaps"? If not, what does the book prove, except that in the animal creation there are many suggestive foreshadowings of the finer features in human life and character, and many instructive analogies between them? Which, so far as we know, no one has ever dreamed of denying. But this is not enough for Professor Drummond or his argument. To admit the differences, the breaks of continuity, the irruption of new forces, new ideas, new principles, mars that continuity which it is his one aim to establish, disturbs the idea of unity in nature which

he has formed—not, as it appears to us, the highest kind of unity.

Lest it should seem that we are misrepresenting our author, let us take him at another point. Towards the end of the book * he has a fine passage as to the relation between evolution and Christianity, in which he says: "Through what does evolution work? Through love. Through what does Christianity work? Through love. Evolution and Christianity have the same author, the same end, the same spirit." Could there be a clearer case of exaggerating points of similarity and neglecting or ignoring points of difference? How can it truly be said that evolution works through love? And how can Professor Drummond suppose that he has met the objections and difficulties of those who see in the history of animal life anything but a process of "evolution by love"? It is not enough to wax eloquent over a few interesting analogies which cast a glamour over the subject, and take it for granted that the case has been proved for evolving human morals out of animal nature, or Christ's two great commandments out of the care of a mammal over her young.

For—to come to close quarters with the central principle of the book—Professor Drummond's end is not reached unless continuity is discernible through all the processes of evolution, which he desires to extend from the unicellular amœba—we do not say it flippantly—to the glorified Church of Christ in heaven. Evolution implies a continuously progressive change, according to certain laws, by means of resident or inherent forces. If the continuity be broken, if the laws be violated or serious exceptions made, if the forces by which the work is carried on proceed from without rather than from within, evolution is correspondingly marred and impaired. Professor Drummond appears in the *Ascent of Man* as an advocate of evolution all along the line. We do not mean to say that he gives up the principle of Biogenesis—*omne vivum ex vivo*—that he ignores the startling changes introduced by the phenomena of consciousness, that he is anything but Christian in

* P. 438. The whole paragraph should be studied by those who would understand Professor Drummond's position. We are here touching it at only one point.

his view of the Incarnation. But the general effect of his sketch of continuity is distinctly misleading. It may be poetry; it is not science. To ignore lines of demarcation is virtually to efface them, and we have a right to complain if an author, when dealing with crucial points in his "history," calmly assumes the unbroken character of a line which is only traceable by way of hypothesis, and even so, exhibits at least three clear, wide, significant, unbridged "gaps." In these Lectures the author seeks to prove continuity of progress, according to recognisable laws through the whole cosmos, as has been said, from the protozoon to the communion of saints. But this fascinating sketch is painted at the cost of so exaggerating points of similarity and ignoring points of difference as seriously to misrepresent the facts of the case, and give a colour to his picture which cannot but mislead many. We believe in the unity of plan and purpose of the Creator in creation, of Providence in history, of the Saviour in the Incarnation, of the operation of the Spirit in redemption, and all that will help us to discern that unity is as precious to us as to Professor Drummond. The question is, whether he is working it out on right lines, whether his law is complex and rich enough to embrace all the facts, his music ample enough to allow for and take up into itself all the discords, whether the curve of progress which he is seeking to mark out is not too simple to be true and adequate?

It would not be difficult, we think, to show that Professor Drummond is in far too great a hurry to consider evolution established, even so far as science is concerned. Shut out religion altogether, and seek to prove Professor Drummond's thesis so far as the progress of man is concerned up to the stage at which he is seen as a moral being living in an ethically ordered community. How many gaps must be leaped over, or passed by without mention, before—we do not say the facts, but—the laws of such progress can be traced in anything like continuity! But we leave this part of the subject to professors of physical science, and pass to the bearing of this book on theology. It is true that Professor Drummond touches only indirectly upon the ascent of man viewed in its spiritual and religious aspects. But he deals with it quite

sufficiently to enable us to understand his general position, and as far as we do understand it, we find it very unsatisfactory. There can be no question as to Professor Drummond's deep religious feeling and earnest Christian spirit. He is perhaps a better Christian at heart than many of his orthodox critics. There is very serious question, however, concerning the compatibility of his view of cosmical history with that which is generally understood as the Christian view. In his *Welt-anschauung*—will no one give us a better rendering of this useful German word than "View of God and the World?"—adequate according to Christian ideas, or is it in some parts vague, in others insufficient, in others erroneous?

Christianity is not committed to any *mode* of creation, to any scientific theory of the universe, or to any particular philosophy of history. It does stand committed, however, to certain views concerning the Personality of God, His Transcendence as well as His Immanence in Nature, His Righteousness and Love; and the religion rests upon certain great pre-suppositions, such as that of Sin in man. It is a doctrine of Redemption, and even if we drop, for the sake of argument, the theological word Fall —which we are not prepared in reality to do—Redemption loses its place if Sin loses its meaning. How does Professor Drummond's view of man's history, supposing it to be entirely tenable from the point of view of science, bear upon the doctrines of Christian theology? Of course Mr. Drummond may be right, and Christian teaching wrong; but can both be right together? For instance, as regards the nature of God and His relation to world-progress. Professor Drummond perceiving, as many evolutionists do not, that to recount a history is not to explain its causes and the forces which have been at work in it, says in his last chapter that involution explains evolution, that the numberless infinitesimal changes by which the world has come to be what it is do not explain themselves, but are to be accounted for by environment. The environment in world-progress is God. "What is that in which things live and move and have their being? It is Nature, the world, the cosmos—and something more, some One more, an Infinite Intelligence and Eternal Will. Everything that lives, lives in virtue of its correspondences with this environment."

Here we have another illustration of the mischief wrought by trying to pour theological thought into biological moulds. True, "in Him we live and move and have our being," but is God to the world-order no more than the environment to the organism? The organism, in the exercise of its functions, makes use of soil and atmosphere, of medium and habitat, selecting here, rejecting there, modifying yonder; it is affected by its environment, accommodates itself to its environment, makes more or less use of its environment —and, where reason comes into play, the higher the organism, the less dependent is it upon conditions and circumstances—but is it to be said that this lower category exhibits with anything like adequacy God's relation to His creatures? Probably it will at once be said, No. Then why alter the higher beyond recognition by expressing it in terms of the lower? The Most High God is not an "environment." But all Professor Drummond's argument tends to place the Most High in this very relation to His creatures, and no other. All that he says tends to minify, if not to shut out, the Transcendence of God in relation to the world-order. He virtually tells us that God is to be sought in the order, not outside it; in the known laws, not in the unknown gaps. Nay, we reply, God is to be sought in the order *and* outside it. He works upon, as well as within, humanity. He is not exhausted by what we see of His Mind and Power and Will; He is "over all," as well as "through all and in all." Professor Drummond is no Pantheist, but the tendency of his scientific teaching is to identify God with the processes of Nature, understanding that word in its largest and highest sense. Jealousy of "gaps," of the unknown, of "interference," of the transcendent, leads obviously in this direction. The danger of the present day is not found on the side of Deism and denial of the Immanence of God. It lies in the direction of identifying the Almighty with His working in the world-order. Why should we not discern His hand in the order, yet leave room for Him to work beyond and above the order? It is not true, as Professor Drummond says, that, "if God appears periodically, He disappears periodically. If He comes upon the scene at special crises, He is absent from the scene in the intervals." Why does this follow? God may not

be present in the intervals in the same sense as He is in the crises, but cannot a living God, in living relation with living creatures, manifest Himself now more visibly and potently, now less markedly and directly? The choice is not, as Drummond puts it, between the "all-God" and the "occasional God," the God who works the daily miracle of the flower, and the God who now and then intervenes as a wonder-worker. The Saviour who taught us how rightly to "consider the lilies how they grow," and healed the sick with a word, put an end for ever to this enforced dualism between God in nature and God in miracle.

But further. What place does Professor Drummond leave for Sin, and for that gracious intervention to effect deliverance from sin in which all true Christians believe as the very source and fount of their life? We quite agree with the *spirit* of his words when he says, "Christianity, truly, has its own phenomena, its special processes, its factors altogether unique. But these do not excommunicate it from God's order. They are in line with all that has gone before, the latest disclosure of environment. Most strange to us and new, most miraculous and supernatural when looked at from beneath, they are the normal phenomena of altitude, the revelation natural to the highest height." We could not have used the same language, and think the phrase "the latest disclosure of environment," meaning "the latest manifestation of God," almost grotesque in its biological twist; but in the general idea of Christianity as a higher Order, taking its place in and over a previous order, which it fulfils and extends, whilst it remedies its deficiencies and realises its ineffectual aspirations, we entirely concur.

What we do not agree in, and, spite of our sympathy with Professor Drummond's spirit and aims, think likely to be even mischievous and misleading, is his attempt to substitute, as we should say, uniformity for true unity, the attempt to press things that differ into the same category, and to stretch one formula to make it cover a number of facts and phenomena which only in a very remote sense it can be made to include. This is to make a fetish of evolution. It is yet far from clear whether this favourite formula of the generation can

be said truly to cover all the regions of physical science over which some of its votaries would make it supreme. When it is strained to include ethics and religion, the already over-strained cord snaps asunder. We have no intrinsic objection to the phrases "Evolution of religion," "Evolution of Christianity," used respectively by Dr. Edward Caird and Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the titles of books from which something may be learned by all. Our objection to these expressions arises from the misleading associations of the word evolution, and the ideas suggested by it, which are out of place in the higher category to which it can only be applied with sundry vital changes and modifications. The same objection holds against a considerable part of the *Ascent of Man* and *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* If the words *mutatis mutandis* could always be written in large letters over passages containing the phraseology to which we refer, mistakes would be avoided of which Professor Drummond in his passion for unity seems hardly to be conscious. Let analogy remain analogy, and let us not seek by a magical process to convert it into identity. Analogy implies likeness in the midst of differences, and the differences are as important as the similarities for all who would rightly understand the facts as they are. Professor Drummond sees them through a golden haze. He has bewitched his readers before by these lovely wreaths of vapour which his active fancy raises, concealing ugly rocks and awkward angles and difficult places in the road. It is not unlikely he will bewitch many more by his latest use of the enchanter's wand. So pleasing are many of its effects that, if we honestly could, we would have remained content with allowing the eloquent Professor to tell his own story in the pages of this REVIEW, and enlarged only on those points in which we could heartily agree with him. He charms not only by his style, but by his matter, and to play the part of Fadladeen in *Lalla Rookh* is a task we certainly would not willingly undertake.

We have been compelled, however, by our views of Christian truth and a sense of duty to criticise adversely several of Professor Drummond's positions, and are glad to close in another strain by indicating some directions in which, as it seems to us, the *Ascent of Man* furnishes as useful and profitable, as

it everywhere furnishes interesting reading. For one thing, the teleology of the book is valuable. It has been repeatedly said that evolution destroys the argument from design; it is much more true to say it has greatly increased its strength and value, while altering its character. The teleology of detail has been given up to make way for the higher and wider teleology of the whole. The basis of the argument is broader, its scope larger and more far-reaching, if a modified theory of evolution be accepted, than under the earlier doctrine of special creations. When the form of the doctrine of evolution is more clearly fixed than at present it can be, its testimony to the great Design-Argument may be more exactly worked out. At present it is easy to perceive general outlines, and some of these are well sketched by Professor Drummond:

"The end as read in Nature, and the end as re-read in, and interpreted by, the higher nature of man, may be very different things; but nothing can be done till the End-in-the-phenomenon clears the way for the End-in-itself, till science overtakes philosophy with facts. When that is done, everything can be done. With the finding of the other half of the ladder, Agnosticism may retire. Science cannot permanently pronounce itself "not knowing" till it has exhausted the possibilities of knowing. And in this case the Agnosticism is premature, for science has only to look again, and it will discover the missing facts are there" (p. 36).

It is a new thing in these days to hear from the scientist the words, elsewhere used by our author, "Plant and animal have each their end, but man is the end of all the ends." Of course, that doctrine must be carefully stated if it is to carry due weight with scientific men; and Professor Drummond does not always state his points with care. The following guarded statement should, however, carry every one with it, and the argument wrapped up in it may be made of great service in setting forth the relations of science and theology. (We have taken the liberty of italicising a portion of the sentence.) "The partial truth for the present perhaps amounts to this, that *earlier phases of life exhibit imperfect manifestations of principles which in the higher structure and widened environment of later forms are more fully manifested and expressed, yet are neither contained in the earlier phases nor explained by them.*" How could Nature more unmistakably exhibit the marks of

One directing Mind? Is it not precisely the argument often used to set forth the relation between the Old and New Testaments, strengthening the credentials of both as truly Divine?

The only other point we have space to mention as illustrating the value of this book is Professor Drummond's resolute optimism in confidently expecting that God's whole universe shall be seen to be, as it truly is, one ordered whole. We have differed from the respected author in thinking his own synthesis premature, his view of the relation of the several parts confusing rather than helpful, his attempts at discovering union too little patient of serious underlying differences. But in his earnest, even passionate belief in the unity of the whole cosmos, as planned by the same Mind, ordered by the same Will, every part converging to the same end, we profoundly sympathise. And at present there are not too many who at the same time intelligently and earnestly preach the doctrine. The student of physical science looks out from his point of view and sees the Stigmaria half of the fossil, the theologian looks out from his corner and sees the Sigillaria half, and both have yet to discover that the two are one, roots and trunk here, stem and leaves there. This is Professor Drummond's own illustration; it will not bear to be pressed in detail, but it is true thus far. Students of science like Professor Drummond help religion in many ways, perhaps in none more than this, that they make it easier for theologians to realise and teach the Immanence of God in Nature. The poets have taught us this lesson in their own way. Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning in our own century have embodied the lesson in immortal words. Perhaps it is the poet in Mr. Drummond, rather than the professor, who helps us to learn afresh this deep truth, written, to the great profit of every reader who has the grace to find it, over every page of this interesting volume:

"God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.
Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool,
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;
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?"

ART. II.—FRANCIS THOMPSON: A STUDY IN TEMPERAMENT.

Poems. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. London: Elkin Mathews & Lane. 5*s*.

MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON has had a good deal against him. It is no advantage to a man nowadays to be labelled "New Poet." Even diamonds would lose in public estimation if they were as common as Welsh agates: and the world of readers has been called so often of late to hail the advent of another genius, that one begins to rate these phenomena as the Javanese do their earthquakes. It would not be a matter to flutter the dovecotes of criticism that another minor bard should be added to Mr. Traill's Sixty; and even the outward form, charming as it is, in which Mr. Thompson's collected verses have been brought before the public, suggests associations which, to some minds at least, are not altogether hopeful.

It does not follow, of course, that because a book is agreeable to the eye it can have nothing to say to the soul: wide margins do not, in themselves, imply dilettantism, or quaint title-pages affectation. Still this *recherché* livery has become, to a certain extent, significant of the poetical output of the day; it calls up the vision of an art, facile, elegant, curious, but too often lacking the appealing touch that makes the whole world kin; the voice of the deep human soul calling unto its kindred deeps. "Another word-juggler," one is tempted to say, picking up the slim volume which represents Mr. Thompson's poetic achievement hitherto; "another aspirant to the distinction of being laboriously trivial in a new way. We have enough of such."

And if, conquering the impulse which besets the literary conservative whose standpoint we adopt for the time being, to toss the "New Poet" back to his presumed fellows, and take down once more the pencil-scored Wordsworth or Keats

of his affections, he scans with compelled attention these spacious pages, where "a rivulet of print meanders through a meadow of margin," the first impression is hardly more encouraging. Quaint conceits in the Elizabethan taste, that suit no better with the passionate modernity of the poet's work than Lord Burleigh's ruff with the evening costume of to-day, strange Latinisms that march through his pages like the "heavy beasts" in Haydn's *Creation*, tortured inversions, and sudden, singular lapses of rhythm—all these difficulties meet him on the threshold.

There is a remarkable uncertainty and inequality of workmanship about these poems. They show little trace of that mastery of material, that clear perception of the end to be attained, and the means of attaining it, which marks the skilled literary craftsman. When Mr. Thompson succeeds, you catch the "native woodnote wild" of a happy inspiration—a "fluke" of genius, one would say, if the expression were permissible. Where he fails, he welters in a clumsy chaos of hopeless unintelligibility, compared with which the effusions of Browning in his most cryptic moods are lucidity itself: for Browning, it may fairly be presumed, had some definite mental conception which he intended to convey; but, with all the desire in the world to be charitable, we cannot always grant even this to Mr. Thompson. The genius must indeed be unique and undeniable which can triumph over such defects as these, which can charm the irritated reader into respect and interest, and take, "with all its imperfections on its head," an ever-stronger hold on those who have once yielded to its influence.

Yes, in spite of all, one is fascinated by that "large accent" which is the index of an earnest soul. Here are no idle flutings "of an empty day;" the throbbing violoncello note, rough and uncertain though it be, arrests and holds you captive; you hear the voice of one who has striven "to look into the life of things." Soaring aspiration, intense spiritual passion, a constant preoccupation with the great problems of the inward life —all this helps to lift Mr. Thompson's work, with all its faults, clear out of the category of ordinary verse; for though weight and seriousness of purpose do not by themselves make a poet,

they never fail, when coexisting with the poetic gift, to refine and exalt it. That seriousness which Matthew Arnold noted as one leading characteristic of great art is very marked in Mr. Thompson's writing; so also is his keen susceptibility to sense impressions, particularly those of colour. One source of his distinction as a poet is the union (in which he reminds one of Milton and Spenser) of the Puritan *ethos* and the artist temperament. The poppy that comes from the grass "like a yawn of fire;" the silver fin of a fish as it flashes through deep water; the troubled grey lights of morning; "the butterfly sunsets;" the young May moon, "flying up with its slender white wings spread" out of its ocean nest—these are a few instances, taken at random, of that instinctive delight in colour, as such, which makes a continual feast for those who possess it, even out of such scant material as a yellow dandelion in the grass. In his love of golds, reds and browns he is almost Venetian. Take this picture of autumn to witness:

"Suffer my singing,
Gypsy of seasons, ere thou go winging;
Ere winter throws
His stacking snows
In thy feasting-flagon's impurpurate glows.
With hair that musters,
In globèd clusters,
In tumbling clusters, like swarthy grapes,
Round thy brow, and thine ears o'ershaden;
With the burning darkness of eyes like pansies,
Like velvet pansies,
Where through escapes
The splendid might of thy conflagrate fancies;
With robe gold-tawny, not hiding the shapes
Of thy feet whereunto it falleth down,
Thy naked feet unsandallèd;
With robe gold-tawny that does not veil
Feet where the red
Is meshed in the brown,
Like a rubied sun in a Venice sail."

Where this highly coloured and concrete style is applied, as in the remarkable poem called the "Hound of Heaven" to a subject of deep and mystic significance, one is reminded not so much of anything in literature as of one of the great frescoes of Tintoret—say the drift of radiant souls in the

Paradiso, swept up to the steps of the Throne in a common ecstasy of adoration, with the wind of impetuous movement in their floating robes and hair. The same swift passionate impulse, the same Venetian glow of colouring, various and splendid, breathes and burns in his portrayal of the soul's pursuit and surrender. Other poems of his may show an equal pomp of imagination and swing of rhythm; others may reveal a spiritual insight deeper and more delicate; but in the unity and force of the total effect it stands alone. He who wrote it merits surely that we should attempt to look a little closely into the nature of his powers and the course of their development.

It may help us in discovering what it is that gives so individual an accent to his work, if we compare him for a moment with that Caroline bard in whom many have professed to find his prototype. The analogy between Crashaw and Thompson lies on the surface—both belonging to the same religious communion, both being men of strong devotional feeling and considerable power of poetic expression, both sensible, to a degree seldom met with, to the charm of a high and pure friendship with a noble woman. That the modern poet has been influenced by Crashaw to the extent of adopting a few mannerisms, such as "mortal mine," and "auspicious you," which he otherwise might have spared us, seems clear enough; and the method of such pieces as "Her Portrait," or "Gilded Gold," may owe a little to the author of the epistle to the Countess of Denbigh. But if we put aside such surface affectations, how great a gulf is fixed between the placid Cambridge student of the Stuart age and our own poet's fiery and unquiet heart.

Here is the portrait of Richard Crashaw painted for posterity by his bosom-friend:

"We style his sacred poems 'Steps to the Temple,' and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under His wing, he lived his life in St. Mary's Church, near St. Peter's College: there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallows near the house of God; there he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these poems—steps for happy souls to climb heaven by."

Like an echo of Bemerton Church bells, or a chant from the

oratory of Little Gidding, this extract lifts one into that atmosphere of calm and simple isolation, so suffused with the sunshine of love as to seem almost unaware of the struggle and sin of the world about them, in which such saints as Ferrars, Vaughan, and Herbert had their being, and which the author of *John Inglesant* has reconstituted with such marvellous insight and skill. The prevailing tone of Crashaw's religious verse is radiantly serene. He is constantly "drawn out," as our fathers would have said, in ecstasies of Divine contemplation. He knows nothing of the sudden, subtle returns upon self, the deep-seated strife and bitterness, the anguished introspection of the modern poet. His sweet notes—somewhat too lusciously sweet to fit our present canons of taste—have nothing in common with the wild and melancholy music, that rolls and mutters like a surging tide. In reading Thompson's verse, one thinks of the words, "There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet." One might as fitly compare David's swallow of the altar to a stormy petrel, as that religious and tender recluse, Richard Crashaw, to the moody, sombre, passionate spirit who wrote "The Hound of Heaven."

A certain swift audacity of phrase, a charming freedom and liquidity of movement are common, in their best moments, to both. Of the two, the elder poet's inspiration is the more equable and sustained. He never approaches the bogs of bathos in which Mr. Thompson occasionally wallows; but, on the other hand, where does he strike a chord so intimate, so thrilling, so charged with the poignant pathos of human things, as is touched in the "Lines to an Old Yew," and to "His Lady's Portrait in Youth," or in the poem called "Daisy"?

Crashaw's poems to women, dainty as they are, are no more than graceful and curious specimens of clerical compliment. The gift of a Prayer Book, the invitation to lead a religious life, sound oddly when wrapped up in the laboured and artificial diction which the manners of the times prescribed towards noble ladies. He writes of love and beauty, sweetly and innocently as his friend claims for him, but always in the florid Renascence style, the recognised literary convention of the day. One might imagine that he had never seen the "not impossible She." A sincere passion would surely have taught him an accent more heartfelt and more natural.

How different, how fully pulsing with the intensest life of the Spirit, are the poems which Francis Thompson has dedicated to his unnamed Lady and Muse. Never since Dante wrote the *Vita Nuova* was any woman praised so—with equal reticence, with equal ardour:

"How should I gauge what beauty is her dole,
Who cannot see her countenance for her soul,
As birds see not the casement for the sky?
And as 'tis check they prove its presence by,
I know not of her body till I find
My flight debarred the heaven of her mind.
Hers is the face whence all should copied be,
Did God make replicas of such as she;
Its presence felt by what it doth abate,
Because the soul shines through, tempered and mitigate.
Where—as a figure labouring at night
Beside the body of a splendid light—
Dark Time works hidden by its luminousness.
And every line he labours to impress
Turns added beauty, like the veins that run
Athwart a leaf that hangs against the sun."

We can only conjecture the nature of the spiritual crisis in which this rescuing vision swept across his path. One cannot but think of Dante treasuring through life that one passing salutation of his lady, in whose smile he read the revelation of things unspeakable and till then unimagined; or of the noble-hearted priest, in the *Ring and the Book*, pining in the enforced frivolity of his life till the beauty of holiness is revealed to him in the symbol of perfect womanhood; and with an instinctive obedience to the heavenly vision, he bows and is blest. It is in this spirit that our poet exhorts her, who has taught him the meaning and the glory of the higher life, to be true to her own best self, lest through her failure his faith in good, entwined as it is with faith in her, should suffer shipwreck:

"Like to a windsown sapling grow I from
The cleft, sweet, of your skyward-jutting soul,
Shook by all the gusts that sweep it, overcome
By all its clouds incumbent. O, be true
To your soul, dearest, as my life to you!
For if that soul grow sterile, then the whole
Of me must shrivel, from the topmost shoot
Of climbing poesy, and my life, killed through,
Dry down and perish, to the foodless root."

It is not a normal nature which can thus nourish the white flame of exalted and passionate friendship; accepting, as "the only love the stars allow him," this visionary devotion, so far removed from "human nature's daily food." He who breathes habitually the fine air on this exalted plane of feeling, could never have been a contented dweller on the ordinary levels of life.

"There are certain fancies which have come to me sometimes," says Ibsen's "Brand," "which have always struck me as supremely ridiculous—that of an owl, afraid of the dark, and of a fish with hydrophobia." That relentless analyst of human nature has laid his finger on a temperamental defect, due, partly, no doubt, to the ruinous strain and pressure of modern life, and of which Mr. Thompson's poems afford more than one striking illustration, the lack, namely, of that healthy callousness, which is necessary for useful living, in a world where to live means not merely to suffer, but to witness suffering. Ibsen's hero has nothing but contempt for those—surely of all men most pitiable—who are cursed from their birth with a morbid sensibility to pain, not their own merely but that of all created things; those for whom one cry of an infant, tortured by a baby-farmer in a London slum, would silence utterly all the joyful voices of nature and blot out the sun. Such men cannot say to themselves:

"Good is as hundred, evil as one."

As to the prince in the fairy tale, who could hear the grass grow at his feet, the earth's lamentation and ancient tale of wrong comes to their ears, not like a distant murmur or a saddening undertone, but so loudly and insistently as to drown all other sounds. The slightest circumstance is sufficient to lead them back to their deep-seated grievance against the order of things. So seeming-trivial a thing as a good-bye spoken to a child-friend, calls up to our poet's sympathetic consciousness the anguish of partings all the world over, the evanescence of human joy, the inevitable linking of pain with pleasure, so that wherever we turn we feel the stern pressure of the destiny that set us here to suffer:

"She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pain of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

"Nothing begins and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan,
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own."

With the same morbid intensity of feeling, too keen for life on ordinary levels of human fellowship and daily duty, he dwells on the awful solitariness of every human soul, a prisoner in its own personality, of which God alone keeps the key:

"Even so, even so, in undreamed strife
With pulseless law, the wife,
The sweetest wife on sweetest marriage day,
Their souls at grapple in mid-way,
Sweet, to her sweet may say:

"'I take you to my inmost heart, my true!'
Ah fool! but there is one heart you
Shall never take him to!

"The hold that falls not when the town is got,
The heart's heart, whose immured plot
Hath keys yourself keep not!

"Its gates are deaf to love, high Summoner;
Yea, love's great warrant runs not there:
You are your prisoner.

"Yourself are with yourself the sole consortress
In that unleaguerable fortress;
It knows not you for portress.

"Its keys are at the cincture hung of God;
Its gates are trepidant to His nod;
By Him its floors are trod.

"And if His feet shall rock those floors in wrath,
Or blest aspersions sleek His path,
Is only choice it hath.

"Yea, in that ultimate heart's occult abode
To lie as in an oubliette of God,
Or as a bower untrod.

"Built by a Secret Lover for His Spouse;
Sole choice is this your life allows,
Sad tree, whose perishing boughs
So few birds house!"

On a soul thus burdened with a sense of the loneliness of life and the mystery of pain, the thought of death and all the

sad attendant humiliations of our morality fasten with a fatal intensity. Like some old German painters, he is ever haunted by the phantom of the *Danse Macabre*, the triumph of dissolution:

"Life is a coquetry
Of Death which wearies me
Too sure
Of the amour;

"A tiring room where I
Death's divers garments try
Till fit
Some fashion sit.

"With secret sympathy
My thoughts repeat in me
Infirm,
The turn o' the worm.

"Beneath my appointed sod:
The grave is in my blood
I shake
To winds that take.

"Its grasses by the top;
The rains thereon that drop
Perturb
With drip acerb.

"My subtly answering soul;
The feet across its knoll
Do jar
Me from afar.

"As sap foretastes the spring,
As earth ere blossoming
Thrills
With far daffodils,

"And feels her breast turn sweet
With the unconceived wheat;
So doth
My flesh foreloathe

"The abhorred spring of Dis
With seething presciences
Affirm
The preparate worm."

We might say of all this, almost in the words of Lady Macbeth:

> "These things must not be thought
> After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

And indeed there is but one way of escape for such a nature as the one we are now considering—craving delight, as every poet of his nature is bound to do; "thirsting," like the young Romola, "for a deep draught of joy;" and yet, with a passionate longing for what is vital, true and eternally satisfying, which only He who has implanted it can still. Souls of this stamp may end in madness like Blake, or they may plunge into cynicism and "wretchedness of unclean living" like Poe, or Heine, or De Musset; or, like St. Augustine, they may come at last through much tribulation to rest in the End of all longing, the Sanctifier of all pain.

> "Inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te."

This deep saying of the great African saint might have served as motto to "The Hound of Heaven," which is nothing less than a passage of spiritual autobiography. The first few lines, concise and passionate, display the argument of the poem: the blind, futile effort of the soul to make and shape for itself an earthly rest, the strong patience of infinite love that seeks until it finds, and follows till it wins:

> "I fled Him, down the nights and down the days,
> I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
> I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
> Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears
> I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
> Up vistaed hopes I sped,
> And shot, precipitated,
> Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
> From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
> But with unhurrying chase,
> And unperturbed pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> They beat—and a voice beat
> More instant than the feet—
> 'All things betray thee, who betrayeth Me.'"

Vainly the poet-heart seeks satisfaction in the common human charities of hearth and home. Vainly he pleads by the curtained lattice of heart after heart, athirst for that sufficient sympathy, that perfect companionship, of which we have all

dreamt, but which is given to few below, lest, having it, we should cease to look beyond and above:

> "If some little casement parted wide,
> The gust of His approach would clang it to."

At last, through disappointment and denial, he learns to accept his solitary lot:

> "I sought no more that, after which I strayed
> In face of man or maid;
> But still within the little children's eyes
> Seems something, something that replies,
> They at least are for me, surely for me!
> I turned me to them very wistfully.
> But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair,
> With dawning answers there,
> Their angel plucked them from me by the hair."

It is the same experience of defeat and disillusion which meets us in one of the most subtle and suggestive religious allegories of our own or any age—Tennyson's *Holy Grail*. There, too, one who has heard the voice that no true heart once hearing can deny or mistake, shrinks from the absolute self-surrender that Eternal love demands, and builds himself refuge after refuge in wealth, in honour, in domestic love, only to find, time after time, the bitter experience renewed:

> "Also this
> Fell into dust, and I was left alone
> And wearying in a land of sand and thorns."

But our poet has still another hope. Man has failed him; he will turn to Nature. In the arms of the mighty mother he will find at least forgetfulness of his pain:

> "I knew all the swift importings
> On the wilful face of skies;
> I was heavy with the even,
> When she lit her glimmering tapers
> Round the day's dead sanctities,
> I laughed in the morning's eyes.
> I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
> Heaven and I wept together,
> And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine.
> But not by that—was eased my human smart."

The sternest disillusion is yet to come. Hitherto, whatever else has failed him, he has had the fairy realm of phantasy to

enter at will. Whenever the hard facts of life have pressed upon him he has been able, like the great discoverer, to "call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." But now descends upon him the Nemesis which waits on those who indulge overmuch in those delights of the imagination which were given us for our solace, but not for our stay. The dream-tissue in which he has decked his life drops away, and he sees it as it is.

> "Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
> My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
> And smitten me to my knee;
> I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years,
> My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
> My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
> Have puffed and burst as sunstarts in a stream.
> Yea, faileth now even dream
> The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist."

Nor is this all. Defenceless as he is, he feels hanging over him the imminent presence, the awful reality of that mysterious change, which it is not in mortal man to contemplate unmoved. The shadow of Death is over him; the pains of Hades take hold upon him.

> "Ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of Eternity,
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
> Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again;
> But not ere him who summoneth
> I first have seen, enwound
> With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned,
> His name I know and what his trumpet saith."

Not Pascal himself has expressed with greater intensity of conviction the isolation, the misery, the shivering stripped insignificance of the helpless human spirit in face of the mysteries of life and death. What follows would only be weakened by comment. It should be read with the heart.

> "Now of that long pursuit,
> Comes on at hand the bruit;
> That voice is round me like a bursting sea:
> 'And is thy earth so marred,
> Shattered in shard on shard?
> Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest me?'"

"Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I make much of naught"
(He said)
"And human love needs human meriting;
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art.
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?"

Halts by me that footfall;
Is my gloom after all
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly:
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest,
Thou dravest love from Me, who dravest Me?"

We shall not quote the "Lines to the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," the austere and concentrated intensity of which is so strained as to become morbid and repulsive, and in which he compares the struggles and self-denials of the lover of art with all that must be endured and done to win the crown of saintship; and sadly questions with himself whether the end of all that toil will be to place the poet with those who sought only their earthly pleasure, unstirred by his vast desires and glorious aspirations.

The two strains of feeling, the æsthetic and the ascetic, seem never to have been thoroughly commingled in this poet. One might imagine him finally solving the problem like the Florentine artist, who was so deeply moved by Savonarola's preaching, that he brought brushes and canvas and flung them, with all his artist dreams, into the blazing Bonfire of Vanities in an ecstasy of renunciation.

But can this intense and earnest spirit ever unbend? Yes, surely; though even in his lighter moods he never quite loses his wistfulness of accent. Those who would know him at his airiest and daintiest should read the "Carrier-Song," which, with all its flaws of workmanship, has the rapid and liquid movement of an Elizabethan lyric. Very charming also is the "Dedication" to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, with which he prefaces his collected poems. It is pleasant to find how fair and gracious a part has been played, by one who is perhaps the most distinguished and delicate artist among the women-writers

of the day, in developing the undisciplined genius of the poet who thus voices his thanks:

"If the rose in meek duty
May dedicate humbly
To the grower the beauty
Wherewith she is comely,
If the mine to the miner,
The jewels that pined in it;
Earth to diviner,
The springs he divined in it,
If the hid and sealed coffer,
Whose having not his is,
To the losers may proffer
Their finding—here this is;
Their lives if all livers
To the life of all living,
To you, O, dear givers!
I give your own giving."

It is sufficiently obvious, from the extracts we have given, that Mr. Thompson has much to learn in the art and mystery of his craft. Whether he will ever learn it is another matter. One may doubt whether his most striking deficiency is one that can be supplied by any voluntary effort. The lack of taste and of a fine sense of fitness, which is often painfully apparent in his work, and which reaches its climax in the poem called "The Making of Viola," can hardly be remedied by effort and study. Still, we may fairly hope that by weeding out his offensive Latinisms and paying more attention to the structure of his sentences he may remove these obvious blemishes on his work, which distress his most sincere admirers and give just occasion for critical severity. After all, the question to ask about any new poet is not "Is he faultless?" but "Has he depth, music, originality, the sacred fire, in short, in the glow of which all minor defects seem pardonable?" And even those whose sympathies are rather with the lucid and balanced perfection of Arnold and Tennyson, than with songs of wilder measure and more erratic inspiration, will hardly fail, if they are candid, to own in Francis Thompson a genius of unique and intimate charm—a rare, if not a great, poet.

ART. III.—TWO NOBLE LIVES; AND ANOTHER.

The Story of Two Noble Lives. Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By AUGUSTUS C. HARE, author of *Memorials of a Quiet Life.* 3 vols. London: G. Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road, and Sunnyside, Orpington.

Annie Besant: an Autobiography. 1 vol. T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

TWO recently published books, otherwise of considerable interest as we hope to show, have the merit of presenting us with portraits, at various stages of development, of what we may justly call representative women of our own day—ideal types, in fact, of womanhood as it has been and as it may be. The key-note of each of the books in question is struck in the frontispiece. The one offers to our gaze the portrait of two fair high-born sisters in the full radiance of youthful loveliness, severely sweet; simplest robes of antique design follow the flowing lines of each young figure, and reveal the curves of the stately neck on which each young head is poised lightly as a flower on its stem; and flower-like in unstudied grace of pose and unconscious beauty of aspect are both these gentle creatures, whose large candid eyes look forth softly and steadily from under their shadowy eyelashes. "Bright consummate flowers," indeed, last and loveliest of their ancient line, Charlotte and Louisa Stuart look what they were, the fair embodiment of its best qualities—grace, goodness, rare intellectual power, harmonised with that "unaffected dignity" which made the younger sister "something almost to worship" —as Thackeray put it—in her ripened womanhood. Full forty years have passed away since the painter drew these two long-sundered sisters for us, but it is only the other day since the younger of the twain departed from our midst in the fulness of years and honours, beautiful until the very last, with the beauty shining forth from a pure and noble heart and soul;

as the touching picture testifies which shows her to us, at more than threescore and ten, "Waiting for the End." "She has been," said one who loved and survived her, "a Priestess of the Most High, leading one upward along the paths of beauty and goodness." Strong words, but, as we trust to show, not too strong in reference to this calmly fervent servant and follower of the Christ whom she confessed and rejoiced in, and whom her beloved elder sister served and followed also, through the whole of her shorter but hardly less beautiful life.

Turning to our other book, we are confronted with a face and form also endowed with much natural attractiveness, but singularly diverse in significance. It is difficult to escape from the uncharitable thought that the attitude and expression are to a great extent *voulues*—to employ a term conveying a shade of meaning hardly attainable in English. For this portrait is not the work of a painter, "poring on a face, and divinely through all hindrance finding" the true woman behind it, and so painting her as to give "the shape and colour of a mind and life;" it is a photograph, and the position and look are self-assumed and deliberately maintained. The lady, resting her cheek on her hand, leans forward, her brilliant eyes gazing out with a strained, intent expression; the face, agreeable in contour, with a high clear brow, has an odd suggestion both of the fanatic and the actress about it; there is an obvious intention to "call up the look" of one half inspired, half-anxiously questioning the unknown. The dress, as in every other published likeness of this lady, is sufficiently becoming; it judiciously veils the faults of the slender ill-developed form, while exhibiting to advantage the well-rounded arm and beautiful hand, adorned with a mystical massive signet ring, very conspicuous here, as in the portrait of Mrs. Besant's spiritual mother, "H. P. Blavatsky." Due justice is done here and elsewhere to the abundant crisply curling hair, gracefully arranged, in which as her autobiography witnesses, this prophetess of Atheism and later adept in Theosophy had no little harmless pride; and one is quite inclined to welcome the faint touch of woman's delight in womanly charm, as an agreeable relief to the monotony of intellectual conceit, in the curious record in question.

Other portraits of the same woman show her under very varying aspects, but, with two or three exceptions, produce a less favourable impression. The earliest likeness of the girl-wife unhappily mated, of the young mother hanging fondly over her infant, have a sad, serious sweetness in her rather long, oval face and intent eyes; yet even here the possibilities of fanaticism are clearly discernible. Later, there is something aggressive, combative, arrogant and almost insolent; something heavy, sensuous, and almost sensual, in the aspect of the woman proud of her mental gifts and of her unpleasant notoriety, the oratress and pamphleteer, who manifested so singular a tendency to intermeddle with matters not generally much studied by the clean-minded, while she found many "passages in the New Testament too *coarse*" to be read by a maiden-child—a suggestive statement made by the militant matron before Sir George Jessel, and irresistibly reminding one of Swift's dictum, that "a nice"—a fastidious—"man is a man of nasty ideas."

"Theosophy" may be an extraordinary folly—"a religion too elastic for ordinary use," made by "some people in India . . . out of broken teacups, a missing brooch or two, and a hair-brush;" and compounded with "pieces of everything that medicine-men of all ages have manufactured"—there are not wanting indications in Professor Max Müller's singularly interesting volume on the true Theosophy that *he* would not find much to carp at in this contemptuous description of its modern counterfeit. But if the mute witness of portraiture be worth anything, even so poor and imperfect a gospel as the Theosophic gospel of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant has a happier influence on its adherents than the deadly "good news" of Materialistic Atheism can exercise—though sadly and strangely different from the elevating and redeeming power which the "glorious gospel" of Christ, accepted and obeyed by the honest and good heart, has often displayed in refining and spiritualising even the outward aspect of its true disciples.

It will be our business now to consider the evidence of the written record, and take note of the extent to which it corroborates the witness of the portrait-painter's art, in

emphasising the difference between the æsthetic as well as the moral results of faith and unfaith.

It would not be altogether just to dwell much on the marked difference in literary style and general attraction between *The Story of Two Noble Lives* and *Annie Besant: an Autobiography.* In the one, the life-story is told in the most satisfactory and least pretentious way, by letters contemporary with the events narrated, and connected very skilfully by a mere thread of biographical comment, furnished by a disinterested onlooker. The problem so hard to solve of how to keep the unmanageable Ego of the autobiographer from blocking the foreground has not to be dealt with; the letters themselves, written by well-bred persons whose rare mental gifts had been developed by wise cultivation, have all the charming ease of good society and all its quietness of tone, amid their unmistakable intellectual brilliancy; while not Lady Mary Wortley Montague herself could write at need with more fire and eloquence than her descendants, the Charlotte and Louisa Stuart, whose truly *Noble Lives* are set before us with unpremeditated grace by their own pens and by those of sympathetic eye-witnesses, among whom we must count the mother and grandmother, Lady Stuart de Rothesay and Lady Hardwicke, whose racy epistles, glittering with that keen wit which is the sublimation of good common sense, show that the literary faculty was a heritage from both sides of the house. It is clear that there would be some unfairness in insisting strongly on the marked superiority of such a method and its results over the method and the achievement of a morbidly self-conscious woman, always *listening to the sound of her own voice*, the heroine of her own story, who in making the apology of her not blameless career and of her anomalous position, has to use a style which was formed first in producing stories suitable for the pages of the *Family Herald*, which was perfected by means of what it is not unjust to call mob oratory, and which has long had to serve the needs of heated partisanship and aggressive criticism of the whole visible order of things. This style is redolent of the remarkable school of composition in which it was formed. It would be an employment more curious than profitable to calculate how many times in the course of her

narrative this lady makes use of the terms, "hot, eager, passionate," and cognate expressions suggestive of some very sensational love story; and her lavish use of superlatives is quite as significant. This peculiar terminology is, however, congruous enough with the subject-matter of Mrs. Besant's book; the lucubrations of a reasoner who seems never to have taken the trouble of ascertaining if her premisses were sound, before she formulated the conclusions hastily drawn from them; and the personal experiences of a woman who has a sort of pride in her unfitness for common womanly duties, while she regards the story of her melancholy adventures complacently, as a touching romance of rare interest and pathos. The tale has its own painful interest, but not quite of the kind that the heroine has imagined to herself, nor would it gratify her much could she realise its true nature.

The least unpleasing part of Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography* is that concerned with her early years, and there is something pathetic in her attempt to paint both her father and mother *en beau;* but when we put aside her glosses on the facts it is hard not to consider her as unfortunate both in her parentage and her training. Her father, a Mr. Wood, cousin to Lord Hatherley, was a medical man who seldom practised, being sufficiently provided for by a good appointment in the City of London; he had married a Miss Morris, like himself of Irish origin, whose family, like many another Irish family, piqued itself much on its descent from certain fabulous Milesian kings. Accepting Mrs. Besant's account as trustworthy, we find in her father a brilliantly accomplished, studious, and sceptical man, who had taken so little care of the future of his family that his death in 1852 left his widow all but penniless. His peculiar views had so far infected his wife's mind that she had ceased to believe in the Atonement and all the doctrines linked with it; but being of a romantic turn she held strongly to a spectacular kind of religion, and was a steady churchgoer. Her successful struggle to provide for her fatherless little ones and to secure for her eldest boy the liberal education his father had coveted for him shows a certain heroic quality in the impulsive, emotional, visionary Irishwoman, whose clairvoyante faculty has its significance in connection with the autobiographer's later

career. But there is less to admire in Mrs. Wood's dealing with the daughter who describes her, with pardonable hyperbole, as "the tenderest, sweetest, proudest, noblest woman I have ever known; selflessly devoted to those she loved; passionately contemptuous of all that was mean and base; keenly sensitive on every question of honour." The little Annie would seem to have been left to scramble herself into any kind of religion she fancied, and to amuse herself with any kind of books, except certain modern sensational novels. She read and loved the Scriptures for their rhythmic music and poetic grandeur, even as she read and loved Spenser, Milton, Dante; in both cases the meaning of the musical utterance seems never to have been discerned; and one divines a similar lack of comprehension in those early studies of "the Fathers" which she parades complacently. From Bunyan's immortal Pilgrim she seems to have derived nothing but a desire for a veritable shield and sword with which to encounter an embodied Apollyon; the deep significance of the splendid fable passed by her like the wind. Deprived of intelligent motherly instruction in matters spiritual, her girlish religion, which she would have us believe was Christian of the most orthodox description, was an extraordinary medley. On the evangelical ideas practically exemplified by her kind teacher, Miss Marryat, who rescued the child during some years from the maternal indifferentism, and superficially accepted by the young pupil, she engrafted divers Ritualistic and Romanising practices: she fasted, she crossed herself, she communicated weekly, and dreamed of a Christ fashioned after her own fancy in the morbid, half-hysteric fashion of the ecstatic nun who is taught blasphemously to claim the Son of God as "her Bridegroom" for whom she renounces earthly marriage. If we believe her evidence, the hard-worked mother, who showed her affection by keeping her child useless and ornamental, delighting in being the girl's sewing-woman and lady's-maid, kept her also in complete ignorance of "the nature of men and women," and of all that relates to wifehood and motherhood. Perhaps, however, this reproach is not merited by the poor woman who allowed *her* daughter to read the whole Bible freely, withholding nothing as "too coarse," and who supplied her with such wholesome mental food as Milton and Scott and Kingsley.

Where Mrs. Wood does appear deeply blameworthy is in insisting that her daughter should fulfil the private marriage-engagement which, with no affection and little inclination, she had formed with the Rev. Frank Besant, a young High Churchman, "conventional and conservative." The misery of both parties was ensured by this insistence on the part of the mother, who, relying on a false point of honour, forbade the girl to break her word once plighted, though it bound her to a man for whom she had so little sympathy that she never succeeded in keeping the fateful promise to "love, honour, and obey." If this be a true account of the matter—and as such we have to accept it, having no means of checking Mrs. Besant's statement—we must hold this "tenderest, sweetest, noblest" of mothers answerable for almost all the daughter's subsequent aberrations, and for the ruin of her unfortunate bridegroom's domestic happiness. Mrs. Besant writes with a certain complacency of tone when she admits that she must have been a very unsatisfactory wife to the Rev. Frank Besant. Doubtless, she was eminently unsatisfactory as a housemother, this poor spoiled child, ignorant of every domestic duty, and possessed with the passion for using books as stuff to make dreams of—dreams in which she was herself playing some high heroic part as saint or martyr, or "preaching some great new faith to a vast crowd; and they listened and were converted, and *I became a great religious leader*." * Awaking from such fancies, real life looked dull and tiresome, household details were odious, the commonplace callers who talked of servants and economy were an unspeakable weariness; and there was no all-enduring love in her heart to make all these things bearable for the sake of a beloved one whose comfort was concerned. The claims of the husband, on the contrary, rendered him hateful.

"Let men tremble to win the hand of woman, unless they win along with it the utmost passion of her heart," wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne. The enterprise of the husband in this case was doubly hopeless, for the bride he had won was too deeply self-enamoured to have much true love for any one—except the natural filial affection which repaid her mother's

* *Italics* ours.

fond devotion, and the maternal passion with which in her turn the young wife regarded her own son and daughter. The strongest characteristics of her book are an immeasurable overweening egotism, and a quenchless thirst for notoriety, no matter of what kind. Let us hear how she speaks of the wild crusade on which she embarked under the leadership of Charles Bradlaugh.

"I attacked the conventional beliefs and traditions of society in general, not with bated breath and abundant apologies, but joyously, defiantly, with sheer delight in the intellectual strife . . . . wherever a blow was struck for Liberty or Justice *my* pen broke silence. . . . . The moral purity and elevation of Atheistic teaching" (*teste* the worship of the Goddess of Reason under the Terror, the exploits of the Commune, the philosophy and conduct of Godwin-Shelley households in a former day, and the outspoken brutalities of the newer Materialism in the present) "were overlooked by many who heard only of my bitter attacks on Christian theology. I used every weapon that history, science, criticism, scholarship could give me against the churches; eloquence, sarcasm, mockery, all were called on to make breaches in the wall of traditional unbelief and crass superstition. . . . . That men and women are now able to speak and think as openly as they do" (how do they manage to *think openly?*) is "very largely due to the active and militant propaganda carried on under the leadership of Charles Bradlaugh, whose nearest and most trusted friend I was. That my tongue in early days was bitterer than it should have been, that I ignored the services done by Christianity, and threw light only on its crimes, I readily admit. I was a Home Ruler, of course, and a 'passionate' opponent of all injustice to nations weaker than ourselves. . . . . Against our aggressive and oppressive policy in Ireland, the Transvaal, India, Afghanistan, Burmah, Egypt, I lifted up my voice in all our great towns, trying to touch the consciences of the people, and make them feel the immorality of a land-stealing, piratical policy. Against war, against capital punishment, against flogging, demanding national education instead of big guns, public libraries instead of warships—no wonder that I was denounced as an agitator, as a firebrand, and that

all orthodox society turned up at me its most respectable nose."

It is quite sufficiently evident, as one follows Mrs. Besant's own account of a life lived much in public during a rather important historical period, that when she casts her eye on contemporary history it offers to her a vast mirror, in which her own figure, posed in some heroic and impressive attitude, is reproduced on a colossal scale, and her own various performances are seen clad in mirage-like splendours; while the other transactions of the time, no matter how memorable, are so dimly imaged as to be scarcely visible. Much is said indeed about the man with whose name her own was so closely associated, and there is a loyal endeavour, not always unsuccessful, to bring out the best points of his character; for she does manage to depict in him a person far more reasonable, more serviceable, more self-controlled and self-denying than herself. But it becomes very clear that what really interests her in Bradlaugh is his relation to Annie Besant, his appreciation of her qualities, his value for her services, his devotion to her interests, and his pleasure in her society. Without intending it, she has drawn her own portrait as that of a self-centred, excitable, unreasonable woman, whose ruling passion is the desire to fill a prominent place in the world's eye.

It is instructive to take note of the successive steps by which in a period covering about seven years, she passed from the unreal, unreasoning, sentimental form of Christian belief that commanded her youthful homage to the crudest, baldest, Materialistic Atheism. She had attained the age of nineteen when it first occurred to her that there were "discrepancies"—in which she at once saw, and apparently still continues to see, vital contradictions—between the Four Gospels. The blank surprise this discovery occasioned her is eloquent, not only as to the depth and reality of her knowledge of Scripture, and the genuineness of her vaunted studies, but as to her life-long misunderstanding of the nature and the laws of historic evidence. Similarly, though we are to suppose that her Scriptural readings had included the Book of Job, and had led her to consider the problem of innocent and unmerited suffering therein discussed, it never seems to have struck her that there

was in the universe such a thing as "the mystery of pain," physical or mental, until she herself had to suffer as wife and as mother. Her girl-baby, a delicate little creature, had the whooping-cough so severely as to be in great pain and peril during many days; the mother's vigilant care seemed all in vain, but finally the child's sufferings were alleviated and its life saved through the doctor's bold and judicious use of chloroform. Then the ignorant, loving mother-heart called in question the goodness of the Almighty Creator. How could He be at once a beneficent Father and the "torturer of a baby?" It does not seem to have entered her heart to thank the Father of the spirits of all flesh for the timely aid rendered by the physician, to whom the Divine inspiration had given understanding; she did not consider the anæsthetic which had soothed the poor infant as the gift of the compassionate Father to His suffering children. No; that Heavenly Father appeared to her simply as the Author of evil; her God, in fact, was our devil. "I am sure you *have* known Christ," said a kind clerical friend who tried to bring her into the open day from the gloomy labyrinth of doubt in which she was lost. Alas! the poor soul never had known Christ as the Saviour from sin, the triumphant antagonist of the Prince of this world; she had never realised in Him the Son of God who was manifested that He might destroy the work of the devil—sin, and all its train of hideous consequences, physical as well as spiritual. Probably the theology in which she had been trained was of the popular kind which deems it inexpedient to refer to the personal existence of the Father of Lies; it is certain that in her estimate of the character and office of Christ He appeared—as to so many—a Saviour from the punishment of hell merely.

"I challenged," says she, "the righteousness of the Atonement. I worshipped and clung to the suffering Christ, I hated the God who required the death-sacrifice at His hands." Ill indeed had she fared at the hands of Latitudinarian mother and Anglican husband, who had never helped her to the knowledge—which possibly they lacked themselves—that the Christ and His Father are *One*—that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, that we might become the righteousness

of God in Him." A monstrous kind of Tritheism was what her untrained mind had accepted instead of the majestic doctrine of the Trinity in Unity; and her fantastic Christian belief, a thing of imagination all compact, vanished as a dream when one awaketh at her first contact with life's hard realities. For a time she struggled against the disease that was poisoning her life, betaking herself to this soul-doctor and that, whose prescriptions she invariably rejected with the fretful obstinacy of an ailing child. They did not understand her case, she thought; perhaps she was right; yet even Dr. Pusey, of whose ineffectual commands to her she speaks with a sort of contemptuous bitterness, showed some discernment when he told her she had "read too much, was undisciplined, impatient, full of intellectual pride," and he gave her one piece of sound advice when he urged her to seek help in prayer. But she thought scorn of such counsel. So we find her consulting—albeit with petulant impatience—books of mere human authorship, and asking assistance from men reputed to be wise, but never caring to try if access to the Invisible God were not possible, never entreating the Lord and Giver of Light to enlighten her darkened understanding. We must not forget also that what was excellent in Dr. Pusey's advice was marred by his continued reference to that very "authority of the Church" which his interlocutor refused to recognise. And doubtless his rebukes of her contumacy were no less sharp than she describes them; her account of the interview makes it clear that when she sought it her bias towards unbelief was already so strong that the whole proceeding was something of a mockery on her part; and it would be nowise surprising if the venerable autocrat did at last lose his temper with her.

Shall we follow the wayward Pilgrim of the Night through her subsequent wanderings—her painful differences with her unlucky husband, her alienation from him, their disputes for the custody of her beloved daughter; her alliance, offensive and defensive, with Charles Bradlaugh; her chequered career as a journalist, stump orator, Materialist, Socialist, Theosophist; her championship of ultra-Malthusian views, and finally her consequent disagreeable experiences—and her renunciation of almost every fiercely held and loudly proclaimed opinion at

the bidding of that strange seeress, half charlatan, half woman of genius, the enigmatic "H. P. Blavatsky"? Small were the reward for exploring such labyrinthine wanderings further. Let those who will seek the story in the lady's own book; they may succeed in unburying the vaguely outlined facts from the masses of lurid colouring with which she has overwhelmed them. It is right, however, before we dismiss this matter, to add that such hot colouring derives none of its intensity from passion, as the word is commonly understood. Careless as this unhappy woman—wife and no wife—has shown herself of conventional proprieties, and proudly though she vaunt such carelessness, there has come no darker stain on her life or her fame than that resulting from her morbid fancy for intermeddling with "Laws of Population," and the like questionable matters, imagining that thus she conferred definite benefits on her kind. Something repulsive there is in her restless recurrence to those subjects; but her cold speculations repel, because they *are* cold, no less than because her chosen theme is a revolting one. We feel that it is an unwomanised woman who writes with such unconscious callousness—a woman who has retained as little of woman's softness as of her sweetness, and whose moral perceptions have been blunted by long brooding over unsavoury questions and dehumanising materialistic ideas.

To turn from this painful book to that which stands first on our list brings such a relief as might be felt by some one suddenly transported from a hot, crowded, gas-lighted room—a "Hall of Science," or perchance some less loftily designed haunt of popular agitators—and set down instead on an open, breezy upland overlooking a vast sweep of hilly scenery, castle and hamlet and hall, steeple and tower, glimmering fair amid rich woodlands and well-tilled fields, with rivers and brooks flashing and murmuring bright between. The overbreathed air, the narrowing walls and close-shut windows steaming with rank exhalations from well-packed humanity, are exchanged for the fresh breezes that, blowing freely round the great world, bring stirring news from its every quarter: the one voice, shrill and insistent, speaking always of the one class of subject, is replaced by the myriad voices of wide, thickly peopled realms,

infinite in variety; and among them the distinctive music of two women's voices, discoursing of the noblest and greatest things that can engage human thought, and mingling these with affectionate lingerings over homeliest matters of every-day. Full of tender lovingkindness, eloquent of large, intelligent, and tolerant sympathy are these sister-voices; yet never do they hint at toleration for what is evil; nor, however sharply calamity may be felt, however tragically the bright lives are darkened at the noon-day of their bliss, do we hear the querulous accents of that unbelief in the Divine goodness which "charges God foolishly." It is a good exchange that we have made.

What is the secret of the surprising difference in tone and temper between these modern Englishwomen, all alike happy in gentle birth and breeding, all endowed, not so unequally, with superior intellectual gifts? Something of the difference must be credited to outward circumstances more favourable in the one case than in the other, to a better, healthier, wiser education; but more, infinitely more, to the attitude of the individual mind towards the Divine.

With something more of truth than often accompanies the use of a once very significant phrase, it might be said of Charlotte and Louisa Stuart that they were "born in the purple;" it was theirs to breathe all through infancy and early womanhood the rare and difficult air of Courts; children of an old illustrious house that had long been noted for political ability, they first saw the light in Paris, where their father was acting as English Ambassador; thrice he was charged with that office, and each time he performed his difficult functions with a success well merited by his tact and integrity, and much enhanced by the social powers of his wife, who, though "undistinguished and plain in appearance," reigned a real queen of society by virtue of the singularly "captivating manners, and the unequalled conversational charm" which in her were united to much practical wisdom, fine spirit, and honesty. We shall look in vain through all the numerous letters written by Lady Canning and Lady Waterford for any florid eulogy, rich in superlatives, of their mother's admirable qualities; but both gave her always, with free, ungrudging hand, the better homage

of true daughterly love, confidence, and obedience; she was ever in full intelligent sympathy with their pursuits and interests, and in every time of doubt and difficulty their trust was constant in her; in the hour of darkest distress it was her presence that was longed for and that brought the only possible earthly comfort; and, when all had been done and borne that there was to do and bear, when she had long entered into rest, it was still her sweet old face, with its soft loving eyes and the gentle benignity of its smile, that hovered a comforting vision before the dying eyes of her last surviving daughter, herself an aged saint, who, her life's work fully done, was tranquilly and hopefully fording the dark river where it runs shallowest.

These scions of the great landowning class, so often denounced by agitators of the Besant and Bradlaugh school, these heirs of perilous power and privilege, actually seem to have had a wiser upbringing and a larger share of true, heartfelt family love and enjoyment than the younger lady guiltless of any share in the monopoly of land, and untouched by any of its temptations—the girl who belonged of right to the well-instructed upper ranks of that English middle class, supposed, and not very unjustly, to be the chosen sanctuary of the finer domestic virtues.

In addition to rank and wealth and power, the Stuart sisters were endowed with every dangerous natural gift; with the rare dazzling loveliness, at once lofty and splendid, that inspires instant romantic affection; with poetic imagination; with a keen sense of humour; with the power of vivid and graceful literary expression; with so much of the painter's faculty as might be said to constitute a real genius for the art; and, in Lady Waterford's case, there were added unusual musical powers that, united to a rich and thrilling voice, constituted yet another charm and another peril—"a spell of powerful trouble." All these lavish endowments, the least of which has sometimes proved the ruin of an unwise possessor, not only were harmless to the daughters of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, but became in their hands a source of pure delight and unmixed good to the many whom they could influence; and we never can detect in them undue elation on account of the

powers that they held in trust from God; there is even a certain inclination to underestimate their own gifts, which is in marked contrast to Mrs. Besant's complacency over her single endowment of the oratorical faculty. It would seem as if only the persistent adoring homage of the husband to whom she gave herself with full, free, lifelong devotion had made Louisa Stuart, Marchioness of Waterford, fully aware of the most obvious of her attractions—the transcendent personal beauty which, though changed and toned down by the leveller Time, was still with her as a winning charm in the late evening of life. There is a tender pride in her remembered words, when some one recalled to her the exultation of her husband over the extreme beauty of the bride he had won, not without difficulty, and related how, as they drove into the gate of his Irish domain, he had lifted the folds of her long veil to let the crowding peasants see how fair was their new lady. "Yes, my Waterford *was* proud of me," she said fondly; but *her* pride was in the remembrance of the exceeding love that had never failed her, not in the attractions which first won it. Her own thoughts at that long past moment of womanly triumph had been far differently occupied. A cock-fight was in full progress outside Curraghmore gate as Lord Waterford and his newly wedded wife approached it; squalid hovels disgraced the streets of the villages on the estate; rags, dirt, idleness, and beggary were the order of the day for the inhabitants. "I will never rest till all that is changed, till they have better amusements, better homes, are industrious and prosperous," was the thought in the heart of the girl, fresh from very different scenes in England; and the thought abode with her, and was steadily and successfully carried into practice, through the many years that she dwelt, a humanising and civilising influence, among the warm Irish hearts that were not long in learning to love her.

A gift less transitory, which many would consider a more legitimate subject for complacency, was the undoubted early developed power of poetic figure-composition, the skill with the brush first exemplified when at ten years old she made, to please her parents, an excellent copy of a fine Sir Joshua Reynolds, the portrait of a brother they had loved and lost.

All her life long she continued the daily practice of this art, not more for her own satisfaction than for the profit of her neighbours; but numerous other duties debarred her from concentrating herself on this pursuit with the entire devotion that she considered essential to real excellence, and no amount of laudation from others could bring her to claim for herself the great name of Artist. "An amateur's work, nothing more—not so very bad for an amateur—but not good," was the quiet verdict she passed on her own work when she saw it publicly exhibited among the works of professional artists who had given to their craft the amount of study she did not think right for herself. "A proprietress has no business to give up her life to Art," she once replied to an enthusiastic relative who urged on her such consecration. Her husband at his death had left to her for life his great domain of Ford on the Border; and there was much to do for it always—not only an old historic home to renovate and hand on to the natural heirs in fitting condition, but schools to build, church and parsonage to rear, a village to be improved into beauty and order, a numerous tenantry to be constantly ministered to, suffering and sorrow in all classes to be soothed and comforted. These things were not compatible with the true artist-life. So, without a murmur of regret, she devoted herself to plain, obvious duty, and practised chiefly as a pastime, or for evident benefit to others, the art that was a living delight to her, and in which she might, in other conditions, have attained extraordinary proficiency. She had the reward she did not work for, in the loving homage of all those to whom she gave her life-service. Love and loving help *she* had indeed given freely, right on from the time when, a bride of twenty-one, she wished to introduce cleanly habits into the Irish cabins, and would herself "go and make the beds, to show how it should be done, and would give personal lessons in cleaning the rooms" —tasks which the high-born girl, a welcome guest in Royal Courts, was already better acquainted with than was the dowerless bride of the Rev. Frank Besant at the same age; on her own showing, the latter lady had neither cooked nor cleaned till, separated from her husband, and wanting to eke out the slender income allowed

her, she became working housekeeper in another clergyman's home. Then the new experience did not greatly please her; she takes exception to the cooking because, like a novice as she was, she burned her fingers over it; to the sweeping, &c., because it overtasked her undeveloped muscles. To wield the pen of the agitator, to address crowded meetings, was a far pleasanter and a higher way of earning a living, in Mrs. Besant's opinion. But we would not hesitate to put into the balance against her fiery denunciation of the wrongs of the toiling masses, against her busy effort in forming a Trades Union of the ill-paid match-girls, against her Socialist schemes for regenerating humanity at large, Louisa Stuart's quiet practical endeavour for the uplifting of the six hundred men employed on her husband's Irish estates; the "stable school" she set on foot for the grooms and stable-lads busied about Waterford's numerous stud, by means of which she turned what is too often a hotbed of vice into a nursery for manly virtues; the woollen manufacture which she and her husband, with much expenditure of money, time, and patience, succeeded in fostering into thriving life for the betterment in condition of his numerous tenantry, who originally knew and could practice no other industry but the most inefficient agriculture; and the new churches which the pair built and entrusted to the ministry of a true shepherd of men's souls, as a thank-offering for Louisa's recovery from the effects of an almost fatal accident—one church being reared on the mountain side at the very spot where two runaway horses flung her senseless from the carriage Waterford had been driving; the other placed at Curraghmore gate, to which he had borne her, still unconscious, down the mountain slopes and through a rapid river—as a knight of old might have done—that help might come to her all the sooner. The hillside church was so placed, not to please a loving fancy merely, but because there it was most accessible and central for the scattered folk dwelling amid the lonely glens, who scarce ever had been able to worship God in His own house before.

One woman wrote and talked, the other acted; nor was she fickle or weary in well-doing. Most fitly is the story of her long life of unwearied beneficence closed by an anecdote most

touching, preserved by the younger friend who has edited these Memorials. The "dear lady's" small personal possessions were being distributed after her funeral, which took place among her own people at Ford; servants and retainers were allowed to choose this relic and that for a memorial of her; and the "odd man" caused surprise by asking if he might have "my lady's old sealskin jacket?" What could be his reason for so strange a choice? He was willing to tell. My lady had been driving out in her little donkey-chair, he was walking at her side, when her quick eye espied a poor female tramp lying in the wayside ditch—not intoxicated, but deadly faint and ill. My lady got out, bade the man help her to lift the poor creature into the carriage, took off her sealskin jacket and put it on the woman to keep her warm, and walked beside the carriage all the way home, cheering the poor soul with sweet loving words. "But it was not my lady's putting her jacket on the woman that I cared about," said the man, "but that she did not consider her jacket in the least polluted by having been worn by the tramp. *She wore it herself afterwards*, as if nothing had happened."

Here is the true secret for doing away with class injustice, class hatreds; here the secret of equalising high and low in a brotherhood that does not destroy degrees of rank, but makes them of no practical account in hindering mutual help; here the secret of rendering wealth and power not merely harmless to the possessors, but of immense profit to all who come within their sphere. But that secret can be learnt only at the feet of the Lord of life and love—from the inspiration of Him who gave us the immortal parable of the Good Samaritan.

We have not now the space to say much of the kindred story of Lady Canning, whose lot it was to dwell on the high places of the world, to lead a more conspicuous, a less blissful, a briefer life than her sister: for after having stood loyally, grandly, lovingly by her husband's side, when, as Governor-General, he steered our Indian empire safely through the raging storms of the Mutiny year, after having helped him and served her country to the uttermost by her sympathy with all his difficult work, her ready, eager aid to the piteous sufferers, her generous defence of guiltless natives against the cruelties

of the panic-stricken and the cowardly—she sank and died of Indian fever, within a few months of the date fixed for their much-desired return to England, leaving him so bereft and heart-broken that in seven months thereafter he too had followed her to the grave. We cannot linger on the touching, true love romances of each sister's marriage, on the tragic tale of Lady Waterford's sudden widowhood, on her beautiful patience, her heroic and cheerful acceptance of a long, childless, and at last very lonely, life of bereavement; we cannot even indicate the wealth of illustration of the social, political, artistic, and literary life of the long period covered by these records, full of vivid and delightful interest as they are. For all these we must refer our readers to the charming volumes themselves. But one point we must emphasise—these lives of rare excellence and beauty and widespread usefulness were lived in simplest obedience to the plain, old-fashioned Gospel, accepted from the heart by each of these highly gifted, cultivated women, as the only saving truth, and through which both alike realised the mighty power of God to save even to the uttermost, and to bless with abundance of peace amid all troubles and all temptations. For them indeed was fulfilled the prevailing prayer of the Redeemer; "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil;" for them, too, was fulfilled His sacred promise, "He that followeth Me shall *not* walk in darkness."

ART. IV.—MOROCCO, PAST AND PRESENT.

Among the Moors. By G. MONTBARD. London and Paris. 1894.

Marokko. Von Dr. GUSTAV DIERCKS. Berlin. 1894.

La Influencia Española en el Rif. Por RAFAEL PEZZI. Madrid. 1893.

Descrizione dell'Affrica e delle cose notabile che quive sono. Per GIOVAN LEONE AFFRICANO. Venice. 1550 and 1837.

The History of the Long Captivity and Adventures of Thomas Pellow in South Barbary. London. 1742 and 1890.

Efterreniger om Marokos og Fes. By GEORGE HÖST. Copenhagen. 1779.

An Account of the Empire of Morocco. By JAMES GREY JACKSON. London. 1809.

Le Maroc Moderne. Par le Capt. JULES ERCKMANN. Paris. 1885.

RECENT volumes on Morocco are by no means scarce. Indeed, the mass of literature devoted to that country is astonishing; yet so small a portion of it will repay the reading, that it is of comparatively little worth. Even in English the number of works on that empire is very great, and out of all proportion to their value; but when the Spanish, French, and German contributions on the subject are included, their sum runs well into three figures. The *Morocco Bibliography* fills over 250 pages: each year sees additions in more than one language. Last year, besides the works placed on our list, one in French appeared at Brussels, and two more in Spanish at Madrid, to go no further. It is probable that less is published on any European country, or on any part of Africa not for the moment the scene of phenomenal activity such as is altogether unknown in sleepy Morocco. The unwonted strangeness, the picturesque and entrancing novelty, which move so many who visit that empire, however briefly, to rush into print, can surely not account for all these books, for some among them are very slow and serious. Of ephemeral tourist trash no account need be taken, for that will sprout wherever the ignorant think they have lit on something new; but the steady stream of semi-political, semi-descriptive publications dealing with a country so vast, with so interesting a history, with a position so critical and central among the Mediterranean Powers, and with resources so completely undeveloped, calls for serious study.

Morocco is a country full of promise, good and bad, a looming unknown quantity in spite of all that has been written,

though now its history is making fast. Such writers as Montbard (by which *nom de plume* is meant M. Georges Loyes) come rambling through the empire with pen and pencil, periodically furnishing us with books of travel and "adventure," pages of "impressions," interspersed with clippings from their predecessors, and with threadbare local tales. The specimen before us is above the average, combining true artistic taste with all the lightness and dramatic movement of the Frenchman. It is only when we read the extravaganza which serves as preface, his bitter diatribes against the sons of Shem, or note his clever, but rather too caustic chaff of a travelling companion, that his work displeases. His illustrations—especially those sketched from photographs — are excellent, as becomes a man of his profession, though the outline sketches are misleading, and a trifle too imaginative for a serious book. But when we take up a volume with the all-embracing title *Morocco*, such as this one of Dr. Diercks, and find it no more than a compilation to catch a momentary market, we are really disappointed. Works of this nature can be compiled in any number at the British Museum, and though, like this, they may be readable, collecting much that is of interest, they can hardly be considered contributions to our knowledge of the country.

Although at times more valuable works appear, it is remarkable how few of these are English, and how many French and Spanish. It is several years since anything of real value or of genuine research about Morocco has been published in our language, and the English student who would glean a more than superficial knowledge of the Moors and their homeland without the aid of foreign works must go back to the days of Jackson, early in this century, or those of Pellow and his compeers, early in the last, who had been enslaved by Barbary pirates. The number of publications which then saw the light on Morocco is still more remarkable, especially in view of the restricted activity of the Press in those days, as compared with the present time. No sooner did a *brochure* in modest guise appear from some antique sign in the Strand, and become the talk of the coffee-houses—its title by itself a good first chapter, and its contents the narration of real or fictitious sufferings at the

hands of Moors, whom the very victims confounded with Turks and Saracens or Syrians—than a translation appeared at the Hague or Paris or Amsterdam. Those were days when all Europe feared the Moor, when England and Holland and France and Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Venice, Tuscany, Austria, the two Sardinias and Genoa, all made their peace with that dread unknown by the payment of tribute. Now, it is the Moor who stands in awe of Europe, only retaining his country because each foreign power prevents the other from filching it from him. Then, it was anxiety to shield themselves from his attacks that made the Europeans read about him; now, it is a hankering to get a foothold in his Naboth's vineyard.

French and Spanish writers realise more fully than those of other nations all that lies behind the word Morocco, and among their books it is that such important works appear as those of Pezzi and Erckmann. Not that those countries by any means lack their share of superficial writers, but that the interests presented to them by Morocco are more real, and its problems more important, than they seem to Englishmen. To them the Moors are neighbours, despised indeed, but not strangers; to us they are strangers altogether, their country a far-off land. The age in which the Danes and Dutchmen took a lively interest in matters Moorish is long past, but it is signalised by much of real worth. The volume by Höst is considered by such an authority as Dr. Robert Brown—joint author with Sir Lambert Playfair of the excellent *Morocco Bibliography*, and the possessor of the largest collection of works on the subject in England—to be the most exhaustive and accurate volume on Morocco in existence. The author was for many years the Danish Consul at Tangier, and spared no pains in arriving at facts. His notes on the habits and customs of the people are unsurpassed, and, among much other valuable information, that about their instruments of music is unique. It is only now about to find a rival in this respect in the conscientious work prepared for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington by Mr. Talcott Williams of Philadelphia, to illustrate his collection of specimen instruments. Höst's successor, Schusboe the botanist, has left us a hardly less

important contribution on his special subject. All along, it is instructive to notice how few of the consuls and ministers who have represented England in Morocco have bequeathed their observations to posterity.

The two great reasons for the misconception of Moorish questions shown by the majority of writers are, ignorance of the history of the country in those who attempt to speak from personal experience, and the lack of personal experience of the right sort—the lack of an intimate acquaintance with the people—in those whose authorities are mostly, if not entirely, the records of others. A combined study on both these lines is required to form a correct opinion, or to correctly gauge the importance and trend of passing events. For us the history of Morocco only stretches back a thousand years, as before that time its scattered tribes of Berber mountaineers acknowledged no head, and knew no common interests; they were not a nation. War was their pastime; it is so now to a great extent. Every man for himself; every tribe for itself. Idolatry, of which abundant traces still remain, had in places been tinged with the name and some of the forms of Christianity, but to what extent it is now impossible to learn. In the Roman Church there still remain titular bishops of North Africa; one, in particular, derives his title from the district of Morocco of which Fez is now the capital, but which was once a Roman province, Mauritania Tingitana.

It was among these tribes that a pioneer mission of Islám penetrated in the middle of the eighth of our centuries. Arabs were then greater strangers in Barbary than we are now, but they were by no means the first strange faces seen there. Phœnicians, Romans and Vandals had preceded them, but none had stayed; none had succeeded in amalgamating with the Berbers, among whom those individuals who did remain became absorbed. Those hardy clansmen, exhibiting the characteristics of hill-folk the world over, still inhabited the uplands and retained their independence. In this they have indeed succeeded to a great extent until the present day, but between that time and this they have given of their life-blood to build up by their side a less pure nation of the plains, whose language as well as its creed is that of Arabia. These

are the people we distinguish to-day as Moors, a name unknown in the country, except to foreigners, a name unconnected with that of the land, but derived from that of an ancient North African tribe, in Latin the Mauri. The word by which we know the country is but a badly corrupted form of the native appellation for the southern capital, Marrákesh, pronounced by the Spaniards, Marruecos, or, in Andalucia, Marrueco'.

To imagine that Morocco was invaded by a Muslim host who carried all before them is a great mistake, although a common one. Mûlái Edrees—"My Lord Enoch" in English —a direct descendant of Mohammed, was among the first of the Arabian missionaries to arrive, with one or two faithful adherents, exiles fleeing from the Khaleefah of Mekkah. So soon as he had induced one tribe to accept his doctrines, he assisted them with his advice and prestige in their combats with hereditary enemies, to whom, however, the novel terms were offered of fraternal union with the victors if they would accept the creed of which they had become the champions. Thus a new element was introduced into the Berber polity, the element of combination, for the lack of which they had been always weak before. Each additional ally meant an augmentation of the strength of the new party out of all proportion to the losses from occasional defeats. In course of time the Mohammedan coalition became so strong that it was in a position to dictate terms and to impose governors on the most obstinate of its neighbours. A group of these, inhabiting the central highlands of Morocco, still maintain their semi-independence, having escaped annihilation or dispersion by a tardy adherence to the waxing crescent, though sufficiently powerful to secure a measure of autonomy. The effect of this was to divide the allies into two important sections, the older of which founded Fez in the days of the son of Edrees, who is counted the second Sultan of that name, and there lies buried in the most famous mosque of the empire. It is the belief of the writer that only one European besides himself—apart from renegades—has explored this shrine, the very approaches to which are closed to the Jew and the Nazarene. The only spot which excels it in sanctity is that at Zerhôn, a day's journey off, in which the first Edrees lies buried. There the whole town is

forbidden to the foreigner, and an attempt made by the writer to obtain admittance in disguise was frustrated by discovery at the very gate. The dynasty thus formed is represented to-day by the Shereef, or Prince, of Wazzán. On the southern side, with its capital at Aghmat, on the Atlas slopes, was formed what later grew to be the kingdom of Marrákesh, the city of that name being founded in the middle of the eleventh century. Towards the close of the thirteenth, the kingdoms of Fez and Marrákesh became united under one ruler, whose successor, after numerous dynastic changes, is the Sultan of Morocco now.

But from the time that the united Berbers had become a nation, to prevent their falling out among themselves again, it was necessary to find some one else to fight, and thus occupy the martial instinct nursed in fighting one another. So long as there were ancient scores to be wiped out at home, so long as under cover of a missionary zeal they could continue inter-tribal feuds, things went well for the victors; but as soon as excuses for this grew scarce, it was needful to fare afield. The pretty story—told, indeed, of other warriors as well—of the Arab leader charging the Atlantic surf, and weeping that the world should end there, and his conquests too, may be but fiction, but it illustrates a fact. Had Europe lain further off, the very causes which had conspired to raise a central power in Morocco would have split it up again. This, however, was not to be. In full view of the most northern strip of Morocco, from Ceuta, now for several centuries a Spanish fortress, to Cape Spartel, the north-west corner of Africa, stretches the coast of sunny Spain. Between El Kasar Sagheer, "The Little Castle," and Tarifa Point is only a distance of nine or ten miles, and in that southern atmosphere the glinting houses may be seen across the Straits.

History hath it that internal dissensions at the Court of Spain led to the Moors being actually invited over; but that inducement was hardly needed. Here was a country of infidels yet to be conquered; here was indeed a land of promise. Soon the Berbers swarmed across, and, in spite of reverses, carried all before them. Spain was then almost as much divided into petty states as their own land had been till the Arabs

had taught them better, and little by little they made their way in a country destined to be theirs 500 years. Cordova, Seville, Granáda, each in turn became their capital, and rivalled Fez across the sea. The successes they achieved attracted from the East adventurers and merchants, while by wise administration literature and science were encouraged, till the Berber empire of Spain and Morocco took a foremost rank among the nations of the day. Every one knows how they flourished, but most people think they were Arabs, and many call them Saracens, though they were neither, nor were they black. They were but white Berbers with a gloss of Arab civilisation and an Arab creed, only the learned speaking the Arab tongue, though the number of strangers among them had at once raised and lowered them. Judged from the standpoint of their day, they seem to us a prodigy; judged from our standpoint, they were but little in advance of their descendants of the nineteenth century, who, after all, have by no means retrograded as they are supposed to have done, though they certainly came to a standstill, and have suffered all the evils of four centuries of torpor and stagnation.

Civilisation wrought on them the effects that it too often works, and with refinement came weakness. The little Pyrenean Republic of Andorra, yet enjoying privileges granted to it for its brave defence against the Moors, which made it the high water-mark of their dominion, is the sole remaining state of those which the invaders, finding independent—with this exception—conquered one by one. As peace once more split up the Berbers, the subjected Spaniards became strong by union, till at length the death-blow of the Moorish rule in Europe sounded at the nuptials of the famous Ferdinand and Isabella, linking Aragon with proud Castile.

Expelled from Spain, the Moor long cherished plans for the recovery of what was lost, preparing fleets and armies for the purpose, but in vain. Though nominally still one force, his nation lacked that zeal in a common cause which had carried them across the Straits before, and by degrees the attempts to recover a kingdom dwindled into continued attacks upon shipping and coast towns. Thus arose that piracy which was for several centuries the scourge of Christendom. Further East

a distinct race of pirates flourished, including Turks and Greeks and ruffians from every shore, but they were not Moors, of whom the Sallee rover was the type. Many thousands of Europeans were carried by the Moorish corsairs into slavery, including not a few from England. Those who renounced their own religion and nationality, accepting those of their captors, became all but free, being only prevented from leaving the country, and often rose to positions of importance in the empire. Those who had the courage of their convictions suffered much, being treated like cattle, or worse, but they could be ransomed when their price was forthcoming—a privilege abandoned by the renegades—so that the principal object of every European Embassy in those days was the purchase of captives. It was not till the beginning of the present century that an end was put to this state of things, as Europe grew more powerful and Barbary more weak.

It is to the piratical period, however, strange to say, that we are indebted for the most valuable works we have upon Morocco. Piracy and slavery were far from confined to the Moors, and among the captives carried to Italy towards the close of the fifteenth century was a Moorish lad from Granáda, who in Rome became a Christian, and was there baptised by the name of Johannes Leo the African. It was his lot, as a man, to explore his people's country, and to compile the most complete description of it that has ever seen the light. Though that forms only a part of the work which is his monument, it is so accurate that the present writer has been able to follow him step by step, and has been astounded at the confirmation, on points of trivial detail as to local customs and products, received from natives of remote and almost inaccessible districts. It is a matter for congratulation that a modern English edition is being prepared by Dr. Robert Brown for the Hakluyt Society, to replace the archaic translation by Pory, over two centuries old.

A couple of hundred years after the time of Leo, a man who had had the advantages afforded by "the Latin school" at Penrhyn, was carried captive by the rovers as a boy, and having accepted Islám, became an officer in the Moorish army, married a Moorish wife, and resided in Morocco for twenty-

three years. The narrative of Thomas Pellow gives a better idea of Moorish life and character than any of the sixty odd volumes on the subject the writer has studied, though due allowance must be made for colouring, especially where the cruelties inflicted on the Europeans are concerned. However much of what is related of the despotic brutality of the Sultans of that epoch may be apocryphal—and much is confirmed by independent authors—it is fortunate that a mighty change has come over them since, and that for the better. The difference in this respect between Ismáël of Pellow's days and the El Hasan lately dead, is as great as between our Mary the First and Victoria.

Yet even at the most violent period of Moorish misrule it is a remarkable fact that Europeans were allowed to settle and trade in the empire, in all probability as little molested there as they would have been had they remained at home, by varying religious tests and changing Governments. It is almost impossible to conceive, without a perusal of the literature of the period, the incongruity of the position. Foreign slaves would be employed in gangs outside the dwellings of free fellow-countrymen with whom they were forbidden to communicate, while every returning pirate captain added to the number of the captives, sometimes bringing friends and relatives of those who lived in freedom as the Sultan's "guests," though he considered himself "at war" with their Governments. So little did the Moors understand the position of things abroad, that at one time they made war on Gibraltar, while expressing the warmest friendship for England, which then possessed it. Now and again escapes would be accomplished, but such strict watch was kept when foreign merchantmen were in port, or when foreign ambassadors came and went, that few attempts succeeded, though many were made. The story of Pellow's attempts to get free is a typical one, and abundant internal and other evidence places him above the suspicion to which many such writers were open, of having concocted a story from materials supplied by others.

At this time Spain and Portugal were masters of the principal Moroccan seaports, the twin towns of Rabat and Sallee alone remaining always Moorish, but these two in their turn

set up a sort of independent republic, nourished from the Berber tribes in the mountains to the south of them. No Europeans live in Sallee yet, for here the old fanaticism slumbers still. So long as a port remained in foreign hands it was completely cut off from the surrounding country, and played no part in Moorish history, save as a base for periodical incursions. One by one most of them fell again into the hands of their rightful owners, till they had recovered all their Atlantic seaboard. Tangier, as will be remembered, passed first through the hands of England, which gave it up. On the Mediterranean, Ceuta, which had belonged to Portugal, came under the rule of Spain when those countries were united, and the Spaniards hold it still. Further East, the same nation also possesses to this day the fortresses of Velez de la Gomera, Alhucemas, and Melilla. From a later era they have likewise held the Saffron Isles—the Zaffarines, or Chafarinas—opposite the boundary between Morocco and Algeria. These, and the adjoining province of the Reef, are the subjects of the important work of Senor Pezzi, an official in the Madrid War Office, by which it is published.

No one has ever been allowed to suppose that Spain considers she has enough of Morocco, which she holds to be a sort of *de jure* inheritance, to which she has a legal claim in return for the rule of the Moors in the Peninsula. Whenever an opportunity has arisen Spain has picked a quarrel with the Moors, as though on principle, and has usually succeeded in bullying something out of the weaker nation. Five and thirty years ago a dispute about Ceuta was encouraged till it became a war, the result of which was the payment of a heavy indemnity and the concession of certain privileges to Spain. Among these was the right to establish a colony at a point on the southern Morocco coast described as Santa Cruz de Mar Pequeña, a name to be found in some old writers, but not known now or likely to be, unless Spain fights for an actual footing somewhere, and bestows the name anew. So determined are the Spaniards to have some question always pending with the Moors, that so soon as the old debt was paid off by instalments from the custom houses an excuse was sought to replace it by another. In this they have been successful, though the

expenditure was so lavish, in the hope of a regular war which would give a substantial result, that it is doubtful if all that was laid out will be recovered.

One of the results of the previous war was the concession to Spain of land round her various stations of the width of the range of a twenty-four pounder, a measure meaning more to-day than then. The exact limits of this concession were left undefined in accordance with the policy of keeping open all possible causes for future dispute. After Ceuta, the most important of these posts—all used as penal settlements—and the only other to which trade with Morocco is permitted, is Melilla, opposite Malaga. For a year or two a suburb has been building on the mainland, and to protect this a ring of forts is rising on the heights around, which were well in hand when visited by the writer a couple of years ago. One of these overlooked a saint-house built on the top of a hill, a spot no Moorish sultan would have dared to have yielded to the Nazarene, though now claimed by the Spaniards.

To this the surrounding Reefian Berbers objected, and made complaint to their Sultan, but all in vain, for my lord El Hasan knew the infidel meant business, and that if from words they came to blows he would have to yield. So their complaints went unheeded till, in defence of what they considered their sacred rights, they rose against the Spaniards and drove them off, but in so doing ruined their cause and gave the desired excuse for invasion. So soon as the Sultan learnt the news—a month after the Spanish version had been flashed round the world by the cable they were careful to keep to themselves—he ordered his troops to punish the over-hasty tribes, though by so doing he ran the risk of an insurrection. Nevertheless, he has had to play the part of the vanquished, though the trouble was that the Berbers had shown themselves so brave that they had complicated matters by routing the Spanish force and killing its leader.

To dwell on the causes which induced impoverished Spain to risk as much as she did would be out of place in this connection, but the future policy of that country with regard to the empire of the Shereefs is of more than passing import. The great ideal of the people of Spain is an African war which

shall once and for ever wipe out the stain of the subjugation of their country by the Moors, though they fail to see that the positions are so entirely reversed to-day that to sweep the Moors from the face of the earth would be no glory to them or to any other power. Morocco is in the condition of a knocked-down man, one might almost say of a dying man; but it would be a mistake to imagine his death by natural means as imminent, for if only left alone he is likely to linger on in his decline for another century or two. There are other nations besides Spain determined to have at least a share in the expected slicing of Morocco, and the fate of that empire hangs upon the fate of Europe, not upon internal complications. All depends on whose hands are tied, and whose hands are free when the next conflagration of the nations comes. It is for that we are waiting, but from that may God preserve us.

It is very rarely that the Spanish mind can command sufficient calmness in discussing Moorish questions to arrive even at an approximate estimate of their true proportions. They are thus tempted constantly out of their depth in arranging the part they propose to play. It is, therefore, worthy of note when a cool-headed writer like Señor Pezzi, himself a military officer, who has taken considerable pains to collect his information at first-hand on the spot, comes to the decision that the method hitherto adopted of quarrelling with the Moors is an altogether mistaken one. He is, moreover, right. While urging his compatriots to make the appropriation of a portion at least of Morocco still more of a national policy than it is at present, he urges them to set about things peaceably. He points out that the Reef province, which occupies almost the whole of the Mediterranean coast of Morocco, "is the base of action which none has yet disputed," and that if once it is swallowed up by Algeria, the Spanish possessions which dot it will not be worth retaining; in short, that they had better be given up at once if they are not to be soon made use of, before another steps in, but not in the way that Melilla was made use of last year. What Spain needs, he says, is "a special policy in the Reef, authorities on the ground itself, with ideas and means of action, and sufficient energy in the Government to sustain the action of its representatives and to supply them

with the resources needed." His plan is to cultivate friendly relations with the natives in every possible way, to afford the protection to individuals and tribes which is from time to time solicited, to find employment for friendly Moors, to offer them inducements to enlist under the Spanish flag, to furnish free medical skill, and to foster trade; everything being entrusted to carefully chosen officials, from interpreters to governor, all of them *personæ gratæ* with their neighbours. Money expended in this, he says, will be economy. "In this tutelar action of Spain in Morocco, a lofty enterprise for which she possesses better titles than any other nation, let all the living forces of the nation co-operate"; then, he adds, "the Reef will constitute in the future a ground on which to base titles sufficient to justify our efficacious and decisive intervention in the affairs of the Moorish empire."

But the Moors are an ample match for even so skilfully laid a policy as that, supposing it were possible for the Spaniards to so long conceal and suppress their inherent animosity towards them. So there is little fear of this advice being followed, and in any case Spain is incapable of doing half she talks of. It is France that has to be feared, with its great power and steady determination, with its neighbouring province and its native agents and spies. Above all it has instruments ready to hand in a body of well-trained men like Captain Erckmann, who, in the capacity of military instructors lent by France to Morocco, paid by the Sultan but appointed and replaced by the French Government, have obtained a knowledge of the country otherwise unobtainable, and have acquired an insight into native life and interests, together with a personal influence with both men and masters, which fit them thoroughly to take charge of future operations in Morocco, of whatever nature. That Captain Erckmann is a favourable specimen of these officials is evident from the care with which his abundant facts have been brought together, though those he has published must form but a very small part of what he was able to glean while in the Sultan's employ. Especially valuable is his account of Moorish military expeditions. Spain and Italy have also "military missions" in Morocco, but in every way they fall behind the French as factors to be

reckoned with. It is, however, a question whether the presence of these or any foreign officials really tends to raise the Moor's idea of Europeans, still less to make him love them.

Instead of increased relations between Moors and foreigners tending to friendship, the average foreign settler or tourist is far too bigoted and narrow-minded to see any good in the native, and too prejudiced to acknowledge his superiority on certain points. Wherever the Sultan's authority is recognised the European is free to travel and live, though past experience has led officials not to welcome him. At the same time he remains entirely under the jurisdiction of his own authorities, and can only be arrested by the native police in cases of murder or grave crime, when he must be at once handed over to the nearest consul of his country. Not only are he and his household thus protected, but also his native employés, and to a certain extent his commercial and agricultural agents. Instead of himself seeking the protection of powerful native officials, as his predecessors did a century ago, the number of natives who come to him to seek his protection is so great, that in place of selecting as brokers and agents the best business men, he is tempted to accord the privilege to those who offer most for it. But worse than this, there have been officials of the highest rank, as well as adventurers in humbler guise, who have accepted bribes from rapacious governors to betray their confiding victims after having extorted all they could from them. It is enough to say that this dastardly trick is sufficiently common to be known throughout the empire as "selling Moors." While it remains impossible to bring to justice even the most conspicuous European offenders in official positions, and while the Moors, as at present, consider Christians, not without reason, to be much more debased than themselves, there is little hope that Spaniards or any others will win their confidence.

Ambassadorial fiascos, such as that of two years ago, still fresh in our memory, will continue to succeed each other, but if Mûlái Abd el Azeez is half as astute as his father was, they will accomplish no more in the future than in the past. The Moor wants no foreign interference, and the surest way to

consolidate the Sultan's influence among the native tribes is to rouse their ire against outsiders. Those who have suffered injustice from their own authorities, and there are many such, may indeed seek foreign protection, but not so the nation at large, which knows too well how things have gone in Algeria to contemplate with favour any European ruler, let him promise what he will.

The same old spirit of independence reigns in the Berber breast to-day as when he conquered Spain, and though he has forgotten his past and cares nought for his future, he still considers himself a superior being, and feels that no country can rival his home. In his eyes the embassies from Europe and America come only to pay the tribute which is the price of peace with his lord, and when he sees a foreign Minister in all his black and gold stand in the sun bareheaded to address the mounted Sultan beneath his parasol, he feels more proud than ever of his greatness, and is more determined to be pleasant to the stranger, but to keep him out. What may be the policy of the new ruler it is impossible to foretell, but for the present he is too young to take more than a nominal share in the administration, and as the real power remains in the hands of the Ministers of his father, there is little or no prospect of a change for some time to come. The Government will continue to be, as heretofore, an engine of oppression rather than of protection, and the vast resources of the empire will remain undeveloped. Without a European education, or a trusted counsellor who has received a European education, it is not to be expected of any Moorish Sultan that he shall turn round and upset the policy of centuries, a policy, moreover, based upon an inexpansive, unaccommodating creed, on a religion not of principles, but of unchangeable precepts. This is where the real difficulty with Morocco lies. No other cause could have kept it where it is, and as long as a delusive and fatalistic religious confidence is steadfastly clung to, all improvement must be forced and unwelcome. Nevertheless, were the present distrust of Europe removed by a united guarantee of the maintenance of its integrity on specified conditions, very much indeed might be done in the way of opening up the country, and in bettering the condition of its people. Or, if

justice could be assured, and the constitution be reformed without this, Morocco might become a strong homogeneous State without a European in it, but this is an impossibility.

Few facts are more striking in the study of this question than the absolute stagnation of the people, except in so far as they have been to a very limited extent affected by outside influences. To what European country could descriptions of life and manners written in the sixteenth century apply as fully in the nineteenth as do those of Morocco by Leo Africanus? Or even to come later, compare the transitions England has undergone since Höst and Jackson wrote a hundred years ago, with the changes discoverable in Morocco by placing their works beside the volumes of Erckmann and Diercks. The people of Morocco remain the same, and their more primitive customs are those of still earlier ages, of the time when their ancestors lived upon the plains of Palestine and North Arabia, and when "in the loins of Abraham" the now unfriendly Jew and Arab yet were one. It is the position of Europeans among them which has changed. In the time of Höst and Jackson piracy was dying hard, restrained by tribute from all the Powers of Europe. The foreign merchant was not only tolerated, but was at times supplied with capital by the Moorish sultans, to whom he was allowed to go deeply in debt for customs' dues, and half a century later the British Consul at Mogador was not permitted to embark to escape a bombardment of the town, because of his debt to the Sultan. Many of the restrictions complained of to-day are the outcome of the almost enslaved condition of the merchants of those times in consequence of such customs. In every direction the position of the European in Morocco continues a series of anomalies, and so it is likely to continue. Every attempt made by any one European Power to effect some change is counteracted by its rivals. The *status in quo* is only maintained at a general loss. A change for the better can hardly be looked for till concerted action is agreed upon; but whether this will ever come about, as the Moor would be the first to acknowledge, "only God knows."

Art. V.—PARAGUAY.

1. *Paraguay: The Land and the People, Natural Wealth and Commercial Capabilities.* By Dr. E. De Bourgade La Dardye. English Edition. Edited by E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. London: George Philip & Son, 32 Fleet Street, E.C. 1892.
2. *La Plata, the Argentine Confederation and Paraguay.* Being a Narrative of Exploration, 1853–56. By Thomas J. Page, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. London: Trübner & Co. 1859.
3. *The History of Paraguay.* Containing a full Account of the Establishments formed there by the Jesuits from among the Savage Nations. By Father Charlevoix. In two volumes. London: Lockyer & Davis. 1769.

PARAGUAY, like the rest of the South American States, has had a chequered career. The Pilot Major of Spain, Sebastian Cabot, founded a Spanish colony on the Paraguay River in the early part of the sixteenth century. Much cannot be said in praise of the pseudo-civilisation which the sword of the great captains of Charles V. introduced, for, as Helps has said, "it destroyed as much as it civilised." It was purely a quest for wealth and dominion, devoid of humane feeling and wise forethought, as heartless and cruel as it was recklessly brave, treading down with iron hoof the native races that attempted to obstruct the path of the conqueror. Fortunately for humanity, the heralds of the Cross often followed close on the Spanish arms, and, by the restraining force of holy and unselfish Christian lives, or by the terrors of Church censures, helped to moderate the tyrannical temper of the invaders. In Paraguay, after three parts of a century, the rigorous rule of the martial colonists was merged into the more gentle sway of the Jesuit missionaries, who continued to exercise supreme power in the State for a century and a half. This was a period of great prosperity. The Indians were no longer deprived of their goods and their liberty,

and "cleared off as fire consumes the dry herbage of the prairie." They were protected, and brought under kindly influences. The light of mercy shone afar from the windows of Christian sanctuaries, and the still air of wide expanses of forest and plain echoed with the music of the bells that called men to worship the Infinite God, and listen to the story of His love. Secular tasks were linked to Christian teaching. Large tracts of land were brought under cultivation. The orange and the vine were successfully grown along with indigenous products.

The Jesuit *régime* appears to have been marked by a large amount of beneficence and wisdom, and to have contributed greatly, at least for a considerable period, to the well-being of the Paraguayans. But it was an autocratic rule, and naturally tended towards high-handed dealing and those evil qualities of insolence and tyranny which are the bane of even the mildest despotisms. On the other hand, the growth of material prosperity and intelligence fostered among the people the spirit of liberty; and when other Spanish colonies were clamouring for independence, and the very air alike of the Old World and the New was infected with aspirations after self-government, the Paraguayans, believing they discerned in these Jesuit communities the germ of despotic empire, demanded representative institutions, broke out in open rebellion, and in 1767 expelled the Jesuits, whose establishments they desolated, scattering the converts and pupils, many of whom returned to the condition of savages. "No wonder that, when suddenly exposed to reactionary influences, separated from their paternal governors, and subjected to the capricious and jarring tyranny of civil and ecclesiastical rulers, they should again have sought the wild freedom of the forest."

A few years later Paraguay was included in the new vice-royalty of La Plata. In 1811, however, it severed itself from La Platan sway, and proclaimed itself a republic. In 1817, José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia was appointed dictator for life, and maintained this position until his death in 1840.

Francia was a strong, stern ruler, who, whatever may be said against his policy, had the true interest of his native land at heart. Carlyle, who saw the best side of despots, has

given, in his essay on "Dr. Francia," an estimate of the man and his administration at once masterly and discriminating: "He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour; of iron rectitude, above all." And such a man was needed. There were "discontents, open grumblings, intriguings, caballings, till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless, pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul." Francia reorganised finance, husbanded resources, reformed abuses, raised the standard of public duty, encouraged education, broke the power of the clerical caste, stimulated agriculture and all native industries, purified the courts of justice. The land had prolonged peace, when sister republics were distracted and torn with sanguinary strife. He adopted a policy of isolation from other countries. The position and configuration of Paraguay lent itself to this. The one door of entrance—where the Rio Paraguay joins the Parana at Las Tres Bocas in lat. 27° 17′ S., and long. 58° 30′ W.—was kept locked against trade, except as the dictator chose to open it on payment of heavy dues; and a ring of frontier guard-houses, "impregnable as brass," was drawn all round Paraguay. Even the traveller and the naturalist were rigorously excluded. He appeared anxious to show that the country was self-sufficing. The State was master of everything, and its property brought in a marvellous revenue. "The public lands were covered with *estancias* all rich with cattle. There was no taxation of the people, who lived free from all anxieties, performing a minimum of physical labour, and enjoying a constant round of recreation." But behind all this, as a dark background, is the undoubted fact that Francia was a man of blood, who did not shrink from the severest measures towards those whom he suspected or hated. He established "a compound system of episonage, spy over spy"; and at his death the prisons were gorged with victims. And yet he gained the respect, if not the affection, of the great mass of his countrymen, and his decease was regarded as a national calamity.

His successors, Carlos Lopez and Francesco Lopez, in some degree relaxed this policy of isolation, and opened the ports of the republic to foreign vessels; but no attempt was made to

improve commerce or to welcome the foreigner. Notwithstanding, Paraguay was in a condition of great internal prosperity up to the year 1865, when Marshal Lopez entered on a disastrous war with the allied forces of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay, which lasted five years and utterly ruined the country. The population was reduced from 800,000 to 250,000. No more heroic resistance brightens the pages of war. The Paraguayans fought till there were few left to fight. Even boys of school-day age died by thousands on the battlefields. Scarcely a vestige of the army and navy of Lopez was left. Hunger and sickness carried off more than the slaughter on the field of war. There were, it is estimated, 2,000,000 head of horned cattle in the country before the war; at the close there remained hardly 15,000 beasts. Flocks of sheep were destroyed in the same proportion. Agriculture was at an end. No strong men were left to till the soil. The residue of the population consisted mainly of mothers and their little ones, and old infirm men, and many of these were perishing for lack of bread far from their homes in out-of-the-way forest hiding-places. "The conquerors marched through the land, occupying towns and taking possession of the farms. No invasion of barbarians could have wrought more ruin or entailed more misery. Nothing seemed left except that the conquerors should permanently assert their authority on the soil which they had overrun."

The steady rise of this prostrate people from their terrible humiliation, and the bright prospects and hopes of the Paraguayan nation are ably chronicled in Dr. De Bourgade's interesting volume, a volume which is closely packed with facts and figures, and is absolutely without any glow of rhetoric.

A handful of patriots obtained from the conquerors a treaty of peace in August 1870; formed a triumvirate, and undertook the heavy task of re-organising a bankrupt and heart-broken nation, and raising it from the deplorable plight in which it found itself:

"There were no national industries, for the men had perished in battle; no rights in landed property, as every title-deed had disappeared; and no commerce, for the merchants had forsaken the ports in despair. As to the produce which could be extracted

from the soil, it was all laid under contribution, and monopolised by the army of occupation."

And yet in face of all this difficulty, these devoted men succeeded in forming a new Constitution, enlightened and liberal in policy, with legislative, judicial, and administrative machinery, and constituted largely on the pattern of the one great, stable republic of modern times. That the Government suits the genius of the people may be inferred from the fact that, although seven presidents in succession have held the reins of power during the twenty years of its existence, there has been no modification of the Constitution of 1870. The feeling of security has slowly crystallised. There is no national unrest, and perceptible advance is being made year by year.

There is great improvement in the credit of the nation; and this is chiefly due to the belief of Englishmen in the good faith of the Paraguayans. When utterly crippled in 1871 and 1872, Paraguay succeeded in contracting loans in London amounting to nearly a million and a half sterling. As ill-fortune would have it, not more than £200,000 of this sum ever reached the Treasury of the State. For two years the dejected nation by tremendous sacrifices paid the interest on the total loan, and then, for eleven years, was compelled to suspend payment. So impecunious did it become that the Treasury could not meet the claim of a bank for £10,000; and in 1882 a refusal was made on the Buenos Ayres Exchange of a loan of £50,000. Affairs had reached a desperate pitch, when a man of consummate ability, General Caballero, was elected to the presidency. He was able to restore confidence at home. He at once attacked the financial problem with prudence. In 1885 a fresh arrangement was arrived at with the English bondholders, who showed great generosity in dealing with this struggling State. Particulars of this new contract need not be given here; but so far the national funds have borne the fresh strain, and the stipulated interest has been regularly remitted. In order to meet the claim for unpaid interest on the old loan, Paraguay agreed to a transfer to the bondholders of some 3000 square miles of State lands, the present value of which is not less than £350,000. With the natural development of the country, this property will

increase immensely in value. The total national debt, including the indemnities yet to be paid to foreign subjects who suffered during the war, is about three millions sterling. All home debts have been liquidated, and with such rapidity as affords proof of the energy of the authorities.

The revenue of the country shows gratifying improvement. Customs' duties have gone up from £185,309 in 1886 to £236,685 in 1890. The amount received for rent from woods and *yerbales* is increasing. Land, which a few years ago, was not worth more than £40 a square league, is now sold for six times that amount. Taxation is low. The land is being more extensively cultivated. There is a general revival of business. Capital flows into the Treasury, and the State is thus being supplied with the means for securing prosperity. The population has again reached 600,000.

The area of this country, whose handful of people has displayed such splendid mettle in a time of great trial, Dr. De Bourgade estimates at 97,700 square miles; but its northern and western boundaries are not yet clearly defined. It has no seaboard, and in this respect is singular among South American States, but it has a matchless network of waterways. It is divided by the Rio Paraguay into Paraguay Proper on the eastern bank, and Paraguay Occidental, or the Chaco, on the western bank. The Chaco is one immense forest and marsh, traversed by great rivers, uninhabited save by wandering Indians, unexplored, the grave of many an intrepid traveller, the home of savage beasts, and of singularly beautiful birds. The Parana, a mighty stream, navigable only in parts on account of the cataracts that break its flow, separates eastern Paraguay from Brazil and Argentina. The upper waters of this river are unexplored, and remain for a thousand miles in the undisturbed possession of the Indians. It is a river of many islands, clothed with exuberant vegetation, and alive with arboreal creatures. The cataract of Salto de Guayra, where one of the largest streams in the world precipitates itself into an unfathomable abyss, is perhaps unparalleled. Few travellers have succeeded in reaching it because of the difficulties of the journey, and the reputed ferocity of the Tupys Indians who congregate in the neighbourhood. Even the

dauntless Azara never saw it. Dr. De Bourgade was fortunate enough in 1887 to overcome the obstacles to transport, and was privileged to gaze, astonished, on this marvellous natural phenomenon. His brief description cannot be paraphrased. We must quote it:

"It may suffice here to say that above the great cataract the Parana expands into a huge lake, between four and five miles wide, whence it issues in two branches. The waters, in united strength, having forced a breach in the range of hills running from the Sierra Mbaracayu, have formed channels by which they continue to escape. Here the rapids begin. Traversing slightly inclined planes, the waters gather themselves into circular eddies, whence they flow in falls varying from fifty to sixty feet in depth; these circular eddies, which are quite independent of each other, range along an arc of about two miles in its stretch. They are detached, like giant cauldrons yawning unexpectedly at one's feet, in which the flood seethes with incredible fury: every one of these has opened for itself a narrow orifice in the rock, through which, like a stone from a sling, the water is hurled into the central whirlpool. The width of these outlets rarely exceeds fifteen yards, but their depth cannot be estimated. They all empty themselves into one immense central chamber about 200 feet wide, rushing into it with astounding velocity. A more imposing spectacle can scarcely be conceived."

The Rio Paraguay is also a noble river, of slow current (about two miles an hour), navigable for large vessels into the heart of the South American Continent. Page ascended it in the *Water Witch* to a point 2000 miles from the Atlantic. Its scenery is picturesque in the highest degree. It widens occasionally into lake-like expanses, but, as a rule, it is not more than half a mile wide, and winds through richly wooded lands, now surging past the spurs of ragged sierras, now flowing in the shadow of mountains clothed to their crests with gigantic timber. The eastern bank is especially beautiful. It is a region of palms, of which there are extensive forests. The trees grow to a vast height. The grass under them is green, clean as a well-kept lawn, and enriched with a varied and bright flora. Deer gambol under the trees. The dark forest foliage is enamelled with the blossoms of innumerable parasitical and climbing plants, that festoon these monarchs, and transform their trunks into "floral columns," and their branches into "hanging gardens" of wondrous loveliness, where gay-plumaged birds pour forth their songs; while

epyphytes robe every dead skeleton tree with their brilliant flowers. Beyond we catch a glimpse, now and then, of white-washed houses, roofed with palm-trunks, or neatly thatched with palm-leaves, in the midst of rolling lands, with enclosed and well-cultivated patches of corn, tobacco, and mandioca, or surrounded by orange groves.

Higher up the Paraguay the scenery is surpassingly grand. The insulated mountains—some peaked, others rounded, some rising precipitously, others sloping gracefully to the lowlands—are covered with virgin forests; while the grassy plains are relieved by dark belts of timber. The steamer cruises "through verdant plains, flower-gardens, parks, forests of gigantic trees, mountain ranges, their wild grandeur contrasting impressively with the green fields nestling beneath them. New and beautiful species of animate life swim across the steamer's track, or appear on the banks, or dash through the bordering forest. The day is vocal with bird music. The still night is broken by strange sounds from the shores, as if all the tenants of the air and the woods were startled by the appearance of the new force of civilisation disturbing their ancient home. There are no signs of human occupation, no sleek herds of domestic cattle, no cultivated lands. The solitude subdues the beholder, and would be oppressive were it not for the grandeur that kindles the imagination and exhilarates every sense. Surely this vast unbroken extent of rich country should be utilised for some better purpose than that of being a playground for the hunter. Here is room for some part of the surplus populations of the over-crowded cities of Europe, whose cry is for labour and bread. Here are raw materials in abundance and a fertile soil and salubrious climate—a climate warm, but without the torrid fierceness of many tropical lands, the temperature in the summer months ranging from 76° to 90° Fahr., not often reaching the latter figure, and the atmosphere being singularly free from humidity. In the winter it occasionally falls to about 40°, but during the daytime it is frequently 80°. Here are few of the risks of many countries where vegetation is equally exuberant, or where there are similar sparsely populated spaces. No wide belt of wilderness or marsh stretches between the sea-coast and the Paraguayan forests and plains, for

majestic rivers make them everywhere accessible. No long winter with its arctic terrors confronts the immigrant, for here is perpetual summer. No hordes of savages threaten to burn the new settler out of his *estancia*, for the Indians are mostly mild and inoffensive. Above all, that 'great dragon' is absent, the tropical miasma which the white races are impotent to conquer." Here, then, is a fair land of magnificent possibilities available for the well-being and comfort of intrepid men. We can scarcely wonder that the Spanish conquerors should have fixed on this land as the marvellous El Dorado which was the dream of their sanguine imagination, and the inspiration of their invincible heroism.

The northern part of eastern Paraguay is covered with forests, many of the trees being six feet in diameter. An occasional forest farm under cultivation, and with all the evidences of productiveness, is met with, but the greater number of such farms is still surrendered to wild nature. They were abandoned during the war, and occupation has not yet been resumed. Commerce follows the network of rivers, many of which are navigable for *chates*, as the boats of the country are called. These *chates* carry from twenty to fifty tons. All life and movement are at present centred on the streams that are tributary to the Rio Paraguay. In this district are many rich *yerbales*, where the *yerba maté*, or Paraguayan tea, is cultivated and prepared for market. San Pedro, on the river Jejuy, is the depot of the *yerba* trade of the north.

Not only in northern Paraguay, but throughout the country, in the depths of the forests, the *yerba maté* abounds, and is one of the principal sources of wealth. It is made from the leaves of the *Ilex Paraguariensis*. The Indians are said to have introduced it to the Spaniards, and it is now the common drink of the populations of the South American States. Dr. De Bourgade lauds its physiological virtues, and claims, on the authority of scientific and medical experts, that "it not only diminishes the secretion of urea, but that it stimulates the physical and mental powers without any waste to the system." Practical experience also, he says, has proved its immense superiority over tea and coffee. New comers soon highly

appreciate it, and give it the palm among beverages. Its use promises to become universal in South America. *Maté* is served in a gourd, often finely carved in native designs. It is sucked up through a tube called a *bombilla*, in the bulbous lower end of which is inserted a strainer.

This *ilex*, which closely resembles in foliage and size the orange tree, grows wild. The supply is adequate to all possible demand, provided that its culture is systematically organised. And this is being gradually effected. Much labour is entailed in the production of *maté*. Speaking generally, the working of this industry may be said to consist of four operations: (1) The gathering in the woods by men who receive from two to three dollars a day; (2) the preparation of the leaves, which are slightly singed over a slow fire, and then pounded with a wooden beater—this process costs about 2*s*. for each *arroba* of 25·35 lbs.; (3) the packing at the head local depot; and (4) the conveyance of this harvest of the forest to the great centres of distribution—first to the river banks by huge carts drawn by six bullocks, and then down stream to San Pedro or Villa Concepcion or Asuncion by *chatas*. The expense of transport is considerable and the cost of the production of *maté* from the gathering in the woods to the day when it is presented for sale in the market is about 5*s*. the *arroba*. When this is compared with the selling price, which is about 10*s*. the *arroba*, it is seen what a large profit is made. *Yerbatores* are able to realise fortunes in a few years. Dr. De Bourgade knew one who gathered 150,000 arrobes in a single season, the profit on which would not amount to less £20,000. The largest of the *yerba* companies has paid a dividend of 60 per cent. per annum. The total production is about 270,000 cwts. This represents the employment of many hands—gatherers and dryers, wagoners and boatmen, agents and dealers; all of whom may earn a good livelihood and make provision for rainy days in the future. The Government reaps no inconsiderable revenue from this source. As owner of many *yerbales*, it receives rents; and duty is levied on every *arroba* of *yerba* that is exported.

Below Asuncion, on the Rio Paraguay, many of the villages are half-hidden in groves of orange trees. It is

doubtful whether the orange is indigenous or was imported by the Jesuits, but it is abundant and of many varieties. Everywhere on the banks of rivers, in forest solitudes, in the gorges of sierras, as well as in the vicinity of *ranchos* and *estancias*, are seen the trees with their golden fruit and deep green foliage; "everywhere, on mountains and on plains, they grow and break the blue horizon with their rounded outline." The soil appears to be specially adapted to their growth. A leaf carried by the wind, or a pip dropped from the beak of some fruit-loving bird—if either should fall into light, warm earth, immediately establishes itself and shoots up with amazing energy. The trade in this delicious fruit is a large one. The demand is never adequately supplied. During the winter months, from May to September, many steamers are employed on the rivers conveying cargoes of oranges to the principal ports, from the depots to which the country people bring them in bullock carts that carry about 5000 each. The picture of the industry is very lively and bright.

Great piles of fruit shine splendrous on the wharves in the sunshine of this fair land of the occident. Incessant is the stir and bustle of buyers and sellers, whose musical speech sounds strangely sweet in ears accustomed to the harsher syllables of northern languages. The Paraguayan women, always lithe and active, laugh gaily over their work, as they rush like a troop of ants and carry dexterously their loads from the pier over the gangway, and deposit them in the holds of the steamers. You may buy twenty oranges, more fragrant and juicy than those of Valencia, for a penny. Fifty millions of oranges passed through the chief ports of Paraguay in 1886, and at least one-third as many more were disposed of from the villages outside the range of the lynx eye of the custom-house officer. It is impossible to compute the number devoured by wild animals like the monkey, and by innumerable birds, and by the Paraguayans themselves. Every human being in Paraguay is said to suck from twenty to thirty oranges a day, and yet there is no sign of diminution of the golden crop amid the dark green foliage. Systematic cultivation, which at present is all but unknown, would produce a harvest unimaginable in its magnitude. And what a boon for the workers in the sweltering cities of the South!

The bitter orange is even more abundant than the sweet variety, and, though not edible, is a very serviceable fruit. Oxalic and citric acids are extracted from the pulp; the peel furnishes several medicinal syrups, and is the chief ingredient in the liqueur called *curaçao*. The blossom is distilled to procure a precious perfume—orange-flower water; and an essential oil—essence *de petit grain*—is extracted from the leaf. There are about thirty distilleries in Paraguay, producing yearly about 40,000 lbs. of this essence.

The forests of Eastern Paraguay cover a soil fit for immediate tillage. To secure a good harvest of some cereal all that is needed is to cut down the trees to within two feet of the ground, burn the rank grass and undergrowth, and scatter the seed broadcast between the stumps of the trees. The lavish return which Nature makes for such a small amount of labour is quite marvellous. There are four distinct varieties of soil—sand, red earth, humus, and black earth; each having its own special properties. The sandy soil, the detritus of sandstone strata, is suitable for leguminous plants and the vine. Forage, such as lucerne, grows in it equally well. The red earth is peculiarly adapted to the tobacco plant, to maize, cotton, and coffee. The humus, the accumulated decayed vegetation of ages in the steamy atmosphere of dense forest jungle, yields excellent crops of esculent roots. The black soil, an alluvial deposit, makes the best of pastures, and is the home of fine timber.

Among the agricultural products, maize holds first place. Five varieties are grown, and there is no difficulty in getting two crops a year. The yield is not unfrequently from six to eight hundred fold. This grain is in universal use, not only for feeding cattle, but as an article of human food. The white variety is most in favour. Wheat is not grown to any extent, but is imported. The quantity used is comparatively small, about thirteen pounds for each inhabitant per year; and this includes the consumption for ship-biscuits. The climate and the land adjacent to the rivers and lagoons are well adapted for rice cultivation, but as yet the quantity produced is not sufficient for home use, which is ever becoming larger, and rice has to be imported. Manioc is extensively grown, and is the substitute for bread with the mass of the people. It is

roasted on the embers, or boiled like a potato, or pulverised and made into cakes. The manioc of Paraguay must not be confounded with the bitter manioc of Brazil from which tapioca is prepared. The cultivation is becoming less general year by year as the progress of civilisation is changing the tastes of the people in the matter of food, and cereals are being substituted for tuberous plants. The same is true of the sweet potato, one of the most prolific of indigenous esculents. Tomatoes are exported from Asuncion. There are some six thousand acres of beans under cultivation; but the total quantity of vegetables raised is insignificant, and there is little market-gardening. Those who occupy the land are quite ignorant of the right way of treating the soil and the proper crops to grow. Here a profitable industry awaits development. There is nothing that will not grow here. And the fine fleet of steamers which now voyage on the South American rivers are at hand to convey early produce to centres like Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. European capital and skill alone are needed to command success. The vine, which was common in the days of the Jesuits, is now grown only for the sake of grapes for the table. The Paraguayans, whose prominent virtue has never been excessive attachment to work, suffered the extensive vineyards to lapse into weedy wildernesses, rather than give to the vine the constant labour which it demands from those who would garner its fruit. No one doubts the perfect adaptation of Paraguay for vine culture. The following is an encouraging illustration of success. M. Gibrat expended on one hectare of land, about two and a half acres, £272, including purchase of land, clearing, vines and planting, shed, vats and appliances, and labour for ten years. The receipts for eight gatherings were £1472; leaving a clear profit, with capital redeemed, for ten years' labour, of £1250. Multiply this by fifty, for the vineyard comprised fifty hectares (124 acres), and the extreme profitableness of the undertaking will appear. The sugar-cane grows vigorously, but very little sugar is produced, the juice of the canes being used chiefly for the distillation of Paraguay rum. Distilleries abound, and the people are great rum-drinkers. The average consumption is a gallon and a quarter a year per head of the population.

Coffee of fine aroma has recently been cultivated with satisfactory results; but next to *yerba-maté*, tobacco is the most widely grown and profitable commodity. The best leaf is said to be equal to the finest Havana. It was selected for the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. It has not yet found its way into European markets to any large extent, nor is it likely to do so for some time to come, as the Argentine and other South American people, the greatest smokers in the world, consume all that is offered for export, which amounts annually to some ten millions of pounds. The home consumption is more than thirteen millions of pounds, and this gives an average of not less than twenty-two pounds for each person. Tobacco cultivation is sure to increase immensely.

The natural history of Paraguay has yet to be written. The Jesuits were botanists, and did something to collect and classify medicinal plants. Domingo Parodi and the French botanist, Belanza, have made important collections of species over limited areas. The volume of the former, published in 1886, on the common plants of the country is said to be of great value. But the principal part of the flora blossoms undisturbed, untabulated, in solitudes untrodden by the naturalist. It is impossible to give here any adequate idea of the richness and beauty of the vegetation as it appears even to the eye of the unscientific traveller. To give anything like a complete list of the plants already classified is, of course, out of the question. Commander Page gathered, on the banks of the Rio Paraguay, among many other plants, the *Guayava blanca*, a shrub bearing a beautiful white blossom and a delicious fruit. The twigs are curiously covered with nodules of white wax, which is deposited by a species of ant. The country people collect it, and mould it into candles. Here, too, was the *guaycura*, a pretty white-flowered creeper, whose fruit the Indians pluck, and roast while it is green. When ripe, the shell bursts, and exposes beautiful silk-like fibres, to which is attached the seed. The *Guembe-taya*, a climbing plant, which bears an exquisite straw-coloured, trumpet-shaped flower, and a fruit which in appearance and taste resembles Indian corn, grows here. Indeed, the indigenous vegetation is a marvel of variety and loveliness. Forests and plains are hotbeds of medicinal and edible plants, gums,

resins, dye-stuffs. The prosopis, mimosa and acacia, bamboos and tangled lianas, brilliant with flowers, form the impenetrable jungle of the forest. The orchids decorate the larger trees with their sweet drooping blossoms of fantastic splendour, and their delicate foliage. The natives designate them "the flowers of the air." Giant ferns unfurl their graceful fronds; mosses spread their luxurious carpet.

The forests contain a great diversity of trees. Generally speaking, and excepting the palm forests, there are no extensive tracts covered with one species of timber. In many forests two individuals of the same kind are rarely seen growing in close proximity. The wood of many species is almost as hard as metal, and of great density. For durability it is unequalled. Among the venerable ruins of the churches erected by the Jesuits are to be found woods carved with the most elegant designs — fluted shafts, capitals rich in foliage and floral delicacies—all as fresh and clean-cut in outline as if they had just come from the hands of the workman, though they have been exposed to the action of tropical suns and rains for more than a century. The tensile strength of this timber is in most instances superior to European kinds. The average tensile strength of oak is 14,200 pounds per square inch, while that of some Paraguayan woods amounts to 19,000. The transverse strength of oak is 6000 pounds to the square inch, while that of the curupay is 24,000. Timber suitable for carpenters' and wheelwrights' work and for boatbuilding, light and flexible, of lower density than pine, and yet of great strength, is abundant. Woods of unique richness of colour and veining offer themselves for the manufacture of high-class furniture. The Old World will doubtless soon have the opportunity of utilising these trees.

Reference has been made to the forests of palms, and perhaps no Paraguayan tree is so serviceable as the palm, of which there are many native species. The timber is used for building, the leaves for thatching and as fodder for horses; the fruit is much relished, and oil is extracted from the kernel; the fibre is put to manifold uses—for ropes, bowstrings, fishing lines, &c.; the sap from the cut flower-stalks, fermented, is palm wine, boiled and evaporated it yields excellent sugar; salt is extracted from the fruit of the *Leopoldinia major*; wax

is secreted from the leaves of another species; "dragon's blood" is the resin of a third.

Textile plants abound. Three kinds of cotton grow profusely, though not much cultivated. The great wild nettle of Paraguay, the ramie, which produces a fine silky fibre, may be gathered eight times a year. The French buy it eagerly for manufacturing purposes at the rate of sixpence per pound. The ibyra, one of the *Bromeliaceæ*, spreads out its flexible leaves to the length of twelve feet on the skirts of the forests, and is harvested twice a year. "The fibre runs along the entire length of the leaf, and is altogether a unique product. It does not rot, and has an unexampled power of resistance." From the pulp is made the highest class of paper, superior to that used for bank-notes. The fibre is adapted for ropes and twines. The fruit of the samuhu (*Bombax ventricosa*) of which there are five species, yields vegetable silk, which when woven makes a singularly soft and delicate fabric. Articles made of this material were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. The samuhu sends up a perfectly straight and cylindrical trunk to the height of seventy feet. The Indians do not use the silky floss, but they twist the strong bark fibre into cables, and of the trunk they form light canoes. The bark of the guembepi, a mighty climbing plant which mounts the tallest trees, and "whose roots before they reach the ground form the inextricable tangles which are the most picturesque feature of the virgin mountains," is remarkable for its long tough, black filament of unrivalled durability, which will defy the action of water, and bear a heavier strain than hemp. It was used by Lopez for ropes for his ships. These are a few of the textile plants. Dr. De Bourgade gives a list of fifteen others, all of which, we believe, were exhibited at Paris in 1889.

Many plants produce valuable dyes; the secret of the preparation of some of these dyes is locked up in the breasts of the Indians, but a list is given of twenty-six plants that are now commonly used in the country for dyeing purposes, including the true indigo, a lovely pale rose, bright vermillion (*Bixa orellana*) with which the Indians paint their bodies, and a fine claret colour produced from a lichen (*Usnea*). Among the oil-

producing plants, in addition to the palms and cottons, are the ground-nut, which is very plentiful, and the castor-oil plant, which attains in its wild state a height of twenty feet. In the first rank of medicinal flora stands the coca, which in the form of its extract (cocaine) promises to be a priceless boon to the sufferer.

The fauna of Paraguay is the delight of the hunter and naturalist. Beside wild beasts, like the jaguar, the puma, the aguara-guaza, ten feet long crocodiles, unwieldy tapirs, peccaries, antelopes, huge aquatic rodents such as the cabybari, formidable orphidians like the rattlesnake, the cobra, and the immense water-serpent called the serpent-dog, which will upset canoes and attack bathers, there are innumerable insects, butterflies, and birds. Many of the birds are of peerless beauty of plumage and sweetness of song. There is a great variety of species, from the enormous wading birds to the smallest of tiny, fairy-like humming-birds; from gorgeous toucans and flamingoes to the common sparrow-hawk, one of the few birds which inhabit the entire continent of America. Mr. Page collected twenty-nine species of perching birds (*Insessores*), twelve species of birds of prey (*Raptores*), six of gallinaceous birds, seventeen of waders (*Grallatores*), and fourteen of swimming birds (*Natatores*); but these are only an insignificant fraction of the total number. The silence of the forest primeval is broken by the stroke of the beak of the black woodpecker on the bark of some ancient monarch among the trees. The secluded forest river, with its ever-verdant banks, becomes the mirror in which the gigantic kingfisher (*Ceryle coralinus*) reflects his magnificent form. Macaws, with their strangely developed bills, flit gracefully over the tops of the highest trees, their glossy brilliant plumage, rainbow-coloured, flashing in the tropical sunshine. The black-necked swan sails majestically over the level water; while the rare shoveler duck of South America (*Spatula maculata*) offers himself to the sportsman's rifle.

If the flora and fauna of this country are full of interest to the lover of nature, the aboriginal Indian surely may claim the attention of those who love their human brethren before all. Commander Page gives us glimpses of these sons of the wilds. We but summarise his account:

"They were mounted and came dashing on at full gallop over the plains, looking like centaurs as they gracefully guided their horses through the windings of a dense palm forest, without for an instant checking speed. They were nude, men and women wearing no garment except a piece of stuff about their loins. They were without ornaments; had neither saddle nor bridle, but controlled their steeds with a rude rein of hide passed over the lower jaw, and confined by a thong of the same material. They were noble-looking, above the ordinary stature, their teeth milk-white, their hair luxuriant and cut square on the forehead. These tribes of the Chaco have defied for more than three centuries the power of the white man. They still maintain their wild independence, not in intricate and inaccessible passes of mountain ranges, not on great sterile plains, or among death-exhaling morasses, but over a domain of 200,000 square miles, spreading out into noble forests of precious woods, lovely plains, accessible by navigable rivers, and irrigated by hundreds of tributary streams; a land flowing with milk and honey."

Their weapons are bows and arrows, and they are pastoral rather than warlike in their habits, feeding their flocks and herds in the safety which the immensity of their territory affords. It is unlikely that they will much longer withstand the advance of a civilisation that writes admiringly of the architecture of the ruined churches of the Jesuit Fathers and of the practical heroism of the men who founded among the Indians great successful missions, of which not a vestige now remains, as it would write of any other antiquities, but has little idea of a vocation of humanity and mercy to these brave primitive men, the survivals of the wild past projected into the present.

Dr. De Bourgade's book is written with the purpose of showing that Paraguay is a suitable and attractive land for the European emigrant. Paraguay, as we have seen in this article, has a fine climate, a sparse population, wide spaces of unoccupied agricultural land of first-rate quality, peerless waterways, a contented people and a settled government free from the revolutionary tendencies which mark other South American republics, an enlightened national administration, great natural wealth and productiveness, and it is accessible. Up to 1892 the yearly influx of foreigners did not much exceed one thousand persons; but it is probable that the number will steadily grow with the general increase of emigration to the South American continent. In our densely-crowded cities are mustering the social forces that compel those who desire a

fair field for their industry and bread for their children to seek new lands beyond the seas. Nothing can hinder the stream from flowing. The question that men desire to find an answer to is, Which is the best land among the countries that invite the honest worker? One thing is certain, that wherever he goes he will not find the good he seeks without labour. Privation and disappointment may confront him, may stand between him and the realisation of his hopes. This has been the experience of the brave and adventurous in every field of emigration since the Pilgrim Fathers faced the wildernesses of the New World. No doubt Paraguay has its drawbacks. There is but one short length of railway, that from Asuncion to Villa Rica, of about one hundred miles. Roads are few and indescribably wretched; and yet the markets are far away. What can the new settler do, buried in a forest, living on the minor produce of his holding? What, but eat out his heart in solitude. Little can be accomplished without capital. Schools are scarce, and religious advantages appear to be wholly absent; though there is absolute liberty of worship. On the other hand, the Government is fully awake to the actual state of things, and is bent on the development of the country. It is prudently enterprising, and has taken in hand the improvement of roads, and would encourage the construction of railways. It has at least a dream of a trans-continental railway, and the accomplishment of this would doubtless tend to the rapid opening up of this rich State, which offers its wealth without stint to the skilful and intelligent colonist.

ART. VI.—TOWN LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Town Life in the Fifteenth Century. By Mrs. J. R. GREEN. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

IN carrying out the latest wishes of her husband, Mrs. Green has, on the whole, been wisely guided and most happily inspired. The title of these volumes, written in fulfilment of the promise given to him that she would "try to study some of those problems in mediæval history where there seemed to him so much that still needed to be done, and so much to be yet discovered," is not so happy or so accurate as the titles of her husband's books invariably were. *The Making of England* was so apt and striking a title as to call forth an eulogium from so great an expert in the art of naming as the late Professor Freeman, and to elicit the flattery in its sincerest form of quite a host of later writers. *A Short History of the English People*—who does not know how aptly and exactly that describes the volume that has given John Richard Green a place apart among the historians of the world? Mrs. Green, in this respect, is not so fortunate. This book contains both more and less than is promised in the title. It contains less, for it is not about town life in general, but about English town life; it contains more, for it "looks before and after," and interweaves with the story of English town life in the fifteenth century a mass of information with respect to earlier and later periods which, although most interesting in itself and perhaps necessary to the understanding of the rise and growth of various urban institutions and their subsequent absorption in the larger national life, is apt to be distracting and confusing. A teasing paucity of dates, also, and the absence of marginal analyses, or even of descriptive headlines, add greatly to the perplexities and difficulties of the reader. The index to each volume is a help, but we greatly miss the copious list of contents and the marginal synopses to which we have become

accustomed in works of this kind. To dwell upon these points in face of the splendid service of the author to the cause of historical research would be ungracious and unwarrantable; to touch upon them should not be regarded either as an indication of "the growing sensitiveness of a fastidious taste," or as another illustration of "the unreasonableness of an exacting criticism."

In the choice of her subject, however, Mrs. Green has been altogether happy; and, in the conditions imposed by the nature of the theme and by the chaotic and conflicting character of the materials on which she has been obliged to work, her treatment of it has been signally successful. Till quite recently no century in our history, so far as the life of the people is concerned, has been so great a blank as the fifteenth, and no subject so obscure as English town life in that century. Ordinary histories (before Green found his magic pen) were full of the war with France and the Wars of the Roses, and, for anything they told us, it might have been supposed either that there were no English towns, or that their social and their civic life was still as undeveloped and as insignficant as at the Conquest. But Mr. Green began to "change all that," and in one of the chapters of his *Short History* he has left us, what we quite agree with Mrs. Green in styling, "the most vivid and suggestive picture we possess of the mediæval boroughs" as a whole; but it remained for his companion, by many years of lonely toil, to enlarge a part of the picture without destroying its vividness, and to add to its detail without detracting from its suggestiveness.

Her book is not a treatise. The time has not yet come for anything so definite and formal. Our information is still too scanty and conflicting, authorities are still too much divided on the most important questions with regard to both the history and the polity of many of the boroughs. The towns themselves also differed too widely from each other, both in their organisation, in their relation to their overlords, and in their customs, laws, and liberties, for a subject so intricate and irregular to be systematically treated as a distinct whole. Mrs. Green's book is not a treatise but a dissertation, or rather a series of brightly written and intensely interesting dissertations, on the

various phases and stages of town life as presented in the multifarious records of some fifty or sixty provincial English towns. In the present stage of the inquiry this is what we chiefly need. We need more facts, and a more careful and elaborate comparison of facts, before we can construct either an adequate picture or a fruitful philosophy of mediæval urban English life. No one knows better than our author that history is philosophy teaching by example. No one would be readier to admit that, broadly speaking,

> "There is a history in all men's lives,
> Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
> The which, observed, a man may prophesy,
> With a near aim, of the main chance of things
> As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
> And weak beginnings lie intreasurèd."

But no one is so keenly alive to the fact that after the laborious researches of such men as Rogers, Ashley, Gross, and Cunningham, and, notwithstanding her own most patient and painstaking industry, these precious garners have been too recently unlocked, and have as yet been too imperfectly explored to furnish adequate records of the past or satisfactory guidance as to present points of controversy. The story she has here begun to tell forms one of the most striking chapters in English history, but "the materials for such a story, obscure, fragmentary, and scattered as they are, still lie hidden away in municipal archives, State rolls, and judicial records, as though the matter were one with which Englishmen had nothing to do." Our circumstances, moreover, are so different, our needs are so much more diversified and numerous, our relations so much more complex, our affairs so much more multitudinous and intervolved, that the experience of men in an age so remote and in communities comparatively so small and crude avails us little in our infinitely more advanced and complicated state. "The many ingenious expedients," says Mrs. Green, "which the burghers devised to meet the peculiar difficulties of a past age would ill serve as models for our use to-day, nor can their success or failure be urged on either side of our modern controversies. They tell us nothing of the advantages or drawbacks of 'protection' in our own time, or of the advisability of

trade guilds. . . . We cannot borrow their experience and live idly on the wisdom of the dead." In this we find it difficult wholly to follow Mrs. Green. Not in its broad outlines only, but in many of its details, we think that when it has been sifted thoroughly the history of English town life in the fifteenth century will be found to be full of instruction for our own and for the coming time. Meanwhile we must be thankful for this vast collection of instructive facts, suggestive hints, and helpful clues.

The chief interest of the period lies in the fact, discerned by Mrs. Green with admirable insight, that "its distinguishing mark was neither its crime nor its grossness nor its vulgarity," as is commonly supposed. It was

> "a time of transition in many ways extraordinarily like our own. In the centuries between the Great Plague and the Reformation, just as in the nineteenth century, the real significance of our history lies in the advent of a new class to wealth and power, as the result of a great industrial revolution. The breaking up of an old aristocratic order, and the creation of a middle class to be brought into politics and even into 'society,' the enormous increase of material wealth, . . . the vulgarisation of literature and morality which followed on their adaptation to a class as yet untrained to criticism or comparison, the extension of a habit of religion closely related to a plain morality—all these things recall to us many of the experiences of our own days."

It was this middle class in town and country, but especially in the towns, that created the conditions and prepared the way for the revolutions and expansions of the sixteenth century, and laid the broad foundations of the modern State. No great man made the age illustrious. No great statesman, poet, warrior has left his name upon the scroll of fame. It was an age of mediocrity. But "middling men" have always had their part to play, their work to do; and, if the age produced no man of genius, "it created a whole class of men throughout the country trained in practical affairs, doing an admirable work of local government, active, enterprising, resolute, public-spirited, disciplined in the best of all schools for political service." It was these men that really had the making of modern England; for, as Mrs. Green observes, and as we wish that she would write another book to show in detail, "the men of the New Learning, the men of the Reformation, the

men who revealed the New World, were men who had been trained under the influences of the fifteenth century." By their sturdy independence, by their industry and thrift and enterprise, by their public spirit and intense, if narrow, sympathies, the *bourgeoisie* of the fifteenth century were unconsciously preparing the soil into which the genius of the sixteenth struck its roots, and creating the atmosphere in which it spread its wings, and from which it drew its vital breath. In a society less opulent and open-minded than that which had grown up within the walls of English towns between the glorious day of Agincourt and the gorgeous field-day of the Cloth of Gold, Colet, More, Erasmus would have found but little favour and less scope. Among a people less instructed and less practised in the histrionic arts, Shakespeare might have failed to find a field in which to exercise his utmost powers. But for the adventurous merchants who went out from all our ports to spread our commerce and to wrest from rival hands the carrying trade of Europe—from Ireland to the Baltic, and from the shores of Iceland to the seas of the Levant—the way would have been blocked to Drake and Howard, the Grand Armada might have proved invincible, our coveted dominion of the ocean might have been delayed for centuries, if not denied to us, and the history of both the hemispheres been changed. And, lastly, in the free and independent burghers, who for centuries had waged a constant warfare with the "alien" ecclesiastics who claimed equal or superior rights of jurisdiction and of government within the numerous towns where they held property and exercised a vast variety of temporal powers, reforming kings and prelates found the allies and the helpers without whom it would have been rash to set at naught the papal excommunication and much harder, if not quite impossible, to break the papal yoke. The theme is a tempting one and worthy of the pen of Mrs. Green. In continuing her labours she might do worse than show us how out of the Black Death the new bright life of England sprang, and how Philistia became the gate of Paradise. For the present we must be content to ramble with her in Philistia.

Four hundred years ago it was, in many points, unlike the England that we know. Everything then was on a smaller

and more manageable scale. The land was quite as large, but not more than half of it was occupied by its two and a half millions of people. The rest was forest, heath, and fen. Some parts of the country were thickly studded with villages, whose inhabitants—about twelve times as numerous as the dwellers in the towns—were mostly engaged in agriculture. The towns were few and small and far apart. London had a population of about 40,000; York and Bristol each about 12,000; Plymouth and Coventry about 9000; Norwich, Salisbury, Lynn, and Colchester between 5000 and 7000; most of the other historic towns between 1500 and 5000.

Nor is this the only point of dissimilarity. Small as they were, these little civic centres lived a much more independent life than that of modern English towns. Each of them was then

"a free, self-governing community, a state within the State, boasting of rights derived from immemorial custom and of later privileges assured by law. . . . . The inhabitants defended their own territory, built and maintained their walls and towers, armed their own soldiers. They elected their own rulers and officials in whatever way they chose. . . . No alien officers of any kind, save only the judges of the High Court, might cross the limits of their liberties; the sheriff of the shire, the bailiff of the hundred, the King's tax-gatherer or sergeant-at-arms, were alike shut out. The townsfolk themselves assessed their taxes, levied them in their own way, and paid them through their own officers. Criminals were brought before the Mayor's Court, and the town prison with its irons and its cage, the gallows at the gate or on the town common, testified to an authority which ended only with death. In all concerns of trade they exercised their widest powers, and bargained and negotiated, and made laws as nations now do on a grander scale. . . . . The King and Parliament might issue orders as to weights and measures, or the rules to be observed by foreign merchants, but they were powerless to enforce their decrees save through the machinery and with the consent of the town."

Even when Henry VII., who had already begun to extend the powers and tighten the bonds of central government, made a treaty of peace and freedom of trade with Burgundy in 1495, the treaty was sent to all the principal towns in the kingdom, in order that the mayor might affix to it the civic seal. Two hundred and twenty-six burghers sat in Parliament by the side of the seventy-four knights of the shire; and, while all such

matters were determined for the country folk by "Westminster Law," each borough decided for itself what the qualifications of its members should be, and what should be the mode of their election.

How the burghers exercised their powers; with what ingenuity they devised their constitutions, and varied and adapted them to changing and enlarging needs; what experiments in government they made; with what persistency they fought their battles with their overlords, both lay and clerical; how jealously they guarded all their civic rights and trade monopolies; with what adventurous audacity they pushed their commerce in the near and distant seas, becoming all things to all sorts of men—piratical to rival pirates, competitive to their legitimate competitors, inimical to their enemies, and friendly to their friends, clearing the Channel of the crowds of buccaneers that long had terrorised our coasts, throwing down the gauntlet to the League that once was thought omnipotent in all the Hanse towns in the north of Europe, and capturing the carrying trade till then monopolised by the Italian merchants in the south; with what astuteness they made friends with Portugal, and shared with her the commerce by the new-found Cape route with the still more distant East; with what amazing energy and versatility they multiplied and organised their industries; with what unsleeping vigilance they safeguarded the interests of producers in the workshop, and sought to reconcile the interests of sellers and of buyers in the market-place, fixing hours of labour, rates of wages, prices of goods, times and places of sale, and all the other details, both of manufacture and of trade; lastly, with what assiduity they flung themselves into "the common life of the town," keeping watch and ward in turn by day and night, springing to arms upon the first alarm of foreign or domestic foes, beating the borough bounds, protecting common lands and other forms of common property within the town, auditing the town accounts, making loans to struggling townsmen, dispensing poor relief, engaging in the public works imposed upon them by the town authorities, paving streets, repairing bridges, forming harbours, building or re-building churches, and keeping up amid these serious duties what seems to have been a ceaseless round of

gaieties—these and other matters more or less cognate and relevant are explained in detail and profusely illustrated in the ample and abounding pages of this comprehensive and delightfully discursive book. A small part only of this wealth of information can be utilised as now we turn to some of the more salient points of similarity between their life and ours.

Next to the industrial and commercial revolution so graphically traced by Mrs. Green—a revolution which transformed England from "a land of agricultural villages into a land of manufacturing towns," from "a land which in the middle of the fourteenth century was to Europe what Australia is to-day—a producer of the raw materials of commerce—to a land which at the close of the fifteenth century had taken its place as a centre of manufactures whose finished goods were distributed in all the great markets of the Mediterranean and of the northern seas"—one of the most interesting of the parallels to the history of our times suggested in these volumes is "the remarkable blending of classes caused by that revolution." From causes into which we cannot enter, the chief of which were family feuds, and foreign and domestic wars, the nobles and the landed gentry did not reap the full advantage of the changes in the world of commerce and of industry by which the middle class (of merchants and of manufacturers) had been enriched. Their stored-up wealth still served them for adornment and display, but, in the absence of a general demand for it, it was not easy to exchange their finery for current coin. Riches they had in much abundance, but they were mostly hoarded in their oaken chests. Splendid robes of silk and satin, furs of marten and of beaver, golden chains and collars, rings and brooches set with precious stones, availed them little in their efforts to keep up their state, and satisfy the needs and greed of their vast households of dependents and retainers. They often found themselves in straits for want of ready money, and many of them were, in spite of their great place and name, comparatively poor. Sir John Paston, the owner of broad estates in Norfolk—to select a few from Mrs. Green's examples—was forced more than once to pawn his gown of velvet, and "other gear" in London to get a few marks, and when it occurred to him to raise money on his

father's funeral pall, he found that his mother had been beforehand with him; she had pawned it herself. In 1449 the Lady of Berkeley, when on a visit to Westminster, wrote to her husband: "At the reverence of God, send money, or else I must lay my horse to pledge, and come home on my feet"; and his lordship managed to raise £15 to meet her needs by pawning the mass book, chalices, and chasubles of his chapel. So with many of the county families of the time. As in our own day, their resources were greatly crippled. On the other hand, a whole class of well-to-do and often wealthy men had risen in the towns. Abundant evidence of their prosperity appeared on every side. By sheer ability, though often also, if we may believe contemporary authors, by "grace of guile," the race of "Philistines"—to keep to Matthew Arnold's playful term—rose from the ranks of what he named the "Populace"; and the "Barbarians" were not long in learning where to turn for help. For the wealthy burghers were as anxious to attain distinction as the needy nobles were to get a little ready cash. We are, therefore, not surprised to read of "a fusion of classes which went on steadily throughout the century," nor of successful city merchants becoming landed proprietors, nor even of their being "decorated with the ornaments of the Bath and distinguished by fashionable marriages."

"The Tames of Gloucestershire," for instance, "were ordinary dealers, who made cloth and traded at Cirencester till about 1480, when John Tame rented great tracts of land at Fairford for his flocks of sheep, and, in the new industrial centre which he developed there, wool was collected to feed the Cirencester manufactory. All over the country he bought, at a cheap rate, lands which the ruined nobles could no longer hold; and his enormous wealth increased yet further under his son, Edmund, who took his place among 'the gentry' by becoming High Sheriff of Gloucestershire in 1505, receiving the reward of knighthood in 1516, and entertaining Henry VIII. at Fairford in 1520." *

Marriage *à la mode* would not be difficult where the parties were so easily accommodated, the one with money, and the other with "distinction." "Merchants or new gentlemen, I deem, will proffer large," wrote Edward Paston, when the

* An earlier example is that of one of the Verneys, who became mayor of London in 1465, and was knighted in 1471.—*Verney Papers*, 13, 22.

marriage of a member of his family was mooted. The family pride was touched a little, it is true, when "Margery Paston, in 1449, married one John Calle, and went, as John Paston said, 'to sell candles and mustard at Framlingham.'" But John himself succumbed to the charms of the daughter of a London draper. Nor was he the only victim in the Paston family. "One brother considered the solid merits of a London mercer's daughter, and another was very anxious to secure as his wife the widow of a worsted merchant at Worstead." But then, there is a world of difference between candles and calico, mustard and mercery. The Bristol merchants seem to have been specially fortunate in their alliances, if we may judge by the fact that, in 1475, one of the Berkeleys married the daughter of the mayor. The noble lord at the head of the family was highly indignant at his son for "matching with blood so mean," and made the marriage an excuse for disinheriting him. The match was a very popular one in Bristol, however, and when the lady died (in 1517), "the mayor, the master of the guild, the aldermen, the sheriffs, chamberlains, and wardens of the city, together with the members of three and thirty crafts, followed the coffin with two hundred torches —altogether, a multitude of five or six thousand people." By this time also, it would seem as if the people at the castle had become reconciled to this new turn in fortune's wheel, for we read that, after the funeral, "a 'drinking' was made by the family for the mayor and his brethren, in St. Mary's Hall, at which they were entertained with a first course of cakes, comfits, and ale, followed by another of marmalade, snoket, red wine and claret, and a third of wafers and blanch powder, with romney and muscatel; 'and I thank God,' wrote the steward, in words which pretty plainly show what he thought of the business, 'no plate nor spoons was lost, yet there was twenty dozen spoons.'"

Whether the upper strata of society were much advantaged by this mingling of the classes is not clear. Its effect upon the *bourgeoisie* is a little more apparent. Then, as now, the possibility of rising in the social scale was beneficial to the burghers in the towns, and, indirectly, to the mass of the community. As we read the *Manuals of Manners* which appeared

in England for the first time in the middle of the period under notice, we perceive the quickening sense of personal worth that then was moving in the breasts of all the dwellers in the English towns.

> "Now every boy will counterfeit a knight,
> Report himself as good as he."

They did not imitate the morals of their "betters": they did what was much better—they copied their manners. "With one whom 'thou knowest of greater state' there should be 'no easy fellowship, no dining, or betting, or playing at dice;' above all there must be 'no show of overmuch meekness' or servility. . . . No one, they declared, need be shamefaced, of whatever lowly position he might come, for

> 'In hall or chamber, or where thou gon,
> Nature and good manners maketh man.'"

When in company their one care should be so to behave that when they left the table every one would say "A gentleman was here." Their very religion was enlisted on the side of good behaviour and becoming manners. "Clerks that knew the seven arts" explained with touching grace

> "That courtesy from heaven came
> When Gabriel our Lady grette,
> And Elizabeth with Mary mette."

The chance of rising in the world had a further influence on town society. It stirred in men a new sense of the power of knowledge, and a new zeal for popular education. As a rule the burghers, even the wealthiest of them, had but little culture of a literary kind. This, however, sprang from lack of leisure rather than from lack of inclination and of taste. Not one of them, so far as Mrs. Green can find, possessed a library. Nor did they know much about the authors of their own or other lands. The parish priests, from whom they had received the little schooling they had got, knew little Latin and less Greek. One of them, in a contemporary publication, is made to protest against the introduction of the study of "Virgil and other new-fangled authors." It is very amusing to see men

classing Chaucer (who had died not long before) among the "fathers ancient," and it is both touching and admonitory to see the same men on the eve of the great literary outburst of the following century—an outburst that has made the age of Queen Elizabeth illustrious and conspicuous in the annals of the human race—looking back to the days of Chaucer, and Langland, and Lydgate (as we might now be doing to the days of Wordsworth and of Tennyson) as to a vanished age of golden poesy destined never to return. But if the burghers were deficient in culture they were not devoid of taste.

"Art found in them patrons; illuminators and painters, architects and bell-founders, the makers of delicate shrines and images, engravers of seals, goldsmiths and workers in brass, whether of English birth or brought from foreign parts, prospered within their gates; while their harpers and minstrels doubtless had a part in the musical development of the country at a time when the English artistes set the fashion of the best music as far as the court of Burgundy."

There were exceptions, also, to the rule of "little culture and no scholarship." Bristol, whose history is attractive from so many points of view, was evidently "a centre of radiant light." Long before the fifteenth century its Guild of Kalenders promoted public lectures and had the charge of a free library, and in the literary annals of that century we meet with more than one conspicuous Bristol name.* But everywhere the love of "connynge" was increasing in the towns. "Son," says *The Book of Precedence*, a popular rhyme-book of the time,

> "Son, if thou wist what thing it were,
> Connynge to learn and with thee bear,
> Thou wouldest not misspend one hour,
> For of all treasure connynge is the flower;
> If thou wilt live in peace and rest
> Hear and see and say the best."

Either of them might easily have said it better; but what better could either Ruskin or Matthew Arnold have said than

* Grocyn, the famous scholar who taught Greek at Oxford to Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, and who was afterwards appointed by Dean Colet to lecture in St. Paul's, was brought up in Bristol and attended the admirable public school there until 1463.

that? And how bright with promise must have been the intellectual horizon of a people whom such sentiments could reach and please! Churls there were like the Capper in *The Commonweal*, to whom "it made no matter if there were no learned men at all, for," the fifteenth century cynic adds, "the devil a whit good do ye with your studies but set men together by the ears." What men wanted was "to write and read and learn the languages used in countries about us, that we might write our minds to them and they to us." Yet this commercial education was even at that time not far to seek. In the grammar schools springing up in many of the towns, and even "in the obscure villages that lay hidden in forest or waste or clung to the slopes of the northern moors," the children were being taught to read and write and cipher rather than to cultivate the "*graciis*" or humanities—a very comprehensive term, including logic and the languages as a preparation, when the pupil was sufficiently advanced for entrance into all the mazes of the scholastic philosophy. Not many details of the curriculum of fifteenth century schools have reached us, but our author speaks of the "barbaric" notions of education then prevailing, and of the training given to the poor boys as "a rude and brutal one." Rude and brutal and barbaric must the system have been if Erasmus is to be believed. In his *Praise of Folly*, Erasmus singles out the schoolmasters of his time as

> "a race of men the most miserable, who grow old in penury and filth in their schools—schools, did I say? prisons, dungeons! I should have said—among their boys, deafened with din, poisoned by a fetid atmosphere; but, thanks to their folly, perfectly satisfied so long as they can bawl and shout to their terrified boys, and box and beat and flog them, and so indulge in all kinds of ways their cruel disposition."

To show that the system was not confined to the lower grade of schools, Mrs. Green refers to Tusser's lines, entitled *The Poor Boy's Complaint:*

> "From Paul's I went to Eton, sent
> To learn straightways the Latin phrase;
> Where fifty-three stripes given to me
> At once I had.

"For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was.
See, Udall, see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad!"

More to our purpose, however, is the interesting evidence that in the fifteenth century a revolution not unlike to that in the nineteenth was effected, by which the elementary education of the country was taken out of the exclusive control of the Church and placed in the hands of the people. Grammar schools are usually supposed to have been first founded at the time of the Reformation. This it appears was not the case. Most of them were founded much earlier. They were re-organised during the Reformation, and "the busy organisers clothed themselves with the glory of founders, and bore away from their silent predecessors the honour of inaugurating a new world." But the praise belongs almost exclusively to the burghers of the previous century. To them also must be assigned whatever credit may be due to making education "free." Up to that time teaching had been the privilege and the perquisite of the priests, sometimes of the parish priest, more frequently of the priests connected with the chantries. The first school founded by a "layman," so far as we yet know, was that established by Lady Berkeley at Wooton-under-Edge in 1385. But the burghers were quite early in the field. "Sometimes the schools were founded by the guilds, sometimes by townsmen, who remembered gratefully the place of their birth or of their education." In either case, the school was usually managed by the mayor or the corporation of the town or both. The mayor of Chester, *e.g.*, had the payment of the master at Farnworth, Lancashire; in Coventry, the corporation paid him. In Nottingham, where there had been a grammar school before 1382, at which it would seem that a boy's education had cost eightpence a term, a new free school was founded in 1512, probably by the widow of a former mayor, Dame Agnes Meller, and it was put directly under the management of the mayor and council, and as these, apparently, proved negligent, "the Leet jury constantly interfered in the most officious way in the government of the school and in the choice and supervision of its teachers." Curious expedients

were sometimes adopted to augment the revenue, as in the case of the Manchester Grammar School, first planned by a Manchester clothier in the fifteenth century, and endowed by him at his death. "The children were to be taught 'after the manner of the school of Banbury,' and after its completion in 1524 by Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, a native of Oldham, the inhabitants of the town were compelled to contribute to its support by being forced to grind their corn at the school mills—a custom which was kept up till 1759." Usually, however, the schools were sufficiently endowed from the outset, as, for instance, that at Stockport (then spelt Stopford), which was established in 1457 by Sir Edmund Shaa, goldsmith, and once Lord Mayor of London. In this case a chantry priest of the parish church was appointed, who, being "cunning in grammar," should

"freely, without any wages or salary asking, or taking of any person, except only any salary hereunder specified, teach all manner persons, children and other, that will come to him to learn as well of the said town of Stopford as of other towns thereabouts, the science of grammar as far as in him lieth for to do."

Whether Mrs. Green's assertion that "the control of schools gradually passed from clerical to lay hands, and became the charge of the whole community," is not a little wider than the facts, we cannot, in the present state of knowledge on the question, be quite sure; but that "burghers accustomed to manage their own affairs easily assumed the direction of education" we can readily believe. It is, moreover, not unlikely that even in the fifteenth century "the town became the aggressive party, and took the teaching straight out of the hands of the priest," though the only piece of evidence adduced is of a slightly later date. An order, it appears, was made at Bridgenorth, in 1503, that "there shall no priest keep no school, save only one child to help him to say mass, after that a schoolmaster cometh to town, but that every child do resort to the common school in pain of forfeiting to the chamber of the town twenty shillings of every priest that doeth the contrary." *

* *Historical MSS. Commission x.*, pt. iv. pp. 425–6.

Amid the dust of conflict that has recently been raised around it, it is difficult to see our way to any definite conclusions with respect to what is called the Labour Question in the fifteenth century—a question quite as prominent and pressing then as now. Strikes were not infrequent, as we know, in many of the towns, and efforts at conciliation by the town authorities between the masters and the men were sometimes made; but the extent of the conflict and the nature of the matters in dispute are still enveloped in too much obscurity for us to venture hopefully upon the work of exposition and of inference. The chapter Mrs. Green has devoted to the subject is exceedingly instructive and suggestive, but, at the close of it, she seems painfully conscious of the darkness that surrounds it—"a darkness in which dogmatism is swallowed up." All that she can say with certainty is that,

"as we look into the obscurity, the borderland of the covenanted trades, and the dim regions that lie beyond their recognised limits, become crowded with the masses of the common workers—dreary groups of labourers seething with inarticulate discontent, themselves suffering the terrors and bondage of a harsh law, and, from time to time, as they emerge into a brief light of riot and disorder, kindling the alarms of the settled and protected classes above them."

For the sake of those who are not yet tired of praising the days of "mutual help by means of municipal collectivism," and who are striving in such strange ways to revive "the merry England of the fifteenth century," it may be well to add that, in the opinion of our author,

"one of the main results of the triumphant guild system was to develop throughout the country a formless and incoherent multitude of hired labourers, who could by no possibility rise to positions of independence, and had no means of association in self-defence. As the weaker members of the crowd from time to time sank back into utter penury, the outcasts of the industrial system slowly gathered into a new brotherhood of the destitute; and, even in the fifteenth century, long before they had been reinforced by the waifs and strays of town and country that flocked into their sad fellowship on the dissolution of the monasteries, the advanced guard of the army of paupers appears in the streets of the boroughs to trouble the counsels of municipal rulers."

From what has been already said—and several of the most inviting topics have not been touched by us—it will be evident

that this is not a holiday book. For such a purpose, it is far too entertaining. The panorama of the summer sky, the play of light and colour on the sea, the pageant of the promenade, the children sporting on the shore, the distant minstrels and the music near—all these are lost upon you if once you yield yourself to this absorbing and distracting book. Reading it in circumstances not unlike to these we found ourselves diverted more than once from the gay scene around us to the pastimes and the festivals of former times. In the matter of amusements, town life in the fifteenth century did not differ much from ours. In spite of all its strain, indeed as a reaction from it, town life then, as now, to an outsider not familiar with its graver aspects, might easily appear to be "one long succession of amusements." The passion for sports and games and pageants, for pleasure-seeking and holiday-making in all the forms then known, was as universal and engrossing as it is to-day. Towards the end of the century, however, there came a change of feeling. Long before the Puritan reaction, and many years before the Reformation, the people had begun to feel the burden of their public gaieties. The poorer townsmen in particular began to feel the pressure of expense incurred in keeping "watches" and attending and maintaining plays and pageants and festivities. In some places the guilds themselves began to slacken in their zeal and failed to spend what the authorities, egged on by the publicans and licensed victuallers—the most powerful classes often in the towns—deemed a due proportion of their earnings on the public festivals, and these recalcitrants were "urged" by mediæval methods to amend their ways. It was not "for the good of trade" to neglect these public amusements, for "thereby the victuallers lose their money." The people, on the other hand, regarded the matter from a different point of view. They might not mind a little tennis in the cloister of the church, even if the windows were sometimes "to brost," for that "was none of their affair." They would not grumble at the cost of football, for that was only played at Shrove-tide, if Chester may be taken as our guide, and there the shoemakers supplied the ball. The newly-married might imagine they were put upon when, as in that famous city, they were required to make a

special contribution to the local merry-making fund; but all the rest of the community would see that such an "offering" was eminently *apropos* and fair. But the town "waits" and the harpers, minstrels, pipers, singers, all maintained at the public expense, the bear-ward and the bull-baiter, "the man with the dromedary," "the keeper of the king's lions travelling with his menagerie and demanding a sheep for the royal beasts," archers and wrestlers from neighbouring towns whom councillors and commons gathered to see, and who "were supplied with wrestling collars, and food for themselves and their horses, as well as a 'reward' from the public treasury;" these, to say nothing of "Christmas games and mumming" and the endless feasts and "watches," were more serious matters. The crafts also had their annual pageants and perennial plays. "In 1415 there were fifty-seven crafts in York," for instance, "each of which had its special play." The towns had their own particular play or plays, which were acted in the town hall or the churchyard before the mayor and corporation, sitting in state, while all the town kept holiday.

"In 1411 there was a great play, *From the Beginning of the World*, at the Skinner's Well in London, that lasted seven days continually, and there were the most part of the lords and gentles of England. At Canterbury the chief play was naturally *The Martyrdom of S. Thomas*. The cost is carefully entered in the municipal account books—charges for carts and wheels, flooring, hundreds of nails, a mitre, two bags of leather containing blood which was made to spout out at the murder, linen cloth for S. Thomas' clothes, tin-foil and gold-foil for the armour, pack-thread and glue, coal to melt the glue, alb and amys, knights' armour, the hire of a sword, the painting of S. Thomas' head, an angel, which cost 22*d*., and flapped his wings as he turned every way on a hidden wynch with wheels oiled with soap."

But we must not linger for another moment in this tempting field, unless it be to note the ingenuity of the Canterbury artist and his helpers who, on one occasion, worked six days and nights preparing for a performance of the *Three Kings of Cologne*, another of the city plays. "The three 'beasts' for the Magi were made out of twelve ells of canvas distended with hoops and laths, and 'painted after Nature.'" The nature of the beasts does not appear.

In looking back upon this first endeavour to redeem her promise, Mrs. Green speaks of "feelings of compunction and dismay." Her readers, on the contrary, as will be evident from this imperfect sketch of it, will look upon her work with gratitude and hope. "Too quick despairer!" She emerges from her task irradiated with the honour that is only won by faithful toil and fruitful service. By her self-denial and devotion to the sacred duty so long since bequeathed to her, Mrs. Green has created for us one more "bright oasis of knowledge" in the midst of a vast region of unpenetrated, but, as she and her co-labourers are proving, not impenetrable mystery. And her work, rich as it is in achievement, is richer far in promise of still better things to come.

Art. VII.—THE EGYPTIAN PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT OF 1893.

The Situation in Eyypt. Letters of the Special Correspondent of the *Times* in Egypt (March 20–June 9, 1894).

MORE than a year has elapsed since we described in this Review * the gradual progress of the great work which England began in Egypt after the suppression of the "patriotic movement" inspired by Arabi in 1882 had rescued the country from utter annihilation. Through the reforms effected in the departments of finance, public works, law, education, and sanitation, the nation seemed, at the close of 1892, to have fairly started on the high road to prosperity. The first five years of British occupation, which Mr. Milner, in his *England in Egypt*, describes as "years of gloom," had been succeeded by another five years during which the tide of financial and material progress rolled on almost unchecked, and few could

* The London Quarterly Review for April 1893. Art. "England in Egypt."

have foretold that a storm would shortly arise to disturb the calm of the summer seas over which the Egyptian "ship of State" seemed henceforth destined to float. "The unexpected," however, has happened, and Egypt has been the scene of another "patriotic movement," the promoters of which did not scruple to adopt the methods and language of the patriots of 1882, whom, had they been allowed their way after the British occupation, they would then have hung without hesitation. Thanks to the prompt and decisive action of Lord Cromer, this movement collapsed so suddenly and completely that few in this country have been able to realise its serious nature; but it has, nevertheless, for a time arrested the progress of the great work upon which we have staked our reputation as a nation, and in certain directions caused actual retrogression. The Special Correspondent, whose able and interesting letters on "The Situation in Egypt" were published in the *Times* during the earlier months of this year, has, therefore, rendered a valuable public service by narrating its history, and drawing attention to the lessons it should convey, not only to the Khedive and his Ministers, but also to his British protectors and advisers.

The rallying cry of the "patriots" of 1893 was, like that of the patriots of 1882, "Egypt for the Egyptians," and it is one which furnishes an additional illustration of the truth of Mr. Milner's description of the country as "the chosen home of what is strange and unexampled and paradoxical." It is one which is undoubtedly very useful for combining against the English, or whatever other European influence for the moment holds the field, a number of heterogeneous and often discordant elements; but it is open to the crushing objection, that, though it is not unnatural to describe the inhabitants of Egypt as Egyptians, it is really impossible, even for a patriot, to give a thoroughly satisfactory answer to the question, "What constitutes an Egyptian?" The rigid Musulman, who judges solely by the qualification of orthodoxy, and despises mere ethical affinity, would exclude not only the able and persevering Armenians and the quick-witted Syrians who have thronged into Egypt during the present century, but—though he may himself be descended from some Coptic renegade—even the

Copts, whose title to be called Egyptians is certainly the most ancient. The Mahomedan of Turkish origin, even if he has overcome his sectarian prejudices, cannot overcome his racial contempt for the fellah, nor can the Mahomedan of fellaheen extraction overcome his hatred and dread of the Turk, whom he can never regard save as an alien. The alien origin of those who have been born in the country, grown gray in the Government service, and attained to the highest offices of the State is the slur which their political opponents best like to cast at them,* and it would puzzle the most able apostle of Egyptian patriotism to adduce a satisfactory test for determining the number of generations required to convert a Turkish, Albanian, Armenian, Greek, or Syrian settler in Egypt into an Egyptian in his own or his neighbour's eyes. There are thousands of Orientals, again, Musulmans and Christians, who, being born and bred in the country, are to all intents and purposes natives of Egypt, but who, being inscribed on the register of some European consulate, are entitled to be treated as Europeans, simply because they or their fathers have in some way acquired the abnormal privilege of foreign protection. Lastly, even if we accept the very catholic definition once given to the Correspondent of the *Times*—that every one, whether born in the country or out of it, who has thoroughly identified his interests with those of Egypt and made it his permanent home is an Egyptian—we are met by the difficulties of satisfactorily defining the "interests of Egypt," and determining how far the would-be Egyptian has fulfilled his contract.

It is evident that in a nation the numerous sections of which are separated by such serious fundamental differences that it is scarcely as yet beginning to grasp the idea of its nationality, concerted national action is almost an impossibility, and both the movements which have been dignified by the term "patriotic" have only been rendered possible by the fact that for the last fifteen years the Egyptians have never really known

* Thus, to take the three most prominent Prime Ministers of recent times. The enemies of Sherif Pasha reprobate him as a "Turk," those of Nubar sneer at him as an "Armenian," and those of Riaz disparage him as the "son of a Jew."

who rules them. After the deposition of Ismail, who never left them in any doubt on the matter, they found themselves puzzled to decide whether Tewfik, or the Anglo-French control, or the army as personified in Arabi was "king in the land;" and though they rallied round the latter when he boldly proclaimed his own sovereignty, they fled from him like sheep when his defeat at Tel-el-Kebir—a stubborn fact which they had no difficulty in grasping—convincingly disproved his assertion. Though, however, they understood the action of the British fleet and army, they have unfortunately never been able to understand the British occupation in its subsequent phases, both because it has been so frequently limited in its duration and restricted in its scope by enigmatic declarations, and also because the British power, instead of proclaiming itself by the visible manifestations which for most Orientals constitute the only evidence of a ruler, has been to a great extent occult. "The stage," to adopt a metaphor of the *Times* correspondent, "is filled with Pashas and Effendis, while the British Administrator is relegated to the discreet seclusion of the prompter's box," and though we have reaped unquestionable advantages in Europe from this policy, our adoption of which was determined by European rather than by Egyptian considerations, there is no denying that it has been attended with certain drawbacks in Egypt.

Under the late Khedive these drawbacks were minimised because he eventually, though only after some hesitation, accepted the situation, and not only ceased to thwart us, but endeavoured to prevent his Ministers from doing so, and the work of reform we carried on during his reign had the effect of restoring, not only the material prosperity of the country, but also the Khedivial authority. The people began to realise that the Khedive was still a power in the land, and the bulk of them, even if aware of the British power which inspired his own, ceased to resent its influence because they could not help recognising the benefits resulting from it.

The situation was, however, entirely changed by the accession of Abbas, who is by nature impetuous and autocratic, and, like most youthful rulers, is by no means disposed to walk meekly in his father's footsteps. Though Oriental by inherited

instincts and temperament, he is, to a certain extent, European by education, and especially European in his ignorance of Oriental character, and he has formed his household chiefly out of new and young elements, some of them as deficient as himself in all real knowledge of the country. Many of these—though they strenuously deny it, and may perhaps merely seek, as courtiers are apt to do, to reflect their master's opinions—are said to stimulate his hostility towards England, and he certainly has found no difficulty in enlisting, for the business of carrying out his ideas and desires, the services of independent statesmen, for whom no such excuse can be offered, and who have proved to be his worst advisers. The reactionary party, and the still larger party of ambitious place-seekers and sycophants, who, during Tewfik's reign, had been forced to accept the principle of British control as a condition precedent of retaining office, were not slow to take advantage of the young Khedive's impulsive patriotism and impatience to play a big part in the world; and his inability to gauge for himself the true value of British co-operation in the administration of the country made him only too ready to respond to their insidious appeals on behalf of an "oppressed and down-trodden country." Throughout the summer of 1892, while he was enjoying the comparative retirement of his summer quarters near Alexandria, his subtle advisers taught him that he was the lord and master on whom the eyes of the people were fixed in breathless hope and expectation as the appointed deliverer of Egypt, whose will, but for the hated presence of the English, would be law. The forbearance of Europe and the patience of the Sultan were, he was assured, well nigh exhausted, and if he would but give the signal the whole country would hail him as its liberator, and neither the Porte, the Powers, nor even the more generous elements of popular opinion in England, could withstand the appeal of a nation rightly struggling to be free. Lord Cromer was at this time away on leave, and Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, the Prime Minister, whose honest and temperate counsels might have had a beneficial restraining influence on the Khedive, was travelling in Europe to recruit his failing health. Tigrane Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was thus left to monopolise his confidence, and he encouraged the young Prince's

growing impatience of British control by adroitly representing political questions of which he could hardly be expected to grasp the full bearing in the light of personal matters, and raising the pettiest incidents which ingenuity could magnify and distort to the level of State questions. As Tigrane is a Christian and an Armenian, knows nothing of Arabic and but little of Turkish, and is extremely ignorant of the people and customs of the country, he can scarcely be said even in Egypt to be qualified for the *rôle* of a representative patriot. His European education, however, his insinuating manner, and his capacity for clothing his ideas in European garb, especially fitted him for the task of convincing the Khedive—who, fresh from European schools, would have resented any appeals to Oriental hatred of European civilisation—that Egypt would walk faster and more contentedly along the path of European progress on which she had already so far advanced under his enlightened rule than under that of foreigners.

Tigrane, it need hardly be said, was not left to perform his work single-handed. There were, of course, plenty of natives only too ready to give evidence in support of what they believed to be the winning cause, and the advice of the representatives of two great European Powers can certainly not have been calculated to remove the prejudices against English policy which the Minister had been persistently fostering in the Khedive's mind. The results of his influence were soon shown by a series of little incidents, one of the most notable of which was a sharp telegram of censure despatched during his absence on leave in England, to Sir John Scott, the Judicial adviser of the Egyptian Government, whose conciliatory disposition, tact and moderation entitled him more than most English officials to consideration, reproving him for a speech delivered at Wigan, merely on the strength of an entirely inadequate telegraphic report. The intrigue rapidly ripened, and when the Prime Minister, Mustapha, returned from Europe in the late autumn he found his position seriously weakened, and that the Khedive was only waiting for his death, which then seemed imminent, to appoint Tigrane in his place. Mustapha, however, added to his original offence of being the Minister who more than any other had consistently aimed at the maintenance

of cordial relations with his English coadjutors that of an unexpected and unwelcome recovery; and the Khedive, who had no other mode open to him of demonstrating the reality of his power, abruptly dismissed the Ministry on January 15, 1893. Though, owing to the strong objection already expressed by Lord Cromer as to Tigrane's appointment, open defiance as to which might have jeopardised the success of his first attempt at independence, Fakhry Pasha was made the head of the new Cabinet, the insubordination was none the less marked, and for the first time for many years there was open rupture between the Khedivial authority and that of the controlling power.

The action of the British Government was sharp and swift, but its effects were weakened by its subsequent magnanimity —a virtue which in the East is accounted synonymous with weakness. When Abbas begged for permission to retire from an untenable position, Lord Cromer, instead of insisting on the reappointment of Mustapha, agreed to that of Riaz in the place of Fakhry, as well as to the minor changes proposed by the Khedive, and even also allowed Tigrane to remain in office. The Khedive showed as little gratitude for these concessions as he had previously done for the powerful support of the British Government in connection with the Sultan's firman, which might have been expected to have established a strong claim upon his confidence and gratitude. Unable to see the dangers which beset his path, he was soon once more beguiled by the visions of deceptive popularity laid before him by his Ministers, and set himself to make the people forget his defeat. This certainly was not difficult as its only evidences were the official records which nobody reads, and the presence of British reinforcements, which, like that of the troops already in the country, can, as a humorous Frenchmen has said, be only realised by walking past headquarters every day, or noting the British sentry mounting guard outside General Walker's house; and he found a willing coadjutor in Riaz Pasha, who quickly showed himself as capable as Fakhry of playing the part of patriotic Premier. This able Minister combined the portfolio of the Interior with Presidency of the Council, and at the Home Office held in his hands all the strings of the

patriotic agitation already set in motion by the anti-English party. By dint of administrative pressure the native press was for the moment made to serve his purpose, and his own organ, the *Moayyad*, published a programme which was nothing but a paraphrase of that of Arabi. Throughout the whole of last year the Ministerial press and the entire machinery of the native Administration were unceasingly employed in fostering a spirit of open revolt or covert opposition against British control. The people were told they were carrying out the Khedive's wishes, and the Khedive, who in his progresses throughout the country was everywhere met by deputations of sheiks and notables told off by governors and sub-governors to congratulate him on the firmness he had shown in maintaining the rights of Egypt against foreign encroachment, not unnaturally believed himself to be the patriotic exponent of the national will. Honours and favours were bestowed only on those who held anti-English sentiments, and every rebuff inflicted on English administrators, who were thwarted in every department, was represented as evidence of the downfall of English influence and the resolve of the Khedive to be master in his own dominions.

Though, however, the "patriotic party" thus succeeded in obtaining a firm grip of the administration and securing its hold over the civilian element, it experienced an unexpected check when, on the appointment of Maher Pasha as Under Secretary for War, it attempted to introduce its agitation into the army. The British officers of the Egyptian army, for whom the agitators had designed the *rôle* of the Circassian officers in the patriotic movement of 1882, far from sharing the unpopularity of the latter, have gained the respect and confidence, if not the affection, of their subordinates, and they have also behind them the power of England. The Khedive, who had succeeded with impunity in hampering and imperilling our work in every direction, found that he had at last overstepped our forbearance by attempting to tamper with the discipline of the army, and set his Egyptian officers against his British officers. The punishment, which had to be as public as the offence, was rigorously exacted, and the young Khedive, who, flushed with prospects of victory, a

hero in his own eyes, and, as he believed, in the eyes of his people, had left Cairo to strike the final blow at the British domination, returned to it within a few weeks comfortless, defenceless, and deserted in the hour of his need by those whose counsel had resulted in his defeat and humiliation. No ingenuity can disguise the traces of the blow which his prestige has received, and but for England he would have no friends, for he has, by his own act, shaken the foundations of the Khedivial authority, the edifice of which we had spared no pains during his father's reign to build up. He has, indeed, youth in his favour, and if he decides to turn over a new leaf none will be more ready to overlook his past conduct than those who have most reason to complain of it; but he must learn to realise that England must be his friend, because she cannot allow him to be her enemy. His Ministers, who, as soon as they saw the results of the explosion, of which they had laid the train, hastened to protest that they had no hand in it, feel that they have only just escaped with their official lives, and, as the *Times* correspondent observes, it is perhaps a sufficient Nemesis for a "patriotic Ministry" that it should have owed its existence to Lord Cromer's indulgence.

Though its leaders, as has been said, adopted the same programme, the patriotic movement of 1893, which began in the palace and public offices, and failed ignominiously when it attempted to touch the army, had neither the breadth nor depth of that of 1882, which began in the army, and only extended later on to the civilian branches of the Administration.

In the movement of 1882 Arabi had acquired a considerable influence over the masses because he was, as they believed, leading a victorious revolt against the whole dominant class of Turco-Egyptian officials and landowners, whose power represented the traditions of Ismail's evil days, and who belonged to the same caste against which Arabi aimed his first blow in the army, and it was against this class much more than against the Europeans that the agitation was directed.

On the other hand, only a very few of the least reputable of Arabi's followers took part in the agitation of 1893, which never touched the mass of the fellaheen, because the grinding oppression which induced them to join Arabi has now been

succeeded by a period of material ease and prosperity unfavourable to the growth of political discontent. The old conservative class of Turkish Pashas, whose traditional contempt for the fellaheen prevented them from sympathising with a cause which had Egypt for the Egyptians for its motto, also held aloof from it, nor did it at any time receive any countenance from the Sultan or the Imperial Commissioner in Egypt, Ahmed Muktar Pasha. It had no leader to take the place of Arabi, who, whatever his faults, believed in his mission, was a fellah himself, and could speak to the people in their own language. Lastly, it was composed of the most heterogeneous and mutually destructive forces—the fanatical Musulmans, who resent the presence of any Europeans, and detest both the form and spirit of European civilisation; and the Government employés, lawyers, and other aspirants for the public services, who form the so-called "young Egyptian" party, and who, having acquired a superficial veneer of European civilisation, affect to believe that European control has ceased to be necessary, because they have now become quite competent to carry on the work begun under it. As the "young Egyptians" are as much abhorred as their European teachers by the old Mohammedans—who would gladly, if they could, ship them all off, with Tigrane Pasha, their most prominent representative, at their head, to the Europe they love so well—a patriotic Ministry, forced to rely solely on its control of the administrative machinery and the native press, and the interested support of France and Russia, would probably have found the claims of these two hostile sections somewhat hard to reconcile.

Thoroughly artificial, however, as this conspiracy against the legitimate influence of England in Egypt was, and abortive as it has happily proved, the injurious effects which the *Times* correspondent shows to have resulted from it, nevertheless clearly prove the importance of guarding against similar outbreaks in future.

"There is scarcely a single English official who has not the same story to tell, within his own sphere, of covert obstruction, of diminished confidence, of support abated or withdrawn, while from native sources comes the corresponding tale of old abuses revived, of corruption, nepotism, and even cruelty again holding up their heads,

cautiously, tentatively for the moment, but ready to flaunt themselves in the open, should continued impunity show the coast to be really clear. Such a body of concurrent evidence all pointing in the same direction must carry conviction, and it acquires special significance from the fact that its weight and precision are greatest in connection with these departments over which British control—taken here as the predominant representative of European control generally—has been the least firmly established, or continues to be mainly exercised through native channels."

While the effects of this wave of obstruction have been least felt in the departments over which we have the tightest hold—those of finance, irrigation, and the army—they have been increasingly injurious throughout others in proportion as they are further removed from our direct control. It is, however, in the Department of the Interior, the influence of which, radiating from the Minister in Cairo through the governors and sub-governors of the provinces, extends into every corner of the country and directly reacts upon almost every other department, but which we have unfortunately as yet scarcely attempted to bring within the sphere of our operations, that they have proved most disastrous. The work of reform which we have been so successfully carrying on in Egypt is seriously imperilled by the vicious influence of an obstructive and reactionary executive which permeates the whole of the internal administration. Until this danger is removed it will always be liable to injury from ephemeral political agitations, and dependent for its progress solely upon the continuance of our occupation; and it is to be hoped that, as suggested by the *Times* correspondent, Lord Cromer may before long be enabled to avert any such results and ensure it the support of an internal sanction by extending the close and effectual control which he has already so successfully established over the finances, the army, and the public works to the internal government of the country.

As has been already pointed out, Riaz Pasha and his coadjutors found the Department of the Interior invaluable for the purposes of organisation in the recent agitation, and they found in the Press a scarcely less valuable engine for fomenting political disturbances. The development of the public Press in Egypt, which is a significant manifestation of the educational

movement, is in itself a healthy sign, and in able, upright, and independent hands might have rendered services of inestimable value as an instrument of education; but, with some honourable exceptions, it cannot be said to have fulfilled its mission. Owing to the want of the wholesome corrective of a powerful public opinion, it has degenerated into the mere mouthpiece of rival interests and domestic faction, and instead of devoting itself to practical questions has plunged into the arena of political controversies. The influence of the European newspapers representing the foreign communities resident in Egypt, can hardly be said to be an elevating one, though an exception must be made in the case of a new venture, the *Progrès*, which has made an honourable attempt to place political journalism on a higher level. *El-Ahram*, the oldest Arabic paper in the country, conducted by an Egyptian "patriot," who is a native of Syria and a French protected subject, is an Arabic adaptation of the kind of *esprit gaulois*, which distinguishes the *Bosphore Egyptien*, the most rabid of all the anti-English papers, with if possible an even greater intensity of Anglophobia.* It is, however, in the portion of the Press which avowedly derives its inspiration from native official sources, and goes forth to the public with that *imprimatur*, that the spirit with which it is informed has become not only a public scandal but a grave danger. It is an outrage on the defenceless ignorance of the Egyptian people that the British Government and people should daily be held up to public obloquy in order to fan the dying embers of religious and racial fanaticism. This has never been more persistently and wickedly done than under the Ministry of Riaz Pasha. His own organ, the *Moayyad*, for instance, which deliberately falsified the meaning of last year's crisis, frequently contains passages such as the following:

"By the fate of events the power which has been dominant for the last ten years in our land as a foreigner has penetrated with its claws into our bowels, and made even every hamlet the victim of its diplomatic wiles. . . . . Not content with stripping the Egyptian of

* Its influence, however, despite powerful support, is, it is satisfactory to learn, effectually counterbalanced by that of the *Mokattam*, an able journal, which, oddly enough, is also in Syrian hands.

all employment and slamming the door in his face the English are ever inventing new sinecures for their own sons, taunting the Egyptians the while with their incompetence."

As may be judged from the following extracts, however, the *Moayyad* has had to yield the palm to the *Journal Egyptien*, a paper started a few months ago as the chartered champion of the Khedive's rights, and which is universally believed to be inspired directly from the Palace.

"We imagined that even in England Hudson Lowes were only deplorable exceptions. Alas that the English occupation, by giving us only swashbucklers and gaolers, should have justified the belief that after a battle without glory her men are to be converted into torturers and England into another St. Helena!"

And again:

"In the ardour of her greed she was swooping down upon her prey without seeing the vengeance that dogs her footsteps. Let her take but one step more and she will feel the point of the sword on the nape of her neck."

Though, as far as they themselves are concerned, Englishmen can afford to laugh at such absurd vapourings, a large majority of them will, we feel sure, fully endorse the view of the *Times* correspondent, that "it is our duty as well as our right to restrain the rulers of Egypt, over whom the Queen's soldiers mount guard, from sanctioning, from encouraging, from inspiring, day by day, calumnious and wanton attacks which cannot, indeed, affect the honour of England, but which can and do sap the nascent confidence of the native population in the honesty of our purpose, and even in the strength of our determination."

But there is also another aspect of this question. Much of the obstruction which hinders the progress of reform is due, not to deliberate ill-will, but to the ignorance which reigns supreme in almost every class of the population, and of which no more striking example can be found than Riaz Pasha himself, whose natural shrewdness, energy, and political experience are neutralised by a crass ignorance which throws all his ideas out of perspective. The children of school-going age in Egypt number about 1,000,000 out of a population of

nearly 9,000,000, but the actual number of children receiving any sort of instruction in the Government schools is less than 1 in every 100, while those attending the secondary and higher schools amount to barely 1½ per 1000. Yet even this handful of pupils overtaxes the teaching resources of the country, and out of a total staff of 353 masters, only 205 have received any kind of professional training. Owing to the many other tasks of more pressing urgency imposed upon us, when we found ourselves in occupation of a disorganised, demoralised, and bankrupt country, it is only during the last five years that we have been able to turn our attention to educational reform, and though we have at length made an important and very promising beginning, it is still only a beginning. The problem of national education cannot be solved even in a generation, and though the higher grade schools may supply the administrative and professional needs of the country, the question of popular education cannot even be approached until the pupils of the present day have been developed into teachers capable of undertaking the arduous task of raising the masses of Egypt out of the dense slough of secular ignorance. For those, indeed, who place their faith in the formula of "Egypt for the Egyptians," the whole Egyptian question must resolve itself into a question of education, and by including the Government schools in our programme of national reform we ourselves have acknowledged the importance of education as a factor in the future development of the country. As therefore the rising generation will be as much the product of its home surroundings as of its school training, we have a right to demand that the effects of the latter shall not be undone through the influence of a reactionary and fanatical press on the former, and that the propagation of a retrograde syllabus of national demoralisation through their own organs in the Press shall no longer be allowed to dishonour alike the signatures of the Ministers who have countersigned a progressive syllabus of education and our own.

The limits of our space prevent our attempting an examination of various other important points in connection with the movement of 1893 dealt with in these interesting letters—such, for instance, as the administrative incapacity of the

Egyptian as revealed in the extraordinary mismanagement of the Wakf or Pious Foundations for the support of Musulman religious and charitable institutions, which has always been allowed to remain entirely free from any sort of European control, and of which a distinguished Musulman has said that "Its existence is a violation of our religious laws; its management a public scandal." We must, however, briefly allude to the Report which the Ministry, by way of supplementing their attacks on British control through the Press, inspired the Legislative Council—a body consisting almost exclusively of their nominees—to present to the Egyptian Government on the Budget of 1892. This document is practically an indictment of the entire scheme of reforms which the Khedive's British advisers have introduced and carried out in Egypt; and its compilation has rendered us an undesigned service by at last putting into a tangible shape all the fallacies, misrepresentations, and intentional exaggerations which formed the stock-in-trade of the patriotic movement, and enabling us categorically to disprove them. Of its numerous counts only two can be treated seriously—namely, the alleged impoverishment of the *fellah*, and the invasion of the Civil Service by overpaid British officials.

As regards the first charge which, it need hardly be said, has been completely disproved by Sir Elwin Palmer, the financial adviser to the Egyptian Government, the only shred of evidence produced in its support consists of a few unchecked figures, wilfully subjected to an arbitrary interpretation borrowed from the Registers of the Land Tribunals, which are utterly untrustworthy for the purpose for which the Legislative Council sought to use them, on account of the defective system of entries through which the same transaction is often made to figure as three separate ones. A still more convincing proof of the fallacy of the contention, however, is furnished by the contrast between the condition of the *fellah* to-day under the "British domination," and his condition twenty years ago during the period which the patriotic press extols as the "good old days of Egyptian independence," but which he himself terms "the days of the oppression"—the days of exorbitant taxations, of the iniquities of the *corvée* and of the

horrors of military conscription, and when, whether the harvest was good or bad, he was left with barely enough to keep body and soul together.*

With respect to the other charge against us, it is sufficient to say that of the 350 Englishmen with aggregate salaries amounting to £160,000 per annum,† the army absorbs nearly one-fourth in men and more than one-fourth in money, and that the total number of Englishmen employed in the civil administrations which are more especially singled out for attack is about 250, with salaries amounting to £115,000. As they are distibuted among *eighteen* different departments, the employment of these 150 Englishmen, whose total cost barely exceeds 1 per cent of the Budget, can hardly be described as an abuse of British influence.‡

Perhaps, however, the best criterion for estimating the value of the Report is supplied by the attitude which its authors assumed with regard to it after its presentation. Riaz Pasha himself, who three years before had issued a bulletin drawing attention to the excellent progress Egypt was making under British control, thought it politic to forestall Sir Elwin Palmer's reply by deprecating its general conclusions and lecturing the Legislative Council on the inexpediency of most of its recommendations. As for the Council, some of its members are the first to admit that it was written virtually, if not literally, to order, and can hardly repress a smile of embarrassed amusement when asked to discuss its recommendations.

Conduct such as this on the part of those who aspire to undertake the government of Egypt is the natural outcome of a moral cowardice generated by centuries of slavery, and it is not surprising that intelligent natives who realise the weakness of their would-be rulers, and appreciate the benefits we have conferred on their country, should so frequently regret, not

* For a graphic account of "What England has done for the *fellah*," see Letter No. VII. of the *Times* correspondent, May 14, 1894; and *cf.* LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for April 1893, pp. 111-116.

† This represents Egyptian money: £1 Egyptian = £1 0*s.* 6*d.* English.

‡ It must, too, be remembered that the Egyptian Civil Service also comprises 230 Frenchmen and some 600 officials of other foreign nationalities, that not one in four of the whole body of foreigners is an Englishman, and that not one-third of the £350,000 paid by the Egyptian Treasury goes into English pockets.

the extent, but the inadequacy of our power. That the resignation of the Riaz Ministry was directly due to the receipt on the previous day in Cairo of a Reuter telegram to the effect that, according to a Ministerial statement on the previous night in the House of Commons, the policy of Her Majesty's Government was directed towards maintaining the British navy on an equality of strength with the fleets of any two foreign Powers, is a fact calculated still further to confirm all who are thus favourably disposed towards British control in their opinion. In spite of all the harm which that Ministry, which for fifteen months made hostility to England the cardinal feature of its programme, has effected, we may yet derive benefit from it if, by re-organising the Department of the Interior and curbing the licence of the Press, we can now strengthen the weak spot in our armour, which but for it would have remained concealed.

Art. VIII.—COCK LANE AND COMMON SENSE.

1. *Cock Lane and Common Sense.* By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1894. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.
2. *Faith Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena.* By J. M. Buckley, LL.D. London: T. F. Unwin. 1892. 6*s.*
3. *The Supernatural?* By Lionel A. Weatherly, M.D. With Chapter on Oriental Magic, Spiritualism, and Theosophy, by J. N. Maskelyne. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1891. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MR. LANG has spread a tempting bill of fare before those who are interested in occult phenomena. He is a past master of the subject, familiar with all the facts and theories, all the labyrinth of beliefs, all the cyclopædia of stories relating to spiritualism, haunted houses, apparitions, ghosts, and hallucinations. He has much to say on crystal-gazing, second sight, table-turning, and indeed on every branch of a subject

which has a fascination for almost every class of mind. Those who wish for a convenient guide-book to the literature relating to this branch of inquiry, may confidently be recommended to Mr. Lang's book, which takes the title of *Cock Lane and Common Sense* from one of its most lively papers. The volume has one grave defect. Its pages are crowded with stories, but we find little to assist us in forming a judgment as to the real nature of the phenomena recorded. We are compelled to endorse the criticism passed by Dr. Buckley as to Mr. Lang's article on "Apparitions" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The Doctor says that he "has written like one who has crammed with the literature of the subject without being at the pains to reason closely upon the alleged facts." That this is a just critique is shown by the Introduction to the present volume:

"On the question of the real existence of the reported phenomena hereafter chronicled, and on the question of the *portée* of the facts, if genuine, the writer has been unable to reach any conclusion, negative or affirmative. Even the testimony of his senses, if they ever bore witness to any of the *speciosa miracula*, would fail to convince him on the affirmative side. There seems to be no good reason why one observer should set so much store by his own impressions of sense, whilst he regards those of all other witnesses as fallible. On the other hand, the writer feels unable to set wholly aside the concurrent testimony of the most diverse people, in times, lands and conditions of opinion the most various. The reported phenomena fall into regular groups, like the symptoms of a disease. Is it a disease of observation? If so, the topic is one of undeniable psychological interest. To urge this truth, to produce such examples as his reading affords, is the purpose of the author."

We breathe another atmosphere as we turn from Mr. Lang's mass of facts to Dr. Buckley's incisive volume. Here, at any rate, is a man who knows his own mind. The study of faith-healing, apparitions, spiritualism, and all kindred subjects has been his "hobby" for more than thirty years. He is well-known in America as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, its most doughty Conference debater, and the editor of its chief organ, the New York *Christian Advocate*. His guiding principle in his studies of occult phenomena has been "to determine precisely what exists" before attempting any explanation. He holds "that so long as it is possible to find

a rational explanation of what unquestionably is, there is no reason to suspect, and it is superstition to assume the operation of supernatural causes." These working rules have often cleared the ground for him. Where inquirers less keen than himself would have been content to theorise, he has thrown his search-light on the so-called facts, and lo, the "insubstantial pageant faded, left not a rack behind." A man who has known the chief professors of the faith-cure and of spiritualism, who has lectured on the subject to great audiences, and performed not a few of the "marvels," has a right to be heard. His book furnishes a sound basis for the explanation of many strange phenomena. Dr. Weatherly's volume also should not be overlooked. The chapter written by Mr. Maskelyne is a bit of "expert" testimony of singular interest and value.

Mr. Lang has not offered his book to the reader without hesitation. Many people would lay a veto on the discussion of such topics. But to a pathologist, or an anthropologist, the survivals of beliefs must always present curious and attractive illustrations of human nature. The very antiquity of the beliefs establishes a strong claim on attention. M. Maspero published in his *Etudes Egyptiennes*, a translation of an Egyptian papyrus, written by an ancient scribe to the Khou, or spirit of his departed wife. Ever since her death, he and his house had been haunted by the good woman. "What wrong," he asks, "have I been guilty of that I should be in this state of trouble? What have I done that thou shouldst help to assail me? No crime has been wrought against thee. From the hour of my marriage till this day, what have I wrought against thee that I need conceal?" That pitiful wail which comes down to us through the ages may be compared with the belief which drives the Australian native from the station where his *gin* is buried lest he should be haunted by the spirit of the departed. It finds illustration nearer home in a story sent by the late General Campbell to the Psychical Society in 1884. He had been troubled by inexplicable sounds which led him to address a request to the disturbing *agent*. "Give three raps if from my deceased wife." Three crashing sounds followed "for my particular conviction and comfort." It is well when the person most deeply concerned can take such a

view of the matter as this! The study of these psychological curiosities may or may not be "useful" generally, but it is a field in which a student of human nature may reap both entertainment and instruction. The anthropologist is disposed to set such things down as "survivals" and "revivals." But even if savage beliefs do survive obscurely among the illiterate, leaving them an easy prey to the schemes of the charlatan, this will not explain the spontaneous phenomena which are attested by so great a mass of evidence, ancient, mediæval and modern.

Mr. Lang cannot refrain from a philippic against common sense with its "inconsistent and inadequate" explanations. His own bias is in favour of fair play and unflinching logic. "Common sense bullied several generations, till they were positively afraid to attest their own unusual experience. Then it was triumphantly proclaimed that no unusual experiences were ever attested. Even now, many people dare not say what they believe about occurrences witnessed by their own senses." We quite agree with Mr. Lang that such an attitude must be pronounced unphilosophical, yet those who flout common sense have the knack of forgetting awkward facts. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Dale Owen gives a full account of the Stockwell mystery of 1772, when Mrs. Golding's kitchen was the scene of that mysterious smashing of crockery which set all London wondering. At eight one night the whole row of pewter dishes, save one, fell from a shelf, rolled about a little, and then turned upside down. They were put back on the dresser, but went through the performance a second time. A pestle and mortar jumped six feet from the floor. "Most of the genteel families around," says the pamphlet, published in this *annus mirabilis*, "were continually sending to inquire after them, and whether all was over or not." Yet though Hone tells us in his *Every Day Book*, that the servant Ann confessed that she had done the tricks with horse-hairs, wires, and other simple appliances, Mr. Dale Owen is significantly silent as to this explanation.

In his first chapter on "Savage Spiritualism" Mr. Lang gathers together many interesting details. Such phenomena have been only carelessly studied, "for the civilised mind is

apt to see in savage *séances* nothing but noisy buffoonery." They deserve more careful treatment, however. Savage tribes knew the secret of hypnotic trances in days when European physicians and scientists ignored or scouted the subject. Before we can form any definite opinion we need the evidence of adepts in conjuring like Mr. Maskelyne, though it is scarcely probable that he will think it worth while to enrich his *répertoire* by travelling among Zulus, Hindus and Pawnees. It must be added, however, that Mr. Maskelyne's varied experience is strongly on the side of what Mr. Lang describes as common sense.

We gain considerable insight into the character of Ancient Spiritualism from a letter of Porphyry's with a reply ascribed to Iamblichus. The nature of the spiritual agency present on any occasion was, so Iamblichus maintained, to be learned from its manifestations. According as the light which accompanied such apparitions was greater or smaller, more or less divided so the thaumaturgist could judge of his spiritual visitor. Demons made a disturbance when they appeared, heroes were very noisy. If any error was made in the form of evocation a bad or low spirit might appear as an angel of light. Iamblichus says that the dreams which may safely be trusted are those which come between sleep and waking when a voice is heard giving directions. He believes in spiritual possession and holds that the mediums act under real spiritual control. Some curious comparisons are instituted between Iamblichus and such men as D. D. Home, but Mr. Lang thinks we are "still at a loss for a 'sound' and satisfactory hypothesis which will colligate all the alleged facts, and explain their historical continuity. We merely state that continuity as a historical fact. Marvels of savages, Neoplatonists, saints of Church or Covenant, 'spontaneous' phenomena, mediumistic phenomena, all hang together in some ways. Of this, the Church has her own explanation."

In February 1665, Lady Conway gathered an odd company about her at Ragley Castle to meet her new medical attendant, a Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, or Greatorex, who had come over from Ireland to cure her ladyship's inveterate headaches. This man had felt a strong drawing towards the art of healing

which he resisted until one of his hands becoming dead or numb he healed it by the strokes of the other hand. It is scarcely necessary to point out that most people have qualified for their diplomas in the same fashion. Thus emboldened the Irishman ventured to practise. He soon became celebrated. The accounts which have come down to our time show that "the Irish stroker" was most successful with hypochondriacal and hysterical patients. "He used to chase the disease up and down their bodies, if it did not 'fly out through the interstices of his fingers,' and if he could drive it into an outlying part and then forth into the wide world the patient recovered." It cost £155 to bring him over to Ragley, but he failed to relieve Lady Conway's headaches, though he was more successful with a few rural invalids.

The guests at Ragley formed a kind of Restoration Society of Psychical Research. They hoped to restore the tottering faith of the time by a defence of witches and apparitions as outworks of faith in general, much on the same principle as appears in John Wesley's saying: "If but one account of the intercourse of men with superior spirits be admitted their whole castle (deism, atheism, materialism) falls to the ground."

The Ragley students thus differ from the modern Society of Psychical Research which acts solely in the interest of knowledge. They were content to watch and listen. Mr. Myers and his friends introduce various tests with somewhat disenchanting results. Mr. Greatrakes told the company at Ragley how a butler whose master lived near Lord Orrery's seat in Ireland had fallen in with the fairies who endeavoured to spirit him away. Lord Orrery took the poor fellow into his castle, where he was carefully guarded. Late in the afternoon the butler "was perceived to rise from the ground, whereupon Mr. Greatrix and another lusty man clapt their hands over his shoulders, one of them before and the other behind, and weighed him down with all their strength, but he was forcibly taken up from them; for a considerable time he was carried in the air to and fro over their heads, several of the company still running under him, to prevent him receiving hurt if he should fall. This absurd story is told by the Rev. Joseph Glanvill, F.R.S., who was one of the guests at Ragley.

Similar tales of levitation may be gleaned from all ages and countries. In England levitation was regarded as a proof of witchcraft or possession, in Ireland and the West Highlands it was attributed to fairies, in Italy it was a note of sanctity, in Australia it was said to be wrought by magic, in Zululand by the black art. Nancy Wesley and the bed on which she sat are both said to have risen from the floor at Epworth Rectory. Lord Lindsay and Lord Adare state that they saw Home float out of one window and in at another in Ashley Place. Mr. Lang says: "We merely stand speechless in the presence of the wildest of all fables, when it meets us, as identical myths and customs do—not among savages alone, but everywhere, practically speaking, and in connection with barbarous sorcery, with English witchcraft, with the saintliest of mediæval scholars, with African warriors, with Hindoo fakirs, with a little English girl in a quiet old country parsonage, and with an enigmatic American gentleman."

St. Joseph of Cupertino, 1603–1663, is the chief figure among the victims and heroes of "levitation." His father was a carpenter, his mother was evidently something of a virago. From the age of eight the saint was subject to fits and convulsions and during his novitiate suffered severely from melancholia. His "miracles" led to his being summoned before the Inquisition as an impostor and he was sent to an obscure and remote monastery. But neither banishment nor harsh treatment could make Joseph keep his feet. Seventy separate flights are recorded. He would give a loud yell, then fall into an ecstasy and soar up into the air. His superiors had to prevent his appearing at certain sacred functions because as soon as he heard pious words he would give a shout and rise up towards the roof. One Christmas Eve as he listened to the music, he flew up from the middle of the church to the high altar, where he floated for a quarter of an hour, yet upset none of the candles. These tales form a singular chapter in the history of human delusions but they are too absurd to call for serious refutation. The Inquisition regarded them, as they regarded St. Teresa's "miracles," with well deserved suspicion, but the common people were only too glad to feast their credulity on these wild stories.

Haunted houses are a perpetual theme of interest to the curious. Mr. Lang has no difficulty in showing that the belief in such haunting dates from savage times when every bush had its bogle. Classical and mediæval stories on this head might be multiplied. Before the Restoration it was distinctly dangerous to laugh at witchcraft, ghosts, and hauntings, but under Charles the Second ridicule gradually brought such matters into contempt. The beliefs, of course, *linger* among us still. The Psychical Society was able to collect four hundred cases of haunted houses in England, nineteen of which they put in the first class because they seemed to be based on good first-hand evidence. Judging from the best attested cases a house may be haunted though nothing appears on a certain visit. The ghost seldom speaks. Either footsteps are heard, dresses rustle, or knocks, raps, heavy bangs, and other noises meet the ear. Sometimes a figure is seen for a moment moving along a passage, entering a room or standing beside a bed. When we condescend to explanation we find that noises may be due to wind, or rats, or water-pipes, or birds. Mr. Lang has known a very satisfactory series of footsteps in an historical Scotch house dispelled by a modification of the water-pipes. He has also heard of "a person of distinction mimic the noises made by *his* family ghosts (which he preserved from tests as carefully as Don Quixote did his helmet) and the performance was an admirable imitation of the wind in a spout." The authorities of the Psychical Society vary as to the proper explanation of these phenomena—*i.e.*, of the best authenticated and most puzzling stories. Mr. Myers thinks they are caused by influences of some strange kind from the minds of the dead. Mr. Podmore holds that some living person has had some empty hallucination in a house, and that this is telepathically handed on perhaps to the next tenant, who may, possibly, know nothing about either the person or the vision. Plain people will, we are persuaded, regard such explanations as more puzzling than even the ghosts themselves. It is significant to learn that when the Psychical Society themselves occupied a house from which two tenants had been driven by all manner of prodigies they were not favoured with any

manifestation. It is still more significant to find that this is the usual luck of the Society.

The Cock Lane Ghost, of which in January 1762 the London newspapers were full, naturally holds a prominent place in Mr. Lang's book. A lady who was left alone in London for a time asked her landlord's little daughter, Elizabeth Parsons, to share her bed. They were both disturbed by strange scratchings and rappings. At first the landlady thought that these were caused by a neighbouring cobbler, but this theory had soon to be abandoned. The noises ceased for a year and a half. Then they began again. Mr. Parsons took down the wainscotting to examine matters, but could find no clue. The raps and scratches seemed to come on the bed of his little daughter Elizabeth. The manifestations followed her to other houses. Clergy and nobles, as well as multitudes of other people came to see and hear. Dr. Johnson was present at one investigation of which he sent an account to the newspapers. Parsons and others were tried at the Guildhall and convicted of conspiracy. All the circumstances point to little Elizabeth as the author of the mysterious sounds.

The noises at Epworth Rectory have proved a never-failing source of interest not only to Methodist readers, but to all students of such matters. Mr. Lang refers to them again and again. "The Wesley Case," he says, "would never have been celebrated if the sons of Samuel Wesley had not become prominent. John Wesley and the Methodists revelled in such narratives." The family found that they could not imitate the perplexing sounds. Dr. Salmon published an article on the Wesley ghost many years ago in the *Contemporary Review*, in which he maintained that Hetty Wesley was the author of the disturbances. He has been good enough to furnish us with some details of his theory. The ghost, he points out, was a Jacobite, and therefore belonged to the mother's side of the family; it had a great reverence for Samuel Wesley and would make no noise in his presence; when, however, it came to be thought that the father's not hearing the noises was a sign that his death was portended, the ghost overcame its reluctance to let

him hear. Dr. Salmon holds that all this points to his daughter. Several of the sisters say that the ghost was most busy in Hetty's neighbourhood and that she would write a full account, but singularly enough she is the only one of the sisters who does not write. Hetty was a lively and clever girl. Dr. Salmon thinks that she began the disturbance from a love of tricks and from high spirits but found herself obliged to go on with it. She kept her secret to the end and could hardly have ventured to confess after the whole family had been taken in. Mr. Lang holds that Dr. Salmon's theory breaks down as he does not even hazard a guess as to the *modus operandi*. If Hetty Wesley were the operator she "must have been familiar with almost the whole extent of psychical literature, for she scarcely left a single phenomenon unrepresented." Intelligent raps, movement of untouched objects, levitation, disappearance and reappearance of objects, passage of matter through air, direct sounds, scents, lights, &c., were represented but there is no mention of visible hands. We feel the force of Mr. Lang's criticism, yet we are strongly drawn to Dr. Salmon's explanation. Emily Wesley says in a letter to her brother Samuel, that about a year before there had been a disturbance in a town near Epworth "that was undoubtedly witches, and if so near why may they not reach us?" Here is an indication that the air was electric. She adds another fact which should not be overlooked. "My father had for several Sundays before its coming preached warmly against consulting those that are called cunning men, which our people are given to; and it had a particular spite against my father." It "never followed me," Emily says, "as it did my sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her; and when she had removed, it has followed, and still kept under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person." We may join two other facts. John Wesley says in some memoranda on the subject: "Whether our clock went right or wrong, it always came, as near as could be guessed, when by the night it wanted a quarter to ten." We learn from Emily Wesley that her sister Hetty "sits always to wait on my father going to bed." When the rector was told about the noises which he did not himself hear for some time, Emily says, "he smiled, and gave

no answer; but was more careful than usual, from that time, to see us in bed, imagining it to be some of us young women that sat up late, and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced." Emily laughs at her mother trying to frighten away old Jeffrey, as Emily christened the ghost from the name of a former rector, under the notion that it was rats. Adam Clarke's description of Hetty as a gay and sprightly girl who indulged her mirth and wit to such an extent as often to cause great uneasiness to her parents, tallies with Dr. Salmon's theory. He says she was "often betrayed into little inadvertencies, which, though of small moment in themselves, showed that her mind was not under proper discipline; and that fancy, not reason, often dictated that line of conduct which she thought proper to pursue. A spirit of this kind is a dangerous gift; and is rarely connected with a sufficiency of prudence and discretion to prevent it from injuring itself and offending others." In *All the Year Round* for July 1872, the old story is told with considerable detail. The writer thinks that the disturbances were partly due to the servants who were both new and may have been in league with the fen-men to frighten the rector, and drive him from Epworth. He adds, "Let no one who has not lived in old timber houses and heard the unearthly rushes, rattles, clatters, gnawings, and rappings produced by rats, say that those vermin were not enough to produce two-thirds of the sounds heard by the Wesley family." Unfortunately for this theory the rectory was not an old timber-house—that had been destroyed in the fire which nearly cost John Wesley his life—but a new brick building. No explanation of the noises is altogether satisfactory, but Dr. Salmon's interesting study is the most ingenious and plausible that we have seen.

In dealing with ghosts and apparitions it is necessary to call attention to the fact that those cases in which the hallucination does not coincide with the event are not often published. Mr. Lang gives some striking instances. A young lady beheld her late grandmother weeping at her bedside and was told that she was going to die very soon. She is still

living though many years have passed since she had that hallucination. A lady told her friend that in the previous night her brother had appeared to her dripping wet, and announced that he had been drowned by the upsetting of a boat which was dragged behind a ship. At this time he was on his way home from Australia. When the two ladies next met this very brother was lunching with his sister. He had never been in such a boat as the lady saw. A mother beheld her son, who was then at Oxford, enter her room and vanish. She wrote to him in great alarm but found that he was quite well, bowling in the College eleven. Mr. Lang adds "some waking hallucinations of sane persons never in any other instance hallucinated." He himself was once standing before dinner at a table in a large and brilliantly lighted hall, when the door of the dining-room opened, and a little relative dressed in dark blue serge ran across the hall to another room. He called her but she did not answer. He instantly entered the drawing-room where the girl was sitting in a white evening dress. No explanation of the puzzle could be discovered. The Psychical Society has published Mr. Lang's encounter with Professor Conington at Oxford in 1869, at a time when the Professor was dying at Boston. It was not easy to mistake Conington for any one else, yet as Mr. Lang points out this is what must have happened. "There was no conceivable reason why the Professor should 'telepathically' communicate with the precipient, who had never exchanged a word with him, except in an examination." He did not even know that Conington was ill. There is no doubt that mistakes in identity account for many so-called apparitions. Resemblances between persons in no way related to each other are much more numerous and striking than is generally supposed. Dr. Buckley says "a whole city was excited by the appearance of a person known to be dead—a silent man, who entered a hotel, registered his name, and looked wistfully about, speaking to no one and not willing to explain his business. Terror seized upon the people. Every one who looked at him affirmed he was the dead man. He was compelled after a few days to account for himself, and had no difficulty in proving, not only that he was a living man, but that he had never seen the man whom he so strongly resembled. A remarkable fact

about the case was, that both the dead man and his double had three moles on the left cheek." We may quote one or two more of Dr. Buckley's stories. A vessel that sailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne had a cook with one leg shorter than the other. He died on the voyage and was buried at sea. A few nights afterwards the mate came to tell the captain that the cook was walking on the water before the vessel. All hands were on deck watching him. The captain was vexed at being awaked but at last turned out. He confessed afterwards that he almost caught the contagion. There was a general panic among the sailors. The captain ordered the ship to be steered toward the object, but no one would touch the helm. He was therefore compelled to act himself. As the vessel got nearer it was found that part of a maintop from some wreck was floating up and down on the waves. This had caused all their terror. Another ludicrous exposure of a ghost occurred in a rectory within forty miles of New York. In the dining-room was "an old-fashioned candlestick surrounded by prisms of glass" suspended from the top. For several nights the family was terrified by the ringing of the prisms. The rector's wife gradually introduced the practice of burning a light in the room after they retired to rest. One night she heard the ringing and went quietly down into the dining-room where a large rat was enjoying himself by making the prisms ring with his forelegs. Here was a good ghost story nipped in the bud.

Mr. Lang's short chapter on Scrying or crystal-gazing is interesting. The practice of scrying has been revived in recent years, and it is harmless enough for many people, though those who get sleepy or cry or become hypnotised had better let the crystal balls alone. Some observers find their fancy quickened, and see in the glass vivid pictures such as occur sometimes between sleeping and waking. The hallucinations caused by looking steadily into a clear depth may be compared with those the New Zealanders profess to see by gazing into a drop of blood, and the Egyptians by peering into a drop of ink. Dr. Dee, the Mortlake astrologer, and his ally Kelly pretended to hear noises in their "show-stones" and to receive messages. Here is the point where imposture begins. The crystal ball merely illustrates the possibility of artificially

reviving memory, but the fanciful visions have in all ages lent themselves to superstition and deceit. The substratum of fact has been "overlaid with mystic mummeries, incantations, fumigations, pentacles, and so overwhelmed in superstitious interpretations, introducing fairies and spirits, that the facts run the risk of being swept away in the litter and dust of nonsense."

The belief in second sight is still quite common in the Highlands. Perhaps a shroud is seen round a living man, coming funerals are watched, or corpse candles flit above the road by which a burial procession is to pass. All ages and countries have believed in ominous illusions. Mr. Lang knows a lady in Edinburgh who, in the early spring of 1849, saw a fair young gentleman in a dark blue suit coming down stairs. She thought he had been up to see two of her boarders on the second floor, but when she inquired they knew nothing about the matter. Next day she was asked by a friend living opposite to take a fresh lodger, but after she had prepared a room he went to stay with a relation of his own. Two days later, Miss H. was looking out of her window, when she exclaimed, "Why, there's my ghost!" It turned out to be the young man for whom she had prepared a room. A well-known Highland minister says that his own beadle, "a most respectable person of entirely blameless life," was the first second-sighted man he ever met. He always had a sense of discomfort and anxiety before his visions came on. The gift was an annoyance rather than a pleasure. One night he was with a friend in a boat on a salt-water loch. He had a vision of a man drowning in a pool. A shepherd's plaid lay on the bank. The beadle told his friend what he saw and set his foot upon his. The friend then shared the vision. Scarcely a week after came the fulfilment. But presentments, however vivid, are sometimes wholly misleading. Dr. Buckley says that soon after the American Civil War he was going by steamer from St. Louis to New Orleans. As he was bidding his brother good-bye, he was seized with an appalling impression that the vessel would be lost. "For some time I seemed to behold with almost the vividness of an actual perception the explosion, to hear the shrieks of the passengers, and to feel

myself swallowed up in the general destruction. Composing myself as much as possible, I said to my brother, 'If ever a man had a presentiment of death, I have it now; but you know I have for years held that presentiments spring from physical weakness, superstition, or cowardice. Would you yield to these terrible feelings?' He replied, 'No! If you do, you will always be a slave to them.'" The boat started. For several hours the dread of disaster clouded Dr. Buckley's mind, but gradually it wore off. He travelled more than two thousand miles without accident of any sort.

Mr. Lang gives some curious details in his chapters dealing with ghosts before the law, a modern trial for witchcraft, and Presbyterian ghost-hunters; but we must again turn to Dr. Buckley for any attempt at explanation. He discusses the whole subject of witchcraft with great acumen. The paragraphs on "The Witch of Endor" ought to be studied by all who wish to know whether the Bible teaches the reality of witchcraft. After the witch had received an assurance that she should not be punished, she began operations in the usual way. There was a strong presumption that she must have already known Saul. When she said, "I see gods ascending out of the earth," and described "an old man covered with a mantle," Saul, who had never seen anything, but depended on her description, perceived that it was Samuel. Her motive for pretending not to know the king at first was to increase her influence over his mind. Before her prediction, Saul had himself supplied the facts she needed in order to formulate her answer. Those who wish to pursue this subject may study Mr. Lang's article in the *Contemporary* for August. He says, "I consider that the belief in 'the existence of beings analogous to man' in intelligence and will, 'but more or less devoid of corporeal qualities,' has such a backing up of anthropological evidence that it cannot be dismissed without elaborate and patient inquiry, which it has never yet received. In the same way I am compelled by the anthropological evidence to hold that the existence of human faculties beyond the normal and inconsistent with the present tenets of materialistic opinion, cannot be relegated to mere superstition without prolonged impartial examination." Most Bible students

will agree with Mr. Dean, in his *Samuel and Saul*, that the old prophet "by God's command, not in response to the witch's spells, did appear as really as did Moses and Elias at the Transfiguration." The New England mania against witchcraft, which led to the imprisonment of two hundred persons at Salem, and to the execution of nineteen poor victims, is one of the most terrible stories of fanaticism on record. Whittier, in his *Prophecy of Samuel Sewall*, paints, with a master's hand, the day of penance kept by that great Puritan judge, who

> "Sat on the bench of the witchcraft courts,
> With the laws of Moses and Hale's Reports,
> And spake in the name of both, the word
> That gave the witch's neck to the cord,
> And piled the oaken planks that press'd
> The feeble life from the warlock's breast!
> All the day long, from dawn to dawn,
> His door was bolted, his curtain drawn;
> No foot on his silent threshold trod,
> No eye looked on him save that of God."

It is a relief to turn from such grim stories to Mr. Lang's *Logic of Table-turning*. Spirit-rapping began at Hydesville in the State of New York in 1847–48. A family called Fox entered on the tenancy of a house there in 1847. The previous occupants had been disturbed by knockings, which continued in the Foxes' time. One of the little girls found that the raps would "answer," and a system of alphabetic communication was opened, and modern spiritualism was launched. The raps seem to have been produced by the girl's toes. In March 1853, a packet of American newspapers which arrived there set all Bremen turning tables. Spiritualism spread like an epidemic. It is now an abandoned and discredited amusement. Unconscious muscular action on the part of the "sitters" is the scientific explanation of table-turning. But the professional medium does not thus escape. Mr. Maskelyne says in the little volume quoted at the head of this article, that "there does not exist, and there never has existed, a professed 'medium' of any note, who has not been convicted of trickery or fraud." He illustrates by many facts the old story of duplicity feeding upon folly. "The most bright and particular star in the spiritualistic horizon

—the greatest, perhaps in the long line of impostors—was Daniel Douglass Home. No vulgar medium, giving performances with an admission of so much ahead, he wound his way into the best society, always despising filthy lucre, but never refusing a diamond worth ten times the amount he would have received in cash, or some such present, which the host of the house at which he happened to be manifesting always felt constrained to offer." This is strong language to use of one whose "history," to quote Mr. James M. Rigg's conclusion in the *National Dictionary of Biography*, "presents a curious and as yet unsolved problem." No one, however, has a more natural claim to be heard than Mr. Maskelyne, and we must add that it is almost a relief to find any one prepared to deliver such a verdict after Mr. Lang's colourless narrative. Yet it would be a grave mistake to assume that Mr. Maskelyne's own knowledge and practice as a professional conjurer affords any presumption on intellectual, any more than on moral, grounds that his judgment on some of the subjects we have been considering is entitled to any special authority. As yet the whole controvery is, in our opinion, as unsettled as it ever was, though we doubt not that many of our readers have formed strong and positive judgments on some of the questions which have been glanced at.

Art. IX.—MR. GLADSTONE ON HERESY AND SCHISM.

The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. *Nineteenth Century*, August 1894.

THE ice of centuries is beginning to break up. The claim of the communions hitherto styled Catholic to arrogate to themselves that epithet, or to claim Churchship in any exclusive sense, is at length visibly tottering, at least within the English sphere. The pretensions even of the Roman communion are now set forth with a difference, with significant modifications,

in the writings of such Englishmen as Wilfrid Ward and W. S. Lilly. Within the Anglo-Catholic Church hereafter the charges of heresy and schism must cease to be the favourite, because the handiest, the least intelligible, the most mysterious, the most other-world and damnatory denunciations which intolerant Churchmen in these modern times could launch at Dissenters, which zealous and misguided women, acting for their clergymen, could use with bated breath to strike awe and alarm into the hearts of the village wives they religiously visit. This wonderful change in the English Church is indicated not so much by Mr. Gladstone's article on Heresy and Schism in the *Nineteenth Century*, as by the manner in which that article has been received by leading organs of the Anglican clergy, and in particular by so influential and able a Church organ as the *Guardian*. Arguments which have been generation after generation urged by Nonconformist writers, practical and unanswerable arguments—arguments indeed which scarcely an attempt has been made to answer, but yet which have been resolutely ignored—having now been adopted by Mr. Gladstone, certainly not in a more convincing or more impressive form, will produce their legitimate effect, because, as urged by him, they can no longer be ignored. That their force has long been felt by the able men who are accustomed to write for such a journal as the *Guardian*, and who have in recent years shown in various ways their personal fairness and liberality of spirit, though they have not ventured to denounce the Shibboleths of their party, can hardly be doubted. Now they are compelled either to oppose Mr. Gladstone at the strong central point of his argument, or to admit the force of the considerations which up to this time they have not felt at liberty frankly to deal with, and as to which they have accordingly kept silence.

Not only does Mr. Gladstone's argument go to discredit and invalidate the imputations of heresy and schism, as brought by English Churchmen against Nonconformists generally, but it is yet wider and deeper in its range. Hitherto it has been the method even of the more large-minded and better informed among High Church leaders, whatever admissions they might make as to the learning, ability, general orthodoxy, and high

character of Nonconformist divines—and they have not been altogether ignorant of the merits and renown of such men as Dr. Pye Smith, Henry Rogers, and Dr. Dale during the last half-century—to insist that the deficiency and disability of Nonconformist Churches as to orders and as to the Sacraments cut them off from the proper and appointed channels of supernatural spiritual life—from the fountainhead of the special grace which conveys and confers, for the sincere communicant, the very life and spirit of the true Christian believer, as one with Christ, his living Head. This cardinal claim, as it has hitherto been regarded, Mr. Gladstone, as we shall see, throws over with unceremonious facility and easy completeness, assigning to the Sacraments their place among a number of necessary, but yet secondary, concomitants of Christian faith and fellowship, diversity or irregularity as to which can hardly be made the ground of distinct argument in bar of the Church claims of communities which undeniably possess the major attributes of Christian orthodoxy and correspondent moral character and influence.

This development of Mr. Gladstone's opinions affords a decisive answer to a question which for many years past has been a problem more or less perplexing to those who have followed his meandering but still on the whole advancing course as to points of ecclesiastical principle and opinion. The landmarks of his early Churchmanship were in effect abandoned fifty years ago when he went over to Sir Robert Peel's position as to the endowment of Maynooth College. Thirty years afterwards, but yet in logical sequence, followed the disestablishment by him of the Irish Church and the scheme of University legislation in Ireland which led to the fall of his Ministry in 1874. At an intermediate date also the part he took in the reform of the English Universities was tantamount to a renunciation of his earlier Church principles. To his more recent history as illustrating the continual drift of his opinions in the same direction we need scarcely refer. It is true that he opposed not only the Divorce Bill but the Public Worship Regulation Bill, and by so doing commended himself to High Churchmen as still upholding their views in regard to some points of ecclesiastical discipline and Church government. It

is true, also, that his own devotions have continued to be paid at High Church shrines of worship, and that most of his political appointments to office in the Church have showed his sympathy with High Anglicanism. But yet his gradual and increasing *rapprochement* to Dissenters in regard to the Disestablishment question and to questions of general progressive public policy, and his marked cultivation of their society, combined to suggest continually the question as to his personal adherence to the ground of High Anglicanism in theology and ecclesiastical theory on which he took and held fast his stand during the earlier stages of his history. Those who were well acquainted with his first principles and personal history as a Churchman and with the fact of his continued friendship with the most advanced leaders of the Oxford Movement, found it hard to believe, whatever might be his political relations and his private friendliness with Dissenters, that he had at bottom any sympathy with Dissent, or that he had really broadened his ecclesiastical platform of fellowship. The publication during recent years of such historico-biographical records as the lives of Bishop Wilberforce and Archbishop Tait, and the various volumes containing the history of the Oxford Movement and illustrating his relations with Pusey, Newman, and his particular friend, Mr. Hope Scott, has tended to confirm and deepen this view. Nor had Mr. Gladstone during the last dozen years published or publicly spoken anything which went to show that there had been any important change in his views. His personal intimacies meanwhile remained in full force, his friends breathed no whisper of any change in his ecclesiastical opinions, his family were still altogether High Church, his official appointments to the last were not such as to imply a shifting of his sympathies to a lower ecclesiastical platform.

The present publication, nevertheless, reveals the process of thought and of casuistry which, as it now appears, has during many years past been modifying very materially his views as to ecclesiastical principles. His exclusive predilections, his ideal intolerance of anything like "Schism" and Dissent, have been softened down and refined away till now he can without directly or ostensibly abandoning his original ground of High

Churchmanship, or recanting the principles of his earlier manhood, recognise a broad common ground of undenominational Christianity, a ground of Catholic unity, lifted above the level of Church formularies, or episcopal succession, or sacraments of Catholic descent and strict authority, on which he can meet his dissenting Christian countrymen—a ground much nearer heaven, as his description seems to imply, than the basis of High Church communion and organisation.

He uses in this connection the phrase "undenominational religion," which has led some to imagine that recent School Board controversies have been in his view while preparing his article for the *Nineteenth Century*. He, however, has given to this idea a distinct and absolute negative, intimating at the same time that the views which he now expresses he has held for more than a few years past.* The following are the passages as to undenominational religion to which we have referred:

"A few words, then, are necessary on the nature of undenominational religion.

* * * * *

"I do not know on earth a more blessed subject of contemplation than that which I should describe as follows. There are, it may be, upon earth four hundred and fifty millions of professing Christians. There is no longer one fold under one visible shepherd; and the majority of Christians (such I take it now to be, though the minority is a large one,) is content with its one shepherd in heaven, and with the other provisions He has made on earth. His flock is broken up into scores, it may be hundreds, of sections. These sections are not at peace but at war. Nowhere are they too loving to one another; for the most part love is hardly visible among them. Each makes it a point to understand his neighbours not in the best sense, but in the worst; and the thunder of anathema is in the air. But they all profess the Gospel. And what is the Gospel? In the old-fashioned mind and language of the Church, it is expressed as to its central truths in very few and brief words; it lies in those doctrines of the Trinity, and the Incarnation of Christ, which it cost the Christian flock in their four first centuries such tears, such prayers, such questionings, such struggles to establish. Since those early centuries men have multplied upon the earth. Disintegration within the Church, which was an accident or an exception, has become a rule: a final, solid, and inexorable fact, sustained by opinion, law, tendency, and the usage of many generations. But with all this segregation, and not

* See *Record* newspaper, August 10, 1894.

only division but conflict of minds and interests, the answer given by the four hundred and fifty millions, or by those who were best entitled to speak for them, to the question what is the Gospel, is still the same. With exceptions so slight, that we may justly set them out of the reckoning, the reply is still the same as it was in the Apostolic age, the central truth of the Gospel lies in the Trinity and the Incarnation, in the God that made us, and the Saviour that redeemed us. When I consider what human nature and human history have been, and how feeble is the spirit in its warfare with the flesh, I bow my head in amazement before this mighty moral miracle, this marvellous concurrence evolved from the very heart of discord.

"Such, as I apprehend, is the undenominational religion of heaven, of the blissful state. It represents perfected union with Christ, and conformity to the will of God, the overthrowing of the great rebellion, and the restoration of the perpetual Eden, now enriched with all the trophies of redemption, with all the testing and ripening experiences through which the Almighty Father has conducted so many sons to glory. It is the fair fabric now exhibited in its perfection which could afford to drop, and has dropped, all the scaffolding supplied by the Divine Architect in His wisdom for the rearing of the structure. The whole process, from first to last, is a normal process, and has been wrought out exclusively by the use of the means provided for it in the spiritual order. Whatever may have been the diversity of means, God the Holy Ghost has been the worker; and the world, which Christ lived and died to redeem, has been the scene. In some cases the auxiliary apparatus was elaborate and rich, in others it was elementary and simple, but in all it was employed, and made effectual for its aim, by the hand of the Almighty and Allwise Designer."

Again, on a later page, he takes up the same subject:

"Western religion has had this among its particularities, that it maintains a wonderful unconsciousness of the existence of an East. But there is an Eastern Christianity, and this too is divided among no small number of communions, of which by far the most numerous are aggregated round the ancient See of New Rome, or Constantinople. And here again we find a knot of Churches, which are termed heretical on account of difficulties growing out of the older controversies of the Church. It seems fair, however, to remark that these Churches have not exhibited the changeable and short-lived character which is supposed to be among the most marked notes of heresy. They have subsisted through some fifteen hundred years with a signal persistency, I believe, in doctrine, government, and usage. The Eastern Christians do not probably fall short of ninety or a hundred million persons all told; and although to the Western eye they present so many exterior resemblances to the Roman Church, they are in practice divided from it not less sharply than the Protestants, by differences partly of doctrine (where their position seems very strong), but still more of organisation and of spirit.

"That all these Churches and communions, Latin, Eastern, or Reformed, bear a conflicting witness concerning Christianity on a multitude of points, is a fact too plain to require exposition or discussion. Is there, however, anything also on which they generally agree? And what is the relation between that on which they agree, and those things on which they differ? At this point, it is manifest that we touch upon matters of great interest and importance; which, however, it will suffice to mention very briefly. The tenets upon which these dissonant and conflicting bodies are agreed, are the great central tenets of the Holy Trinity and of the Incarnation of our Lord. But these constitute the very kernel of the whole Gospel. Everything besides, that clusters round them, including the doctrines respecting the Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments, the Communion of Saints, and the great facts of eschatology, is only developments which have been embodied in the historic Christianity of the past, as auxiliary to the great central purpose of Redemption; that original promise which was vouchsafed to sinful man at the outset of his sad experience, and which was duly accomplished when the fulness of time had come.

"If, then, the Christian Church has sustained heavy loss through its divisions in the weight of its testimonials, and in its aggressive powers as against the world, I would still ask whether she may not, in the good providence of God, have received a suitable, perhaps a preponderating, compensation, in the accordant witness of all Christendom, to the truths that our religion is the religion of the God-Man, and that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh?"

We recognise in these passages the quality rather of the preacher than of the literary artist. If, however, the literary critic might justly mark some blemishes of style, and although a certain haziness of thought and expression infects some portions of what we have quoted, it may not be denied that on the whole the preaching is good and impressive, though not of the sort that would have been expected from a High Churchman—it reaches truly a higher level, it breathes a loftier and more genuinely Catholic spirit than High Anglicanism has hitherto been able to attain. We expect that, as we have already intimated, it will mark an epoch in the history of Christianity in England. It will probably serve as the keynote to a harmony which all Christian sects in the land will swell. It will help to suppress the discordant strains which in too many parish churches High Church Christianity has lifted up. It is the sort of utterance which has been heard before in assemblies of the Evangelical Alliance, on Bible Society platforms, and at Nonconformist missionary meetings—assemblies and platforms

to which Mr. Gladstone has been a stranger. Happy indeed will it be if, as one result of the new spirit and tone of which Mr. Gladstone's paper is setting the keynote, all the various sects of Christian England, led by the ancient Church of the land, should hereafter join in similar utterances of thanksgiving and pæans of victory.

But the manner in which the venerable writer has been led to this grand result in the last period of his protracted life is very curious and interesting; is also very characteristic. To a Nonconformist it will be evident that Mr. Gladstone was wrong in his first principles as a Churchman; and it would seem necessary, that having now been led by the hard logic of facts, to change his views and to pass on to a new and higher platform, he should frankly state that he has been compelled to abandon his first basis of High Church postulates and (so-called) principles. This, however, is not what Mr. Gladstone does.

His old exclusive Church theory was a divine theory, he still believes, and was fitted to maintain the sacred unity of the Apostolic Church. All who, in the first ages of the Church, violated that unity by dissenting and departing from those principles were guilty of heresy or schism, one or both. But the successors or descendants of schismatics were not guilty as the first schismatic leaders, their far-away predecessors, were. Nor could the authority of the one holy and Apostolic Church appear to questioning minds so sacred, so manifestly divine, in after generations as in Apostolic or sub-Apostolic times. The like guilt, therefore, cannot be imputed.* Circumstances, indeed, have in many ways changed. The primitive Church stands in relation to modern sects more or less as the primitive people of Israel to the schismatic tribes who, though schismatic, were not abandoned of God, and had their great and holy prophets, or to the Samaritans, who, notwithstanding their errors and the illegitimacy of their claims, adhered to the Mosaic law, and bore an important witness for God and for Christ. Moreover, as change of circumstances led to the modification of certain of the Mosaic laws, those for instance

* It has been pointed out by a correspondent of the *Guardian*, that Mr. Gladstone's argument on this point is, with striking verbal coincidences, identical with what Cardinal Manning wrote as to the same point, in his well-known tractate on "The Unity of the Church."

as to the making of images and as to usury—such is Mr. Gladstone's statement—so change of circumstances growing up in the lapse of ages has modified the obligatory force of original Church commands or prohibitions, which can no longer be regarded or enforced as they were when Apostles wielded an authority derived directly from Christ and sanctioned by supernatural penalties.

"I ask no more," says Mr. Gladstone in summing up this argument, "than that we should apply to the questions of heresy and schism, now that they have been permitted, all over Christendom, to harden into facts seemingly permanent, and to bear not thorns and thistles only, but also grapes and figs, the principles which Holy Scripture has set forth in the history of the two Hebrew kingdoms, and which a just and temperate use of the method of analogy may extract from the record."

All this is very confused and full of fallacies, however ingenious, or possibly even plausible, it may seem to some. The accomplished veteran writer among Congregationalist ministers, Dr. Edward White, has in the *Times* exposed Mr. Gladstone's errors as to the meaning of the Second Commandment, which he supposes to have been directed against any and every form of sculpture, and also as to the law of usury. He has also pointed to Mr. Gladstone's Anglican view as to the organic unity and visibility of the Universal Church as the πρῶτον ψεῦδος, the radical fallacy, which underlies all his confusions. Without endorsing Dr. White's views as to the independency, on principle, of the primitive Churches, we agree in general with his view as given in his letter. We have often exposed in this journal the radical fallacy just noted, that mother of ecclesiastical assumptions and errors, lending itself on one side to Papal or Romanising claims, and on the other, at least in part, to the Erastianism against which Mr. Gladstone takes up his parable. Let us here, however, note the extraordinary confusion, the singular shallowness, of Mr. Gladstone's views as to heresy and schism, words which give the title to his article, but which he has made no attempt to distinguish from each other, or in any way to define or explain. The childish and confused way of using these words, which has been customary on the part of curates and district visitors, all Nonconformist ministers are well acquainted with; but it would hardly have been expected that in his use and applica-

tion of these words Mr. Gladstone would not have risen above their level of intelligence. Yet so it is; Mr. Gladstone does not recognise the fact that the terms *heresy* and *schism*, as used by Anglican writers, stand in no relation whatever to the words as employed by the Apostolic writers. The condition of things to which they stand in relation in their mediæval application to church discipline and in their use by church curates to-day, is in nearly all respects in violent contrast with the condition of the Apostolic Churches. In the Church of Corinth, for example, creeds, canons, or even rules of church discipline, as distinguished from the mere judgment of the Apostles or the mere vote of the majority in a church meeting, were things unknown and never thought of. Only once in the New Testament is the word *heresies* used in a sense which can at all resemble its mediæval or modern meaning—viz., in the Second Epistle of Peter, where the writer speaks of "damnable heresies." *Heresy*, in fact, throughout the New Testament, unless the last passage is an exception, which is doubtful, refers not to authoritatively defined points of doctrine or discipline, but to faults of temper, moral or intellectual, of feeling, of spirit, tending to produce divisions in the Church; while *schism* signifies an actual rent or division in a Church. To heresy, in any such sense as that of the Anglican canon-law, to "schism," as related to the formulated Church-order and discipline of a national or definitely established Church unity, there is no reference in the great apostolic epistles which deal with the foundation of Christian doctrine and with questions of Church order and discipline.*

Scientifically this paper of Mr. Gladstone's may be said to be worthless. Its formal argumentation is full of fallacies.

* Wesley's words—the words, be it remembered, of a learned and orthodox High Church clergyman of the last century—words which can no more be refuted to-day than when they were written nearly a century and a half ago, are as follows: "Heresy is not in all the Bible taken for an 'error in the fundamentals,' or in anything else; nor schism for any separation made from the outward communion of others. Therefore both heresy and schism, in the modern sense of the word, are sins that the Scripture knows nothing of."—"As to heresy and schism, I cannot find one text in the Bible where they are taken in their modern sense. I remember no one scripture wherein heresy signifies 'error in opinion,' whether fundamental or not; nor any wherein schism signifies a 'separation from the Church,' whether with cause or without."—These extracts are taken from Wesley's "Letters to the Rev. Mr. Clark," in vol. xiii. of his *Works*. To the same effect, a little more in detail, he argues in his "Sermon on Schism" (vol. vi.), and in his *Notes on the New Testament* (Jude xix.).

The first conditions of logical reasoning are quite neglected. Something of all this may be due to the infirmity under which he has been suffering, though in this age, when so many authors do their writing by proxy, when the habit of dictation more and more prevails among literary men, we should not have expected defect of vision to impair distinctness of logical thought and method in composition, or to have made the need of a strict definition of principal terms a matter of less distinct intellectual recognition. But whatever may be the deficiencies of the argument as formally drawn out, the substance and body of its main contention, the central position which the writer sets himself to make good, will, we are persuaded, be recognised increasingly as sound and solid. It is not for nothing that Mr. Gladstone has made himself familiar with the character and the attainments, the intellectual force, the moral power which are found among the leaders of the various Nonconformist bodies. He alludes somewhat touchingly to his own experience of their quality and their moral influence. It is curious that in so doing he should refer to the Nonconformists as having exercised the chief influence in bringing the English nation to their present anti-slavery position and attitude. Mr. Gladstone, as he seems to intimate, was himself personally identified with the slave-owning interests of the country; indeed, one of his earliest speeches in Parliament was an apology offered on behalf of those interests in a particular case. It is the more courageous and magnanimous in him to have made such a reference. Other references distinctly political, and of a strong party colour, to the influence of Nonconformists in public affairs, must have been in his mind; but he has the grace and the wisdom to suppress all allusions to such matters. How much more Mr. Gladstone may yet be able to write or to teach in his wonderfully protracted and wonderfully vigorous old age it is impossible to foresee. But if this should prove to be his last considerable effort as a teacher of his nation and his Church, it will, whatever may be its defects of form or of detailed statement, be one to reflect lasting honour on his memory.*

* Since the above was in type Mr. Gladstone has rendered another service to the cause of Christianity by his able paper on the Atonement in the *Nineteenth Century*.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Message of Israel in the Light of Modern Criticism. By JULIA WEDGWOOD. London: Isbister & Co. 1894.

IF the theories of the Old Testament advocated by the modern analytical school be accepted, what kind of a Bible would be left to us? What kind of message would the Old Testament be understood to deliver, and how would its significance for all time be affected? These are the questions which Miss Wedgwood essays to answer in the volume before us. For this work she has some important qualifications. To the technical scholarship necessary for the work of criticism she makes no pretension; but her acquirements are by no means inconsiderable, and in her *Moral Ideal* and other works she has proved herself, not only an able writer, but a thinker possessed of moral and spiritual insight.

Accordingly, we find in this interesting volume much to attract and some things to admire. Students of the Old Testament of every school of opinion may read it with profit, and they can hardly ponder its pages without gleaning some handfuls of suggestion and fresh stimulus in attempting to interpret to modern ears the ancient and familiar Hebrew records. There are, however, two fundamental objections to the book which many will feel to be insuperable, and which appear to us so serious as to interfere with its profitable perusal. The first is that the results of criticism, which form the basis of Miss Wedgwood's volume, are not yet sufficiently assured to allow of her method of treatment. No superstructure built upon uneven and trembling foundations can be contemplated with much satisfaction. The second is that Miss Wedgwood's own religious creed—if we may judge from her works—is so broad, or simple, or loosely constructed, that she finds it easy to admit views of the Bible, of God, and of Divine Revelation generally, which to many minds will appear quite incompatible with fundamental articles of the Christian creed, and likely to lead those who accept them to a theism of a reverent but decidedly vague character.

In these two objections to Miss Wedgwood's treatment of Old Testament history we largely concur. We are quite prepared to admit that Biblical criticism is desirable, useful, nay, indispensable to the Christian Church. We are not prepared to admit that the views of Wellhausen, even as modified by Canon Driver and adopted by Miss Wedgwood, are so far demonstrated that it is time even tentatively to reconstruct the history of Israel on that basis. It is quite possible to reject the idea of a "magically constructed" Bible, as Miss Wedgwood calls it, without giving up, as she appears from time to time to do, the reality of a supernatural revelation from God given to men in the sacred pages of Scripture. We cannot grant Miss Wedgwood's premisses, we dissent from some of her modes of reasoning, and naturally are compelled altogether to reject a large part of her conclusions.

Still, the book itself cannot fairly be judged from this standpoint. It deals with "the message of Israel in the light of modern criticism," and those who do not accept that criticism as entirely valid are not directly addressed. Miss Wedgwood does not defend the conclusions of Canon Driver, she assumes them. The only fair way, therefore, to judge of her work is provisionally to grant these postulates, and see whither they lead us. The claim made by the authoress is that the Old Testament becomes more interesting, more intelligible, more morally significant, if the views of the newer criticism as to its composition are accepted. "The test by which Biblical criticism must stand or fall is its power to render the moral purport of the Old Testament intelligible." It may well be granted that, if this end be gained, a powerful argument is furnished in support of the views in question. Our own opinion is that this argument may fairly be urged in favour of the conclusions of the moderate school of Biblical critics. But Wellhausen—and, to a less extent, Miss Wedgwood—makes the Old Testament to bristle with moral problems. Valuable truth embodied in incredible legends, spiritual lessons taught in writings that were little but pious frauds, perpetrated in the interest of a class, or intended to produce an impression not in accordance with facts, "idealising" carried to such an extent as to make it virtually impossible now to distinguish between fact and fable—these things do not make the Old Testament morally intelligible; they constitute it a moral puzzle, and make it spiritually bewildering.

The subject is a large one, and we cannot discuss it in detail. Take one illustration. In order to maintain the theory prevalent among scholars of the composition of the Pentateuch, it is necessary to lay down the postulate that "the Hebrew projected his ideal goal on his shadowy past, and thought he remembered when he was in fact anticipating. He imagined a past which was actually a future" (p. 57). Out of certain well-known facts concerning the Hebrew tenses, Miss Wedgwood conjures up the extraordinary hypothesis that a Jew using the "perfect" or "imperfect" tense did not know whether he meant past or future! "The seer stammers when he seeks to define between

is and *shall be;* he often blunders when he seeks to define between *shall be* and *was*. His history is a part of his prophecy. He is not conscious of fiction in explaining his vivid consciousness of a national tendency as an event in the past for which no evidence can be produced except the very vividness of this consciousness and its resemblance to a memory" (p. 58).

Does the reader find this to be morally illuminating, or morally and intellectually bewildering? We say nothing of the extraordinary attempt to educe this mental confusion out of a misunderstanding of the theory of Hebrew tenses; but in what sense is a devout reader of the present day to learn from a Jewish writer who either did not know how to distinguish, or did not care to stop to distinguish, between history and prophecy, between past and future, between *has been* and *shall be?* The sketch of the Tabernacle in Exodus is a description written after the Exile by a Jew who wrote an imaginary history of what happened in the wilderness, because he hoped that some day a certain ideal of worship would be realised by his countrymen? For ourselves, such an explanation does not make Exodus "morally intelligible," but confusion worse confounded. It would be easy to multiply similar illustrations, such as the supposititious history here sketched of the discovery of Deuteronomy, but we forbear.

We are conscious that we have not done justice to the strong points of Miss Wedgwood's book. But we have acknowledged their existence, and find it needful rather to emphasise those points of disagreement which make a large part of her constructive arguments to us fundamentally untenable. In a detailed review it would be necessary to make our position good by further illustration and argument; in this brief notice, we can only say we have read the *Message of Israel* with interest, with occasional profit, with frequent dissent, and with entire lack of conviction as regards a large number of its main positions.

Christian Doctrine and Morals viewed in their Connection: Being the Twenty-Fourth Fernley Lecture. By GEORGE G. FINDLAY, B.A. London: C. H. Kelly. 1894.

At a former Birmingham Conference Dr. Dale, in a memorable sermon on the Evangelical Revival of the last century, lamented that that great spiritual awakening has not been followed up by a corresponding ethical development. The new Fernley Lecture, delivered in Dr. Dale's chapel at another Birmingham Conference fifteen years later, is in a certain degree a reply to Dr. Dale's challenge. We say "in a certain degree," because the lecturer does not attempt to cover the whole ground, but only to give specimens of the mode of treatment desired. To this extent the lecture is a direct response, because its precise topic is the influence of Christian doctrine on conduct, a point which has been persistently neglected in

the treatment of Christian ethics. The modern literature of Christian ethics is abundant—Dorner, Harlen, Martensen, Newman Smyth; but, while in these and other writers the Christian factor is by no means ignored, the connection between the doctrinal and ethical sides of Christianity is not adequately discussed, the distinction between philosophical and Christian ethics is not made prominent, the tone and colour given to character by Christian faith is far from being clearly expounded. It is the merit of the present Lecture to have done this within certain limits. What the lecturer does is to select seven of the leading doctrines—the divine Fatherhood, the incarnation, the Holy Spirit, the atonement, the resurrection, the future judgment, the life eternal—and show what ethical teachings follow from them. It is inevitable on this plan that a good deal of theological exposition should be given; it is only in this way that the connection can be shown. But the theological exposition is limited to what is necessary; the ethical discussion forms the prominent feature of the work. We need only say that the two sides of the exposition are equally fine. Keen analysis, moral fervour, delicate discrimination, graceful exposition, are combined in a striking way. The lecture is one that will be equally appreciated by the professed student and the practical Christian. If teachers of all kinds will make it the basis of instruction in their classes, the gain to Christian intelligence and robustness of Christian character will be immense.

Let us note the ethical corollaries that follow from the great doctrines selected for treatment. The filial character, corresponding to the divine Fatherhood, is analysed into reverence, loyalty, contentment and courage. The chapter, expounding these virtues in their Christian form, is perhaps the finest in the volume. The "ethical implications" of the central doctrine of incarnation, following from the new revelation of the dignity of human nature, are self-respect and human brotherhood. The teaching here follows the lines of Bishop Westcott, or at least takes similar lines. The "gifts of the Spirit," answering to the doctrine of the Spirit's indwelling, are power, joy, freedom, love of truth. This chapter abounds in fine, suggestive thought. The gift of power, translating ideal into fact, is rightly called "the real miracle of Christianity." The old philosophies, with all their brilliance, were weak; "there was no driving force." "The work of Aristotle and the Stoics has never been surpassed in skill of moral analysis and theoretical construction; but it was the pathology of morbid and moribund conditions." "The New Testament is the happiest book in the world. The joy of the Holy Ghost was the most luminous feature of the Christian life in the early days of the Church. Peace dwelt in the heart of the first believers, gladness beamed from their countenances, exultation broke from their lips, joy danced in their very blood." The doctrine of atonement illustrates the blackness of sin and the glory of righteousness; it evokes faith and hallows suffering. The moral issues of the other doctrines are worked out in a similar way. This bald enumeration fails to do justice to the skill

with which the several Christian virtues are applied to modern needs and perils. The pages on sacerdotalism and militarism (pp. 74–82) contain some pregnant writing. "The nineteenth century ought not to close without sending on to the twentieth for its programme, the abolition of war, the confederation of the Christian peoples, the organisation of the forces of science for the uplifting of the human race, and the establishment of a world-wide brotherhood of souls in the fellowship of God's Son Jesus Christ."

In more than one place the lecturer points with well-founded apprehension to the attack made by sceptics and socialists on Christian morals as well as Christian faith. Formerly this aim was discreetly kept in the background; it is now unblushingly avowed. "Domestic purity is threatened. The basis of our family relations, in which lies the core and vital tissue of social and national existence, is openly and resolutely assailed." Renan says ominously, "Nature knows nothing of chastity;" and Pearson, Bax, Grant Allen take up the cry. "Nothing less is designed than the overthrow of legal marriage—which means in effect the destruction of the family, and the return of civilised mankind to a condition worse than savagery," to bestiality. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. "By the love of God, by the purity of Jesus, by the hope of Heaven, by the dignity of manhood and the honour of womanhood, by reverence for parentage and childhood, Christ's militant hosts are bound to contend with and subdue in human society the fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

Scottish Church Society Conference. First Series. London: Edward Stanford. 1894.

Some of our readers will have marked with interest the establishment, in 1892, of the Scottish Church Society, representing the Established Church of Scotland. The preface to this volume tells us that that Society "was founded for the general purpose of defending and advancing Catholic Doctrine as set forth in the ancient creeds, and embodied in the standards of the Church of Scotland; and of asserting Scriptural principles in all matters relating to Church order and policy, Christian work, and spiritual life throughout Scotland." The first Conference of this Society was held in Glasgow between the 25th and 29th of November, 1893, and the present volume contains the papers read at that Conference. The motto on the title-page is, "Ask for the old paths and walk therein." By the "old paths," as our quotation from the preface will have indicated, are meant not merely nor mainly the old ways of Scotch Presbyterianism at the time of John Knox's Reformation, but rather the old paths of primitive Christianity. To the papers contained in this volume is prefixed a letter from the lamented Dr. Milligan, President of the Society, who was unable to be present through illness, and, as our readers know, has since passed away from his labours. The general tone and tendency of the move-

ment will be gathered from the extracts which we are about to quote from some of the papers read.

Dr. Cooper, of Aberdeen, and the Rev. George Campbell, minister of Eastwood parish, read papers "On the Present Call to Witness for the Fundamental Truths of the Gospel." Of these, the former takes his stand strongly in opposition to Dr. Hatch, who, in his Hibbert Lectures, draws a contrast between "the Church of the fourth century, with its Nicene Creed, and the Church as it came from Christ with the Sermon on the Mount." "This contrast," says Dr. Cooper, "is unjust alike to the Creeds and to the Gospels." Mr. Campbell insists on the duty of "bearing an undivided and undeviating testimony to the great verities of the faith." "They are doctrines," he says, "which do not grow old with the years, nor does the world, with all its enlightenment, stand less in need of them than ever before. They are spiritual facts, not matters of opinion, nor passing phases or phenomena in the development of our common humanity, but the abiding and deep-laid principles of an order and of a faith which are both alike; for the 'church' is the 'pillar and ground of the truth,' in very deed built upon the foundation of the apostles and the prophets, and Jesus Christ Himself the chief corner-stone."

Dr. Thompson, minister of Hamilton parish, and the Rev. W. H. McLeod, B.D., minister of Buchanan parish, write as to the observance, in its main features, of the Christian Year, insisting, of course, that in this respect the Scottish Church should be brought nearer in its observances to the Church of England, and that, at least, Christmastide, Easter and Whitsuntide, should be religiously celebrated by the Churches.

One of the most significant subjects was that of "The Celebration of the Holy Communion and the Daily Service." Dr. John McLeod, of Glasgow, dwells at large on "The Place of the Holy Eucharist as the Appointed Service of Christian Worship and Supreme Means of Spiritual Nourishment." He would "restore the service of the Holy Communion to its place as the Divine service of *every* Lord's Day, and as the service also at which all members of the church community should seek to assist." He says: "Many who would remain indifferent so long as the attendance on a ritual form is impressed upon them as a mere necessity of precept, may be brought to look at the matter in another light if they once see the evangelistic and spiritual glory of the fuller and brotherly life as exhibited and replenished in its highest form in the rightly rendered worship of the Father in the Eucharist. Communicants who are lax in communicating may be found to be more easily moved when they are taught that every time the church bell rings on the Lord's Day morning, the Lord's announcement is that He is about to appear sacramentally in the presence of the Father and to present His intercession; and that He asks them to come up out of their own house into the house of God and to unite with Him, and, as it were, sustain in Him and with Him one mystical and ineffably

glorious celebration." He further says that the "Holy Eucharist will be effective, in its intercessional aspect, even for the help of those who reject our testimony, just because it is a form, though exhibited on the earth, *of the prevailing mediation of the Lord in heaven*, which is the ground of all our hope, and of which the final fruit, whatever hindrances for a season may interpose, will be found in the revelation of the kingdom and in the advent of that day of days when the promise will be fulfilled, 'I will drink the wine new with you in My Father's kingdom.'"

Dr. Sprott, of North Berwick, in a paper on "The Historical Continuity of the Church of Scotland," insists that his Church "inherits a lineal succession from Christ and His apostles as well as a doctrinal succession." He holds, with Bishop Lightfoot, that "the Episcopacy was developed out of the Presbytery; that the President is merely first among equals, and Episcopacy nothing more than a phase of Presbytery." He refers to the case of John Morrison, the minister of Barro, in East Lothian, in 1574, who was received into the Church of England by Archbishop Grindall, who, in licensing him, places on record the fact that "he was dedicated and ordained to the sacred orders of the holy ministry by the imposition of hands, according to the laudable form and order of the Reformed Church of Scotland," and that he ratifies and approves the form of his ordination.

Mr. Cromarty Smith, B.D., writing on "Evangelistic Work and its Proper Basis," says that "the proper basis of evangelisation must be from sacrament to sacrament in the truths of which baptism and the Lord's Supper are the Sacraments."

From the quotations which we have given the general strain of these papers will easily be inferred. They are throughout, we need hardly say, devout and often insist upon truths which all fully organised churches need to recognise; but throughout also there is evident the strain of a reaction from Presbyterian formalism and Presbyterian baldness, which leads, as will have been observed, to exaggerations in the opposite direction and on the new line thus indicated. As might be expected, the Church's call to study "Social Questions" could not be neglected at the present time when social questions are everywhere in the air. On this subject the most eminent amongst the contributors of papers takes his stand, the Rev. Professor Flint, D.D., LL.D., of the University of Edinburgh. A movement which was organised with the consent and concurrence of two such men as Dr. Milligan and Dr. Flint is one which students of contemporary Christian progress cannot let pass without notice. As yet the taint of sacramental efficacy *ex operato* does not appear, we think, even in the most advanced of the papers. It would be strange indeed if it clung to the skirts of the followers of Calvin and of Knox. Scotch Presbyterianism, indeed, never became in full ripeness of organisation all that John Knox would have made it; but, if tainted with sacramental superstition, ripeness would not be the word to apply to the development.

The Miracles of Our Lord. Expository and Homiletic. By JOHN LAIDLAW, D.D. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Archbishop Trench has had many successors as a writer on the Parables of our Lord, but his *Notes on the Miracles* remained for a long time almost the only available book of its kind. Professor Laidlaw, therefore, felt that there was a distinct opening for another volume dealing with this rich subject. He groups the miracles as The Nature Miracles, The Healing Miracles, The Three Raisings from the Dead, and then the Post-Resurrection Miracle. Those who have Trench's work will do well to place this volume at its side. Professor Laidlaw's intellect is far too robust to permit him to waste time over mere fanciful interpretations. There is a manly tone about his book which makes it very helpful to expositors of the miracles. In dealing with "The Water made Wine," he says: "It is an insult to the common sense of any plain reader of Scripture to ask him to believe that the wines of the Bible were not intoxicating when used in excess." He also brushes aside Olshausen's notion that "the essence of the miracle consists in divinely effecting the acceleration of the natural process." Augustine made the same remark long ago, but, though the analogy is tempting, we gain nothing by it. "It explains nothing, and the comparison is, after all, inept. There is no real parallel. We can trace these processes in Nature; but here we trace no process. Should we attempt it, we should speedily wander from the analogy. We should have to imagine not only accelerated processes of Nature, but also those artificial changes, anticipated and condensed, by which the fruit of the vine becomes a beverage—the ripening of the wine as well as the grape. There are no natural laws by which water in a well or in a jar will change into wine. Nature never would do this, however long time you gave her." The book has already made its reputation, and we hope that so judicious a guide will be widely used by all students and teachers.

In the Apostolic Age: The Churches and the Doctrine. By ROBERT A. WATSON, M.A., D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1894.

This is one of the half-crown books for Bible students which are published at the Wesleyan Book Room under the general editorial care of the Rev. Arthur E. Gregory, and in this excellent series this volume must deservedly hold a high place. Dr. Watson has not only the requisite learning as regards the facts with which he has to deal and the historical conditions, but he possesses a power of realistic imagination which is greatly needed in dealing with the earliest history of the Christian Churches, and is not always, perhaps not often, found in writers upon the subject. He puts himself and his readers, by his

power of sympathetic realisation, into the position of the disciples and first believers when church organisation was, as yet, in its infancy, and when the Churches had to maintain their faith in Christ, and their relations with each other, to uphold and teach Apostolic doctrine and Christian godliness, and to build up a church fellowship, without, as yet, any written Christian revelation, any church creeds or canons, or any common organised and permanent authority for the settlement of controversies and the establishment of discipline. In reading the volume we are enabled to enter into the actual conditions which surrounded the actors. Light is thus thrown on many obscure points, and not a few difficulties are found to melt away. In dealing with St. Paul's journeys and labours good use is made of Professor Ramsay's work on the *Church and the Roman Empire*. At the same time the author has, we think, given place sometimes to modern dates where the reasons in favour of the earlier dates assigned by older authorities are decisive. To us it appears altogether improbable, for example, that St. Luke should have written the Acts of the Apostles, which break off abruptly, and, as we might say, unfinished, in the middle of St. Paul's first imprisonment at Rome, nearly twenty years later than that period, as would be the case if the date of St. Luke's Gospel, which, as we know, preceded that of the Acts, is to be postponed to a period not much later than A.D. 80. Not less improbable, do we think, is the date he assigns to the Gospel by St. Matthew, which, as a Gospel intended for the multitude of converted Hebrews in Palestine, must have been needed, and have been composed, in our judgment, many years before the date to which Dr. Watson inclines, and earlier than any of the other Gospels. There are other points in the volume on which our judgment differs from that of Dr. Watson; but they are, on the whole, very few. The chapters on the "Beginnings of Doctrine, and of the Church," and on the "Progress of Doctrine," are among the most suggestive in this suggestive volume.

The Discipline of the Soul: Its Aims and Methods. By R. WADDY MOSS. London: C. H. Kelly. 1894. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is one of the "Life Indeed" series, edited by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, and published at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. The volumes are elegantly got up, very clearly and neatly printed, and contain as much matter as far larger seeming books, though the price is small. But the main question is as to the contents. The present volume will strengthen the hold on the Christian public already taken by such volumes in the series as Mr. Selby's Sermons on the Holy Spirit and Mr. Lockyer's *Inspirations of the Christian Life*. The volume is one for the study or the closet. Its sermons are spiritual discourses or meditations of a very high character. They represent Christian doctrine and experience as these are derived from the fountain-head of Scripture, but also as they are apprehended by a true teacher who is profoundly conversant with the life and the intel-

lectual needs of the present age. Without any display, the writer keeps in relation throughout with modern thought and the questionings which exercise earnest souls to-day. It is evident that he is a thorough critical student of Scripture, but of exegetical learning there is no parade, the least possible, indeed, is made or shown of the student's technical knowledge. Glints are caught, hints are disclosed, of philosophical illumination and insight, but, though the initiated student notes these things, they scarcely reveal themselves to others except as suggestions of deeper and fresher thought than is met with in commonplace books, though sound and good. Apt but sparing quotations from high-class poetry occur naturally. All is done in the quietest way, and with the fewest words. But, as one short discourse after another is read, the charm deepens, and the power of the successive meditations grows continually on the mind and heart. The profoundest truths of living experience, of practical saintliness, of lowly godliness are set forth in a style at once simple, scholarly and unconventional. One of the finest and freshest sermons is entitled "The Satisfaction of the Saviour," and is founded on the text, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." Without a trace of rhetoric the author soars high and dives very deep. In this busy age meditative piety is more needed than ever, but cannot be sustained, as formerly, by folios. Truths must be given in succinct, suggestive lessons. This is what Mr. Moss does; and every sermon is truly expository of its text.

The Books of Chronicles. By W. H. Bennett, M.A. Sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Professor of Old Testament Languages and Literature, Hackney and New Colleges. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

This book goes very far along the road of "advanced" criticism. "The narrative of Chronicles," we are told, "like much Church history in all ages, is largely controlled by the controversial interests of the school from which it emanated. In the hands of the chronicler the story of the Kings of Judah is told in such a way that it becomes a polemic against the Book of Job. The tragic and disgraceful death of good kings presented a crucial difficulty to the chronicler's theology. Hence the chronicler's anxiety to record any lapses of good kings in their latter days." This is said in regard to the illness of which Asa died. We may note, as not quite without significance, that in some remarks which follow, intended as a contribution towards the criticism and correction of this doctrine—remarks which read like the close of a college lecture—the author cites three authorities, authorities which, we may presume, would be regarded as appropriate to be cited to the Professor's students, Ruskin in *Time and Tide*, George Eliot in *Romola*, and Herbert Spencer in his *First Principles—these and these only*. The manner in which the history of Manasseh in the Chronicles is treated is characteristic of the general

tone of the book. If it be compared with the article on the subject by the late William Aldis Wright in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, a fair judgment may be formed as to the extent to which the author pushes his principles of criticism. The distinction of tone and treatment between the historical records of the books of Kings and those of Chronicles cannot but be recognised. But in many points the authorities of the chronicler not only afford more details than the Kings but undoubtedly use original, authentic, and sometimes very ancient documents. Doubtless also there is a special bias, a moral purpose, in the Levitical chronicler's history. This, however, is by no means inconsistent with good faith and historical honesty. Nor can we fairly leave out of sight the fact that such a man as Ezra must be personally identified, more or less closely, with the historical summary of which the book of Ezra is evidently the closing part. Of the competent learning of this volume there is no doubt, any more than of the personal Christian faith and spirit of the writer. Much of it, however, is discursively homiletic, and a good deal has scarcely any connection, exegetical, historical, or logical, with the text of the books of Chronicles.

The Apostles' Creed. Its Relation to Primitive Christianity. By H. B. SWETE, D.D. Regius Professor of Divinity. Cambridge: University Press. 1894.

This remarkably cheap and beautifully printed little volume is learned, modest, clear and seasonable. It is as valuable as it is unpretending. To young students of theology it will be especially welcome.

The Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible. Showing every Word of the Text of the common English Version, together with a comparative Concordance of the Authorised and Revised Versions, also Brief Dictionaries of the Hebrew and Greek Words of the Original with References to the English Words. By JAMES STRONG, LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 21*s*.

Probably no more useful and no cheaper publication was ever offered to the Biblical student than this massive volume. The main Concordance is unequalled and incomparable in its detailed completeness and exactness; it leaves Cruden quite behind. The comparative concordance of the Authorised and Revised versions supplies a want that every exact student must often have felt. The brief dictionaries are very helpful for the English student who desires to get what light he may as to the sacred originals. Dr. Strong's name, early coupled with that of the late Dr. McClintoch as co-editor of a

valuable cyclopædia, and always highly esteemed both within and beyond his own church, the American Methodist Episcopal Church, not only for his professional attainments, but for his high Christian character, has, since this monument of his consecrated learning was published, been called to follow his friend McClintock. But this last legacy will indeed be a monumental work.

The Expositor. Vol. IX. Fourth Series. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

This is an interesting and valuable volume. The articles are fresh and their quality shows no falling off. Sir J. Dawson contributes a series of articles on Genesis; Dr. Bruce and Dr. Dods continue their expositions; the controversy between Professor Ramsay and his critics does not yet reach its end; Dr. Beet writes on the "New Testament Teaching on the Second Coming of Christ;" Mr. Lock furnishes interesting papers entitled "Agrapha, on "Sayings of our Lord not recorded in the Gospel;" Mr. Wright contributes a suggestive, though inconclusive, paper on the "Proper Names in St. Mark's Gospel." These do not sum up the whole contents of the volume, but they indicate the variety and the high quality of the contributions.

The Acts of the Apostles. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894. 3*s.* 6*d.*

We have had occasion several times to express our high estimate of the value of Dr. Maclaren's Bible Class Expositions, and this volume well maintains the reputation of the series. It is full of good and striking things. The treatment is always suggestive and practical. Teachers and preachers will find the book eminently helpful.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Literary Associations of the English Lakes. By REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY. Volume I.: Cumberland, Keswick, and Southey's Country. Volume II.: Westmoreland, Windermere, and the Haunts of Wordsworth. Glasgow: John MacLehose & Sons. 1894. 10*s.* net.

During his fifteen years as Vicar of Crosthwaite, Canon Rawnsley has become steeped in the traditions and literary associations of the Lake

District. He feels that for lack of some such work as this the memories of the men and women who have added such charm to the region are fading "from off the circle of the hills." His book has, therefore, "been written to preserve in their several localities, for visitors and residents alike, the names, the individualities, the presence of the minds and hearts, that have here gathered inspiration and shed lustre upon their homes." The volumes are crowded with bright sketches of men and women whose history is an integral part of English literature. Their portraits are here drawn in a few vivid words. We see Wordsworth, gaunt and awkwardly built, with aspect so solemn when wrapped in thought, that the country people said his was a face without a bit of pleasure in it. Brown-eyed De Quincey starts and trembles, and talks to himself and hurries on; Robert Southey, with his nebbed cap and wooden clogs, passes by book in hand; and Hartley Coleridge, "untimely old, irreverently grey," shuffles on shouldering his stick as though it were a gun. The contrast between Southey and Wordsworth is forcibly and brightly sketched. "Southey was practical, punctilious, careful, almost to a finicking point, of his books; but Wordsworth in a library, 'it's like letting a bear into a tulip-bed,' said Southey. Southey was neat and dapper in dress; Wordsworth untidy and buttonless. One who, as a little child, with trembling fingers sewed tapes on Wordsworth's flannel vest, gave me once a most amusing account of the difference between the two men as they sat at breakfast. Here was Wordsworth the untidy, munching away and murmuring his lines between the mouthfuls, waited on hand and foot by his wife and Dorothy, one getting him his sugar for his tea, the other toasting his bread or scribbling down—her own 'poddish' as yet untasted—some verse which he had mouthed out for the benefit of futurity. And there was Southey, the dapper, superintending the making of the tea, coaxing his wife to take this or that dainty morsel, stirring her tea for her, sweetening it to her taste, buttering her toast, or joking with the children, and thinking of all and every one but himself and his own as yet untasted breakfast." Canon Rawnsley indulges in rather fine writing here and there, as when we read of "the first angel stroke of paralysis," but there is a glow of enthusiasm about the book which a reader soon catches, and the interest is maintained without flagging. Due attention is given to the Lake-land poets, but there are a host of other literary associations, scarcely a whit less interesting. We watch the boy Ruskin taken to Crosthwaite Church in 1831 to catch a glimpse of Southey. The seats were so dirty and greasy that the girls could scarcely sit down for fear of their gowns. Those were the days when, as Southey says, pewholders painted their pews to their own liking. They might be "a decent white, or divine blue, or any other colour, from time to time, that taste might dictate." Vicar Lynn and his daughter—Mrs. Lynn-Linton—who had such a stormy childhood at Crosthwaite Vicarage, Frederick Myers, the Maurice of the North, Dalton, the great chemist, Jonathan Otley, geologist and watchmaker, the friend

of Sedgwick, Fearon Fallows, the Bridekirk lad who became Third Wrangler at Cambridge and first head of the Cape Town Observatory —these and a host of other local celebrities find in Canon Rawnsley a sympathetic chronicler. Shelley, Gray, Tennyson, Charlotte Brontë, and other notable figures of English literature pass and repass in these pages. There are many amusing incidents. Canon Rawnsley once heard an American ask the sexton, as he looked on Lough's monument in Crosthwaite church, "Ken you tell me if *Sutthey* went to the grave with as good a suit of hair as he is here represented with?" "Ai," said Joe, "and a deal better and aw, wunderful head of hair, neah better hereaboot than Mr. Soothey's." All who get these neatly printed volumes into their hands will feel that they owe a debt to the writer. He has ransacked many an English classic to gather together this feast of good things, and he serves out his stores in so bright a fashion that his guests never weary. A map of the district is given which will enable a reader to follow each point in the history. The volumes can be had separately, but every one will be wise to secure both of them.

Rulers of India: Lord Amherst and the British Advance Eastwards to Burma. By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE and RICHARDSON EVANS. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1894. *2s. 6d.*

This is perhaps the brightest volume in the valuable series to which it belongs. We have no means of ascertaining what part Mrs. Ritchie has taken in its preparation, but we may presume that she has introduced a welcome lightness of touch in treating of the Viceroy's course. The authors have been singularly fortunate also in having a journal kept by Lady Amherst during the years in India, from which to draw material. The first chapter of this volume sketches Lord Amherst's earlier life, especially his embassy to China in 1816. He was appointed Governor-General of India in 1823. The days of struggle and acquisition of territory in our Eastern Empire had given place to a period of possession and of organisation. But though Lord Amherst seemed marked out for the *rôle* of a peace minister, events compelled him to undertake that campaign in Burma which introduced British rule into a new world. The causes of this Burmese War are clearly explained, and each stage of the conquest is graphically sketched. The description of the change that had come over the men by whom the affairs of the Indian people were managed is singularly instructive. The age of selfish adventurers had gone by for ever. Devotion and ability had in 1823 become the rule of Indian administration. The paragraphs on land settlement throw more light on that difficult subject than many tedious treatises. Engineering as a branch of State policy began with Lord Amherst. The social reform which was carried out by Lord William Bentinck finds its starting-point under his prede-

cessor's rule. *Satí*, or widow burning was the great moral question of Lord Amherst's time. He refused to incur the political risks of a veto trusting rather to the effects of time and growing enlightenment. We are sorry to note an unfriendly reference to Wesleyan missionaries in Lady Amherst's journal. "The Methodists," she says, "are specially obnoxious to the natives, their familiar style disgusts them, and entirely counteracts their avowed system of conversion." But we can forgive this ungenerous comment. Lady Amherst helps us to see the India of her day with our own eyes. The chapter on "The English in India in Lord Amherst's Governor-Generalship" should be studied by those who wish to understand how the country was governed in 1824. It is one of the most instructive parts of a singularly interesting and brightly written volume.

Flamborough: Village and Headland. By Various Writers. Edited by ROBERT FISHER, M.A., Vicar of Sowerby. Hull: Andrews & Co. 1894. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This tastily got up and well illustrated volume is intended to serve as a guide to Flamborough. It is full of matter and spiced with many a capital story. After a good paper on the first settlers, which shows that the population is English overlaid with a thin stratum of Danish, we have a full account of the church with its fine oak rood screen of the fifteenth century. The registers date from 1564 with a few lacunæ. Various entries bear witness to the fierce storms that sweep the coast, and the epitaphs in the old churchyard tell the same story. There is a good description of the lighthouse and the coastguard service along the coast. We have been greatly interested by Mr. Morris's account of the dialect and Colonel Armytage's too brief paper on local folk-lore. The natural history is carefully dealt with by competent hands. Geology, botany, birds, shells, sea-weeds, entomology and pebbles are all discussed in a popular but scientific fashion. For ornithologists the list of birds noticed in the district will be specially attractive. The days are gone by when a girl riding to Flamborough with her father counted fifteen great bustards in one field, but the district is one of the most important and interesting on the east coast of England for the ornithologist and collector of eggs. When we come to the burial customs of the place we find that a pair of white paper gloves used to be hung up in the church at a maiden's funeral. The last pair used in 1846 are still in the possession of the Vicar. Women are carried to the grave by women, men by men. The coffins of fishermen and sailors drowned at sea are borne shoulder high by their fellow seamen; landsfolk are carried underhand, close to the level of the ground. If a fisherman on his way to the boats should meet a woman, a parson, or a hare, he will turn back under the conviction that he will have no luck that day. If any one mentions a hare, rabbit, egg, pig, or fox whilst the lines are being baited this

also is deemed unlucky. Visitors to Flamborough will find this book full of delights.

English Records: A Companion to the History of England. By HENRY ELLIOT MALDEN. London: Methuen & Co. 1894. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This handbook aims to supply the necessary basis of facts for those who are attending lectures or studying history in private. Dates, wars, genealogies, historical geography, together with lists of officials, and hints as to historical documents, are all grouped together. Information is given as to the place where Acts and documents are to be seen in print, and references are given to the most reliable works on each period. Twenty-four pages are devoted to England before the Norman Conquest. The Roman occupation, the dates of the various Low German or English attacks and settlements, the English kingdoms, the early dioceses, the decisive battles, and the list of Archbishops of Canterbury, are all found here in most compact form. We have never seen any arrangement so clear and helpful for a student. From William the Conqueror to George III. the chief facts of each reign are given under the headings—dominions, wars, officials, Acts and documents, authors. Additional paragraphs deal with special features, such as the Reformation under Henry VIII., the Gunpowder Plot under James I., the Civil Wars under Charles I. It is a great advantage to be able to catch all the points of importance in any reign at a glance, and much information is gathered together in this compact volume which students would generally have to grope for through a whole library. Teachers will find the book of great service, and every advanced student of history would do well to have these records always at hand. The pages dealing with possessions acquired since 1820, the growth of the population of England, the public revenue in successive reigns, and the gradual rise of the National Debt, are of real value.

BELLES LETTRES.

Songs, Poems and Verses. By HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN (COUNTESS OF GIFFORD). Edited, with a Memoir and some Account of the Sheridan Family, by her son, the MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. London: John Murray. 1894.

Lady Dufferin was one of three beautiful sisters belonging to the brilliant Anglo-Irish race of Sheridans. Alike for personal beauty and wit and intellectual versatility and brightness, no strain of blood

would seem to equal that which mingled the lines of Keltic chieftainship and of the Anglo-Irish Pale. Of this mixed strain of hereditary quality perhaps the Sheridan family is the most famous and distinguished. Of that family came Lady Dufferin who, with her two sisters, Mrs. Norton, afterwards Lady Sterling-Maxwell, and Lady Seymour, known as the Queen of Beauty, made up a sisterly cluster not surpassed if equalled in the history of even English or Anglo-Irish beauty. It would be hard to say which of these three was the most charming for beauty and grace combined, but for charm of disposition and for sweetness and elevation of character and influence Lady Dufferin seems to have had scarcely a superior in the whole range of society in her day, and may well be paralleled with the two lovely and noble women of a somewhat later period whom we have made the subject of a special article in our present number. She was not only witty, accomplished, and beautiful, not only a woman of sunny disposition and generous spirit, she was also a truly devout Christian, a woman of steadfast and humble faith, maintaining her Christian integrity in the midst of the world's most brilliant society. She had a graceful gift in verse. Some of her songs were very famous fifty years ago. Many still living will remember how, for many years, her amusing satirical song, "The Charming Woman," held its place in every circle of society as one of the most popular and amusing of songs. In another vein the tender and pathetic "Irish Emigrant" still retains its freshness and its charm at least in America, nor is it quite forgotten in England. Some of its touches can never be forgotten when once they have been noted, such, for instance as:

"I am very lonely now, Mary—
The poor make no new friends;
But, O! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died."

And this other stanza:

"I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break;
When the hunger pain was gnawing there
You hid it for my sake.
I bless you for the pleasant word
When your heart was sad and sore,
O! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!"

The Sheridans, or O'Sheridans, were an ancient Irish family, though probably not originally of Keltic descent, possessing castles and

domains in county Cavan, of which a tract is marked in the old maps as the "Sheridan Country." In the reign of Elizabeth, however, their property was escheated, and from that time poverty was one of the marks of the Sheridan line, all of whom had to fight for themselves the battle of life. The first Protestant seems to have been one Denis Sheridan, who became a Protestant clergyman, translated the Scriptures into Irish, and was the friend and disciple of the saintly Bishop Bedell. Thomas, his youngest son, wrote a very remarkable work on the rise and power of Parliaments, published in 1677. He was a friend and adherent of James II., from whom he received the honour of knighthood, and who made him Secretary for Ireland. He married a daughter of James II., and his son, Sir Thomas Sheridan, was one of the Pretender's companions when he came to Scotland in 1745, and acted as secretary to the Prince. In that capacity he wrote an order to the Earl of Cromartie of that day to burn down the castle of the Earl of Sutherland. Rather more than a century afterwards, Lord Dufferin, a lineal descendant of Denis Sheridan, accompanied Lord and Lady Stafford, afterwards the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, in a yachting cruise to Cromartie, Lady Stafford being the representative and heir of the Earls of Cromartie. It so happened that while at the Castle, Lord Dufferin, having permission to examine the Cromartie papers in company with his host and hostess, laid his hands first of all on what proved to be an order written by his ancestral relative addressed to the ancestor of his hostess, and giving directions that the Castle should be burnt in which were then assembled the representatives of the three families concerned in the order, which we imagine was never actually carried out. In the next generation there was another Thomas Sheridan, grandson of Denis, whose name is well known in the history of modern English literature. He was the friend of Swift, was witty and learned, and rose to great eminence both as a teacher and a scholar. He was, however, a typical Irish gentleman of the unthrifty sort, of whom it was witnessed by his contemporary, Lord Cork, that he provided by his wit and ready pen the materials of gaiety for his companions; that "he was idle, poor, and gay, knew more of books than of men, and was completely ignorant of the value of money." His son Thomas came to England and was the friend of Garrick and Johnson, was an actor of some eminence, was a popular lecturer on elocution, wrote several books on education, a biography of Swift and a dictionary. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of whom we do not need to speak, was his son, and was the grandfather of Lady Dufferin, who inherited, it would seem, from Sheridan's wife—the beautiful and noble Miss Linsley—the charms of disposition and of personal beauty which were a more precious dowry to her than the wit she may be supposed to have inherited from her grandfather. Thomas Sheridan was her father, who died in the Cape Colony, where he had an appointment under the Government. His widow, another beautiful woman, and also a woman of firmness and great good sense, had, after her husband's death, apartments assigned

to her in Hampton Court Palace, where, small as her husband's pension was—and it was her whole resource—she maintained and brought up her family, consisting of the three sisters already mentioned, and paid off also her husband's few debts. This thrifty and prudent training under the eye of a wise and good mother must have had no little share of influence in moulding the character of Lady Dufferin. We may mention, among the near relatives of Lady Dufferin's family, her uncle, Charles Brinsley Sheridan, a brilliant scholar, and an accomplished and charming man, who died comparatively young in the year 1843. In the Irish Academy there is, among the paintings of that choice though small collection, an unfinished portrait of this gentleman from the palette of Sir Edwin Landseer, which shows him to have been a man of splendid and extraordinary beauty, such as to warrant the description given of him as a sort of younger brother of Apollo.

Lord Dufferin, naturally proud that his mother should have come of such a stock as that of some of the more eminent members of which we have been speaking, gives a list of the whole chain, and adds in an appendix a list of their writings, which is sufficient to show that scarcely another line is to be found in our history so continuously characterised by intellectual superiority, although not one of them, except, perhaps, R. B. Sheridan, can take rank among the higher classics of English literature.

Lady Dufferin became engaged to her husband, Commander Blackwood, in her first season, and was only eighteen when she married. Very few sons can say what Lord Dufferin says, that he can remember his mother's twenty-first birthday. Her husband was heir to the Barony of Dufferin and Clandeboye, but not in the direct line, and did not live to inherit the estates, though they came to his son in due course. Mrs. Blackwood's circumstances, as the unportioned wife of a naval commander, were exceedingly limited, and required on her part the strictest economy. Her health also made it necessary that she should spend a good many years of her early womanhood in Italy. After her husband's death her means were for some time more limited than before. She, however, had only herself and her son to provide for. Her son's inheritance came to her in time to enable her to afford him the education due to his social position, and to his prospects at Eton and at Oxford. So long as he remained unmarried it was the one object of her life to live for him, and nothing can be more beautiful than the mutual devotion which united mother and son. Lord Dufferin, though with some reluctance, has felt it right to publish a succession of poems, very unpretending as compositions, but very beautiful in their substance and meaning, addressed by his mother to himself on various occasions, and especially on birthday occasions. Of these we cannot refrain from quoting two, from which it will be seen how much light they throw upon the character of the writer, and also of her son, and upon the charm by which the mother impressed herself upon the character and spirit of her son. The following are the two poems:

"On My Child's Picture.

"Alas! those pictured eyes may keep
The light of earlier years,
When thine perchance have learnt to weep,
And thou—to hide thy tears!
This mimic smile may still retain
Its fresh and sunny youth,
When none of thy sweet looks remain
To witness for its truth,
As wandering flower-scents still live on,
When flowers themselves are dead and gone.

"It has thine own dear playful look—
Thy smile! thy sun-bright hair!
Thy brow so like a holy book
With sweet thoughts written there!
The full, soft lids, half-raised above
Those blue and dreamy eyes,
Within whose gaze of trusting love
No fear—no falsehood lies!
Like lonely lakes of Heaven's pure rain,
Reflecting only Heaven again.

"The face is turned, with farewell bright,
Like some sweet flower at eve,
Unto thy mother's eye—that light
Thou art so loth to leave;
Lift up that brow, which never yet
Hath sin or shame defil'd;
No wasting care, no vain regret
Hath wrung thy heart—my child!
Look up! God's holy earth and skies
Bring thee no saddening memories.

"Thy sleep is soft; thy dreams, fair boy,
Are of some joyous thing,
And thine, the hope, the causeless joy,
That light and morning bring!
Thou hear'st not in thy calm repose
Thy mother's murmur'd prayer;
The sob, the stifled voice of woes
Thou art too young to share;
Thy cheek—that rose so newly blown—
Is wet with tears—but not thine own!

"Perchance, in future years, some word,
Some low and loving tone
Of hers, who wept by thee unheard,
Shall haunt thee when alone;

And thou wilt turn from lips that pour
False counsel, hollow praise,
And vainly yearn to hear once more
That voice of other days;
And none will answer! Death hath wove
A mightier chain than woman's love!

"Then think of her—not mournfully!
She owes thee many days
Of tranquil joy; she blesses thee
For all thy gentle ways—
Thy laugh—that music prized above
All happy sounds of earth—
The eternal richness of thy love
Thou light of her lone hearth,
Whose presence made this sad life be
Too dear to lose—in leaving thee!"

"To My Son.

"Sunday night, *January* 14, 1849.

"When from thy winter's walk this eve returning,
I watched thy form emerge from shadows brown,
The Apostle's words upon my lips were burning,
'Beloved and longed-for' thou 'my joy and crown!'

"And the thought rose within me, were I even
From Abram's bosom gazing on thee down,
Those words would still be on my lips in Heaven
'Beloved and longed-for' thou 'my joy and crown!'

"No time from my glad heart that faith can sever,
Nor death itself in dull oblivion drown,
God gave thee to me! Thou art mine for ever,
'Beloved and longed for' thou 'my joy and crown!'"

Such a woman, left a widow when she was a little over thirty years of age, had, as might be expected, repeated offers of marriage from some of the noblest and princeliest in the land. So long as her son was unmarried, as we have said, she lived but for him. When, however, the arrangements were matured and finally settled for that marriage, Lady Dufferin at length consented, under circumstances peculiarly pathetic, to a suit which had been pressed upon her for nearly twenty years, and became the Countess of Gifford. She was married to Lord Gifford literally while he lay upon his death-bed. Lord Gifford had crippled himself in a benevolent effort to save others from suffering, and after many months of lingering and suffering, during which Lady Dufferin had nursed him, was consciously approaching the end. The following is Lord Dufferin's account of the close of this episode in his mother's history:

"In the first week of October 1862, there was a final consultation, and the doctors pronounced the case hopeless. On one or two occasions in happier days, when the flight of time had obliterated the disparity of years between himself and my mother, who maintained an extraordinarily youthful appearance, and changed the admiring boy of eighteen into the strong friend of thirty-five, Lord Gifford had asked my mother to marry him; but to these proposals she would never listen. When, however, on his deathbed he repeated the same prayer, she could not refuse him this last satisfaction; but, in justice to herself, to him, and to his parents, she thought it necessary to obtain from the doctors a formal assurance that his recovery was impossible. This being given without any hesitation, the marriage ceremony was performed in Lord Gifford's bedroom on the 13th of October, 1862, and immediately after they took the Sacrament together.

* * * * *

"Their relations, which in the early years were almost those of a mother and a son, had, as time flew by, merely changed into those of a clever elder sister towards a younger brother. Now, however, the sad condition to which she saw her friend reduced, the patience, fortitude, and resignation with which he bore his sufferings, themselves the result of a most heroic act,

> The often feeling of the helpless hands,
> The wordless broodings on the wasted cheek,

gave birth to such a passion of pity in my mother's breast that there was no sacrifice she was not ready to make, if it could bring her poor patient some little comfort or consolation.

"Lord Gifford's taking the Sacrament was a great satisfaction to her, for in earlier days, though his life was blameless and honourable, he leant rather to what is now called Agnosticism; but eventually, under the influence of my mother's gentle teaching, his doubts and difficulties disappeared, and on the 22nd of December, 1862, holding the hand of her to whom he had clung for sympathy, comfort, and support from boyhood, and in the peace of God, he passed painlessly away."

We may add to what we have quoted that when, in Italy, Lord Gifford, as a boy and a young friend of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, first made the acquaintance of Lady Dufferin, he was already motherless, and needed such encouragement and guidance as Lady Dufferin was well able to afford him. He was also the friend and companion of her son.

1. *A Gentleman of France.* Being the Memoirs of Gaston de Bonne Sieur de Marsac. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN, New Edition. London: Longmans. 1884. 6*s*.
2. *Under the Red Robe.* By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE. In Two Volumes. Third Edition. London: Methuen & Co. 1894. 21*s*.

3. *The House of the Wolf.* A Romance. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. New Edition. London: Longmans. 1894. *3s. 6d.*

4. *The Man in Black.* By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Illustrated by WAL PAGET and H. M. PAGET. Sixth Thousand. London: Cassell & Co. 1894.

It is not often that we find a cluster of stories which are at once so instructive and so entertaining as those of Mr. Stanley Weyman. His *New Rector*, with its clever sketches of life in a provincial town, scarcely prepared us for the brilliant work of these later volumes. Mr. Weyman has made a special study of French life and history in the times of Henry of Navarre, Coligny, and Richelieu, and at his skilled touch it seems to start to life again for his readers. Many educated English people know comparatively little of French history, so that these books will prove singularly fresh and instructive. Mr. Weyman is steeped in his subject, and his stories ought to open the eyes of many readers to the treasures of this field of history.

1. *A Gentleman of France* chronicles the fortunes of the Sieur de Marsac, who finds himself reduced to the lowest straits by the death of his only patron, the Prince of Condé, in 1588. He does not know where to turn for a gold crown or a new scabbard, and sees no hope of any employment. He had been compelled to sell all his horses save one, and to part with his groom and *valet de chambre*, whom he paid with the last links of gold chain left to him. He draws up a petition, which he presents to the King of Navarre's secretary, and receives a summons to court, which fills him with hope. But the poor gentleman finds that he has only been summoned by the idle courtiers, who wish to make sport of his miseries. One young lady specially distinguishes herself by her scorn of De Marsac. Shortly after he has beaten a hasty retreat from the presence-chamber he is visited by the King of Navarre and M. du Mornay, and entrusted with a dangerous commission. He has to carry off the young lady who had treated him with such cruel disdain from the custody of the Vicomte de Turenne, whose ward she is, and to convey her to Blois to the guardianship of the Baron de Rosny. Mademoiselle de la Vire proves a very thorny charge. Her pride revolts against any intercourse with the poor gentleman, who has to put up with humiliations which would have tried the temper of a saint. His way is literally bestrewn with adventures, through which the disdainful young lady gradually learns what heroic courage and fidelity are hidden under De Marsac's unpromising exterior. He has many a narrow escape for his life, but he fulfils his commission and plants his own feet firmly on the ladder of success. Even Turenne, incensed though he is at the abduction of his ward, is compelled to recognise De Marsac's worth. The poor gentleman is made Lieutenant-Governor of the Armagnac, and wins

the hand of Mademoiselle de la Vire. The book is one that most people will want to read over again and again.

2. Mr. Weyman has set himself a hard task in his *Under the Red Robe.* Gil de Berault is a very different character from the Sieur de Marsac. He is a gamester and a duellist, known in Paris by the *sobriquet* of the Black Death. The scene opens at Zaton's, a notorious gaming-house, where De Berault is accused by a young Englishman who has lost heavily, of playing with "marked cards." In the duel which follows, the Frenchman easily masters his man, but takes pains not to inflict on him a deadly wound. De Berault is brought before Cardinal Richelieu for breaking the recent edict against duelling and narrowly escapes capital punishment. He is an old offender, so that his chance of escape is slender; but he had once saved Richelieu's life, and the Cardinal sets him free on condition that he shall seize and bring to Paris a M. de Cocheforêt who has been engaged in every Gascon plot since the late king's death. This gentleman is a refugee in Spain, but sometimes visits his wife at Cocheforêt, near Auch, where De Berault hopes to find him. The villagers are devoted to their master and ready to tear a spy limb from limb. De Berault gains access to the château and seeks to worm out the family secret, but Cocheforêt's wife and sister outwit him. One day he follows mademoiselle under the impression that she is Cocheforêt's wife. He suddenly finds himself confronted by the lady who denounces his treachery and calmly informs him that she had led him on this fool's errand in order that her brother and his wife might enjoy a hurried interview. De Berault, beside himself with rage, exerts his wits to discover some worthy revenge. He had picked up a tiny, orange-coloured sachet dropped by the Cocheforêts. That night, as he tore it to pieces in a fury, some exquisite diamonds rolled out. There were eighteen, worth a king's ransom. De Berault was no thief, and though the temptation to keep the jewels was strong, he resolved to restore them to Mademoiselle Cocheforêt and make her withdraw her bitter accusations. Meanwhile the situation is complicated by the arrival of a party of dragoons sent to seize Cocheforêt. De Berault is growing sick of his task, but to forestall the soldiers he arrests Cocheforêt, whose hiding-place has been told him in confidence by his sister. The lady's scorn and hate are vividly painted. The braggart captain of the troop and his keen-witted and fearless lieutenant also furnish two forcible sketches. De Berault sets out for Paris with his prisoner, who is accompanied by mademoiselle. An attempt at rescue is made, but this De Berault defeats with rare bravery. At last he resolves to let his prisoner go free, and give himself up to Richelieu. When he reaches Paris the Cardinal is deserted by all the courtiers, who expect every moment to hear of his fall. De Berault resists the longing to return to the gambling-house, and the still stronger temptation to shirk his dreaded interview with Richelieu. Duty and honour triumph. The soldier ventures in to the great statesman's presence, where he finds that Mademoiselle Cocheforêt has already secured his pardon. Their happy

marriage follows next day. The lady's portrait is a masterly study. The way in which her heart is torn asunder by growing love of De Berault and contempt for his conduct as a spy, her heroic efforts to save her brother, her high spirit and fearlessness in every emergency, stamp her as the finest female study Mr. Weyman has given us. De Berault is less pleasing than De Marsac in the *Gentleman of France*, but he is more complex. It is not so much the fight with circumstances that arrests attention here as the struggle within the gamester and duellist's breast. We see in him two men, "but not always together; sometimes one is there, and sometimes the other." How the good triumphs and De Berault becomes transformed under the influence of a pure and noble woman we must leave Mr. Weyman's readers to find out for themselves. The glimpse of Richelieu is so vivid that it makes us wish that Mr. Weyman would give us a story dealing more in detail with the Cardinal. *Under the Red Robe* is like *A Gentleman of France*, a singularly powerful and enthralling book.

3. *The House of the Wolf* takes its title from a grim stone dwelling in Caylus, belonging to Vidame de Bezers. That passionate giant, an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Catherine de Caylus, vows vengeance on M. de Pavannes, the young Huguenot who had won the lady's heart. "Kit's" three boy cousins follow Vidame to Paris to warn Pavannes of his rival's purpose. They arrive on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The three young adventurers are so brightly sketched that the reader takes them to his heart at once. They have many a narrow escape, and gain some shuddering glimpses of the fiendish passions roused by that time of horrors. Vidame, not to be baulked of his revenge, rescues Pavannes from the howling mob, who are ready to tear him to pieces, and carries him off to Cahors, of which he has been appointed governor. There he erects a scaffold, and brings out Pavannes to die; but, finding that the brave young soldier does not flinch, he sends him and the three lads who had risked so many dangers for his sake safely back to Catherine. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew has figured in many a powerful story, but we doubt whether any of them is more masterly than this. The scenes, terrible though they are, are never revolting, and the bright boys, full of courage and resource, make a triad of heroes to whom one is loth to say good-bye.

4. *The Man in Black* has the same distinction of style as the other stories, though it is painted on a smaller canvas. It opens at the famous horse fair of Fécamp, on the Normandy coast, where a villainous showman fills his pockets by the tricks of a small boy and a monkey. His most fruitful source of coppers is to make the lad repeat a wild tale claiming to be "Jehan de Bault, Seigneur of—I know not where, and lord of seventeen lordships in the County of—I forget the name, of a most noble and puissant family." The Man in Black, a notorious astrologer, helps the boy to escape from his tyrant, and carries him off as his page to Paris. There the little fellow lives amid ghastly sights which almost rob him of his reason. One day a young noble,

married to a rich lady whom he had never loved, comes to the astrologer for poison, which he wishes to give to his wife. Whilst they are closeted together the lady appears, seeking a love potion by which she may win the heart of her husband. The astrologer gives her the poison, which he passes off as a love philter. The boy overhears both requests, rushes after the lady, and, moved by some sudden impulse, tells her that she is not to take the powder herself, but to give it to her husband. M. de Vidoche thus falls into the pit he had dug for his wife, and she is tried for murder. How the boy is found, and the meaning of his wild claim unravelled in court by Richelieu's keen wit, Mr. Weyman himself must tell. Madame de Vidoche loses her husband, but finds her long-lost brother. The story, which is brilliantly told, has much of the force of an old Greek tragedy. Ample justice is meted out to every villain.

1. *Ringing Bells.* By REESE ROCKWELL. *2s. 6d.*
2. *Wanted.* By PANSY. *2s. 6d.*
3. *The Gilead Guards:* A Story of War-times in a New England Town. By Mrs. O. W. SCOTT. *2s. 6d.*
4. *Cecil Wilford.* A Soldier's Son. By EDITH M. EDWARDS. *1s. 6d.*

London: C. H. Kelly. 1894.

Ringing Bells is the story of a missionary's widow who parts with her little daughter to a childless woman and does not see her till she has grown up into a lovely young lady. How she wins her daughter again we must leave readers to find out from the story itself. The three girls who divide our interests are admirable studies of character. Each of them has a fine spirit of independence and a high sense of duty. Duke Carrington is a noble lad, and Dr. Kennedy and his brother greatly interest us. The story makes true earnestness thoroughly attractive, and Homer Van Wyck with his selfish love of ease and pleasure adds to the impressiveness of the lesson. Pansy's stories are so well known that they need no recommendation. In *Wanted*, a doctor's daughter leaves home to learn dressmaking and then becomes nurse to a rich man's only girl. This is so improbable that we feel some impatience at the plot, but the story is bright and interesting. *The Gilead Guards* opens with a presiding elder's sermon, which fans the flame of patriotism in the hearts of the young men of Gilead and leads to the formation of the Gilead Guards. The eager enthusiasm of civil war times, the painful partings, the disasters, and the sensation caused by the return of disabled and broken-down men are vigorously sketched. Besides its historic interest the book has some studies of character which should help both young men and maidens to understand and cultivate true heroism. In this case the bravest young man did not go to the war and was mistaken for a

coward. *Cecil Wilford* is a boy whose father has unjustly fallen into disgrace through suspicion of theft. His child lives with a maiden sister, and is so attractively sketched that small children will delight in this tale.

Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden. By ALISON M'LEAN. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1894. 3*s.* 6*d.*

These stories, dealing with rural life in Sussex and Surrey, ought to be widely known. They show a tender insight into the homely ways of South Down villagers, and have a grace of style which makes them very attractive. It would not be easy to find a more manly, kind-hearted fellow than Jack Bartlett, the master of Weppon's Mill, and his love-story is delightfully told. "Mary Lilies" shows how a mother who had lost her lovely daughter learned the grace of resignation by a sermon in a village church. "Honesty" is one of the best and most touching stories in this charming volume.

We have again to commend to universal admiration Blackie's series of standard books of wholesome entertainment, especially for the young, beautifully printed, neatly and strongly bound, and published (retail) at 1*s.* 4*d.* Those before us include selected stories from Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, Scott's *Talisman*, Captain Marryatt's *Masterman Ready*, and *Children of the New Forest*, Miss Alcott's *Little Women*, *The Basket of Flowers*, a famous tale for the young, from the German of Christoph von Schmid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aspects of Pessimism. By R. M. WENLEY, M.A., D.Sc., Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

Dr. Wenley's essays on Pessimism are so good that we wish they were better. They are very able, highly suggestive, but in one important respect they are distinctly disappointing. The ability is displayed by the way in which some aspects of the subject are dealt with, notably the philosophical line of development from Berkeley through Kant to Schopenhauer, and the somewhat unexpected line of connection drawn between mediæval mysticism and a pessimistic tendency in speculation. The most suggestive essays among the six

here presented together are those on Hamlet and Goethe, and the author's treatment of such well-worn themes as these shows him to be a vigorous and independent thinker, who has traversed the byways as well as the highways of his subject. All the more disappointing, then, is it to find that these essays are but "chips," lacking the unity and connected treatment which would have added weight to the conclusions, or tentative suggestions, arrived at in the several papers. The author tells us that he had contemplated a more exhaustive work on Pessimism, but has been prevented from carrying out his plan, and these papers represent "preparatory inquiries, not concluding deliverances." They are, indeed, essays, which have already for the most part appeared in print. They contain so much that is good, that they were well worth collecting and preserving, but they make us wish that the author had given them the additional touches which would have converted a number of gathered fragments into a body of constructive teaching.

The subject of Pessimism needs and would repay such handling. It is true that a good deal has recently been written upon the subject. It is not long since Mr. Sully's tolerably exhaustive treatise appeared, and in Dr. Wright's *Koheleth*, as well as in better known books such as Flint's *Anti-theistic Theories*, both ancient and modern forms of Pessimism are discussed at length. But Pessimism, like Pantheism, is Protean in its shapes and manifestations. Its hundred heads and hundred hands need a great deal of cutting off. In our own day a pessimistic vein is prevalent amongst writers and readers who are utterly guiltless of Pessimism, and who hardly know where the current of feeling which moves them comes from or whither it is tending. Schopenhauer and von Hartmann amongst philosophers, Leopardi and James Thomson amongst poets, Bourget and Olive Schreiner amongst novelists, only represent what thousands are dimly feeling and inarticulately trying to express. Such feelings have never been absent from any generation from long before the time when Omar Khayyam poured out his melancholy quatrains. But for reasons we must not stay to analyse, the gloomy views of the world and human life which go by the name of Pessimism are more than usually rife in our own day, and what is needed is a complete study of their history, their causes, and—so far as that can be indicated—their cure.

Dr. Wenley does not provide this for us. But he gives in the first place a very interesting description of what he calls "Jewish Pessimism," as represented by the Books of Job and Ecclesiastes. The name "pessimism" is distinctly misplaced here; but we have no other to do duty for it, and the wrestlings of ancient Jewish sages with the problems of life most certainly deserve to be considered in this connection. Perhaps it may yet be found that in books so old, and by some so lightly esteemed as these, a number of modern problems are not only faced, but substantially mastered. The line of conquest, at all events, is indicated by the Hebraic much more clearly than by the Hellenic course of speculation. The connection between mediæval

mysticism, such as that of Eckhart and Tauler, and pessimism, may not at first sight seem to be close, but when pointed out, it is seen to be clear enough, and very suggestive. In Dr. Wenley's words concerning these thinkers, "The best satisfaction they could offer to the widespread spiritual want of their age was, on the one hand, a passionate but negative precept to strangle self; on the other, an assurance that when self had disappeared, a positive but momentary union with God might be attained—a union in which sin had no place, because nothing remained whereto it might attach itself. Of this and such as this despair is the inevitable conclusion." Again, according to mysticism, "This earth must be the worst of all worlds, because it forms the opaque veil excluding heaven, and heaven is so utterly lost in absence of earth's joys that, though it might well be hell, it must meanwhile continue to be nothing in particular."

The study of Hamlet's character and the conditions which determined it, and of the pessimistic element in Goethe, gives Dr. Wenley an opportunity of displaying no ordinary insight as a critic, as well as of illustrating a many-sided subject in a way that would not occur to most people. But he is no mere *dilettante* student. His essay on "Berkeley, Kant, and Schopenhauer," shows him to possess true philosophic grasp, and it forms the *pièce de résistance* of the volume. The last essay, entitled "Pessimism as a System," chiefly discusses von Hartmann, who is, of course, the chief representative of reasoned Pessimism. The pith of the author's reasoning in this section can hardly be given in a sentence. But we may say that Hartmann's philosophy of the Unconscious involuntarily serves as a *reductio ad absurdum* of certain tendencies of modern speculation, the drift of which was never made quite obvious till von Hartmann spoke out their inner meaning. He "has in any case helped to dispel misunderstandings concerning the three great problems of philosophy—God, the world, and man. He has demonstrated what even Strauss, in his later period, dared not face. For he has not feared to show that, *if the Absolute Being be impersonal, the gospel of despair necessarily follows.*" We have italicised the last words, which might form the text for a very impressive sermon. Illustrations from contemporary writers, unfortunately, would be only too easy to find. The "moral" to be drawn from a study of Pessimism points itself. "Self, just because of its utter nakedness, is the cause of man's misery." "What is our whole civilisation being wrecked upon," exclaimed Wagner, "but on the want of love?" It is not enough to show that Pessimism is but "an apparent systematising of the bad humour which afflicts the many *blasé* minds of our highly nervous century;" its proximate causes need to be carefully pointed out, and its only true and abiding cure shown. This task our author does not formally attempt, but at the close of his book is to be found an excellent summary of the mode in which systematic pessimism should be attacked, and a description of the points at which it is vulnerable. That von Hartmann's system

is an ethical absurdity, as well as a rational impossibility, does not obviate the necessity of formally proving it to be such. Incidentally Dr. Wenley does much more. And while we could have wished that so capable a critic and so able and interesting a writer had undertaken that more constructive work which he expressly disclaims having attempted, we are heartily thankful for what he has given us. Perhaps many readers will prefer the half to the whole, and read the sketch when they would have shirked the treatise. Tho volume as it stands forms a very readable and by no means inconsiderable contribution to the study of a subject which is much more practically important than its name might seem to indicate. We can heartily recommend it to all who are interested in watching the course of current thought, still more to those who are striving to guide it in a right direction.

The Theory of Inference. By the Rev. HENRY HUGHES, M.A., Author of *Principles of Natural and Supernatural Morals.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1894.

This is a careful investigation of that part of mental science which has to do with the principles and processes involved in the different methods of inference. It is partly critical, and in part an elaboration and defence of a theory of the author's. In the sections that relate to Mill's methods and ambiguities, to Newman's condemnation of the syllogism, and to the purely theoretical value of the mathematical calculus of probability, Mr. Hughes points out difficulties that must have occurred to many, and prepares the minds of his readers to consider with favour the explanations he offers in their stead. His criticism of Butler, on the other hand, is vitiated by a little confusion as to the sense in which probability should be defined. After charging Butler with a loose use of the term in writing of a variety of degrees of probability, he proceeds, "Let us agree to understand probable and probability as having reference always to one, and the same kind or degree of uncertainty." The next sentence perplexingly describes this degree as an indefinite one; and in later paragraphs, the writer states that "the numerical value of a probability indicates that the degree of its approach to certain evidence," and that "probabilities may be said to be ranged by the mind, or to be capable of being ranged when the need arises, in order of degree."

The author's own contribution to logic is both considerable and attractive. He holds that there are two distinct kinds of inference corresponding with two distinct fields of investigation, that of natural law and that of history. What he means, notwithstanding this unfortunate use of terms, becomes evident when he adds, that in the former field phenomena are dealt with as abstract and as single, and are subjected only to the methods of induction and deduction. In the latter field, no processes of abstraction and segregation are applied,

and the methods used are described as illation and delation. Delation "consists in arriving at the knowledge of an event by means of the consideration" of the principle of continuity in nature; and illation is "the discovery of a cause or an effect by means of associating with the phenomenon a number of other facts, and formulating some event which explains them all in congruity with past experience." It is doubtful whether much is to be gained by the adoption of these new terms, for, when the processes of association and formulation are analysed, they do not seem to differ substantially from the familiar methods of induction. The main distinction between the so-called inductions of common life, and those of science has generally been held to lie in the result, which in the one case is not capable of being reduced to so universal a statement as in the other. But inasmuch as Mr. Hughes claims for it equal certainty, whilst he does not succeed in demonstrating any characteristic difference of process, there is even the less need for the term. "That induction and deduction are unequal to, and are not, as a matter of fact, employed in the performance of, the work of drawing conclusions about real and concrete things," is described in the preface as one of the conclusions to be proved, and if proved would warrant, and even necessitate a distinct name for the process employed; but the proof is hardly adequate, and when the definitions of induction and illation are placed side by side, not much difference in meaning is perceptible beneath the difference in phraseology.

But this is comparatively only a small matter; and our author's analysis of the value of the conclusions reached by what he calls illative inference is clear and sufficient as far as it goes. In some cases, he writes, "the assurance with which the mind assents to concrete truths in the field of history may be no less intense than the confidence with which it makes deductions in the field of natural law." The assent is based upon "the innate conviction that there is an orderly and settled design of nature, of which design phenomena are the expression"; and this conclusion follows deductively from the conception of causation, which itself "is in some way an object of immediate knowledge." There is a little hesitation about the phrases; and it would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Hughes had stated distinctly what he appears to recognise, that certain intuitive principles underlie the whole field of inference, and that it is in virtue of their self-evidence that the conclusion also is accepted with confidence. But his work will, nevertheless, commend itself, alike to the theologian and to the general student of logic, as suggestive where it is not convincing, and as marked throughout by vigour, acuteness, and lucidity.

Criticisms of Contemporary Thought and Thinkers. By R. H. Hutton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894. Two volumes.

These essays are dedicated by Mr. Hutton to the memory of his

nephew, the late Rev. William Richmond Hutton, but for whose request and help in selecting them they would, he informs us, probably never have been published. They appeared originally in the columns of the *Spectator*, and with little change, except the substitution of I for We, they constitute the contents of these volumes. Few more valuable gifts to young thinkers could, we think, be found, than these volumes in which Mr. Hutton is seen at his best and ripest. They have not the faults which, here and there, marred, as we think, the essays which more than twenty years ago Mr. Hutton published in two volumes. The writer's judgment is easily and admirably balanced and the lines of his criticisms are clear and searching. Prevalent errors and dangerous tendencies are admirably discussed. The leaders of English thought are dealt with in criticisms not seldom of rare penetration and profundity, and expressed with a charming distinctness and felicity of language. The papers on Carlyle, for example, put in a clear and fresh light the errors and faults which marred his temper as a thinker and his style as a writer. Emerson as an oracle is lightly but very instructively dealt with. Leslie Stephen's writings are admirably criticised, and nothing could be better than the papers on John Stuart Mill's *Philosophy* and *Essays on Religion*. Professor Tyndall on "Physics and Moral Necessity," the writings of Professor Clifford, Auguste Comte, and Frederic Harrison, all are searched and probed and their fallacies set forth. There is a fine paper on the "Approach of Dogmatic Atheism," and a masterly series of papers on Dr. Martineau's writings. Many pages are given to Sir John Lubbock's charming Natural History books, of which Mr. Hutton writes not as a mere reviewer but also as a co-operative thinker. The article on Cardinal Newman is well selected. Some of Mr. Hutton's papers in the *Spectator* on Newman have shown an excessive admiration verging on idolatry of that great man. The paper selected for publication, whilst it is justly appreciative, does not fall into any such an extreme. Maurice, whose influence on Hutton in early life seems to have been exceedingly beneficial and helpful towards that development which has brought the philosophic journalist to his present high position, is dealt with sympathetically, as might be expected, and not without a touch of that unfair partisanship which has often flawed the editor's writings in his journal when Maurice was in question, but yet, on the whole, is a well balanced paper. Many other present-day subjects are ably discussed which we cannot enumerate in this article. What we have mentioned, however, will give some idea of the attractions and the wealth of these two volumes, and we close with repeating the recommendation given at the opening of our article, that young students who desire a safe guide and introduction to literature and philosophic thought should hasten to avail themselves of these helps from the pen of so devout, able, and distinguished a Christian philosopher and critic as Mr. Hutton.

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London: The Religious Tract Society. 1894.

Any one who turns over this batch of books will understand what a strong claim the Religious Tract Society has on the warmest support of intelligent Christian people. The volumes are of the highest value,

written by experts, but so brightly and lucidly written that common folk will read them gladly and profit greatly by their perusal. They are attractively got up, well printed, and the illustrations may justly be ranked as fine art. Bible study, as any one may see who glances down the list at the head of this notice, holds chief place; science is well represented by Sir William Dawson and the capital book on *Ponds and Rock Pools;* missionary work and travel are dealt with by Mr. Gill and Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Baker's *Pictures from Bohemia.*

1. The Tract Society is happy in its selection of countries of which to publish pictures, and not less fortunate in its command of fit artists by pen and pencil to do the work of description and illustration. The present series of pictures is not less attractive—and this is much to say—than those which have previously been published. Bohemia, indeed, being less known than almost any country visited by Englishmen, this series of pictures possesses an extraordinary degree of freshness and novelty. In pursuit of health or pleasure many Englishmen and women have visited Carlsbad, Marienbad, and Teplitz. Many business men have been accustomed to visit commercial centres, such as Gablonz, of which the general public has never heard. Englishmen, like other travellers, have taken in their great tours the famous capital, Prague. But the towns and villages generally in this secluded and mountain-girdled country have been less known to English travellers than Kurdistan or Finland, whilst, as this book shows, the sight of an English traveller excites in most parts of the country as much surprise and excitement as it would do in Nubia or still remoter parts of Northern Africa. The Bohemians are not Germans, or akin to Germans, any more than they are Keltic or Latin. Their language is distinct and peculiar; they are a dark-skinned race, with the tastes and many characteristics of Orientals; their dress is brightly-coloured and picturesque; they are enthusiastic and excitable; their churches, castles and monasteries have a singular and imposing architecture, all their own, many of them containing splendid decorations and art treasures, often richly jewelled, of extraordinary value; the traditions of terrible tragedies, of great wars and cruel persecutions are found in many parts of the country; while the natural beauties of their mountains and valleys are surprisingly fine. The *Pictures* give an excellent and beautifully illustrated account of what we have faintly indicated. The one thing wanting is a slight—it could only have been slight—sketch of the fortunes of the country during the last nine hundred years—that is, since Christianity first obtained a firm settlement amid the ancient heathenism of the land. Some of the castles date back to that period. Our readers will need no urgent persuasion to make themselves acquainted with this cheap and brilliant picture-book which brings before our view so vividly the outward features of the interesting land of Hus.

2. Many competent judges have pronounced Mr. Shadbolt's photographs the finest series of Palestine views yet issued. They are wonderful representations of Bible scenes which, as the preface justly

says, "enable the reader to visit with a minimum expenditure of time and energy the most sacred sites on earth." Mr. Shadbolt was a young London merchant, who lost his life in the terrible balloon accident at the Crystal Palace in 1892. He was an accomplished aëronaut, who had made sixty-seven ascents and obtained the first recognisable picture of the earth from a balloon. He was a photographer of the first rank, and it had been hoped that he would have been able to visit Northern Palestine, with a view to securing a series of pictures that might vie with those of Southern Palestine, reproduced in this book. He was only thirty-three at the time of his death, and was an active Sunday-school worker in West Kent. The ruins of the Muristan, the Jew's wailing place, the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Mount of Olives, the Via Dolorossa at Jerusalem, Solomon's Pools and Bethlehem are wonderful representations of scenes in which all Christian people are profoundly interested. The text is admirably adapted to sustain the picturesque purpose of the book. We seem to be actually moving about Southern Palestine, seeing its every-day aspect and drinking in the significance of its blessed history. As the traveller looks over the beautiful gardens of Jaffa, and hears the level ground beyond described as the Plain of Sharon, "all the annoyances of landing are soon forgotten: the crowd, the cries, the dirt, the strange jumble of life which has assailed him in the town." A mass of foliage, showing every tint of green, and flecked with spots of orange and festoons of white blossom stretches in front. This belt of greenery is about a mile and a half deep and about two miles long. Towering above its fellows is the date palm. "It is a gracefully tall tree, with feathery head, beloved by all Easterns, apt simile for all that is graceful, all that is good. Fortunate is the visitor who sees it in flower, for both bloom and scent are delicious. There is a wealth also of orange and lemon trees, and the air is heavy with their perfume. Ships at sea miles away know they are passing Jaffa, if the wind sets off the land." This is emphatically a book laden with delights for the lover of Palestine.

3. Mr. Gill has already made some valuable additions to our missionary library. His present volume appeals to the student of folk-lore and native songs as well as to missionary workers. He landed on Mangaia when many of the chiefs and people who had taken part in the old savage life of the island were still living. From their lips he gathered the wonderful songs and traditions which are given in his book. We see heathenism in all its aspects as we turn these pages. Its horrible revenge and cruelty, its quaint stories of love and home-life, its religious customs and beliefs, are all brought out in the very words of the natives. Mr. Gill has for many years been almost shut out from the civilised world, and has enjoyed unique opportunities for studying the people and their traditions. Some of these refer to the gods, and to the supposed experiences of men after death, others deal with historical events. He has laid all students of folk-lore under obligation by this deeply interesting collection of stories. A *resumé* of the history of the Mission is given, which helps us to appreciate the

great work which the Christian Church has accomplished in the Pacific. Since Mr. Gill went there, in 1851, "the light of the Gospel has spread over all that vast expanse. War, infanticide, human sacrifice, and idolatry have almost disappeared. The Sabbath is better observed in the Christianised islands of the Pacific than in London."

4. Few men are more competent to deal with *The Meeting-Place of Geology and History* than Sir J. William Dawson. The subject is a difficult one, but the materials for its treatment have been accumulating, and he thinks that it is now possible to fix with some measure of definiteness the period at which human life began on the earth, and to discuss the whole subject with greater approximation to certainty. He points out that latest research as to the Deluge brings us back again to the faith of our childhood in the old Bible story. Man appears as a new departure in creation, without any distinct relation to the instinctive life of the lower animals. "No fact of science is more certainly established than the recency of man in geological time. Not only do we find no trace of his remains in the older geological formations, but we find no remains of the animals nearest to him; and the conditions of the world in these periods seem to unfit it for the residence of man." Sir J. W. Dawson points out how remarkably the history in Genesis has anticipated modern discovery, and shows that this Book is "in every way trustworthy, and as remote as possible from the myths and legends of ancient heathenism, while it shows the historical origin of beliefs which in more or less corrupted forms lie at the foundations of the oldest religions of the Gentiles, and find their true significance in that of the Hebrews." The book is distinctly reassuring for those who are in any way troubled by problems affecting the relations between the Bible and science.

5. Mr. Gillespie's little treatise on *The Sanitary Code of the Pentateuch* investigates the Levitical legislation as to food, uncleanness, industrial methods, sanitary precautions, sanitary inspection, notification of infectious disease, and of insanitary conditions, and disinfection from the point of view of modern sanitary science. As to food, it may be observed that the clean beasts are enumerated, but of birds those that are unclean, because here the list would be smaller than if all the clean birds had been named. The sanitary reasons stated or suggested by Jewish writers are given with some few modern scientific corroborations. We wish Mr. Gillespie had been able to append his own judgments as to each prohibition. In the chapter on "Uncleanness" we have an interesting discussion of the plague in a house. "The general belief is stated by Jahn, that this was the common nitrous recrudescence, rotting away the materials, then falling off in imperceptible particles, tainting the air of the rooms and injuring the health of the inmates: and being inherent in the structure, was incurable and certain to spread, thus demanding the strongest measures of suppression." The principle of cleanliness ran through the whole system of purification in Judaism, and every man was regarded as his brother's keeper. This is a very helpful little manual.

6. Mrs. Bishop spent two months in travelling in Kashmir, making

her headquarters at Srinagar, where she arrived at the end of April, "when the velvet lawns were at their greenest, and the foliage was at its freshest, and the deodar-skirted mountains which enclose this fairest gem of the Himalayas still wore their winter mantle of unsullied snow." Half her time in Kashmir was spent in a native houseboat on the rivers, the other half in riding on horseback. She gives a striking account of her horse, a beautiful "silver grey as light as a greyhound, and as strong as a cart-horse. He was higher in the scale of intellect than any horse of my acquaintance. His cleverness at times suggested reasoning power, and his mischievousness a sense of humour. He walked five miles an hour, jumped like a deer, climbed like a *yak*, was strong and steady in perilous fords, tireless, hardy, hungry, frolicked along ledges of precipices and over crevassed glaciers, was absolutely fearless, and his slender legs and the use he made of them were the marvel of all. He was an enigma to the end. He was quite untamable, rejected all dainties with indignation, swung his heels into people's faces when they went near him, ran at them with his teeth, seized unwary passers-by by their *kamar bands*, and shook them as a dog shakes a rat, would let no one go near him but Mando, for whom he formed at first sight a most singular attachment, but kicked and struck with his forefeet, his eyes all the time dancing with fun, so that one could never decide whether his ceaseless pranks were play or vice." Besides this unique mount, Mrs. Bishop had an Afghan or Pathan escort, who walked in front of her, carrying a big sword over his shoulder, plundered and beat the people, terrified the women, and was eventually discovered to be a murderer. Mrs. Bishop was constantly troubled by this wretch's dishonesty and insolence. The only stores she carried were tea, Edward's Desiccated Soup, and a little saccharin. She left Srinagar in the middle of June for Tibet. She gives a graphic account of her journey with many gem-like descriptions of the people and their customs. The irredeemable ugliness of the Tibetans made a deeper impression on her mind every day she spent amongst them. "It is grotesque, and is heightened, not modified, by their costume and ornament. They have high cheek-bones, broad flat noses without visible bridges, small, dark, oblique eyes, with heavy lids and imperceptible eye-brows, wide mouths, full lips, thick, big, projecting ears, deformed by great hoops, straight black hair, nearly as coarse as horsehair, and short, square, ungainly figures." The women seldom exceed five feet, and a man is tall at five feet four. Every one ought to read this delightful book of travel.

7. Mr. Scherren has written a manual on Ponds and Rock Pools, so complete and scientific that it will be a treasure to young naturalists. It describes the best methods for searching ponds and rock pools, shows what instruments to get, and how to use them, and gives directions as to the use of the microscope. The best time to start operations is just as the tide begins to ebb. The pools high up on the shore will be examined first, and then the collector will follow the tide seawards. After the hunt comes the examination of the spoil,

which Mr. Scherren deals with in six groups; sponges, stinging animals, worms, starfish, arthropods and molluscs. After these groups have been discussed, we have two chapters dealing with aquaria. Any one who masters this manual will be no mean naturalist.

8. *The Present Day Primers* take high rank among the publications of the Religious Tract Society. They are so full of matter, so well arranged, and deal with subjects so important that they ought to be very widely useful. Canon Girdlestone's *How to Study the English Bible* is somewhat more strictly a devotional manual than the rest of the series. It will greatly assist in the profitable reading of the Scriptures. After a description of the English Bible, its language, translation, names and order of the books and other points, we find a chapter dealing with the age, authority and inspiration of the Scriptures. Then rules are given for studying the Bible. The method proposed for beginners that they should start with St. Mark, and read a book twice over is good, and the chapter on books that may assist the Bible reader is full of useful hints.

9. Dr. Green's brief *Introduction to New Testament Greek* is the best shilling manual on the subject that we have seen. It contains graduated exercises and vocabularies—all that a young student needs to make a sound start.

10. Professor Sayce has packed the latest results of Assyrian study into his primer. The country and its people, the discovery and decipherment of the inscriptions, Babylonian and Assyrian history, religion, Babylonian and Assyrian literature, social life—all these topics are treated as only Professor Sayce could treat them in a series of bright paragraphs each with its clear heading. No one need be ignorant when there is such a handbook as this to be had for a shilling.

11. Mr. Kaufmann tries to prove that "Granted heredity, responsibility is not destroyed, because in the interior forces which regulate a man's life, there is enough to counteract inborn tendencies, and the grace of God is sufficient to conquer them." He shows that the theory that inherited propensities exempt us from responsibility for our actions rests on a purely mechanical conception of the cosmic process which would tend to produce a weakened conception of moral obligation, a general feeling of despondency as to the improvement of society, a practical disbelief in the spiritual efficacy of "psychic effort," including religion, to regenerate the race. The tract is both valuable and timely.

Wesleyan Methodist Church. Minutes of Conference for 1894. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. 2*s*.

This admirably arranged and printed and altogether handsome though unpretending and sober-suited volume—got up and published within three or four weeks of the close of the Yearly Conference, which met at Birmingham last July—is in every way worthy of the "Book-room" from which it is issued. Its price also is wonderfully

cheap, containing as it does 614 closely printed pages. The present volume also possesses some special features of interest, which show the steady, and by no means slow, progress in consolidation and development which is evermore taking place in the Methodist Church. The great representative Circuit Meeting, the "Quarterly Meeting," receives a new accession to its many grades of official members in representatives chosen, according to rules now settled and promulgated, from Sunday School Committees in carefully calculated proportion to the numerical importance of the schools. Elaborate, but clear and well thought out, regulations are adopted and published for the organisation of "Junior Society Classes." A very beautiful "form of service" has been agreed upon and is published "for the public recognition of new members" of the Church. This is a notable and important step in advance, which has been asked for by many for years past. Formulated public services, however, are never pressed hastily by the Conference on the Circuits or the Societies of Methodism, they are seldom, if ever, made compulsory; and it is distinctly provided that the use, in recognition services, of this special form, whether in whole or in part, is optional. The ministers, in concert with the representatives of the Church, will determine in each case as to the use of the form. Some exceedingly important regulations, also, have been matured and are now officially adopted and promulgated in regard to the relation of native preachers on foreign mission stations to the Conference, and the questions of organisation and discipline involved. The Conference has also provisionally adopted a complete system of regulations in regard to local preachers and local preachers' meetings. These, however, will not be finally confirmed until after a year's interval for consideration throughout all the Districts of the Church as represented in their District Synods. The number of church members, at home and abroad, is returned as 587,000, 460,000 of these being in the United Kingdom. The number of ministers at home slightly exceeds 1800, besides 500 abroad.

The Handwriting of the Kings and Queens of England. By W. J. HARDY, F.S.A. With Photogravures and Facsimiles of Signatures and Historical Documents. London: Religious Tract Society. 1893.

The larger part of Mr. Hardy's material appeared in the *Leisure Hour* for 1889 and 1891 where his papers deservedly attracted very great attention. Some of the most interesting specimens of royal penmanship brought together in this handsome volume, have, however been discovered quite recently by the Deputy-keeper at the Public Record office and are now for the first time given to the public. These include some words written by Richard II.; a letter in the handwriting of Henry IV., and a curious wood-block stamped signature of Edward IV. We have also part of the draft of "The Bishop's

Book" with revisions in Henry VIII.'s own hand. This book was an exposition of the Apostles' Creed, the Seven Sacraments, the Ten Commandments and other matters ordered to be read in Churches. Part of the work at least was submitted to the king in manuscript and the specimen here given is the first page of "Tharticle concerynge the soulles of them whiche be departed from this lyfe." Henry's emendations certainly do him credit both for their succinctness and good taste. The group of signatures of the men connected with the translation of our English Bible should not be overlooked. It includes Tindale, Latimer, who carries off the palm for illegibility, Cranmer, Coverdale, Grafton, Vaughan and Cromwell. Edward VI. has left us two lovely specimens of his writing as a boy, both addressed to his mother. Mr. Hardy ought perhaps to have pointed out that this must mean stepmother as Edward's own mother died before he was a fortnight old. Elizabeth's writing shows what a beautiful pen-woman she was. Cromwell's letter to his wife is as full of human nature as any in the collection. We are glad to see that fine outburst of George III. —his glorying in the name of Britain, which has become so familiar to Englishmen. Mr. Hardy says prior to the time of the Black Prince, whose curious signature is preserved on a writ of 1370, we have no evidence that any member of our royal house could write his or her name. The improvement in caligraphy after the days of Henry VIII. is notable. Many interesting subjects are opened up by this volume. We get glimpses of the royal house and of certain passages of our history which are most realistic and seem to bring us sensibly nearer to the writers. Mr. Hardy's notes are succinct, but both bright and instructive. The way in which the photogravures and facsimiles are executed and the whole get-up of the volume does great honour to the Religious Tract Society. Every lover of history and every student of caligraphy will study the book with the deepest interest. The volume is certainly unique and should have a very wide circulation. Every library ought to secure a copy.

A Dictionary of Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases of the English Language relating to the Sea and such associated subjects as fish, fishing, ice, island, navigation, pearl, river, sailor, salt, shell-fish, ship, weather, and whale. With notes, explanatory, historic, and etymologic, and illustrations from the works of English writers from the earliest to the present time. By FRANK COWAN. Greencsburgh, Pennsylvania: Oliver. 1894. $1.

In his Prolegomenon Mr. Cowan quotes a long extract from an article which appeared in this REVIEW for July 1868. He thinks that a systematic arrangement of proverbs is a great desideratum

because, with comparatively few exceptions, they are protean or polymorphic. "This arises from the fact that they are formulated generally from the circumstances at the moment of utterance; and they may be accordingly, in the singular or plural number, in the present, past, or future tense, with a masculine, feminine or neuter nominative, and with dialectic and verbal variations." He has studied the problems of classification for many years and gives the result of his work in a series of hints which deserve careful attention from workers in this field. The proverbs relating to the sea are taken from an unpublished Dictionary of Proverbs which has received almost daily additions during the last thirty years and has so increased in bulk as to be now perhaps beyond the possibility of publication as a whole. The proverbs are followed by explanatory paragraphs and quotations which are often singularly entertaining. Under "a tempest in tea-pot," we find a story about Chancellor Thurlow, who thus described a disturbance in the Isle of Man. He thinks that Davy Jones—"a name and personification of all involved in the ocean that is inimical to mankind," is the natural antithesis of Mater Cara, the Dear Mother, or Blessed Virgin Mary, in the great ocean aspect of her divine nature. He is, accordingly, a devil, and a masculine devil also to perfect the opposition; and as Mater Cara passed in time among the ignorant into Mother Cary, so the masculine devil, opposed to her became a familiar personage, Devil John—the masculine *sobriquet* all the world over among English-speaking people; and Devil John passed into Davy Jones. This is really far too ingenious an explanation, and it is not supported by any evidence. "The way to heaven is as ready by water as by land," the last word which Sir Humphrey Gilbert was heard to utter before his ship went down, was also used by Elstowe when Lord Essex said that he and his sympathisers deserved to be sewn in a sack and cast into the Thames. "Threaten such things," he answered, "to rich and dainty folk which have their hope in this world; we fear them not; with thanks to God we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land." Every page furnishes food for thought. "A Greenwich Goose" is a name given to a naval pensioner of Great Britain from the figurative web-footed under-pinning of the sailor." "To say New York," means to fall a victim to sea-sickness; "to set up shop on Goodwin Sands" is to be shipwrecked. We are not always able to accept Mr. Cowan's explanations, but he has lavished so much time and labour on this subject that his opinion deserves to be carefully weighed. We hope the success of this volume may encourage him to give us another selection from his vast store of proverbs.

Sketches of English Nonconformity. By the Rev. A. SAUNDERS DYER, M.A. Second Edition. London: Masters & Co. 1893. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Dyer's sketches deal with the Congregationalists, Roman Catholics,

Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, Unitarians, Wesleyan Methodists, Plymouth Brethren, and Irvingites. He writes as an Anglican who holds that all "the distinctive beliefs supposed to be the cause of the existence of so many religious bodies can easily be found (in a less exaggerated form) in the mother Church, together with other quite as important truths, which Nonconformists either are ignorant of, or affect to despise." The sketches are intended to supply members of the Church of England with a general idea of the tenets of other religious communions. They are certainly well adapted for that purpose. From a Nonconformist point of view the book is naturally open to criticism at many points. The pages on Methodism, though friendly in tone, are disfigured by not a few errors, and the whole book, it must be remembered, is a Churchman's putting of the case against Dissent. We have no need to criticise the sketches in detail here, but we should like to call attention to the valuable chapters dealing with Plymouth Brethrenism and the Irvingites.

The Cycle Calendar; or, One Hundred and Twenty-eight Years Cycle System of Measuring Time. By ALEXANDER GRIFFITH, formerly Vicar of Crasfield. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1892. 5*s*.

This book, though published two years ago, has only just reached us. Mr. Griffith wishes to secure the adoption of a cycle calendar of one hundred and twenty-eight years. By dropping one second from the solar year the number of days and hours multiplied by one hundred and twenty-eight leaves no fractional remainder. He contends that leap years are placed incorrectly in the Georgian calendar. In his own system leap-year would be known as extra-day year, and the extra day would be December 32. Mr. Griffith supplies a mass of learned tables, but we do not think there is the faintest prospect of his system coming into vogue.

Reports of State Trials. New Series. Volume V. 1843–44.

This volume contains a report of all the proceedings on the trial of Daniel O'Connell and others for conspiracy down to the reversal of the judgment by the House of Lords. This famous trial, which has an especial interest at the present moment, occupies the whole of the nearly 1000 pages or thereabouts contained in the volume. Students of history know the value of these reports, and also the cheap price at which they are published by the State Trials Committee. The volume is edited by John E. P. Wallace, M.A., of the Middle Temple.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (June 15).—The sketches from old French history by M. Gabriel Hanotaux deal with Marie de Medicis, her favourites the Concinis, and the Bishop of Luçon. After Henri IV. broke off his first marriage with Marguerite, the last flower of the race of Valois, full of vices and full of charms, he chose a niece of the Duke of Tuscany, whose youth and vigorous health seemed to promise him successors to the throne. The head of the dynasty of the Bourbons did not demean himself in espousing a daughter of the Medicis, for her grandmother had been a granddaughter of Charles V. The marriage was not a happy one. Marie bore six children, but Henri was a bad husband, and his consort was anything but a worthy wife. The king's death brought a difficult situation to a close. He had taken the precaution of having the queen crowned on the evening of his departure for the army. Some hours after his death her regency was proclaimed by the Parliament, accepted by the Court, and recognised by the rest of the realm. Marie de Medicis was at that time little known and loved. She had scarcely been able to follow the course of events in the turbulent court of France. She had not, like Catherine de Medicis, either intelligence, or activity, or taste for affairs. She soon stood revealed as a woman of a hard heart, coldly egoistic, very jealous of her authority, of mediocre powers, indolent and obstinate, but discreet, grave, and sufficiently able in little things, attached, without reflection and without fidelity, to her habits and prejudices. At first she did not separate herself from the experienced men chosen by the deceased king, but gradually the Concinis gained an authority which hastened her own fall. Concini was a Florentine who sought to mend his broken fortunes by marrying Leonora Dori, the queen's favourite waiting-woman, who was the daughter of her old nurse. She had been brought up beside the princess and had known how to make herself indispensable. Henri chafed much at the influence which she and her husband enjoyed over his wife, but his death left them masters of the situation. They did not push themselves unduly forward at first, but by degrees they began to gain power and amass wealth. Their history is clearly traced, and some interesting particulars given as to Villeroy, and the President Jeannin. The end of the regency, the disgrace of the old Ministry, and the first steps in the career of Richelieu are also sketched.

(July 1).—M. Hanotaux describes Richelieu's discouragement after the meeting of the Estates in March 1615. He had gained a proper pride and a new confidence in his own powers and in his future. But at the same time he was surprised at the languid fashion in which the Court regarded him. The political world was slow to appreciate merit such as he had shown; small affairs and small passions absorbed all its attention, great talents only interested it when they stooped to share its intrigues. When the Estates had broken up no one thought any more of the Bishop of Luçon. He went into retirement at the priory of Coussay, where his admirers, mostly ecclesiastics, gathered round him and gave the first indication of his growing authority. In the first weeks of August Richelieu received a letter from Bertrand d'Eschaux, Bishop of Bayonne, which opened the way to power. He was appointed almoner to the young queen, and thus placed on intimate terms with the Court. It was not long before he became Secretary of State, and found himself well on the way to the highest place in the kingdom. M. Charles de Berkeley's "Instinct du Cœur" may be heartily commended to all who want to find a pure and pleasant French story. It is an amusing picture of the discomfiture of an American mother and her daughter who wish to capture a French Marquis. Madame Benzon gives her first impressions of the condition of woman in the United States. On the steamer by which she sailed from Havre to New York there was a kind of

epitome of American society. The disdainful and very elegant American Anglomaniacs were represented by a group who seemed to have made it their business to copy the fashions and manners of English society. The women were very exclusive, but the men were willing to descend from their pedestal to chat with any pretty girl. One lively brunette who held some important position in a New Orleans store was very popular. During her vacation she had visited Hungary, the home of her ancestors, the whole of Germany, and France. She read French novels freely, for the shop girls of the South pride themselves in their literary tastes. Her special favourite was George Sand. "Only," she said, as she waxed enthusiastic about *Consuelo*, "her heroines are too perfect. It discourages one in seeking to be virtuous." The writer was struck by the want of discernment in matters of cuisine. Sardines and lemonade were asked for, and other mixtures which seemed sorely incongruous to a Frenchwoman. A good account is given of the women's clubs. American husbands are glad after a day of business to hear from their wives and daughters the literary and social gossip which they gather at these resorts. Hull House, in Chicago, a kind of Toynbee Hall, founded by Miss Jane Addams, has a section to itself in this lively paper. M. Gaston Boissier continues his valuable studies of Roman Africa. Even a rapid journey through Algeria and Tunis will teach one more on this subject than a long time spent in the libraries. There is no country in the world where ancient ruins are more numerous, They are to be found everywhere —not only in the fertile plains which in all ages have attracted settlers, but on the wild plateaus where nothing can live to-day. The conditions of the small and the large proprietors are carefully discussed and a general view given of the state of Africa under Roman rule.

(July 15).—M. Philippe Berger's "Ramadan and Bairam, Souvenirs of a Tour in Egypt and Syria," should not be overlooked by those who wish to have a vivid picture of Eastern life. He says that on April 1 he passed the strangest evening he had ever spent, and most unlike all former experiences. From the midst of the brilliant and modern life of the European city of Cairo the turn of a corner will transport a traveller into an absolutely different world. It gives the sensation of the country of "the Thousand and One Nights." The people there live and think quite differently from a European. The stranger rubs against them in the streets by day, meets them in the bazaars and buys some of their curiosities. Sometimes, no doubt, he is surprised to see that their manner of reasoning is altogether unlike his own, yet he goes away fancying that he knows them, but at night all the fires which he thought to be extinct glow again, the Arab awakes, and the true life of the East begins. Cairo is made up of two cities. M. Berger was fortunate in having a brother whose official situation in the Ottoman world secured him the *entrée* to many places which are not generally open to a European. He describes a visit paid one evening in Ramadan to the Sheik El Arous who kept open house during that month. The old man was not visible, but one of his nephews, a youth of eighteen to twenty, did the honours of the house. He was dressed in European fashion, spoke French fluently, and informed the visitors that he was destined for the law. His elder brother wore the Arab costume and entertained another group of visitors in a neighbouring salon. One brother linked the house to modern society, the other represented in all its rigour the ancient Musulman tradition. Amid all the laughter and conversation young Arabs chanted their prayers to Allah. People were coming and going continually. Servants moved about bearing on their heads huge trays packed with refreshments. From this house M. Berger and his friends went to a reunion of dervishes. They were introduced to a grand Oriental vestibule and thence into a vast salon richly decorated. There was not a single piece of furniture in the middle of the room. By-and-by a young sheik of twenty-five entered. This was El Bakri, the chief of the dervishes of Egypt. M. Berger had never felt himself transported in an instant into a world so new. Their host was pale with a light beard, and had the air of a messiah rather than of a prophet; his features were fine, his skin transparent, his hands admirably made

and more delicate than those of any European. He wore a turban, and was dressed in a robe of black silk under which could be seen a shirt with sleeves of the finest merino. His whole person seemed to have an air of sweetness not unmixed with suffering. His father had died recently and he had succeeded him in his functions, which gave him an authority almost equal to that of the Pope and made him the religious chief recognised by all the Musulmans of Egypt. He spoke of Herbert Spencer, asked who were the chiefs at that moment of the sociological school in France, and expounded freely his own theories on society, on the injustice of classes, the indifference of government to social questions, which in his opinion were the first of all questions. The talk was a medley of modern ideas the newest, most daring, and sometimes the most incoherent. He knew Renan's study on Mahomet, and spoke about the French poets and the renaissance of Arab poetry which was then agitating the public mind in Cairo. All this was said in good French with a slightly foreign accent. It was almost midnight before this fascinating conversation closed. A week later M. Berger was in Jerusalem among the fanatical crowd gathered for the great feast. The descriptions of the country, of the crowds of pilgrims, and of the wonderful ceremony of Baïram—the religious fête of the Musulman world—are singularly interesting. On Baïram all the authorities of the city, the Ottoman functionaries and ecclesiastical dignitaries, Christians and Jews as well as Musulmans, come to salute the governor. M. Berger was permitted to watch the ceremony of which he paints a lively picture.

(August 1).—M. Charles Benoist gives an account of the "Government of the Church and the Sacred College in 1894." He says there is hardly an organisation more interesting, more original, than that of the Catholic Church, and certainly there is none about which so little is generally known. People feel themselves in the presence of a great organised power, but they trouble themselves little as to the organisation. To know the pageants and fêtes of the Church is not enough. The Catholic Church, Leo XIII. says in one of his encyclicals, is a perfect society. It constitutes—and that fact, he says, is of the greatest importance—a society legally perfect in its kind, because, by the express will and grace of its Founder, it possesses in itself and by itself all the resources which are necessary for its existence and its action. Even after all possible restrictions are made, it is necessary to recognise that the Catholic Church, without being a State, without possessing territory, or subjects, or means of material constraint, is a power of quite a special kind, which has laws and a constitution of its own. The Pope sends out ambassadors and receives them, he plays the part of arbitrator and signs concordats, which very nearly resemble treaties. By the side of the Sacerdotal hierarchy there is a governmental organisation, a government of the Church. Only it is more hidden, more discreet; it disappears, it screens itself behind the person of the Pope, because it exists only in union with the Holy See. Of this government of the Church, the Sacred College of Cardinals is the chief wheel. The cardinals are not merely created to adorn the Curia, the Roman Court, on days of solemn functions; they preside over the various congregations, and have the great pontifical posts assigned to them. To cite only those functions which are incontestably governmental and political, one cardinal is Secretary of State to the Sovereign Pontiff, another is Prefect of the Propaganda.

In the time of the temporal power, when the three crowns and the tiara were not merely symbolical, the cardinals were legates or governors in the province of the States of the Church. The Sacred College is a council always present at the side of the Pope, but he is not bound to accept its advice, for he is the Sovereign Pontiff in whom alone the sovereignty resides. The Secretary of State, the intermediary between the Pope and the Cardinal ambassadors, finds his office infinitely more delicate and difficult since the Papacy has lost temporal power. The questions that come under his notice belong partly to the political and partly to the religious domain, and he is only able to bring moral considerations to bear in their solution. Cardinal

Rampolla, who holds this important office, goes every morning to receive the Pope's instructions. From the day when he entered on office he has governed his whole course in strict conformity with the wishes of the Pope. The powers of a Secretary of State cease with the death of the Pope who appointed him. He is the Pope's second self. The Cardinal-Vicar represents the spiritual functions of the Papacy. On the death of the Pope he retains his power till a successor is appointed. The union between this official and the Pope is not so close as that between his Holiness and the Secretary of State. They are not in such incessant contact, such constant communication. The post is now held by Cardinal Lucido-Maria Parocchi, Bishop of Albano. The Vicar-General is short, stout, and plump, with an eye black as jet under his bushy black eyebrows. He is always approachable, always in quest of a confidant, lively, expansive, demonstrative, gay, familiar, with a *bonhomie* which leads him, as one of his colleagues said, to show successively his preferences to all the world. If he has preferences less fugitive than the rest, they are for journalists of every party and every country. The Grand Penitentioner presides over the tribunal which deals with matters of conscience. The Cardinal Monaco la Valetta, who holds this office, is austere, severe, and cold. He seems born for such a post. He has not the least feature in common with the Cardinal-Vicar, and does not allow himself to be approached easily even by the diplomats accredited to Rome or the bishops who come to Rome to seek canonical investiture. The seventy members of the Sacred College are divided into sixteen or seventeen different congregations. Each has a cardinal for its prefect, save three of which the Pope himself is prefect.

(August 15).—M. de Varigny, in his paper on "Tammany Hall and Political Life in New York," says that Richard Crocker, an Irishman, who was a street Arab on the New York pavement in 1854, has taken the place of John Kelly as "boss" of the New York caucus. The article will be eagerly read by all who wish to understand the political life of America.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (July 1).—M. Trial, in his paper on "The Religious Situation," holds that to teach and live out the great moral and religious realities is perhaps the only practical way at present of reuniting all the Reformed Churches in a single body, under the direction of the government of a national Synod. Such a Synod seems both necessary and possible, that those who are agreed on the great verities might discuss by means of the press the questions which interest the Churches most deeply, and which ought to be discussed in a national Synod. Such questions as accountability, the civil conditions of the parish electorate, a better distribution of the places where pastors reside, and various disciplinary measures might be thus handled. Then the Consistories could study them, adding to or modifying them in any way they thought wise. The Provincial Synods would revise these, and then the Central Council would prepare a list of subjects which had obtained the majority of votes. This list would constitute the order of the day in the National Synod. It would pass judgment on subjects already discussed by assemblies which are ecclesiastically inferior to itself. Other matters would be remitted to the provincial Synods. The higher court would thus not be absolute master of its decisions. Its mandate would be limited in the sense that it would be determined in advance for each session. It would sometimes be administrative, sometimes dogmatic, sometimes both at once. It is, perhaps, not merely chimerical to fear that it might exceed its rights, and issue an obligatory confession of faith. But if a strong majority should wish to affirm in some form the great verities, and to unfurl the flag of the Reformed Church of France, if there should be a large majority prepared to adopt a declaration of principles, large and Christian, which all might adopt without ingenious interpretations, who need be afraid of the action of a national Synod? It would occupy itself with liturgies, religious education, and evangelisation. Those who hold the law of duty, the doctrine of sin, and salvation by and in Christ should join hands in order to secure the Reformed Church of France a complete and legal representation, which would enable it to govern itself and

have a sanction for its decisions in disciplinary and administrative matters, as well as a representative body which would make known its opinion on a certain number of questions of the highest importance, and make the people know, with indisputable authority, the method of liberty and the religion of the Gospel.

(August 1).—Rodolphe Reuss takes the first place in this number with an article on Prévost-Paradol. His mother was a distinguished actress of the Comédie Française, who died when he was still young. He studied at the Collège Bourbon, where his precocious misanthropy held him aloof from the company and the sports of his fellow students. Only a few of the more distinguished among them could win their way to friendship. Taine and he penetrated with delight into the mysteries of Spinoza's philosophy. In 1849 the youth of nineteen entered the Superior Normal School, armed already with that lucid thought and vibrating prose which were to make him by-and-by a recognised master of style. After some sharp struggles with straitened means, M. de Sacy offered him a place on the staff of the *Journal des Débats*. He was then twenty-seven. After thirteen years notable work he was sent as ambassador to Washington in June 1870 by Napoleon III., whom he had long and bitterly denounced as the betrayer of his country. How he who had entreated the youth of France not to sacrifice their ideal of liberty, of morals, and of dignity could range himself on the side of Tiberius passes comprehension. The expiation was terrible, and it was not delayed. He embarked at Brest on June 30. The same evening the *Journal Officiel* announced that peace had never been more firmly assured in the Old World than it was at that time. When Prévost-Paradol arrived in America the telegraph had already announced that war was imminent. He found himself alone, without friends or support of any kind. The agonising presentiment seized him that the Empire would not survive that shock, but would fall shamefully and in blood, overwhelming with it all the imprudent and ambitious who had rallied to its flag. He saw his own career ruined for lack of three short months of patience. He placed himself before a mirror, and with one touch of a pistol finished his dishonoured career.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (June 15).—There is a good article in this number by a lady on the products of the soil and vine culture in Sicily. She says that the lowering of the prices of agricultural products, which is due in large measure to the inundation of our European markets by American produce, has affected no country so seriously as Sicily. Most of the people are devoted to agriculture, but there is no population in Europe more miserable, even though it is the most laborious and sober. If improved methods of agriculture could be introduced, together with legislative enactments which would compel absentee proprietors to cultivate their lands upon a rational system, and if provision were made for the erection of cottages and rural schools, the opening of roads into the interior, and finding the ancient fountains of water, and dealing with destructive forests, there is good hope that such a policy would give security to the cultivators, and would gradually and progressively restore life to great part of the provinces of Syracuse, Trapani, Palermo, Girgenti, and Caltanisetta, as well as to a part of Catania and Messina. Such measures along with good laws rigorously carried out, would soon make Sicily flourish both morally and materially. During the civil war in the United States the culture of the cotton plant flourished in Sicily; but when peace was restored the prices were no longer remunerative. The cultivation of tobacco also dwindled when the monopoly ceased. The writer of this paper thinks that a great co-operative society of producers might be established in Sicily, in direct communication with a society of consumers in England. She quotes Signor Rizzetto, the Italian vice-consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, who would like to see a commercial treaty established between Italy and that city. The great drawback to such an arrangement is the lack of regular and direct lines of navigation between Italy and Great Britain. Cattle, fruit, and other things come into England with greater facility from Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, California, and the remote provinces of Canada, than from Italy.

England ought to be a kind of promised land for Italy, because she imports food so largely for her population, but this want of regular communication is fatal. Italy is pre-eminently adapted for the growth of the vine. Jules Simon said in the Legislative Assembly of France, "Italy might produce wines equal to ours if she knew how to do it; it is not the vine that is superior in France, but the man." It is there that Italy is behind her rival. M. Segnier, in his "Agriculture in Italy," states that, "The manufacture of wines is almost always badly done." A short sketch is given of the history and present position of the industry.

(July 1).—Signor Carducci's paper on "The *Aminta* of Tasso and the Old Pastoral Poetry" holds the first place in this number. He regards the *Aminta* as a marvel of harmony between the inspiration, the expression, and the impression produced, and also as a living portent in the spiritual continuity of Italian poetry, because it comes at the exact moment, closing those labours of the Renaissance which were perennially renewed and transformed. The *Aminta* opened up the era of idealisation, that is of sensuality voluptuous in its melancholy, the age of music which in the realm of fancy and art must necessarily succeed to poetry. Another article deals with "Dr. Schloetzer and the End of the Kulturkampf." The doctor, who was Minister of the German Empire in the United States, came to Rome in September 1881 as official agent of the Prussian Government to the Pope. The following April he was accredited as Minister Plenipotentiary. He had been in Rome from 1863 to 1869 as Secretary of Legation with Count Arnim. Prussia had suppressed the religious orders, expelled the monks and friars from her territory, limited the power of the bishops, closed the seminaries and engaged in a bitter struggle with the Papacy. Those who did not know Schloetzer during the five years after his appointment can form no conception of the state of agitation in which he lived. He lived in the midst of an atmosphere of intrigues, opposing craft with craft. He had compensations, however, in the unlimited confidence which Bismarck showed him, and in the lively desire of the Pope to secure peace with Germany. There were compensations also in the frequent banquets given by cardinals and prelates in Rome and in the country, particularly in those of Genzano, in the villa of Cardinal Jacobini, where he and Galimberti were entertained and passed the Sunday in pleasant freedom from care. The kinsfolk of the deceased cardinal still recall those days of country life and the toasts proposed by the Minister of Prussia to the Pope and religious peace between the Holy See and Germany. The negotiations were drawn out for five years. In May 1886 the greater part of the laws of the Kulturkampf were abrogated. Schloetzer died at Berlin last May at the age of seventy-two. He had some intention of publishing his recollections of Rome. It is probable that some day they will see the light, as a tribute to his own memory and a description of a notable passage in the history of the Pontificate of Leo XIII., and in the diplomacy and the struggles of Bismarck.

(July 15).—Signor Bonfadi's appreciative paper on President Carnot occupies the first place in this number. It refers to the circumstances of his election when Ferry, Freycinet, Saussier, and General Boulanger were competitors with him for the high position. The multiplicity of candidates made people's minds turn more eagerly to Carnot. The election of Jules Ferry threatened to give full effect to those agreements between extreme parties which, at the end of 1870, saw in the energetic parliamentarian the enemy of their own follies. The revolutionary tradition had been handed down to Carnot from his grandfather, his father had inspired him with a love for moderation, and he had devoted himself to modern studies and the modern spirit of patriotism. His election represented a conciliatory force in the struggles of party. Few men, in similar circumstances, would have remained so faithful to their own duties, and the obligations they had assumed as Sadi Carnot. He never lost sight of the nature of the office he had accepted, nor of the various causes which had led to his own election. He was a pattern for republican Presidents, as Leopold of Belgium had been for constitutional

monarchs. Neither power of thought nor brilliance of initiative can be claimed for him. He interpreted rigidly the constitution of the Republic, and did not let it leave the beaten tracks. That was the whole secret of his administration. Signor Casini finishes his studies in the life and poetry of Vincenzo Monti. He shows how the poet and assessor of Republican Italy was prepared to become the historian of the monarchy in some such way as Racine and Boileau were. There is an interesting paper on "An Art Exhibition in London," that of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and an instructive study by Giuseppe Chiarini on "The Classical School in Italy from 1860 to the present time." The real progress made in the classical schools during the last thirty years is largely due to the teaching body. The new and more reasonable study of letters in the University has contributed to the same end. But the Ministers, who have had charge of these matters, and those who have worked with them must not be denied their share of credit for this marked improvement.

(August 1).—Signor Bonghi's article on "Leo XIII. and Monseigneur Ireland," Archbishop of San Paolo in the United States, discusses the effects of the present Pope's policy. He allows that Leo has exercised a beneficial and pacific influence in France, but thinks that he has failed to do anything to help Italy in the trying period through which she has been passing. Neither the Italian clerics nor the Catholic laity feel that they owe him any debt of gratitude.

THE METHODIST REVIEW (July-August).—The Rev. James Mudge, D.D., chronicles brightly "Seventy-five Years of the *Methodist Review*." An attempt had been made in 1796 and 1812 to secure the publication of a monthly *Methodist Magazine* in America, but nothing came of the General Conference resolutions. It was not till January 1818 that the first number of the *Methodist Magazine* was started. Its forty pages were filled by "sermons, memoirs, accounts of revivals, long extracts from books of theology, and copious selections from many sources." It was followed in 1830 by the *Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review*, which had 120 pages, and was published once a quarter. Two years later Dr. Nathan Bangs became the first regularly elected editor. He had, as book agent, been the guiding genius of the publication from 1820, and continued in office till 1836. He was not allowed to pay contributors, so that his task was very difficult. This crucial matter was put right in 1836, when Samuel Luckey was chosen editor both of the *Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review* and of the *Christian Advocate*. Dr. Peck became separate editor of the *Review* in 1840; eight years later Dr. McClintock succeeded to the chair. Under his charge, the *Review* became a true stimulant and guide to the literary activity of the Church. Complaints were made that it was not sufficiently adapted to the practical and utilitarian tastes of the people, but he would not consent to lower its tone and style. Dr. Whedon became editor in 1856, and during his twenty-eight years' service won a wide reputation for the *Review*. The *Independent* and other competent judges described him as "the best review editor in this country." During his editorship, it has been calculated that he wrote articles and notices that would fill thirty duodecimo volumes of 300 pages each. Dr. Curry took the veteran's place in 1884, and after his death, Dr. Mendenhall was elected editor in 1888. "His spirited onslaught on rationalism" was, says Dr. Mudge, the main feature of his administration. "The editor gave himself up with entire *abandon* and enthusiasm to this crusade against Old Testament criticism. The editorials in which he denounced those who had strayed from the safe paths of orthodoxy, and whom he regarded as wicked disturbers of the peace, amaze one by their length and number." The greatly increased subscription list made the *Review* self-supporting, which it had not been for a long period. The editor died in 1892, and Dr. Kelley, who will, we hope, have as long and honourable a course as Dr. Whedon, was chosen to fill the chair.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH (July).—Dr. Tigert, the recently appointed editor of this *Review*, promises to give an outline of its history in its next number, similar to that

which appeared in the *Methodist Review* last July. The new series, with its neat cover and bold type, is thoroughly attractive. Professor Haden, of Vanderbilt University, contributes a good study of St. Augustine; and H. R. Withers discusses the subject of Entire Sanctification, dealing trenchantly with some recent books on the subject. The *Review* is henceforth to be a bi-monthly. Dr. Tigert thinks that "a distinctive character should be given to every number. To this end, a large proportion of the articles must be invited contributions from men whose names will be a sufficient guarantee of their fitness to write upon the themes assigned. Voluntary contributions will, of course, receive candid and considerate editorial attention, and it will be part of the mission of the *Review* to recognise talent, however obscure, and to give it an adequate channel of expression; but, in general, such articles will probably be too numerous for insertion in the *Quarterly*."

THE CANADIAN METHODIST REVIEW (May–June) has an interesting article by the Rev. A. M. Phillips on "Annual Conference Boundaries." He says that the regulating and controlling power in the Methodist itinerant system is the Annual Conference, yet neither its functions nor its authority should be so circumscribed as to interfere with the freest movement of the "itinerant wheel." There should be an easy interchange of ministers, especially among contiguous Conferences. At present the number of men transferred beyond an Annual Conference limit is comparatively few. Mr. Phillips does not approve the proposal to reduce the number of Conferences, for the ten which now exist would better supervise Methodism in the Dominion than a smaller number would do. He suggests that there should be a grouping of certain contiguous Conferences for stationing purposes, and powers given to the Stationing Committee to transfer men from one Conference to another. He holds that Methodism would "accomplish more good in the world if the work of the Stationing Committee were entirely separated from the Annual Conference, thus leaving its sessions wholly free for the consideration of not merely the schedule topics of the discipline, but of such other questions as the interests of Christ's work demands." It would then be possible to consult as to the best methods of carrying on the work of God. The business has fallen into stereotyped ways, and the chief stress has been laid on the stationing of ministers. Mr. Phillips argues that a change of Conference boundaries is not the best remedy for the present condition of things, but that the cure is to be found in the grouping idea for stationing purposes, and the entire separation of the Stationing Committee from Annual Conference business.

THE CENTURY (July, August, September).—"A German Comic Paper" in *The Century* for July is a bright introduction to *Fliegende Blätter*, the Mr. *Punch* of Germany, which is three years younger than its illustrious English contemporary. Antonin Dvorák's critique on Franz Schubert is a very fine piece of work. He follows Rubinstein in ranking Schubert among the very greatest composers. He was as versatile as Mozart, though in opera, where Mozart was strongest, he was weakest. "The richness and variety of colouring in the Great Symphony in C are astounding. It is a work which always fascinates, always remains new. It has the effect of gathering clouds, with constant gleams of sunshine breaking through them. Madame Benzon's description of the French salons is one of the gems of the August number. Perhaps the chief salon is that of Madame Aubernon de Nerville, who has inherited the best traditions of the eighteenth century. Every Saturday she gives a dinner to eight or ten guests at her fine house in the Rue d'Astorg. The company is carefully chosen with one great talker only. She knows how to encourage her guests to put forth their best powers, and her knack of original and unexpected witticism enables her to turn the current of talk into another channel when it is in danger of becoming wearisome or she sees breakers ahead. Renan used to be the prominent star here in his day. He used to speak with exquisite grace of his historical and archæological researches in the East. "His large tolerance, his broad manner of looking at things on all sides at once, his slightly ironical, and perhaps disdainful, though courteous,

acceptance of other people's opinions, made any passing intercourse with him perfectly delightful." It is pitiful to find that Madame Aubernon's religion "is sufficiently expressed by the words, 'I keep myself equally ready for eternity and for nothingness.'" At Madame C. Coignet's salon we find ourselves on Protestant ground. Here we get a glimpse of Paul Sabatier, whose "Vie de S. François d'Assisi" has enjoyed such enormous popularity in France. He is described as "a very remarkable political writer of the *Temps*, who is also Professor of Dogmatics in the Protestant faculty of the Paris University, and has given some admirable lectures in the Sorbonne upon Christian literature." The first one, on "The Intimate Life of Dogmas," was perhaps still more admired by the Catholics than by the Calvinists and Methodists, who found him too liberal, though he is thoroughly Protestant. But like many large-minded men of the period, he seems to wish to throw a bridge from one religion to another, in bringing all Christians to adore in spirit and in truth. His "St. Francis of Assisi" was the event of the season. An irreverent wit said of it: "St. Francis is becoming so fashionable that he will soon be worn upon bonnets."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (July, August, September).—Mr. Du Maurier's clever but impossible "Trilby" ends sadly enough with the untimely death of its two chief figures. Mr. Howells, in his sketches of his first visit to New England, describes a little dinner for four to which Lowell invited him. Wendell Holmes was there, "the vividest intellectual presence" Mr. Howells has ever known. James T. Fields was also with them. The talk was such as the young aspirant to literary honours had never known. "It was as light and kind as it was deep and true, and it ranged over a hundred things, with a perpetual sparkle of Dr. Holmes's wit, and the constant glow of Lowell's incandescent sense. From time to time Fields came in with one of his delightful stories (sketches of character they were, which he sometimes did not mind caricaturing), or with some criticism of the literary situation from his standpoint of both lover and publisher of books." In the August sketch Mr. Howells introduces us to Hawthorne. Among other remarks the novelist said he had never seen a woman whom he thought quite beautiful. He suggested that the apparent coldness in the New England temperament was real, and that the suppression of emotion for generations would extinguish it at last. After tea he showed Howells a book-case where there were a few books toppling about on the half-filled shelves, and said coldly: "This is my library." He gave his visitor a card of introduction to Emerson, on which he wrote: "I find this young man worthy."

ST. NICHOLAS (July, August, September).—Mr. Hornaday's papers on "The Bears of North America" are worthy of a reading, not only from children, but their elders also, and the bright article on "The Daughters of Zeus" is a happy introduction to the Nine Muses. Brander Matthews gives a good sketch of James Fenimore Cooper and his books. Cooper had retired from the Navy a few months after his marriage and seemed to have settled down to the life of a country gentleman. He happened to read some cheap British novel, and was seized with the idea that he could do as well himself. The result was his "Precaution," published in 1820. It was a tale of life in England; but next came the "Spy," the first American historical novel. Mr. Edwell's "American Bicyclers at Mont St. Michel" is a bright paper with specially attractive illustrations.