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ART. I.—THE FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH.

1. *The Foundations of Belief.* Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology. By the Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR. Longmans. 1895.
2. *Thoughts on Religion.* By the late GEO. J. ROMANES, M.A., F.R.S. Edited by CHAS. GORE, Canon of Westminster. Longmans. 1895.

WHEN the history of English thought in the nineteenth century comes to be written, it will be seen that its closing years were years of preparation for theological reconstruction. Not that the earlier generations had witnessed any widespread undermining of the Christian faith, still less any serious demolition of the structure. On the contrary, the quickening of religious life which began with the Oxford Movement in the thirties, and an increased activity amongst Evangelical Nonconformists, have together formed a wave of religious influence which has gathered rather than decreased in volume as the century has been drawing to a close. But it is a proverbial saying that a cathedral is never finished. To such a building there is always something to be done. Some-

times no more than the completion of an unfinished tower, or the restoration of damaged carving, sometimes the interior of nave or chancel requires renewal, or the whole west front must be strengthened or repaired. As with the sanctuary, so with the creed. It is undeniable, we think, that a certain disintegration of religious faith has been in progress for more than a generation, seriously affecting large numbers of the more thoughtful amongst the community, and indirectly influencing many more who have been vaguely disquieted rather than deeply disturbed. It was, perhaps, impossible that such a rapid increase of secular knowledge should take place, such changes in prevailing views on questions of physical science, such a veritable revolution in the view taken of nature and man's place in nature, such an extension of Biblical research and criticism, without some corresponding changes in theology and religion. When it is remembered that, amongst the leaders of thought in the latter half of the century, some of the most prominent have been Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and, in other departments, George Eliot and Matthew Arnold, the fact of such disintegration becomes obvious. The influence of such writers as these has been at the same time an effect and a cause of a disturbance in religious belief, which has been none the less serious, though it may have been less alarming, because, for the most part, it has taken place beneath the surface, instead of outwardly altering the substance of an accepted creed.

Signs are rapidly multiplying that the period of disintegration is coming to an end and a period of reconstruction beginning. The representatives of physical science on the one hand, and revolutionary Biblical critics on the other, have had full opportunity to declare themselves and the faith or no-faith that was in them. Thirty years ago they complained that their case could not be fully heard because of the dogmatism of theologians and the invincible prejudices of those who had been bred and brought up upon theological dogmatism. Now they have been heard at large, they have had a fair field, and perhaps some extra favour shown to them to make up for previous neglect. The critics of traditional religious belief, both from the side of literature and of science, have furnished

their contribution to the knowledge of the time, a contribution in many respects very valuable, from which the generation has learned much, and for which it should be duly grateful. But now that time enough has elapsed for the full scope of their teaching to be seen, now that it is possible to measure its weakness as well as its strength, its limitations as well as its excellence, the most intelligent among their disciples are beginning to weigh them in the balances and find them wanting. The truth they have been able to teach remains, and mankind is richer for it. But it is not the whole truth. It cannot stand alone, it is not a Gospel by which man can live and die, and the time has come when on both sides it is being seen that the new truth can only do its work by being taken up into that larger whole of which it forms but a subsidiary part. Older forms of truth have here and there to be modified, but they will become the stronger for the wholesome and inevitable change, as "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns." Reconstruction has hardly yet commenced, but the way is being prepared for it, and the twentieth century will find the structure of Christian faith more firmly founded, more widely extended, and more abundantly enriched and strengthened than ever before in the history of Christendom.

Amongst the recent signs of such a process in this country—standing, however, by no means alone—are the two books named at the head of this article. One is written by perhaps the most brilliant and popular of rising statesmen, the other by one of the most accomplished students of physical science, whose career was recently cut short by death while he was yet in his prime. Neither is the work of a theologian. Both are the products of minds essentially critical, Mr. Balfour being a philosophical sceptic, Mr. Romanes a scientific sceptic. Yet both make more or less clear the true groundwork of faith, and accomplish this in a way which is the more satisfactory to a believer because it is not his own way. They furnish independent testimony to truths which the theologian might proclaim, and has proclaimed, in vain. They show the working of two representative minds in our day, minds more highly trained, more able, more far-seeing than the average

amongst men of culture, but none the less representative because they are leaders of a vanguard rather than members of the rank and file of an army. Christian apologists could not accept the precise standpoint of either; but it is this very fact which gives to both books an interest and a value of their own. It will be the object of the present article to estimate the significance of these two highly noteworthy volumes, indicating as they do in different ways how the foundations of Christian faith may be more broadly and securely laid in relation to the philosophical and scientific thought of the time.

Mr. Balfour's book has been so widely read and reviewed that it is hardly necessary to describe its contents afresh. It undertakes, unsystematically but by no means superficially, to analyse the grounds of prevalent beliefs on the deepest questions of human thought. Certain modes of looking at the great World-Problems are dominant amongst us; Mr. Balfour asks whether they are adequate and satisfactory, and if not, in what respects they are deficient. He does not undertake to construct, as well as to criticise, though he does furnish some suggestions towards a provisional philosophy which may afford, as he thinks, a less one-sided and superficial treatment of these fundamental and important themes. The particular system which is chiefly examined is one which "under many names numbers a formidable following, and is in reality the only system which ultimately profits by any defeats which Theology may sustain," known as Agnosticism, Positivism, or Empiricism, but styled throughout by Mr. Balfour as Naturalism. Its leading doctrines are that we may know phenomena, but nothing beyond them. Whatever there may or may not be beyond these, they constitute the World for us, the only world of which we can have any cognisance, "that which is revealed to us through perception, and which is the subject-matter of the Natural Sciences." In this field only is true knowledge to be attained, and in this department only can reason be reasonably and fruitfully exercised. Such at least are the claims of this widely prevalent system of belief, and with an examination of these claims the former part of Mr. Balfour's book is occupied, and from such a system as a background he indicates what appears to him to form a more excellent way.

The book falls naturally enough into four parts, though these are avowedly not arranged in logical order. The first part describes "Some Consequences of Belief," tests Naturalism, that is, by its consequences in ethics, æsthetics, and other regions of thought and practice. The second part deals with "Some Reasons for Belief," and examines more directly the philosophic basis of Naturalism, Idealism, and Rationalist orthodoxy. The third part is headed "Some Causes of Belief," and seeks to show that a large part of our belief has no rational basis, but depends upon authority or custom. The last portion of the book is described as "Suggestions towards a Provisional Philosophy," and contains, amongst more general discussions, some hints as to the way in which a provisional unification of our beliefs concerning the universe may be formed, such unity, however, being, as Mr. Balfour frequently reiterates, partial and provisional only, nothing more than this being attainable, at all events, in the present state of our knowledge. The book is brilliantly written. It abounds in acute, sparkling, epigrammatic criticism, and though somewhat provokingly unsystematic, its literary ability, its numerous digressions and side-issues, its fresh and vigorous treatment of highly abstract questions, its humour and irony, its frequent illustrations and finished style, make it much more likely to be read than elaborate dissertations on similar subjects.

The history of Mr. Romanes' *Thoughts on Religion* is very different. It is not a work prepared for the press by the author. Some years ago, however, Mr. Romanes published anonymously a book which made considerable stir and which was thought to have proved damaging to orthodox religion, entitled, *A Candid Examination of Theism*, by "Physicus." The very decidedly sceptical position taken up in this work Mr. Romanes came, in course of time, to abandon. Some indications of this change of attitude were found in certain articles published in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "The Influence of Science upon Religion." The writer's mind was, however, moving steadily forward in the direction of the faith which his scientific studies in the earlier part of his life had caused him to forsake, and he was preparing for publication a sequel to his former treatise, to be entitled, *A Candid Examination of*

Religion, by "Metaphysicus." This work was only partially complete when the writer's successful career, still bright with further promise, was cut short at the age of forty-six. His friend Canon Gore, who knew well the history of his mind and was left his literary executor, thought it due to his memory to publish such MSS. as would indicate the change of view which Mr. Romanes did not live to make known to the world. He has, therefore, printed together in this volume the conclusion to the work of "Physicus," describing the position taken by Mr. Romanes in 1876, extracts from the articles above mentioned showing the point he had reached before 1889; and last, and chiefly, such portions of the work on which the author was engaged at the time of his death as could be made at all fit for publication. Happily these fragments tell their own story with tolerable fulness. Canon Gore has appended a few explanatory notes, but for the most part he allows his friend to speak for himself and portray a remarkable and very significant mental history. Mr. Romanes by no means recants his earlier views. His opinions on scientific matters remain substantially the same to the end; the progress is discernible in the admission of certain important modifications which change altogether the relations between science and religion in the writer's mind. His latest utterances do not exhibit him as an orthodox Christian; but he came first to see that it was "reasonable to be a Christian believer," and he was recovering the personal activity and enjoyment of Christian faith when his last illness overtook him. Mr. Gore says that his friend "returned before his death to that full deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forgo. In his case the 'pure in heart' was, after a long period of darkness, allowed in a measure before his death to 'see God.'"

It will readily be seen why these two books have been associated for the purposes of this article, and in what sense they are to be considered together. Mr. Balfour describes in the abstract what Mr. Romanes illustrates in the concrete. In both cases we are, first of all, presented with a belief in the conclusions of physical science as an adequate explanation of all that that we can know concerning the ordered universe, the

teachings of religion being held to be baseless and untrustworthy. In both cases—Mr. Balfour performing the work of criticism from without, and Mr. Romanes conducting a similar process from within—the position of "Naturalism" is found to be inadequate and unsatisfying. And in both cases a movement is indicated rather than accomplished towards a more positive and satisfactory mode of viewing these ultimate World-Problems. Neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Romanes definitely undertakes the work of construction, but both are feeling their way towards it. An examination of two such books side by side can hardly fail to be instructive. We shall attempt, so far as space permits, not only to exhibit the cogency of their critique of Agnosticism, but to indicate where and why their constructive work halts where it does. The mental process sketched in both books alike may prove a true *præparatio evangelica* such as many in this unsettled but by no means irreligious generation are wistfully seeking.

There can be no question that Mr. Balfour is strongest in criticism. His mind is essentially sceptical in its cast. The present volume does but carry on the work which was begun in his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, and the danger in both books is lest the critic should overreach himself and leave the uncomfortable impression that he has proved too much. The general reason of mankind is aware that it unreasonable to use reason to undermine reason. But we may thankfully accept criticism so long as it is assailing current plausible assumptions, and it will be time enough to cry Halt! when it begins to saw away the bough on which itself is resting.

The first contribution of value made by Mr. Balfour to the discussion lies in his showing that the real difficulty in the way of most unbelievers lies in certain preconceptions, certain modes of looking at world-problems, certain attitudes of mind, "psychological climates," which render them unconsciously impervious to religious considerations and arguments which may be addressed to them. "The decisive battles of theology are fought beyond its frontiers." Judgments on theological problems are decided beforehand by conceptions which appear to have little connection with theology or religion. Are these justifiable? A momentous question, which few Agnostics have

fairly put to themselves. The one enormous assumption that there can be no valid knowledge beyond that which is gained by the use of such methods as are available in physical science is responsible for a large proportion of current unbelief. Yet it passes with the majority as an axiom, unquestioned, as undeniable as it is improvable. Mr. Balfour's first assault upon it is based upon the consequences to which it leads. He acknowledges that this is not logically in order; that a critic should begin with examining the foundations, not the issues and results, of any system with which he has a quarrel. But, practically, the order is effective and unobjectionable. Accordingly the first chapter shows whither this mode of regarding the universe leads us in the sphere of morals. The ethics of Naturalism, he holds, will not bear examination. According to its teaching, "the coarsest appetites, the most calculating selfishness, and the most devoted heroism are all sprung from analogous causes and evolved for similar objects," and "the august sentiments which cling to the ideas of duty and sacrifice are nothing better then a device of Nature to trick us into the performance of altruistic actions." A Kant may compare the moral law to the starry heavens and find them both sublime; "it would on the naturalistic hypothesis be more appropriate to compare it to the protective blotches on the beetle's back and to find them both ingenious." If we follow the teaching of Naturalism to its issues in ethics, man is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. "His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of planets." We can know nothing of the causes which have converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, "enough that from such beginnings famine, disease, and mutual slaughter, fit nurses of the future lords of creation, have gradually evolved, after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant."

By a similar process of *reductio ad absurdum* in æsthetics and other departments of human life, Mr. Balfour pours scorn upon naturalistic hypotheses. More effective even than his caustic contempt is the underlying argument that a theory

which brings us to such results by a carefully conducted process of reasoning must have missed its way from the outset. "If Naturalism be true, or rather if it be the whole truth, then is morality but a bare catalogue of utilitarian precepts; beauty but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure; reason but the dim passage from one set of unthinking habits to another. All that gives dignity to life, all that gives value to effort, shrinks and fades under the pitiless glare of a creed like this." In drawing his deductions at this stage, however, Mr. Balfour is duly cautious. He has no complaint against science. Crimes have been wrought in the sacred name of Liberty, but the deliverer of the oppressed is not responsible for these. Absurdities which outrage man's higher reason and moral sense are propounded in the name of Science, but it is not fair to make her responsible for them. Mr. Balfour claims to have proved that a purely empirical theory of things cannot be accepted as an adequate account of the ordered universe, and this is fatal to Naturalism, but it does not touch one of the conclusions of science. It is a *theory* of science, a false philosophy based upon science, which is here in question—quite another matter. "Science preceded the theory of science and is independent of it. Science preceded Naturalism and will survive it." What Mr. Balfour very justly complains of is that Naturalism, the theory which claims that we can know nothing beyond phenomena, should venture to speak in the name of science and arrogate to itself a credit which does not belong to it. That such a rationalistic theory "should develop into Naturalism and then, on the strength of labours which it has not endured, of victories which it has not won, and of scientific triumphs in which it has no right to share, presume, in spite of its speculative insufficiency, to dictate terms of surrender to every other system of belief, is altogether intolerable. Who would pay the slightest attention to Naturalism if it did not force itself into the retinue of science, assume her livery, and claim, as a kind of poor relation, in some sort to represent her authority and to speak with her voice?" This is a question which theologians have been asking for some time in vain. If Mr. Balfour, as statesman and man of the world, can gain a hearing for this most reasonable plea, it will be well for

many who are unconsciously confusing science with a parasite which lives upon its substance and sucks away no small portion of its strength.

Mr. Balfour's examination of the philosophic basis of Naturalism is very acute, but we cannot describe it in detail. He claims to show that the theory of the universe which depends for its premisses in the last resort upon the particulars revealed to us in perceptive experience alone cannot be trusted. He points out "the incongruity of a scheme of belief whose premises are wholly derived from witnesses admittedly untrustworthy, yet which is unable to supply any criterion, other than the evidence of these witnesses themselves, by which the character of their evidence can in any given case be determined." In brief, argues Mr. Balfour, science is unable to provide its own philosophic basis. The attempt to provide such a basis in atomistic materialism fails as signally as the attempt to resolve nature into a series of fleeting subjective impressions made upon a "mind" as little explicable as the "matter" from which it is supposed to be deduced, or of which it forms another aspect. "Space, time, matter, energy, cause, quality, idea, perception—all these, to mention no others, are expressions without the aid of which no account could be given of the circle of the sciences; though every one of them suggests a multitude of speculative problems, of which speculation has not as yet succeeded in giving us the final and decisive solution." Let us, however, proceed to watch Naturalism at work upon man's beliefs concerning the genesis and history of the universe. Its natural ally, its parent or its legitimate offspring, according as it is viewed as cause or effect, is Rationalism. This word has been very variously understood, but Mr. Balfour employs it to denote the application of the method of Naturalism to the decision of every controversy, the discussion of every creed. "Did a belief square with a view of the universe based exclusively upon the prevalent mode of interpreting sense-perception? If so, it might survive. Did it clash with such mode, or lie beyond it? It was superstitious; it was unscientific; it was ridiculous; it was incredible." Let these methods be ruthlessly applied to the whole circuit of belief, and we are brought to what may be described as

thoroughgoing Rationalism in method and thoroughgoing Naturalism as a sufficient creed. Mr. Balfour holds that in this controversy no half-measures are possible. Once admit rationalising methods, and full-blown Naturalism is the logical result. Rationalistic orthodoxy is impotent and ineffective. Try to establish the fundamental truths of Theism upon a rationalistic basis, or to prove the truth of the Christian religion upon premises which a naturalistic philosopher would accept, and you are doomed to failure. The so-called "historical proof" of Christianity Mr. Balfour holds to be quite inadequate for the purpose. If it could be shown that "there is good historic evidence of the usual sort for believing that for one brief interval during the history of the universe, and in one small corner of this planet, the continuous chain of universal causation has been broken; that in an insignificant country, inhabited by an unimportant branch of the Semitic people, events are alleged to have taken place, which, if they really occurred, at once turn into foolishness the whole theory in the light of which he [the naturalistic philosopher] has been accustomed to interpret human experience," the legitimate reply would be that it is more likely there have been mistakes somewhere in the traditions than that the philosopher's whole theory of the universe is mistaken. Such a one might fairly urge that "no explanation could be less satisfactory than the one which requires us, on the strength of three or four ancient documents—at the best written by eye-witnesses of little education and no scientific knowledge, at the worst spurious and of no authority—to remodel and revolutionise every principle which governs us with an unquestioned jurisdiction in our judgments on the universe at large."

Thus far we can travel with Mr. Balfour without difficulty. We could wish indeed that he had made it quite plain that the historical proof of Christianity above referred to is only to be viewed as inadequate when standing alone, not as being itself without value and importance. In its place, it is of the utmost importance; but it forms only a part of a complex system of defence needed against a complex and many-sided assault. This, however, by the way. We agree with Mr. Balfour that it is necessary to go beyond the admitted premisses

of Naturalism and Rationalism in order to find a satisfactory basis for religion and theology; and we hold that he has proved the necessity of going beyond those premisses to form an adequate and consistent theory of the world itself, to say nothing of any theory concerning a Maker of the world. But here we pause. We are by no means satisfied with the treatment accorded to the system of "Transcendental Idealism," associated in this country with the name of the late Professor T. H. Green. To it Mr. Balfour does scant justice, though we do not deny the force of some of his objections and criticisms. It would take us, however, too far afield to discuss this topic, and we pass on to express our disappointment at the course Mr. Balfour takes in his next section. This is entitled "Some Causes of Belief," an awkward description of influences which are distinct from "reasons," but which are alleged to be necessary in order to provide "the apparatus of beliefs which we find actually connected with the higher social and spiritual life of the race." The name which best describes this group of influences is said to be Authority, a principle described as definitely opposed to Reason, and through two or three chapters Mr. Balfour sets himself to disparage Reason, the functions of which in the formation of beliefs he considers to have been unduly magnified. He compares it to the boy who in the early days of steam-engines was set to work the valve by which steam was admitted to the cylinder, by the simple process of pulling a string. The boy in question was of quite subordinate importance in the whole process, and the work is now better done by machinery. But Mr. Balfour has little doubt that the boy in question magnified his office and regarded himself as the most important link in the chain of causes and effects at work, and he is quite sure that the office of reason in the formation of beliefs has been similarly exaggerated. Its "slender contribution" is of some value, and, "pending the evolution of some better device," may be taken into the account; but Mr. Balfour seems to desire and to anticipate the time when Reason shall have as little to do in the formation of convictions as consciousness and will have in the process of digestion.

Now of two things, one. Either this part of Mr. Balfour's

book means what it appears to mean, and in that case he must submit to be classed as the universal sceptic he has been accused of being: or he has made a very awkward use of the word "Reason," and laid himself justly open to the charge of appearing to undermine reason by the use of reason. We confess to being not quite sure, after repeated perusals, which is the true explanation, but we incline to the latter. In that case, by Reason, Mr. Balfour must be understood to mean reasoning, or rather one particular kind of reasoning to be defined as "ratiocination within the limits recognised by science." We are the more inclined to this view because Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his *Social Evolution*, has fallen into a similar ambiguity and employs Reason in a narrow sense, according to which all our social and religious instincts are non-rational. Even so, Mr. Balfour's description of "authority" and his perpetual opposition of reason to authority, is very unfortunate. It is to authority, not to reason, he says, that we owe not religion only, but ethics and politics: authority supplies the essential elements in the premises of science: authority rather than reason lays the foundations of social life and authority rather than reason cements its superstructure. There is a sense in which all this is very true, and the rationalist needs to be reminded how much there is in human life which is not taken account of in his philosophy. But it is for the thinker who, like Mr. Balfour, professes to probe to the very bottom the foundations of belief, to explain the genesis and appraise the value of authority. The superficial observer may, for certain practical purposes, oppose it to reason; but the two are not necessarily opposed. Authority is largely the product of reason in the narrower sense, *i.e.*, reasoning; and when valid, it is always closely allied with Reason in the higher and wider sense of the word. But Mr. Balfour bluntly, and for such an acute thinker very crudely, sets it up as a non-rational "cause" of belief, which from the nature of things cannot be a reason for belief, and then, without analysing authority or determining the measure of its validity, or finding it in operation as a "cause" of belief, calmly proceeds to build upon it as an actual and, therefore, legitimate foundation. It is the scepticism of J. H. Newman—for the Cardinal was a sceptic

concerning Reason, or he would never have been driven into the arms of Rome—which speaks in the following sentence, the last in this part of the discussion: "Though it may seem to savour of paradox, it is yet no exaggeration to say, that if we would find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation, we should look for it, not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of Authority.

In this portion of his work Mr. Balfour has missed the main line of the argument. Naturalism is insufficient; the author adds, Idealism also, but in that we do not follow him. What is the conclusion? Give up reason and fall back upon a purblind authority? Surely not. If the kind of reasoning which alone is admissible in science, while valid within its own limits, is inadequate to furnish us with an analysis of what we believe and an explanation of the grounds on which we believe—unable, that is, to supply an ultimate theory of the universal and ultimate foundations for beliefs which are necessary for existence and action, the nature of its limitations should be clearly shown, and a *rational* groundwork provided for such beliefs as may be shown to be rational, though not demonstrable by this particular mode of ratiocination. Authority is not necessarily irrational or non-rational or extra-rational. A large portion of its teaching is but the sum of the conclusions of reason, arrived at in the course of generations, stored up in the experience of the human race and available for the individual, if he is wise enough to use them. Professor V. H. Stanton, in his very instructive book on *The Place of Authority in Religious Belief*, defines Authority as "that principle which is exhibited in all reasons for receiving or assenting to a truth, if such there be, which are external to the man himself, to his own observation, reasoning or intuition, or which, if revealed internally, lie beyond the reach of his own verification." But Mr. Balfour in his treatment of Authority gives us little help towards understanding the relation between it and Reason, and he ceases here to be the excellent guide he has proved himself whilst criticising Naturalism.

To illustrate this, let us contrast with Mr. Balfour's procedure

the line taken by Mr. Romanes when he began to find scientific methods inadequate for the construction of a theory of the universe. In his "Physicus" period, Romanes laid it down *sans phrase*, "There can no longer be any more doubt that the existence of God is wholly unnecessary to explain any of the phenomena of the universe, than there is doubt that if I let go my pen it will fall upon the table." Arguing according to the methods of Naturalism, he found the hypothesis of mind in nature to be "as certainly superfluous as the very basis of all science is certainly true." Where then, in later days, did he consider his error to lie? "I now clearly perceive two wellnigh fatal oversights which I then committed. The first was undue confidence in merely syllogistic conclusions, even when derived from sound premises, in regions of such high abstraction. The second was in not being sufficiently careful in examining the foundations of my criticism, *i.e.*, the validity of its premisses." The first error was due to unintentional arrogance, says Mr. Romanes of himself, through his not considering "how opposed to reason itself is the unexpressed assumption of my earlier argument as to God Himself, as if His existence were a mere physical problem to be solved by man's reason alone without reference to His other and higher faculties." The second mistake lay in so applying natural causation by means of the Law of Parsimony as to shut out the need of higher causes, afterwards seen to be "necessary to account for spiritual facts." Elsewhere in the volume, some of the chief changes in Mr. Romanes' point of view are described by Mr. Gore as being these: that he came to attach much more importance to the subjective religious needs and intuitions of the human spirit; that he perceived that the subjective religious consciousness can be regarded objectively as a broad human phenomenon; that he criticised his earlier theory of causation and returned towards the theory that all causation is volitional; that he returned to the use of the expression "the argument from design," and therefore presumably abandoned his objection to it, together with some other changes closely related to these.

Now we are not describing the change which took place in Mr. Romanes' mind as a perfect exhibition of the weakness of

Naturalism and the way in which it ought to be remedied. But it does appear to us to furnish in many respects a more satisfactory mode of moving *towards* the construction of a positive creed than is provided by Mr. Balfour. We emphasise the word "towards" as Canon Gore does once or twice, because Romanes moved cautiously, and to the last was rather feeling after Christian faith than in full enjoyment of it. One very valuable contribution to the discussion at this stage is furnished by Mr. Romanes when he distinguishes between "pure" and "impure" Agnosticism, and ascribes his earlier errors to the fact that his Agnosticism was not "pure" enough, *i.e.*, did not sufficiently confine itself within its own limits, but dogmatised concerning that which lay beyond them. The following paragraph exhibits a close coincidence with some parts of Mr. Balfour's arguments, and is in itself very suggestive:

"There are two opposite casts of mind—the mechanical, scientific, &c., and the spiritual, artistic, religious, &c. These may alternate in the same individual. An 'Agnostic' has no hesitation—even though he himself keenly experience the latter—that the former only is worthy of trust. But a *pure* Agnostic must know better, as he will perceive that there is nothing to choose between the two in point of trustworthiness. Indeed, if choice has to be made, the mystic might claim higher authority for his direct intuitions." (P. 113.)

Just here lies the *crux* of the whole matter, and we are inclined to think that any seeker after truth will find Mr. Romanes much the more satisfactory guide at this point. We greatly regret that we cannot exhibit even in outline the steps by which he slowly and with much hesitation, but very surely, moved Christwards. But the following paragraph deserves special notice:

"When I wrote the preceding treatise (the *Candid Examination*) I did not sufficiently appreciate the immense importance of *human* nature as distinguished from physical nature, in any inquiry touching Theism. But since then I have seriously studied anthropology, including the science of comparative religions, psychology, and metaphysics, with the result of clearly seeing that human nature is the most important part of nature as a whole whereby to investigate the theory of Theism. This I ought to have anticipated on merely *a priori* grounds, and no doubt should have perceived, had I not been too much immersed in merely physical research." (P. 154.)

This is surely a more satisfactory way of showing the deficiencies and errors of Naturalism than to minify and disparage reason, exalting authority as a non-rational "cause" of belief which must be reckoned with, and creating a schism in man's nature between parts of it which ought never to be opposed to one another. The processes of the logical understanding which are accepted as valid in "science" form only a part of the working of man's Reason, understood in the highest and most complete sense of the word. The Agnostic is not wrong in saying that Theism cannot be demonstrated by the methods accepted in physical science; he is not wrong in refusing to accept Theism till it can be shown to be a reasonable belief; he is wrong, and shows himself to be not a "pure" Agnostic, in identifying scientific ratiocination with Reason. The Naturalist does this, and shuts out all beliefs not scientifically demonstrable as futile and vain. Mr. Balfour exposes the baseless dogmatism of such a course, but does not provide an adequate groundwork for theological belief in that Reason which is beyond scientific reasoning. Mr. Romanes shows how the limitation of Reason by the rationalist is itself irrational, and indicates some of the ways in which the deficiencies of "Physicus"—who is a perfect embodiment of Mr. Balfour's Naturalism—may be remedied.

It is true that Mr. Balfour, in the latter chapters of his book, does make some very considerable and valuable suggestions towards such a unification of beliefs as we have been indicating. He sees quite well that such unification must be aimed at. Man is so constituted that he cannot be satisfied to set up side by side with a scientific creed, duly accredited and verified, another set of beliefs not duly accredited by reason, intended to supplement the deficiencies of science or satisfy the aspirations which science can neither explain nor meet. Man will not long be content that two regions of knowledge should lie side by side, "contiguous but not connected, like empires of different race and language, which own no common jurisdiction nor hold any intercourse with each other, except along a disputed and wavering frontier where no superior power exists to settle their quarrels or determine their respective limits." Whether such unification of beliefs in the departments of science,

philosophy, and religion be at present possible, is another matter. Mr. Balfour frequently insists that it is not. He holds "that we should not be able completely to harmonise the detached hints and isolated fragments in which alone reality comes into relation with us: that we should but imperfectly co-ordinate what we so imperfectly comprehend, is what we might expect and what for the present we have no choice but to submit to." We agree with this statement in the main, and the Theist may be able to find a moral and religious discipline in this state of enforced partial ignorance, which an Agnostic must simply submit to as a necessity, so long as it lasts. But we think Mr. Balfour's tone upon this point is somewhat too sceptical and a more resolute facing of the difficulty would have removed at least a portion of it. Religious presuppositions and a scientific interpretation of facts are not opposed or inconsistent; a higher philosophy than Naturalism has dreamed of will be able to place them in due mutual relation. The work has not yet been done, and Mr. Balfour is not the man to do it. Mr. Romanes might have done something towards it, had his life been spared, on lines which his friend Mr. Aubrey Moore—another Oxford scholar whose career was cut short at its prime—had previously indicated. But, as Professor Drummond said a while ago concerning Evolution, that it had been "given to the world out of focus," and remained out of focus ever since, it is unquestionably true that the view of the universe presented by science, if it be taken as the whole truth, gives a picture which is not so much false, as distinctly out of focus, and therefore misleading. The "logic-chopping faculty," as Carlyle contemptuously called the understanding, is not to be despised, but its categories will only hold truths which are clipped and docked to fit its measure. So with the much-vaunted "methods of science." Admirable in their place, they fall lamentably short when they are set to do work for which they were never intended. What is wanted, therefore, is a philosophy which will find a place in the whole system of beliefs for the invaluable work done by science, but which will resolutely and rationally keep it in its place. Mr. Balfour's contribution to this philosophy hardly reaches beyond the important conclusion which he has afresh established and

illustrated, that even in the accomplishment of this work science is not self-sufficing, but needs presuppositions which she did not furnish, which she cannot prove, yet without which her whole fabric would fall to the ground.

In one place Mr. Balfour says, "Theism is . . . . a principle which science, for a double reason, requires for its own completion. The ordered system of phenomena asks for a cause; our knowledge of that system is inexplicable, unless we assume for it a rational author." And again, "If I confined myself to saying that the belief in a God, who is not merely 'substance' or 'subject,' but is, in Biblical language, 'a living God,' affords no ground of quarrel between theology and science, I should much understate my thought. I hold, on the contrary, that some such presupposition is not only tolerated, but is actually required by science." Precisely; and if required, it must be upon premisses which can be shown to be in the highest degree rational, though, from the nature of the case, they cannot be proved by scientific reasoning. And, though these cannot be proved, they can be verified. Mr. Balfour's own treatment of ethics and other sciences amounts to a *reductio ad absurdum* of Naturalism, as an alternative to Theism. Similar negative methods of disproof might be applied, *e.g.*, to Pantheism and Materialism. Theism, though not without its difficulties, holds its ground as a well-tested and satisfactory working hypothesis, where others egregiously fail. Surely it is not to be said that this mode of argument is non-rational or extra-rational, because it fails to provide the final grip of demonstrative force which may be gained in pure mathematics, or in any of the exact sciences? No philosophy is worthy the name which cannot provide for the well-known fact that neither exhaustive logical analysis nor complete scientific ratiocination is a normal test of the validity of our primitive beliefs. There must be bed-rock somewhere beneath the surface, if a secure foundation is to be found for the elaborate structure of human beliefs; and for reasons which a religious man has not to go far to seek, the bed-rock is furnished for us, lying deep down below the strata of logical analysis and inductive research, beyond the power of reason to prove, but not beyond its power to approve, rest upon, and start from, in

its task of building a stable and sufficient superstructure of working belief.

Scientific men are coming to acknowledge what theologians have always—though not always very wisely, or with due care—asserted on this head. Mr. Romanes was nothing if not scientific. In his *Candid Examination of Religion*, he says, "We have seen . . . . that all first principles even of scientific facts are known by intuition, and not by reason. The context shows that 'reason' is used in the sense of 'scientific reasoning.' No one can deny this. Now, if there be a God, the fact is certainly of the nature of a first principle; for it must be the first of all first principles. No one can dispute this. No one, therefore, can dispute the necessary conclusion that, if there be a God, he is knowable (if knowable at all) by intuition and not by reason. Indeed a little thought is enough to show that from its very nature as such, reason must be incapable of adjudicating on the subject, for it is a process of inferring from the known to the unknown." It will be observed that the language of this extract is very cautious; "if there be a God," he is knowable, "if knowable at all," by intuition, not by reasoning. But such caution is a mark of the scientific mind. All that science can do is to clear the way of certain *a priori* sceptical objections to Theism. It is all that religion asks or needs. Mr. Romanes shows us the way in which a science which knows its own limits, instead of dogmatising in regions beyond them, as Naturalism does, will prepare the way for religion to work. And it is matter of unfeigned rejoicing to see that the postulates which the religious man holds by faith are now being vindicated as not only rationally tenable, but as absolutely required to furnish a firm basis for true science, and to contribute a necessary element in every philosophy which claims to be adequate and abiding.

This is true, perhaps it may be said, of Theism, but what of Christianity? A writer like Dr. Martineau may lay broad and firm the foundations of Theism, showing how it is bound up with the very constitution of the human mind, implied in the necessary laws of human thought and the conclusions of the ripest science and philosophy. But it may be urged that it is

otherwise with Christian doctrines such as the Incarnation, which Martineau rejects, and which cannot be defended by similar lines of argument. The portion of Mr. Balfour's book which deals with this subject is confessedly slight and inadequate. Not that the remarks made are unimportant; they are both acute and suggestive. But they are, so to speak, by the way. A book of "Notes" does not profess to be systematic, and Mr. Balfour does not pose as an apologist. But if he had written as a philosopher who had passed beyond the stage of "philosophic doubt," even his "notes" would have indicated a carefully ordered line of defence upon which the reader could fall back in case of need. As it is, both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Romanes write too much in the spirit and under the influence of Pascal. The *Pensées* are as valuable as fragments can well be, but they remain fragments still. Nevertheless, let us not be ungrateful for fragments which provide more sufficient nourishment than the whole meal furnished forth by some philosophers.

Mr. Balfour's suggestions concerning the evidences of Christianity are partly direct, partly indirect. He thinks little, as we have seen, of historical evidences, when adduced upon a rationalistic basis; and very wisely, as it seems to us, insists that the important question at present is, "In what temper of mind, in what mood of expectation, ought our provisional philosophy to induce us to consider the extant historic evidence for the Christian story?" He replies that the answer must depend upon "the view we take of the ethical import of Christianity, while its ethical import, again, must depend on the degree to which it ministers to our ethical needs." The last statement is in some danger of being misunderstood. To argue that because man appears to have certain moral needs or to have constructed certain moral ideals, therefore, a religion which seems to meet these needs, or satisfy these ideals, must be true, is a very precarious mode of reasoning. Mr. Balfour is not shallow enough to argue thus. In the caution with which he frames his argument at this stage, as at some other points, his likeness to Bishop Butler appears. "I confine myself to asking whether, in a universe which by hypothesis is under moral governance, there is not a presumption in

favour of facts or events which minister, if true, to our highest moral demands? and whether such a presumption, if it exists, is not sufficient, and more than sufficient, to neutralise the counter-presumption, which has uncritically governed so much of the criticism directed in recent times against the historic claims of Christianity?" The arguments suggested, rather than worked out, under this head may be summarised as follows: (1) Christianity is the only living and vigorous form of Theism at the present day, and it furnishes elements which our advanced knowledge and culture make more necessary to us than ever. It is entitled, therefore, to all the support which Theism claims as that form or development of Theistic doctrine which best commends itself to the intelligence of modern times. (2) For example, the change produced in our views by astronomical discoveries and the sense of the magnitude of the universe and the subordinate place occupied in it by man viewed merely as an intelligent animal, create in man as a moral being a new need for Christianity, to redress the balance. It is true that "speculation by itself should be sufficient to convince us that in the sight of a righteous God, material grandeur and moral excellence are incommensurable quantities; and that an infinite accumulation of the one cannot compensate for the smallest diminution of the other." God does not estimate value by physical size, but man's imagination is so impressed by the physical grandeur of the universe that no abstract argument will move him as he will be moved by the teaching of the Incarnation. Nothing will span, like it, "the immeasurable gulf which separates Infinite Spirit from creatures who seem little more than physiological accidents." (3) Again, the difficulties which arise from the co-existence of omnipotence in God and the presence of evil in the world may be met by some forms of metaphysical speculation, but these are too slight and frail to bear the weight of man's sorrows and doubts. Christianity comes in to relieve woes which philosophy is impotent even to palliate. "What is needed is such a living faith in God's relation to man as shall leave no place for that helpless resentment against the appointed Order so apt to rise within us at the sight of undeserved pain." This is realised in Christianity, since it reveals a God who, so far from being

indifferent to these sufferings, took upon Himself the very conditions which awaken our anguish and resentment, in order to show man how he may be delivered from them for ever. Beliefs like these, Mr. Balfour says, do not resolve our doubts or furnish complete explanations of the great problems of life. They do better; "they minister, or rather the Reality behind them ministers, to one of our deepest ethical needs; to a need which, far from showing signs of diminution, seems to grow with the growth of civilisation, and to teach us ever more keenly as the hardness of an earlier time dissolves away."

All this is as finely as truly said. The paragraphs from which we have quoted contain thoughts for which all Christian readers will feel grateful to the author; more grateful, probably, than to any professed apologist with his elaborately constructed scheme of evidences. None the less it is obvious that such arguments as these stand in what we may call the second, not the first line of defence; and, valuable as they are in their place, they are not weighty enough to bear the first brunt of hostile attack. It may be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Balfour did not supply some needed links of argument which might have been succinctly stated in a very few pages, and which would have furnished to the considerations he has adduced their needed setting. For instance, the first thing that needs to be said when the fallacies of Naturalism have been removed out of the way, and room is made for constructive Theism, is that more consideration must be given than Naturalism has consented to give to human nature in its most highly developed forms, as distinguished from physical nature; to man as a moral and spiritual being, as distinguished from man as an intelligent animal, the highest known form of *Bimana* amongst the *Mammalia*. This may be shown to be a rational, the only rational mode of procedure. Mr. Romanes came to perceive it, and acknowledged, in a passage we quoted above, that he would have seen it, had his attention not been unduly concentrated upon purely physical considerations. In another passage he furnishes a striking commentary upon Mr. Balfour's sentences concerning ethical needs.

"The negative evidence is furnished by the nature of man without God. It is thoroughly miserable, as is well shown by Pascal. . . . .

Some men are not conscious of the cause of this misery; this, however, does not prevent the fact of their being miserable. . . . . I know from experience the intellectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation, and artistic pleasures; but am also well aware that even when all are taken together and well sweetened to taste, in respect of consequent reputation, means, social position, &c., the whole concoction is but as high confectionery to a starving man. He may cheat himself for a time—especially if he be a strong man—into the belief that he is nourishing himself by denying his natural appetite; but soon finds that he was made for some altogether different kind of food, even though of much less tastefulness so far as the palate is concerned."

This may read more like an extract from a sermon than from a scientific treatise. But Mr. Romanes is not preaching. He is arguing that a "pure agnostic," while he must avoid the "high *priori* road," must carefully recognise all *a posteriori* evidences, and that amongst these should be included the subjective religious needs and intuitions of the human spirit and the religious consciousness regarded objectively as a human phenomenon. Surely this is reasonable, however little admitted by Naturalism; and placed in such a setting as this supplies, Mr. Balfour's subsidiary arguments would have gained in cogency and appropriateness.

As a matter of fact, neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Romanes enters closely enough into the subject fairly to answer the question of the former, "In what temper of mind, in what mood of expectation, ought we to consider the extant evidence for the Christian story?" Not certainly in a temper of mind, a "psychological climate," determined solely by a long course of purely physical research. But, also, not in a mood determined entirely by philosophical contemplation of man's needs and aspirations. The terrible fact of Sin is one which scientists and philosophers are alike apt to ignore. Nevertheless it is a fact, not a theological dogma. A Theist—we are assuming for the moment that the line of argument adopted has proved Theism to be the most reasonable working hypothesis—cannot be satisfied with the general phrase, "moral evil," to describe the state of man. Man viewed as a spiritual being under the government of a spiritual God is a sinner. Till the meaning of that statement is understood, till it is seen to be not some theological thesis taken from the Bible, but the only adequate

description of the fundamental mischief at work in human nature, it is impossible to reach the fit "temper of mind" and "mood of expectation" in which to approach the evidence for such a story as that which constitutes the core of the Christian religion. We find no fault with Mr. Balfour for not entering into these matters. The introduction of them would not have helped the object he had in view. But, in order to show the intrinsic reasonableness of Christianity, more is necessary than to show the inadequacy of Naturalism, more than an exposition of the necessity of Theism for an intelligent view of the universe, more than to claim for man his due place in the universe, more than to unfold his ethical aspirations and the way in which the Christian religion meets them. A man will not be brought to believe the stupendous statement that God was manifest in the flesh, still less that He suffered in human form to atone for sin, without a much deeper sense of the imperative need for such intervention than the arguments above suggested would imply. And at every turn to-day it is being shown that there is no greater obstacle in the way of the Christian religion than the superficial and inadequate sense of sin which makes the story of a divine Saviour to appear far-fetched and incredible.

But we are travelling beyond our brief. We began by saying that the preparation for a measure of theological reconstruction is going on in our midst. We have illustrated the statement by showing how two writers who are alike animated by the *Zeit-Geist* and alike innocent of theological prepossessions or bias, have been laying afresh the "foundations of belief," and preparing the way for the "foundations of faith." It will be said, that there is no reconstruction here, only a rediscovery of truths as old as human nature, or at least as old as Christianity. In a sense this is true. But a generation steeped in the methods of physical science till it hardly has eyes for anything else needs to pass through a process which necessitates the laying afresh of old foundations. And the process which implies a re-discovery of forgotten truths on the part of Naturalism may be and should be salutary for the theologian, who himself has new truth to assimilate. In days when theories of evolution have revolutionised man's view of

the universe, the old Theism needs re-statement, and the old theology, as, purified and strengthened, it passes into the new, is so altered that some of its friends can hardly recognise it as the same. Moreover, if our account of these two able and fascinating volumes is correct, they both fall conspicuously short in their more purely constructive portions. They point in a direction in which they do not travel. In this respect also they illustrate the thesis with which we began—that theological construction on a broad, firm basis, which shall include, but resolutely keep in their place, all scientific discoveries, all scientific methods and mental habitudes, is the need, and we believe will be the work of the near future. Theology must put off her academic robes, and renew her perennial task of working away at the deepest facts of human life and the deepest questions of the human mind, in the fullest light which the generation can furnish, and with the fullest comprehension possible of the revealed will of God. We hail with the greatest satisfaction the prospect that in this work theologians are likely to be aided by some of the most highly trained minds of the day, approaching the same problems from a different side, but reaching substantially the same point, and engaged in promoting the same great end. If the omens furnished by these two volumes are to be trusted, the opening of the twentieth century in this country will be marked by such a re-vitalising of Christian faith as shall send it forth to achieve new conquests, broader, more robust, more indomitable, because more secure in its foundations and more comprehensive in its scope, than at any previous period of Christian history.

ART. II.—SOCIAL ENGLAND.

Social England. Edited by H. D. TRAILL, D.C.L. Vols. I., II., and III. London: Cassell & Co. 1893–5.

IN a short notice of this encyclopædic history in our January number, reference was made to the scope and method of the work and to the general excellence of its contents. Opportu-

nity did not then serve, nor will it now be possible adequately to illustrate the wealth of varied interest to be found within its teeming pages. The general introduction, in which the genial and accomplished editor surveys the ground to be covered by his numerous band of experts and expositors, might of itself furnish points enough for comment and for criticism to more than fill the space at our command. When, moreover, it is borne in mind, that by Social England is meant not only social life and manners in England from the earliest to the present times, but religion and politics, art and science, learning and literature, medicine and surgery, law and language, trade and finance, agriculture and industry, music and magic, warfare and discovery, as well as the character and policy of our rulers, and the changes in the constitution of the realm, it will be seen that a rigorous system of selection on our part will be imperative. To treat it even superficially, each of the leading topics would require a separate article, while an adequate discussion of the scores of deeply interesting and important questions raised would be impossible within the limits of an ordinary review. The work cannot be reviewed: it can only be sampled. So far as it has gone it has improved. Each succeeding volume has shown a marked advance in point of matter, method and arrangement, and [in point of style, if we except the splendid introduction, we have been glad to note a general and, in several instances, a sorely needed brightening and bracing up. The chapters on literature, and on social life and manners, in particular, have been transferred to not less learned and more skilful hands. Our illustrations of the varied interest of the volumes now before us shall be chosen chiefly for their freshness and intrinsic excellence. A pair of them may also minister to that delight in "drum-and-trumpet history," of which, as we are glad to see, the editor does not entirely disapprove. "A Trip to Palestine," "A Royal Seafight," and "The Secret of some Splendid Victories," shall lead the way. Afterwards we shall select from the sketches of mediæval London and of Elizabethan social life by which the later volumes are enlivened and enriched.

The first English-born traveller, it appears, was Willibald, nephew of Boniface of Crediton, the Apostle of Germany.

Nearly twelve hundred years ago (in 721), Willibald started from Southampton on his famous tour throughout the Holy Land, and opened up the Bible-world to Englishmen. His route seems to have been through Rouen and over the Alps to Naples and Catania, "where," he says, "is Mount Ætna, and when this volcano casts itself out, they take St. Agatha's veil and hold it towards the fire, which ceases at once." Passing by Samos and Cyprus, he and his party arrived at Emessa, in North Syria, where they were all imprisoned as spies. On their release, through the intercession of a friendly Spaniard, Willibald went straight to the caliph at Damascus, who agreed with him that it was too far for spies to come from the West, "where the sun has his setting," and where "there is no land beyond—nothing but water," and gave him a pass for all the cities of Palestine. Four times during the next five years he traversed the land from end to end, and saw the sights which every Christian longs to see—the top of Tabor, "where our Lord was transfigured;" the "spot where Paul was converted;" the sea of Galilee, "where Christ walked with dry feet, and Peter tried, but sank;" the "mountain of temptation;" the "glorious Church" of St. Helena at Bethlehem, and all the wonders of Jerusalem. As he returned to the coast "through the farthest borders of Samaria," he met a lion, "who threatened us with fearful roaring." Before embarking for Constantinople, the citizens of Tyre "examined us," says the *naïve* and homely writer of the record, "to see if we had anything concealed, and, if so, they would have put us to death. Now, Willibald, when at Jerusalem, had bought some balsam and filled a gourd with it, pouring in rock-oil at the top, and, at Tyre, when they opened the gourd, they smelt the oil and did not suspect the balsam that was within. And so they let us go." The whole of the Hodœricon, or guide-book of this ingenious and adventurous traveller, "issued with the imprimatur of the Church," would doubtless well be worth the reading had Mr. Beazley told us where it may be found. But references are seldom given in these volumes, and this, however considerate to the eye of the reader, is a serious drawback to the work in the eyes of the student. With reference to the royal sea-fight next to be described, for instance, it is not

enough for the mere reader to be informed that "Nicolas has compiled the following account of it." He will be eager to enlarge his acquaintance with so graphic a writer. Mr. Clowes, whose chapters on maritime affairs are among the best in the book, ought not, in a work of this kind, to take it for granted that everybody is as familiar as himself with the *History of the Navy from the Earliest Times to* 1422, published by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas in 1847. However, here is the story.

Richard I., who could hardly speak a word of English, and whose whole sojourn in England during the ten years of his reign amounted only to a few months, was the first to lead a distant expedition undertaken by the forces of the realm. In the course of this expedition the lion-hearted warrior conquered Cyprus in the year 1191; but finding it to be an encumbrance, he speedily sold his acquisition to the Knights Templars; and when they insisted on his taking it back again he gave it to Guy de Lusignan. It was soon after leaving the island for the Holy Land that the King became the hero of the naval action to which Mr. Clowes refers:

"On June 7, when near Beirut, an immense ship was discovered ahead. This vessel, which was the largest the English had ever seen, excited their wonder and admiration. She was very stoutly built, had three tall, tapering masts, and her sides were painted, in some places green and in others yellow, so elegantly that nothing could exceed her beauty. She was full of men to the incredible number of fifteen hundred, among whom were seven emirs and eighty chosen Turks for the defence of Acre; and was laden with bows, arrows, and other weapons, an abundance of Greek fire in jars, and two hundred most deadly serpents prepared for the destruction of Christians! Richard directed a galley, commanded by Peter de Barris, to approach and examine the stranger. The moment the galley came alongside of the ship, the Saracens threw arrows and Greek fire into her. Richard instantly ordered the enemy to be attacked, saying, 'Follow and take them, for if they escape, ye lose my love for ever; and if ye capture them, all their goods shall be yours.' Himself foremost in the fight, and summoning his galleys to the royal vessel, he animated all around by his characteristic valour. Showers of missiles flew on both sides, and the Turkish ship slackened her way; but though the galleys rowed round and about her in all directions, her great height and the number of her crew, whose arrows fell with deadly effect from her decks, rendered it extremely difficult to board her. The English consequently became discouraged, if not dismayed, when the king cried out, 'Will ye now suffer that ship to get off untouched and uninjured? Oh, shame!'

after so many triumphs do ye now give way to sloth and fear? Know that, if this ship escape, every one of you shall be hung on the cross or put to extreme torture.' The galley men, making a virtue of necessity, jumped overboard, and, diving under the enemy's vessel, fastened ropes to her rudder, steering her as they pleased; and then, catching hold of ropes and climbing up her sides, they succeeded at last in boarding her. A desperate conflict ensued. The Turks were forced forward, but being joined by those from below, they rallied and drove their assailants back to their galleys. Only one resource remained, and it instantly presented itself to the king's mind. He ordered his galleys to pierce the sides of the enemy with the iron spurs affixed to their prows. These directions were executed with great skill and success. The galleys, receding a little, formed a line, and then, giving full effect to their oars, struck the Turkish ship with such violence that her sides were stove in in many places, and the sea immediately rushing in, she soon foundered. . . . . So much importance was attached to the destruction of this ship that it was said that if she had arrived in safety Acre would never have been taken."

The secret of the victory at Agincourt, as every schoolboy knows, lay in the English longbow with the English yeoman at the back of it. As at Crecy and at Poictiers, and indeed throughout the French and Scottish wars, wherever victory crowned our arms, the day was won, not, as in former times, by furious charges of well-armoured and well-mounted "knights and gentlemen," but by the arms and tactics of the archers and dismounted men-at-arms. Most schoolboys will be glad to know that at 300 paces the clothyard arrows shot from the English longbow "could pierce everything that was not covered with good armour;" and, from Mr. Oman's most instructive articles on Mediæval Warfare, most of us may learn more than we imagined could be known about this deadly missile and the havoc that it wrought. At shorter range it could penetrate even plate-armour. Against the mailed horsemen it was specially effective. The archers used to shoot at the horses, which were only covered on the head and breast, and if only a portion of them could be killed or wounded, it would check or wreck the charge of the whole body of knights. Describing the French nobles on the field of Agincourt Shakespeare says:

> "Their wounded steeds
> Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, wild with rage,
> Jerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
> Killing them twice;"

and Mr. Oman confirms the accuracy, if he does not increase the vividness, of this description:

"Those that fell," he writes, "broke the line, but far worse were those that had received a wound, who turned off, plunging to right and left, with the arrows jangling in them, carried their unwilling masters off the field, and checked or overthrew even those whose horses had been more fortunate. The wounded were more numerous than the dead, and many were not even wounded, but the sudden check and confusion brought down the horses, and threw the unwieldy knights out of their saddles, so that the whole line became a confused heap of plunging and kicking horses and men, striving with more or less success to get to their feet again. After a few volleys and a few ineffectual attempts to close, the whole field in front of the line of archers was loaded with such a wreck of dead and wounded men and horses that succeeding squadrons could not get a fair ground to charge over."

Mr. Oman questions the statement in one of the chroniclers—Villani—that the English brought cannon into the field at Crecy, "which threw little iron balls and frightened the horses." It was the arrows that caused the confusion. Cannon were never used at that time, except for siege purposes, and even then they could not have been very effective. The impact of their stone balls was comparatively weak, and the big "bombards" commonly used could only fire about three shots an hour. By their rebound the cannon mounted on the narrow old walls of the towns were more dangerous to the defence than to the attack. But, as Mr. Oman notes and proves, the day of field artillery had not yet arrived. The characteristics of English warfare in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were "the predominance of the archer and the dismounted man-at-arms."

At Agincourt, not less conspicuously than at Crecy, the archer won the day. The English, though enormously outnumbered, had some great advantages. They were protected on both flanks by woods and villages. For a mile in front of them the ground was sloppy ploughed-land. "Henry's line was composed on the old plan that had been seen at Crecy: right, centre, and left consisted of a small body of men-at-arms, flanked by two bodies of archers drawn up in the triangular harrow-shape, and protected by a line of stakes." Small squadrons of mailed horsemen led the French attack.

Nearly every horse and most of the riders were shot down long before they reached the stakes of the bowmen. Then followed the main body of footmen tramping through the mile of mire, staggering beneath their weight of plated armour, and sinking often to the knees in mud.

"By the time they arrived within arrow-shot of the English they were utterly tired out, and stuck fast in the mud with the archery playing freely upon them. When the arrows gave out, and the French had been well riddled, King Henry took the decisive step of bidding his whole army charge. His own men-at-arms must have been sorely hampered by the mud, and it was the onset of the archers with axe, mallet, and sword that settled the day. That unarmoured should have prevailed over mailed men under the odds of six to one, and on plain open ground, is one of the marvels of history. But prevail they did; the chroniclers speak of the embogged knights as standing helplessly to be hewn down, while the archers beat upon their armour with mallets as though they were hammering upon anvils, and rolled them one over the other till the dead lay three deep. So ended this astonishing battle, whose not least astonishing feature was that the whole English loss did not amount to a hundred men, though two great peers, York and Suffolk, were numbered among the dead: the former, who was a man of a stout habit of body, is said to have died not so much of his wounds as of fatigue and the weight of his armour. Meanwhile, the French had lost ten thousand men, including wellnigh every commander of mark in the army, and those who had not fallen were nearly all prisoners. Agincourt had proved even more deadly than Poictiers, and for the reason that flight, comparatively easy in the lighter armour of the fourteenth century, was impossible in the weighty panoply of the fifteenth. If a man failed to struggle back, and pick up his page and his horse at the rear of the battle, he was now doomed to death or capture."

While reading *Henry V.* we have often tried to picture to ourselves the London which "poured forth her citizens" to greet the King "with bended sword and bruised helmet fresh from Agincourt." It is comparatively easy to imagine the scene at Dover when he landed, for on occasion still

> "The English beach
> Pales in the flood, with men, with wives and boys,
> Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea."

Nor is it difficult, through Shakespeare's eyes, to see

"The mayor and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in."

The mayor and aldermen "apparelled," as Holinshed describes them, "in orient grained scarlet, and the foure hundred commoners clad in beautiful murrie, well mounted, and trimlie horssed, with rich collars and great chaines," had evidently come from no mean city; but, since the fire of 1666, it has been almost impossible to picture it as it appeared in earlier days. The earliest known view is the drawing by Van den Wyngaerde in the Bodleian Library, dated 1550; but this does little to help us to call up the "London small and white and clean" that Henry and his archers may have seen from Blackheath while receiving, and yet deprecating, the congratulations of its burgesses. "Small" it must have been, for at that time the citizens used to go out to Holborn and Bloomsbury for change of air, and, a century later, Henry VIII. "issued a proclamation to preserve the partridges, pheasants, and herons, from his palace at Westminster to St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, Hampstead, and Hornsey." The whole metropolis, which now covers 118 square miles, did not then cover much more than half a square mile, and its population did not probably exceed from forty to fifty thousand. And "white" it was, for most of its houses were plastered and whitewashed. One of the earliest objections of Londoners to the use of sea-coal was that it blackened the white walls of their buildings. "Cleanly," also, for the most part, fifteenth-century London was. "The latrines, dust-heaps, and the like," reported as offensive in a sanitary inquisition held in 1343, were nearly all in the narrow lanes leading down to the Thames. "The laystalls were outside the walls, or beyond the town ditch; in Henry V.'s time there was a common latrine on the Moor, which became so offensive that it was suspected of breeding sickness, and was ordered to be removed." The shambles were inside the walls, not far from Newgate, and were a nuisance to the whole locality. The first sanitary Act ever passed in this country (in 1388) was "chiefly directed against the throwing of dung, garbage, and other corruptions

into ditches, rivers, and waters, whereby the air was rendered 'greatly corrupt and infect,' and many maladies engendered." It should, however, be remembered, as Dr. Creighton adds, that, "with all these sources of contamination, the town ditch of London contained 'great store' of excellent fish until the time of Henry VIII.," and that salmon still disported in the "clear and silvery Thames." This great authority is of opinion that our ancestors were not much more "tolerant than ourselves of offences to the sight and smell." He also thinks that they were quite as well aware of the subtle and intimate connection between disease and dirt, and he attributes the paucity of sanitary legislation in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries not to the indifference of the people, but to the efficiency of the laws in force. So far as domestic sanitation is concerned, its difficulties were naturally greatest in the houses without curtilages, situated in the poorer lanes and alleys, which were usually close to the city walls, either within or without them. The houses of the richer citizens stood in gardens; but it appears from a Paston letter (fifteenth century) that the possession of a garden was no reason why there should not be a "draught-chamber" within doors.

In his recent book on *The Meaning of History*, Mr. Frederic Harrison draws a very flattering picture of the ancient as contrasted with the mediæval and the modern cities of the world. "In Greece and Italy every considerable city was beautiful and set in a beautiful site, with a central citadel crowned with porticoes, colonnades, and temples, and in some cities, such as Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, Byzantium, Sparta, Corcyra, Naples, Ancona, Rome, with a panorama of varied splendour. Within the walls there would be ample space for gardens, groves, parks, and exercise grounds; and, on issuing from the walls without, the open country at once presented itself, where game could be chased or the mountain side could be roamed." The mediæval city, on the other hand, with its far loftier walls, towers, gates, and successive defences, looked more like a prison than a town, and, indeed, to a great extent it was a prison. There could seldom have been much prospect from within it, except of its own walls and towers: there were few open spaces, usually there was one small market-place, no

public gardens or walks; the city was encumbered with castles, monasteries, and castellated enclosures, and the bridges and quays were crowded with a confused pile of lofty wooden houses; and as the walls necessarily ran along any sea or river frontage that the city had, it was impossible to get any general view of the town, or to look up or down the river for the closely packed buildings on the bridges. Whether this vivid and suggestive contrast would hold good if applied to the London of the Plantagenets and the Athens of Pericles is not so certain as Mr. Harrison's generalisation might seem to assume. Outside its walls, at all events, the London of the Middle Ages would afford both ample and accessible opportunities for recreation and for sport. Writing towards the close of the twelfth century (and the description will hold good for the fifteenth), the Canterbury monk Fitz-Stephen says:

"Adjoining to the buildings all round lie the gardens of those citizens who dwell in the suburbs, which are well furnished with trees, are spacious and beautiful. On the north are cornfields, pastures, and delightful meadows, intermixed with pleasant streams, on which stands many a mill, whose click is grateful to the ear. Beyond them an immense forest extends itself, beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars and wild bulls. . . . . Round the city again, and towards the north, arise certain excellent springs at a small distance, whose waters are sweet, salubrious and clear, and

'Whose runnels murmur o'er the shining stones.'"

Amongst these Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's Well may be esteemed the principal, as being much the best frequented, both by scholars from the schools, and the youth of the city, when in a summer's day they are disposed to take an airing."

He also says that when the great marsh that washed the walls of the city on the north (the fenny districts of Moorfields, Finsbury, &c.) was frozen over, the young men went out to slide and skate.

"Some, taking a small run, for an increment of velocity, place their feet at the proper distance, and are carried, sliding sideways, a great way; others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one another's hands, and draw him along; when it sometimes happens that, moving so swiftly on so slippery a plain, they all fall down headlong. Others there are who

are still more expert in these amusements on the ice; they place certain bones, the leg bones of some animal, under the soles of their feet by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried along with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow."

Nor, according to the writers in these volumes, was the *milieu* of the mediæval Londoner inside his walls so dismal or contracted as Mr. Harrison's metaphor might lead us to suppose. Seen from the Surrey side, the city, with its river rampart running from the Tower to the fortress known as Baynard's Castle, near St. Paul's, might "look more like a prison than a town;" but, looked at from within, it would present a widely different appearance. "Pauli, in his *Bilder aus Alt-England*, points out what a much greater effect the natural elevations of ground in Old London had on the eye than at present, when we hardly realise that St. Paul's stands on a really considerable hill, and that Fleet Street once crossed a considerable river, up which barges plied." Nor were open spaces, some of them of considerable magnitude, far to seek. Everybody knows that Smithfield—*e.g.*, or "the smooth field," was a very spacious breathing place in the midst of the city, and that it was used not merely as a mart for cattle and horses, but as a place of popular resort and sport. It is perhaps not so well known that the famous Chepe itself, now known as Cheapside, though then called West Chepe to distinguish it from the Chepe or market further east, was on occasion in the time of the Plantagenets an enormous open space, nearly square, with two churches in the centre, and almost surrounded by rows of houses belonging to nobles and great city merchants. The various departments of the Chepe were clearly distinguished, and their situation is still indicated by such names as Old Change, Bread Street, Wood Street, Milk Street, Honey Lane, Ironmonger Lane, the Poultry, Candlewick Street (Cannon Street), Soaper's Lane (Queen Street), Hosier Lane, Bow Lane, St. Martin Pommery (St. Martin of the apple-stalls), &c., and in these places the dealers in these various commodities used to meet their customers and sometimes set up their stalls or booths. But "the lines of booths or shops now represented by side streets

were only temporary structures in those days, and were often taken down to make way for great civic processions and tournaments."

London is not Athens, we admit. It never was, or will be. The Fleet was not the Ilissus, nor the grove of elms in Smoothfield to be mentioned probably beside "the olive grove of Academe." The Chepe was not the Agora, nor would even Cornhill, like the "flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound of bees' industrious murmur, oft invite to studious musing." But, then, we cannot all be ancient Greeks, and, if we could, unless we happened also to be part of the *élite*, we might have cause to wish ourselves in mediæval London, where, at all events, we should be free.

And yet not free. For as Mr. Fletcher in these volumes notes, in his brief sketch of town life in the fourteenth century, the one great drawback to the social life of England in the Middle Ages was the constant espionage and regulation to which the people were subjected from the cradle to the grave, the utter lack of privacy in civil or religious life. As Thorold Rogers used to say: "The essence of life in England during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors was that everybody knew his neighbour and everybody was his brother's keeper." And this publicity and "regiment" would be essential to the form of social life which our reactionaries both in Church and State are seeking to revive. "The most minute regulations for prices, for apprentices, for trade of every kind prevailed; and almost sovereign power over every department of life was in the hands of the mayor and aldermen." In the rural districts it was the same, and in ecclesiastical as well as secular affairs. The hours of work, the wages of labour, the terms of service, the style and quality of dress, the education and the manners of the rising generation, the sports and pastimes of the people, and the most minute and sacred details of personal and family life were under public supervision and control. But as early as the fourteenth century we find abundant evidence of the awakening of that ancient inbred independence, of that self-respect and self-reliance, of that sense of individual responsibility and personal worth which freed the English people by degrees from the bondage both in Church and State which

even then was galling them, and unto which, in spite of present tendencies, we are persuaded, they will not return.

Including, as it does, the larger portion of the Tudor period, and dealing with such subjects as the Reformation, the Suppression of the Monasteries, the New Learning, the Catholic Reaction, the Spanish Armada, the Rise of Nonconformity, the Expansion of England, the Development of Natural Science, Pauperism and the Poor Laws, the English Drama, and Elizabethan Literature and Society, the third volume could not well have failed to be the most enthralling and exciting and delightful of the three. We have not met with many new facts in its crowded pages, but, so far as we can judge, the essential facts may all be found there, casting light from many points upon that stirring and formative time. The contributions of Miss Bateson (of Newnham) and of Mr. Saintsbury add much distinction and vivacity to its closing chapters; and to these two brilliant writers we shall be indebted for some further illustrations of the charm and value of this most attractive and instructive work. To the former has been assigned the duty of chaperoning us through the enchanted circles of *Elizabethan Social Life*, and to the latter the not less congenial task of introducing us to the various sections and departments of *Elizabethan Society and Literature*.

Elizabethan society did not materially differ from Victorian society in any of its component elements; but it differed widely from it in a most material respect. The various sections of society were as clearly marked, but all the sections mingled much more freely then than now. Prior to the introduction of German etiquette in the second decade of the eighteenth century, the English Court was not so sharply shut off from the people. In Tudor times especially, the constant pageants and "progresses" brought all classes into contact, and not seldom into pretty close familiarity. Elizabeth inherited not a little of her father's *bonhomie*, though she knew how to make the proudest courtiers keep their distance; and the easy manners of her *entourage* diffused themselves throughout society. The various grades and classes in it were "intermingled and shaken together in a manner quite unknown to-day."

"Life then," says Mr. Saintsbury, "was led more in common, and much more in the open air. The merchant, instead of being shut up in his office during business hours, passed those hours on 'Change; the lawyer, instead of writing his opinion, or holding his consultation in his own chambers, met his clients in 'Paul's,' in the Temple Gardens, in Westminster Hall. The streets themselves, though they could hardly have been fuller, would have been full, not of men hurrying merely from one place to another, but of men occupied in them, doing their business, taking their pleasure, living their lives on the actual pavement. The perpetual rendezvous in taverns . . . . was much less of a coterie thing than club frequentation. The theatres were open-air for the most part; the churches were constantly open and places of regular resort. The great places of public haunt already named were not mere professional places, still less wildernesses tenanted by passing sight-seers, but actual assembly-rooms; and the assemblies that haunted them were of the most varied but picturesque kind, with more than a little left of the caste dress of the Middle Ages, and with an incessant movement and mixture of new kinds. Soldiers just returned from Flanders and from Ireland, adventurers fresh from Guinea or Virginia, grave citizens and lawyers, divines and physicians, great men with their company of gentlemen and serving-men, flat-cap 'prentices, city dames and damsels, courtesans, bravoes, cooks, all distinguishable more or less by their appearance, and each class having for the most part much more opportunity for individual distinction than at present—such must have been the *dramatis personæ* of the streets of London in the sixteenth century while the streets of London were the stage on which the national life, in more than a microcosm of it, passed, and was seen as it has never been seen since."

The sections on early Elizabethan literature are so closely woven and compose so fine a whole that one is loth to tear away a part; but, at the risk of spoiling the fabric, we cannot resist the impulse to appropriate a pair of paragraphs, the one on that delightful species of verse which even then had reached its highest point of excellence, the other on Elizabethan prose. It is somewhat curious that the song-literature of the time, so much larger in bulk, and of infinitely greater charm, should have failed to keep its literary vogue, while the Satires of Hall, and Lodge, and Donne should never have entirely lost it. The reason, Mr. Saintsbury thinks, most probably is that the songs were usually printed with the airs to which they were set, and that when the lute and its congeners fell into disuse after the Restoration, both songs and music were forgotten. "This delightful division of Elizabethan literature was one of the latest to be re-discovered; and it is only within the last

few years that it has become known to any but careful students in the mass, or has overflowed in sample, and by the channels of anthologies to the cognisance of the general reader. Yet its poetical merits are quite astonishing; . . . . it abounds in ineffably beautiful things. It is not merely that the very soul of music seems to have passed into them; that they sing of themselves like the magic lutes of the legends, fashioned of dead men's bones and strung with dead girls' hair. For mere poetry, without thought of accompaniment, they are not seldom equally wondrous."

The prose of the period is not quite so interesting as the poetry; though, as Mr. Saintsbury observes, "we have in the early work of Bacon, of Raleigh, and of others, anticipations of the gorgeous music which in the next age was to carry English prose to the very highest pitch, in some respects, that it has ever attained." Of Hooker, also, "who writes wonderfully at his best," and "combines clearness, correctness, and elegance with a total freedom from anything like jejuneness or aridity," it is not too much to say that if, from any cause, he should cease to be read, "it will, from a literary point of view, be a most serious loss. There are not many greater books in English than the Ecclesiastical Polity, nor to the reader who has even a little care for and expertness in the subject, many more attaching."

But space must be reserved for some examples of Miss Bateson's workmanship. As was inevitable, in the foreground of her picture of Elizabethan life and manners stands the Queen.

"Since the social life of a nation is affected by the personal idiosyncrasies of even a weak sovereign, it is not surprising to find that the strongly marked personality of Elizabeth had power to determine the tone of society. The age which knew her is fitly called Elizabethan, for no other adjective so amply describes it. From many points of view, her personality was typical of that of the nation, for the nation and she were thoroughly at one. She liked to think of herself as 'wedded to the people,' and so close was their union that she and her people grew like each other even in externals. Thus it came about that Elizabeth's insatiable love of pleasure, her unflagging good spirits, and zest in the enjoyment of life, made gaiety and light-heartedness prevail; for her Court was gay, and her Court was everywhere, since

she moved up and down the country, to be known and seen of all men. . . . . She and her people made gain and pleasure definite objects in life, and sought them in a spirit of truth. There was no half-concealed attempt at combining instruction with amusement; the Elizabethan did not seek out what he ought to enjoy and try to be interested or to laugh, but he sought what did amuse him, and did make him laugh. Yet with the spirit of hearty, unrestrained enjoyment there sometimes goes a lack of discrimination and refinement, and it cannot be denied that, just as the Queen's gay, pleasure-seeking temperament was coarse, so also was Elizabethan society. . . . . Elizabeth spat at a courtier whose coat offended her taste, she boxed the ears of another, she tickled the back of Leicester's neck when he knelt to receive his earldom, she rapped out tremendous oaths, and uttered every sharp, amusing word that rose to her lips. Accordingly, the man who could not or would not swear was accounted 'a peasant, a clown, a patch, an effeminate person.' Swearing became a privilege of the upper classes: the invention of new and original oaths by 'St. Chicken' and the like was the young nobleman's duty, whilst his servants were fined a penny for every oath."

There was a similar absence of restraint, of taste, of dignity in fashionable dress. The Queen's extravagance and artificiality knew no bounds, and her example was so eagerly followed by both men and women that the English soon became a laughing-stock to other nations. The characteristic feminine adornments of the period were the ruff and farthingale—both of them exaggerations of foreign fashions. The ruff was born in Spain. It began as a large, loose cambric collar, but grew to such proportions that the wearer was in constant peril from its flip-flap in a storm of wind or rain. To overcome this inconvenience wires were inserted to hold it up and out from the neck, and starch, "the devil's liquor," as the Puritans called it, was invented to still further meet its needs. The farthingale (the Spanish "verdugal," young shoots, and thence a rod or hoop) was of slower growth, but attained to still more enormous dimensions. It not only offered a surface for the display of jewels and embroidery, but, in its fullest development, it served as a sort of table on which the arms could rest. "Elizabeth's appearance, in some of her portraits, has been aptly compared to an Indian idol. Her dresses were covered with ornaments; not a square inch of the original fabric was left without quiltings, slashings, or embroidery, the whole being further covered with a bushel of big pearls or other precious

stones. . . . . Well might the Elizabethan satirist groan 'Women seem the smallest part of themselves' (*pars minima est ipsa puella sui!*); 'a ship is sooner rigged than a woman.'" The men, of course, were quite as bad. Their trunk-hose, or "galligascons," were stuffed or "bombasted" to such an extent that stooping was wellnigh impossible. It was not easy to get into them, and, when safely housed, the problem was to keep the edifice intact. The prices paid for these encumbrances, with all their costly decorations, was sometimes fabulous. "Harrison jokingly tells us of a 'well-burnished' gentleman who cut down three score woods, and bore them in his galligascons," and "Philip Stubbes, hearing that £100 had been paid for a pair of breeches, cries 'God be merciful unto us.'" But it was in hats that the Elizabethan gentleman found fullest scope for his ficklest fantasies. It was said that "the block of a man's head had altered faster than the feltmaker could fit him; wherefore the English were called in scorn 'blockheads.'"

In reading the descriptions of the satirist, it must not be forgotten that it is the tendency of every age to ridicule its own attire. It is also the tendency of men to underrate the comforts they enjoy. "In every age," Miss Bateson also notes, "men believe that their new comforts are signs of the nation's approaching decay." The old men in Elizabeth's day used to lament over the changes which the age had seen in the material and structure and appointments of the houses, and especially over the introduction of chimneys:

> "To their thinking, charity died when chimneys were built, for the poor had never fared so well as in the old smoky halls. When houses were willow Englishmen were oaken; now houses were oaken and the Englishman of straw. . . . . The Elizabethans had further to lament that their windows were made of glass, and not of open lattice-work; that many floors had carpets which lately had rushes; that timber houses were giving way to houses of brick and stone, smoothly plastered inside; and that even inferior artificers and many farmers possessed comfortable beds, hung with tapestry, and used pillows (once thought meet only for women in child-bed) instead of a log of wood, or, at best, a sack of chaff."

In her intensely interesting sketch of "Life in London in the days of good Queen Bess" Miss Bateson of necessity devotes

much of her space to a description of the theatre and its surroundings. For the first fifteen years of the reign there were no theatres properly so called. "The Queen's Yeoman of the Revels kept an 'acting-box' which had to serve the whole country; its masks, dresses, and properties were hired to the schools, the Inns of Court, the Universities, and also to country players, who are reported to have damaged them 'by reason of the press of the people and foulness both of the way and soil of the wearers, who for the most part be of the meanest sort of men.' But ere long the noblemen, the schools, the Queen's players found that money was to be made by public performances, and to this end stages were erected in innyards and the audience viewed the performance from the inn-galleries. In London the Bell in Gracious (now Gracechurch) Street, the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, and the Belle Sauvage in Ludgate Hill were the most famous." For some time the City authorities were very chary in licensing these public plays, chiefly on the ground that "crowded assemblies helped to spread the plague." For this reason plays were altogether banished from London for a season, between 1570 and 1575. In response to an appeal from the players, however, the Lord Mayor granted them permission to play whenever the death-rate should fall below fifty per week. It was to avoid such stringent regulations that the first theatre was built, outside the City limits, in the famous archery fields of Shoreditch.

Whether smoking in theatres and other public places was at first adopted as a disinfectant is not certain. Miss Bateson has thrown all our traditional ideas on the subject into hopeless confusion. Even "the story that certain astonished observers of Raleigh smoking thought he was on fire and threw a pot of ale over him to quench him seems to be apocryphal." According to Harrison, "Tabaco" was at first used as a medicine, "the smoke being taken in by an instrument formed like a little ladle, whereby it passeth from the mouth into the head and stomach as a remedy against rheums and other diseases engendered in the lungs and inward parts and not without effect." As early as 1587, however, we find him complaining of its want of efficacy, due perhaps, he says, to "the repugnancy of our constitution unto the operation

thereof." Soon after its introduction, tobacco sold for 3*s.* an ounce—about 18*s.* of our money. "Spenser and Lilly call it a drug; Shakespeare, strange to say, never mentions it. . . . By the beginning of the seventeenth century smoking began to be bitterly opposed, especially by the Puritans, and in 1602 'Work for Chimney-sweepers, or a Warning to Tobacconists,' was written and answered." Miss Bateson tells us that "it was the smokers who were called tobacconists," but she has spared us one more reference to James the First's too famous "Counterblast."

Her radiant contribution must not even seem to end in smoke. We therefore add the words which fitly close her two collections of Elizabethiana, and, as we should hope, prepare the way for further dissertations in the volumes still to come:

"The element of sham in Elizabethan society was large, but perhaps it was little more than superficial. Like the Queen's false hair and painted face, and her lies and equivocations, they deluded no one. It was a worldly age, an age that was, before all, practical—practical and worldly even in its views of religion. . . . . There was plenty of spiritual allusion in conversation, even in Parliamentary debate, but on the whole, Elizabethan spirituality confined itself to words. It remained for the Puritan revolution to sweep away the outward signs of worldliness, the bombastings, quiltings, perfumes, and corked shoes, and to do what was possible to bring genuine religious feeling home to the heart of man."

Art. III.—MEMOIRS OF MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN.

Memoirs of Mrs. Augustus Craven. By Mrs. Bishop. Two volumes. Bentley & Son. 1894.

NOT long after the death of Mrs. Augustus Craven, it was said of her in the course of a public address by a dignitary of the Church to which she belonged: "When in after time the Christian apologists of our day are reckoned up, it will doubtless be found that it was a simple woman, without

pretensions to theological learning, who best knew how to raise an imperishable monument to her faith; and hers were the passing and delicate materials of smiles, of kisses, and of tears."

The allusion is, of course, to that unique work, *Le Récit d'une Sœur*, in which the simple incidents of a family history are presented with such perfect tact, grace, and discretion, are illumined with such a lambent glow of faith and hope, that the artist would command all our admiration, were it not merged in our reverence for the Christian. All over the world, the readers of her book have turned for years with feeling of almost personal affection to that quiet village churchyard where rest the remains of those whose story she told with such convincing pathos—*i santi*, as they used to be called in their Italian days—and where, after the lapse of a generation, her dust was laid with theirs.

Although, with a reticence that belonged no less to the modesty of the woman than to the conscience of the writer, Mrs. Craven kept herself in the background of her picture, yet the family of the *Récit* were so closely united that her own history had necessarily to be dealt with, as it affected those of whom she wrote. But with the close of "Alexandrine's" story the curtain falls upon her own fortunes. She had still forty long years to pass in the world, uncheered by the companionship of those elect souls in whose history she had shown the world the power of an ardent faith to ennoble and sweeten existence. In what spirit did she take up a life so impoverished? How did the faith she held stand the test of a course run out to extreme old age, in failure, sickness, bereavement, poverty? The memoir before us answers these questions. It passes rapidly over the period covered by the *Récit* to give in detail the history of Mrs. Craven's later years—years passed in outward circumstances widely differing from those of her brilliant youth. And yet one feels, in spite of all, that the evening of that day was worthy of its dawning, and that the "best wine" of the kingdom was kept, for her too, till the last.

Pauline de la Ferronays was born on April 12, 1808, at 38 Manchester Square, London. Her father, the Comte de la Ferronays, belonged to an old Breton house. An ancestor of

his had been the companion-in-Arms of Bertrand de Guesdin. Chateaubriand said of Pauline's father, in his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe:* "Every one loves my noble colleague and friend, and no one hates him, because his character and mind are upright and tolerant." Her mother was a member of the noble house of the Monsoreaus. Like so many more of the French *noblesse* during the Revolution, they took refuge in England, where their eldest daughter was born. All her life Pauline de la Ferronays remembered the gay courage, the cheerful self-denial with which the change from the splendours of a court to the hardships of exile were endured. It was an experience which set the keynote of life for the whole of the La Ferronays family. "Detachment," as the Roman Catholics call it—"the sitting loose to the things of time and sense," to use the phrase of our Methodist fathers—seemed always more natural to them than to others, accustomed as they were to great and sudden reverses of fortune.

The return of the Bourbons restored the Comte de la Ferronays to more than his former position. In 1827, he was named ambassador to St. Petersburg, and there Pauline formed a friendship with a girl about her own age, daughter of the Swedish ambassadress, the beautiful Madame d'Alopeus, which was destined to affect, more intimately than either of them imagined, the lives of them both.

M. de la Ferronays was recalled to Paris to become Minister for Foreign Affairs. He would have declined an appointment so weighted with responsibilities, but for the urgent pleading of Charles X., whose special friend and follower he had always been. "If there are dangers," said the King, "will you refuse to share them with your friend?" Society in Paris had seldom been more interesting or more brilliant than at the time when Pauline de la Ferronays appeared in it as a bright particular star among the constellations of the Faubourg St. Germain. Yet, though inheriting to the full the high, chivalrous tradition of the class to which she belonged by birth, her sympathies were given, in a measure unusual for an aristocrat, to the great literary and social movements of the hour. The counterpart in France of the Romantic movement which Scott had inaugurated for England was being carried

on by a brilliant and adventurous school of young writers—Hugo, Lamartine, and De Vigny; while Charles de Montalembert, hardly more than a boy as he was, had already been marked out as captain of the gallant "forlorn hope" known as Liberal Catholicism. Into all these interests, but especially into all that could bring the Church of her fathers into line with social needs and aspirations, Pauline entered with all the energy of her devout and ardent nature.

"Small and slight, her large dark eyes scanned her wide horizons with a certain dignified reserve, until her sense of beauty, moral and material, flushed them with radiance. In them was the dominant charm of her countenance. Her smile was sweet, but it showed a hint of satire where her good sense was offended. She had beautiful teeth, perfect to the last; and in her indescribable dignity and distinction, special criticism of certain features—perhaps too aquiline a nose, and too long a head for her height—disappeared. At Naples, her young friends used to call hers 'il profilo di Dante,' but the charm of her expression removed from it all the severity of the poet's face."

The carriage of her head, the grace of her poise and gesture, were characteristic. Her accuracy of diction was a peculiar and rare distinction. She spoke rapidly; yet every word was well placed. "Without conscious effort, her conversation was a fine art."

The first published fragment of her prose was written at the age of twenty. It is an account of a visit to the Roman Catacombs, recorded at the request of M. Rio, well known as the historian of Christian art, and afterwards incorporated by l'Abbé Gerbet, in his *Esquisses de Rome Chrétienne.* The concluding passage is worth quoting as an example of the temper in which this beautiful and gifted girl began the long, laborious journey of her life:

"We left the Catacombs by a stair that had been used by the Christians. The steps were the same as those that the martyrs trod on their way to death. I thought that the young girls who went up those steps to die heroically saw me from their height in heaven, and prayed for me, who was so little like them. I felt unworthy to place my feet where theirs had been; and yet it was inexpressibly sweet to me to follow the steps that they had gone up in quietness and joy, such as I did not feel, to the death that awaited them at the summit. I felt the need of thanksgiving and of prayer to God, that my life

might be the expression of my gratitude and of my love towards Him."

The modes in which God attracts His chosen to Himself are as various as the temperaments of each. Pauline de la Ferronays was artist to the finger-tips. Like the nympholept of classic fable she carried all her life-long in her heart, a hunger for the Ideal Beauty that One above can satisfy. Of her it might have been written almost from the first:

"Who that one moment has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are.

"Yea, and mid all men bear himself thereafter,
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn, and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes."

Yet this love of Beauty, this artist-nature of hers, this passion for perfection, was in another way her greatest hindrance in the spiritual life. She could not but throw her whole self into whatever part she happened to be doing, and she acted the *rôle* of a brilliant leader of society so well that those who knew nothing of her inner life might be excused for thinking that it was the one most natural to her. To such she was merely a fascinating woman of society—a woman "qui débitait mieux qu'une autre les niaiseries d'un salon." Her in-born pleasure in pretty things, in good company and refined surroundings, her wish to please, so natural in those who have the power of pleasing, all had their part in checking her ascent towards those heights of saintliness which from the first she set herself to climb. Yet, perhaps, these human imperfections—so deeply lamented, so bravely combated as they were—endear her more to us poor average mortals than even the radiant and almost flawless goodness of her sister Eugénie, one of the most exquisite spirits who ever trod this lower world.

One who was intimately acquainted with the La Ferronays sisters has said that if Alexandrine d'Alopeus, Albert's widow, were the saint of the family, Eugénie was its angel. In the freedom and joyousness of her spiritual life, she seems indeed

to resemble those beings whom Dante calls "the birds of God," rather than those whose doom it is to attain, only after long struggle and painful purification, to peace. She made her *début* in society during the time of her father's embassy to Rome, and enjoyed the delights of the place and the brilliant circle into which she had entered, like the happy child she was, delighting every one by her gay, innocent unselfishness and her remarkably beautiful voice. But her truest life found expression in the journal with which she wound up every day, and which, years after her early death, was given to the world as an appendix to the *Recit d'une Sœur*. It would be difficult to find anything in religious literature more touching in its simplicity, more unique in its fervour and sincerity of devotion, than these meditations of a girl of eighteen on the threshold of the "great world."

The modesty and humility which formed the crowning grace of this beautiful nature were well displayed in her attitude to Pauline. There were six years between the two sisters, and this had naturally kept them somewhat apart, till Eugénie was of an age to go into society. But at Naples and Rome, when Pauline first began to make a companion of her, to read English poetry with her, and introduce her to her own large intellectual interests, the gratitude and devotion of the younger sister knew no bounds; and she loved to say and to feel that she owed everything to Pauline. The sisters were united by a higher bond than that of communion in merely intellectual pursuits. Of both it could be said, "They desire a better country;" and often as they gathered their bouquets for the evening in the garden of their Neapolitan villa, Eugénie would exclaim: "How beautiful this is! and what must that Beauty be of which even this is but the pale reflection!"

No sketch of Mrs. Craven would be complete which did not emphasise this friendship, the closest of her life. The death of Eugénie, only four years after her happy marriage to Count Adrien de Mun, remained throughout her life, as she wrote long afterwards, "une douleur distincte, aigue, ineffaçable."

The news of the Revolution of 1830 fell like a thunderbolt into the gay and brilliant society of which the French Ambassador's family was the centre. M. de la Ferronays was, as we

have intimated, bound by ties of personal friendship as well as of loyalty to the deposed king. He at once resigned his appointment, and in the whirl of change it seemed as if his whole fortune would be lost. His wife and children met their reverses with cheerful courage, and the younger ones began to consider heroic schemes for meeting the family necessities. "Eugénie," says Pauline, "decided to teach music, and I thought myself capable of being governess to very young children."

Fortunately matters did not go so far. Enough was finally saved from the wreck to maintain the family in tolerable comfort. They remained at Naples till after the marriage of Albert de la Ferronays with Alexandrine d'Alopeus. Everybody who has read *Le Récit* will remember the charming story of Albert's courtship and its pathetic sequel. Pauline was the chosen confidante and adviser of both the lovers, and sympathised the more with them, no doubt because at that time her own fate was hanging in the balance.

Among the most distinguished of English residents in Naples at this time was Mr. Keppel Craven, son of the Margravine of Anspach. His son, Augustus, joined the British Legation in 1830. He was an extremely handsome young man, speaking several languages fluently, and enthusiastic for Dante and Shakespeare, "the best amateur actor in England," according to Fanny Kemble, and yet gifted with a seriousness and depth of feeling not often united with such variety of surface accomplishment. A mutual attachment sprang up between him and Pauline, which Mr. Keppel Craven refused for some time to sanction on account of the religion of Mdlle. de la Ferronays. Eventually, however, his objections were overcome, and the marriage took place at Naples in 1834.

Soon after their marriage the Cravens went to England, where all that was best in the society of the day was open to them. Long afterwards she speaks of her enjoyment in reading *Endymion*, and adds, "It reminds me so much of what London society was like when I first went into it." She was a welcome guest at "Broadlands," the seat of Lord Palmerston, and her estimate of him, which we have not space to quote, attests her power of reading character. It was

while there that in a conversation with Charles Greville—of all men—she lifted, as she so rarely did, the veil that hid her deepest life. "How happy," he said, at the close of it, "are they who have true faith. If it could be bought with gold, what sum would not be given for it?"

In the summer of 1836 Albert de la Ferronays died at Paris, and in November of the same year Mr. Craven was transferred to an appointment at Lisbon. Within the next three or four years Mrs. Craven lost, by death, her mother, her father, and her sisters Eugénie and Olga. "She had henceforth," says her biographer, "ce quelque chose d'achévé que donne le malheur." Bereavement and suffering had completed her education, and the final stamp was set upon her character. "Those who saw most of her in society after her losses, particularly at this time, remember how seldom she spoke of her private and personal experiences. It is only from her journal that any true estimate can be formed."

Her greatest trial during these years, apart from the abiding sense of bereavement, seems to have arisen from the curious, hardly explicable ill success of her husband in his profession and the consequent effect upon his spirits and temper. Conscious as he was of unusual ability, ambitious, and eager for action, he bitterly resented the checks in his career; and at last, his father's death having considerably increased his income, he threw up his appointment, with a view of entering political life, and stood for the county of Dublin in the Whig interest. He failed, and the unsuccessful election "cost him many thousands of pounds and his diplomatic career." Her biographer tell us that "when Mrs. Craven heard of the majority against her husband, she burst into tears, and Mr. Monsell, who was there, could not help remarking that Southern nerves were hardly suited to the machinery of Constitutional Government. But none present imagined how eagerly she had hoped for her husband's success, or the results she had anticipated from it."

"There are two blessings," she wrote in her journal, "which God does not bestow upon me, and yet the happiness of my life is in question. Another check to the hopes of my husband, the last and greatest, will bring on that gloomy sad-

ness of which the mere thought terrifies me. It will darken our life, and disappointment and inaction will cause that total eclipse of my sun, during which I live and act as in a painful dream. The prospect is not enlivening, and never did I feel less disposed to submit to the thought of seeing him unhappy." She relates in a letter to one of her friends, how one day she was reading to her husband a list of several important bills recently passed through the House of Commons. He said nothing, only bowed his head, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I feel still in my heart," she wrote, "the pain those tears cost me."

The other great cross in her lot to which she alludes was her childlessness. She had a passionate love of children, and the little daughter of her friend the Duchesse of Raveschieri, who lived near them at Naples, was the object of an almost worshipping fondness. She writes in 1857, from Carlsbad, whither she had gone to recover from an illness: "Since I have been here I have had a joy which is perhaps too sweet, the almost painful joy of taking charge of my dear little Lina while Thérèse (the Duchess) drinks the waters at Marienbad. For the first time in her life she let Lina leave her that I might enjoy her. I feel this proof of affection as I ought. It is like the tenderness of my Eugénie, and it makes me love Thérèse even more than I did. So I have now around me the life and light which a child's presence gives. I could not love this one more if she were my own; but then I should love her without feeling the transitoriness of the joy, and its absence of reality for me."

The joy was, indeed, too transitory! The lovely and interesting child of whom she speaks died, at the age of twelve, of consumption. The mention of Eugénie recalls a passage in Mrs. Craven's journal of this year too characteristic to be omitted. Lumigny, the residence of her brother-in-law, the Count de Mun, was no longer without a mistress; but Mrs. Craven was welcomed there to the end of her life, not merely by Eugénie's two sons, but by the whole family. On one of her visits she wrote in her private diary:

"Sunday last, Nov. 1, we went, after Vespers, to the cemetery. On that day, according to the custom of the country, we all go to pray

at the graves of those whom we have lost. We all go in together; then we separate. Adrien and his sons knelt near me; Claire (Comtesse de Mun) and her relations a little further away. O my beloved! all is well! You are in heaven. Your children are grown, and are as you would like to see them. In choosing another wife, your husband doubtless acted as you would have wished. Claire, who has in her life only loved Adrien, is his; and her mother lives with her in the plenitude of a happiness which is the realisation of her early dreams. . . . . Is it wrong in me, for whom nothing is changed—in me, for whom the irreparable void is deeper than ever to-day . . . . to feel a tinge of bitterness mingle itself with impressions which, in spite of their sadness, would otherwise have been sweet to me, when I remember that all this happiness had its origin in this very pain and misfortune? How sad and lonely I felt at the very moment of our common prayer!

"I was on my knees, my head resting on the stone. Little by little every one had gone away. Sister Marie Timothée told me to get up, for the ground was damp, and then I perceived that only Adrien, Robert, and Albert had remained. I know not what feeling, to which I ought not to have yielded, made me take a different path from theirs as I returned to the château. I had barely started, when I was sorry that I had done so, for at that moment we were truly united in the same thought. I felt it when I found them awaiting me on the door-steps as night fell. Adrien took me in his arms and kissed me, saying that it was sweet and consolatory that I could be there on that day. Claire also was good and charming to me. Dear Claire! It would be too bad for me to feel vexed, because God has been good to her. We all love His will, who can but will our welfare. The Divine Will gave her all this happiness, which He withdrew from us. May it be done, and accepted without a murmur."

The drama of Mrs. Craven's inner life through all these socially brilliant but difficult and painful years, centred in this struggle "to love the will of God." She had a constitutional proneness to anxiety, accentuated by the circumstances of her life. There lay her great spiritual danger, a danger only to be overcome by that perfect unhesitating acceptance of the divine purpose, which is the one way of peace. "There are sufferings," she once wrote, "which our Lord has named beatitudes; but there is one suffering forbidden to us. It is one which has so possessed my soul that there is scarcely an instant of my life in which I do not feel it, and that is anxiety in all its forms."

In overcoming this besetting fault she was aided by the example and counsel of the saintly Mme. Swetchine, the friend

of Lacordaire. "How resigned you are!" I said to her once. "Do not use that word," she replied. "I do not like that word, which implies that we will a thing and that we sacrifice it to something that God wills. Is it not simpler and more reasonable to leave oneself absolutely no will but the will of God." So we read in one of her letters. Years after, when the worst she could have feared had come upon her, she wrote in her journal:

"Now I am quite old, ruined, poor. My self-esteem is wounded, and in what a fashion! I suffer more from another's pain, which I cannot allay, than from my own. Am I unhappy; really unhappy? No. For better and better I understand the lessons which God taught me in my youth, and has for the last nine years sternly repeated. In truth, these are summed up in one absolute detachment and complete acquiescence—peace in utter abandonment to His will."

Wherever she was, Mrs. Craven always followed with the keenest interest the movements of the political world. During her residence in Italy, between 1859 and 1870, her strong sympathies went with the movement towards Italian unity, and she hoped great things from Pio Nono. She wrote to Montalambert in defence of her position: "I am convinced of the consistency and reality of the national movement which is shaping the new Italy. I wish that that party which, first in France and then throughout the world, proclaimed the necessity of union between religion and modern liberty, should issue a voice that would defend the Italian cause, and do so with a convinced spirit, capable of embracing the greatness of the argument." The "Italian cause" cost her and her friends dear before they had done with it. Mr. Craven, impatient of inaction, devoted his fortune to certain schemes for developing the resources of the new kingdom. He was no more successful than in his previous ventures, and the crisis of 1870 reduced them to real poverty. But before the crash came Mrs. Craven had completed and published the great work of her life—the *Récit d'une Sœur*.

The instantaneous and remarkable success achieved by this book in France is not merely due to the fact that it evinces genius of a very rare order, but also to the want, felt there so much more than with us, of some work that should bridge

the gulf existing between the sacred and the secular. It is difficult for us in England, where even the most heterodox literary work is often saturated with moral earnestness, to understand the complete separation that exists across the Channel between the world of "edification" and the world of "art." M. Jules Lemaître was expressing his astonishment the other day, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, at our insular habit of dealing in our general literature with great problems of faith and conduct. "With us," he said, "if a man cares for such reading, he takes up a *livre de piété*. We don't look for it in our novels." The consequence is that between readers of the *livre de piété* and readers of the current French novel or review there is a great gulf fixed. It was Mrs. Craven's aim to bridge this gulf, to reach the class that the ordinary books of "edification" did not reach; to show the world the beauty of the Christian life, "not harsh or crabbed, as dull fools suppose," but richer, sweeter, fuller, even here and now, for the light that falls upon it from above. "Good people," she said once, "seem to me to be always thinking of and writing for pious people. Now, I don't care much about pious people—they are already safe—and I do care intensely, passionately, about those who are good and yet are losing or have lost their faith; and to what can do them good I always feel induced to devote every little bit of power I have."

Another note of originality in Mrs. Craven's book, considered as the work of a Frenchwoman for the French, is her lofty and ideal treatment of the passion of love. Like Coventry Patmore (whose poetry, strangely enough, considering their sympathy on this point, she failed to appreciate), her aim was to show how all true human love, rightly apprehended, leads up to the Divine.

> "I loved her in the name of God,
> And for the ray she was of Him."

might have been the motto prefixed to the exquisite love-story of Albert and Alexandrine.

It may be noted that though Mrs. Craven was a fervent and convinced Roman Catholic, there is little in the *Récit*, at any rate, to repel the Protestant reader. Her piety rises above the region of sectarian differences into the clear air, native to

all those "who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," to Fletcher of Madeley, or Catherine Booth, as well as to St. Francis de Sales, or Thomas à Kempis.

The fame and profit which her successful book brought her were sorely needed, for during some years she had little but her literary efforts to depend upon. "To Mr. Craven," wrote Mrs. Bishop, "it was especially hard to see his dear and noble wife denying herself in daily trifles, by which her family affections and her ordinary tastes were constantly cramped. Nor had he, perhaps, the will and stern courage that could have established them in a position absolutely suited to their resources." Such as he was, however, the constant and devoted affection between him and his wife is very beautiful to contemplate. "Let him say what he will to me," Mrs. Craven wrote in her journal, "in those days when the cloud rests on him; he loves me as no one else loves me. I have no dearer friend, no one more indispensable to me, and no one who can be so trusted." And thus he wrote to her after nearly fifty years of wedded life: "I am full of thoughts of you, all of which terminate in one; the thought that if our earthly career is nearly run, we have before us, with the grace of God, an eternal life happier than this, and during which we shall never be parted. The sooner that hour sounds the better. *En attendant*, God bless you as the dear angel who more than anybody or anything has taught me to love Him."

Mr. Craven died in 1884, and his widow, at the age of seventy-six, might well have imagined that she would soon be called upon to join him. One of her friends thus wrote of her soon after her great loss:

"*November* 14. Went to see Mrs. Craven again, so white and shadow like, but so sweet. It was sadder than death to see her in the empty house, missing him everywhere. She feels the loneliness more than she had ever feared. There was a sort of gentle despair in the way she said: 'I cannot bear it here by myself! It is too dreadful; and the long nights kill me. And I am so frightened at everything, and so helpless, and I have to do so many things which seem cruel to him, moving his dear books and searching amidst his papers. And, then, I feel so ill and feverish; and he is not here to come and sit by my bed and be anxious and send for the doctor, and take care of me and think for me.' But her sense of joy and consolation in all the

mercies that made the parting beautiful seems to grow more and more intense. It is like the close of an allegory, seeing the Pauline of the *Récit*, the last of that elect group whom we learned to love through her, now left alone, waiting her turn to be sent for to join Alexandrine and Eugénie."

But her work was not yet done; and while she remained on earth it was not in her nature to be other than keenly interested in the fortunes of those about her, and in the "spectacle of things" generally. It is almost impossible to believe that some of her letters, so full of *verve* and wit and keen observation, were written by a woman of nearly eighty. To the last she preserved a singularly youthful appearance, and thoroughly enjoyed the society that gathered round her in her modest "apartment," Rue Barbet de Jouy, Paris. She followed the course of English politics in particular, with the closest attention, and strongly deprecated Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, though on many points they sympathised, as the following extract will show: "We dined at Lord Lyons' with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone when they passed through Paris. I found him in good health and spirits, pleasant as ever, and altogether very much like himself. What is particularly like him is this. After dinner we had a long conversation on those subjects, not political, in which he is ever the most interested, during which an article I have just published in the *Correspondant* (on the Salvation Army) was mentioned, as he expressed a wish to read it. He was leaving for London the next morning (Friday), so I sent it him at once, and, would you believe it?—in the midst of the ocean of work with which he must have had to plunge on his return to town, he found time to write me a long and interesting letter about that article, which reached me here on the Sunday morning."

It was, as her biographer points out, the clear vision which comes of moral uprightness, that kept her from falling a victim with other Legitimists, to the Boulanger craze. The social work of her nephew, Count Albert de Mun, the worthy son of Eugénie, lay very near her heart, and was a source of constant interest to her in her declining years. Her latest novel, *Le Valbriant*, was intended to illustrate his scheme for settling his relations between capital and labour on a basis of Christian

brotherhood. The beautiful, perhaps impossible, dream appealed to the idealism which she never outgrew. In reading the letters of her later life one cannot but be struck by their bright and sunny tone. The promise was fulfilled to her: "At eventide there shall be light: for though much had been taken away, that great gift was given which makes up for all: that peace for which through so many stormy years she had struggled and agonised, "the peace that passeth all understanding," was hers, at the last. "Life has now to me," she said, "the appearance of a once brilliantly illuminated church, where one by one the lights are all being extinguished, leaving only alight the lamp of the sanctuary, the real light that happily cannot die out."

In this spirit she was strengthened to approach the closing trial of her life. Her friend, the Vicomte de Meaux, in an obituary notice contributed to the *Correspondant* immediately after her death, sums up in a few pathetic words the story of her last illness. Having dwelt on her matchless conversational powers, and spoken of the constant succession of visitors "of every age, and country, and rank," drawn to the little salon by the "irresistible spell" of her wonderful talk, he says: "Conversation, her earliest, remained her last enjoyment. She rendered it, by the force of her character, not merely innocent but profitable. As such she writes of it in her "meditations," praying God to continue to bestow on her while in life the talks which she so enjoyed. Yet God weaned her from them before He called her to Himself. Struck with unusual infirmity, paralysed in half her body, she, whose language had been so fluent and so expressive, could no longer find the words that answered her thought. Later she ceased altogether to speak and only formed inarticulate sounds. Neither could she write, though she heard and understood. She had lost the instrument of thought; but thought remained. It would have been difficult to find for her a more painful privation, a torture which could more intimately try her, and that torture lasted for ten months. Often tears ran down her cheeks, and there was sadness on her face, but never irritation or impatience.

At last came the moment for her release and the end of her

sore trial. When she was told that she was about to receive the last Sacraments, those about her heard, in token of her acquiescence, her soft murmur, which was habitual, change to a sudden cry of joy. A few hours later, peacefully and without a struggle, she rejoined in the bosom of God those sainted souls of whom she had told the story and immortalised the memory."

So ended a life through which for eighty years one noble and saintly purpose ran like a golden thread. She left to her age an example of great social and literary gifts used for the noblest ends; and one cannot think that the work she did will ever be quite forgotten, so long as souls are taught by the way of human tenderness, human trial, human aspiration, to follow in the track of the Divine feet."

Art. IV.—SIR WILLIAM PETTY.

The Life of Sir William Petty, 1623–1687. One of the First Fellows of the Royal Society; some time Secretary to Henry Cromwell, Maker of the *Down Survey* of Ireland, Author of *Political Arithmetic*, &c. Chiefly derived from Private Documents hitherto unpublished. By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Author of the *Life of William, Earl of Shelbourne*. With Map and Portraits. London: John Murray. 1895. 16*s*.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE has produced one of the most valuable biographies of the season. It will scarcely be popular, but it is singularly instructive. It recalls attention to a scientific man who took a chief part in founding the Royal Society, and whose brain teemed with projects for the improvement of shipping, of trade, and of education. It allows us to step behind the scenes in the later days of the Commonwealth, and throws a flood of light on those difficult problems in Ireland which taxed the resources and the patience of the Government so sorely in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Sir William Petty was one of the pioneers

of modern science and of political economy; he accomplished one of the greatest feats ever attempted by a surveyor, and proved himself in many trials a man of rare courage and steadfast purpose. He was the maker of his own fortune, and from the time when as a cabin-boy he astonished the people of Caen by talking in Latin down to the last day of his life he proved himself worthy of respect and admiration, bent, as Jean Paul Richter would have said, on making the best of the stuff, on using every faculty and opportunity to the highest advantage.

The biography is founded on the Bowood MSS., including Petty's own papers, which afterwards came into the hands of his grandson, the Earl of Shelbourne, and Sir William's letters to his friend, Sir Robert Southwell, which appear to have been added to the collection at Bowood by the third Marquis of Lansdowne. Scattered manuscripts in the Sloane and Egerton collections at the British Museum and in the Rawlinson collection at the Bodleian have also been used with much judgment. The result is a volume with which all students of the period must of necessity make themselves familiar.

William Petty was born at Rumsey, in Hampshire, on May 26, 1623. His father was a clothier, and, as Aubrey notes, "did dye his own cloths." The chief amusement of Petty's boyhood was to watch the skilled workmen of the little town—smiths, watchmakers, carpenters and joiners—busy at their trades. At twelve years old, Aubrey says, with some pardonable exaggeration, he could have worked at any of these trades. The boy had a vein of satirical humour and a power in caricature drawing which made the townsfolk take special note of the precocious little fellow. Petty describes himself as "a perfect cheiromantes." His Hampshire school gave him a grounding in Greek and Latin, which proved of much service in later days. When he was fifteen, Petty made some unsuccessful attempts to exchange home and employment with a lad from the Channel Islands. He afterwards bound himself apprentice to the master of a vessel in which he sailed for France. Aubrey says, "he knew not that he was purblind (short-sighted) till his master bade him climb up the rope ladder; and give notice when he espied a steeple, somewhere upon the coast,

which was a landmark for the avoiding of a shelf. At last the master saw it from the deck; and they fathomed, and found they were but in foot water; whereupon as I remember his master drubbed him with a cord." The sailors, who were jealous because he knew so much more about the art of navigation than themselves, ill-treated him and finally abandoned him with a broken leg at a little French inn near Caen. He was able to tell his story in Latin, and all Caen began to talk about *Le petit Matelot Anglois qui parle Latin et Grec.* As soon as he could move, an officer sent for him in order that he might learn something about the tactics of the English navy. Then he got employment as a teacher of English, and saved enough to buy a suit of clean linen. Whilst bathing in the river he met the students of the Jesuit College. The Fathers offered to take him as a pupil and promised to limit their proselytising zeal to prayers for his conversion. Thus the boy went on availing himself of every opportunity of gathering knowledge. Long afterwards, in July 1686, he describes the painful process by which he built up his fortunes:

"Deare Cozen,—The next part of my answer to yours of the 10th inst. is, (1) How I got the shilling I mentioned to have had at Xmas, 1636; which was by 6*d.* I got of a country Squire by showing him a pretty trick on the cards, which begot the other 6*d.* fairly won at cards. (2) How this shilling came to bee 4*s.* 6*d.* When I went to sea was 6*d.* given (or rather paid) mee by Mother Dowling, who having been a sinner in her youth, was much relieved by my reading to her in the *Crums of Comfort*, Mr. Andrews' *Silver Watchbell*, and *Ye Plain Mans Pathway to Heaven.* The next 6*d.* I got for an old Horace given (why do I say given) or delivered mee by Len. Green, for often construing to him in Ovid's Metamorphoses till my throat was soare, though to so little purpose that hee, coming to say his lesson began *Protinus* (signifying 'soon after') King Protinus, &c. My next booty was 18*d.*, given me by my God-father for making 20 verses to congratulate his having been made a Doctor in Divinity by some good luck. The other shilling was impressed by my Aunt, whom I repaid by a bracelet bought in France for 4*d.*, but judged to be worth 16*d.* This 4*s.* 6*d.* was layd out in France upon pitteful brass things with cool'd glass in them, instead of diamonds and rubies. These I sold at home to the young fellowes, whom I understood to have sweethearts, for treble what they cost. I also brought home two hair hatts (which within these 11 years might have been seen) by which I gayned little lesse. . . . I must not omit that 'La Grande Jane,' ye farrier's wife, had an *escu* for setting my broken leg; the Potticary

10 sols, and 8 sols, a payer of crutches, of which I was afterwards cheated. Upon the remainder (my ring trade being understood and lost) I set up with the remainder of two cakes of bees-wax sent me in relief of my calamity, upon the trade of playing cards, white starch, and hayre hatts, which I exchanged for tobacco pipes and the shreds of letters and parchment, wherewith to size paper. By all which I gott my expenses, followed by Colledge, proceeded in Mathematics, and cleerd four pounds."

We are reminded by this quaint picture of the father of the Wesleys who set out for Exeter College, Oxford, with £2 5*s.* in his pocket, received only a crown from his friends while in residence, yet showed such diligence in writing and teaching that he took his degree and left the University with £10 of his own.

After leaving the Jesuit College, Petty returned to England and entered the Royal Navy. By the time he was twenty he had saved about £60 and had earned a reputation as one of the best mathematicians of his age. When the Civil War broke out he retired to the Continent. He frequented the schools of Utrecht, Leyden, and Amsterdam. Then he went to study at the School of Anatomy in Paris. In the French capital he had the good fortune to form a close friendship with Hobbes. The philosopher at once recognised his ability and admitted him to familiar intercourse. Petty, with his skill as a draughtsman, was able to render considerable service to Hobbes in the study of optics on which he was then engaged. Through Hobbes he gained an entry into the coterie of English refugees who met at the house of Father Marsia Merser, the mathematician, to discuss scientific and literary questions. The Marquis of Newcastle and Sir Charles Cavendish were members of that circle. All the great ideas of the age were debated there. "The atmosphere of the time throbbed with scientific discovery, and the mental horizon of man seemed daily to grow wider." Petty's brain seems to have caught fire by contact with these learned men. As yet, however, his purse was thin. He had many a struggle for bread. On one occasion, Aubrey says that he lived for a week on "threepennyworth of walnuts." Yet such was his economy and resource that in 1646, when he returned to England, he had increased his little store to £70, and had paid for the education of one of his brothers.

For a short time he carried on his father's business. In 1647 he obtained a patent for a kind of manifold letter-writer, "easily made and very durable, whereby any man, even at the first handling, may write two resembling copies of the same thing at once, as serviceably and as fast as by the ordinary way." He announced this invention in a remarkable pamphlet on education. Petty suggested the formation of literary workhouses in which children might be taught, not only to read and write, but might also learn some trade. All children of seven were to be eligible, however poor their parents might be. He showed himself a wise reformer when he urged that "the business of education be not, as now, committed to the worst and unworthiest of men, but that it be seriously studied and practised by the best and ablest persons." He also suggested that reading and writing might be deferred awhile. He thought that children should first be "taught to observe and remember all sensible objects and actions, whether they be natural or artificial, which the educators must on all occasions expound unto them . . . as it would be more profitable to boys to spend ten or twelve years in the study of things than in a rabble of words. . . . There would not then be so many unworthy fustian preachers in divinity; in the law so many pettyfoggers; in physics so many quacksalvers; and in country schools so many grammaticasters." The pamphlet proves that its writer had also gained some inkling as to the value of technical training. He proposed the establishment of a College of Tradesmen in which one at least of every trade, "the prime most ingenious workman," might be elected a Fellow and allowed a handsome dwelling rent free. He thought that all trades would then make rapid strides to perfection; inventions would become more frequent, and there would be the best opportunity for writing a history of trades in perfection and exactness. There was also to be a model hospital for the benefit both of doctor and patient. In closing his pamphlet, Petty expressed his regret that no "Society of Men existed as careful to advance arts as the Jesuits are to propagate their religion." Samuel Hartlib, to whom the pamphlet was dedicated, sent a copy to Robert Boyle. He describes Petty as "a perfect Frenchman and a good linguist in other vulgar tongues, besides Latin and

Greek; a most rare and exact anatomist, and excelling in all mathematical and mechanical learning; of a sweet natural disposition and moral comportment. As for solid judgment and industry, altogether masculine." This was high praise for a young fellow of twenty-four to gain from the man at whose suggestion John Milton had written his *Tractate on Education.*

A letter to his cousin, written in 1649, gives us a glimpse of Petty's plans of life. "I intend," he says, "God willing, as soone as possibly I can, to take the degree of Dr. of Physicke, which being done, it will bee a great discredit for mee, and, consequently, a great hindrance to mee, to goe and buy small matters, and to doe other triviall businesses, which I have many times to doe, and being not able to keepe a servant, and withall not having one-fifth part of employment enough for a servant, and lastly, much of that little business I have being such as I would not acquaint every one with." He urged his cousin to come up to London, promising to give him any clothes he could spare, to hire him a convenient place for a tape loome, to lend him £40 to purchase a loom and the necessary material. John Petty would have to "make a sceleton" for his cousin and work on some experiments relating to his inventions, for which he would receive twelvepence per day. In addition to this he was to come to Petty's lodgings at some convenient time and execute various small commissions for him.

Before the year was out, Petty removed to Oxford. The following March he became doctor in physic, and in June he entered himself at the College of Physicians. After meeting all charges he had about £60 left. He had powerful friends in Captain John Graunt and Mr. Edmund Wylde, two of Cromwell's influential adherents in London. Through such influence he was created Fellow of Brasenose and Deputy to Dr. Clayton, the University Professor of Anatomy. Clayton had an insurmountable objection to the sight of a mangled corpse, so that he eagerly availed himself of Petty's skill. "Anatomy," Aubrey says, "was then little understood by the University, and I recollect that Dr. Petty kept a body that he brought by water from Reading, a good while to read on, some

way preserved or pickled." An event which occurred about this time won him no small notoriety. A woman called Ann Green had been hanged at Oxford, on December 14, 1651, for the murder of her illegitimate child. Her friends thought she was an unconscionable time in dying, and tried to hasten the end by thumping on her breast, hanging with all their weight on her legs, and jerking her body up and down. At last the sheriff certified that she was dead. The body was carried to the dissecting-room, but when the coffin was opened the poor wretch was still breathing. A lusty fellow stamped several times on her breast and stomach to end her miseries. At this moment Dr. Petty and his friend, Dr. Wilkins, appeared on the scene and used restoratives with such effect that in two hours the woman began to talk. She lived to marry and bear children.

Soon after this feat, Petty became Vice-Principal of Brasenose, and succeeded Dr. Clayton in the Chair of Anatomy. He delivered an inaugural address in Latin, on the growth and present position of the science of medicine. He had now saved £500. For three years he lived at Oxford, where he was "beloved of all ingenious scholars." His friends often met in his lodgings at an apothecary's house. He was recognised as the chief authority in the experimental side of natural philosophy. In the spring of 1651, he gained two years' leave of absence from college with a stipend of £30. But he was not unemployed. At the end of 1651, he was appointed Physician-General to the Army in Ireland and to its Commander-in-Chief. His salary was £365, with a further allowance of £35. He was also permitted to carry on private practice. He introduced reforms into the medical department which saved the Government £500 a year, and "furnished the army, hospitals, garrisons, and headquarters with medicaments, without the least noise or trouble." His friend Boyle was in Ireland managing his estate. He and Petty carried out experiments together which satisfied them as to the circulation of the blood, and in the dissection of fishes "saw more of the variety of Nature's contrivances, and the majesty and wisdom of her Author, than all the books Boyle had ever read in his life could give him convincing notions of. Boyle was a great

reader, and Petty found it necessary to remind him that though he read twelve hours a day, he would only profit by what he assimilated. "Not by what you remember, but by so much as you understand and digest; nor by that, but by so much as is new unto you, and pertinently set down."

Dr. Petty was now on the verge of enterprises which led him far away from those quiet fields of science in which he had already won fame and position. The fighting in Ireland was over before he landed. Those who had escaped the sword were anxiously awaiting the decree of the conqueror. A vast scheme for the introduction of new settlers had been adopted by the Commonwealth. In 1642, 2,500,000 acres had been pledged to the adventurers who lent money to put down the Romanist rebels. This obligation was estimated at £360,000. The army claimed £1,550,000, whilst various sums were owing to other creditors of the Commonwealth. A gigantic measure of confiscation was resolved on. It included the Church and Crown lands, and the holdings of all proprietors who could not prove their "constant good affection" during the recent troubles. This meant "the confiscation of the estates of all the heads of the ancient Roman Catholic native population, of most of the old Anglo-Irish nobility, some Roman Catholics, some Anglican Churchmen, but all more or less involved in resistance to the Commonwealth, with but few exceptions. They were bidden to migrate across the Shannon into Connaught, unless they preferred to go abroad, which by a liberal system of subsidies they were encouraged to do." Dr. Petty reckoned that 34,000 of the best fighting population had left the country. The Presbyterians in Ulster and the English merchants in the walled towns fared little better than the Romanists, for they had sympathised with the Scotch army recently overthrown at Dunbar and Worcester. They were therefore ordered to make room for the victors. The whole of the upper and middle classes in Ireland were crushed in one common ruin.

Before the lands could be distributed a survey and measurement was necessary. It was proposed to divide ten counties equally between the soldiers and the adventurers, in order that the military might save the civilian proprietors from molesta-

tion. The Government reserved to themselves all the walled towns, all the Crown and Church lands, the tithes, and the forfeited lands in the four counties of Dublin, Kildare, Carlow, and Cork. These were intended to defray the public debts, and to be distributed among distinguished supporters of the Parliament. A lottery was to be held in Grocers' Hall, London, to fix the allotment of each "adventurer." Large powers were left to the Irish Council of State, and an Army Commission was appointed to divide their lands among the soldiers. But the real difficulty lay in the details. There were 35,000 claimants. The Act of Parliament settled nothing except that 1000 Irish acres (equal to 1600 English) were to represent £600 in the counties situate in Leinster, £400 in Munster, £300 in Ulster, which was the poorest soil of the three provinces. Soldiers and civilians were clamouring for their allotments, but no survey had ever been made save in Tipperary and some parts of Connaught, so that, before there could be any distribution, maps and surveys must be prepared. The weakness of Fleetwood and the violence of the army in Ireland had caused such dissension that in 1653 the Protector sent over his son Henry on a mission of inquiry. It was intended that he should replace Fleetwood, who had become the tool of the military and fanatical party. The survey was begun, but it proceeded very slowly, and gave general dissatisfaction. Mr. Worsley, the Surveyor-General, arrived in Ireland at the same time as Dr. Petty. He proposed to survey the forfeited lands only, without any reference to the civil territorial limits. Barren soil was to be excepted, unless its situation within the area of profitable land made it necessary to include it. The payment for surveying was to be at the rate of 40*s.* for every 1000 acres. This payment Dr. Petty held to be excessive. He pointed out that there was no check on the returns of the surveyors, and that they were not "skilled artists," but "conceited and sciolous persons." Petty was by no means just to Worsley, who greatly resented his interference. Henry Cromwell, however, exposed as he was to the attacks and misrepresentations of the Anabaptists, lent a willing ear to Petty. He could not conceal his disgust at the officers' high pretensions to religion, combined, as they were,

with an almost unlimited rapacity in the affairs of the world. He told Secretary Thurlow that Commissioners instructed with letting lands had paid £20 per acre, and let the same estates for £150. Three men took 1800 acres in County Meath for £600 per acre, and let them for £1800. Henry Cromwell reported that the chief desideratum of Ireland was honest commissioners and incorrupt judges, but these it was next to impossible to secure. Such was the state of things, that, in September 1654, orders arrived from England to stop the survey and the distribution of lands. The Deputy and his Council were directed to bend their attention to the general interests of the Commonwealth, and received full power to dispense with the transportation of the Irish into Connaught, if on full consideration that course should prove most likely to promote the public good. At this moment, when milder measures had been adopted, news arrived of the barbarities inflicted upon the Waldenses. Those who resisted the Irish confiscations were swept away in a fierce torrent of national indignation.

A civil survey as distinguished from one carried out by the military was resolved on. This was to include not only the forfeited estates, but all other lands and interests belonging to the Commonwealth. While this work was going on, Dr. Petty was summoned to place before the Commissioners his plans for mapping the lands. He proposed to survey the country and then map out the forfeited estates, first surveying all known territorial boundaries, and the natural divisions, whether rivers, woods, or bogs, and then setting out such auxiliary lines and limits in addition to the county, barony and townland boundaries, as were necessary for constructing a map of the forfeitures, and for the ultimate subdivision amongst the claimants according to the average of their computed arrears. He undertook, "if the Lord give seasonable weather, and due provision be made against Tories, and that my instruments be not found to stand still for want of bounders," to complete the survey in thirteen months. Payment was to be at the rate of £6 per 1000 acres, or a lump sum of £30,000, out of which he would meet all expenses. "Upon the fielde work, it being a matter of great drudgery to wade through bogs and water, climb rocks, fare and lodge hard," he proposed to

employ foot soldiers to whom such hardships were familiar. The Committee reported that his plan was far superior to that proposed by the Surveyor-General, and that it would be finished in as many months as Worsley needed years. The Surveyor-General got the matter referred to another Committee, but this also decided in favour of Dr. Petty. The civil survey consisted only of lists of lands, with descriptive notes as to acreage and value. Petty's work was called the *Down Survey*, because the results were put down on a map. On December 11, 1654, the agreement with Dr. Petty was concluded. He undertook to survey all the forfeited lands and all the Crown and Church estates, and to enter on the maps all the particulars given in the civil survey which were necessary for the division of the lands. He was to receive £7 3*s.* 4*d.* per 1000 acres of forfeited profitable land, and £3 per acre for Church and Crown lands. Parliament had power to pay the surveyors either in land or in money. Petty also had to prepare for public use a general county and barony map of Ireland.

On April 12, 1655, he received the instructions which he was to observe in his survey. He organised a staff of a thousand assistants. There were forty clerks at headquarters. An army of surveyors and under-measurers carried out the work in each district. His cousin John, who shared his own talents for mapping and surveying, proved his chief helper. Petty was surrounded by people who were unfriendly to his schemes. A contemporary account says that he was accustomed to write down answers to all possible objections that could be raised, "so that when anything was started he was prepared, and as it were extempore, to shoot them dead." When the Commission referred to him some difficult problem which seemed to require a week's labour, he would bring all clearly stated the next morning. "His way was to retire early to his lodgings, where his supper was only a handful of raisins and a piece of bread. He would bid one of his clerks who wrote a fair hand go to sleep, and, while he ate his raisins and walked about, he would dictate to the other clerk, who was a ready man at shorthand. When this was fitted to his mind, the other was roused and set to work, and he went to bed, so that all was ready." Every detail was arranged with

rare ability. A wire-maker prepared measuring chains, a watchmaker supplied magnetical needles, with their pins; turners, founders, and other skilled artisans were employed on matters for which they had special fitness. Field-books were got ready for the entries, and small French tents, fitted with portable furniture, were provided for the surveyors in places where they could find no quarters. Dr. Petty says:

"The principal division of the work was to make certayne persons, such as were able to endure travail, ill lodging, and dyett, and alsoe heatts and colds, being men of activity that could leap hedge and ditch, and could alsoe ruffle with the several rude persons in the country; from whom they might so often expect to be crossed and opposed. The which qualifications happened to be found among several of the ordinary soldiers, many of whom, having been bred to trade, could read and write sufficiently for the purposes intended. Such, therefore, if they were but heedful and steady minded, though not of the nimblest wits, were taught."

Eleven-twentieths of the Irish land had been forfeited, so that Dr. Petty had a heavy task before him. The survey actually began on February 1, 1655. Some dramatic incidents marked its progress. The native Irish regarded it as the signal for their expulsion from their possessions. Notwithstanding the protection of the garrisons, several of the workers were killed by the wild "Tories." Donagh O'Derrick, of Kildare, carried off eight of them into the mountains, and executed them after a mock trial. But the survey went forward rapidly, notwithstanding all these hindrances. Furious controversies arose as to the distribution of the lands. The Council was hard pressed by the officers, who claimed to have their demands satisfied in full, instead of receiving only two-thirds of their grants, as was decided upon. Henry Cromwell, however, stood firm. "Liberty and countenance," he said, "they may expect from me, but to rule me, or rule with me, I should not approve of." The officers were told that they must accept the proportionate distribution, and wait patiently till things were ready for a final settlement. This decision caused, as Dr. Petty says, "great and unexpected hardshipps." Though he was not responsible for it, the officers persisted in laying the blame on his shoulders. His survey of the military

lands was finished in the autumn of 1656 to the satisfaction of the Council. The Committee of Adventurers now entrusted him with the survey of their lands, so that another great task was laid on his shoulders. He carried this out with the same skill and expedition as the first. In July of the same year he was appointed, together with Vincent Gookin and Colonel Miles Symner, to distribute the lands allotted to the army. Now followed a series of struggles which baffle description. A species of ballot was arranged, but though the army had signed a declaration "that they had rather take a lott upon a barren mountaine as a portion from the Lord, than a portion in the most fruitful valley upon their own choice," each party strove, by "attendance, friends, eloquence, and vehemence," to secure the best land for themselves. Their principal anxiety was to avoid the county of Kerry, where the soil was reputed to be very poor. Dr. Petty had expected to enlarge his "trade of experiments from bodies to minds, from the emotions of the one to the manners of the other; thereby to have understood passions as well as fermentations." In that respect he was not disappointed. He got in this business "the occasion of practising on his own morals; that is, to learn how, with smiles and silence, to elude the sharpest provocation, and without troublesome *menstruums*, to digest the roughest injuries that ever a poor man was crammed with." He found the officers a study indeed. "This party of men, although they all seemed to be fanatically and democratically disposed, yet in truth were animals of all sorts, as in Noah's ark."

By February, 1657, the distribution of army lands was fairly well arranged. Petty was then sent over to England to meet the adventurers, but found time also to discuss various matters with his scientific friends. He talked with Hartlib about the founding of a college, where twenty able Latinists of various nations should be settled to teach Latin, "merely by use and custom." "This," says Hartlib, "with the history of trades, he looks upon as the great pillars of the reformation of the world." The adventurers proved more easy to deal with than the soldiers. There were fewer claimants and their portions were larger. Petty made a favourable impression on the Committee. Work went forward briskly, and by the end

of 1658 the allottees were everywhere entering into possession. Cromwell's death had hastened the final negotiations, for all the claimants were now anxious to settle without delay. There were many inequalities in the distribution, but it was a wonderful task to have accomplished in a couple of years. Clarendon pays a high tribute to the survey. Sir Thomas Larcom, one of the most skilful Irish administrators and greatest authorities in the art of surveying, wrote in 1851, after two centuries had tested Petty's work: "It is difficult to imagine a work more full of perplexity and uncertainty, than to locate 32,000 officers, soldiers, and followers, with adventurers, settlers, and creditors of every kind and class, having different and uncertain claims on land of different and uncertain value in detached parcels sprinkled over two-thirds of the surface of Ireland; nor, as Dr. Petty subsequently experienced, a task more thankless in the eyes of the contemporary million. It was for his comfort that he obtained and kept the good opinion of those who were unprejudiced and impartial. The true appeal is to the quiet force of public opinion, as time moves on and anger gradually subsides; and from that tribunal the award has long been favourable to Dr. Petty. It stands to this day, with the accompanying books of distribution, the legal record of the title on which half the lands of Ireland is held; and for the purpose to which it was and is applied, it remains sufficient."

Although Petty's task had been honestly and skilfully done, many of the claimants were far from satisfied. The most troublesome was Sir Hierome Sankey. This officer belonged to a section of the Anabaptists who professed that they could cure illness by the laying on of hands, and ventured to assert "that the fumes of their own bodily humours were the emanation of God's Spirit." Dr. Petty was imprudent enough to indulge in many gibes at Sir Hierome's expense, for which he had to pay by-and-by. During the later stages of the land distribution, he compares himself to "a restless football, kickt up and down by the dirty feet of a discontented multitude," or as one "tyed all day long to the stake, to be baited for the most part by irrational creatures." When the opposition against him was fiercest, Dr. Petty was appointed Addi-

tional Clerk to the Council and Private Secretary to the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Cromwell. The salary was £400 a year. In the Parliament which Richard Cromwell called in January, 1659, Dr. Petty sat for West Looe. On March 24, Sir Hierome Sankey, who was member for Woodstock, rose to impeach him for bribery and breach of trust in his distribution of the land. When Sir Hierome proceeded to make good his charges a month later, he had to drop six of the most important items, as well as three out of seven instances of misdoing. The House heard him with much impatience. Petty's reply with its studied moderation showed how little the charges were worth. Parliament was dissolved next day, and Dr. Petty started for Ireland. Sir Hierome did his best to ruin his opponent, but without success. The whole matter is detailed in Dr. Petty's *Reflections on certain Persons and Things in Ireland.* He acknowledges that his own imprudent wit had angered his opponents, but he could not resist the temptation to say that he was meditating a satire in which the pictures of his chief adversaries should be hung up in their proper colours for the recreation of his friends. "To prepare myself for which work I will read over *Don Quixote* once more; that having as good a subject of Sir Hierome as Michael Cervantes had, something may be done not unworthy a representation in Bartholomew Fair."

In March, 1659, Sir Hierome's day of influence was past, and it was safe for Dr. Petty to return to London. Pepys' Diary shows us that he was present at the coffee-house, "with a great confluence of gentlemen, where was admirable discourse till nine at night." Great changes were imminent, Dr. Petty had served the Cromwells, because he recognised in them strong men who knew how to govern. The violence of the religious sects was odious to a thinker of his large and liberal views. Bitter experience had shown him what the government of the army leaders meant. He was therefore fully prepared to accept the rule of Charles the Second. Immediately before the Restoration he received a promise of favourable treatment from the king, but Charles had great difficulty in keeping such promises when they happened to clash with the views of the party that was in the ascendant. Dr. Petty, who belonged

neither to the Cavaliers nor the Presbyterians, was attacked from the most opposite quarters. But like a brave man he stood out for his rights, and held loyally to the Cromwells, who had shown him such goodwill in their days of power. He exerted himself to save what he could for them out of the wreck which threatened their property, and was told both by Charles II. and his Chancellor that they esteemed him the more for his loyalty to his friends.

Most of the members of the Philosophical Society of Oxford had removed to London in 1658. They met at Gresham College, where they resolved, on November 28, 1660, to form the Royal Society. Dr. Petty was, of course, an active member. The king took special interest in medical chemistry and navigation, which were Dr. Petty's favourite studies, and in February, 1661, he had half an hour's free conversation with Petty on shipping and kindred subjects. He had a second interview soon afterwards, so that the Doctor felt himself "in a state of grace." The Duke of York was also his firm friend. When the Royal Society received its charter on July 15, 1662, Petty was knighted. He tells his cousin John: "I have the sword wherewith 'twas done. My Lord Chancellor the same day expressed great kindness to me as having these many years heard of me. The Duke of Ormonde tells me that these are but the beginning of what is intended." Petty devoted his chief attention to the construction of a double-bottomed ship, for the easier navigation of the Irish Channel. He had a vessel built with two keels joined together by transverse connections. It resembled somewhat the well-known *Calais-Douvres*. It was thirty tons burden and carried thirty men, for whom there was good accommodation. In a contest with three of the best boats of Dublin, Sir William's *Experiment* carried off the prize. It also won a wager of £50 in a race between Dublin and Holyhead with the packet boat. In October 1663, a vessel built on the new model was sent over from Dublin to England. Sir William's time was largely taken up with his double-bottomed ships. Pepys often met him at the coffee-house, and pays high tribute to his powers as a talker. In discourse he is, "methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his

notions the most distinct and clear, and, among other things, saying that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for within the world, *Religio Medici*, *Osborne's Advice to a Son*, and *Hudibras*."

His notes on the plagues of London, probably prepared for the Royal Society, furnish some details that are worth noting. London, within the bills of mortality, had 696,000 people in 108,000 houses. In pestilential years, which were one in twenty, one-sixth of the people died of the plague, and one-fifth of all diseases. In a circle about the centre of London, measuring thirty-five miles semi-diameter, or a day's journey, there were as many people and houses as in London. The plague was most fatal among poor people who lived closely together, and Petty proposed that measures should be taken to lodge them in the country when the pest broke out. He gives careful estimates of the expense of carrying the families off in time of danger.

The Restoration reopened the Irish Land Question. The soldiers were selling their debentures, and there was a kind of land market in Dublin. Dr. Petty had received £9000 for his army survey; £600 for mapping out the adventurers' land; he had saved £2100 from his salary as Physician-General and other medical work. He now had a fortune of £13,000. Part of this he invested in land debentures. With the rest he bought the Earl of Arundel's house and grounds in Lothbury, known as Tokenhouse Yard. He gained a large estate in Kerry. Though the soil was poor, he hoped the estate would ultimately prove a source of private profit and national wealth. To assist in its development, he established an industrial colony of Protestants at Kenmare, in Kerry, with iron and copper works, and also did his best to foster the sea fisheries. He sat in the Irish Parliament of 1661, and was appointed member of a Commission to carry out the Act of Settlement.

In 1667, Sir William, who was now forty-four years of age, married Lady Fenton, the widow of Sir Maurice Fenton. She was the daughter of Sir Hardress Waller, a distinguished Parliamentary officer who had been one of Petty's securities for the punctual execution of his survey contract. Aubrey describes Lady Fenton as "a very beautiful and ingenious lady, browne,

with glorious eyes." Evelyn says that she could endure nothing that was mean, or not magnificent. In this, he adds, she was a great contrast to Sir William, who was "very negligent himself, and rather so of his own person, and of a philosophic temper. 'What a to-do is here,' he would say; 'I can lie in straw with as much satisfaction.' She was an extraordinary wit as well as beauty." The marriage was a very happy one. In the autumn of 1667, Sir William tells a friend that since his wife's arrival in Dublin "her presence and conversation have been a continual holyday unto me; so as I have declined all other business till this time, the better to entertain her." He was offered a peerage, but as that meant a large contribution to the royal Exchequer he felt compelled to decline it. He needed all his money to provide house and furniture, rebuild his house in London that had been burnt down in the Great Fire, pay his year's rent, restore the iron-works and fisheries of Kerry, and meet other pressing claims. He expressed his contempt for mere titles. "The end of these things will be like that of the Dublin tokens. I had rather be a copper farthing of intrinsic value, than a brass half-crown, how gaudily soever it be stamped and gilded." Money was not too plentiful, as we learn from a letter of Lady Petty's. "Sir William," she says, "lost about £4000 by the fire of London, has lately paid about £2000 for the 'yearly value' (which is more than the land is worth); has expended more than £5000 in Kerry, without a penny return; hath laid out for William Fenton about £1500 more than he hath received; is now paying £700 of Sir Michael Fenton's debts; and lives all the time on money taken up at interest. Consider that I have neither jewels, plate, nor house to put my head in." Sir William's versatility of genius was a great relief to him under his trying circumstances. He built houses in London and Dublin, read valuable papers before the Royal Society, kept up his interest in medicine, wrote a metaphysical treatise, studied political economy, drew up schemes for the education of his children, and busied himself with many inventions. He was a great mimic. Evelyn says he could speak "now like a grave orthodox divine; then falling into the Presbyterian way; then to fanatical, to Quaker, to monk, and to friar, and to

popish priest," all of whom he could imitate "with such admirable action and alteration of voice and tone, as it was not possible to abstain from wonder, and one would swear to hear several persons, or forbear to think he was not in good earnest, an enthusiast, and almost beside himself." It was only rarely that he could be induced to exercise this gift, and then only among most intimate friends. Another detail given by Aubrey is of interest: "Sir William hath told me that he hath read but little, that is to say not since 25 ætat., and is of Mr. Hobbes and his mind, that had he read much, as some men have, he had not known so much as he does, nor should have made such discoveries and improvements." He regarded energy in action as the great requisite in life. Sir William was about six feet high and had a massive head, with much brown hair, grey eyes and thick eyebrows.

A valuable chapter in Lord Fitzmaurice's biography is devoted to Sir William's writings on Political Economy. Reliable statistics were scarcely to be obtained in those days, but he showed in his *Political Arithmetick* how to reason on figures in matters relating to government. He discerned clearly that observation was one eye of political economy and comparison the other. The study of the Bills of Mortality for London probably furnished him with his most valuable data, but he sorely lacked a fuller and more accurate basis for his investigations. He discerned the great theoretic truth on which free trade stands, though he did not entirely free himself from the errors about the precious metals which the mercantile system had accepted from the purely prohibitory system. He held that regulations against usury and against the exportation of gold and silver were equally "frivolous and pernicious, forasmuch as such matters will be governed by the laws of nature and nations only." He makes an interesting forecast as to the extension of London westward. As the prevailing winds were westerly, the dwellings at the west were more free from

"the fumes, steams, and stinks of the whole easterly pyle; which, where seacole is burnt, is a great matter. Now, it follows from hence that the palaces of the greatest men will remove westward, it will also naturally follow that the dwellings of others who depend upon them

will creep after them. This we see in London, where the noblemen's ancient houses are now become halls for companies, or turned into tenements, and all the palaces are gotten westward; insomuch that I do not doubt but that five hundred years hence, the king's palace will be near Chelsea, and the old building of Whitehall converted to uses more answerable to their quality."

During the last years of Charles II.'s reign fortune seemed to smile on Sir William Petty. He was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Admiralty in Ireland, and busied himself with the incorporation of the Philosophical Society of Ireland, of which he became president, and the establishment of the Dublin College of Physicians. In 1684 he contrived a new model of a double-bottomed ship, but this proved a complete failure. The accession of James II. caused the gravest apprehension in Ireland. Petty enjoyed the special favour of the new king, who had always been interested in his naval inventions. His optimistic temperament led him to take the most favourable view of James's policy. He thought the king was sincerely desirous to secure toleration for the Roman Catholics, and that this measure was to be made feasible by the inclusion of Nonconformists. Events compelled him to recognise the extreme danger which the king's schemes threatened to the country. Tyrconnel became the real ruler of Ireland. The lives and property of the Protestants could scarcely be protected from the vengeance of their hereditary enemies. In March 1688 the native Irish rose against the Protestants in Kerry, who were compelled to surrender and were sent away from Kenmare. Sir William had heard of the serious position of affairs, and had written, "O God, cousin, how doth my foot slip, when I consider what Providence hath winked at in its dispensations of Ireland." He did not live to hear the worst. The Kenmare refugees reached Bristol in so miserable a plight that the mayor ordered collections for their relief, and many died soon after landing from the effects of cold and exposure.

Sir William had been suffering for some time from a troublesome disease in the feet, apparently some complicated form of gout. He set his house in order, and spent much time on the education of his children. His daughter Anne inherited his

talent for business. He expressed the hope "that one day arithmetick and accountantship will adorn a young woman better than a suit of ribbands, to keep her warmer than a damnable dear manteau." He advised his friend Southwell about his boy's training. "For further impositions, I think them needless. You have planted all necessarys in his ground; you have led him through all the shops and warehouses of other things. Let Nature now worke, and see what he will choose and learn of himself. What is cramed in by much teaching will never come to much, but parch away when the teachers are gone. Within a year or two, you will have a crisis on him; let's mark that." Sir William at once perceived the transcendent merit and importance of Newton's *Principia*, which appeared in 1687. He writes on July 9: "Poor Mr. Newton! I have not met with one person that put an extraordinary value on his book. . . . I would give £500 to have been the author of it, and £200 that Charles [his eldest son] understood it." In December 1687 Sir William was taken ill. Though suffering acute pain, he attended the annual dinner of the Royal Society. It was his last public appearance. He grew rapidly worse, and on December 16 he died in a house in Piccadilly opposite to St. James's church. King James created Lady Petty Baroness Shelbourne in the peerage of Ireland, and her eldest son became Baron Shelbourne by a simultaneous creation. He and his brother died without issue. The estates thus passed to their nephew, John Fitzmaurice, second son of the Earl of Kerry, who had married Anne Petty. Kerry's grandson afterward said that his grandfather "married luckily for me and mine, a very ugly woman, who brought into his family whatever degree of sense may have appeared in it, or whatever wealth is likely to remain in it." Sir William Petty was buried in the Abbey Church at Rumsey, near his father and mother. A simple stone in the aisle with the legend, "Here layes Sir William Petty," marked the grave; but the hand of the church-restorer removed even this trace of Rumsey's greatest son. It was not till the present century that Henry, third Marquess of Lansdowne, erected a full-length recumbent effigy, which was designed by Westmacott.

ART. V.—LABRADOR.

1. *The Labrador Coast: A Journal of Two Summer Cruises to that Region.* With Notes on its Early Discovery; on the Eskimo; on its Physical Geography, Geology, and Natural History. By ALPHEUS SPRING PACKARD, M.D., PH.D. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: N. D. C. Hodges. London: Kegan Paul & Co.
2. *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula, the Country of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians.* By HENRY Y. HIND, M.A., Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Trinity College, Toronto, &c. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
3. *Sixteen Years on the Coast of Labrador.* By GEORGE CARTWRIGHT. In two volumes 4to. Maps, &c. Newark. 1792.
4. *The Ancient and Modern History of the [United] Brethren.* By DAVID CRANZ. London. 1780.
5. *Periodical Accounts relating to Moravian Missions.* No. 21. March, 1895. London: 32 Fetter Lane.
6. *Notes of Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territories.* By JOHN MCLEAN.

TEN centuries have elapsed since, according to the Saga of Erik the Red, the Norsemen discovered the coast of Labrador. A party of Vikings sailing westward to their recently formed colony in South Greenland, in the rude and clumsy craft in which these adventurous rovers scoured all the seas of the northern world, were driven out of their course by tempest, and sighted a land high and mountainous and bordered by ice-bergs. This was in 990. Ten years later, Lief, the son of Erik the Red, cast anchor in one of the bays on this wild coast, landed, found the country "full of ice mountains, desolate, and its shores covered with stones," and called it Helluland, the stony land. As the country was good for nothing in the

estimation of the Icelandic seaman, he made no attempt to explore or colonise it, but sailed south in search of more congenial and fruitful lands. After so many centuries, a great part of the interior of Labrador still remains unexplored; a vast, mysterious region of which we know less, perhaps, than of the heart of Africa or Australia, or the shores of Siberia. The obstacles to exploration, and especially to scientific exploration, are enormous. Vast tracts of the country are strewn with massive boulders in chaotic confusion; the great rivers are swift and broken by innumerable cataracts; a plague of black flies, not to speak of mosquitoes, renders life intolerable; game is no longer plentiful; the brief summer is soon followed by a winter the severity of which makes travel practically impossible—these are some of the difficulties which explorers have to overcome.

Dr. Packard gives us a bibliography of 145 different works dealing more or less directly with Labrador, and, in addition, a list of fifty-five works treating wholly or in part of its geology and natural history. Many of these are books of great value, though, necessarily, in not a few instances, they cover similar ground, and deal with the coast and those parts of the peninsula which have been opened up by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Moravian missionaries. Professor Hind presents in this volume the results of his exploration of the Moisie River. McLean ventured where no other white man had set foot. The Moravian missionaries have contributed much knowledge concerning the extreme north, where their stations are situated, and science owes them a great debt. Cartwright's graphic portraiture of the Labrador coast, with its people and fauna and fisheries a hundred years ago, is a book which can never be superseded. It is now a very scarce and costly work. Dr. Packard's volume is at once a fascinating narrative of travel and an accurate scientific text book of the geology, botany, and zoology of Labrador, incorporating the most recent information. Complete lists are furnished of all classes of creatures—mammals, birds, fishes, butterflies, moths, beetles, spiders; of crustaceans, molluscs, star-fish, and polyps. The book leaves little to be desired as

a journal of travel, and is a most important contribution to our knowledge of the coast and of the country generally.

The coast is one of stern grandeur. During the long winter it is ice-bound, the extent of the ice-fields being 50,000 square miles. It is fringed with innumerable islands, which form an almost continuous barrier against the ocean-swell, and make navigation safe for the smaller craft which hug the mainland. Long fiords intersect the coast, and run far in among the hills. Bold red syenite headlands stand perpendicularly out of the sea for hundreds of feet. Behind these rise lofty terraced mountains with rounded tops; and far back are peaks, whose sides are draped with clouds, cleaving the sky to the height of five or six thousand feet. No trace of green catches the eye, except on the sheltered sides of the fiords; but you see a patch of snow here and there, even in the summer; and, if the mountain be jewelled with great masses of labradorite, as not unfrequently happens, it flashes in the sun with a strange brilliance. Eventide brings with it a sombre beauty, a severity of glory, that is said to fill the beholder with wonder and awe that deepen into sadness.

Icebergs are common on the coast in the early summer. Stupendous masses from 100 to 150 feet in height, white as Carrara marble, stand out of a sea of azure, helmeted and plumed with loveliness. They assume a great variety of shape. Some are huge white chalk-cliffs, others are floating pyramids, some resemble great cathedrals, domed and minareted, others stately warships tumbling and rolling in surf, and others again are gigantic sculptures of all imaginable forms. And the colour is as various as the shape. Superb alabaster, delicate blue, pale emerald, burnished silver on the sunny side, and in the shadow "soft as satin and changeable as costliest silk; the white, the dove-colour, the green playing into each other with the subtlety and fleetness of an Aurora." Here, as the deep swell rushes up and breaks on the ledges of the berg, the water grows luminous and is barred and flecked with snow; there, as we look into wave-worn caverns that pierce its sides, we seem to be peering into the mouth of a huge sea-shell where all the glory of ineffable rose and purple blend with ivory and gold-tinted white. When the sun goes down in a

pageant of colour and the clear moon rises on sea and berg and wild coast, the effects are indescribably fine. Indeed for glorious sunsets, for the wonders of mirage and "ice-loom," and rainbow, for the splendour of the Aurora, we are told, there is no land like this.

Navigation is difficult and slow on account of the icepack filling the bays and channels running among the islands; but harbours are numerous, and the scientist may frequently land and pursue his studies of the flora and fauna, look into the homes of the people, observe their habits, gather information about the fisheries, and interview stray Indians as to the nature of the country that lies back from the coast, with its lakes and mountains. He can dredge in the bays for shells and marine insects, can note the rare sea-anemones and sea-pinks beautiful as any carnations, can study remarkable raised beaches and more remarkable terraced mountains.

The flora of Labrador is of special interest from the fact that Labrador is probably the oldest land surface on the globe producing a flora. In the north and east, the flora is Arctic, the remnants of the glacial flora that at one time spread over a great part of North America, when the reign of perpetual winter was supreme. This flora was pushed northward and eastward to the sea-coast by the advance of the temperate forms as the glacial epoch came to a close. The flora of South Labrador is a commingling of Arctic with many Subarctic plants. The eastern valleys are filled with dense forests of dwarf alders, miniature trees the trunks of which do not exceed three or four feet in height. With these are interspersed here and there poplar, spruce, or mountain-ash, from ten to eighteen feet long. The dwarf willow, about six inches high, and several other species of willow, including *Salix herbacea* and *Salix walsamifera*, grow and offer their honey-bearing flowers to the bees. In the glades of these Lilliputian forests deep mosses flourish, the curlew-berry and dwarf cranberry ripen their fruit; the rocks are painted with the gayest of lichens, and sweet Alpine plants display their rich blooms. The transient summer lasts only six weeks. It comes without a spring, and departs without an autumn. Nature seems, while it lasts, to put forth her utmost energies to call back the loveliness

which a savage winter had destroyed, to produce her blossoms and ripen her seeds. The temperature rises during the day from 64° to 68° Fahr., seldom exceeding 70°; but the nights are cold. In the south, especially, flowers are everywhere; on the banks of the streams, now swollen by the melting snow; on the ragged walls of the ravines, beneath sheltering rocks, on ocean cliffs where the salt sea foam cannot reach them; their odours stealing through secluded glens, and up hillsides which are carpeted with mosses of many hues, green and golden and carmine, and often two or three feet deep.

Here are represented the ranunculus: cruciferous flowers, like the lady's smock and the icy whitlow grass; *rosaceæ* in abundance; saxifrages like the aizoon with its silver rosettes, and the *S. oppositifolia* with its glowing constellation of rich purple; stonecrops; a few quaint orchids; twenty species of the heath family, fragrant and bee-haunted; the Alpine speedwell, and many lilies; the dwarf Arctic laurel and the Labrador tea-plant. We see in the midst of more brilliantly painted flowers, like the gentians, such world-wide wanderers as the dandelion and the silver weed of our roadsides. The wild strawberry creeps luxuriantly, intertwining itself with the honeysuckle, and not far away are the wild currant and the cloudberry. Here was a beautiful iris, a mountain trident with its simple white flower, and, in all the glory of its rose-coloured petals, the willow-herb, the "fireweed," as the Americans call it, in company with the golden-rod. Deep *gulches* are still half filled with snow, and their dark lips of rock smile with bright flowers. Low sedges of several kinds are in blossom; and, hidden in the greenery, are blue and white violets. We have referred chiefly to summer in the south.

The flora of northern Labrador is very scanty. The terribly bleak coast valleys west of Cape Chudleigh are either treeless or sustain forests of dwarf-birch. The tiny trunks are twisted like a corkscrew, the foliage is puny, and smoothly clipped by the winds as with a pair of shears. The willows creep along the ground among the mosses in matted beds. Further inland the spruce flourishes, but never grows to any great size. Summer scarcely can be said to visit this inhospitable clime, where in July snow often falls, and northerly gales, ice-laden

and awful, wither every particle of fresh green leafage; where the gardens of the missionaries must be dug out of the snow in the spring, and during the summer must be protected every night with mats, on account of the severe frosts.

Insect life is sparse on the Labrador coast. The common pests of the world are not absent, but the hum and drone and cheep of our own woodlands and meadows are not much heard. A yellow fly may flit by, an Arctic bumble-bee buzz in the bell of some flower, or a sheeny beetle sun himself on a leaf; but you never hear the strident note of a grasshopper, never see the flash of a dragon-fly; even the wasp is uncommon. If you catch a glimpse of the rare Arctic bluet butterfly you will be fortunate. Moths are more plentiful, but are so perfectly harmonised in colour with the vegetation amidst which they live that it is difficult to detect them. Out of ten species of spiders collected by Dr. Packard, seven were new to science, For complete lists of all known species we must refer the lover of natural history to Dr. Packard's volume, and to the same pages for an interesting record of successful dredging along the coast in search of the plant and animal life of the sea. "Of all pleasures of a naturalist's existence, dredging," says Dr. Packard, "has been the most intense."

The avifauna of this coast deserves a longer notice than we can give it in this article; but, it may be said, that it is very abundant in individuals if not in species. Dr. Packard gives a list of 208 resident and migratory species, ranging from the golden eagle to the ruby-throated humming-bird. The eider, the loon, the coot, the curlew, the guillemot, the auk, the great northern diver, the puffin, the sheldrake, the ring-necked plover, the ptarmigan, and many others are here in their season in immense numbers; and the settlers, wearying of salt pork and dough-balls and treacle, their staple food, abandon themselves to snaring and shooting, and feasting on game. Off the coasts are bird-rocks of large size, literally white with sea-fowl, which have here their colonies. At the report of a gun, 10,000 birds will rise and flutter in the air. Formerly "eggers," schooners fitted out for the purpose of taking the eggs, visited the bird-rocks and carried away to Quebec or Montreal millions of eggs, especially of the eider-duck and the

razor-bill-auk, with the result that the latter bird is well-nigh extinct. The traffic is now illegal. On shore the robin sings with the thrush for companion warbler; the kingfisher displays his beauty in the marshes; woodpeckers are heard at their task in the woods; and numerous wrens build in the dense undergrowths. With these are found interesting and rare birds whose names and forms are strange to European ears.

As to the people of Labrador, the permanent residents dwell in settlements in the more sheltered creeks and fiords, or are scattered in isolated families from Bonne Esperance, on the Straits of Belle Isle, eastward to Henley Harbour, and then northward to Domino Run, and from this point still further north to the Moravian Mission Stations and the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. They number about 8000, and comprise individuals of many nationalities, in which the British and the French Canadians predominate. The settlements are small, varying from half a dozen to twenty houses, built of thick boards, with flat roofs well tarred. These, with some rude fish-houses and a light wharf, constitute the fishing hamlet. The settler is poor, depending for a precarious livelihood on the harvest of the sea, which on this stormy coast is often a failure, and supplementing his fishing by hunting. But the beaver, otter, fox, wolf, and deer are yearly becoming more scarce and difficult to trap or shoot. The price of salt is high, and yet he must have it to cure his fish; and, too often, the merchant holds the whip of the truck system over his head. His fish are bartered away before they are caught, and he is hopelessly in debt. He is recklessly brave, and faces without fear the ponderous rollers from the Atlantic that break furiously on the coast. In his ugly boat, some thirty feet long—a low-masted craft, winged with heavy amber-stained canvas, and manned with heavy oars—he displays splendid seamanship. But he has serious defects. He is improvident, thriftless, caring no more for the morrow than he cares for the angry sea, loving to idle away the latter part of the fishing season as if he were incapable of prolonged effort. Cleanliness is not one of his virtues. "Living in dirty, forlorn 'tilts,' smoked and begrimed, the occupants in some cases thoroughly harmonise with their surroundings. Their rough

life is more or less demoralising." As a matter of fact, there is very little immorality, and law and order are well maintained. The settler is religiously inclined, and, of the whole number, about one-third are Protestants, the remaining two-thirds being, nominally at least, Roman Catholics.

In addition to the permanent residents, there is a summer floating population of about 25,000, chiefly Newfoundlanders and Canadians, who come in their vessels to fish on the Labrador coast. Many of these fishermen have their wives and children with them. Their annual catch of codfish, herring, and salmon is worth some £300,000. This does not include the value of the fish consumed by the men on duty, or retained on the coast for use during the winter, or of that sent direct to Newfoundland for shipment from thence; nor does it include the value of the catch of the Canadian fishermen, who usually carry home with them their harvest, not selling it in Labrador.

The condition of these toilers of the sea is even more deplorable than that of the settlers on the coast. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of the Deep Sea Mission to Fishermen, has spoken of them as a "derelict community, practically without civil, medical, or spiritual guidance. And the glimpses of them which Dr. Packard gives confirm this statement. We quote a sentence or two from *The Labrador Coast:* "Among the late arrivals was a Newfoundland fishing-smack, which had two crews on board, and with them six women, all unmarried, two of them mere girls, who lived in the same cabin with the men, but stowed away in dark holes and corners of the apartment. Everything about the interior was forlorn, dirty, greasy, and not a soul aboard had apparently washed for weeks." Again, "We went aboard one, and it was indescribably filthy, above and below; from the cabin arose a dreadful stench; the women on board, with one exception, harmonised in point of personal appearance with their surroundings." These fishermen, like the settlers, are ground down under the hateful truck system, which compels them to go to Labrador or starve, and to go in rotten vessels if sound ones are not available, which crowds men and women and children in unwholesome cabins, and is largely responsible for immorality and misery and loss of life.

Dr. Grenfell says, "There are no official statistics, and official supervision is practically non-existent. In 1885, there were, I am told, 2700 people, more than half of whom were women and children, left on this inhospitable coast, because their boats had gone to pieces in a gale, and, but for the exceptional interference of the Government, they must have remained there to perish during the winter." We cannot wonder that the Moravian missionaries who have toiled so heroically along the northern strip of the Atlantic coast of Labrador should give a doubly hearty welcome to the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, which is doing a splendid humanitarian as well as Christian work in its hospitals at Battle Harbour, and the mouth of the Hamilton Inlet, in addition to preaching the Gospel amongst the fishing fleet.

Few brighter pages are found in the history of Christian missions than those which record the work of the Moravians among the Eskimos of Labrador. A nation murderously savage, the terror of the Indians and of white men, has been transformed into a law-abiding people, among whom drunkenness is almost unknown and crime is very rare. "On the books of the six churches there stood, at the beginning of 1894, 1369 names of adults and children, about 600 being communicants. Of these, 1084 were Eskimos dwelling at the stations, being 26 more than the previous year; 275 were Eskimos or settlers living at some distance from the stations. This total of 1369 includes nearly the whole of the sparse population of the coast." There are a few heathen in the neighbourhood of Ungava Bay, and in order to reach these a new station is to be formed. Testimony is borne to the excellence of the work of these missionaries by Dr. Packard, who visited Hopedale, their most southerly station. "They were a well-bred, kindly, intelligent, scrupulously honest folk." He describes the new mission-house, built of wood, red-roofed, convenient and warm; the new chapel; the servants, neat, cleanly, obedient; the piles of spruce-logs for fuel. He was gratified to find that the missionaries were men of culture, from whom he received lists of the plants and vertebrate animals of Labrador, accompanied with valuable notes. He admired their complete herbarium, and bought their collection of birds' eggs. He notes the carefully kept

gardens. He visits their homes and sanctuaries, and joins with them in religious worship. At sunset, daily, the chapel-bell calls the whole community to prayer. The service lasts twenty minutes. There is an invocation or address in Eskimo; music and singing, the choir consisting of native voices, and the organ being played by an Eskimo lad. The Sabbath, too, is well observed; the reverence of the converts is very perceptible, and God is universally honoured. What a transformation as contrasted with the experience of the founders of the missions at Nain in 1771, when bloodshed was common in the frays between the English traders and the savage Eskimos!

This swarthy, square-faced, dark-haired man leads a very industrious life. In the autumn we watch him hunt the reindeer in its native wilds far away in the interior; in the early spring he deftly drives his dog-sledges out on the coast ice in quest of the seal, returning to fish, first for trout in the rivers and estuaries, then for cod on the shallow banks that lie off the coast; and later, we see him after the seal again, on board his kayak gliding swiftly as a shadow over the surface of the ice-strewn sea; the temperature far below zero. The task is a most toilsome and a dangerous one; but the patient fisher waits for hours fast bound in his skiff, paddling back and forward in the bays and straits wet through with the icy spray which freezes on his kayak and his clothes. If overtaken by a storm or by darkness, he seeks some place of shelter on the coast, and there remains through the bitter night and awaits the cessation of the tempest. About Christmas, he returns from his wandering life to his home at the mission station, in order that his children may go to school, and he himself receive religious instruction. It is said that there is not an Eskimo on the coast who cannot read and write, except of course the few heathen that still linger near Cape Chudleigh.

But this race, the Eskimo of Labrador, the only pure Eskimo, is doomed. Even the kindness and skill of the Moravians can obtain for him only a brief respite. Many children die early. The adult death-rate is abnormally high; and year by year there is sad and pathetic diminishing of this interesting people. It is not easy to say what are the causes. But probably a softer physical fibre is induced by the new and

civilised conditions under which they now live. The substitution of the spade, to some extent, for the spear, and of the overheated wooden house for the snow hut may be factors in producing this rapid decay. Perhaps there may be a profounder cause—the exhaustion of vital energy resulting from the recasting of their life in forms less sensuous and more intellectual and spiritual than that of their fathers.

We pass from the coast to the interior. Central Labrador is a high plateau denuded of its softer strata, out of which stand truncated mountains. It has been planed by the action of great glaciers, which once capped it as they now cap Greenland. It has an area of 420,000 square miles. Its greatest breadth is about 600 miles and its length 1000. Probably four-fifths of the surface is water, lake being linked to lake over vast areas, and these are the sources of immense rivers that seek the sea on the north and south, as well as of the smaller ones that flow east into the Atlantic. The rivers are rather chains of lakes connected by rapids than continuous streams, and this would seem to indicate that the ice-cap which formerly crossed the plateau and filled up the valleys, has melted in comparatively recent ages, since there has not been sufficient time as yet for the rivers to grind down the valleys into continuous channels. The plateau is almost treeless; indeed, it is a forbidding, stony wilderness, where death reigns over the severe magnificence of its icy lakes, which reflect no shady woods, and mountains which frown away the summer and welcome the storm to their gloomy precipices—a land where no bird sings and no Indian builds his wigwam. Language fails to depict its awful desolation. The entire surface

"is covered with broken masses of rock, cubes of ten or twelve feet scattered in wildest confusion. Sometimes a patch of moss and the grass and heather of this country fill up the crevices, but generally we look down into them far and deep without ever detecting the base upon which the rocks rest, hurled aloft, as they appear, by the hands of Titans. . . . . None of the blocks are rounded. Attrition of no kind has influenced them to any perceptible extent, neither have atmospheric influences altered the colour, hardness, and composition of their exteriors; it is simply a wilderness of unchanged blocks of the grey gneiss. Clearly frost has broken the blocks from their foothold, and prepared them for removal by another force coming into play at a later season—the thawing down-gliding snow."

Hind saw something of the sombre grandeur of the western side. Leaving the course of the Moisie, for hours he had climbed over huge boulders, and at length reached an elevation of 2214 feet above the sea-level. We must condense his fine description of what he saw:

"The view far exceeded our expectations. A shallow depression in the horizon struck us as the dividing ridge, separating the waters which flow into the North Atlantic from those which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Far to the north-east was a very high range of mountains, on whose top the snow, glistening in the sun, could easily be distinguished with a good glass. Towards the east forests of stunted trees bordered the lakes and crept a little way up the sides of the hills. I counted twenty-two large lakes, besides numerous small sheets of water. Countless erratics were scattered in every direction, and appeared to be uniformly distributed. The hillsides appeared to be covered with them, and many of them were of large dimensions. In the valleys the caribou moss covered them. Long I looked round in every direction, to see if I could distinguish any signs of animal life, but without success. No sound was audible but the sighing of the wind. Not a bird or butterfly or beetle appeared to inhabit this desolate wilderness."

Frequent reference is made in these volumes to "the burnt country." Vast acres of forest have been, at various times, some distant, some recent, consumed by fire, and the whole country for many thousands of square miles is covered with charcoal, out of which stand blackened stumps, with an occasional little oasis of green which helps the traveller to realise what must have been the summer beauty of the country in these parts before the fire swept over it. Now he may march his party through this dead land, over miles of the burnt remains of moss, once two feet deep; and the black dust will fill his eyes and nostrils, and stain his features to the hue of a Congo negro. Imagine his steps arrested by blackened trees, or trees with the bark stripped off, white skeletons on an extinguished pyre. Think of the gliding river, haunted by the dead giants that bend over it, and wave their bare arms in ghostly reflection in the green depths. And here is a lake skirted with erratics, standing out of the black margin like so many grave-stones raised in the midst of the desolation. The dead trees around the lake were blanched white, the black sand was blown into low dunes, the surrounding hills were covered,

as in contrast, with huge white rocks. There was no sign of life, except that here and there, the mosses and willows were making desperate efforts to cover the scorched and naked land with a scanty dress of verdure. The effect of this absence of life on the traveller is a feeling of melancholy so deep that the most buoyant become grave, and relapse into a silence which is broken by neither song nor laughter.

Around this immense island of burnt vegetation is a country which on the west and south has much natural attractiveness. The river valleys are very beautiful, and the voyager meets with many a delightful picture. Here is one:

"All voices were hushed, and even the paddles dipped with the utmost quietness into the water by a simultaneous impulse, as we passed some stupendous sheets of ice, blue and white masses which glisten in the light of the evening sun. On each side of this beautiful sheet of white, fringed with delicate green, the red rocks rose stern and unchangeable. The Indians gazed with silent admiration, mechanically dipping their paddles in the water. Then, from bluish-white to exquisite rose-red, the change was instantaneous; it was like a prolonged flash of distant lightning; like the rose-coloured streamer of an aurora, vivid, soft, fleeting, but fixing its image on the memory."

Again, the voyager comes to places where purple rocks rise perpendicularly, and no ray of sunlight can pierce the gloomy gorge through which he floats. He is borne on to the lovely vales where the caribou moss, the chief food of the reindeer, grows luxuriantly to the depth of two or three feet. The hills are adorned with graceful larch and birch timber, and the huge boulders are exquisitely painted with lichens, which are superbly rich. There are none like them in any other part of the world. Orange, vermilion, silver, deep bronzes, greens, and greys, in spangles, and fairy rings, and gardens of roses, mingle in bewildering beauty, and robe every harsh rock with raiment more glorious than any worn in kings' courts. Further on above them rise the mountains in grand walls of labradorite, or they slope away to the sky in cold masses of gneiss. The rivers are full of fish, and the forests are not without game, though it is scarce as compared with the abundance of former times. The moose and the caribou deer, a fleet and untame-

able creature, which the Indians hunt among its native pine forests with a skill beyond the imitation of white men, as their principal food, are disappearing from the valleys known more or less to the explorer.

With the moose and the caribou is disappearing the Indian of the interior of Labrador. There are two races of Indians here. The Montagnais Indians, who are chiefly found in the neighbourhood of the coast, and are said to number about 2,000; and the Nasquapees, who roam in the interior, and number perhaps 2,500. The former are said to be an honest, hospitable, and benevolent race, who, though spread over the whole length of the peninsula, are perfectly united in language, habits, and laws. They dwell, in winter, far up the coast valleys, and in the forest depths; coming in the summer to the coast to catch young seal and birds of passage. They are rapidly dying out, and in severe winters are literally starved to death. The game on which they depend is every year becoming scarcer in consequence of forest fires, which convert vast tracts into boulder-strewn deserts where no animal life can exist. Those who linger on the coast sealing and fishing soon lose the *verve* and strength which characterise them in the interior, and die of consumption. Nineteen-twentieths of them are Roman Catholics, and we gladly pay our tribute of admiration to the missionaries of this Church among these wilds. Their endurance, and patient labour, and devotion, are beyond all praise, as both Professor Hind and Dr. Packard testify. Many of the customs of this race are full of interest to the ethnologist, but space will not permit us to notice.

The Nasquapees live on the great tableland, and in the country west and north away to Ungava Bay. They have much in common with the Montagnais, but they differ in being of shorter and slenderer build, more sedentary, living in tents of reindeer skin, not of birch-bark like their neighbours. They are a hardy race, and show skill and taste in their dress and in adapting it to the requirements of a rigorous climate. The Nasquapee on a severe night will rear his tent, boil his kettle and provide his evening meal, wrap himself closely in his warm skin robe; and when he goes to rest will thrust his limbs into

a leathern bag which is well-filled with eider-down, and sleep comfortably despite the tempest and the driving snow. Many of the Nasquapees are still heathen; a few are Roman Catholics and others are reached by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission at Rigoulette in Hamilton Inlet, the most lonely and isolated mission station on the globe—a solitary outpost 100 miles beyond the Hopedale centre of the Moravians. The Church of England also has a station here. We fervently hope that the light which has shone on the Eskimo, and to some extent on the Montagnais, may make glad the heart of this fine race ere they melt away and become extinct.

Dr. Packard claims that the rediscovery of the Grand Falls on the Grand River is the most important geographical discovery which has taken place in Labrador since the first discovery of the cataract by white men. With some account of this we must close this article. In connection with the Bowdoin College Exploration Expedition, in the summer of 1891, a party of four, Young, Cole, Smith, and Cary, started from Rigoulette in two Russian boats, and ascended the Grand River, Cary being in charge. The first twenty-five miles of the river were traversed without difficulty. Here the struggle with falls and dangerous rapids began. The boats had to be lifted out of the water and carried up steep knolls, rising to the height of more than 200 feet, then borne long distances through tangled woods, and down again to the river and re-launched. Rowing was often impossible, and the boats had to be towed. The labour of towing was herculean, as the river-banks were masses of jagged rock or steep forest. One of the boats unfortunately upsetting, they lost a large part of their provisions, their shot-gun, and barometer. On reaching Lake Wamekapou they found it to be a fine sheet of water 40 miles long and 150 from the mouth of the river. Owing to the loss of provisions referred to, and the fact that Young was suffering from an injured hand which began to develop serious symptoms, it was judged prudent, on the eleventh day on the river, that one boat should return with Young and Smith. This was done, and the descent to the mouth safely made in five days. Cole and Cary pushed on for 65 miles, rowing and towing, until

they reached a point above which navigation was impossible. Here landing, they made a *cache* of the boat, luggage and provisions, except what was necessary for the further journey. The two dauntless explorers struck out on foot through the forest. Travelling sometimes on the high plateau, where magnificent views of the country were afforded, and at other times on the skirt of the river which here flowed through a remarkable gorge, worn out of the solid archæan rock 400 feet in depth, and from 150 feet to a quarter of a mile in width, they heard on the third day, August 13, a distant rumbling, and approaching the river they saw on their own level the long-sought falls, and three cheers for Bowdoin immediately mingled with the roar. The spectacle was magnificent. The mighty stream, narrowed to a neck of 150 feet, flings itself headlong in overwhelming majesty down a sheer precipice 150 feet in height. Rapids extend for six miles above the falls, and the river drops another 160 feet in that distance. Below is a great gorge cut in the granite, through which the maddened river gallops for thirty miles between sheer walls from 300 to 500 feet high. We are sorry we cannot reproduce McLean's description of the cataract, as he, its first discover, saw it in 1839. After photographing and measuring the falls, Cole and Cary set out next day to retrace their journey of 300 miles. They have a hungry walk to the *cache*, but they are sustained by the hope of a good meal when they reach it. Alas! to their dismay, they find nothing but charred remains. Boat, provisions, ammunition—everything is burnt to ashes; and with a handful of flour and beans, a tongue, a revolver, a small axe, a fishing line, and a few matches, they find themselves nearly 300 miles from the mouth of the river. The brave young fellows tramped the river-bank, built rafts and floated down many a turbulent rapid, to-day making a meal of flour and tongue, and to-morrow shooting a squirrel or feeding on wild berries, till they reached a *cache* about halfway down, where they replenished their supplies with 5 lb. of buckwheat and a can of tongue. On August 25, an old trapper saw two men approaching. They were shoeless and almost naked, weak with privation, and the splendid fight which

they had fought with cataracts, and the forces of the forest and the mountains; but they were undaunted as ever. They were conducted to Northwest River, and thence across Lake Melville to Rigoulette, reaching there on September 1, to the great joy of anxious friends.

ART. VI.—SOCIAL ANATOMY.

1. *The Unseen Foundations of Society:* an Examination of the Fallacies and Failures of Economic Science due to Neglected Elements. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., K.T. (Third Edition.) London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1893.
2. *Social Evolution.* By BENJAMIN KIDD. (Sixth Edition.) London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.
3. *Merrie England.* By ROBERT BLATCHFORD (NUNQUAM). London: Walter Scott, Paternoster Square. 1895.

IT would be hard to find two books, which, broadly speaking, may be said to treat of the same subject, presenting more striking points of contrast than *Social Evolution* and *The Unseen Foundations of Society*.

Mr. Kidd writes as a biologist, who, while carefully abstaining from giving any indication as to his own religious beliefs, but at the same time recognising the important part which religion has played in the evolution of society, treats all religions as merely the result of a universal and ineradicable human instinct; the Duke of Argyll as a political economist, who regards the fundamental ideas and conceptions of Christianity as containing in themselves the seeds of all social reforms. The main object of the former is to point out that the operation of certain important biological forces can be traced in all the stages of the evolution of society from its first beginnings in a remote age when man is assumed to have been on the same level as, if not inferior to, all the other animals, and to forecast

their effect on its probable structure in the future. That of the latter is to demonstrate that society, whatever forms it may assume, always has been, and always must be, based on certain great natural laws which have long been and still are too generally neglected or ignored, but which can never be so treated with impunity. *Social Evolution* is undeniably original and suggestive, and though some may be disposed to take exception to the summary manner in which the author dismisses objections to theories, which he regards as incontrovertible, the *verve* and fluency of his style, which, though somewhat rhetorical, frequently rises to eloquence, makes his book eminently readable. *The Unseen Foundations of Society*, despite the admirable simplicity and conciseness of its language, the felicity of its illustrations, and the fine passages scattered throughout its pages, embodies such an array of exhaustive arguments in support of its analysis of economic fallacies that its full value can only be appreciated after careful study. It is therefore not surprising to find that it has only reached its third edition in three years, while Mr. Kidd's work has passed through some six editions in a single year; but it seems permissible to predict, without any disparagement to the merits of the latter, that its popularity will not prove as permanent as it is striking, and that the reputation of *The Unseen Foundations of Society* is destined to be as great and lasting as that of *The Reign of Law.*

Widely as they differ from each other, however, both works —though they treat of it from an opposite point of view— may be said to be based on the central conception, which in each case is treated as a scientific fact, that society is an organism, the numerous functional parts of which are continually acting and reacting on each other, and the life and growth of which are governed by natural laws as immutable as those governing the physical world. This is a conception of such antiquity that its statement may at first sight seem a mere truism, but all who have realised how frequently it is either ignored or rejected by modern Socialists who regard society as an essentially modern creation to which the laws deducible from its past history are inapplicable, will admit that the recognition of its importance as a guiding principle has never

been more imperatively demanded in the interests of social progress than in the present age.

We are, on the one hand, apparently entering on a new era in Western civilisation, presenting problems equalling if not exceeding any which that civilisation has yet had to encounter. And one of the most pressing lies in the fact that the masses of mankind, though they have acquired the supreme political power, their speedy possession of which it was the message of the eighteenth century to proclaim, are painfully realising how little the acquisition has tended to improve their material condition. The political revolution inaugurated in Europe a hundred years ago is now almost completed; but though it has conferred on the lower as well as the middle classes the benefits of universal suffrage and universal education, it has in no whit diminished the severity of the "struggle for existence," and is being superseded by a new and purely social revolution, the demands of which the programmes of existing political parties seem inadequate to satisfy.* The great wave of industrial and commercial expansion appears to be gradually submerging the old landmarks of society; and—more especially through the enormous development of the means of rapid communication, which carry in all directions not only the bodies but the ideals, needs, and aspirations of men—it has endowed the particles of the social organism with a freedom of movement which renders them liable to obey any impulse or attractive force, for good or for evil, which may be brought to bear upon them.

On the other hand, the science which treats of the laws on which the welfare of society depends has of late years been so discredited that its very elements, and not a few of its leading truths, appear to be losing their hold on mankind. It is not surprising, in an age so dominated by the spirit of critical analysis, that a new school of political economy, comprising among its teachers men so able as the late Professors Jevons and Thorold Rogers, Mr. Cliffe Leslie and Professor Marshall, should have been able to detect many glaring imperfections in the system of which Adam Smith laid the foundations 120

* *Cf. Social Evolution*, cap. I.

years ago. The criticisms of this school have no doubt, as the Duke of Argyll—though he ranks himself among its disciples—has suggested, been perhaps unduly severe, and, in some respects, rather unreasonable. Whatever their errors, mankind owes a heavy debt to the earlier political economists for revealing that there is a science in things economic—that there are natural laws governing the conduct and actions of man in all his relations to the external world to which all his enactments, if they are to be of any value, must conform; and for specifying what some at least of these natural causes are, and tracing to demonstration some of their results. Despite their eminent ability, however, they could not altogether escape the influence either of the mass of time-honoured misconceptions which they contributed so largely to clear away, or of the passing associations of their own day, which not unnaturally biassed in entirely opposite directions the two who have most profoundly influenced human thought—Adam Smith, who wrote fifteen years before, and Ricardo, who wrote two years after, the great struggle with revolutionary France. Owing, moreover, to the neglect of what the Duke of Argyll terms "essential elements"—that is, "not only of facts which may be unknown, but quite as often of facts so well known that they are treated as unworthy of notice"—a common source of scientific fallacy, which is also traceable in some of the writings of their modern successors—their conclusions were frequently based on bad or faulty abstracts from the realities of human nature and of human life.*

While, therefore, the great fundamental truths for which Adam Smith contended must always remain unassailable, the value of his teaching has been seriously impaired by the exposure of the—at the time unimportant—inaccuracy of some of his incidental opinions, and by the refutation of the more pernicious errors of Ricardo and his followers, under the strain to which his system has been subjected through the changed conditions of society. Some of the most injurious fallacies of the earlier political economists have been adopted as potent truths, and made the basis of theories for the reconstruction of

* *Unseen Foundations of Society*, pp. 10, 35, 355, 561.

society from which the very idea of natural law as a prevailing power in human nature has been altogether eliminated, but which are nevertheless being advanced in support of legislation, designed to effect their practical realisation both in this and other European countries, as well as in the United States. It may therefore be useful to examine the nature of these theories, and to consider what arguments for or against them can be deduced from the existing structure, the past history, and the probable future development of society.

1. In criticising the doctrines of modern Socialism, it is important to bear in mind that the primary motive of its authors has been to find a remedy for present visible evils the excessive pressure of which has too often led them altogether to ignore the unseen causes to which these evils are to be traced. In their more practical aspect these doctrines must be regarded as the natural result of the inequalities of social condition created by the pressure of population upon the limits of subsistence—the crowded cities and unhealthy dwellings, the strenuous competition for employment, however mean, and the extremes of poverty and of wealth which are the common characteristics of modern civilisation, not only in the monarchies of Europe and the despotisms of Asia, but also in all the American republics, and in none more than in that of the United States. It may, however, fairly be doubted whether they would have assumed their present form had their exponents not been supplied with a ready-made basis for their scientific evolution in the shape of the false theories propounded by Ricardo, with regard to rent, wages, and value, which they have adopted as incontrovertible truths.

Ricardo maintained that everything that is lowest in its qualities determines the value of all similar things that have higher qualities—a fallacy which obviously confounds the mere index of a fact with its cause, and which may be compared to the statement that the heat indicated by a thermometer at the temperature of blood in health is caused by the existence of a scale starting at a certain zero point. The poorest land, incapable of yielding any rent, is, according to his theory, the cause and reason why richer land can be let at a good rent; and the determining cause of the value of the best machinery,

or the most useful natural products, is the existence of machinery or natural products of such inferior quality as to be practically worthless. Ricardo was essentially a "city man," whose principal aim was to demonstrate the benefit which he believed would accrue to commerce and manufactures by securing an abundance of cheap labour through low wages; and the origin of all his fallacies was due to his assumption that the value of everything depends absolutely and alone on the quantity of labour requisite for its production. Men, he contended, must, in an economical point of view, be regarded as producing machines, which should be produced and maintained as cheaply as possible; and when the price of food is low they can be bred and fed cheaply, and the exchangeable value of their labour will be cheap. He therefore advocated Free Trade as a means of cheapening labour by providing labourers with cheap food, and of thus raising profits by keeping wages down.*

These theories of Ricardo are manifestly calculated to destroy all community of interests between employers and labourers, and to engender a permanent hostility between the latter and the agencies of capital and of brain-work in all its forms, and their injurious effects have increased with their further development in the teaching of his disciples. Karl Marx derived from them his "theory" that the "market value" of any article must be measured by the amount of human labour that has been put into it, and the value of that labour by "the time it would take an average workman to perform it in." They suggested to Lassalle the existence of his supposititious "iron law" debarring the working classes from ever earning more than a bare subsistence, which is based on the assumption that a mortality among workmen producing a scarcity of labour follows every fall of wages below a minimum sufficient for their maintenance, and thus raises wages to their original level, and that any rise above that minimum causes population to increase until the market is glutted and wages sink.† And they now serve as the foundation for the extreme form of Communism which is

* *The Unseen Foundations of Society*, pp. 327, 371, 377, 388.

† *Cf.* LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July, Art., "Socialism and Self-help," pp. 284-8 *et seq.*

being sedulously propagated in this country by the "Fabian Society," "The Social Democratic Federation," and other kindred agencies, and the principal tenets of which are summarised in *Merrie England*—a collection of letters originally published in *The Clarion*, a journal claiming to represent the views of the new Labour Party. The author, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Nunquam," contends that "the capitalist is a curse"; that "competition is wasteful and cruel and wrong"; that "labour" is the sole source of wealth; and that, as no man makes the land, no man can have any right to property in it. He believes that no foreign country can sell us food more cheaply than we can produce it, and that our own is capable of feeding more than treble her present population if the "State" will only take possession of "the land" and farm it "systematically by the best methods." At present nearly all the land and property in the kingdom is, he declares, owned by a few rich idlers, in whose interests most of the laws are passed; and while those who work hardest are the worst paid and the least respected, the wealthiest men in the nation are those who never did a day's work; "the rights of the worker are the whole produce of his labour," and as the working classes, according to his theory of value, earn the whole of the £135,000,000, estimated as the gross amount of the national earnings, they are entitled to the £850,000,000 which is paid to "the rich" and the "middle classes" as rent, interest, profits, and salaries—all of which he denounces as vile excrescences of our false civilisation—in addition to the £500,000,000 they are admitted to earn in wages. With the view of securing to them the wealth of which he thus assumes them to be defrauded, he advocates that the property in all the land, mines, industrial enterprises, shipping, and railways, at present vested in individuals or communities of individuals, should be transferred to the "State" to be administered for the benefit of the "people"—that is to say, of that section of the community which lives by manual labour alone.*

As *Merrie England* is sold at 1*d.* it is not surprising—

* *Merrie England*, pp. 20, 33-8, 43, 55, 65, 198, 199.

though unbelieving "Philistines," in spite of its being "printed by Trade Union labour on English paper," may think it dear at the price—that it should be reported to have an extensive circulation; but it is a striking fact that its doctrines have come to us direct from the United States, where the evils of monarchies, aristocracies, entails of land, and standing armies are unknown, but where they have acquired a far more extensive and significant popularity. It is also scarcely less striking that their most prominent teacher, Mr. Henry George, who also was the first to preach the doctrine, as a doctrine of divine right, that land should be as free as the atmosphere, in which no exclusive ownership can be claimed by any, should be a member of the Government of a State, which though it is one of the richest in natural resources in the Union, and has a population of only 5.5 to the square mile—less than one-fourth of that of London—claims and daily exercises the power of excluding the whole human race from the 156,000 square miles of plain and mountain, of lake and river, and of estuaries of the sea, which constitute its territories. How this small community acquired the exclusive right of ownership over the whole of California, and whether it may not rightfully be deprived of it by any other strong enough to seize it, are, however, questions which Mr. George altogether ignores. By extending Ricardo's law of rent to all natural agencies, including mental and bodily labour, and by combining it with Ricardo's law of wages, he arrives at the conclusion that the effect of competition is "to make the lowest possible reward for which either labour or capital will work at all, the highest also which they can claim or secure"; and that, owing to the effect of such competition on the price of land, every increase of production tends to be absorbed in its hire after payment of the lowest possible rates of wages and of interest on capital, all above that head going to the owners of land in the form of rent. It is hardly necessary to point out how utterly at variance this theoretical conclusion is with the experience of life, and that we do not find, as we should do if it were true, that the whole wages of the men employed by great commercial firms, and the whole interest on their invested capital, has a constant tendency to be absorbed in the rent of their offices in the city. We find, on the contrary,

that in the total outlay of any great concern the mere hire or purchase of land for business premises, however dear, becomes a matter of comparative insignificance, and that the high price given for it—which in London has reached as much as £500,000 per acre—was in itself due to the calculation that such would be the result. Mr. Henry George, however, has persuaded himself that the high price to which land has risen through competition for house-room in cities like London and New York—which is really the index of causes tending to the indefinite extension of the range of commercial and industrial enterprise—is the index of causes tending to depress wages and the profits of capital. The chief aim of his work * is to prove that all the social miseries resulting from excessive population—which he declares to be as firmly established and as rapidly increasing in the New as in the Old World—are entirely due to the fact that in all nations individuals, and communities of individuals, have been permitted to acquire the absolute ownership of portions of land, and that these miseries can only be remedied by the transfer of that ownership to "the State." As he goes out of his way to declare that the municipalities, the judiciary, the public men, the States legislatures, and the constituencies throughout the United States are all alike hopelessly corrupt, and that "from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, our government by the people has in large degree become .... government by the strong and unscrupulous"†—an opinion which is fully confirmed by official evidence ‡—this recommendation to confine the absolute ownership of the soil to these public bodies seems scarcely calculated to secure approbation. It may be added that his views as to the obligations of honour and good faith, binding these public bodies in their relations to their subjects, are still less likely to inspire confidence as to the efficacy of his proposal. He preaches systematically the high privilege and duty of repudiation. Not only does he urge that no more unoccupied bits of land are to be sold, but that the ownership of all sold already

* *Progress and Poverty: Social Problems.*

† *Social Problems*, p. 22.

‡ *New York City Government Testimony and Report*, pp. 2, 11; *The Forum* (art. "Municipal Government"), Aug. 1892.

is to be resumed without compensation to the settlers who bought and have spent years of labour upon them. All national debts are as unjust, in his eyes, as ownership in land, and are to be treated with the sponge. No faith is due either to landowners or to any dependent on their sources of income, or to bondholders or those dependent on the revenues pledged to them. "The institution of public debts, like the institution of private property in land, rests upon the preposterous assumption that one generation may bind another generation"; * and in pursuance of these doctrines, Mr. Henry George bitterly denounces the folly which led the Government during the Civil War, to "shrink" from at once "taking, if necessary, $999,000 from every millionaire," in order to defray its expenses, and thus avoid the creation of any debt.†

"It is not so much the dishonesty or the violence of such teaching," as the Duke of Argyll forcibly remarks, "that strikes us most as its unutterable meanness"; ‡ and it is not a little startling to find its principles embodied in a Bill for the taxation of all incomes above a certain level, the question of the constitutionality of which has only recently been argued before the Supreme Court of the United States. This measure proposed to place nineteen-twentieths of the tax on States which had about 25 per cent. of the population, and, while favouring some, altogether exempted other persons and classes of property; five men trading as co-partners, for example, being taxed less than five men in the same trade working as a corporation; and a small merchant with £16,000 capital being taxed, while mutual insurance companies, with an aggregate capital of £250,000,000, escaped taxation. It was, in point of fact, to quote Mr. Choate, the leader of the New York Bar, one of the counsel who opposed it, an attempt by a combination of certain States to procure the passing of "a law for breaking into the strong boxes of the citizens of other States, and giving the wealth of everybody worth more than $100,000 for general distribution throughout the country"; and it was defended by the Attorney-General of the United States, on behalf of the

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* *Social Problems*, pp. 213–14. † *Ibid.*, p. 216.
‡ *Unseen Foundations of Society*, p. 410.

Government, on principles justly described as being "as communistic, socialistic, populistic as have ever been addressed to any political assembly in the world." The Attorney-General admitted that the tax was one on rich men, and that the limit adopted was designed to divide the upper from the lower middle class in the larger cities, and the middle from the wealthy in the country, and he justified this class legislation on the plea that expediency dictated a yielding to popular feeling. He defended the taxation of business corporations at a higher rate than that applied to the incomes of persons not incorporated, on the ground that the former "are so successful an agency for the conduct of business and the accumulation of wealth that a large section of the community views them with intense disfavour as maliciously and cunningly devised inventions for making rich people richer and poor people poorer." And, lastly, he and his colleague, Mr. Carter, warned the Supreme Court that its very existence would be endangered if it dared to check the people in their desire for the blood of the rich men, and that "if in the very hour of their triumph they (the people) find an obstacle in their way in the shape of a judgment in a law suit they are liable, if need be, to find a way to accomplish their ends over the Constitution and the Court."* Though, as was to be anticipated, these remarkable utterances altogether failed to influence the decision of the Supreme Court, which is regarded as securing a complete victory for the opponents of tax, the fact that they emanated from the chief law officer of the Republic is a conclusive proof that the communistic schemes which have sprung from Ricardo's fallacies can no longer be treated as mere theories, and have assumed the form of a political programme fraught with grave danger to society.

2. It will be evident from this survey of the views of its more prominent teachers that this new political socialism may be summarised as follows: Society is divided by the unfair distribution of wealth into two hostile sections—"the classes and the masses," "the capitalists and the labourers," "the wealthy and the poor." Manual labour is the sole source of

* See the *Times*, April 13, 1895, article from a correspondent on "Class Legislation and the United States Supreme Court."

wealth, and the capitalist section has therefore no right to any share in the profits. The individual ownership of property and the competition incident to its acquisition are the sources of all social misery, and therefore all property should be vested in the State and competition rendered impossible.

Were it not that they are daily so used in the press and in conversation the assumption that the phrases, "the classes and the masses," and "capital and labour," are really accurate descriptions of the structure of society, is so obviously gratuitous as scarcely to need refutation.

If we take "wealth" or "property" as the basis of all gradations of class, we find that society is divided into those possessing sufficient property to enable them to live without working, and those who, not having such a sufficiency, are obliged to work in order to maintain themselves; besides a third class—which need not be noticed here—consisting of those who having been deprived of the means of subsistence through poverty or crime, are maintained by the other two.

The first class is that which, presumably, answers to the socialistic designation of "capitalist," and is regarded as being occupied solely in the consumption of wealth in idleness. Of this it is to be observed, in the first place, that it comprises not only the aristocracy and the country gentry, each divided into numerous grades of class determined by rank and income, but also all workers who have acquired independence by their labour, from the retired admiral, general, or civil servant to the Greenwich pensioner, and from the retired professional man to the small tradesman or working man who has earned sufficient to maintain himself in old age. In the next place, it may be noted that of the 1,700,000 males over ten years of age enumerated in the last census as unoccupied, the number between 20 and 65 is only 250,000, and that of these 50,000 are insane, blind, deaf or dumb, while 40,000 are men who have retired from business after their fiftieth year, and nearly 6000 are pensioners of the same age. The number of males between 20 and 65 living on their own means is therefore not more than 92,000, while the proportion of adult unoccupied to occupied males is only 1 to 60; and were this portion of the community to give themselves to industry, it has been

calculated that it would shorten the labour of the occupied classes by about one minute in the hour.* Lastly, it is obvious that this so-called capitalist class, instead of being hostile to and distinct from that which Socialists term the labouring class, is in reality its result and complement. Capital, which, as the Duke of Argyll points out, began its course with the first domesticated cow kept for its milk, and with the first sheep kept for its wool, is essentially a consequence and not a cause. It is, in fact, the storage of wealth, and if a skilled mechanic earning £2 per week determines to live on thirty shillings and saves ten, his savings are as truly represented by the term "capital" as is the property inherited from his ancestors by a peer who is under no obligation to earn anything.† That this class of capitalist exists and is rapidly increasing is shown by the increase of the computed capital of the Post Office Savings Banks from £33,772,412 in 1881 to £66,018,288 in 1891.

The second class is therefore the direct origin of the first, and each of its two primary divisions—respectively comprising those maintaining themselves, on the one hand, by brain-work, and, on the other, by bodily labour—embraces three distinct sections subdivided into innumerable gradations of rank. These are, first, all the various grades of those employed in the service of the State—the clergy, soldiers, sailors, civilians, policemen, and skilled and unskilled artisans. Then there are those doing *independent* work for the public, either as brain-workers, supplying both intellectual and physical needs—lawyers, teachers, artists, and literary men; doctors, merchants, manufacturers, providers of transport and transit, farmers, and tradesmen—or as manual labourers, such as watchmakers, carpenters, sweeps, cabmen, acrobats, &c. &c. And, lastly, there are those *dependent* for their livelihood on these independent workers for the public—a class comprising, among brain-workers, managers, commercial travellers, and all grades of clerks and salesmen; and among manual workers all domestic servants, from the butler to the maid-of-all-work, all

* See an interesting article by Mr. Mallock on "The Census and the Conditions of the People," *Pall Mall Magazine* for March 1895, p. 407 *et seq.*

† *Unseen Foundations of Society*, pp. 75, 76, 106.

employed in agriculture, from the shepherd or carter with £60 a year to the unattached labourer with 13*s.* a week, and all artisans, from the foreman of works with a salary of £2 10*s.* to "the docker" with intermittent earnings of 18*s.* a week. In addition to this, these ramifications are rendered still more complex by the line of demarcation created by the different conditions of rural and urban life; and the Socialist reformer who maintains that society is nothing more than the artificial combination of two hostile classes may fairly be asked to explain how he would group all the various divisions and subdivisions it comprises under these two heads.

This untenable assumption as to the structure of society is, however, the natural outcome of the equally baseless assertions that "manual labour is the source of all wealth," and that "competition and individual ownership are the causes of all the evils of society," which arise from utterly inadequate conceptions as to the true nature both of "labour" and of "wealth."

It is manifest that as skill of some sort must direct our hands when we earn any profit by them, and that, as even the lowest degree of skill belongs to the category of mental labour, there is no kind of bodily labour that is wholly separate from some degree of mental work; and it is equally manifest that in all work requiring the concerted action of men, bodily labour must always be subordinate to mental labour and would be useless without it. In all the thousand enterprises directed to meet the demands of our complicated civilisation, from the construction of works like the Manchester Ship Canal or the Forth Bridge to the building of ships or houses or the manufacture of raw material, we find the conceiving mind which initiated the enterprise at the root of the whole result. Below it follow, in order of causation, the constructive mind which thinks out the details and designs the structure; the two classes of capitalists who respectively risk the money and undertake the actual work of digging or of building; and at the bottom of the scale the manual labourers with their skill and experience in the use of their own muscles and in the handling of tools. If we take, for instance, Mr. Bull's well-known establishment in London for the cultivation and sale of

flowers, we find one conceiver employing a number of men of all grades of skill at rates of wages ranging from 3*s.* to 5*s.* a day up to salaries of £100 a year, not one of whom has had any share either in the original conception or in the risks involved in the outlays for sending out orchid hunters to every tropical part of the globe, for establishing corresponding agencies, for the hire of land in a convenient situation, and for the erection of the costly glass-houses needed in cultivation. The value of the manual labour of any workman employed in this establishment is in reality an aggregate value due to contributions not his own; and if such a workman can succeed in measuring the comparative contribution he makes towards the total profits out of which his wages are paid, he will, as the Duke of Argyll says, "be able to measure also, at least in some degree, the fallacies which tell him that all the wealth in the world is the result of the labour of himself and of his mates."* And scarcely less misleading is that other popular formula which endeavours to reduce all the various sources of wealth into the three words: Land, Labour, and Capital. Not only does it consist of ambiguous words, but it depends for any plausibility it may have upon the use of these words in unnatural senses. If it be true, "land" cannot mean the mere soil, but must include earth, air and ocean, and light and heat, and all the agencies on which life depends; and "labour" cannot mean mere handiwork, but must include the whole mental and the whole bodily activities of men; while capital, which, as already noticed, is stored wealth, cannot claim to rank as a coefficient cause of wealth at all. If any formula of the kind is needed, it would be far more truly expressed, as suggested by the Duke of Argyll, under the three great conceptions of Mind, as representing the whole energies of man as an organism; Matter, as including the whole external world upon which those energies can be brought to bear; and Opportunity, as representing all the various conditions of outward circumstances favouring or disfavouring the working of human agencies upon or in connection with the agencies of Nature.†

All formulas, however, as to its sources must be faulty

* *Unseen Foundations of Society*, pp. 78, 441, 491, 493.
† *Ibid.*, pp. 71-79, 435.

which fail to take into account all the various elementary conceptions embodied in the term wealth. "Wealth," to quote the Duke of Argyll, "is the possession, in comparative abundance, of things which are the legitimate object of human desire, and are desired by men who are able as well as anxious to acquire them at the cost of some sacrifice or of some exertion." The fact that the possession of things which will sell because they are desired by other men able to pay for and to obtain access to them, constitutes wealth, is so self-evident that it is only when we begin to analyse it that we realise the wide range of inquiry opened up by this definition. Such an analysis, however, suggests an inquiry not only into the sources of possession, the causes of comparative abundance, the conditions conferring value on things, the effect of human desires on wealth, and the sources of efficiency in demand, but also into the moral limits imposed upon human desires, tastes, and aspirations, within which alone they can be useful or beneficent. And as wealth includes both possession and the mental attitude constituting the desire of acquisition, the fact that religious beliefs and superstitions, moral sentiments and doctrines, legal maxims and traditions, have been largely instrumental both in its creation and destruction, must lead the inquirer into farther researches in History, in Religion, in Ethics, and in Law.* And, lastly, such an examination will reveal the fact that the elementary ideas which go to make up the conception of wealth are the result of certain great natural laws which constitute the unseen foundations of society, and can never be infringed with impunity. Though space prevents our attempting any detailed examination of these neglected elements, there are two which demand a brief notice on account of their bearing on Socialist fallacies.

First, the idea of possession, which, owing to its very character of indispensability as an element in the meaning of wealth, has unfortunately been conspicuously omitted from the definitions of the majority of political economists,† is altogether ignored by Socialists, who, like Mr. Henry George, denounce the individual ownership of land as an evil. The instinct

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* *Unseen Foundations of Society*, pp. 42, 97. † *Ibid.*, p. 40.

which has led the United States and all our great colonies to regard such individual ownership as the one great attraction they can hold out to the settlers whom it is their interest to invite, and to believe that land is best "nationalised" when it is committed to the ownership of men whose interest it is to make the most of it, is the result of a natural law the effects of which are traceable in the history of all nations throughout the world. The sources of man's subsistence necessitate that he should have powers of *exclusive* use over certain areas of country, whether he be in the hunting or the pastoral or agricultural stage of society. The only difference between these three stages is that in the hunting stage the area must be large, though less rigidly defined; that in the pastoral it may be less wide, but must be more rigidly defined; and that in the agricultural it may be much smaller, but must be absolutely certain; and where the agricultural and pastoral stages have been combined, as they now practically are all over the world, the boundaries of exclusive use must be as certain as the highest kind of use necessarily requires. In all ages and in all countries, the creatures whose intrusion is prohibited by the right of exclusive use have always been other individuals, or families, or tribes, who may be the rivals or enemies of those by whom possession has been secured, and the continuance of this law is evidenced by the conduct of Mr. Henry George's fellow-countrymen and of our own colonies with regard to intending immigrants. And the only difference between national and individual possession lies in the fact that the security which, as regards the former, consists mainly in military strength, is replaced in individual possession by the universal acknowledgment of an uncontested right, protected by a system of settled and stable jurisprudence, without which it could not produce the fruit of its labours, and the absence of which has always resulted in universal and deepening poverty. The attainment of possession over definite areas of the earth's surface has always been the work of the very highest energies of man, both physical and mental—courage, forethought, enterprise, the powers of command, and all the qualities which stimulate other men, and inspire them with confidence and fidelity. These are energies and qualities which, unless

Socialism can achieve the destruction both of the human instinct for acquisition and of the inequalities of mental capacity among men, must always remain as indispensable to the social welfare of nations as they have been since the beginning of time. When Socialists talk of the "free gifts of nature," they forget that our own organism is the only "free gift" we have, and that, though our lungs are born with us, the first act of the infant, born in discomfort and suffering, is the cry of pain it utters in taking possession of the "freest" of all nature's gifts. Though the properties and powers of external nature exist independently of us, our possession and use of them must depend on ourselves, our opportunities, and the use we make of them, and none of these natural agencies can be of any value to man unless the great source of them can be possessed by some individual, or group of individuals, to the exclusion of all others, who would endeavour to deprive them of it.*

Secondly, there is another no less important conception involved in the meaning of wealth which, like that of possession, is frequently passed over as a matter of course—that, namely, which makes the desires of other men the centre and seat of value. It is not easy to remember that everything we possess of any value depends for that value upon the tastes, desires, and powers of other men, and that even when the labour of our hands or brain has acquired such value through such desires it is liable to be destroyed for ever by a change in their needs or caprices. The consciousness of our own muscular or mental work is apt to lead us to regard that work as conferring value on the things we make, but it cannot alter the fact; no man or group of men can allege with truth that they have conferred value upon anything by their labour alone if the result of that labour, however splendid in itself, is valueless to others. The value of our labour may be small to-day, although our own exertions may be great, and may be multiplied many times to-morrow from causes entirely independent of us.†

This important but too often forgotten truth, that the very possibility of wealth for us all depends on the wealth of all

* *Unseen Foundations of Society*, pp. 125, 127, 134, 398.
† *Ibid.*, pp. 51, 55, 59. 60.

other men around us, whose effective demand for our labour will be greater or less in proportion to their riches and intelligence, places on the basis of an almost self-evident fact the conclusion, frequently scouted as a sentimental theory, that our true interests are universally coincident with the true interests of the society in which we live. And this is a conclusion the value of which, as a guiding principle in all social legislation, it is impossible to over-estimate at a time when the avowed aim of a growing section of the community is to remove all the incentives to individual ambition, and to suspend the natural competition between men which from the beginning of life have been the impetus behind all progress. For, to quote the Duke of Argyll:

"Human laws, if they are to attain their highest aims, must recognise the universal facts of human nature. They must consecrate and enforce all the precepts of natural obligation. They must be in accordance with a body of accepted doctrine respecting these, which has been taught by the immemorial experience of mankind, and by the spontaneous working of their universal social instincts. They must be founded on the fact that society is in very truth an organism—with its own natural laws of life and growth, and with its own insuperable conditions for healthy working among a great variety of functional parts or members. Above all, certain demands of ethical obedience must be admitted as of absolute authority over beings endowed with a moral nature, but who are also endowed with a speculative intellect, and with a will which is only too free to abuse this as well as all their other gifts." *

Art. VII.—EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Letters of Edward FitzGerald. In Two Volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

THOSE who love books and live much with them learn to recognise finer differences between them than can be accounted for by an author's greater or less mental power and skill in pencraft, by the kind of subject dealt with and the

* *Unseen Foundations of Society*, p. 459; and *cf.* p. 559.

ability with which it is handled. These things are appraised easily enough; not so the indefinable quality which determines that one book shall disturb us with such a sense of feverish disquiet and darkly threatening excitement as though a thundercloud overhung our heads; that another shall oppress us with dim discouragement, and a heavy conviction of the futility or absurdity of all human things; and that a third shall uplift us with a consciousness of grand meanings in life and of wonderful beauty in its surroundings—"splendour in the grass, and glory in the flower." This is so, because for the time being we breathe the moral atmosphere in which our author lived; and as that was healthful and bright, or murky and mist-laden, or perilously charged with electricity, so is the influenced exercised by our studies on our own spiritual welfare.

Clearer and milder skies, purer and sweeter airs, could hardly be found than are enjoyed by the reader of these *Letters*, so arranged as to unfold the story of Edward FitzGerald's seventy-four years of "peaceable and innocent" life, spent largely among the orchards and meadows of Suffolk or on the waters of its quiet river, and rougher sea, where he found sufficient joy in those simple natural surroundings, in books, music, pictures, and in steadily friendly intercourse with some of his noblest contemporaries, to countervail all the various delights of the more agitated and adventurous modes of existence, which he watched from afar with a gentle admiring interest, void of envy for those who preferred stress and struggle to peace.

When first put forth, these *Letters*, now republished with numerous additions, were designed only as a welcome accompaniment to their writer's *Literary Remains*, supplying for those who merely knew him as a translator, "a picture of him as he appeared to the small circle of his intimate acquaintances." The personality thus revealed proved to be one of such singular attractiveness that its interest far overpassed, for most readers, that of the translations and adaptations with which it was associated; and for their pleasure has been published this new selection, comprising much fresh material, but not exhausting the stores at the Editor's disposal. One may say with some

confidence that FitzGerald's place, and that a high one, is now assured in the small select company of classic English letter-writers, at the side of William Cowper and Charles Lamb, to whom he is allied by unaffected grace, tenderness and quiet humour, and underlying depths of serious thought; though nothing in the wholly sane constitution of his mind answered to the dark illusions of Cowper or the fanciful grotesquerie of Lamb.

Something there is in FitzGerald's story—that of a retired and finely endowed spirit, content to achieve but little, and becoming well known to the outside world only when Death had said, You shall achieve no more, which recalls the story of Amiel. But the morbid melancholy introspectiveness of Amiel's *Journal Intime* is absent from these *Letters*. Their writer was too keenly and happily interested in the living world that lay around him; he found too much that was noble and delightful in the great minds of past ages and of his own, too much that was beautiful and touching in the homely personages and commonplace incidents of his daily life. His feeling of the tragedy of life was keen indeed, but never morbid; an exquisite sense of humour shed for him its rainbow gleams on the smaller miseries of mortal existence; and his philosophy, though not formulated for us, can be divined as trustful, hopeful, and patient in the presence of the mysteries which no man may solve here, or attempt to solve without peril to his peace.

Of such materials is the delicate charm of the book compounded. Was there any default of duty on the part of the writer to whom we owe the delight that it can give, the true and fine judgments that it contains on many a point of art, of literature, of morals, the privilege of seeing through a friend's eyes men like Tennyson, Thackeray, Carlyle—and owe so very little besides in the way of original work? Once he himself entertained doubts as to the rightfulness of the quiet dilettante sort of existence which his easy circumstances, as the younger son of a well-endowed county family, made possible to him, and which he pursued with but little intermission from the time when he left Cambridge, rather surprised with his own Academic honours, modest though they might be. "I begin

to have dreadful suspicions that this idle way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above," he writes, by the Ouse of Bedford, and under the shade of its pleasantly rustling poplars, after some months of the existence so prettily and gaily sketched in another letter.

"Here is a glorious sunshiny day; all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus lying at full length on a bench in the garden; a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of Spring; all very human, however. Then, at half-past one, lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day; one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it."

From time to time faint misgivings crossed him in his earlier years as to whether "all this," with much hard study thrown in, were not "a poor occupation for a man who has a soul to account for," but by the time he had reached middle life this "eccentric man of genius, who took more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it," appears well confirmed in the persuasion, easy to his "ultra-modest" nature, that it would be an impertinence for him to press in among the throng of those mere "men of taste," of whom, says he, "there are hundreds born every year," whose circumstances, less easy than his own, compelled them to work at literature as a profession. Ranking himself only as an average "man of taste," he declined to do aught to spoil the market for his less fortunate fellows. "Ten years ago," he writes to Cowell, his well-beloved fellow-student and guide to Persian literature, "I might have been vext to see you striding along in Persian and Sanscrit so fast; reading so much; remembering all; writing about it so well. But now, I am glad to see any man do anything well; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within myself whether it *is* done well."

One may not blame, even if we regret, this modest attitude,

from which FitzGerald was not induced to depart, despite the *succès d'estime* achieved by him with his *Euphranor*—that "dialogue really something Platonic," containing some most beautiful English prose—and the acknowledged excellency of his brief *Memoir of Bernard Barton*, save that now and then he was stirred to share the fruits of his studies with less erudite readers, and to publish spirited and graceful translations from his foreign favourites—from Calderon, whose *Mágico Prodigioso*, grand but unequal, fascinated FitzGerald as it had done Shelley; from Æschylus, whose *Agamemnon* he adapted with curious skill for the use of English students who would not claim Greek scholarship; and notably from that remarkable old Pantheist, Omar Khayyam, whose *Rubaiyát* FitzGerald rendered into fine audacious English verse, with such sympathetic felicity as to make the book "a kind of jewel in its way" in the opinion of more men than John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle; despite the manifold heresies of "poor old Omar," whose philosophy was so much of a world-old terrible kind that the translator could say to Cowell, "I doubt you will regret you ever introduced him to me," and so, mediately, to an astonished British public.

"I take old Omar rather more as my property than yours; he and I are more akin, are we not?" we find FitzGerald writing to Cowell *à propos* of this same matter. "You see all his beauty, but you don't feel *with* him in some respects as I do. I think you would almost feel almost obliged to leave out the part of Hamlet in representing him to your audience for fear of mischief. Now, I do not wish to show Hamlet at his maddest; but mad he must be shown, or he is no Hamlet at all. . . . . I think these *free* opinions are less dangerous in an old Mahometan, or an old Roman (like Lucretius), than when they are returned to by those who have lived on happier food."

Thus Omar's brave and honest translator would not misrepresent his strange Eastern poet to his Western readers, few though they might be, by flattering away his grimnesses into "favour and prettiness." And though he himself had tasted of the "happier food," and could not so forget it as to become very deeply infected with that Oriental melancholy bred of a "fierce, vindictive religion," which brooded over the "old Mahometan," yet something in him answered to that mood with comprehension and a sad pitying sympathy.

Another task at which it pleased FitzGerald to work, in an intermittent yet persistent fashion, for many years, was the rehabilitating in popular esteem of Crabbe, a poet always singularly delightful to himself, as, also, to Sir Walter Scott. Fain would he have interested the reading public, both of England and America, in those pictures of human life so closely studied from reality, painted with Dutch sobriety of colour and minute truthfulness of detail, and informed with a heart-searching pathos and a humour both keen and kindly, though so quiet as to pass unmarked by many a reader who fails to catch the epigrammatic sparkles that glance from the prosaic seeming lines. To recommend an author whom he thought quite unjustly neglected, FitzGerald put together an edition of Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, "edited by means of scissors and paste, with a few words of plain prose to bridge over whole tracts of bad verse; not meaning to improve the original, but to seduce hasty readers to study it." He had less success, however, when in his favourite part of "Author's Showman" he tried to draw readers to a forgotten English classic, decorous and Christian, than when he put forth his version of Omar's *Quatrains*, which surprised admiration by their exotic flavour, their glow of orient colour, and their hazardous and defiant speculations. If one may judge by the frequency and fondness of his allusions to "my old Crabbe," FitzGerald would have compounded for the failure of those brilliant verses in which, as a translator, he shared almost more than equal honours with the original, could he thus have secured a new lease of popular favour for the grave English poet whom he loved with a sort of filial affection, and whose son and grandson were his own dear friends. Indeed, it was at the house of the third George Crabbe, Rector of Merton, that Edward FitzGerald laid down that burden of life he had borne so bravely through the saddened years of old age and growing infirmity. There is something rarely touching in this fidelity of friendship for the living and the dead, which indeed is one of the most endearing traits in FitzGerald's personality as revealed to us in his *Letters*.

The taste for simplicity, honesty, and "the modesty of nature," in style and expression, which won FitzGerald's

allegiance for Crabbe, attracted him to writers even less in vogue with modern readers—to John Newton, John Wesley, brave John Nelson, and other unfashionably "religious men," whose directness of phrase and happy freedom from the trick of "fine writing," abhorrent to Wesley, were greatly esteemed by the highly cultivated man of letters, who also valued as he ought their high spiritual qualities. Remembering how polite society deemed of these things at the date, it is refreshing to find FitzGerald in 1835, while referring to Southey's *Life of Cowper* as "a fearful book," yet doing due justice to John Newton, at whom Southey "hits hard in the dark" for his supposed mismanagement of Cowper's terribly difficult case. Southey *may* be right; all the same, Newton was "a man of great power," and "his journal to his wife, written at sea, contains some of the most beautiful things I ever read; fine feeling in very fine English." With yet stronger admiration this *littérateur* of the highest quality—fastidious as one may be who is acquainted with the best of many ages and in many languages, and endowed also with a proper relish for rich romantic fiction—dwells on the high literary and moral quality of Wesley's *Journal*—a book that stands gathering dust on many respectable bookshelves, ranked by too many of Wesley's own followers among the dull volumes that are kept for show or for decency, but hardly for delight. This to FitzGerald was

"one of the most interesting books in the language; well worth reading and having, not only as an outline of Wesley's own singular character, but of the conditions of England, Ireland, and Scotland in the last century. . . . . Curious to think of this Diary of Wesley's running almost coevally with Walpole's Letter-Diary—the two men born and dying, too, within a few years of one another, and with such different lives to record. . . . . If you have not read the little Autobiography of Wesley's Disciple, John Nelson, give a shilling for it. It seems to me something wonderful to read these books, written in a style that cannot alter, because natural . . . . remarkable to read pure, unaffected, and undying English, while Addison and Johnson are tainted with a style which all the world imitated."

So the "man of taste," faithful to his own standards, writes at varying intervals through twenty years. He gives the book to friend after friend; he recommends it to the

attention of Lowell, who might write excellently on it if he would; he names it to old, sorrow-stricken Carlyle, who makes answer that "he knows that Wesley, and thinks of it as FitzGerald does." One of its stories is quoted by him again and again, *à propos* of very small troubles made too much of—the story of the "gentleman of large fortune," who "while we were seriously conversing, ordered a footman to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. . . . 'Oh, Mr. Wesley!' he cried out, 'these are the crosses I meet with every day!'" That there was deeper reason for this interest in the *Journal* than the charm of Wesley's fine English, or his value as an unconscious painter of manners, is clear from the very similar attraction exercised on FitzGerald by a living evangelist as apostolic in his spirit, as grandly plain in his doctrine, as Wesley. Fifty years ago, this "noble preacher Matthews," of Christ Church, Bedford, passed away "in perfect peace, approving all the principles of his life to be genuine"; and here, on FitzGerald's page, still lives the sermon with which, on Good Friday, 1842, he shook the hearer's soul, setting with terrible truth the scene on Calvary before his people; "no fine words and metaphors, but first one nail struck into one hand, and then into another, and one through both feet; the cross lifted up with God in man's image distended upon it. And the sneers of the priests below: 'Look at that fellow there—look at him—he talked of saving others,' &c. And then the sun veiled his face in blood. . . . I certainly have heard oratory now. . . . At the end of his grand sermon he called on some of the people to say merely this, that they believed Christ had redeemed them; and first one got up, and in sobs declared she believed it; and then another, and then another. I was quite overset; all poor people; how much richer than all who fill the London churches! Theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

Such was the noble homely fashion of preaching that met the inmost need of the shy fastidious scholar, as of the poor unlettered folk in the Ravensden Chapel. FitzGerald would gladly have seen the preacher transferred to Manchester, to teach its poor hungry Chartists that in the Gospel a better People's Charter could be found than they were striving after; but Matthews died—too soon, in human judgment—the victim

of a zeal which would let him intermit no labour for any cause of failing health, "I would have given a great deal to save his life; which might certainly have been saved with common precaution," is a melancholy word that might be spoken over the grave of many besides this noble long dead Matthews.

The message that he spoke out so bravely was no less dear to our letter-writer when set forth in the rolling periods of great old divines like Jeremy Taylor, of whom he says finely,

"He has such a knowledge of the nature of man, and such powers of expressing its properties, that I sometimes feel as if he had had some exact counterpart of my own individual character under his eye, when he lays open the depths of the heart, or traces some sin to the root. The eye of his portrait expresses this keen intuition, and I think I should less like to have stood with a lie on my tongue before him than before any other that I know of."

With this love and value for the plain old Gospel and its true exponents, FitzGerald found as many jarring notes in the teaching of Carlyle as in the written style of his famous *French Revolution*, of which he says, "There is no repose, nor equable movement in it; one labours through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary going waves caused by shallows, and straits, and meeting tides:" while of the "book about heroes," he say, "I don't like to live with it in the house. It smoulders;" adding more seriously, as to this matter of Carlyle's hero-worship, that there is no hero but one; "and that is the Maker of heroes." When years had brought about such kindly relations between the two men as would permit it, we find him addressing to the stormy-spirited sage of Chelsea some words of gentlest remonstrance, such as could give no reasonable offence even to him, as to his attitude regarding English Christianity.

Carlyle, hard at work on his *Cromwell*, had written of much beautiful humble virtue and piety that he had found in village homes of Derbyshire; FitzGerald replies that:

"In many other parts of England (not to mention my own Suffolk), you would find the same substantial goodness among the people, resulting (as you say) from the funded virtues of many good humble men gone by. . . . . I hope you will have some mercy now, and in future, on the 'Hebrew rags' which are grown offensive to you; con-

sidering that it was these rags that really did bind together those virtues which have transmitted down to us all the good you noticed in Derbyshire. If the old creed was so commendably effective in the generals and counsellors of two hundred years ago, I think we may be well content to let it work still among the ploughmen and weavers of to-day."

And "poor Exeter Hall!" is it not better than "the wretched Oxford business" (the Tractarian movement, to wit)?

"When I was in Dorsetshire some weeks ago, and saw chancels done up in sky-blue and gold, with niches, candles, an *Altar*, rails to keep off the profane laity, and the parson (like your Reverend Mr. Hitch),* *intoning* with his back to the people, I thought the Exeter Hall war-cry of 'the Bible—the whole Bible—and nothing but the Bible,' a good cry: I wanted Oliver and his dragoons to march in, and put an end to it all. Yet our established parsons (when quiet and in their senses) make good country gentlemen and magistrates; and I am glad to secure one man of means and education in each parish of England: the people can always resort to Wesley, Bunyan, and Baxter, if they want stronger food. . . . . I think you will not read what I have written; or be very bored with it. But it *is* written now."

Here we may note *not* the only explosion of annoyance at the "Puseyite Parsons," who are building on to venerable country churches "new chancels with altars, and painted windows officiously displaying the Virgin Mary, &c. . . . . I am vext at these silly men who are dishing themselves and their Church as fast as they can," cries the gentle recluse, moved out of his philosophic calm by so ominous and foolish a spectacle, much more than by the waywardness of Carlyle, whom he does not seem to have taken so seriously as Carlyle took himself, and with whom his sympathies remained evidently imperfect through many years of very friendly and kindly intercourse, and of willing helpfulness on FitzGerald's side in Carlyle's *Cromwell* researches. Naseby Field itself was, up to 1855, a piece of property in FitzGerald's family; and there are many pleasant passages bearing on excavations that, in Carlyle's interest, he conducted among its burial mounds, to ensure that the particulars of the famous fight should be rightly set forth, with all the accuracy on which Carlyle earnestly and "pas-

* See Carlyle's *Cromwell* (ed. 1.), i. 193.

sionately" insisted. Pleasant in a subtly humorous way are all the communications about a suitable monument to the slain of that battle, which both men discuss in intermittent fashion for years, agreeing finally on a severely simple pillar and inscription; and then finding their project at last futile and their monument rejected by the actual owners of the ground, *because* of its plainness.

Despite all this, FitzGerald's admiration of his formidably gifted friend was mingled with less affection than he bestowed on men nothing like so famous; till the agitated life came to its quiet end, a year or two before his own; and the various instalments of Biography, issued by Froude, drew aside the curtain from the domestic tragedy enacted in the secluded house in Cheyne Row. Those publications, which brought such disillusion to the Carlyle-worshippers, who had never known their hero, were profoundly touching to FitzGerald. "One's heart opens again to him at the last." . . . . "How beautiful the story of that [paternal] home, and the Company of Lads travelling on foot to Edinburgh; and the moneys which he sends home for the paternal farm; and the butter and cheese which the Farm returns to him. Ah! it is from such training strength comes." All that story of early years was fresh and unfamiliar to those who had never known the struggling youth, who only knew the combative man in his hour of success, and had heard nothing of the "dear good Mother" in Annandale, for whose sake some now loved her son better than they had done before. The *Reminiscences*, however, remained extremely painful to FitzGerald, who thought he saw evidence of an unhinged mind in parts of them, and in their publication being left at another man's discretion. Of the "yet more tragic story," told in Mrs. Carlyle's *Letters*, he doubted if it ought not to have been withheld from the public; "assuredly, it ought to have been but half of the whole that now is."

That story clung about his fancy when, in the last May he ever knew, he "had to run up to our huge, hideous London, on disagreeable business," and it led him to make time to run over to Chelsea and see the new statue and the old house.

"The statue I thought very good, though looking somewhat small and ill set off by its dingy surroundings. And No. 5 (now number 24),

which had cost her so much of her life, one may say, to make habitable for him, now all neglected, unswept, ungarnished, uninhabited, To Let. I cannot get it out of my head, the tarnished scene of the Tragedy (one must call it) there enacted.

"Well, I was glad to get away from it, and the London of which it was a small part, and get down here to my own dull home, and by no means sorry not to be a genius at such a cost. 'Parlons d'autre chose.'"

To judge by the evidence before us, it was indeed a happier thing to play the modest part of "Author's Showman," pretending "to no genius, but to taste; which, according to my aphorism, is the feminine of genius," than to live the tormenting and self-tormented life of such a great writer.

It is curious to find that Carlyle's stormy genius never seems to have impressed this quiet spectator as did the balanced and ordered power of Alfred Tennyson, of whom he says, at a very early date:

"The more I have seen of him, the more cause I have to think him great. . . . . I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own; this (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects; but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind."

Yet, from the first, Tennyson's society was a delight to Fitz-Gerald, who dwells with love on enchanted watches of the night spent with the poet, who was "very droll and very wayward," and who, "at two and three in the morning," could be wooed "to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking." Every reader must share our writer's regrets over the evanescence of these friendly talks, when Tennyson would utter, after his wont, "the finest prose sayings" that could be spoken by man, but which have perished for lack of an attendant Boswell, with his note-book. Mr. FitzGerald gives us only one of these sayings, very slight, but significant. The friends were looking at two figures of Dante and Goethe displayed in a Regent Street shop-window. "What is there in old Dante's face that is missing in Goethe's?" asked FitzGerald; and Tennyson answered, "The

Divine"—words that aptly mark his own remoteness from the attitude of the Goethe-worshipper, Carlyle.

But FitzGerald remained to the end ill content with the work that his kingly poet gave him, after the splendid volume of 1842, only making exceptions in favour of *Maud* and the *Northern Farmer*, which last touched him strangely. He insisted that the accursed inactivity of the nineteenth century had spoiled Tennyson for the great work he was meant for—that of being the patriot-prophet whose mighty voice should rouse to nobler life the degenerate people of England—a race worth saving, a land which was still the only spot in Europe where Freedom kept her place. "Had I Alfred's voice," cried he, "I would not have mumbled for years over *In Memoriam* and *The Princess*." Though "full of fine things," *In Memoriam* seemed to him a machine-made sort of poem, which "could do nothing but make us sentimental." And he continued in this mind to the last, not hiding his disappointment from the poet himself, who listened undisturbed, and "being royal, took his own way," yet has left us touching evidence of the influence his old friend had upon him in two of his later poems—one, on the story of Romney the painter, avowedly suggested by some words written by FitzGerald to a friend in 1842; and another that does but repeat in the master's grander accents the thought long before suggested to his friend by Lyell's *Geology*:

"It is not the poetical imagination, but bare science that unrolls a greater epic than the *Iliad*, the history of the world, the infinitudes of space and time. . . . . The poet of to-day may as well fold his hands. . . . . Martial, as you say, lives now, after two thousand years, a space that seems long to those whose lives are so brief; but a moment, the twinkling of an eye, if compared to the ages which, it is now known, the world must have existed. . . . . This vision of time must wither the poet's hope of immortality."

The thought rolls back on us, multiplied, aggrandised, and awful, in some of the latest lines that Tennyson wrote, his friend being already dead.

In his part of the looker-on, who sees most of the game, FitzGerald mourned also over the path chosen by another greatly-gifted friend, the gentle noble Spedding, who, said he,

"lost forty years in washing a blackamoor," otherwise in trying to prove, in a biography, which was a marvel of ability and research, that Bacon was not the *meanest*, though he might be "wisest and brightest" of mankind, a task to which all Spedding's toil and skill proved not quite equal. It was a rarely generous faithful friendship, however, that prompted the lamentation over powers so ill employed. Were we to take FitzGerald at his own humble estimate, we must grant him an honest right to the epitaph which in mirth and mockery he claimed for his own—

> "His virtues walked their humble round,
> Nor knew a pause, nor felt a void;
> And sure the Eternal Master found
> His single talent well employed,"—

if we read that single talent as a capacity for friendship, the finest, purest, least selfish, and most delightful possible to a mere man. "He said of himself that his friendships were more like loves; and as he was constant in affectionate loyalty to others, he might also say with Brutus:

> 'In all my life
> I found no man but he was true to me.'"

Apart from the broken lights, fresh and sparkling, which they throw on Victorian England, its social and literary life; apart from their many scattered glimpses of its more distinguished writers—these *Letters* must live as a delightful picture of what was possible in the way of noble kindliness and affection, in our own land and our own day, amid such a circle of highly-cultivated men and women as were drawn to Edward FitzGerald through the course of his long life. He thought but gloomily in his youth of his own land and its destinies; we shall not despair of them while revelations such as those afforded by his own *Letters* are not unfrequent among us. Only it is well to remember, that to the full development of happy characters such as his, the happy influences of such a spiritual atmosphere as breathed over its growth and unfolding are all in all essential.

Art. VIII.—SOME PHASES OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

1. *The Peoples and Politics of the Far East:* Travels and Studies in the British, French, Spanish and Portuguese Colonies, Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam and Malaya. By Henry Norman, Author of *The Real Japan*. With Sixty Illustrations and Four Maps. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Row. 1895.
2. *Problems of the Far East.* By the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.
3. *Russia in Central Asia in* 1889, *and the Anglo-Russian Question.* By the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.
4. *The Great War with Russia: The Invasion of the Crimea.* A Personal Retrospect of the Battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and of the Winter of 1854–55, &c. By William Howard Russell, LL.D. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1895.
5. *The Asiatic Quarterly Review*, April 1895. Art. "China's Future." By Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., C.B.
6. *The Nineteenth Century*, May 1895. Art. on "The Real Rulers of Turkey," by Professor A. H. Salmoné; also Art. on "Georgian Treaties with Russia," by V. E. Cherkezov.
7. *The Contemporary Review*, May 1895.

After a period of comparative quiet, the Eastern Question has again begun to force itself on the attention of Europe. Whether or no the time is come for its complete settlement, and whether any settlement is possible through the wisdom of diplomacy and the influence of philanthropy rather than the competition of races and the horrors of war, remains to be seen. One thing is clear, that no approach can be made to its consideration, on the part either of responsible statesmen

or private individuals, without a frank acknowledgment of the vastness of the area over which it now extends and the gravity of the issues involved. Forty years ago, though nominally starting from an Asiatic centre, the range of disturbance was almost limited to Europe, and to some only of its leading nationalities. To-day, three continents are embraced within its sweep, while the contributory forces are mightily swelled in volume and are forming into new combinations.

The chief changes are the following. Russia, checked in Europe, has greatly extended her conquests in Central Asia. Germany, from a miscellaneous collection of heterogeneous states, has become a front-rank Power in the councils of Europe. Italy is enlarged and unified, re-created in fact, and aspires to the position of a Great Power. France has shaken off the incubus of a military despotism and recovered from the effects of a military defeat, but is still dominated by ambitions of her own; and, being hampered by jealousy of her former ally and dread of her recent foe, is disposed, though a republic and presumably the foremost exponent of the principle of liberty, to court the alliance of the chief representative of the principle of autocracy. Austria, though compelled to be content with the second place among German-speaking peoples, and shorn of her influence in the north of Italy, yet seems the least affected by the changes of the last half-century. Meanwhile, Turkey, whose power the Western nations at the beginning of the period upheld at the cost of so much blood and treasure, has shown all the symptoms of a continuous decline, not arrested by her obstinate self-defence of eighteen years ago, and only accelerated by her loss of prestige in the matter of the Balkan provinces and of the suzerainty of Egypt, as well as by her own internal disorganisation and fatalistic incurableness of misrule.

Coming to England, the only remaining Power connected with the conflict of 1853–6, it would be easy to say much, were our purpose to draw out in detail a comparison between her whole position now and her whole position then. But this would take us too far afield. Passing over, therefore, some questions of the hour which are vitally bound up with that under review, we simply note Great Britain's *début* as an

Asiatic Power of the first magnitude through the conversion of India into a Crown dominion, together with subsequent developments; her assumption of a quasi-protectorate in Egypt; her detachment, partly in consequence of this, from the French alliance; and her maintenance, notwithstanding, of a status of which any nation may be justly proud, and of a policy which, however open sometimes to the charge of inconsistency and inconstancy, can never justly be reproached with brutality or self-aggrandisement.

So much for the European Continent. But we said that three continents were now involved in the future of the Eastern Question. If, instead of continents, we had mentioned divisions of the globe, we might have doubled the number, and said that the issues were universal. Confining ourselves, however, to the continents of the Old World, it is clear that Africa, partitioned as she is among the European Powers, can no longer be considered as in any part much less affected by their agreements or differences than in those of her populations that line her northern and eastern shores. And in Asia, the spectacle of the uprising of a new and powerful nationality, and of the utter collapse under its assaults of the most ancient and populous empire in the world, cannot but present a distinct and vastly important branch of the Eastern Question, interlaced as it is with the interests of Russia on the northern and of England and France on the southern and eastern frontiers of the Celestial Empire.

The events that have given rise to the recent revival of this great question are too familiar to the readers of the daily journals to need detailed statement here. The Armenian Atrocities on one side of Asia and the Chino-Japanese War on the other are the chief though not the only ones. Complications on the borders of our Indian frontier have an important bearing on the subject.

Before attempting to deal, however slightly, with the various departments of this question, the inquiry springs naturally to our lips, What has England to do with them? This inquiry is one of vast moment, affecting our whole status as a civilised and civilising Power now and for centuries to come. And, in endeavouring to furnish some answer to it, so much may be

said with certainty in regard to men's views on these three branches of the Eastern Question, that their attitude toward one will generally be their attitude toward all. This is clear gain. We are not troubled here with the cross-divisions that perplex our home politics. True, opinions on this subject do not follow the lines of our party organisations. Men on opposite sides of the House of Commons may be found holding like views, and men on the same side may be found holding unlike views, on the Eastern Question. But the same man will not be found, as a rule, holding one set of opinions as to our duty in Western Asia and another as to our duty in Eastern Asia and a third as to our duty in Central Asia. He will take up a definite position with regard to all three. This simplifies the problem before us.

The inquiry as to England's concern with the Eastern Question, in the enlarged meaning that must now be given to the term, has received two pronounced and well-understood answers, and at times a third, less readily defined, which, seeking to mediate between the two, partakes, like most compromises, of the difficulties belonging to both. Whether or not this third is not capable of restatement in such a way as to unite the virtues rather than the vices of its alternatives on either side is a point we shall have to consider.

The three policies we refer to will be easily recognised by the watchwords in which their main ideas are expressed, and even by the slang terms in which they are sometimes described, terms only to be mentioned by us in order to be dismissed. The first is the Imperial, stigmatised by its opponents as the Jingo policy. The second is the non-intervention policy, dubbed Little Englandism by the opposite side. The intermediate is the British interests policy, which, grounding as it appears to do on the instincts of self-preservation inherent in states no less than individuals, has so far escaped the opprobrium of slang censure. Were it not so elastic in its interpretation, and in its adaptability to various exigencies, we might perhaps borrow a slang term of an earlier date, and call it the meddle-and-muddle policy.

A strong foreign policy is the avowed principle of the first. The favourite mode of attack upon it is to identify it with (1)

autocracy as opposed to free institutions, and (2) military aggrandisement and ambition as opposed to the peaceful pursuits of commerce and the claims of national economy.

As regards (1), it should be remembered that in the two nations that would be cited as presenting typical examples of the policy, little countenance is obtained for the theory which identifies it with autocracy. In France, the policy in question is almost as strong now under a Republic as when a Napoleon was on the throne, or as it was a hundred years ago, after the downfall of Louis XVI., and before the rise of the first Napoleon. So with Russia. It was not dynastic considerations that roused the ambition of the Czar Nicholas forty years ago. The Russian despotism has been too firmly fixed to need reinforcement from military glory.

Even if we look at our own country, greatness abroad has not threatened liberty at home, however much that liberty may have been endangered by civil broils. The doctrine of passive obedience preached in the days of the later Stuarts was a reaction from the opinions that upheld the Commonwealth, not a legacy from the greatness achieved under Elizabeth. In like manner, the tyranny of Henry VIII. was a result of the Wars of the Roses, not of the preceding conflicts with France. So also in olden times, the military greatness of Greece and Rome culminated under republics, and before the advent of Julius Cæsar and Alexander.

Upon (2) there is also something to be said, viz., that costly as are huge armaments in times of peace, and still more costly as they become in times of war, and therefore apparently wasteful, both as abstracting from commercial pursuits energy that might have been profitably devoted to them, and as consuming at a prodigious rate the resources of a nation, yet there is a point beyond which economy cannot be pushed without imperilling the very interests it is intended to conserve. An adequate protection for our commerce is now generally admitted to be a first necessity of its existence, the fate that befell the United States commerce under the attacks of one armed cruiser, the *Alabama*, having brought that lesson home alike to America and to ourselves with very great force.

What a strong foreign policy ought to be in the present

position of this country among the nations of Europe is worth a moment's consideration; and we bend our minds to it with the greater readiness as, by the recent inscription of such a policy on the banner of the "party of progress," all suspicion of political bias in any of our observations will have been entirely done away. We freely admit at the outset that a tone of superiority, sometimes bordering on arrogance, did at one time characterise the despatches emanating from the Foreign Office, and that, whether justifiable or not at that time, such a tone is far from justifiable now. The ascendency gained by Great Britain as a result of the long Napoleonic struggle no doubt accounts for the attitude frequently taken during the thirty years succeeding the Battle of Waterloo. Such an attitude was natural to a minister like Palmerston, who signed on behalf of England the decree that banished Bonaparte to St. Helena. It was this same bold attitude that gave him the conduct, in its later stages, of the Crimean War, but it received a check during the year 1864, when Austria and Prussia made war on Denmark in the matter of Schleswig-Holstein. Our neutrality then led on to the rise of Prussia, and so opened the way to the greatness which has placed the military hegemony of Europe so largely in the hands of that Power. The swollen military armaments of the Continent have curtailed very much Britain's power of effective intervention in any campaigns on land. Her naval supremacy, however, is still maintained, and, if all the accounts that reach us from abroad be true, that supremacy is not seriously threatened except by a combination of forces not likely to occur. The continuance of this position demands, of course, a wary outlook and a large expenditure.

In any European war that may arise in the near or more remote future, Great Britain would thus count as an effective ally, whichever side she thought fit to espouse. Granting that her naval and other efficiency should be kept at the highest point her resources will reasonably admit, the question what a strong foreign policy should mean becomes for her largely a question of alliances. Is it best that Great Britain should definitely ally herself with those Powers with which she is in closest sympathy and with which she is least likely to come

into collision? Or is it best that she should hold herself free from such alliances until the time comes for definite action? Much may be said on both sides. The advantage of an alliance is largely discounted by the bondage it necessarily entails. Engagements of this nature cannot be onesided: they must be mutual. There are nations that have no choice. They are so closely hemmed in by other nations, whose boundaries are conterminous with their own, that there is no alternative for them but to choose sides. Our seagirt isle happily exempts us from this necessity. There is more than our insular position to be taken into account; there is the unstable balance of political opinion. The party in power during one Parliament may shrink from committing the nation to a policy that the next Parliament may disapprove. This is well understood in foreign cabinets, and diminishes to some extent in their eyes the value of the English alliance.

On the whole, since a choice must be made, the advantage seems to be in favour of an independent line of action, which keeps aloof as much as possible from quarrels that are not our immediate concern, but which is always ready for dignified intervention, as ally or mediator, in great and momentous crises.

One chief reason for this will appear when we consider, as we will do now, what our aim should be in every movement of a truly Imperial and yet truly economical policy. That aim should not be at any time simply to impose our will on other nations. Every strife, of course, becomes in the process of its evolution a strife for mastery, but a strife for nothing else is unworthy of a great nation. Let us then dismiss at once every thought of competition in the race for mere aggrandisement. But while we do this, let us not rush to the opposite extreme, and shut our eyes to the great position Providence has given us, and to the great part it is possible for us to take in working out the destinies of mankind. Let us not pander to the low and unworthy views of those who would ignore our Imperial inheritance, by putting "British interests" in the forefront of every plea for foreign intervention. The interests of our commerce, and of our fellow-countrymen engaged in its extension, are important always and everywhere. To neglect them would be to violate the first law of self-preservation. But let us not stop here.

Let us reflect on the history of the nation to which we belong, and consider the steps by which we have been conducted from obscurity to renown, from poverty to wealth, and from isolation to world-wide empire. Let us consider our institutions, not yet perfect perhaps, but combining a larger amount of liberty with rigid maintenance of order than has ever been seen before. Let us consider our national character, weakened no doubt by lamentable faults, yet standing out before mankind as that of a generous, straightforward, and high-principled people. Let us consider our literature, unrivalled in many departments for healthiness of tone and sublimity of aspiration. Let us consider our domestic and social ideals, and, above all, our religious convictions, and our status as the foremost Christian missionary power in the world. And when we have taken this survey, let us ask ourselves whether a civilisation so many-sided in its influence for good is not worthy of a conspicuous place in the van of the world's progress, and whether it should not seek to impress the stamp of its own moral ideal on generations yet to come. To such a question, we are persuaded, only one answer will be given. But how such an aim can be realised without maintaining Britain's greatness as a whole is very hard to understand. Not for her own sake, then—not for the glory of her arms or the success of her commerce—but for the good of mankind at large, Britain should see to it that she maintains such ascendency as she is entitled to wield.

The question of questions is, What form of civilisation is to dominate mankind? And the answer seems to be, That which obtains ascendency in the East. For Asia, as it is the largest, is also still the most populous by far of the continents. And the throwing open of its vast provinces to the competition of the world means a mighty accession of influence to any Power that may have the direction of its destinies.*

* "The rest of the world is parcelled out like an allotment-ground. In the Far East alone an unworked mine awaits us. A distinguished French traveller has well described the consideration which should weigh with the statesmen of the hour: 'It is in Asia once more that will be decided the destinies of the world. In Asia will be founded and will increase great empires, and whoever succeeds in making his voice heeded in the Far East will be able also to speak in dominating accents to Europe. . . . . *Be Asiatic, there lies the future!*'"—Norman's *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, p. 599. See also the whole chapter on "Asia for the Asiatics" in the same book.

Of competitors for such a position there are but three worth naming, Russia, Japan, and Great Britain. France has more than once aspired to this position, but her opportunity is gone. It is true that she is aiming just now at foreign empire in two or three directions. But her success at colonisation has always been small. Over-administration and mal-administration have been her great mistakes. She has never learnt how to adapt herself to the ways of thinking of other nations, but has always striven to make every colony a miniature of La Belle France. She has been as forgetful abroad as formerly at home of the fact that edicts cannot create nationalities. She has followed too much in the wake of the constitution-monger of a hundred years ago, who headed his programme "Art. I.—The French people rise with the sun." To rule for the sake of the ruled, and not for the sake of the rulers, must become more obviously her policy, if she is ever to ingratiate herself with the peoples over whom she would bear sway. The fact that in 1887 the salaries of the "functionaries" in Cochin China amounted to £360,000, while the sum spent on public works was only £16,000, speaks for itself. And this fact only reaches its true dimensions, when we consider the proportion of this latter sum allotted to the *personnel* of the department, which amounted to no less than the same sum of £16,000.* The triangular duel that is being fought in the French colonies of the Far East between the officials, the military, and the civilians or colonists proper, is enough of itself to destroy all hopes of prosperity. And the actual results in trade bear out this view.†

In the opinion of some, the present efforts of France in the way of colonisation are only a temporary craze, likely, on further

* Norman's *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, pp. 103, 116.

† France has spent 476,000,000 of francs upon Tong-King in order to dispose of 59,000,000 francs' worth of French products . . . In conclusion, the French colonisation of Tong-King—and Tong-King is only one example of a truth which every other French colony would illustrate to a greater or less degree—has amounted to this: France has taken possession of a country; she has despatched to it an army of soldiers and a second army of functionaries; a handful of dealers has followed to supply these with the necessaries and luxuries of life; the dealers have purchased these necessaries and luxuries from France (the foreign imports being chiefly for native consumption), as the customs tariff prevents them from buying cheaper elsewhere; these purchases have practically constituted the trade of France with the colony. *Castra faciunt: coloniam appellant.*"—*Ibid.*, pp. 136, 137.

experience of its unprofitableness, to die down and pass away. However that may be, she has work enough on hand just now in Madagascar to occupy her surplus energy. As we write, the news comes of her intention to assume a protectorate over Formosa. But if she could not find enough vessels in which to convey her troops to Madagascar, how will she do in the case of Formosa? England will not be likely to help her in that direction. The same paper that announces the Formosan project also speaks of a falling off in the French revenue of 33,000,000 francs. Certain it is that the revenue no longer possesses the elasticity that made it possible to satisfy so promptly the demands of the German indemnity four-and-twenty years ago. With a diminishing population and an unstable Government, France as a competitor for Eastern ascendency may be left out of the account. She may help or hinder the ascendency of her compeers, but can never establish a predominance of her own.

As rivals, therefore, to the claims of Great Britain, there only remain Japan and Russia. The career of conquest by Japan, the initial stages of which we traced in the January number of this REVIEW, has reached the culmination then pointed out as probable, stopping short only of the occupation of Pekin. Political rather than military reasons seem to have dictated this halt in the progress of the Japanese arms. Li Hung Chang, whose disgrace proved only to be temporary, has again been called to the aid of the Emperor, and despite the attempt at his assassination—indeed the more easily on account of that attempt—has accomplished the task of pacification, and that in a manner creditable to his own sagacity, if not conducive to his country's reputation. He has accepted the hard terms proposed by the conquerors, and left it to the European Powers to consider whether in their own interest some modification should not be made. This they have accordingly done. Russia has been the spokesman, but Germany, France, and Spain have joined in the protest, requesting Japan to reconsider her terms. And this she has consented to do. Korea is to obtain her independence, both of Japan and China; the occupation of the Liao-Tung Peninsula is to continue only pending the payment of the indemnity;

and in return for these concessions, the indemnity itself is to be increased by 100,000,000 taels. In whose immediate interest this protest has been made it is easy to see, particularly as it is being followed up on the part of the chief spokesman by a demand for Port Lazaroff, and a cession of territory that would be covered by a radius of 200 miles, *i.e.*, an area of 60,000 square miles, or about the size of England and Wales. Why Germany and France should back up Russia is not very hard to divine. Apart from the wishes of France to proceed further in the direction of the Yunnan Province, there is the alliance with Russia to be cultivated for reasons nearer home. Germany puts forward the interests of her commerce, a commerce yet to be created, but probably is actuated more strongly by motives like those of France. Both Powers are bidding for popularity with Russia, in view of a conflict that may break out between themselves.

Meantime, the Power most affected by these negotiations is the one that has kept aloof from them. To Great Britain the situation is one of more serious concern than to any other European Power. Of the foreign trade of China, amounting in value to £44,665,855, that with the British Empire (including Hong-Kong, Singapore, the Straits Settlements, India, Australia, South Africa and Canada) reaches the enormous total of £32,618,373, or 73 per cent. of the whole.* The safety as well as the commerce of these colonies, especially India and Australia, has to be thought of. And that mysterious thing called prestige, which counts for so little when we try to present it in arithmetical figures and tabular form, but which comes to so much in the palpitating struggle for existence, is also an element in the problem.

Yet Great Britain has kept silence; and there is probably sound policy in this. Whether Russia or Japan obtain the upper hand in North China, the risk to us is about the same. And by taking up an attitude of observation we have maintained our own dignity and not irritated any one of the Powers. The negotiations are not yet ended. In the course of them, the opportunity may arise for Great Britain to come forward,

* Norman's *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, p. 242.

and then will be the time for her to assert a claim to some consideration in the readjustment that is taking place. The occupation of the Chusan Islands, in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, is all we should be likely to ask for. They are too insignificant in size to be regarded as an addition to our territory. But their importance as a coaling station, 1000 miles north of Hong-Kong, would be very great. And it is a fortunate circumstance, and one now capable of being turned to good account, that when we evacuated Port Hamilton we stipulated that Chusan should not be ceded to any other Power. The importance of such a station, from the point of view of naval strategy, it does not require the intuition of an expert to perceive.*

From the present attitude of the Powers, and the success that has attended their intervention, one thing is clear, that the ascendency of Japan will not turn out to be the foregone conclusion that some have supposed. The high-flown language of an article in the *Contemporary Review* for May, about the Japanese navy "sweeping the flags of Europe from the Yellow Sea to the Straits of Malacca," deals with what seemed a month or two ago to be possibilities. These possibilities, however, are now unlikely to be converted into facts. The Mikado and his advisers have found out to their cost what it means to "wield the hammer of Thor." And although in the nation generally the blood that had risen to fever heat has scarcely had time to cool, yet even the common people, in presence of the Russian ultimatum, must have seen that prudence was now the better part of valour.

On the whole, the probabilities are that, though Japan will hold the rank of a first-rate Power, yet the competition for the Asiatic ascendency will be not more keen on her part than on that of Russia. In commerce she may prove to be our most formidable rival, though even here Russia will press her hard. But with the great Siberian railway completed, as it will be before the century closes, from Turkestan to the Yellow Sea, and with a population settling along the line of its route in tens and hundreds of thousands, Russia will find a market for

* See on this point Norman's *Peoples and Politics in the Far East*, p. 316.

the products of the Middle Kingdom as it gradually opens up, and will find an outlet for her own increasing industries. Meanwhile, the strategic value of this vast girdle of steel, environing Chinese territory for a distance of 5000 miles, will not be long in making itself felt. All along its border there are provinces that may gradually be assimilated. And the possession of a port further south than Vladivostock, and not liable to be frozen over five months out of the twelve, will give Russia a naval position in the great Pacific superior to that which she possesses in the Baltic or the Black Sea. The Chinese Empire, at least in its northern provinces, will thus be entirely dominated by Russia. The forces that, for lack of discipline, have fallen such an easy prey to Japanese valour will be no match for the veterans of Russia, while at the same time the inborn stubbornness of the Chinaman can be trained and turned to good account by a Skobeleff as well as by a Gordon. Only time is wanting to enable Russia to meet the Japanese advance with an advance of her own on a vaster scale and leading to much more momentous issues.

The writer in the *Contemporary Review* would have us anticipate this inevitable movement by coming to an understanding with Russia. A partition of China he does not propose, but his language looks in that direction. The title of the paper, "The European Partners in Asia," is sufficiently significant. "All international Asiatic questions," he says, "arising along the zone that divides the respective regions of influence of England and Russia should be handled as if for practical purposes England and Russia had become a dual empire, with a common Foreign Office and a common foreign policy." The time is not come for such an arrangement as this.*

With the greatest desire to cultivate amicable relations with

* As we go to press, Reuter's telegrams make the following announcements: "ST. PETERSBURG, *Thursday, May* 23.—It is stated on good authority that the Russian Government will not only decline to agree to the reported military occupation of Korea by Japan, but intends to call upon the Tokio Government to recall at an early date the Japanese garrisons now stationed provisionally in Korea."

"SHANGHAI, *Wednesday.*—A rumour is current here that the Chinese Government repudiates all obligation to pay any additional indemnity on account of the retrocession by Japan of the Liao-Tung peninsula." This has since been denied, but other complications have arisen showing that the issues are not yet settled.

every Great Power, the English people will hardly wish to see themselves bound hand and foot by such an alliance as this. Unlimited confidence could alone furnish a basis for it, and unlimited confidence is wanting. The Russian nation, not the Court only, or the military circle, have confidence in one thing, and that is the greatness of Russia's destiny, while their notions about any limit to its growth are of the haziest. Russian ideas about approximation to our borders in Central Asia are not ideas of fraternisation with our representatives, or joint pacification of unruly tribes; they are ideas, rational or not, of greater facility for striking a blow at our Indian Empire. A crusade against British ascendency would find more favour in Russian political circles than a crusade against the "unspeakable Turk." The recent *rapprochement* between the two Courts, though a matter for congratulation, must not be valued beyond its worth. For the Czar can no more control the currents of feeling in Russia, when once aroused, than the Prince of Wales in England. There is, therefore, small justification for such statements as this: "Fortunately there are at present the best intentions on the part of both empires;" or as this, "Russia and England only ask to be allowed to sit still and develop their own resources." It may be quite true that, in present circumstances, "the most important thing is, not to propound a programme so much as to adopt an attitude." But if the attitude is to be an embrace—"it may be defined in one word, partnership"—we cannot but demur.

We hardly like to go so far as to say that with Russia politics means perfidy. Other nations, or their representatives, have been betrayed into inexcusable acts of treachery. In the case of Russia, however, it is notorious that bad faith is almost systematic, alike towards subjects, dependencies, and allies. No doubt circumstances have pressed her very hard; but it is not to be denied that her ambition has been sleepless and towering. She may have to share with Austria and Prussia the disgrace of the partition of Poland a hundred years ago, and of all that has followed in its train: she alone bears the shame of her treatment of Sweden, of Georgia,* of Persia,

* See *Nineteenth Century* for May, Art. on "Georgian Treaties with Russia," whose positions are thus summed up (p. 846): "We may now boldly assert

and the Balkan provinces. Nor do we need to draw our inferences as to her untrustworthiness from her dealings with other people; we have had plentiful experience of it ourselves. We do not speak of her repudiation in 1871 of the engagements of 1856 as to the Black Sea. That was ratified, or condoned, by the assembled Powers in London. But look at her stealthy advance in Central Asia. Assurances have been given without number of the final limit having been reached, but they have been invariably falsified by the result.* We are not disposed to deny that benefits have followed in the train of her advance, or that she has her providential part to play in the civilisation of the East. But caution, not confidence, must be the governing principle of our dealings with such a Power as that which during the past century and a half has made for itself such a history as Russia's.

Let us not be misunderstood. Overbearing insolence is just as much to be avoided as cringing servility. An abnormal sensitiveness, quick to resent every fancied slight, is no more to be encouraged than a tame acquiescence in every requisition that can be veiled under the form of a request. The simple maxim should be acted on, so often recommended in social life, "always to treat an enemy as one who may some day be a friend, and always to treat a friend as one who may some day be an enemy." In short, however philanthropic our sentiments, our dealings with such a Power as Russia must proceed upon business lines. Especially must it be remembered that, if we are to judge the future by the past, any concessions she may make to friend or foe will have to be paid for in concessions to herself.

That Russia has done a great work in the past, and is doing a great work in the present, no one can deny; but that is no reason for favouring her ascendency to the damage of our own influence and position. By the stand she made in past centuries against the onrush of the Tartar hordes, when her

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that for the decline and ruin which befell our country in the last century, for the loss of our position in Christendom, for the oppression of our national life at the present day, we have to thank official Russia, the Russian autocracy."

* See Curzon's *Russia in Central Asia, passim*, but especially the chapters on "The Extension and Effects of the Transcaspian Railway," and on "The Anglo-Russian Question."

name and influence covered only as many square furlongs as they now cover hundreds of square leagues, she has deserved well of Christendom. By the assistance she rendered, after much vacillation, in the final conflicts with Napoleon, she did good service to Europe. By her persistency in the task of subduing savage tribes—a task too often executed with needless severity—she has made herself a pioneer of civilisation. But when we consider her absolutist ideas of monarchy, her rigorous repression of freedom of speech, her government by espionage and exile, her persecution of Stundists and Raskolniks, and Jews, her incapacity for popular institutions or anything like civil liberty, and her fanatical adherence to one exclusive and superstitious form of religion, we cannot but feel that such a Power ought not to wield a paramount influence in the councils of the nations.

In short, with all due respect to the rights of other nations, we must weigh the claims of our own ascendency, and consider whether we ought not to do our best to maintain and, if necessary, even extend it. There is a sense in which it is our bounden duty to do this, as well as a sense in which it would be the greatest wickedness and folly. To grasp at dominion for dominion's sake, to foment quarrels in order to justify campaigns, to destroy nationalities under the plea of developing territory, to obtain commercial advantages and then, by means of them, inflict on others commercial stagnation and ruin—these are methods we should everywhere repudiate and condemn. They are as short-sighted in policy as they are unscrupulous in aim.

There is another method of procedure, slower but more sure, which we are bound by the responsibilities of our position to pursue. While not reflecting on the aims and methods of other Powers, we should let it be understood that we regard ourselves as having a mission of our own. Pointing with pride to the various dependencies which British energy has planted, and British heroism has defended, which British principles have nursed into greatness, we shall maintain that our work is not yet done. We shall hold that the experiments so successfully worked out on the continent of America, in the southern seas, and in the colonies that line the southern and

western coasts of Africa, are worth trying among the more ancient populations of the world; and that the spectacle presented by our Indian Empire, where a host of separate nations subsist side by side in perfect harmony, vying with each other in loyalty to our throne, in love for our literature, and in aspirations after the blessings of our freedom, warrants the expectation that in even more populous regions of the great mother-continent British influence may have an important function to fulfil.

How such influence is to be wielded must depend on the course of events, *i.e.*, on the action of other Powers, and on the disposition of the peoples chiefly concerned. As to the former, if a preliminary compact could be entered into, that the integrity of China is to be respected and preserved, so much the better. Failing joint action of this sort, the only resource will be to wait and see what effect recent events are likely to have on the Chinese Government. China may elect to relapse into her former immobility, and to shut herself up in a profounder isolation.* Or her awakening may take the form of discontent with the prevailing *régime*, leading to internal revolutions. In the former case, foreign intervention would be unwelcome, and in the latter it could only be exerted by force of arms. But let us hope for a brighter future. Let us hope for a real awakening to a sense of her needs and perils. In this case, China will have to choose her counsellors from among the Powers with which she has most to do. She will hardly wish to throw herself into the arms of her rival and conqueror. Of other Powers, the choice is necessarily small. It is just here that character must come into play, and give the turn to the trembling scale. Suppose that China, in the person of her foremost representatives, sat down to consider this problem, what sort of questions would they be likely to ask? Manifestly such as these: "What Power is at once the most enlightened and the most sincere? What Power will exert the greatest influence, and exert it only for our good? What Power will best de-

* "Should a renewed lease of life, which God forbid, be granted to the Mandarin Government, we must take up in the Far East the position of a strong man armed, so that we may be ever ready to prevent any Power, European or Asiatic, gaining in China a predominance of force sufficient to imperil our Australasian colonies and India."—*Asiatic Quarterly* for April, p. 342.

velop our resources, and make us strong, both by sea and by land?" To such questions, if asked intelligently, but one answer could be given. Would China be likely to choose the Power that has absorbed Eastern Turkestan and the Amur Province, and on whose forbearance alone it depends whether other provinces may not be swallowed up in their turn? Or would she choose the Power which has given her such trouble in the matter of Tong-King and Siam? We think not. The only remaining candidate is Great Britain.* It is true some ancient grudge might be remembered against ourselves. But there are two English object-lessons always before her eyes, the like of which have not been presented to her by any other nation. One is the spectacle of such settlements as Shanghai and Hong-Kong, on her own shores or close to them, crowded by tens of thousands of her own sons, prosperous and contented under the protection of the British flag; and, as a pendant to the picture, the emigration of tens of thousands more to Singapore and the Straits Settlements generally, as well as to Australia. The other object-lesson confronts her, not in isolated districts, but along the whole coast-line of China, and in every one of her twenty-four trading ports—we refer to the Imperial Maritime Customs, under the management of Sir Robert Hart.

Of course, the old objection arises that, so long as the Mandarin system prevails, so long internal reforms are impossible. But who can tell how soon a reformer may arise within the innermost circle of Chinese society who will do for China what Count Ito has done for Japan? Caste has not blocked all progress in India, nor feudalism in Japan; why should officialism in China be a more impregnable barrier? Even the moral corruption, of which such terrible evidence exists, may help to

* "Of the Christian nations, the Chinese consider the British to be 'a good people.' They are both trusted and respected, and our mutual interests point to a mutual understanding as attainable, more especially as it is known that we desire only to have a greater commercial interest in China. Russia and France are regarded with suspicion; the former has too much to gain by China's losses, and has already taken advantage of her difficulties to extend her frontiers to her (China's) detriment. The latter is credited with casting envious eyes towards the Yunnan and Szchwuan Provinces from her recent acquisitions in Tong-King and Siam."—*Asiatic Quarterly* for April 1895, pp. 345, 346.

work its own cure.* In despair of any social or political deliverance from among themselves, the people may hail as moral regenerators those whom they have hitherto despised as "foreign devils."† Whenever that day dawns, Christian missions, much more even than British commerce or European civilisation, will have a great part to play. Their value will be recognised then, not only by the peoples among whom they are already silently working, but by the traders and officers and travellers who will follow in their wake. Just here, in fine, lies the greatest hope—albeit to many it may seem but a forlorn hope—for one-third of the population of the globe. Other civilisations have held together for ages, though weakened by error and evil of various kinds: China is rotten to the core, and the alternative is disintegration or resurrection. The sword may accomplish the former any day: the latter can only be the work of Christianity, and, though it must be the task of centuries, we believe it will be accomplished.

On the other two branches of the Eastern Question we have but small space to speak; and it is the less necessary that we should do so, because they have often engaged the attention of the public, and are engaging it now from day to day. In regard to India, interest has of late been steadily fixed upon the march of British forces to the relief of the Chitral garrison, an expedition that has reflected the highest credit on the pluck and daring of our soldiers, European and Asiatic, as well as on the efficiency of their organisation and equipment. And it has been crowned with complete success. Not less successful in the field of diplomacy has been the settlement of the dispute about the Pamirs, in which Russia (through Bokhara), China, and England have all been severally concerned. Its bearings have not been so well understood as those of feats performed on the field of battle; but to those who know the danger of an unsettled frontier the delimitation of this one will have brought a sense of relief.

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* See the chapters on "Chinese Horrors" and "The People of China" in Norman's *Peoples of the Far East*.

† See Curzon's *Problems of the Far East*, pp. 434, 435. The recent presentation to the Dowager Empress of a Chinese New Testament on the part of Christian women in China, and the request of the Emperor for a complete copy of the Bible, are not without interest in this connection.

Meanwhile, the strengthening of the north-west frontier is proceeding, though not at a very rapid rate. The question whether a Cis-Afghan or a Trans-Afghan frontier would be the best is still being debated by the experts,* and on it we will not attempt to offer an opinion. Only if, as Mr. Curzon reports from his recent visit to the Ameer, and as the visit of the Ameer's son to this country seems to show, the present attitude of the Afghans is one of friendship towards the British name, by all means let it be cultivated and made as permanent as possible.

The Western portion of the Eastern question, if such a phrase may be admitted, finds its centre just now in Armenia. For months past the press has teemed with accounts of Turkish atrocities, the occurrence of which is now proved beyond all contradiction. The Powers, meaning by that term now Great Britain, France, and Russia, are taking the matter up, being compelled to do so by the indignation of Europe. This time, happily, the business seems likely to be settled without recourse to the hostilities and the subsequent diplomatic complications that attended the uprising in Bulgaria eighteen years ago. And our hope is that through the joint efforts of the Powers a strong administration, independent of the Porte and leading on to a complete autonomy, may restore peace and order to a country which, for the intelligence of its inhabitants, no less than its interest as the scene of some of the earliest triumphs of the Gospel, commands the sympathy of Europe and of Christendom. We confess to such an opinion of the Government of the Porte that we should not be sorry to see its power taken from it, and its dominions, European and Asiatic, parcelled out to an assemblage of free States, like those already constructed in Roumania and elsewhere. Not that the Sultan means badly, or that his Ministers are always incompetent, but that both are too often tools in the hands of a power behind the throne.† It is the old story of favourites and family influence, always in the ascendant and often basely selfish, where public spirit and private integrity are wanting

* See recent discussions in the *Times*.

† See article on "The Real Rulers of Turkey," by Professor A. H. Salmoné, in the *Nineteenth Century* for May 1895.

to those whose hands hold the keys of office. The corruption of Turkey can hardly be less than the corruption of China, and there is not the same excuse, as she has been in contact with Western civilisation for five hundred years. The hatred of Moslem to Christian is also probably deeper and more fanatical than between Chinaman and foreigner, all the deeper because the gulf that divides them is not so wide. To turn the Turk, bag and baggage, out of Europe would doubtless please a majority of those who have read of the awful butchery of their fellow Christians.

But then what becomes of Constantinople? The belt of free States surrounding and including it will hardly be less of an eyesore to autocratic Russia than the Moslem tyranny that now oppresses the land. Their weakness, jointly and, still more, separately, would be a continual incentive to absorption.

Here, too, as in Eastern Asia, it seems the policy of wisdom to provide for existing needs, and then to wait the development of events. Opportunities for action are certain to arise, if a wise use be made of the present opportunities for self-restraint. Were the British conscience but fully awake to the responsibilities of Britain as a Christian Power, we should have little fear as to the share she is yet designed by Providence to take in the moral and social regeneration of the world.*

In the preparation of this article we have been glad to avail

* Since the foregoing pages were written, the attention of the writer has been drawn to an article in the *North American Review* for May 1895, from the pen of Arminius Vambéry, an acknowledged authority on Asiatic subjects. In it every position maintained above is strongly confirmed. The following passage deserves consideration: "The recent rumour of an understanding between London and St. Petersburg, for positive news is still lacking, has not been particularly useful to the *prestige* of Great Britain abroad. There are, to begin with, very few serious politicians who believe in the feasibility of the scheme; whereas many others are apt to judge this marked anxiety for peace in a light rather unfavourable to England. . . . . More than three decades ago we find England giving in to her rivals in various parts of the world. England has yielded to Germany in Africa; to Russia on the Murghab, on the Heri-rud, on the Pamirs, and in many other places; nay, even to China, to this recently pricked bubble of imposture, on the frontiers of Tibet. Are we not justified in asking, Will it be taken as a sign of strength, if it is ascertained that England is anxious to divide peaceably the Asiatic spoil with her Russian adversary, in spite of the sheer impossibility of the realisation of such a desire?"

The whole article is well worth reading, notwithstanding the incredulity of the writer as to the Armenian atrocities, now so thoroughly demonstrated.

ourselves of the books named at the head of it, and particularly of the one that stands first on the list. Mr. Norman's book is the result of nearly four years of travel and study in the countries and colonies of which it treats. The first twelve chapters are occupied with the relations to the Far East of Great Britain, France, Russia, Spain and Portugal. Eight chapters are devoted to China, five to Korea and Japan, five to Siam, and three to Malaya, the whole concluding with a chapter entitled "An Eastern Horoscope." From this summary of the work it will be seen how comprehensive is its scope. The treatment of this vast variety of topics is in the highest degree skilful and satisfactory. Picturesque grouping of details alternates with statesmanlike discussion of principles; while a personal interest, in no way obtrusive, is nevertheless so infused into the narrative that the reader feels as if he were himself visiting the scenes described in the society of an intelligent and well-informed companion. More than sixty illustrations, chiefly from the author's own photographs, show that he has the eye of an artist as well as the pen of a word-painter. We are not surprised that a first edition of 1000 copies, issued on March 18 of this year, should have been followed by a second on March 30, and a third on April 25. The book is a most timely contribution to one of the most momentous discussions that ever occupied the minds of Englishmen.

*** As our last sheets are going to press the face of politics in the Far East has suddenly changed. China would seem to have bound herself to Russia as her counsellor and protector, in consideration of a large pecuniary loan secured and guaranteed for her by her mighty northern neighbour. England is thus left isolated for the present. But England is even mightier than Russia, and vastly richer. Independent, disinterested, and friendly, England has but to bide her time. In the end her hand must hold the balance of judgment and of political settlement.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Sources of New Testament Greek; or the Influence of the Septuagint on the Vocabulary of the New Testament. By the Rev. H. A. A. KENNEDY, M.A., D.Sc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895.

This scholarly book is the result of an attempt to explore one of the rich fields which Dr. Hatch, in his *Essays in Biblical Greek*, pointed out as awaiting the enterprise of some student of sacred literature. It may almost be said to have been inspired by Dr. Hatch; it adopts his methods; it carries on his work to conclusions contrary to his own, which, however, he would have delighted to discuss and succeeded, perhaps, in moderating. He was apparently of opinion, though his statements to that effect are nowhere very precise or unguarded, that the language of the Septuagint exerted a direct and predominant influence upon that of the New Testament. Dr. Kennedy commenced his study with a provisional acceptance of this theory, but was compelled at length to renounce it, and to try to establish the relation between the two languages upon a different basis.

Such a task involves very minute and elaborate investigation, which Dr. Kennedy has in this volume wisely limited to the vocabularies alone. Changes in form and in grammar, and the causes that produced them, will also have to be reckoned with before the proof will be complete. To the former Dr. Kennedy makes incidental reference, as his subject required; but he confines himself chiefly to the meanings of words, the modifications of their meaning, the appearance of new words, and such other matters as enter into the consideration of a vocabulary in the strict sense of the term. Beginning with pure Attic, he traces its admixture with the Macedonian dialect in the Court of Alexander, and the influences that caused further alteration in the provinces into which Alexander's conquests were broken up. Egyptian Greek then claims special attention, and a series of tables, a

monument of careful research, is constructed to illustrate the various elements in the vocabulary of the Septuagint. Turning next to the so-called "Common" and the Hellenistic dialects, our author examines their growth, and finds signs, not of a downward or upward development, but of the fixation of a type of language, distinct alike from the earlier literary tradition and from the current popular speech, but based upon the former, and itself constituting a basis of words upon which an individual writer would build by the addition of a private stock of his own. The tabulation of the vocabulary of the New Testament brings some unexpected features to light. About eighty per cent. of its words are found in Greek literature before the death of Aristotle; and its strain is therefore far more distinctly classical than is that of the Septuagint. Words are technically called "Biblical" when they are found either in the New Testament alone, or, besides, only in the Septuagint; and only about thirty per cent. of the Biblical words in the New Testament occur also in the Septuagint. If the examination be carried into further detail, a number of small but significant facts appear. There are, for example, in the 103rd Psalm no less than eight words exactly expressive of conceptions familiar to the New Testament, not however occurring there at all. Professor Abbott has given many other instances of divergences between the two texts that are seemingly inexplicable upon the extreme theory to which Dr. Hatch committed himself.

It is quite probable that, with further examination, slight modifications will take place in Dr. Kennedy's list and figures, for at present the differentiation of the later dialects is far from complete, and no exhaustive study has been made of the vocabularies of some of the writers concerned. And it is quite possible that he undervalues, as Dr. Hatch overvalues, the influence of the Septuagint. It was neither direct, except in the case of terms for Semitic conceptions, nor commanding and exclusive. But, on the other hand, if Greek had become to any large extent the language of ordinary life in Palestine, the Septuagint must have been amongst the most familiar of all literary works to the Jewish writers of the New Testament; and in any case the ecclesiastical solidarity of the nation must be allowed for, with the respect that would naturally be felt for a work that had been produced with the consent, if not under the auspices, of the ecclesiastical authorities. Apart from the theological terminology, Dr. Kennedy appears to argue for something like a collateral descent of the two vocabularies from a common ancestry in the vernacular Greek of the post-Alexandrine period. But it has yet to be proved that Greek had become the vernacular of the home and leisure as well as of the business of the Jew; and if not, there were few channels other than that of the Septuagint through which the influences of a Greek vocabulary could flow in upon such a man as John or James. Before the matter can be decided, it will be necessary that the various parts of the New Testament be compared separately with the Septuagint or its parts; and it may be found that the influence of the vocabulary

of the latter was much less powerful upon Paul than upon Matthew, upon the Epistles than upon the reported Logia. That would help to settle the further question as to the language in which Jesus talked to His disciples; for, if the words were spoken in Aramaic, and afterwards rendered into Greek, the parallel with the Septuagint translation would be close, and one cause of perplexity would be eliminated. Meanwhile, the gratitude of every student of the New Testament is due to Dr. Kennedy. He has produced a book over which he has spared no pains; and whether its conclusions ultimately command acceptance or not, its pages are rich in notes that will help to the right interpretation of the New Testament, and its methods are a pattern for the student, a pleasure to every lover of good work.

1. *The Messiah of the Gospels.*
2. *The Messiah of the Apostles.* By C. A. BRIGGS, D.D., Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1894 and 1895.

1. In this volume Dr. Briggs returns to his study of the Messianic Ideal, after having been interrupted by entanglement in some not very profitable controversies. It carries on the theme of the work he published nine years ago on *Messianic Prophecy*, in which the development of the Messianic idea was traced through the Old Testament. Here the same idea is followed through the slight literature remaining from the five post-Exilic centuries, and through the Gospels. The method of investigation adopted by Dr. Briggs has some advantages, but is inartistic and cumbrous. He examines in detail the passages of Christ's teaching that can be supposed to have any bearing upon his subject, taking each Gospel by itself in the order in which he considers them to have been written. Thereby he secures an opportunity for expounding at length many difficult paragraphs; and his expositions, though not always commanding the assent of the reader, are suggestive and stimulating. Parts, for instance, of the Saviour's conversation with Nicodemus are interpreted in a way that attracts attention and provokes thought, even if the result proves to be a little confused. But in a work of this kind it is a serious defect when the treatment of separate passages is so prolonged and elaborate that the main thread of the argument is constantly in danger of being lost. Had the book been designed for experts, much more minuteness would have been necessary in the discussion of the technical and critical positions that are almost taken for granted, and indexes of topics and of texts would hardly have been omitted. As it is, the reader is interested in the author's digressions, and in following the processes of his thought, but not always able easily to keep the end in view or to see clearly how it is to be reached.

In a brief chapter at the close, Dr. Briggs restates under eleven heads the Messianic predictions of the Old Testament, as summed up in his first volume. His conclusions are that in the earthly life of Jesus the majority of these predictions were fulfilled only in part, whilst others had no fulfilment until after His enthronement. "Only a single one of them, the suffering prophet, was entirely fulfilled." The great mass of the Messianic ideals were, however, "taken up by Jesus into His predictive prophecy and projected into the future." The doctrine of the Messiah was therefore incomplete until the Apostles had delivered their teaching; and Dr. Briggs's examination of the latter has been awaited with anticipation. He describes the final volume as a sequel to the present one, and both as sequels to the first; and he is "assured that he has caught glimpses of the Christ of the throne and of the Second Advent, which he did not learn from his theological teachers, or from the writings of his predecessors or contemporaries." Such an assurance from an acute and able theologian, a practised writer, courageous and reverent, is attractive; and there are few students of theology who will not be ready to welcome a work which redeems, even if only in part, so acceptable a promise.

2. This final volume comes to hand just in time for our notice. It aims at setting forth the special aspects of the Messiah presented respectively by the writers of the Epistles and the Apocalypse. Its most characteristic feature is the view which it embodies of the Apocalypse. The author has embraced what is known as the documentary hypothesis. He regards the Apocalypse as an editorial amalgamation of three distinct Revelations, published in its present form at the close of the first or the beginning of the second century after Christ. The first of these Revelations or Apocalypses was founded on the Seals and the Trumpets and the Bowls, the part relating to the Seals having included matter scattered now through chapters i. 4–6, iv. to vi., viii. 1, xi. 15–18, xiv. 1–5, vii. 9–17, xxii. 21; that relating to the Trumpets through i. 7–8, vii. 1–8, viii. 2, ix., x., 1 and 3–7, xi. 14–15, xi. 19, xiv. 6–7, xiv. 14–20, xxi. 6–8, xxii. 10–15; and that relating to the Bowls through xv.–xvii., xix. 1–8, xxi. 9–15, xxi. 16–17, xxi. 22–27, xxii. 1–2 (xix. 9–10), xxii. 6–9. The second consisted of the Epistles in i.–iii., of xxi. 5–7, and xxii. 16–17. The third Apocalypse was founded on the Beasts and the Dragon, as indicated in passages contained in chapters x. 1–11, in xi. 1–13, in chapters xiii., xviii., and parts of xiv. and xix., with xii. 18; and in chapters xii. 1–17, xx., and certain verses in xxi. and xxii. The final edition combined all these into one series as we now have them, the editor of the whole having added chapters i. 1–3 and xxii. 18, 20. Dr. Briggs thinks John the Apostle may have been the author throughout and also the final editor, although as to the last point he does not speak with confidence. Having thus cut up the Apocalypse, Dr. Briggs gives, in addition to chapters on the Messiah respectively of the various Apostolic writings, six chapters on the Messiah respectively of the Apocalypses of the Beasts, the Dragon, the Trumpets, the Seals, the

Bowls, and the Epistles. Dr. Briggs has of recent years become a well-known theologian; this volume will add to his fame.

The Sceptics of the Old Testament. By E. J. DILLON. London: Isbister & Co. 1895.

The greater part of the contents of this book has already appeared in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Dillon has published what he calls a "translation of the restored text" of the books of Job and Ecclesiastes, and accompanied it by essays to illustrate his work. The "restored text" is simply a reproduction of Professor Bickell's conjectures and attempts to construct a "primitive" text according to arbitrary rules of criticism, the adoption of which would tear to pieces any ancient classic. Bickell's speculations concerning Hebrew metre are interesting, and his opinions upon the relation between the Hebrew text and the LXX. version deserve consideration, whatever be thought of his bold conjecture concerning the transposition of leaves in the text of *Koheleth*. But it is quite out of place to assume that these theories are virtually proved, and discuss the meaning of the fragment of Job which this particular critic leaves to us, as if it were indeed the poem in its original form. Mr. Dillon's description of the "sceptics" whose scepticism is provable only from a hypothetical book with a hypothetical text, is therefore not impressive or particularly valuable. It affords a specimen of what criticism of a particular type would do for the Bible if it were allowed to have its own way. The book is well printed and very attractively got up, but, as a contribution to Old Testament exegesis, it is one-sided, and unlikely to impress careful students of the subject.

Religious Doubt. By Rev. J. W. DIGGLE, M.A., Hon. Canon of Liverpool. London: Longmans. 1895.

The title of this book is awkward, and in many respects its arrangement and phraseology might be greatly improved. The author apparently has a theory of punctuation of his own, his use of colons and semicolons is tiresome, and sometimes irritating. The chapters are long, and the arguments often cumbrously expressed, defects which are especially to be deprecated in an apologist, who should, above all things, be clear and speak directly to the point.

But these are comparatively trifling flaws in what should prove a very useful book. Canon Diggle is in many respects excellently qualified for his task. He is fair and candid; he is neither hard upon the doubter nor lax concerning the faith; he has thought long and carefully over his subject, and provides an amount of apologetic material which will be found most useful by many. In these days of "doubt, alarm, surprise," such a volume as the present will be found equally valuable by those who are themselves tempted by sceptical

suggestions, and those who seek to guide and help others. Amongst the few good books on the subject which have appeared lately, Canon Diggle's work, in spite of some surface defects, should undoubtedly take an honourable place.

1. *The Sweet Singer of Israel: Selected Psalms illustrative of David's Character and History.* With Metrical Paraphrases. By BENJAMIN GREGORY, D.D. C. H. Kelly. *2s. 6d.*
2. *The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges: The Book of Psalms.* With Introduction and Notes. By A. J. KIRKPATRICK, D.D. Books II. and III. Psalms xlii.–lxxxix. Cambridge University Press. 1895. *3s. 6d.*
3. *The Psalter, with a Concordance and other Auxiliary Matter.* John Murray. *3s. 6d.*

1. Dr. Gregory's volume is a valuable addition to the series of "Books for Bible Students." In his *Praises of Israel*, Professor Davison has furnished one of the best handbooks to the Psalms that we possess. The present volume is more limited in range, but the author lingers over details, and brings out the meaning of every phrase and word in a way that preachers and teachers will find stimulating and helpful. No Methodist writer has such a mastery of the "Decorated" style as Dr. Gregory, and this book is a notable specimen of his work. The Psalms selected are the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, and eighteenth. Each section is headed by a vigorous translation and followed by a metrical version which shows true poetic taste and feeling. The exposition brings out every shade of meaning. The Psalmist's religious life with its manifold applications to the present day has never perhaps been more vividly brought out. "David's piety was daily piety. It was not a robe reserved for rare and great occasions, or for Sabbath services, folded scrupulously and consigned to some scented wardrobe, for fear the gloss should be rubbed off in the roughness of business life. It was not a Temple *suit*, but his *everyday* habiliment. His worship-dress was his working-dress; and thus, and thus only, could it come to pass that his work was worship." The critic's notes are often acute and suggestive, but it is the wealth of illustration and the freshness and vividness of treatment which specially impress a reader of this book. The excursus on "Old Testament faith in the future life" ought not to be overlooked. It handles a great subject in a style so bright and vigorous that it will make an impression where many a dryasdust volume would be unable to secure a reading.

2. We have been eagerly expecting the second volume of the Cam-

bridge Bible on the Psalms. The work has fallen into wise and skilful hands. Professor Kirkpatrick is master of the whole subject, and he knows how to give interest even to technical discussions of the minutiæ of Hebrew scholarship. He deals judiciously with the difficult problems presented by the authorship and titles of the Psalms. He does not commit himself to the views of the extreme critics, but gives all the material on which judgment must be based, and sums up the case in a way that invites confidence. The discussions of the position, names, numbering, and divisions of the Psalter will be very helpful to young students. The note on "Selah" is admirable. And at every point we see what a wealth of conscientious scholarship has been lavished on this work. The sections on "The Messianic Hope" and "On some points in the Theology of the Psalms" will be studied with special interest. The notes on the various Psalms aim to give the exact rendering and meaning of each passage. An intelligent student will know how to prize these valuable guides. Every teacher and preacher ought to have this volume in constant use.

3. Mr. Gladstone seeks by this little volume to promote the special and separate use of the Psalter as a book of private devotion. In the section on the Psalms in his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* he speaks of the inner sanctuary provided by the Mosaic system for the most capable human souls. There was cultivated the strong spiritual life "which appears to have developed itself pre-eminently in the depth, richness, tenderness and comprehensiveness of the Psalms. To the work they have here accomplished there is no parallel upon earth." The Psalter is the only book of private devotion at our command which we "are authorised directly to associate with Divine Inspiration." God has specially sealed and stamped it for use throughout all ages. Mr. Gladstone uses as his text the Prayer-book Version, and has added a body of "Auxiliary Matter," which includes a brief descriptive title for each Psalm; a table of special subjects which constitute "the staple sustenance of the Divine life"; a set of extracts applicable for separate use; a list of Psalms appropriated to special days; and four or five pages of alternative readings with one or two notes. These make us regret that Mr. Gladstone has not been able to enlarge this part of his work. The Concordance which Mr. Gladstone prepared nearly half a century ago has been lying by him ever since. It will be of no small value to those who use the book.

The Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch. By the Rev. William Spiers, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Many Bible students will be glad to have a book like this, which deals so thoroughly with all the questions raised by the Higher Criticism as to the Pentateuch. Mr. Spiers upholds the "orthodox" position with much acumen, and has spared no pains to present the whole

case against Dr. Driver and those who hold his views. His position is very much the same as that taken by Dr. Ellicott in his *Christus Comprobator*, though he has not compressed his matter so skilfully as the bishop. That is perhaps an advantage for those who will study this book. Every phase of the question is thoroughly discussed, and the treatment will be very reassuring and helpful to many readers. Chapter xx., which deals with "Alleged errors and discrepancies in the Pentateuch," is a good illustration of the merits of this painstaking book. It is another welcome addition to the "Books for Bible Students."

Isaiah One and His Book One. By Principal DOUGLAS. London: Nisbet & Co. 1895. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Douglas is a very high authority on Old Testament Scripture. For many years he was Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow, and now for some years he has been Principal of the same College. For nearly fourteen years he was a member of the Company of Revisers for the Translation of the Old Testament.

He appears as a defender of the cardinal ideas of the old orthodox expositors of Isaiah as against the arguments and assumptions of our modern subjective criticism. He takes Canon Driver as the leading representative of the modern school of "believing critics" who have accepted the subjective arguments which Dr. Douglas refuses to accept. "No critical writer," he says, "is more easily accessible to English readers or is more likely to give them a clear and good statement of the case from his side of it. And I know of none among his fellow-workers who has shown more ability and learning. And I am less in danger of going too far, or of saying anything which I ought not, when I am discussing the statement of an old and valued friend, to differ from whom is always a matter of deep regret to me." It is in the fine spirit of this paragraph—it is with perfect Christian courtesy and charity—that Principal Douglas does his work throughout this volume. For calm intrepidity of faith, for thoroughness of dealing, for unostentatious learning, for clearness of statement, all combined, this volume occupies a pre-eminent position in the pending controversy on the oracles of the great prophet. There can be no need for us to commend it to the attention of our readers, especially to such as have been most troubled and unsettled by current criticism.

The Lord's Supper. Aids to its Intelligent and Devout Observance. By W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1895.

Methodist ministers have often felt the need of such a book as this. It not only suggests topics on which they may enlarge in their own

addresses or sermons, but it supplies a manual which may be put into the hands of leaders, teachers of select classes, and all who wish to enter devoutly and intelligently into the most sacred and most helpful of all means of grace. Dr. Davison treats the subject in a reverent and suggestive way that cannot fail to be really profitable. Everything that savours of controversy has been kept within the narrowest limits, and has been approached in a truly Christian temper. Those who use this manual will find that they are quietly fortified against sacramental theories by a clear and full exposition of the subject. The institution of the Lord's Supper; Christ's teaching concerning spiritual food; the Lord's Supper in the early Church; the nature and purpose of the service; Communion as a privilege and a duty; before Communion; during Communion; and after Communion, are the titles of the chapters. Every side of the subject is dealt with, so as to bring out the true purpose of the Lord's Supper, and to reveal new beauty and meaning in the form of service. The admirable counsels as to personal preparation for the sacrament must bear good fruit. The book has been prepared at the special request of the Wesleyan Book Committee, and it is all that such a manual ought to be.

1. *The Song of Solomon and the Lamentations of Jeremiah.* By WALTER F. ADENEY, M.A.

2. *The Book of Ezekiel* (Expositor's Bible). By the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, M.A.

London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895. *7s. 6d.* each.

1. We have nothing but commendation to give to this volume of the Expositor's Bible. Mr. Adeney is here at his best. Scholarship, good taste, learning, the gifts of exposition, illustration, and suitable application, a chaste and graceful style, and Christian orthodoxy, are all combined. The problem of the Song is well stated and judiciously dealt with. The book of Lamentations is regarded as the work of a friend and disciple of Jeremiah.

2. The volume answers to the author's intention to make it "a fairly adequate guide" to one of the most difficult of the prophetic books. Ezekiel is little read and less understood. Mr. Skinner has done all that can be done by careful, laborious study to clear up the obscurity hanging over the subject. While using writers of the critical school like Smend and Cornill, not to speak of Robertson Smith, Driver, and Davidson, he always keeps an independent judgment. He is pre-eminently sober, cautious, and learned. Some readers may perhaps desiderate a little more imagination. But, on the whole, the work is a solid and useful addition to a successful series. The writer seems to accept some of the critical conclusions regarding the date of the later portion of the book as coming midway between the Book of

Deuteronomy and the Priestly Code. The work should be read along with Dr. Davidson's Introduction to his commentary in the Cambridge Bible series, or, rather, along with that commentary.

The Bishop Paddock Lectures, 1894. *The Permanent Value of the Book of Genesis as an Integral Part of the Christian Revelation.* By C. W. E. Body, M.A., D.C.L., Professor of Old Testament Literature in the General Theological Seminary, New York. London: Longmans. 1894. 5*s.*

These lectures are learned, modest, moderate, and sensible. The spirit of the volume is excellent and the tone throughout orthodox.

Lectures on Preaching. Delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge. By W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Church Work. Its Means and Methods. By the Right Rev. J. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester. 3*s.* 6*d.*

London: Macmillan & Co.

The Bishop of Ripon delivered these lectures a year ago, and has published them in deference to the wish of those who heard them. They are little more, he says, than the shorthand writer's report, but all preachers, especially all young preachers, will find them full of wise and helpful counsels. The first lecture, on "The Preacher Himself," calls attention to the deep and real influence of personality, which makes such a difference between one preacher and another. We are not sure that this is not the part of the book which will prove most timely and useful. It is followed by a valuable lecture on "The Training of the Preacher." The necessity of self-culture and the need of being "Wider than One's Calling" are enforced in a way that one cannot forget. The other lectures deal with the sermon and its structure, with the preacher and his age, and the aim of the preacher. Dr. Carpenter knows how to put his points, and to illustrate them in a way that compels attention. His book is one of the most judicious and instructive manuals on preaching that we have, and it cannot fail to delight and stimulate every one who studies it.

The Bishop of Manchester has been visiting all the parishes in his diocese. He has seen with his own eyes the state of each church, school, mission room, and parochial institution. Wherever it was possible, he has addressed the children and the workers of the parish, and has faithfully pointed out to his clergy whatever he thought might

be improved in their parochial machinery. The addresses, given after this exhaustive survey, cover all points of Church organisation, and deal with topics of great doctrinal and social importance. No one book can adequately cover such a stretch of ground, and these addresses are sometimes rather disappointingly bald and meagre; but after this deduction has been made, we pity the minister who does not gain from this volume a larger conception of his office and does not resolve to make a better use of his opportunities of serving Christ and His Church. Dr. Moorhouse is one of the wisest, most catholic-spirited, and most widely awake of our bishops, and he has done eminent service by the publication of these judicious and searching addresses.

Analytical Concordance to the Bible on an entirely New Plan. By ROBERT YOUNG, LL.D. Sixth Edition. Revised throughout. To which is added an important Supplement, specially prepared for this work, entitled *A Sketch of Recent Explorations in Bible Lands.* By Rev. THOMAS NICOL, D.D. Edinburgh: G. A. Young & Co. Cloth, 22*s.*; half-morocco, 32*s.*

This is one of the works which give a new conception of what industry really means. Every word in the Bible is arranged in alphabetical order, but that is not all. The Hebrew and Greek originals are given, so that an English reader need not make any mistake as to the true parallel passages which he wishes to find. Under the word "able," for instance, the texts are arranged in five groups, and the exact meaning and pronunciation of the five Hebrew and Greek words thus translated are given in each case. This at once lifts Young's Concordance above all others as a guide to the study of Scripture. There are about 311,000 references, and the various readings of the Greek New Testament, amounting to about 30,000, are all noted. Proper names, with their literal meaning, are included, and a skilfully condensed sketch of each Bible character is prefixed. Dr. Nicol's sketch of "Recent Exploration" is a valuable addition to the Concordance. It deals with the monuments, and with all the links between the history of Israel and that of other nations in a style so clear and popular that it will be largely read. Fac-similes of Bible MSS., a complete Scripture Atlas, a Hebrew-English and a Greek-English lexicon, notes on the idiomatic use of Hebrew and Greek tenses, an index to the Hebrew and Greek lexicons put into Roman letters, and some valuable illustrations of the Pentateuch drawn from the classics give completeness to this wonderful volume of 1106 pages with three columns on a page. Such a Concordance will be one of the most precious books that any Bible student can put upon his shelves.

The Cup of Cold Water, and Other Sermons. By the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, Lewisham. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1894. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Jones takes high rank as a poet-preacher. He has the quick sympathy, the seeing eye, the power to illustrate a subject from personal travel and observation, and from all the incidents of daily life which give such freshness and charm to pulpit utterances. He is a thinker who has wrestled with doubt and risen above the clouds into the full assurance of faith. So far as this volume enables us to judge, Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and Frederick Robertson's *Sermons* fairly represent his theology. "I remember," he says, "when every truth in this Gospel to me was broken up into utter confusion; everything seemed to have disappeared in a cloud of books and criticisms and new theories. I could not descry one clear line. But I have come out into a sure faith—God, love, an atonement which is a glory to God and a joy to me, a hope so universal that I say sometimes that God will not fail to bring one soul home; in any case, that love will win a triumph which will make God the absolute victor. God is not going to be baffled." The attraction of these sermons lies in their exquisite diction, their tenderness, their wide and healthy outlook. Even those who do not feel able to accept the theological teaching of the book will delight in its tributes to prayer, its exquisite unfolding of the love of God, its loyalty to Christ and the Cross. Art supplies many illustrations and mountain scenery naturally lends a charm to many utterances of the Welsh preacher, who for nearly a quarter of a century, so far as his working year is concerned, has had to content himself with glimpses of Shooter's Hill, as seen from his study-window at Lewisham. Many of Mr. Jones's most effective illustrations are drawn from his books. He has looked out on all the world as he sat down with poets and philosophers and historians of all schools and all ages, and every line of these sermons bears witness to the delight which he has found in those hours of careful and select reading. Not less impressive are the revelations of himself, his early joy in the great Welsh preachers, his youthful dogmatisms, his fierce fights with doubt, his settled trust and peace. The inner life of the man whom his brethren have honoured by electing him to the chair of the Congregational Union lies before us like an open book.

The Home-Altar: Daily Prayers arranged for a month for use in Christian Families. By the Rev. John Bell. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1894.

This handy volume contains a series of brief family prayers for the mornings and the evenings of twenty-eight days, together with some prayers for children, and a few for special seasons and experiences. The prayers are simple, reverent, evangelical, carefully phrased,

and neither too formal nor too free. They are framed under the convictions that God is the real Lord of human life, and that converse may be had with Him in all man's varying moods of penitence, of aspiration, and of need. The language is unaffected, the spirit manly and assured. They are admirably adapted for use at the family altar, when for any reason the head of the household is unable or indisposed to lead its daily devotion in words of his own.

1. *The Lord's Prayer.* By the Rev. GEORGE MILLIGAN, B.D., Minister of Caputh, Perthshire. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1*s.* 6*d.*
2. *Scripture Truths Made Simple.* By the Rev. J. ROBINSON GREGORY. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*
3. *Children's Sermons.* By NATHANIEL WISEMAN. Dickinson.

1. These village sermons ought to have a wide circulation. Mr. Milligan has preached them in his own pulpit, and hopes that they will be useful to those who are unable to attend public worship regularly. For their convenience appropriate passages of Scripture have been suggested, and a short prayer added at the end of each sermon. The discourses are models of clear exposition, chaste style, and suggestive thought. They deal judiciously with the problems of interpretation which the Lord's Prayer presents, and all who wish to study the Model Prayer more closely will find them singularly helpful.

2. Mr. Gregory has shown what a trained theologian may do to bring profound Bible truth within the comprehension even of little children. We have been much struck with the wonderful clearness of thought and style shown in this volume. The illustrations are well chosen and are admirably suited to arrest a child's attention and bring home the significance of the truths under review. Such a book as this ought to be in every mother's hands, and ought to be widely used by Sunday-school teachers. The volume is neatly got up, and has some capital woodcuts to brighten its pages.

3. Mr. Wiseman's Sermons for Children are full of good counsels and are lavishly illustrated with all manner of anecdotes. His book will be of considerable value to those who wish to glean facts and stories for their own talks to children.

The Best of Both Worlds; a Book for Young Men. By THOMAS BINNEY. London: Edward Knight. 1895. 1*s.* 6*d.*

This cheap edition of Thomas Binney's classic ought to be widely distributed among young men. The title has been slightly altered, so as to avoid the exceptions taken to it in its original form, a few sen-

tences have been removed which were now out of date, and the pages have been broken up into more modern and inviting form. The book, with its high standard of Christian living, cannot fail to act as a moral and spiritual tonic on the mind of every young man who reads it.

What is the Gospel? sent us from *Home Words* publishing office, is a series of answers to this great question which many will be glad to study. It is briefly written, full of saving truth, and is both suggestive and practical.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. Lectures delivered at Oxford, Easter Terms, 1893–94. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. London: Longmans. 1895. 6*s*.

This new edition of Mr. Froude's lectures ought to have a warm welcome. The subject is one that never fails to attract Englishmen, and in Mr. Froude's hands the adventures of Hawkins and Drake and the defeat of the Spanish Armada lose none of their fascination. The beginning of our naval greatness must be sought in Reformation times. It grew directly out of the new despised Protestantism. "Matthew Parker and Bishop Jewel, the judicious Hooker himself, excellent men as they were, would have written and preached to small purpose without Sir Francis Drake's cannon to play an accompaniment to their teaching. And again, Drake's cannon would not have roared so loudly and so widely without seamen already trained in heart and hand to work his ships and level his artillery." Down to the time of the Invincible Armada the sea sovereignty belonged to the Spaniards, who had fairly won that proud position!

"The subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles V. and Philip II., were extraordinary men, and accomplished extraordinary things. They stretched the limits of the known world; they conquered Mexico and Peru; they planted their colonies over the South American continent; they took possession of the great West Indian islands, and with so firm a grasp that Cuba at least will never lose the mark of the hand which seized it. They built their cities as if for eternity. They spread to the Indian Ocean, and gave their monarch's name to the *Philippines*. All this they accomplished in half a century, and, as it were, they did it with a single hand; with the other they were fighting Moors and Turks, and protecting the coast of the Mediterranean from the corsairs of Tunis and Constantinople. They had risen on the crest

of the wave, and with their proud *Non sufficit orbis* were looking for new worlds to conquer, at a time when the bark of the English water-dogs had scarcely been heard beyond their own fishing grounds, and the largest merchant vessel sailing from the port of London was scarcely bigger than a modern coasting collier. And yet within the space of a single ordinary life these insignificant islanders had struck the sceptre from the Spaniard's grasp and placed the ocean crown on the brow of their own sovereign."

Mr. Froude describes the voyages of John Hawkins, and puts some of his best word-painting into the lectures on Sir Francis Drake and his times. He thinks that the day is coming when Englishmen will see more clearly than they do at present what the Reformation really was and what they owe to it. "These sea-captains of Elizabeth will then form the subject of a great English national epic as grand as the Odyssey." When that time comes the poet may be content to borrow some of his finest phrases from these masterly lectures. Mr. Froude describes Raleigh as the most romantically interesting of all the famous Elizabethans. "His splendid and varied gifts, his chequered fortunes, and his cruel end, will embalm his memory in English history." The study of the Armada brings out the heroism of the conquered Spaniards as we have not seen it brought out before. Never, on sea or land, Mr. Froude says, did they show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day of disaster. From the first they could do nothing. Their great galleons were as much inferior to the English ships as modern sailing vessels are to steamers. Our ships had twice the speed, and could lie two points nearer to the wind than their huge adversaries. "Sweeping round them at cable's length, crowding them in one upon the other, yet never once giving them a chance to grapple, they hurled in their cataracts of round shot." The Duke of Medina Sidonia had protested his unfitness for the command of the Armada, but Philip would not listen to any refusal. The Spanish grandee, who had never been in action on sea or land, found himself suddenly in the midst of the most furious engagement recorded in the history of the world. The course of the great struggle is described as only a master like Mr. Froude could describe it. Between twenty and thirty of the galleons were wrecked on the Irish coast. "Something like eight thousand half-drowned wretches struggled on shore alive. Many were gentlemen, richly dressed, with velvet coats, gold chains and rings. The common sailors and soldiers had been paid their wages before they started, and each had a bag of ducats lashed to his waist when he landed through the surf. The wild Irish of the coast, tempted by the booty, knocked unknown numbers of them on the head with their battle-axes, or stripped them naked and left them to die of the cold. On one long sand strip in Sligo an English officer counted eleven hundred bodies, and he heard that there were as many more a few miles distant." Mr. Froude has left us no volume more instructive or more profoundly interesting than this record of our great Elizabethan sailors, and the feats by which they established the naval sovereignty of England.

A History of the Councils of the Church from the Original Documents. By the Right Rev. CHARLES JOSEPH HEFELE, D.D., late Bishop of Rottenburg, formerly Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. Volume IV., A.D. 451 to A.D. 680. Translated from the German and edited by WILLIAM R. CLARK, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895. 12*s.*

Students of ecclesiastical history find that their interest diminishes considerably after they pass the Great Council of Chalcedon. There is none of the vivid historic interest that such a gathering as Nicæa presents, and the matters involved are of minor theological importance, yet a careful worker will find that he may reap a rich harvest in these somewhat unpromising fields. We grow familiar with points of clerical etiquette; we see the way in which the morals of priests are to be guarded and every occasion of suspicion or scandal removed. The Synod of Angers in 453 will furnish an illustration. Its twelve canons deal almost entirely with such points as these: Deacons must honour priests; every act of violence and maiming of the members is forbidden; clerics must avoid familiarity with strange women, and if unmarried must have only sisters, aunts, or mothers for attendants; no one may be a priest or deacon save one who has been only married once and with a virgin. When we turn to the Irish Synods held by St. Patrick we meet similar regulations. "A monk and a virgin must not lodge in the same house, nor travel in the same carriage, nor have much conversation with each other." "Whoever becomes negligent in the recitation of the Psalms and allows his hair to grow shall be excommunicated." The Synodal letter of the African bishops banished to Sardinia in 523 is a singularly interesting discussion of grace and free-will; the fifteen anathemas against Origen also represent theological opinion, but the main interest of the volume is to be found in its glimpses of clerical life and of the life of nuns and monks.

The controversy of the "Three Chapters" is perhaps the most important matter contained in this volume. The Emperor Justinian drew up an edict in which he formulated anathemas against the writings of Theodore of Mopsuestia, Theodoret, and Ibas. These were known as three chapters, and round them a violent controversy arose. The whole story of this struggle and the proceedings of the Fifth Œcumenical Synod held at Constantinople in 553 may be studied here in detail. Returning to lighter topics, we find the Synod of Macon in 585 issues a canon forbidding bishops to keep dogs, lest the poor who sought refuge at the episcopal residence should be bitten. If a female body is not yet decomposed, another male corpse must not be laid in the grave. The Provincial Synod of Braga orders: "It must no longer happen that milk should be used at the Holy Sacrifice instead of wine, or that a vine should be offered, and its grapes given

round. Nor shall the holy bread be dipped in the wine, for the Bible speaks (at the institution of the Eucharist) of the bread and wine as separate. In the cup the wine must be mixed with water." We have only given a faint notion of the wealth of details illustrating the religious life of the fifth and two following centuries which is to be found in this volume. We hope the reception given to it will encourage the translator to publish the final volume of Dr. Hefele's history.

Colin Campbell—Lord Clyde. By ARCHIBALD FORBES. London: Macmillan & Co. *2s. 6d.*

Of English "Men of Action" few have been known in history more vigorous, able, or successful than Colin Campbell. He was a mere soldier till, near the end of his life, victory and military promotion brought to him the responsibilities of administration. He was hard at work as a soldier in subordinate posts, and destitute of money or family influence, till he was almost an old man. He had no advantages of education or social position. Yet he won his way to the highest military appointment in the empire, and at every stage in his career he was not only brave, intrepid, and, whenever there was need for it, a man of daring and dashing courage, but showed himself possessed of capacity for every position, however great the peril or responsibility. He was a modest, unpretending hero, a brother soldier to the men he led, of the plainest and homeliest style consistent with propriety—not only when he was a subaltern, but when he had become a leader of the highest rank. Of conventional aristocratic temper or pretensions there was never the least trace in his soldierly spirit, though he was a great and masterful commander.

Archibald Forbes has given us a vivid and most interesting account of a noble British commander, who, by inborn vigour of character, by hard work in the practice and study of his profession, by a diligent use of every opportunity for self-improvement, by capacity, integrity, and unremitting application, maintained through life, rose, without patronage or any adventitious aid, to the greatest position in the army, was the military saviour of British India, and the foremost soldier of the Empire.

Studies of Men. By GEORGE W. SMALLEY. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Mr. Smalley is the well-known correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who for so many years past has supplied America with its best information as to English public men and public affairs. He has now accepted the post of New York Correspondent of the *Times*, and may be expected from this time to do for English students of American affairs what he has so long done for American students of English

affairs—keep them really well and truly informed as to the country about which he has undertaken to act as correspondent. In view of this fact, it is interesting to read in this volume what he wrote for the *Tribune* as to Mr. Walter and the *Times*, on occasion of the death of the late chief proprietor and supreme manager of the great English paper. He has left to England as his legacy, in parting with us after so long a sojourn in our country, the *Studies of Men*. They make up a singularly interesting volume, consisting of character-sketches which, as a whole, are very remarkable indeed—able, discriminating, vivid, concise, and thoroughly well informed. It is evident throughout that this American, "taking notes" in our midst, has mixed with our best society, and often gives us first-hand knowledge, always information from good sources. He writes, besides Mr. Walter, and among others, of Lord Granville, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Parnell, the late Duke of Devonshire, the German Emperor, Bismarck, Tennyson, Spurgeon, Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Professor Tyndall, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Cardinal Newman, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Froude. Of Gladstone we have no study, probably because, as we discover, Mr. Smalley has, since 1885, greatly modified his view of his character and influence.

TWO SCOTCH WORTHIES.

1. *Life and Letters of John Cairns, D.D., LL.D.* By Alexander R. MacEwen, D.D. 14*s*.
2. *Reminiscences of Andrew A. Bonar, D.D.* Edited by his daughter, Marjory Bonar. 6*s*.

London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895.

1. On the day after Dr. Cairns's death a distinguished opponent of his views on disestablishment referred to him publicly as "the best loved of all Scottish ministers." No one who reads this biography will fail to understand the secret of his influence and popularity. He was a man of commanding powers. "Massive" is the only word which will describe his intellectual gifts, but his heart was as large as his intellect, and a truer pastor even Scotland never produced. The description of his life among his people at Berwick, with his care for the young and the sick, his visits to his parishioners in the town and in the outlying farms, will be an inspiration to every true minister. Cairns was the son of a Scotch shepherd, so that he had to carve his own path to scholarship and position. But though he was self-made, he was one of the most modest and unassuming of men. As a life-long friend said, he was "a man of thought and labour and love of God, who had one defect which endeared him to them all—that he was the only man who did not know what a rare and noble man he was." The record of his thirty years in Berwick

does infinite honour to Cairns and his people. He lived two lives in those days. What he was as a pastor and preacher this biography shows, but it shows also that he was a profound thinker and an unwearied student, who was steeped in German philosophy and theology at a time when such studies were almost universally neglected in this country. We are inclined to think that Dr. Cairns stayed too long at Berwick. He was made for a university professor, and ought to have taken the chair of Sir William Hamilton, whose favourite pupil he had been. But though we think that Cairns ought to have accepted the call to Edinburgh, his refusal to leave Berwick until late in life was a splendid tribute to the pastorate. His last fifteen years, spent as Professor and Principal of the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, were years of growing power and influence. Dr. MacEwen traces the career of Dr. Cairns from stage to stage in a way that will prove most instructive and helpful to all students of Scotch Presbyterianism. His readers soon catch his enthusiasm for his subject, and are carried on step by step with deepening interest. We hope that a popular edition of this biography may be prepared in due course. The book as it now stands is very nearly perfect from an ecclesiastical student's point of view, but it is not adapted to secure a wide circulation among general readers, and John Cairns is one of the men whose name ought to become a household word in every Scotch manse and in every Protestant parsonage.

2. Andrew Bonar was a man of a different stamp from Cairns, but he was both a saint and a scholar, whilst his biography of Robert M'Cheyne has been one of the most blessed books of the century. Some lovely glimpses of M'Cheyne are given in this volume. Bonar's old servant said that when he came to stay at her master's manse and conducted family prayers, "It was as if he could never gi'e ower, he had sae muckle to ask. Ye would hae thocht the very walls would speak again." The arrangement of this book is not very satisfactory, but the volume is full of things which will help every devout reader. Few men have more truly lived in prayer than Andrew Bonar. He was not a great preacher, but his own deep and rich experience gave force and power to all his words. He had a passion for souls, and was continually seeking opportunities of usefulness. Many incidents in this volume will encourage Christian workers. They will find it both refreshing and stimulating throughout.

James Talbert, Dundee. Recollections of his Saintly Life and Patient Sufferings. By J. C. SMITH. With Introductory Note by Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON. Dundee: J. P. Mathew & Co. 1895.

James Talbert fell from a tree when he was a young man, and for sixty years was confined to his bed, a helpless sufferer. But, as Mr. Macpherson says, his prison was a palace. Faith, patience, serenity,

and cheerfulness illuminated his chamber of suffering, and made him a blessing to many. This is a touching record of sanctified sorrow. It is the very book to brighten an invalid's room.

TWO BOOKS ON MADAGASCAR.

1. *Madagascar of To-day.* A Sketch of the Island, with Chapters on its Past History and Present Prospects. By the Rev. W. E. COUSINS, Missionary of the London Missionary Society since 1862. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1895.
2. *Les Droits de la France sur Madagascar.* By GASTON ROUTIER. Paris: Librairie H. Le Soudier. 1895.

1. Long residence in Madagascar has made Mr. Cousins well acquainted with the island, its recent history, and the manners and capabilities of its people. In this little book he describes the country, its progress in civilisation from the time of the first Hova sovereign, and the events that have led up to the crisis in which it is now involved. Several chapters relate to various phases of missionary work in the island, and an admirable account is given of the efforts to procure for the people an idiomatic version of the Scriptures in their own tongue. Mr. Cousins was himself the chairman of the Revision Committee of 1873, and continued at the work until it was completed in 1887. No one is better fitted than he to tell the wonderful story, or to help a reader to form a sound opinion as to the present policy of the island and of its assailants. He writes rapidly, but with compactness and vigour; earnestly, but without exaggeration. The book is well printed, well illustrated, attractively finished, and will enable any one to read with intelligence news that will probably be reaching this country at intervals for some months to come.

2. The leading characteristic of M. Routier's book is the eagerness of its defence of the claims of France to the protectorate of the island, and of the vigorous steps lately taken by France to secure the recognition of those claims. The second part contains some interesting notes on the climate and resources of the country. They are probably correct in substance, though confidence is a little shaken by the statement that "the English Methodists have built four large churches and a college in Tananarivo, and have made a start with a cathedral." But the great, and perhaps the only, value of the book is that in the first part it gives in a handy form the texts of the more important treaties between France and the Hovas, and reproduces from the *Journal Officiel* the speeches in the Chamber of Deputies of some of the Ministers, with the discussions that followed. The whole

is of course introduced by an expansive preface, in which England is in turn charged with perfidy and invited to join France in "the great work of civilisation." But if a reader pass this over, he will be able to make use for himself of the facts and documents that M. Routier has gathered, and to compute with comparative ease the strength and the weakness of the claims of France to Madagascar.

The Great Dominion. Studies of Canada. By GEORGE R. PARKIN, M.A., Hon. LL.D. Univ. New Brunswick. London: Macmillan. 1895.

The greater part of the matter contained in this most valuable and seasonable handy volume on Canada appeared during the past year in a series of letters to the *Times*. Mr. Parkin was already known as the author of a volume on Imperial Federation, which at once achieved a high reputation. His letters in the leading journal were read with keen interest on both sides of the Atlantic, and were accepted throughout Canada as fair statements, although they distinctly pointed out the drawbacks and limitations of the country as well as its advantages. In a volume of 250 pages it would have been impossible to give anything like a complete and exhaustive view of so vast a dominion as that of Canada; but these studies touch upon the most significant conditions of Canadian life, the most important of the problems which confront residents and settlers, and those external relations which have the greatest general interest. The volume is furnished with good maps, and gives in a cheap and convenient form the very information which an intending emigrant, or an interested capitalist, needs especially to know—information closely "up to date."

A Vagabond in Spain. By C. BOGUE LUFFMAN. London: John Murray. 1895. 6*s*.

Mr. Luffman's chronicle of his 1500 miles of solitary tramping in Spain is so vivid and so entertaining that it cannot fail to win a wide circle of readers. He was warned on all hands that he could not fail to receive his quietus at the hands of some of the murderous brigands believed to exist in wild Spain; yet he passed through the country alone and unarmed, without a single interruption or insult. He suffered much in his first night at Renteria from the vermin of the lodging house, but this salutary warning was not lost upon him, and he fared better afterwards, though he had another sharp experience later on. Mr. Luffman has an eye for the picturesque, and his method of travel took him off the track of ordinary tourists, so that his book is one of the best descriptions of Spanish life among the lower classes that we possess. Mr. Luffman has a poor opinion of the Spaniard's religion. In a wine shop by the roadside he found a woman teaching a child to say prayers and to count its beads. "Every now and then she stopped

and swore in a most revolting manner at a girl who was patching a donkey's pannier. Yet she could afford to look on me with quite a saintly expression as her lips muttered the Litany. These people are not conscious hypocrites. They are too disgustingly ignorant to know what hypocrisy means." He witnessed a bull-fight in Madrid and says: "It is no wonder that in a land where religion teaches nothing better than self-love, and delights in the display of horrors, bull-fighting should have a wondrous charm for its people." The terrible cruelty of the sport seemed to add a fresh charm to it, and thousands of women looked on the horrible spectacle with complete unconcern. We recommend every one to secure this entertaining and instructive record.

BELLES LETTRES.

Latin Poetry. Lectures delivered in 1893 in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. Y. TYRRELL, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Professor Tyrrell is reputed to be the best living Latin scholar. The authorities of the recently founded but richly endowed Baltimore University have, since the creation of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in 1890–91 obtained the services, year by year, as lecturers, of very distinguished scholars—of Mr. E. C. Stedman in 1891, who lectured on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry"; of Professor Jebb in 1892, on "The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry"; and in 1893, of Professor Tyrrell. The subject dealt with by Professor Tyrrell is one on which for years past he has been closely engaged. Readers of the *Quarterly Review* will recognise in the present volume many passages which have appeared, during recent years, in that great literary organ. Other passages, or, at least, the substance of them, will be remembered by readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The volume gives a comprehensive sketch of Latin poetry from its earliest beginnings to the end of its silver age, and deals at considerable length with the greatest names in the succession. Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal are, of course, the chief; but secondary lights, such as Persius, Lucan, Martial, and Claudian are not forgotten. Many more, indeed, are touched and characterised than we can name. Of Ovid, indeed, very little is said; but there was little special to say of that facile writer of elegant descriptive verse, whose poetry is always slight and has little strength

or high merit to redeem its pagan sensuality. One of the features of the volume is the comparatively high position assigned to Cicero as a poet.

The volume will be very welcome to young students. It is throughout interesting and instructive. In another edition the text should be carefully revised. The misprints, especially in the valuable appendix, are numerous and annoying. In an early part of the volume, also, the Professor attributes the phrase, "beauty of holiness," to St. Paul. This instance of carelessness must not, however, be taken as characteristic of the writer. Saving some errors of press chiefly, as we have intimated, in the appendix, the volume is as exact in its learning and in its references as it is interesting and comprehensive in its critical exposition and review.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. By WALTER BESANT. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

Mr. Besant's latest book belongs to what one might describe as the millionaire series. On his death-bed John Calvert reveals the secret of his birth to his only son, a fine young doctor of twenty-seven. He had run away from home to escape the infamy of his parentage, and had gained a good position as a civil engineer. His father, the son of a notorious Westminster miser, had amassed a fortune of twelve millions sterling by keeping a dreadful gambling house and an infamous dancing crib. Then he had become the fashionable London money-lender, scrupulously exact in observing all conditions of his contracts, but as hard as flint. The old man lived to be ninety-four, and then died a few weeks after his grandson, the young doctor, had learned about his parentage. No will could be found. Dr. Lucian Calvert was therefore heir to all the millions. He was drawn by a sort of fascination to the place where the money-lender died. He took the house, brought thither his young wife, and fastened up his brass-plate. Margaret refused to touch the fortune gathered by infamy, but the doctor could not resist the temptation to claim it, though he kept silent for a long time. The way in which the dead ancestors looked down from their picture frames and appeared to the young wife, who had come into the unholy succession, is almost "uncanny," but it is very powerful. Before Dr. Calvert sent in his claim, the Burley descendants begin to appear. Their quest of fortune acted like an evil spell on one and all. They found themselves confronted by family skeletons which darkened all the present and future. The lovely daughters of the New Zealand Premier discovered that their grandfather was a forger and a convict. The New Zealand girl learned that her grandfather ran away with his master's wife and lived in sin. The nightmare resting on the doctor spoilt his peace of mind, stopped his scientific research, and hindered his hospital work. At last his wife left him because he determined to claim the accursed fortune. He did claim it, and his claim is fully allowed by the Treasury. At this

juncture an old will was discovered by which the money-lender had disinherited his son and left everything he possessed to found and endow a college of science. This had been Lucien Calvert's own dream, by which he justified himself in his resolve to claim the money; but it is evident that when the millions were within his grasp the spirit of the miser and money-lender began to creep over him. Now at last he awoke. The bonfire of the family portraits and records showed that he had divorced himself utterly from the past. Margaret returned and all the claimants began to pick up the threads of their former life and occupations as though an evil spirit had departed out of them. The curse which the hope of fortune may bring is very powerfully painted. Margaret is really the only person who retains her equilibrium. She is a very fine character, and so is the New Zealand Premier, whose attempt to get a family tree in order to hide from his daughters their true descent enables Mr. Besant to pour contempt on all such genealogical follies. The old pauper who has found the House a paradise after her life-long fight with hungeris a striking study.

Castle Rackrent and *The Absentee.* By MARIA EDGEWORTH. Illustrated by Chris. Hammond. With an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Type and get-up, illustrations and publishers' name are here combined to present Miss Edgeworth's masterpieces to the reading public of England and America in such form and style as may secure for them the attention and vogue which they so well merit. *Castle Rackrent* is not a novel but a succession of pictures of Irish family life and conditions in the old rackrent and absentee time, the vehicle of presentation being the *Memoirs* written by an old family retainer who had witnessed the growing ruin of the family through successive generations. The perfect naturalness, the exquisite truth of phrase and of feeling, the inimitable Irish reality, of those letters representing the Ireland of a hundred years ago or more—make this fictitious and yet truthful history a classic for all generations.

The Absentee is an admirable novel, on the whole, perhaps, Miss Edgeworth's best. It depicts Ireland as it was eighty or ninety years ago. Of Miss Edgeworth and her writings we have lately had occasion, more than once, to give our views in this journal. Here we content ourselves with directing attention to the present issue of two of her best books. We could wish, however, that Mrs. Ritchie, in her too slight introduction, had done more serious justice to her subject as a critic.

From Messrs. Blackie we have received several volumes of their wonderfully cheap and deservedly popular School and Home Library. *The Cruise of the Midge*, by the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, is a splendid sea story of our grandfather's time. The lives of *Drake and*

Cavendish, in one volume, come as part of the series of "Lives and Voyages of Famous Navigators." These are grand old favourites, and their attraction ought to be perennial. Washington Irving's *Conquest of Granada* occupies two volumes in this Library. Captain Marryat's *Settlers in Canada*, written for young people, is given in one volume. Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales for Young People* makes one volume. The price of each volume is one shilling and fourpence.

The Laird and his Friends. A Story of the Younger Day. London: Skeffington & Son.

Name this Child. A Story of Two. By WILFRID HUGH CHESSON. London: T. F. Unwin. 6*s*.

The Laird and his Friends is a really good Scotch story. The writer needs a little more *abandon*, and might do well to remove a few somewhat stilted phrases; but his book will give real pleasure to its readers. The two young ladies of the story are fine characters. The laird with his passion for orthodoxy makes a vigorous study; whilst the friends Henry Allen and Norman Herbert hold one's interest firmly right through the tale. Henry Allen falls a victim to the ferment in the religious thought of Scotland. He had begun his career as a minister with wonderful promise, but is put out of the Kirk for what are considered to be heterodox opinions. The loss of position tells upon his character, and he shows lamentable weakness in the hour of temptation. The wreck of his career and of Francis Herbert's happiness is the saddest side of the book, and we scarcely think it is true to life.

Name this Child is a discussion of the problems of existence carried on in a flippant style that irritates and disgusts a sensible reader. We have not found the book either pleasant or profitable.

The Chinaman in his Own Stories. By THOMAS G. SELBY. London: C. H. Kelly. 1895. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Selby seeks to give English readers a glance into the mind and heart of the Chinese through their national stories. The plot of a Chinese story is slender, but there is a perceptible salt of humour and a keen power of description. Courtship and marriage do not lend delights to Chinese fiction. The ingenuities of providential retribution supply the chief plot, and when family harmony is perfected we reach the climax of the tale. Readers of this book will certainly find themselves in a new world. The customs and modes of thought, the ways of taking revenge, the ideals and ambitions of the Chinaman are brought vividly before the eyes of a European. Mr. Selby's translation is beautifully done, and we hope his book will have a wide circulation. It is in every way most entertaining and instructive.

Poems of Robert Southey. Chosen and Arranged by EDWARD DOWDEN. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895. *2s. 6d.*

Men of education and taste will heartily welcome this volume of the "Golden Treasury" series. The fine critic who has edited the volume and enriched it with an admirable Introduction has, in an earlier volume, said of Southey's poetical work that, "judged by the highest standards, it takes a midmost place." It "deepens the channel in which our best habitual emotions flow; it presents high ideals of character and conduct; it worthily celebrates heroic action; it is the output of a large and vigorous mind, amply stored with knowledge; its breath of life is the moral ardour of a nature strong and generous, and therefore it can never cease to be of worth." Scattered through Southey's long poems there are many fine passages. In this volume, selections are given from *Thalaba the Destroyer*, from *The Curse of Kehama*, from *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, the finest of his poems, and the only one which can be said to have attained popularity, one indeed of staple merit and enduring interest; and from *Madoc*, a poem which contains more fine passages, perhaps, than any of the others except *Roderick*. His best ballads and short poems also are here, including many that have always been favourites and are likely still to be treasured and quoted.

A Monk's Love and other Poems. By J. D. HOSKEN, Ealing.

Most of the poems in this collection evince true poetical feeling and some of them exhibit poetical power. Amongst the best we should rank the title-poem and "Francesca di Rimini." In another vein the "Complaint of Common Sense" and the poem in blank verse, "Ahasuerus," cannot be so highly commended. No reader can question the taste and skill displayed by the writer, and some of his lines are full of fire and glow. The Cornish picture in "Gunwalloe Church" is excellent of its kind.

The Religious Tract Society sends us *Tears in Heaven and other Verses*, by Jonathan Lees. Mr. Lees has been an agent of the London Missionary Society in China since 1861. Mr. Lovett, the Editor, tells us that his religious lyrics have long been known to the writer's friends, but he has never published them in book form till now. His aim is to deepen the devotional spirit, strengthen the faith, and quicken the missionary zeal of all who may read his book. The title is unfortunate, and the opening piece from which it is borrowed is an odd misreading of Revelation vii. 17. But there are some good verses in the collection which are full of missionary zeal and fervour. We cannot, however, allow that Mr. Lees is a poet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chief Ancient Philosophies — Platonism. By THOMAS B. STRONG. M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. *Neo-Platonism.* By C. BIGG, D.D., Christ Church, Oxford. London: S.P.C.K. 1895.

The great Society which publishes these volumes, and to which Christianity throughout the world owes so much for its work and influence during two centuries, has added not a little to our obligations to it by the publication of these two half-a-crown volumes. They are, of course, elegantly got up in perfect taste, without any finery. That is pleasant to the scholar who loves his library and delights in the neatness and propriety of the volumes he handles and arranges. But the main point is that the contents are scholarly, clear, and very instructive. It is true that Mr. Strong does not attempt to compare, expound, and harmonise all that Plato teaches in various dialogues as ideas and the world to which they belong. To attempt such a work as that is far beyond the possibilities of a writer limited for space as he was, and is also beyond the range of a student in the elementary stage. It involves controversies which have never yet been brought near to a clear solution; and complex subtleties which only a born transcendentalist, or one who conceives himself to be such, could undertake to expound. This manual "merely aims at displaying as simply as may be the salient features of the philosophy, and is intended to make as small a demand as possible upon technical knowledge of philosophical language and history." With the necessary limitations, as thus stated, we have in this volume a clear and instructive view, excellently written and set forth, of Plato's Life and Times—with the needful statements and explanations as to Socrates and the Sophists—Plato's Doctrine of Being, his Doctrine of Nature and Man, his Doctrine of Ethics, and his Doctrine of Politics. The views of the older philosophers are succinctly indicated, and of course some account is given of the *Apology* and of all the Dialogues.

It is the very book for the intelligent student who is not able to make a specialty of the study of ancient philosophy. Dr. Bigg's volume—it is noteworthy that the authors of both these manuals are of *Christ Church*—is larger than Mr. Strong's, and embraces, of necessity, a very wide range of history and speculation, covering, in fact, the whole period of philosophical thought from the later Stoics to the period when the last struggles of Greek philosophy were overpast, owing, in part, to the overflow of the Northern conquerors, and, in part, to the final establishment of the Christian Church, with its hierarchy and its dogmatics. Of Dr. Bigg's special competency for the work he has done, there is no need for us to speak. Probably he is the

most competent writer who could have taken the work in hand. He deals with Stoicism, his necessary point of departure; the Pythagoreans, the later Platonists of Rome, Plutarch, Celsus, the Neo-Platonists along the whole length of the line and in all their varieties, Hellenism, the Gnostics and Apologists, the Alexandrines, the World of Sense and the Intelligible World, the Neo-Platonist Doctrine of God and of Man and as to Immortality, the Ethics of the School, Beauty, Vision, Proclus, Plotinus, Porphyry, Jamblichus and Julian, the School of Athens, and the later influence of Platonism on the Church:—all these subjects are included in the review which the learned and able writer gives of Neo-Platonism. The volume admirably supplies a need which has long been felt, and will be helpful to riper scholars as well as to young ministers and other intelligent inquirers into ancient thought and the confines of thought, especially, between an awakening ethnic philosophy struggling out of darkness and an enlarging Christian philosophy striving to comprehend the errors against which it was called to contend.

The Essentials of Logic. **Being Ten Lectures on Judgment and Inference. By BERNARD BOSANQUET. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895. 3s.**

Mr. Bosanquet has set himself to express in condensed and popular form the views expressed in his two valuable volumes on logic. His lectures were delivered under the freer conditions of the University Extension System, and we are not surprised to learn that the lecturer's attempt to get to the heart of his subject was "appreciated by the students, and was rewarded with a serious attention which would not have been commanded by the trivialities of formal logic, although more entertaining and less abstruse." Mr. Bosanquet has a very happy gift of illustration, which makes it a pleasure to follow his argument, and gives freshness even to familiar topics. No one will read this book without feeling that he has gained a firmer grasp of the principles of logic, and that it has become a more attractive science than any elementary lessons on formal logic could make it. Mr. Bosanquet does not fail to point out that philosophy can tell us no new facts, and can make no discoveries. "All that it can tell you is the significant connection of what you already know. And if you know little or nothing, philosophy has little or nothing to tell you. . . . . By all means read good logical books; but also and more especially read good and thorough systematic books on science or history or politics or fine art. I do not mean on all of these subjects, but on some, wherever your interest leads you. You cannot learn the nature of inference, of systematic necessity, of the construction of reality, by reading logic exclusively; you must feel it and possess it by working in the world of concrete knowledge." Mr. Bosanquet's book ought to be in the hands of every one who wishes to think clearly.

Logic and other Nonsense. By J. D. McCrossan. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895. 5*s.*

The dialogue form of this book and its tentative style inevitably suggest comparison with one of the greatest works of antiquity; but these are the only points of likeness. Mr. McCrossan is not Plato. The dialogue especially requires a logical mind like Plato's, or Anselm's, or Berkeley's for its management, and while the present work contains plenty of nonsense it has little or no logic. The conclusion it points to is universal scepticism. Certainty even as to the existence of the outer world is questioned, individual consciousness is the only fact admitted, and the writer would no doubt quibble about "fact." "Sapiens," who seems to represent the writer, says, "I think the fact of consciousness will stand less questioning than most other so-called facts." Amicus says to Sapiens, "You can say more and mean less than any other sage of my acquaintance." The dialogue form is probably chosen because Amicus thinks that "conversation lends a charm to speculation of which solitary meditation is barren." Emerson and Meredith are the two heroes of the book. Why the book was written or published will puzzle every one who reads it.

Progressive Morality. An Essay in Ethics. By Thomas Fowler, D.D., LL.D., F.S.A., President of Corpus Christi College, and formerly Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford. Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895. 3*s.*

We noticed this work in its first edition, and we welcome this second and improved edition. Dr. Fowler has made valuable contributions and suggestions towards the construction of a definite philosophy of morality, regarded independently of religious faith. Notwithstanding an occasional infelicity of expression, sometimes a little surprising in a master of logic as well as of philosophy, Dr. Fowler has added a standard work to our list of ethical manuals.

THREE MISSIONARY VOLUMES.

We group together three recent Missionary volumes, two published by Hodder and Stoughton, and one by the Religious Tract Society. *Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides*, by Mrs. Paton, the wife of the famous missionary, and edited by her brother-in-law, Rev. James Paton (price 6*s.*), cannot fail to attract attention at once and will be found to hold it. The experiences of a bright and brave missionary's wife, the mother of babes and bairns, in such a mission as that of Dr. Paton, as described in her familiar letters, have a freshness, a vividness, a pathos, which the writer's bright humour at once relieves and heightens, such as could scarcely be found elsewhere. The *Chronicles of Uganda*,

by the Rev. R. P. Ashe, M.A., who returned (in 1891) to his former scene of labour, is a book full of fresh interest and new perils and adventures, and must be regarded as a necessary book by all who aim at keeping up their acquaintance with the history of missions, explorations, and opportunities for new advances alike of trade and Christian civilisation in Eastern Africa. Mr. Ashe is a witness of high Christian character and excellently qualified to keep English Christians posted up as to the facts of mission enterprise. Both these volumes are capitally illustrated. (Hodder & Stoughton.) *Pioneer Life and Work in New Guinea*, by the Rev. James Chalmers, is a volume of profound interest and altogether fresh information. The terrible negroid cannibals have, many of them, been converted and made true consistent Christians mainly through the labours of converted Polynesian islanders from the Missions of the London Missionary and the Wesleyan Methodist Societies, under the guidance and inspiration of British or Colonial missionaries, amongst whom the heroic James Chalmers ranks as chief. Nothing but the Gospel of Christ could have civilised these strong and fierce savages. Through the Gospel they have been converted and made Christian men and women. The contrast between what they were all and what many now are is amazing, and stands revealed even in their aspect and expression. This volume also is capitally illustrated. Two books, now for some time out of print, are incorporated in this volume—viz., *Work and Adventures in New Guinea* and *Pioneering in New Guinea*. The new portions consist of various visits and adventures of Mr. Chalmers during the last nine years. (Religious Tract Society.)

Bird Notes. By the late JANE MARY HAYWARD. Edited by EMMA HUBBARD. With fifteen Illustrations from drawings by G. E. Lodge, and Frontispiece. London: Longmans and Co. 1895. 6*s*.

Miss Hayward was a lady of many gifts who had intended to devote her life to painting. Ill-health frustrated her plans, but her brush was not neglected, and she was often very successful in her portraits. In 1853 she had no less than six pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy. One of her best portraits is that of F. D. Maurice, now in the National Portrait Gallery. She was a good Italian scholar, knew German, studied Greek, and laid herself and her gifts constantly at the service of her friends. Her cares and anxieties were so largely for others that she once said, "All my storms now are on other people's seas." Mrs. Hubbard asked her, many years ago, to gather together the notes which she had made about the birds that frequented her garden at Sidmouth; but she always doubted whether they would prove sufficiently interesting to attract any wider circle than that of her personal friends. We are glad that these sympathetic studies of bird life have not been lost. They were jotted down when some sight or sound was vividly present to Miss Hayward's mind, and her artistic training

made her a singularly expert observer. For many years she provided a morning meal for the birds at her window, and gained no little delight from the practice. She says: "One of the first things that I learnt was the great resemblance between birds and children, and the discovery has been of great use in dealing with them. No doubt we are all of a piece; their little wills and ways are the result of balanced instincts, the same instincts and as nicely balanced as those of babies. A little more hunger, a little less fear; a little less hunger, a little more fear; up and down goes the balance with unerring regularity, modified only by the state of the weather and the different characters of the different species of birds. The action of a blue tit spreading its wings over a nice little heap of crumbs that it wishes to keep all to itself, scolding all the while at any other bird that attempts to approach, is so like that of a covetous and angry child spreading its little fat arms over its toys, that one can but laugh at it. One ought perhaps rather to sigh than to laugh to find so many unpleasant human qualities in such pretty little things; but I love my birds and laugh at them. *My* birds—I do not exactly know what right I have to call them *my* birds; my property in them is slight, if any. But I do not wish for more. I would not have a bird in a cage for the world; it would be a perpetual torture to me until I let it out. I do not even wish to tame them; I have a dread of their becoming too tame, lest it should make them careless of danger." This extract may show the spirit in which these notes are written. Miss Hayward's book ought to have a place besides Mrs. Brightwen's in the library of every lover of birds. The sketches are full of delicate observation prompted by keen sympathy with nature and bird life. They are gracefully written and give many glimpses into the ways of birds which it would not be easy to find elsewhere. Messrs. Longmans have got up the book in a very attractive style, and Mr. Lodge has added some excellent illustrations.

Bunyan Characters. Lectures delivered in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1895. *2s. 6d.*

Dr. Whyte's new volume deals with the chief municipal and military figures in the *Holy War*. He has caught an enthusiasm for the book and points out with much force the abounding suggestion and support which Bunyan found in Holy Scripture for his allegory. His early experiences in the "Civil War had taught him many memorable things about the military art; memorable suggestive things that he afterwards put to the most splendid use in the siege, the capture and the subjugation of Man-Soul." We are somewhat surprised to find that Dr. Whyte regards *The Divine Comedy* as "beyond dispute the greatest book of *personal and experimental religion* the world has ever seen. The consuming intensity of its author's feelings about sin and holiness, the keenness and the bitterness of his remorse

and the vigour and the severity of his revenge, his superb intellect and his universal learning, all set ablaze by his splendid imagination—all that combines to make the *Divine Comedy* the unapproachable masterpiece it is." We have always regarded Dante as the poet of Hades rather than an authority on points of experimental religion. Dr. Whyte is our chief modern mystic, and those who will surrender themselves to his guidance will find many helps to thought and practical godliness. The book is full of suggestive passages. "Prayer," he says, "is really a very strange experience. There are things about prayer that no man has yet fully found out or told to any. For one thing, once well begun, it grows upon a man in a most extraordinary and unheard of way." In a later sketch he refers to William Law's habit of putting on his clothes every morning, piece by piece, with special prayer. He clothed himself with gratitude and humility and thus laid the foundation for a saintly life every day.

Handbook for Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Huntingdonshire. With Maps and Plans. London: John Murray. 1895.

The publication of this Handbook has been delayed by the death of the original editor. He had carefully prepared the greater portion of the notes on Bedfordshire, and these the present editor has revised and completed. The account of Hertfordshire has been compiled, as far as possible, from personal observation, and numerous references have been made to the valuable county histories by Chauncy, Clutterbuck, and Cussans. The *Handbook for London* includes most of the County of Middlesex, but places bordering on Hertfordshire, not included in that book, have been included here. Lord Grimthorpe's *Guide Book* to St. Albans has been laid under contribution. The editor has been fortunate to get access to numerous notes and materials collected by the late "Cuthbert Bede," who had gathered them together with a view to write a history of Huntingdonshire. The clergy and the residents in the counties have also rendered much valuable help, so that this Handbook is as complete and correct as it could be made. The Introductions supply facts as to the general character and statistics, geology and botany, history, and antiquities of each county. Then the material is arranged in routes, with maps. Every detail of historic or antiquarian interest is set out so clearly that the tourist will find this Handbook indispensable. The first pages given to Hertfordshire deal with Waltham Cross and Abbey, Theobald's Park (built by William Cecil, whose youngest son exchanged it with James I. for Hatfield), with Cheshunt, Broxbourne, Haileybury College, and Hunsdon, once the seat of a royal mansion in the reign of Henry VIII. Those who do not know Hertfordshire well will be surprised at the wealth of interest in the county. Amwell is noted for its spring, originally called Emma's Well, one of the two which supply the New River. The other is Chadwell Spring, in the parish

of Little Amwell. On an island is a monument to the memory of Sir Hugh Myddleton, "who projected the scheme, and carried it out with the assistance of the Government, of bringing water to London." This is not good composition, but the details are interesting. On another stone are two verses by Scott, the Quaker poet of Amwell:

"Amwell, perpetual be thy stream,
Nor e'er thy spring be less,
Which thousands drink who never dream
Whence flows the boon they bless.

Too often thus ungrateful man,
Blind and unconscious lives,
Enjoys kind Heaven's indulgent plan,
Nor thinks of Him who gives."

Residents in North London ought to study the paragraphs about Totteridge, the old-world village where Baron Bunsen loved to seek country quiet, and where the Pepys family are buried. The writer does not refer to the fact that Sir Lucas Pepys, physician to George III., and well known to readers of Boswell, is buried here. The notices of Hadley, Barnet, North and South Mimms should not be overlooked. There is an excellent account of Hatfield House. Pepys was delighted with the gardens, which were such as he never saw in all his life. He had never seen flowers so fine nor gooseberries so big as those at Hatfield, which he compares to nutmegs. Panshanger, Earl Cowper's seat, is a "stucco-fronted, semi-castellated Gothic mansion of the Walpole-Wyatt type, most unsatisfactory when examined closely, but grandiose and picturesque when looked at in connection with its surroundings." A careful account is given of the Italian pictures, collected by the third Earl Cowper, who went to Florence as a young man in 1762, married and settled there; was created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and spent most of his later life in Florence. Special attention is given to St. Albans and its Cathedral. The Handbook will be a treasure to every one who wishes to visit Herts, Beds, and Hunts. It is got up with the care and skill which have made Murray's Handbooks justly famous.

God and the Ant. By COULSON KERNAHAN. London: Ward, Lock & Bowden. 1895. 1*s.*

This booklet, dedicated to Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the *Expositor* and *British Weekly*, is written in Mr. Kernahan's best style. The germ of it was supplied by a dream in which the writer seemed to see the end of the world and to hear God called to the bar of judgment that He might give account to His creatures for the wrongs He had done to men. After many voices had been raised in protest

against His government, a woman steps forth to vindicate eternal Providence. She asserts that God suffers some share of sin's consequences to fall on men in order to open their eyes and teach them to hate evil. He must not be expected to play the part of a juggler who conjures evil into good. Nor can any one truly say that the evil of their life was greater than the good. "For every tear that starts to the eyes, our lips have worn a thousand smiles. Love and friendship and little children, fields and flowers, sea and sky, sunshine and starlight, have made life glad and beautiful." The discipline of faith is well brought out, and the little apologue will strengthen trust in Divine Providence. It is a clever and timely protest against much present-day scepticism.

WESLEYAN BOOK-ROOM PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Wesleyan Methodist Temperance Manual.* A Handbook for Temperance Workers and Band of Hope Conductors. By Rev. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.S. With an additional chapter on the Control of the Liquor Traffic. By Rev. G. ARMSTRONG BENNETTS, B.A., Wesleyan Connexional Temperance Secretary. Illustrated by Portrait and Thirty-three Engravings.
2. *The Order and Form of Business transacted in Circuit Meetings and Superintendents' Handbook.* By JAMES E. HARGREAVES.
3. *The Young People's Hymnal.*

London: Charles H. Kelly. 1895.

1. Mr. Bennetts says, in the preface to this Manual, that when he entered on the office of Connexional temperance secretary he felt the need of a good Handbook for Bands of Hope and Temperance societies. The Wesleyan Temperance Committee urged him to prepare such a volume, but his constant travelling made it difficult to attempt this task, so that it was entrusted to the capable hands of the Rev. William Spiers. Mr. Bennetts has contributed a supplementary chapter on the control of the traffic. He shows that in very early days wise statesmen began to see the necessity of putting restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors. Edgar the Peaceable reduced the number of alehouses to one in each village, and had pegs put in the drinking-cups to mark how much any person might consume at a single draught. After this the trade was allowed to go on without much interference till the end of the fifteenth century. The first licensing law was passed in 1551–2. Parliament complained that "intolerable hurts and troubles to the commonwealth of this realm doth daily grow and

increase through such abuses and disorders as are had and used in common alehouses, or other houses, called 'tippling-houses.'" A law was enacted which has been the basis of English law on this question ever since. Mr. Bennetts refers to the firm stand taken by John Wesley against the intemperance of the last century. In 1773, during a period of great scarcity and terrible poverty, he suggests as a remedy for the distress the "prohibiting for ever, by making a full end of that bane of health, that destroyer of strength, of life, of virtue—distilling." The Beer Act of 1830 permitted any householder to sell beer on paying an excise fee of two guineas. Its effects were disastrous. The number of houses for the sale of intoxicants rose from 88,930 to 123,396. The consumption of spirits also went up with a bound. Mr. Bennetts refers to the Maine Laws, the compensation clauses of the Local Government Bill, and the Gothenburg and Bergen systems, in his instructive *resumé*. Mr. Spiers goes into the whole question of alcohol, supplying facts which temperance workers will find of great value. His scientific tastes have had free scope, and the subject is treated in a bright and effective style. The illustrations will add much to the value of one of the best temperance handbooks we have.

2. Mr. Hargreaves has long been recognised as an authority on points of Circuit and Conference business. He says in the preface to his useful manual, that when appointed Superintendent of the Dunstable Circuit, the responsibility of his position led him to correspond with the superintendents of some of the best Circuits as to the way in which they conducted their Circuit meetings. From their replies, showing that there were not two of them who adopted the same course, Mr. Hargreaves compiled an "Order and Form," which he has used ever since. The part referring to Local Preachers Meetings was afterwards published, and has had a hearty welcome. The present Manual covers the whole ground. It deals with Leaders Meetings, Local Preachers' Meetings, Quarterly Meetings, Special Circuit Meetings, Sunday Schools, Day Schools, Circuit Sunday School Union, Temperance, Trustees and Trustees' Meetings, Junior Society Classes, Minor District Synod, Regulations concerning Supplies and Students, and Connexional Funds. The information is clearly arranged with effective type, and every Methodist steward and leader, as well as every minister, will find the book of great service. It is brought well up to date, and even such a fact as the decision of Conference making the Governor of Richmond College a member of the College Chapel Leaders' Meeting is not overlooked. We hope that Mr. Hargreaves's painstaking work on this valuable manual will bear good fruit.

3. *The Young People's Hymnal* is intended for the use of children and young people in the public congregation, the school, and the family. A large proportion of the hymns are marked by the brightness, joy, hope, courage and earnestness which should characterise the faith and life of a young Christian; but the compilers of the collection have not forgotten that "boys and maidens have to prepare for the serious

business of life, its pressing duties, its vast privileges, its fierce temptations, its inevitable sorrows, and must soon learn that the world is rather a battlefield than a playground." The selection of hymns is happy, the arrangement good, and we hope that the Hymnal will have a wide circulation. It forms a kind of supplement to the hymn book used in Wesleyan Churches, and will be of great value in children's services and in Christian houses.

The Book of Joshua. Critical edition of the Hebrew Text. Printed in colours, exhibiting the composite structure of the book. With Notes by W. H. Bennett, M.A., Professor of Old Testament Languages and Literature, Hackney and New Colleges, London.

The Book of the Prophet Jeremiah. Critical edition of the Hebrew Text, arranged in chronological order. With Notes by C. H. Cornell, D.D., Professor in the University of Königsberg. English Translation of the Notes by C. Johnston, Ph.D., Associate in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. London: David Nutt. 1895.

These scholarly editions have just reached us, so that we have to insert a notice of them in this section. The text of Judges is most effectively printed in colours, and Mr. Bennett's notes will be prized by critical students. The notes on Jeremiah are naturally more full than those on Judges. They are enriched by the best results of critical learning, and are marked by good judgment as well as ripe scholarship. There is no edition of the Hebrew Bible to compare with this.

John Bull & Co. By MAX O'RELL. London: F. Warne & Co. 1894. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Max O'Rell has been round the world on a lecturing tour, and has brought home a stock of impressions and experiences which afford a fine opportunity for continuing his course of instruction to John Bull at home. It is not necessary to say that his book is pungent and audacious. The writer is quite able, in his own opinion, to sit in judgment on all things human; but there is a fund of good sense and a keen power of observation manifest in this spicy book which make it a lively companion. We pass rapidly through "the great colonial branches of the firm: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa" getting many a fresh view of life in other lands. The description of "China Town" in San Francisco, is one of the most lurid bits in the book. And the scathing exposure of the drinking

habits in some of the colonies will do good service. The book is marred at various points by its flippant and bitter tone. Here the real vulgarity of the man comes out in a way that tempts one to lay down the book in disgust.

Housing the People: An Example in Co-operation. By Sir HUGH GILZEAN REID, J.P. Paisley: A. Gardner.

This is a simple, readable sketch of the great co-operative movement which, since 1861, has provided homes for Edinburgh working men worth wellnigh half-a-million of money. The attempt to make every wage-earner his own landlord has brought out the best qualities of thrift, industry, and forethought in both men and women, and has given multitudes of honest working people the joy of a comfortable dwelling where the rent could not be increased and where the security of tenure led the inmates to raise the whole standard of domestic comfort. This little book ought to stir up a wholesome ambition in the mind of every artisan. We hope Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid's narrative will be very widely circulated.

State Trials. New Series, Vol. VI., 1842–8. Edited by JOHN E. P. WALLIS, M.A. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1894.

This volume contains full official reports of some great and important and some very curious State trials. Of Irish trials, here are "The Queen *v.* John Mitchel"—two trials—and "*v.* O'Brien and Meagher"—that O'Brien being William Smith O'Brien, M.P. Of Chartist trials we find the cases of Fussell, of Williams and Vernon, and of Ernest Jones. Again, of Irish trials for treason felony, there are the cases of O'Doherty and John Martin. All these took place in that *annus mirabilis* 1848. There is also in the same year the case of "The Queen against the Archbishop of Canterbury," as to the claim put forward by certain of the bishops to take a real and active part in the confirmation of the election of a bishop. Among the others are two curious cases relating to the rights and prerogatives of the Royal Court, in one case, of Jersey, and the other, of Guernsey, cases which have a direct bearing on certain questions recently raised as to the Home Rule of the same islands. These cases are sufficient to give an idea of the interest, historical and legal, of the present volume. Altogether the number of cases is twenty-five.

Paris during the Commune. By Rev. W. GIBSON. With a Character Sketch by his Wife. London: Methodist Book Room. 1895.

We bespeak for this small volume a large circulation. The letters written by Mr. Gibson from Paris during the fearful period of the

Commune are life-like, graphic, and full of fresh interest, though nearly twenty-five years have passed since they were written. The sketch of Mr. Gibson's character is not to be read by any devout and loving heart without profound sympathy and the keenest emotion. Besides what Mrs. Gibson herself testifies as to her husband and his life in simple, loving, touching words, the volume contains contributions from Dr. Rigg, one of his oldest friends, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, and the Rev. Mr. Gaskin, of Boulogne, whose sketch, for succinct fulness, and for felicity of expression, is perhaps the most impressive testimony here given. And yet, for touchingness and power, the daughter's witness to her father's character and life will probably be felt by all readers to be the most affecting tribute in this collection of artless, but heartfelt testimonies to one of the saintliest and most devoted servants of Christ and lovers of men the Methodist Church has ever known. He lived and died for France; but his nature was, in all relations of life, that of a loving and holy Christian.

The Students' English Dictionary. Blackie & Son. 1895. *7s. 6d.*

A truly magnificent new edition of the *Students' Dictionary* is before us. For combination of cheapness with completeness, and subsidiary advantages and merits, we know nothing to compare with this new edition of an old favourite. The extensive Appendices are a specially valuable feature—Literary Allusions, Lists of Authors, Foreign Phrases, and other such matters as a student might desire to know, but will not often find in a general English dictionary, are here provided.

Psychologie du Militaire Professionel. Par A. Hamon. Nottingham: 45 Portland Road.

This is a strong philippic against military life. The writer shows that the end of the profession is war, and all war necessarily involves violence in many forms. People are led to join the army in order to escape the cares of the struggle for existence or gain some social advantage. The training predisposes them to violence and to a scorn of human life and sorrow, whether physical or moral. The book is well written and its argument is enforced by many striking facts.

Good Reading about many Books and their Authors. London: T. F. Unwin. 1895. *1s.*

Mr. Unwin has hit upon a very ingenious way of advertising the books he publishes, and this little brochure, with its capital portraits and glimpses of many authors, will be welcomed by a wide circle of readers. Some of the notices are too thin to be of much value. They read like scraps culled from a preface, but others, like those by the Rev. E. J. Hardy and Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, are very interesting.

Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced. By W. H. P. PHYFE. London: Putnam's Sons. 1894. *2s. 6d.*

This is a new edition of a book which has reached a circulation of 26,000. A supplement of 1400 additional words has been added. It is so compact, so neatly arranged, and the pronunciations are so clearly indicated that the manual is bound to be popular; and though we should differ from Mr. Phyfe at one or two points, we have found him both careful and accurate. The notes are useful and the selection has been well made.

Popular Science. By JOHN GALL. With numerous Illustrations. *1s.*

Common Things and Useful Information. With numerous illustrations. *1s.*

London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1895.

These handbooks are intended to provide short summaries of facts and principles adapted for beginners and students who have to prepare object lessons. Everything is put into simple words so that young people will not be puzzled by technical terms, and the information is compactly and clearly given. The illustrations are excellent, the binding attractive, and it would be hard to find so much valuable matter put into such a small space in any similar manuals. The handbooks ought to be in every family book-case and every school library.

The Business of Life. A Book for Everyone. London: T. F. Unwin. *3s. 6d.*

This popular edition of *The Business of Life* will make a very attractive and welcome gift-book. Mr. Hardy has quite a genius for putting great practical truths in a way that compels eager attention. This book may not reach the enormous circulation of Mr. Hardy's *How to be Happy though Married*, but it will be a favourite wherever it goes.

Messrs. Nisbet have sent us a shilling book called *A Briton's Birthright*, by Andrew Simon Lamb, which appeals strongly to Protestant Churchmen to use their influence to prevent the growth of Ritualism. He thinks Disestablishment would make the evil more serious than it is, and gives many startling instances of the extreme lengths to which many of the clergy have gone. Many who do not accept the reasoning will be interested in this sturdy book.

A new edition of *My Class for Jesus* has been published by the Wesleyan Book Room. It ought to have a wide circulation, for it will promote true consecration to Sunday School work, and will encourage teachers to persevere in their work even when the fruit is slow to appear. Every teacher ought to have a copy of the book.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (April 1).—M. René Bazin's paper on "Spain" introduces us to Avila, Madrid, the Escorial and Toledo. He went from Salamanca one September day to visit Avila, the little city of Alba de Tormès, which was the cradle of the dukes of Alba and preserves the tomb of Saint Teresa. The old houses rise up in a disorderly way from the bank of the river dominated by a ruined tower, whilst the Carmelite convent looks out over a large green valley with a winding river along the banks of which herds of cattle are feeding. M. Bazin was greatly struck with the beauty of the situation and the resemblance between Avila and Assisi. The garrison church, with its knights in stone on the façade, and the walls surrounding the little city made a lasting impression on the visitor. Both Avila and Assisi are fortified, both have suffered heavily from the hand of time, both are perched on the rocks, both look out over green valleys surrounded by blue mountains. The Spanish hills are more deeply indented than those of Italy, and the valley has a colder aspect. The Spaniard gives his visitors a very different welcome from that which the Italian offers. The Italian anticipates your advances, the Spaniard replies politely to your advances, but does not take the initiative. M. Bazin refers to an old senator of ancient Venice who, despite his age, the heat of the weather, and a thousand duties, spent two whole days as his cicerone, and asked him on the eve of his departure whether he would not retain a pleasant memory of Venice. That thought repaid him for all his kindnesses. He was happy if the stranger spoke well of the hills of his native city, of its ancient monuments and its new buildings. The Spaniard is more reserved. His coldness is all on the surface—a mixture of souvenirs, of personal carelessness, and national pride. He has beautiful ways, he is simple, he is straightforward, and it is rare to find either an hidalgo or a man of the people lacking in courtesy. If you ask a question he will reply. If you beg him to do you some service he will not refuse, in a general way. But he will not make advances. Action costs him something; he suspects strangers, and thinks it unbecoming to attempt to please a mere passer-by. That is the most remarkable aspect of the Spanish temper. No people, perhaps, have a greater pride in their country. The Spaniard of to-day feels himself the legitimate descendant, and no way degenerated, of the Spaniards of the time of Charles the Fifth. It is necessary to reckon with that sentiment as you have to reckon with other susceptibilities. Their nobility does not need to be established, it speaks for itself, it is too great and too ancient to require the holder of such a patent to trouble himself about proofs. So much the worse for those who cannot see for themselves! The admiration of a stranger touches their hearts like a kind of homage, but they will not stoop to gain it by any artifice. The French spirit of mockery, the rooted and ridiculous habit which they have of comparing Paris with the least towns, of exalting French tastes, hats, railways, hotels, cookery, and making distasteful comparisons at every point, as though a Frenchman travelled in foreign countries simply to enjoy the pleasure of regretting his own home—this is the real thorn in the side of the Spaniard when he meets a Frenchman. Several Frenchmen living in Madrid told M. Bazin that there could hardly be a place where life was more simple, more easy, or surrounded with more true pleasure. Relations with others are there very cordial, and soon ripen into friendships if you understand the Spanish character and adopt Spanish usages along with the climate and the language. Under a somewhat blunt exterior these residents had found natures eminently generous and devoted. Family trouble called forth sympathy as deep and widespread as would have been shown in their own country. Different classes mix more

easily with each other than they do in France. The great show no haughtiness to the humble. All classes brush against one another, bow to each other, and fraternise pleasantly when they meet in the streets and promenades. That atmosphere of cordiality is not to be found in France. The streets and monuments of Madrid have probably never dazzled any one. They are lively, but they lack colour. M. Bazin has traversed the streets often, but can only remember two or three views that might be described as beautiful. One is the view from the terrace of the Palace Royal. A green valley opens out covered with gardens and parks, and descends by stages towards Manzanarès. Then it rises upon the other bank, and by a succession of groves and woods, goes to rejoin the mountains, which are rocky up to their very summit. The outlines of the scenery are very noble, the general colour is exceedingly curious. It helps one to understand the paintings of Velasquez, with their immense distances of sombre green bordering on blue without any sparkle. M. Bazin also was strangely drawn to the Rue de Alcalàs seen from the Place de la Independencia at the close of the day. It is a wide street fringed with palaces. In the evening one side lies in shadow, the other is lighted up by the setting sun. The street is one of the most lively in Madrid. Tramways run along it towards the chief resorts of the city, and its cafés are among the most popular in Madrid. Frenchmen are familiar with the man out-of-work. Madrid offers another type—the employé without office. At each change of Government the staff of officials is changed. The Minister has quite a retinue who rise or fall along with him. The smallest posts are now exempt from this uncertainty of tenure, but there are twenty thousand men on the streets of Madrid who have lost position through political changes. M. Bazin's paper is full of pleasant details which will do much to promote a better understanding of Spanish life.

(April 15).—Madame Bentzon's papers on the "Condition of Women in the United States" deal with two great women's movements—the Temperance League and the Suffrage. Nothing hurts the American more than the French habit of regarding America as a country where money and machines are the only monuments of an activity purely material, and where the millionaire stands for the upper classes. The wife of a Chicago professor said that after some months in Paris she almost began to consider America's prosperity as a disgrace. She held that in America the fundamental activity was not the struggle for wealth, but that side by side with this there was another form of activity which aimed at directing and expanding the acquired resources of the country, so that they might help forward those higher and more lasting ends which ought to form the base of a true democracy. Madame Bentzon is not altogether able to endorse the sentiment of her Chicago friend, for her experience in the great cities of America has shown her that many things are in flagrant opposition to it. If the nobler ideas triumph it will be largely through the efforts of the women of America. When Frances Willard began her crusade against "drunkenness, the terrible American drunkenness," no one could have foreseen that States would resolve to close liquor shops, that houses would be opened for the cure of inebriates, and scientific instruction in temperance given in the schools. At first the movement appeared extravagant. American ladies had not spoken in public, and those who ventured into the bars and saloons were not always the most distinguished or the most prudent. Their methods resembled those of the Salvation Army, and they drew upon themselves the name of *Shriekers*. They would not admit any compromise. Those who were unfortunate enough to argue that temperance was not abstinence were set down as traitors. All the sects are fanatical at first, Madame Bentzon says. Little by little the Shriekers gave place to those who practised the art of exhortation with calmness and moderation. Mrs. Mary Hunt, a professor of chemistry in an Eastern college, was led to study the effects of alcohol on the human system. Her investigations filled her with apprehension as to the future of a nation which consumed so scandalous a quantity of strong drink. She succeeded in getting a temperance manual introduced into the public schools. A meeting of the Women's Christian

Temperance Union was held in 1878. Mrs. Hunt was the President of the Committee. Boston headed the crusade. Clergy, professors, philanthropists and medical men threw themselves into the movement. Books for people of all ages, from a Child's Health Primer to Steele's *Hygienic Physiology*, were published, and in 1882 the State of Vermont promulgated an obligatory temperance law, which required that children should be taught the effect of alcoholic drinks, of narcotics and stimulants on the public health. Other States quickly followed the example. The article dwells on the position of the American woman. As a girl she has precedence in everything. She is a queen with a liberty which queens do not always possess. She marries at her own pleasure, and if she prefers to take another road all careers are open to her, and in all she is surrounded by general consideration—at the theatre as everywhere else. The literary women of the States are marked by an entire absence of pretension. They are so numerous that pretentiousness would be impossible. Every one believes herself authorised to touch on all topics, and thinks she has something worth saying quite independent of any well matured judgment. In France there are two classes of women—the serious and the futile—but in America, where the serious are more serious and the futile more futile, there is a third group composed of women who occupy themselves in a futile way with serious things, deciding at full speed questions which require the attentive consideration of a lifetime. Whilst struggling for the vote American ladies busy themselves with politics. Their end in voting seems to be to gain proof of their real equality with the men. *Kate Field's Washington*, the woman's journal, does not forget toilets, parties, receptions, and all the matters of interest to ladies, but it also contains brilliant articles on general questions. Kate Field is not ignorant of what passes in the outer world. She knows the little Parisian anecdotes. Indiscreet and aggressive, she penetrates to the Senate, to Congress, brings out a scandal when occasion presents itself, puts questions in a familiar way to Uncle Sam upon foreign affairs, applauds all the individual efforts of women without advocating systematically all their pretensions. With all her frank speech Kate Field does not lack good sense, as she showed in her encounter with Mormonism. Curiosity drew her to Salt Lake City. She wished to visit a place where people reported to be clever men of business permitted the eccentricity of polygamy. The visit, which was meant to last only a few weeks, prolonged itself into a stay of a year. The mixed society of saints, gentiles, and apostates deeply interested her. At first she was deceived by the prosperity of the country, and fancied that families were bound together by pure devotion —several women combining to make the happiness of one man, who assured the poor creatures of the Paradise which they were not able to gain themselves. Little by little, through her own observation and the confidences she received, Kate Field discovered the miseries, the disgusts, the infamies of those reputed Christian harems which were founded on the odious law that if a woman refused to give other wives to her husband he had the right to take them without her consent, whilst she would be destroyed for having failed in obedience. The cry of indignation which she raised made her as many enemies as she had had friends among the Mormons, but Kate Field stood firm. She held a series of conferences in different cities, and did not scruple to tell the whole truth about the Latter Day Saints. She even ventured to denounce them in Salt Lake City itself.

(May 1).—M. Bazin describes his visit to Lisbon, Cordova, Grenada and Gibraltar in this number. In Lisbon life seems almost an enchantment. It makes the people listless when a little more energy would lead them to wealth. The market is wonderfully picturesque. All the popular types may be seen there—heads yellow as cucumbers, others the colour of the soil, others rosy, others brown with great lips. The market is like a colonial bazaar. A negress with her hair rolled up in a silk handkerchief seemed more in harmony with her surroundings than she would have been in any other country of Europe. The voices of the people are harsh and nasal. Through the kindness of the French Minister, M. Bazin was able to see Lisbon, as it ought to be seen,

from various points of the opposite side of the Tagus. Lisbon covers the left bank, and seems an immense city. The houses, which are tolerably high, are closely grouped together, and rise up between the water and the sky. They are seldom white, but often red, blue, lilac, yellow, or even garnet-coloured. M. Bazin was received both by the King and Queen of Portugal. The King expressed his regret that Portugal was so little known to the outside world, and chatted pleasantly about his people and his country. The Court was at Cascaes, a little fishing village at the mouth of the Tagus, which has become a flourishing watering-place during the last few years. The Royal chateau is an old fort which has been transformed into a dwelling with more or less success. The Queen Amélie was in mourning, and wore simple gold bracelets on her left arm. She made M. Bazin sit down, and talked to him of France. She is young, tall, very pretty, with a delicious complexion, and eyes so good, so intelligent, so serious, that her visitor hardly ever remembered having met so charming a lady. She spoke tenderly of her father. "It was necessary that he should die before people could understand what a great man he was." The Palace at Cintra stands in a nest of verdure. The Court stays there from July to the middle of September, and then goes down to Cascaes, where it remains till the end of November. The house of Mr. Cook—the Marquis Monserrat—a pale mass of an Arab palace, is one of the wonders of Cintra. M. Bazin had the good fortune to find the owners at home, and received a courteous welcome to their lovely domain. The great Mosque of Cordova, the grandest and most complete of the Arab monuments in Spain, seems to cast a spell over the visitor. The old bridge across the Guadalquiver, which has battled for six centuries against wind and water, is superb. As to Gibraltar, he says that this corner of Spain resembles Spain so little, it has been so strongly modelled by its masters, that a stranger's first feeling is one of true admiration for the power which possesses such a trade mark. Memories and regrets may arise, one may wish, knowing what these mutilations have cost, that Gibraltar may some day re-enter the Spanish patrimony, but the impression which seizes you at first is that you have stepped into an English country. The Commandant, Sir Robert Biddulph, showed M. Bazin his garden, the only one in the place. From that garden, full of flowers, they saw the mountain of Gibraltar, its foot covered with verdure, its sides sloping so steeply that they were almost vertical. At the summit floated a little flag almost as small as those with which children play.

(May 15).—M. A. Proust, of the Academy of Medicine, writes about "The Pilgrimage to Mecca and the Propagation of Epidemics." He says that nothing contributes more to propagate epidemics than those great agglomerations and migrations of human beings which, under the form of pilgrimages, take place at stated times in certain countries. The pilgrimages of Arabia are the most dangerous, and that to Mecca holds an evil pre-eminence as the great cholera epidemics of 1865 and 1893 prove. To prevent those disastrous results France took the initiative in 1866 in an international sanitary conference, and last year she assembled in Paris the diplomatic and scientific representatives of different countries in order to devise measures by which the cholera might be prevented from penetrating to Mecca, or might be stamped out in case of its appearance. M. Proust describes the arrival of the pilgrims at Yeddah. The cleansing of that city is quite primitive. The rains are expected to do that work, and it only rains there once or twice a year. The ground is covered with rotten fruit, vegetable refuge, and rubbish of every kind. Dogs and goats, which are busy everywhere, are the only scavengers. The sanitary arrangements of the houses are scandalous, and the neighbouring cisterns soon get contaminated. In 1892 the streets and squares of Yeddah were strewn over with the sick and dead, and around the cisterns at the east of the city were hundreds of people attacked by cholera. The causes of insalubrity are thus multiplied, and the only hope of amelioration is in the spread of European sanitation at Yeddah. Everything conspires to render the pilgrimage a terrible danger to the health of the pilgrims. Under a burning sun, with a poor supply of water, the pilgrims arrive worn

out at Mecca, where they are shaved, their nails and moustaches cut. They are dressed in the costume of pilgrims, which protects the body and shoulders but leaves the head completely exposed. The article is one of the most instructive descriptions of the pilgrimage to Mecca that we have seen, and every one who has to deal with sanitary problems ought to study it carefully.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (March 15). — Ludovico Nocentini discusses the "Legends and Popular Stories of Corea." It was in 1876 that Corea broke through the solitude which had lasted for ages and had won it the name of the hermit state, but it had not the necessary resources to establish the Western institutions which Japan wished to introduce. During the writer's sojourn in Port Hamilton and Seul he noticed that the ancient aversion to strangers had ceased, not only among the people, but also among the great majority of the nobles. The new arrangements introduced were regarded with favour partly from ambitious motives, but more largely from the hope that they would secure the country a better future. The people, oppressed by the recent war and the rapacity of their nobles, did not seem able to raise their minds to any high ideals, and had not a popular literature of any value. In Corea, as in Japan, the Chinese literature was accepted by the cultivated people because of the efficacy and precision of the language, the variety of subjects, and the depth of its philosophic principles. Whilst the literary Japanese, though holding Chinese in honour as the learned language, exerted themselves to improve and supply the deficiencies of their own, the Coreans affected to despise their own language, which they described as only fit for stupid people, and quite insufficient to express real thought. The result has been that the Japanese have a literature whose substratum is undoubtedly Chinese, but which has a truly national character, whilst Corea has produced few works, and those so insignificant that they seem intended for the exclusive use of women who are held in as low account as the language that they speak. Yet amid all its poverty the legends and popular stories of Corea throw much light on the internal conditions of the country. The history of Corea begins with the dynasty of Ceu (1122–1255), when the Corean territory, till then sparsely populated, was colonised from China. The Chinese introduced their own language, literature, civic institutions, and chief industries. History and legend agree in regarding the Chinese as the first rulers of Northern Corea. We can also see how Japanese influence made itself felt in the Southern part of the country. The paper will be eagerly studied by those who wish to know more about Corea.

(April 1).—Signor Venturi has an interesting subject in his "Golgotha: the Crucifixion as represented in Art." He begins by a reference to that caricature of the third century—Alexamenes worshipping his God—and quotes Minucius Felix, who, in referring to the blasphemy, asks: "Why should we make an image of God, man himself is God's image? It is better to consecrate for God a home in our spirits and in the depths of our hearts." The primitive Christians took refuge in symbols representing the Good Shepherd, the lamb, the dolphin, and thus concealed the secret of the Divinity from common eyes. They never represented our Lord on the accursed tree at Golgotha. That scene did not attract the eyes of the faithful which were fixed on heaven. Instead of the tortures of the body art sought to represent the delight of the soul, the belief in heavenly peace and everlasting life. But when the Church stepped out from the Catacombs into the light of day it sought to express its triumph by the halo around the cross which appeared crowned with the standard of the Roman legion, and by the tomb glittering with gems and sprinkled with stars like a firmament. Upon such a tomb, which was set in mausoleums and basilicas, the figure of Christ was carved, not nailed to the cross, but seated in glory on a rock from which streamed the four rivers of Paradise. Christ was also represented in the basilicas under the form of a lamb at the foot of a luminous cross; Paulinus of Nola, who describes the pictures with which the churches were adorned at the close of the fourth century, says that the mystery of the Trinity was figured by seals

a halo surrounded the cross, the Apostles stood as doves around a luminous globe, there was the mystic lamb, and the cross set on the rock, from which flowed the rivers of life. God thundered from heaven, and stretched out from the clouds a hand bearing a crown, the dove, the sign of the Holy Spirit, flew down from the sky; behind the mystic rock palms waved as a sign of the garden of delights which should reward those who overcame through faith. To this pure symbolism succeeded the age of history. The heroic cycle of Christianity had closed, and the official religion of the empire set itself to affirm its own glorification. The degenerate art of the times was not equal to its task—the representation of the sacred figure of our Lord—but it sought to express facts and episodes, not to win praise for beauty and skill. On the Cypress Gate of Saint Sabina, on the Aventine, the church which Pietra d'Illaria, a Roman priest, built at his own expense on the foundations of a temple to Diana and Juno Regina, is carved Christ crucified between the two thieves. This is the oldest representation of the Crucifixion. After describing it with some detail the writer passes on to the subsequent developments of Christian art. His paper will greatly interest all who have studied Dean Farrar's *Life of Christ in Art*.

(April 15).—Leopoldo Franchetti's article, "The Future of our Colony," points out that the recent invasion of the Ras of Tigris throws a new light on the situation in Abyssinia. It seemed as though peace was assured to the Italian colony for many years. But Italy is not able to escape the difficulties which beset every civilised nation with barbarous and semi-barbarous neighbours. The state of peace is of necessity precarious, treaties have no force, aggressions are inevitable, and impose the necessity of further expansion. A wise government, founded on an intimate knowledge of the country governed and a strong unity of aim, will easily render such crises very infrequent, assure to the colony long years of peace, and choose the moment most favourable for the solution of difficult problems. To escape troubles altogether is impossible, unless the colony be abandoned; an hypothesis which the nation will not consider for a moment. Signor Franchetti proposes a well-matured scheme which he thinks would meet the difficulties of the case effectually.

(May 1).—Signor Molmenti writes pleasantly about "Venice: its Arts and its Industries." He says the city is offering a solemn feast of the arts to all the civilised world. The great men of talent have sent their works to an International Art Exposition. But from these noble creations of modern art the mind naturally reverts to the past and the most beautiful work of the Exposition is Venice itself. To pass through the galleries and admire the powerful conceptions of modern genius, and then to look on Venice, with all its enchantment, proves such an æsthetic delight as no artistic creation can rival. Out of the joys of that sight the imagination reconstructs the great ages of the Republic, its power in war, its political glories, its civil knowledge, its luminous art. All these recollections make the art of to-day grow pale. Venice, indeed, used to have her Expositions in former times, but they were held, not in a building, but in the most beautiful hall of the world—the Piazza of St. Mark. In the public fair at Ascensiontide a number of temporary shops were constructed, where the painters and sculptors, the workers in glass, and the goldsmiths, and other artists exposed their work. The writer traces the history of Venetian art in a series of instructive notes.

(May 15).—Signor Pinchia's "Storie e poeti del Canavese" is a pleasing study of the literary life of the valleys of Piedmont which should not be overlooked by lovers of Italian literature.

METHODIST REVIEW (May-June).—Professor Williams gives a good sketch of the character and work of Frederick Merrick, who was associated as agent, professor, and president for fifty-one years with the Ohio Wesleyan University. He made the institution his own, and devoted his whole time and strength to it with the happiest results. Dr. Inglehart deals with the subject of "The Young Man and the Church." He says that the tendency to regard Sunday as a purely social day militates against church attendance. Riding, driving, big dinners, and entertainments are supplanting the church in the affections

of the rich, and this prevents many male and female servants from attending public worship. But there are more young men attending church than ever attended it before. Dr. John Hall says: "The attendance of young men on church service is not decreasing, it is increasing. The most hopeful work of our church is that which is done by our young men. The two missions connected with our church, one of which has just dedicated a new building, have been founded and run largely by our young men." Dr. Talmage is of the same mind. "Never were there so many young men attending church as to-day. Young men are made ushers in church, officers of the church, are given ten times the prominence in Christian work they had when I was a boy."

CANADIAN METHODIST REVIEW (March-April).—A synopsis is given of Dr. Rigg's article on "Puseyism and the Church of England," which appeared in our last number, to which the editor adds: "We are more and more delighted with this REVIEW of our English brethren." The Rev. S. D. Chown contributes an article on "Inspiration." He argues that inspiration, in the high and proper sense of the term, is confined to matters of revelation, to that substance of truth in the Bible which it was necessary that man should learn directly from God. "Inasmuch as the agency of God is found only in the revelation of the truth, and in guiding its utterance so far as is consistent with the free will of the human instrument, if there be any misconceptions they are not chargeable upon God, nor do they imply any defect in His perfect nature. It also obviates the force of the so-called higher criticism. Higher criticism is a question of labels. It is a question as to whose name the various books should bear. But since the truth, wherever found, is God's truth, it matters not who wielded the pen which gave it a place among the holy records."

THE SUN (February 5).—This is the second number of a Japanese monthly published in Tokyo, and devoted to politics, economics, science, literature and art. It contains more printed matter than any other Japanese periodical, and although the greater number of its 200 pages are in Japanese, it is hoped that the illustrations and some English articles will commend it to readers in Europe and America. The English article in this number was written by Mr. Soyeda for the *Economic Journal* in June, 1893. He is a Japanese gentleman who studied at Cambridge, and is now a Government official in his native country. The main body of the review consists of contributed articles on war, national defence, and other subjects, of lectures, and papers on biography, history, geography, fiction, literature, fine arts, religion, and other topics. The quaint illustrations are very interesting for an English reader.

CENTURY MAGAZINE (April, May, June).—W. E. Smythe's article on "The Conquest of Arid America" in the *Century* for May says that the material greatness of the United States is the fruit of a policy of peaceful conquest over the resources of a virgin continent. Speaking broadly, and with a view to its ultimate capabilities, the conquest is only half accomplished. The nation halts and falters upon a mysterious boundary line which marks the ending of familiar conditions and the beginning of problems strange and new to the Anglo-Saxon race. Beyond this line sleeps an empire incomparably greater and more resourceful than the empire those armies have conquered. Here lie the possibilities of a twentieth-century civilisation. The countries want both men and capital, so that they furnish a magnificent outlet for the surplus wealth and population of the United States. Mr. Smythe thinks the experience of Utah, which is almost the exact geographical centre of the arid region, may supply some useful hints as to the way to deal with this vast territory. Careful irrigation, the division of the land into small holdings, and the diversification of farm products to the last degree, are the main factors in the prosperity of Utah, and the same methods would soon transform the arid waste of America, which comprises more than 800,000,000 acres.

In the *Century* for June Mr. Howells gives some autobiographical notes in his "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver." The old question of the street beggar and the expediency of charity is discussed in a lively style. Professor New-

man Smyth's paper on "The New Old Testament" sketches in general outline "some of the benefits which faith itself may hope to receive from the science of Biblical criticism." He thinks that in their literary restoration the sacred books gain a divine fascination. "Little use," he says, "has yet been made of the higher criticism in the average Sunday-school instruction; but it should be regarded as hazardous *not* to give the young the benefit of the best Biblical study and criticism." This touches a very delicate subject. It would be a calamity indeed to make Sunday-school teachers handle theories which are, to say the least, very far from being established.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (April, May, June).—Mr. Arthur Symons' "Venice in Easter" is a series of impressions gained on a first visit. He entered the city by night without guide or guide-book, and soon found himself in front of the marvellous façade of St. Mark's and the pale marble of the Doges' Palace. It seemed as though he had not left London, but was watching a marvellous scene in some theatre. The Doges' Palace in particular looked like beautifully painted canvas, absolutely as if it were set on frames. "It is difficult to believe in Venice, most of all when you are there. It is one vast showplace, the stories of it and the people of it are a finished, conscious work of art. Venetian women," he says, "are rarely pretty, often charming, generally handsome. And all of them, without exception, walk splendidly, not taking little mincing, feminine steps, but with a fine grave stride, due partly to the fact that they are accustomed to wear heelless slippers, which oblige them to plant the feet firmly, and the whole foot at once, without the chance of tripping on toes or pounding on heels, as women who wear tight boots are able and apt to do." Mr. Ralph's "Sunny Mississippi" and Mr. Parsons' "Wanderings in Japan" are chief features of *Harper* for May. The negro holds back the South, for he cannot adjust himself to circumstances. He goes on raising cotton when prices have fallen, and does not set himself to produce what will pay best. But farmers from the West are settling in Mississippi who go in for what will pay best, and are bound to exert a great influence for prosperity in the South. Dr. Borge's well-informed article on the new Czar of Russia is a feature of the June *Harper*.

ST. NICHOLAS (April, May, June).—Gustav Kobbé writes about Newfoundland and Labrador. The sealing steamers stand out to sea until they meet the immense fields of ice from the Arctic Ocean, which are many square miles in extent and fairly teem with seals. A great seal-hunter said that the sea seemed suddenly converted into an ocean of seals and ice. The young seals fatten so rapidly that sealers say you can actually see them grow while you look at them. They are easily killed, a blow with the butt end of a gaff is enough. The hunter then slips a sharp knife under the fat, and has the pelt —skin and fat together—off in about a minute and a half. Brander Matthews' sketch of Longfellow is excellent. In the May number Theodore Roosevelt begins a series of papers on "Hero Tales from American History." The first deals with "Daniel Boone and the Founding of Kentucky." The series ought to give young folk a taste for the history of their own country. "What the Lights tell" is a capital description of sea-signals. Mr. Hornaday has a good paper in the June number on "The Buffalo, Musk-Ox, Mountain-Sheep and Goat." The senseless and wicked butchery of the buffalo millions has been carried on to such an extent that there are only about two hundred wild buffaloes left in the United States. Mr. Roosevelt writes about George Rogers Clark, "the noted Indian fighter," to whom the United States owes her North-west territory.

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