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ART. I.—TENNYSON'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A Memoir. By his SON. Two Vols. Macmillan & Co. 1897.

THE ancient saying, "Call no man happy till his death," might run nowadays, "Call no great man happy till his biography has been written." Some biographies have added a new terror to death for all who belong to the select circle of those whose lives must be written, sooner or later. Tennyson was one of the most sensitive of men on this score. "While I live, the Owls; when I die, the Ghouls!" he wrote, and that in no mere sportive mood. He resented, with his whole soul, the assumption that a literary man's private life was in any sense public property, and none knew better than he how misleading partial revelations of life and character usually are. He wrote, we are told, his own autobiography in "Merlin and the Gleam," and desired that this might suffice as a record of him after his death. But it could not so be; and now that, five years after the

poet's death, an authoritative biography has been published, it would be difficult to conceive of a worthier record of a distinguished life. His son, Hallam, Lord Tennyson, who for years had relinquished legitimate ambitions in order to devote himself to the pious duty of caring for his father in the later portion of his life, has now produced just such a record as should enshrine such a memory. It was Tennyson's desire that, if necessary, "the incidents of his life should be given as shortly as might be, without comment, but that my notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies." Accordingly, the biographer has sought

"to give briefly something of what people naturally wish to know, something about his birth, homes, school, college, friendships, travels, and the leading events of his life, enough to present the sort of insight into his history and pursuits which one wants, if one desires to make a companion of a man."

The materials were abundant. Lady Tennyson kept a daily record of their life, simple and uneventful in its outlines, until her health failed in 1874. The poet kept a letter-diary when away from home, and left behind him a quantity of valuable notes of his own on his life and work. In addition to the biographer's own reminiscences and important contributions by such friends as Jowett, Palgrave, Lecky, Tyndall and the Duke of Argyll, a great quantity of letters have been available, a selection having been made out of a collection of 40,000, covering one period of the poet's life alone! The work has been done, it seems almost superfluous to say, with the filial reverence, good taste and delicate discrimination which might have been expected from a son who, in many respects, was his father's "other self." The only readers who can be disappointed are such as love to dwell upon the seamy side of every character and incident, and if none be apparent, to imagine or invent one. A nobler, purer, more fascinating record of a great poet's simple but noble and lofty life it would be difficult to conceive; and the monument here raised to Tennyson's memory, as well as that other, the Ionic cross recently erected on Freshwater

Downs, is, like the poet himself, great in its dignified simplicity.

The chief interest of the book lies in the light it sheds upon the poet's work and the links it furnishes between the work and the life, the artist and the man. The history is uneventful and is already familiar in its outlines to most readers. Born in 1809, in the hamlet of Somersby, Lincolnshire, half-way between Horncastle and Spilsby, the poet spent his early years in a region which would hardly be called "meet nurse for a poetic child." But he loved the quiet villages, the grey hill-sides, the brook with its "sweet forget-me-nots" and "brambly wildernesses," and he had a passion for the sea which breaks—often tamely enough, but sometimes with a roar which can be heard for miles—upon the coast near Mablethorpe. The cottage at which the family stayed is described in "The Ode to Memory," lying under a "long, low line of tussocked dunes." "I used to stand on this sand-built ridge," he said, "and think that it was the spine-bone of the world." He poured out verse in these early days with great profusion. At the age of ten or eleven he fell in with Pope's "Homer" and wrote hundreds of lines in heroic couplets. He could hardly tolerate what he called his "early rot," but some fragments of boyish poems are here published, of which such a critic as the late Master of Balliol said, "They are most original, and it is wonderful how the whelp can have known such things." His delicate musical ear was a natural gift, afterwards sedulously cultivated. "Before I could read," he says, "I was in the habit of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out, 'I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind,' and the words 'far, far away' had always a strange charm for me." He was early brought under Byron's influence and tells how, when he was fourteen, hearing of Byron's death, "the whole world seemed to be darkened for me," and he spent the day in mourning, carving on a rock the words, "Byron is dead." But the influence of his native Lincolnshire scenery abode with him, while the youthful interest in Byron soon passed away.

Tennyson's college life at Cambridge was more notable for its friendships than for his studies. He gained, as is well known, the prize for his poem "Timbuctoo," but retained little affection for his *alma mater* in her teaching capacity. A sonnet on the Cambridge of 1830 is very severe in tone. He denounces, in no measured terms, "You that do profess to teach, And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart." But the historic friendship with Arthur Hallam was formed in Cambridge, and others who more or less influenced his subsequent life were Spedding, Milnes, Trench, Alford, Brookfield, Merivale and Blakesley. He was one of the privileged society called "The Apostles," and Hallam's society was in itself an education. These volumes contain much of interest concerning Hallam that is new, and conclusively dispose of the idea, which has had some currency, that he was an over-praised man, idealised in Tennyson's memory. All his contemporaries of eminence, including Gladstone, confirm Tennyson's own judgment of his friend: "He would have been known, if he had lived, as a great man, but not as a great poet; he was as near perfection as mortal man could be."

The publication of the *Poems by Two Brothers* took place in 1827, when Charles Tennyson (Turner) was seventeen and Alfred sixteen years of age. Jackson, of Louth, gave them the liberal sum of £20, half of which was to be taken out in books; a part of the money was spent in triumph, on the day of publication, at Mablethorpe, their gladness "shared with the winds and the waves." Tennyson's first volume, properly speaking, *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, was published in 1830, by Effingham Wilson, also the publisher of Browning's *Paracelsus*. Amongst his contemporaries of this period prophecies of his future distinction were common enough, but beyond the praise of Hallam and college friends, he won a measure of approbation, even thus early, both from Coleridge and Wordsworth. It was, however, the publication of the *Poems* in 1842 which established his reputation. The interval of ten years he had been content to spend in silence, in study and strenuous

cultivation of his art. The self-restraint of a master workman is shown in his willingness to efface himself for so long, and his desire, expressed to his friends, "not to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present." This period of life had its anxieties, privations, and even hardships. The old home at Somersby was sadly broken up, and his engagement with Miss Emily Sellwood, his future wife, was held in abeyance in the absence of any sufficient prospect of means for marriage. During this time he lived with his family, partly at High Beech, Essex, partly near Maidstone, partly in London. The poems of 1842 revealed a marked advance upon his previous work. The exuberant imagery, the overcrowding of his verses with splendours appealing to eye and ear and the senses, the natural faults of opulent imagination in youth, were left behind. A wider range of subjects was chosen and handled with greater mastery. The names of The Gardener's Daughter, Locksley Hall, Morte d'Arthur, The Two Voices, The May-Queen, Ulysses, St. Simeon Stylites, speak for themselves. The musician had fully grasped his instrument and knew how to touch its very various strings with sure hand. Many of the earlier poems were altered, and always for the better, "with a view to strip off redundancies, to make the expression simpler and clearer, to substitute thought for imagery and substance for shadow." But also deeper notes were touched, the problems and questionings of human life begin to emerge, and glimpses now appear of the poet as he was to be in his prime. Even Carlyle, prejudiced against all verse-making, and especially such as had won Alfred Tennyson his reputation, felt his heart warmed towards him as a true man, and told him that he was "a life-guardsman spoilt by making poetry."

There was always something of the "life-guardsman" about his bodily presence. He was "a magnificent man," says Jowett. It is of this period that Carlyle writes to Emerson,

"Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can

say, Brother! . . . I think he must be under forty, not much under it. One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky, dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow, brown complexion, almost Indian looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco."

He never belonged to the dandiacal fraternity. In the same description of him as a man of such fine and striking presence, we find the penetrating eyes of Carlyle noting him as

"a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of Chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. . . . We shall see what he will grow to."

Other friends notice a feature of character which doubtless had a special charm for Carlyle—his simplicity and straightforwardness.

"He was essentially refined," says Aubrey de Vere, "but convention fled before his face. The entire simplicity and unconventionality of Alfred Tennyson was part of the charm which bound his friends to him. That perfect transparency of mind, like the clearness of air in the finest climates, when it is nearness not distance that lends enchantment to the view, I have seen only in three men beside him, Wordsworth, Sir W. R. Hamilton, and one other. His unguardedness, in combination with his unworldliness, made his friends all the more zealous to help him; and perhaps their emulous aid was more useful to him than self-help could have been."

His self-help was put forward only in unremitting efforts after self-improvement. He read both widely and closely, as the diaries of this period show, and spared not, in Horace's phrase, the utmost labour of the file. He was ruthless in sacrificing what did not commend itself to his maturer judgment. In this he may be contrasted with Browning. Palgrave records how he recommended Browning to exclude from a later edition of his poems his earlier and less mature work. "Leave out anything!" cried he, in his animated way, "certainly not; *quod scripsi, scripsi.*" Tennyson, on the other hand, was fastidious to a

fault. His friend De Vere illustrates "his solicitude on the subject of poetic form, the importance of which was, perhaps, not as much appreciated by any other writer since the days of Greek poetry." He tells us that

"one night he had been reading aloud several of his poems, and of one of them he said, 'What is the matter with that poem?' I read it and answered, 'I see nothing to complain of.' He laid his fingers on two stanzas of it, the third and fifth, and said, 'Read it again.' After doing so, I said, 'It has now more completeness and totality about it; but the two stanzas you cover are among its best.' 'No matter,' he rejoined, "they make the poem too long-backed, and they must go, at any sacrifice.'"

About this time, the loss of a considerable sum of money, unwisely invested, darkened his prospects still further. But the tide was about to turn. In 1845, Sir R. Peel obtained for him a pension, reluctantly accepted, of £200 a year. It appears that the question arose whether the grant should be made to Tennyson or to Sheridan Knowles. Lord Houghton made Peel read "Ulysses," and this settled the matter in Tennyson's favour. In 1850 he married. It was an ideal union, delayed by untoward circumstances, but, as outlined rather than revealed in these pages, wonderfully beautiful from first to last. The pair were married at Shiplake-on-Thames, the wedding being of the quietest, "even the cake and dresses arriving too late," but it was a wedding "of noble music unto noble words." No higher language could be used to describe what Tennyson's marriage did for him than his own, used in after-life, "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her." Little is said in these volumes, as is fitting, concerning this gracious lady, with the "tender, spiritual face"; but that little is most eloquent. Jowett, one of the most intimate friends of the household, writes:

"I can only speak of her as one of the most beautiful, the purest, the most innocent, the most disinterested persons I have ever known. He once told me, as indeed he told some things to everybody which others keep to themselves, how she said to him, 'When I pray I see the face of God smiling upon me.' . . .

It is no wonder that people speak of her with bated breath, as a person whom no one would ever think of criticising, whom every one would recognise, in goodness and saintliness, as the most unlike any one whom they have ever met. Though not claiming to possess intellectual powers, which she assuredly has, she was probably her husband's best critic, and certainly the one whose authority he would most willingly have recognised. . . . The greatest influence of his life would have to be passed over in silence if I were to omit her name."

He was made Laureate, in succession to Wordsworth, in 1850. His appointment was chiefly due to Prince Albert's admiration for "In Memoriam." Tennyson had no thought or expectation of any such offer, and he noted, as a curious coincidence, that the night before it came he dreamt that Prince Albert came and kissed him on the cheek, and that he said in his dream, "Very kind, but very German." He was undetermined at first about acceptance, and wrote two letters, one accepting and one refusing, undecided which to send. He would say afterwards in jest that he was determined by Venables telling him that if he became Poet-Laureate, he would always, when he dined out, be offered the liver-wing of a fowl. There seems little doubt, however, that it was the persuasion of friends which induced him to accept the post. "I have no passion for Courts," he wrote at this time, "but a great love of privacy." None the less he did well to accept the laurel, "greener from the brows of him that uttered nothing base"—a crown which he so wore for forty years as to invest what had once been a somewhat questionable honour with new significance.

The main portion of his career on which he now entered was happy, in that it had little or no history. He was prosperous in worldly circumstances, increasingly so as years advanced; his home, first at Farringford in the Isle of Wight, then at Aldworth on Blackdown, was as perfect in situation and conditions as a poet's home could well be. He grew steadily in reputation; not without drawbacks, which his sensitive soul felt with a keenness his friends could not always understand. Hard things were said of "The Princess," harder still of "Maud," which was always

a favourite child of his, but which even yet has hardly been understood as the poet meant it. A baronetcy was thrice offered him in the seventies, both Gladstone and Disraeli successively pressing him to accept it. He never felt disposed to do so, though he made inquiries whether it would be possible for his son first to assume the title at a given age, while he himself remained plain "Mr. Tennyson." When in 1883 he consented to accept a peerage, it was evidently much against his personal inclination, and with a view of complying with the Queen's graciously expressed wish in the matter. The conversations which took place on the subject, when he was cruising in the *Pembroke Castle* with Mr. Gladstone, are very characteristic. Tennyson's small friends have been busy in asserting that he was too much of a courtier. The fact is, that he could hardly have been less by nature and temperament; but these pages show how naturally and graciously his intercourse with the Royal Family arose, and grew and deepened in significance. The poet's innate refinement and intense loyalty and patriotism combined to fit him for the almost confidential relations which were ultimately established with Her Majesty and several members of her family. Very touching are some of the letters which the Queen has permitted to be published in these volumes. An extract from the Queen's private journal adds one more to those revelations of a woman's heart by which the Sovereign has endeared herself to her loyal people. It is dated Osborne, August 7th, 1883:

"After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson, in dearest Albert's room, for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. but he was very kind. Asked him to sit down. He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that, were such a thing possible, God, who is Love, would be far more cruel than any human being. . . .

"When I took leave of him, I thanked him for his kindness, and said I needed it, for I had gone through much, and he said, 'You are so alone on that terrible height; it is terrible. I've only a year or two to live, but I shall be happy to do anything for you I can. Send for me whenever you like.' I thanked him warmly."

Happy the subject who has such a monarch; happy the monarch who can enter into such relations with her loyal subjects!

It is impossible to reproduce here the attractive pictures, which are incidentally rather than formally given, of the poet's home life. Farringford is probably well known to many of our readers. Bishop Brooks wrote of it,

"The house is a delightful old rambling thing, whose geography one never learns; not elegant but very comfortable, covered with pictures inside and ivies outside, with superb ilexes and other trees about it, and lovely pieces of view over the channel here and there."

It was bought, in 1856, with the proceeds of the sale of "Maud," and Mrs. Tennyson's diary notes on the day it was purchased:

"The park has for many days been rich with cowslips and furze in bloom. The elms are a golden wreath at the foot of the down; to the north of the house the mespilus and horse-chestnut are in flower, and the apple-trees are covered with rosy buds. A. dug the bed ready for the rhododendrons. A thrush was singing among the nightingales and other birds, as he said, 'mad with joy.' At sunset the golden green of the trees, the burning splendour of Blackgang Chine and St. Catherine's, and the red bank of the primeval river, contrasted with the turkis-blue of the sea (that is our view from the drawing-room), make altogether a miracle of beauty. We are glad that Farringford is ours."

Here, in "the careless-ordered garden, close to the edge of a noble down," and in the fields adjacent, the poet did much of his work. The summer-house, in which "Enoch Arden" was written, the "Maiden's Croft," pacing up and down which the poet wrote "The Holy Grail" in less than a fortnight, the favourite walk on the downs where many of

his happiest inspirations came to him, are sacred spots. Aldworth was not substituted for Farringford, but added to it.

"Assuredly," says Mr. De Vere, "no poet has ever before called two such residences his own. The second home was as well chosen as the first. It lifted England's great poet to a height from which he could gaze on a large portion of that English land he loved so well, see it basking in its most affluent summer beauty, and only bonded by 'the inviolate sea.' Year after year he trod its two stately terraces with men the most noted of their time—statesmen, warriors, men of letters, science and art, some of royal race, some famous in far lands, but none more welcome to him than the friends of his youth."

Many records of this delightful private intercourse remain; some are descriptions of more homely gatherings at Farringford in the earlier days, others depict him as he was when he had stood acknowledged for years as one of the foremost men of letters of the century. Sir John Simeon, the "Prince of Courtesy," to whom the lines in the Garden at Swainston were addressed, was one of his nearest neighbours in the Isle of Wight and one of his oldest and closest friends. His daughter, Mrs. Richard Ward, writes:

"During these early years, it was one of my father's greatest pleasures to ride or drive over from Swainston in the summer afternoons. He and the Tennysons would go long expeditions through the lanes and over the downs, then back through the soft evening air to dinner, and the long evening of talk and of reading, which knit that 'fair companionship' and made it 'such a friendship as had mastered time.'"

Mrs. Cameron was another of these neighbours, and some of her descriptions, entering, woman-like, into details, are very graphic. She describes one evening, when Miss Thackeray, Sir H. Taylor, Tennyson and others, were dining at her house:

"We dined at seven and only got up from dinner at eleven. All this while the most brilliant conversation. The whole range of poetry comprised, every immortal poet brought to life, and living again in the glowing and wise breath of Alfred Tennyson, in the quotations from Henry Taylor's rich and faithful memory.

Each one recited favourite passages from Beaumont and Fletcher, favourite sonnets of Shakspere, all that was finest in my adored Wordsworth, and the god of poetic fire, Milton. They were like two brilliant fencers crossing their rapiers, or flashing their foils, giving and evading clean thrusts."

He kept, however, to regular hours of work, and jealously preserved his solitude during the hours when inspiration usually came to him. His "sacred pipes," as he called them, were half-an-hour after breakfast and half-an-hour after dinner, when no one was allowed to be with him, for then his best thoughts came to him. As he made the different poems he would repeat or read them. The constant reading of the new poems aloud was the surest way of helping him to find out any defects there might be. During his sacred half-hours and his other working hours, and even on the downs, he would murmur his new passages or new lines as they came to him, a habit which had always been his since boyhood, and which caused the Somersby cook to say, "What is Master Awlfred always a praying for?"

His reading of his own poems was the greatest of intellectual treats to his friends.

"The tears often ran down his face as he read," says one, "without the slightest apparent consciousness of them on his part. The pathos and grandeur of these poems were to me greatly increased by the voice, which rather intoned than recited them, and which, as was obvious, could not possibly have given them utterance in any manner not thus musical."

His voice, even to advanced age, was deep, rich, and mellow, like a full-toned bell, and his son says of his reading of "The Holy Grail," that this poem always seemed to express the poet's highest self. It, more than any other, brought the "far away, rapt look on his face," and "I vividly recall the *inspired* way in which he chanted to us the different parts of the poem as they were composed." But his mind was not excessively concentrated upon himself and his work, as Wordsworth's was apt to be. He was excellent company. Whilst shy and sensitive to an

almost incredible degree in the presence of strangers, he gave himself up with *abandon* to the congenial company of his friends. There is little trace in these pages of the recluse, self-absorbed even to churlishness, who figures in so many stories—most of them apocryphal—concerning intruders at Farringford. He was a capital story-teller.

"His repertory of stories," says the Master of Balliol, "was perfectly inexhaustible; they were often about slight matters that would scarcely bear repetition, but were told with such life-like reality, that they convulsed his hearers with laughter. Like most story-tellers, he often repeated his favourites; but, like children, his audience liked hearing them again and again, and he enjoyed telling them."

But he was no mere *raconteur*.

"In the commonest conversation he showed himself a man of genius. His tales were full of dramatic life, owing to the great love and interest which he had for human things everywhere, far beyond the wonders either of Nature or of Art."

Only a few of his intimates were admitted into his smoking den, but some of the most interesting of the reminiscences recorded in these volumes refer to the memorable moments spent there in the company of one who at these times often proved himself a veritable Seer. In the most familiar conversation he impressed his friends by his choice language, the felicity of his epithets and the directness with which, in a few apt words, he would pierce direct to the heart of a subject. "While he talked of the mysteries of the universe," says his biographer, "his face full of the strong lines of thought, was lighted up, and his words glowed as it were with inspiration."

We have lingered, perhaps at undue length, over these features of the outward man and his life. But, even so, we have given only a faint idea of the wealth of portraiture contained in these fascinating pages. Some ten or twelve photographs of the poet, one or two of them true works of art, adorn the *Life*, and the pages of letterpress in a similar fashion stamp the manner of the man upon the mind of

the reader by the number of varying pictures of him presented in different aspects and diverse moods and conditions. But the most valuable part of the book refers to the poet's mind and work, and light is shed upon the development of his thoughts, his habits of composition, his growing mastery of his art and kindred topics, which cannot but be of the highest interest to students of his poems. The biography enables us to trace the origin of some of his best lines as well as the history of his poems as a whole. As the interest of Wordsworth's poems is greatly heightened for those who know their Lake District well by the notes which the poet himself has left concerning the composition of many of his lines, so in future it will be with Tennyson. From a long list which we have prepared, we subjoin a few illustrations, taken almost at random. The well-known line in "Locksley Hall," "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change," was made as the poet went down by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester, in 1830. He thought the wheels of the carriages ran in a groove, and "there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels." It was during a visit to Ireland, in one of the caves of Ballybunion, that he composed the lines, afterwards used in "Merlin and Vivien,"

> "So dark a forethought rolled about his brain,
> As on a dull day in an ocean cave
> The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
> In silence."

"There was a period in my life," the poet says, "when as an artist, Turner for instance, takes rough sketches of landskip, &c., in order to work them eventually into some great picture, so I was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in Nature. I never put these down, and many and many a line has gone away on the north wind, but some remain."

There follow a number of interesting examples of suggestions received at Torquay, on the top of Snowdon, during a storm on the North Sea, in the New Forest and other

places, which form excellent "thumb-nail sketches." His poems were often based on a single line or phrase, as the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" sprang out of the phrase, "Some one had blundered"—a line which Tennyson, strangely enough, at one stage omitted from the poem, in deference to a criticism some one had passed upon it, but afterwards happily restored. A number of verse-memoranda of tours in Cornwall and elsewhere are recorded in a later chapter, accompanied by the poet's note that he took his similes direct from the observation of Nature, and if he found any one of them paralleled in any author, as a rule he discarded it. He loved the Pyrenees and found at Cauterets, and elsewhere in that lovely region, many suggestions. It was when he was at the Lac de Gaube that he made the simile in "The Princess," drawn from a pine on an island in mid-stream between two cataracts:

> "And standing like a stately pine
> Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
> When storm is on the heights, and right and left,
> Sucked from the dark heart of the long hills roll
> The torrents, dashed to the vale; and yet her will
> Bred will in me to overcome it or fall."

It was the echoes of a bugle on the Lake of Killarney which inspired the song, "The splendour falls on castle walls," with its sonorous verse-endings. The beautiful stanzas in "In Memoriam," beginning "Sweet after showers, ambrosial air," were written at Barmouth, and most of "Enid" was written there or at Dolgelly. At Festiniog the roar of the cataract, heard above the roar of the torrent, suggested the simile, "For as one, that listens near a torrent mountain-brook," &c. The two "Northern Farmer" poems grew respectively out of two single sayings that were reported to him; one of a dying farm bailiff, who said, "God A'mighty little knows what He's about, a-taking me. An' squire will be so mad an' all." The other was founded upon the fact that a rich farmer of the neighbourhood was in the habit of saying, "When I canters my 'erse along the vamper (highway), I 'ears 'proputty, proputty, proputty.'" *Ex pede*

Herculem. The single phrase suggested the whole conception of the character, otherwise imaginary. An old oak in the New Forest,—where he wandered alone two whole days, when the forest was "mystical and sad, wrapped in cloud" —suggested the lines in "The Last Tournament":

> "A stump of oak half-dead
> From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,
> Clutched at the crag, and started thro' mid-air,
> Bearing an eagle's nest."

Mrs. Tennyson notes in her journal that at Farringford one day there was such a cloud of smoke in the yew-trees (caused by the pollen of the yew blown and scattered by the wind) that there seemed to be a fire in the shrubbery. It was then that the poet wrote the speech of Ambrosius, in "The Holy Grail," beginning

> "O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke
> Spring after spring, for half a hundred years."

And—once more only, for we must stay our hand in this tempting work—it was at a favourite spot on Hindhead, near Aldworth, called "Wegner's Wells," that he wrote, "Flower in the Crannied Wall." Amongst the treasures of these volumes not the least are such notes as these, often from the poet's own hand, lighting up by many a gleam of local colour, passages which thousands have learned to love without knowing anything of their origin.

Further, it is possible now to trace more completely than before the growth of the poet's mind; and to estimate the influences under which it continued to grow, even to the last, long after the period at which most men have ceased to imbibe new ideas or receive new impressions. True, certain stray articles and reminiscences, which have already appeared in print, have to some extent anticipated this information, but the authoritative account is now before us for the first time. Tennyson's was an original mind, and his style was unquestionably original. Yet his powerful intellect was in no small degree receptive and assimilative. In

his early years, the influence of Byron was great, but transient. In his own words, he "got a surfeit of him," so that in later life he could hardly read him. Shelley left some mark on his earliest maturity. He said: "No one admires Shelley more than I once did"; in blank verse he thought him the most skilful of the moderns. But he complained of "the great wind of words" in much of his writings, and whilst he greatly admired "Alastor," "Adonais," "Epipsychidion," and "the Prometheus," he said, "He is often too much in the clouds for me." Keats he ranked very high. "He would have been among the very greatest of us if he had lived. There is something of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything he ever wrote." But if, amongst the variety of interesting notes on great poets which these volumes contain, we were to select the names of those who really helped to *mould* Tennyson's mind and art, we should name only Shakspere, Milton and Wordsworth. Wordsworth he admired profoundly, even when passing criticism on his defects. "I shall never forget my deep emotion the first time I had speech with him." He thought his best blank verse on the whole the finest since Milton, and Wordsworth at his best "the greatest English poet since Milton." He complains, naturally enough, of Wordsworth's being too diffuse and didactic, but he thought the line, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," almost the grandest in the English language, "giving the sense of the abiding in the transient." Milton he dwelt upon continually as the classic example of "the grand style," even finer than Virgil, "the lord of language." Shakspere was, as matter of course, *the* master, and the notes on Shakspere's sonnets, on his blank verse, and on some of his "Æschylean" lines and phrases, are full of interest. The pathetic scene during Tennyson's closing hours, in which he called out, "Where is my Shakspere? I must have my Shakspere,' is described again most touchingly in the *Life*.

His relations with his great contemporary Browning were most cordial and affectionate, and the history of the intercourse of two men so different, and by some accounted

rivals, is delightful. No shadow of unworthy feeling darkened either of these large hearts; and, though their very conceptions of poetic art were so different, each exhibited the most generous appreciation of the excellence of the other. It was, of course, impossible for Tennyson, with his fine, fastidious ear, and his almost excessive consideration for artistic form and finish, to admire Browning without reserve. But he was not only never unjust in his estimates, he was nearly always generous. From amongst several notices of Browning's works as they appeared, we select for quotation this general characterisation:

"Browning never greatly cares about the glory of words or beauty of form; he has told me that the world must take him as it finds him. As for his obscurity in his great imaginative analyses, I believe it is a mistake to explain poetry too much, people have really a pleasure in discovering their own interpretations. He has a mighty intellect, but sometimes I cannot read him. He seldom attempts the marriage of sense with sound, although he shows a spontaneous felicity in the adaptation of words to ideas and feelings. I wish I had written his two lines,

'The little more and how much it is,
The little less and what worlds away.'

He has plenty of music in him, but he cannot get it out."

At Browning's death, which greatly distressed him, Lady Tennyson wrote:

"Browning has been so nobly free from envy, so loving and appreciative, that one cannot but mourn his loss as a friend; and as a poet one feels that one has lost a deep mine of great thoughts and pure feelings and much else besides."

Careful readers of Tennyson will not be surprised to hear that he was, in his own way, a close and careful student of other subjects besides poetry. His art came first, last, middle; everything was made to contribute to this. But he carefully trained and disciplined his mind, especially when he was from thirty to forty years of age; and throughout his life he read, carefully and discriminatingly, in science and philosophy; whilst the great classics, Homer, Virgil,

Dante, Goethe, were always more or less with him, on his travels and in his lighter hours, as well as in those devoted to study. He once said, "I hate learning," but obviously meant the tedious minutiæ of pedants, whether in language or philosophy.

"In natural science he took a deep interest. In the first years of his childhood his great-grandfather had taught him some of the wonders of the starry heavens, in a manner which remained with him throughout life. Some paragraph in a newspaper or magazine about a comet, or fixed star, would often catch his eye; these he would invest with a light and life which he himself gave to them. He was greatly pleased at being informed that Mr. Procter had said of him that there were no mistakes about the stars in his poems, and a similar compliment was paid to him by an eminent botanist about flowers."

Professor Tyndall was a warm friend, and gives most interesting accounts of conversations with him on science and theology; a writer in *Nature*, at the time of his death, regarded him pre-eminently as the Poet of Science, and Professor Sidgwick holds that this characteristic is one of the most important in estimating his influence on his generation. Wordsworth, he truly says, left science unregarded, but for Tennyson "the physical world is always the world as known to us through physical science; the scientific view of it dominates his thoughts about it," and the influence of this when, as in parts of "In Memoriam," the poet desired to show to science that which is beyond science, was all the more potent and beneficial. Some of his later poems, "The Ancient Sage," "By an Evolutionist," and others, are even more explicit. He conceived, we are told, that "the further science progressed, the more the unity of Nature, and the purpose hidden behind the cosmic process of matter in motion and changing forms of life, would become apparent." But in all this Tennyson never ceased to be the poet. Unlike Browning, he never presented his science or philosophy or psychological analysis in the form of crude ore; he fused his knowledge in the alembic of his own mind, till it was fit for use in the plastic

and delicate medium which he had chosen for self-expression. At the beginning of "The Ring and the Book," Browning speaks of "fusing the live soul and that inert stuff," but this fusion in his own case was often very imperfectly accomplished. His was certainly the more powerful mind of the two, but the grace and finish of Tennyson's art blinds the superficial reader to the strength and depth which undoubtedly lay behind it.

Much may be learned from these volumes concerning the poet's estimate of his own work and the significance which he desired to attach to its various parts. But we must narrow down our attention to the "Idylls of the King." The way in which the subject grew up in the poet's mind is now tolerably familiar to most readers, since he took the public, in a measure, into his confidence by his gradual mode of publication, first the *Morte d'Arthur*—unsurpassed to the end—then the four Idylls of Enid, Vivien, Elaine and Guinevere, the rest following at intervals, and "The Holy Grail" forming a kind of centre-piece for the whole. Debate has frequently taken place as to the extent to which this cycle of poems is to be understood allegorically. The fact seems to have been that from the beginning the poet vaguely entertained the idea of symbolism in the old-world narrative, but that the allegorical drift was never very definitely marked, and was changed, perhaps more than once, in the course of years; so that to the end, whilst readers were undoubtedly right in trying to trace a measure of spiritual meaning, they were left, intentionally, to work out the scheme after their own fashion. The poet's function, like the painter's, is to suggest, not to provide a key-plan with figures numbered and labelled. But that Tennyson himself had thought the matter out is made clear by a memorandum, a fac-simile of which is given in the *Life*, presented to Mr. Knowles in 1869, but dating from about 1833, in which King Arthur is described as Religious Faith, the first Guinevere as Primitive Christianity, the second as Roman Catholicism, Merlin as Science, Modred as the Sceptical Understanding, and the like. In 1870 Dean

Alford wrote an article on the subject in the *Contemporary Review*, which Tennyson thought the best treatment of it that ever appeared. But in later years his better instincts rebelled against any metaphysical treatment of an essentially poetic theme.

"They have taken my hobby," he said, "and ridden it too hard, and have explained some things too allegorically, though there is an allegorical or perhaps rather a parabolic drift in the poem. . . . Of course Camelot, for instance, is everywhere symbolic of the gradual growth of human beliefs and institutions, and of the spiritual development of man. Yet there is no single fact or incident in the 'Idylls,' however seemingly mystical, which cannot be explained as without any mystery or allegory whatever."

To Bishop Boyd Carpenter, who once asked him whether the three Queens who accompanied King Arthur on his last voyage were to be understood as Faith, Hope and Charity, he said: "They are and they are not. . . . I hate to be tied down to say, '*This* means *that*,' because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation."

Unquestionably this is where the matter should be left. The general drift of the poems is plain enough. The ceaseless war between Sense and Soul, the difficulties which beset the enterprise of the pure, generous, brave, large-hearted King, the fatal fascinations of evil and the subtle spread of poison through a community by means of a single error corrupting noble souls, the dangers of mere spiritual excitement, the value of self-denying service, the need of all-dominant, uncompromising Purity for the work of life and the vision of God—these and other lessons are written in the Idylls so that he who runs may read, embodied in lofty lines which will ring in the ears and haunt the memories of Englishmen, when all elaborate allegorical explanations and analyses have been forgotten. Most readers will prefer to rest in Jowett's judgment, written just before his death, in 1893, "Tennyson has made the Arthur legend a great revelation of human experience and of the thoughts of many hearts."

These words form, indeed, the best description of all

Tennyson's best work. At many points he has sounded the depths of the human heart. On the profoundest themes of all he has spoken words which have touched the very quick of thought and feeling in successive generations of men and women through the nineteenth century. Professor Sidgwick has described how he could never read certain stanzas of "In Memoriam" without tears, and humble anonymous admirers from English country villages, and from the heart of Australia, wrote to tell him how his verses had come home to them. He understood and deeply sympathised with the characteristic mental struggles of our time. He lived through more than one sharp throe of transition, himself never losing heart or hope, but brought sufficiently near the edge of the abyss to be able to guide and strengthen others who were in danger of falling into it. The most interesting passages in the whole book are those in which the biographer, with all due reserve yet with much candour, has written of his father's religious beliefs. His sheet-anchor was an inviolable, inalienable belief in God and Immortality. He was not a dogmatically orthodox Christian, in the sense of being able to subscribe to Nicene or Athanasian Creed, but he was a humble, loyal Christian in his reverence for the Christian's Lord and Master and belief in the Christian ideal of life and service. He loved to dwell upon the essential feelings of religion as subsisting under the most diverse forms of faith.

"It is impossible," he once said, "that the Almighty will ask you, when you come before Him in the next life, what your particular form of creed was; but the question will rather be, 'Have you been true to yourself and given in My Name a cup of cold water to one of these little ones?'"

Not that he undervalued forms—

"Fair garments, plain or rich, and fitting close
Or flying looselier, warmed but by the heart
Within them, moved but by the living limb . . .
The spiritual in Nature's market-place—
The silent Alphabet-of-heaven-in-man—
Made vocal,"

—but he distrusted dogmatism and rash definitions of God. "I hardly dare name His Name," he would say; but—"take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world." His son says,

"A week before his death I was sitting by him, and he talked long of the Personality and of the Love of God, whose eyes consider the poor, who catereth even for the sparrow. 'I should,' he said, 'infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above, than the highest type of man standing alone.'"

Yet he was sufficiently the child of his age to feel much dread of anthropomorphism, and he dwelt characteristically upon the immanence as well as the transcendence of the Deity. The short poem, "The Higher Pantheism," came from his deepest heart. It was in response to Jowett's request for an anthem about God for Balliol Chapel that he wrote "The Human Cry":

"We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something—*that* also has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!"

But he was no Pantheist, no mere Theist.

"My most passionate desire," he said once, "is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God." "Prayer on our part is the highest aspiration of the soul. . . . It is, to take a mundane simile, like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels when the great sea gathers itself together and flows in at full tide."

When questions were written to him about Christ, he would say to his son, "Answer for me that I have given my belief in 'In Memoriam.'" This poem records, we are allowed to believe, most of his inner nature. "He used to regard it as having said what he had to say on religion." The main testimony to Christianity he found not in miracles, but in "that eternal witness, the revelation of what might be called the mind of God in the Christian morality and its correlation with the Divine in man." But he did not

believe in the teaching of Christian morality without *the* central figure, *the* Son of Man, "the most tremendous title possible." He thought that the forms of the Christian religion would alter, but that the spirit of Christ would grow from more to more, and that the coming ages would "ring in the Christ that is to be." He anticipated the time when Christianity without bigotry would triumph, when the strifes of warring creeds would be over, and these

> "Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more
> But find their limits by that larger light,
> And overstep them, moving easily
> Through after-ages in the Love of Truth,
> The Truth of Love."

A poet's creed, no doubt; but surely a noble one. It will not bear rendering into formulæ and articles, but it has strengthened many an anxious and perturbed spirit, tossed amidst the waves of doubt and unbelief, during the last half century. The schoolmen and dogmatic theologians teach us to find distinctions and differences, the poets teach us how to find unity and peace. And, whilst men like Tyndall and Sidgwick and Lecky rejoiced to find a poet who could enter into the latest discoveries of science and make them his own, Tennyson helped them and thousands more to see how impossible it is for the human mind and heart to be satisfied with the kind of truth which is all that science can teach, how in philosophy and in science itself, as well as in religion, faith is necessary, that

> "Nothing worthy proving can be proven
> Nor yet disproven; wherefore be thou wise,
> Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt
> And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!"

Amongst the doughty allies who, without holding Christian truth in any formal or dogmatic shape, have helped it to triumph in the midst of the un-faith and half-faiths of the latter part of the nineteenth century, stand unquestionably the names of its two greatest poets—Browning and Tennyson.

We must bring this article to a close without having touched upon a score of tempting themes suggested by these charming volumes. The poet's letters are not in themselves memorable; they set forth the simple, loyal, noble heart of the man—little more. His friendships, on the other hand, and the records of intercourse with friends which are found in the *Life*, present a mine of interest. He knew almost every one worth knowing in the best society for several decades, and counted amongst his intimates men differing so widely from one another as Thackeray, Lord Houghton, Gladstone, Carlyle, Jowett, Tyndall, the Duke of Argyll, Browning, Lord Selborne and Edward Fitzgerald. His long life made him a link between generations. He had often breakfasted with Rogers, several times met Wordsworth, yet he outlived Browning and watched the rise of minor poetic stars in the last decade of the century. Another subject, which it is almost an unpardonable sin of omission not to have dwelt upon in such an article as this, is Tennyson's heart-felt and even passionate patriotism. He was Englishman to the backbone, and every drop of blood in his veins ran loyal to his country and his Queen. But in all the fervour of his patriotic verse there is no rant or jingoism; he loved all men more, not less, because he loved his country best. Few poets can show such a record as his patriotic verse, extending over half-a-century, from "Of old sat Freedom on the heights" and "Love thou thy land," in 1832, to "Freedom" and "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," in 1891. And nothing he ever wrote in praise of the England he loved so well jarred in the least with his anticipations of the Golden Year, the hopes he loved to indulge of a fair future for the world—

> "Till each man find his own in all men's good,
> And all men work in noble brotherhood,
> Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
> And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
> And gathering all the fruits of earth and crowned with all her flowers."

The hitherto unpublished poems contained in these

volumes would in themselves almost furnish forth an article. They have been carefully selected, we are told, by the biographer in association with some of his father's oldest friends, and the choice will, we think, at once explain why Tennyson himself did not publish them, and why they were nevertheless well worth publishing in this supplementary fashion. Some of them illustrate the history of the poet's progress in his art, whilst others contain excellent lines or striking stanzas, but are flawed here and there in workmanship. Amongst the best and most characteristic we may note "Life of the life within my blood" (i. 59), found amongst some verses handed about among his friends at Cambridge and kept by Edw. Fitzgerald; "The Ante-Chamber" (i. 199), which contains, as his friends thought, an unintended portrait of himself; the spirited lines, "Bold Havelock marched" (i. 423); the alternative version of the "Sweet and Low" song (i. 255); and two or three unpublished "In Memoriam" stanzas (i. 306, 7), numbered lvii., cviii. and cxxvii. respectively. The dainty lines on "Reticence" (ii. 87) were rejected for no greater fault than that two consecutive lines began with the word "Her." The poet threw the verses aside and forgot all about them.

"Not to Silence would I build
A temple in her naked field;
Not to her would raise a shrine:
She no goddess is of mine
But to one of finer sense
Her half-sister, Reticence.

Latest of her worshippers,
I would shrine her in my verse!
Not like Silence shall she stand,
Finger-lift, but with right hand
Moving toward her lip, and there
Hovering, thoughtful, poised in air."

These lines remind us of one characteristic feature of the poet who, for nearly three-quarters of a century, gave to the world of his best work, ever striving to make it better. He desired that his work and his work alone should be his

monument. Readers will remember his lines, on reading a certain *Life and Letters*, written now more than fifty years ago, in which he invoked Shakspere's curse on those who would not let his ashes rest in peace. There is nothing in this admirable Memoir that could jar even upon that sensitive spirit, whilst there is much which will still more closely endear his name, perpetuate his memory, and add to his reputation, as one of the foremost Englishmen of the century and one of the noblest poets of all time.

ART. II.—THE MAKING OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

1. *The Story of Australasia; its Discovery, Colonization and Development.* By J. S. LAURIE, Barrister-at-Law, formerly H.M. Inspector of Schools and Director of Public Instruction. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1896.
2. *Life of Sir Henry Parkes, G.C.M.G., Australian Statesman.* By CHARLES E. LYNE, formerly of the "Sydney Morning Herald." With Illustrations. London: T. F. Unwin. 1897.
3. *Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History.* By Sir HENRY PARKES, G.C.M.G. Two Vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.
4. *The Wealth and Progress of New South Wales.* By T. A. COGHLAN, Government Statistician. Sydney. 1897.
5. *The Australian Commonwealth.* By GREVILLE TREGARTHEN. London: T. F. Unwin. 1893.

THE appearance of the *Life of Sir Henry Parkes* at this time is opportune. The presence at the recent Jubilee of six out of the seven Australian Premiers has quickened the interest of the Mother-land in the Colonies

they represent, and has given rise to renewed speculations as to Australian, and even Imperial, Federation. With such speculations none showed a deeper sympathy than Sir Henry Parkes, and none did more in his lifetime to bring them to a practical issue. His political life synchronised with the growth and maturity of the Australian Commonwealth. His intelligence was one of the formative forces that determined its shape and structure : his statesmanship was one of the chief factors of progress throughout the half-century of its existence. Spanning, by the story of one eventful life, the interval that separates obscurity from renown and feebleness from world-wide influence, we welcome this substantial memorial of one of Australia's greatest men.

The *Life* itself, however, seems to need, by way of introduction, some sketch of the early history of the Colony in which its principal scenes are laid. Both this volume and the two that stand next to it on our list presuppose an acquaintance, not possessed by every reader, with the state of things which Parkes confronted when he first set foot on the shore of New South Wales. Such a sketch we will first endeavour to compile from the other sources indicated, and then proceed to a brief delineation of the career of Sir Henry Parkes, on the line of which may be threaded the chief events of the later history.

The circumstances that led to the establishment of this great Colony were, as is well known, altogether different from those of any other British settlement. Virginia, early in the seventeenth century, was an attempted reproduction on the coast of America of English society as it then was. New England, somewhat later, afforded an asylum for the choicest spirits of the persecuted Puritans. The Colony of Georgia, a hundred years after, was an experiment in philanthropy intended to benefit the distressed of all nations. But New South Wales was, in its inception, a convict settlement pure and simple. The benefit was to be to the Mother-country, the great and unspeakable one of dismissing to a safe distance the more dangerous elements

of her population. Any hopes as to the effect on the convicts themselves were of the vaguest kind, as is proved by the fact that it was only at the pressing instance of William Wilberforce that a chaplain was appointed to accompany them. This, indeed, was no solitary instance of neglect. Ammunition for the marines was entirely overlooked and had to be procured on the way out, or there would have been no means of repressing a possible rebellion. Provisions were scanty, and these also had to be replenished at the various ports at which the vessels touched. The melancholy fleet of six transports and three storeships, containing 564 male and 192 female convicts, with 13 children, also 168 marines and 10 officers, a few medical men and mechanics, and 40 wives of marines—a total of some 1,100 souls—weighed anchor at Portsmouth on the 13th of May, 1787. On one thing the expedition was to be congratulated, the appointment of a man like Captain Thomas Phillip as the Governor of the future Colony. Had he been seconded by suitable subordinates, its early history would have been very different from what it actually was.

The destination of the fleet was Botany Bay, where the advanced guard arrived on the 18th of January, 1788. However excellent as a hunting-ground for scientific men, the unsuitableness of this site for the purpose contemplated was at once perceived. Three leagues to the north, according to the map of Captain Cook, lay the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson, and to this the Governor immediately proceeded in an open boat. Broken up by innumerable headlands into as many coves or inlets, this port consisted of a multiplicity of natural harbours; and to one of these, called Sydney Cove in honour of the Secretary of State, the settlement was removed, January 24th, 1788.*

Disappointment and disaster marked the first stages of the Colony's growth. The seeds obtained on the voyage were

* The same day two vessels were seen in the offing, carrying French colours. As it is not discovery, but occupation, which gives a title by the law of nations, it may be said that England won Australia by six days.

planted without delay, but they all rotted in the ground. Indeed, only one man understood farming, and that one was the Governor's servant. The "handsome herd of cattle" promised by the Government consisted of two bulls and four cows, which fled to the bush soon after arrival; whilst of lesser live stock, one ewe lamb, with a couple of pigs and goats, survived the perils of the voyage. Gaunt famine soon stared the settlement in the face.

Meanwhile, fresh consignments of convicts continued to arrive; not seldom "a fever-stricken mob of patients for the hospital," while the storeships, when not wrecked by the way, brought with them "coarse salt junk, tainted or putrid, biscuit-bread crawling with weevils, potatoes and onions rotten, flour and oats mildewed," but, by way of compensation, "wines and spirits in abundance."

"When the *Atlantic* arrived," wrote the Governor, "we had only thirteen days' flour and forty-five days' of maize in store, at 1½ lb. of flour and 4½ lbs. of maize per man for seven days."

The unpromising elements of this weird community gave early signs of trouble. Robberies of the public stores were not infrequent, but worse than this was the inveterate habit of laziness consequent on a life of crime. Worst of all was the mischief occasioned by the men whose business it was to keep the convicts in order. The "New South Wales Corps" arrived in 1790. But these soldiers soon became the chief disturbers of the public peace. They grew "very intimate with the convicts, living in their huts, eating, drinking and gambling with them, and perpetually causing domestic troubles." The officers were as bad as the men.

"Every phase of vice and corruption shamed the light of day: demoniacal orgies were the order of the night. Nevertheless, for twenty years the Imperial authorities not only ignored the protests of the Governors, but, influenced by clandestine representations, winked at this disgraceful abuse."

The policy, sketched by one member of the Privy Council

prior to the undertaking, was more and worse than carried out.

"Criminals, when their lives and liberties are forfeited to Justice, become a forlorn hope, and have always been judged a fair subject of hazardous experiments. Hence, offended Justice, in consigning them to the inhospitable shores of New Holland, does not mean thereby to seat them on a bed of roses."

Not in satire, but in deepest sympathy with the great and good man who had to bear this intolerable burden till health and strength gave way, we quote, in contrast to the above, a passage from the speech of Governor Phillip on the day of inauguration:

"What Frobisher, Raleigh, Delaware and Yates did for America, that we are met to do for Australia, but under happier auspices. Our enterprise was wisely conceived, deliberately devised, and efficiently organised. The Sovereign, the Parliament, and the People united to give it encouragement. We are here to take possession of this fifth division of the globe, on behalf of the British people, and to found a State which, we hope, will not only occupy and rule this great country, but will also be the beneficent patroness of the Southern Hemisphere. How grand is the prospect which lies before the youthful nation!"

The spirit of a noble man spoke out in these words, and in keeping with them was every act of his too brief administration.* Worn out by the opposition of unruly subordinates, in December, 1792, Governor Phillip embarked for England. His departure was followed by a three years' interregnum, which can only be described as Pandemonium let loose. The New South Wales Corps, "the rejected dregs of the English army," had their own way. Vice and debauchery were encouraged; murders and robberies multiplied. Spirits became the recognised medium of exchange, the military purchasing from the Government at four or

* For instance, he gave up 3 cwt. of flour, his own property, declaring that he "wished not to see anything more at his own table than the ration received in common from the public store; and that, if a convict complained, he might see that want was not unfelt even at Government House." His portrait in the *Australian Commonwealth* carries the stamp of philanthropy and refinement.

five shillings a gallon, and retailing at from six to eight pounds. In September, 1795, Captain John Hunter arrived, with instructions to reinstate the civil magistracy and suppress the liquor traffic. The latter was a task beyond his power.

For many years the fortunes of the Colony depended more on the character of the Governors than on anything else. A combination of almost contradictory qualities was required for a post every way unattractive. The hardiness of the weather-beaten sea-captain and the cunning fence of the wary diplomatist did not often co-exist in the same person; they were, therefore, tried by turns. Short terms of office favoured the plan; so a gentleman was often replaced by a boor, and a genuine philanthropist by a small-souled military martinet. We will not pain our readers by depicting in detail the dismal episodes that make up so much of early Australian history: we will but single out a few of the men who lived in advance of their age. Passing over, therefore, "the morbid sensitiveness of Hunter (1795—1800), the feebleness of King (1800—1806), the blunt brusquerie of Bligh (1806—1808)," and the miseries of a second military interregnum (1808—1809), we come upon the one prolonged period of intelligent and high-souled administration, that connected with the name of Governor Macquarie (1809—1821). An English gentleman by birth and training, he "commanded respect by his evident sincerity, strength of will, decision of character, and unswerving devotion to duty."

His first work was the dissolution of the New South Wales Corps. Their dismissal was comparatively easy; not so the eradication of the evils that had arisen from their ascendency. The right of private trading, wrongfully usurped, had now to be restored to free settlers. The "rum currency" had to be abolished. Promiscuous grants of land had to be stopped, along with promiscuous pardons. The cultivation of the soil had to be encouraged and enforced, and the introduction of capable settlers fostered by every legitimate means. With the success of these

measures came the development of more advanced ideas. Architecture began to be thought about. From a "rough and tumble mound of hovels, filthy yards, and mouldy cellars," Sydney was placed in the way of becoming "a well-planned town, adorned with public buildings, quays and wharves." The activity of the Governor was not confined to the chief city. Homesteads and townships were, under his personal superintendence, established in commanding situations, and on ground high above the floods which devastated the banks of the Hawkesbury and the Nepean, hitherto the only cultivated soil. Best of all, a network of communication was opened up in the shape of numerous well-constructed roads. The task was by no means easy. Driven through dense scrub and thorny bush, they extended to a length of 276 miles, and included 146 miles of viaduct. The viaducts were, many of them, thrown across the awful gorges of the Blue Mountains, that "long winding Cordillera" whose untrodden heights had hitherto baffled the imagination and bounded the hopes of dwellers in the plains. Enterprising men were thus supplied with a mighty impetus to seek the regions beyond. The first serious efforts were made at inland exploration. Wentworth, Lawson and Blaxland essayed to pierce the veil of mystery that hung over the Blue Mountains, and manfully faced its "marshalled array of peaks, passes and brawling torrents," till

> "the intricacies of the passage were unravelled, and there stretched before them not, as had been supposed, a vast Mediterranean Sea, but an undulating plain of rich soil, expanding on every side as far as the eye could reach."

The confidence inspired by a strong and righteous Government tended to promote industry. Pastoral farming increased, at first more through good fortune than good management. The "two bulls and four cows" that fled to the bush found convenient pastures far from the haunts of men. In seven or eight years, grown to a herd of sixty cattle, they were sighted by some stray human wanderer,

and a party, consisting of Government officials, set out at once in pursuit. The deserters were summoned to surrender by beat of drum. But the bulk of the male animals closed their ranks, stood a few moments surveying the situation with that look of guileless curiosity peculiar to the race, and then charged in full force upon the body of officials, with Governor Hunter at their head. By the year 1807 the "Government herd" had multiplied to 4,000; when, yielding to gentler means, they were gradually captured and distributed to the several stations. The descendants of these "free settlers" on the banks of Cowpasture River now cover the land, having been, by various crossings, improved into a special variety known as the Australian breed.

By a piece of similar good fortune a band of runaway horses, taking a fancy to bush life, throve splendidly on native grasses, and acclimatised themselves without the aid of the breeder. The stock now amounts to a total of 100,000. The race of sheep, for which Australia has become so famous, was due to the energy of one man, Captain Macarthur, who introduced the Cape variety. The aggregate flocks now exceed 60,000,000.* The present value of the pastoral property of Australasia, including plant and improvements, is estimated at no less than £300,000,000, of which New South Wales claims about 44 per cent.

The progress of agriculture, though steady, was more slow, owing in part to ignorance of the capabilities of the soil, and in part to difficulties of another kind. The chief of these were land settlement and convict labour. The former we shall mention further on; the latter, while it lasted, presented a very arduous problem. On the one hand, it was pleaded that the aim of the settlement was to give the convicts another chance. On the other, the exigencies of the times were said to demand free immigrants.† The interests of the two classes were opposed.

* A Jubilee gift of 20,000 sheep was sent to this country early in the summer.

† For the views entertained at a later period, see page 243.

Governor Macquarie, with that belief in the possibilities of human nature common to all great minds, sought to uplift the degraded, and looked for assistance to the sympathy of his fellows, whatever their interests might be. It was a perilous undertaking, and one to which the magnanimity of the average settler soon proved to be unequal. The "emancipist fad" caused dissatisfaction; and, a case being made out through certain emissaries sent from England, this high-principled servant of the Crown was recalled.

The craze of Sir Thomas Brisbane (1822—1825) was astronomy, praiseworthy in a *savant*, but misplaced in an officer of State. While he was adjusting machinery in the newly-constructed Observatory at Parramatta, more important machinery was getting out of gear, and the "Whitehall bugle" soon sounded a retreat. General Darling (1825—1831) went to the opposite extreme. The year of his removal was marked by the arrival of the first emigrant ship, and also of "a fine lot of sturdy Scotchmen," these last chiefly through the exertions of Dr. Lang—parson, patriot and politician—and the patronage of Lord Glenelg. With Governor Bourke (1831—1838) the wheel of fortune again took an upward turn. He saw that the Colony had outgrown its original intention; and, after a total of 50,000 consigned convicts, the transportation system was doomed. He acted equitably towards both emancipists and exclusionists. He liberated the Press. He extended State patronage to all the religious denominations, instead of confining it to one. He did his best to introduce a comprehensive scheme of education, steering clear of specific denominational dogma. He struck off the roll of magistrates all who had abused their office by revengeful penalties, and restricted flogging to a maximum of fifty lashes. Such a passion for reform in a Governor could not but bring odium on himself, and so retirement ended for Sir Richard Bourke his "five years' voluntary penal servitude with hard labour."

The next Governor was Sir George Gipps (1838—1846), a man said to be "distinguished by viceregal bearing,

histrionic attitude, supercilious demeanour, and a stolidity that passed for wisdom."* Against this adverse judgment, however, let us set one of the first acts of his reign. By most settlers the Aborigines had been looked upon as little better than wild beasts, and had been shot down without mercy on the slightest provocation. A profound sensation was accordingly created when eleven white men were arrested for a massacre of some thirty or forty natives, including women and children. The line of defence was that "they were not aware that in killing blacks they were violating the law." The defence was disallowed; seven of the offenders were hanged; and Governor Gipps was described in the newspapers as a man of "drawling philanthropy and mawkish sentimentality."

Under Gipps the land difficulty reached a climax; this was the chief grudge against him. But the mischief had been long at work. In the early days the Government was only too glad to secure occupiers on nominal terms. Whoever possessed a certain amount of stock, and would undertake the charge of "assigned servants," acquired a large grant in perpetuity. Some lands were simply appropriated by "squatters," others were obtained through patronage or for perfunctory services, others leased on easily evaded conditions. Vast sections of the country were thus frittered away, without regard to remunerative investment. When the evils of this system began to appear, various attempts were made to remove them; and among the rest was the device of selling land by auction all over Australia at the minimum price of one pound per acre.

"A mildly speculative land-boom set in, and when buyers sought to realise their fancy purchase, the reaction set in, and ruin stared them in the face. Houses, lands, and every kind of property were sacrificed—the glut causing a depreciation in the price of sheep, for instance, to sixpence per head."

Other causes were at work, tending to inflation, but the land-boom precipitated matters, and brought about the first great crisis in Australian finance. It culminated in 1843.

* Laurie's *Story of Australasia*, p. 151.

The land difficulty is still an unsolved problem. In New South Wales at this moment there are but 600 owners for 45,000,000 acres of appropriated soil. Fifty per cent. of the estates exceed 10,000 acres, and another 25 per cent. exceed 1,000 each. The case is much the same with every Colony in the Southern Heptarchy. It is no wonder, therefore, that some of the less pleasing features of life in the old country should reappear in the new, such as overcrowded cities and a residuum of unemployed population. There remains, of course, very much land to be possessed, not all scrub and not all desert. But equitable tenure and the application of capital are essential to success, and, in addition, in many parts, the supply of water by artificial means.

Before the Colony had completed its first half-century,* the necessity became apparent of emancipation from the tutelage of irresponsible Governors. In 1842 the Constitution was remodelled. The Legislative Council, nominated by the Crown, was replaced by a new body consisting of 36 members, 12 being Crown nominees and 24 elected representatives of the people. District Councils were also established, having charge of police and local works. The age of free speech and free parliaments had begun, with free scope as public men for all who were able to win and keep the favour of the people. A few such men were already on the stage. Of these, W. C. Wentworth, of Blue Mountains' fame, was the acknowledged leader. Second only to him was Dr. Lang, and with them stood Robert Lowe, whose subsequent career in this country, in his later years as Lord Sherbrooke, is familiar to all.

But it not seldom happens that a new era brings forward new men, men of its own creation, men who seize the golden opportunity as it offers, identify themselves with the popular advance, and henceforth count among the leaders of their time and country. Such was the case in New South Wales at this critical juncture of affairs.

* The population had risen from 5,547 in 1801 to 149,669 in 1841 in New South Wales alone, besides 100,000 in the rest of Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand.

On July 27th, 1839, the *Sydney Herald* published an abstract of 203 immigrants, who had arrived the day before by the *Strathfieldsaye* barque. They were mostly farm labourers and shepherds, with a few gardeners and carpenters; but the list included one lawyer, one printer, one shoemaker, one painter, one whitesmith, one saddler, one mason, and one turner. The last of these units, a married man of twenty-four years of age, with a wife, and one child born on the voyage, was the future five times Premier of New South Wales. He was a "bounty immigrant," strong in mind and body, but poor in purse, so poor that a sixpence picked up in the streets of Sydney soon after landing was a considerable help towards that day's meals. He found temporary occupation in sheep-washing, ironmongery, foundry work and tide-waiting successively, the last of which he quitted, characteristically, through discovering departmental malpractices. His best equipment proved to be the trade at his fingers' ends. And so, among other competitors for custom, the *Sydney Directory* for 1844-5 enshrines the name of "Henry Parkes, Ivory and Bone Turner, Kent Street."

There, amid his little collection of chess and backgammon men, paper-knives, egg-cups, children's rattles, humming-tops, buttons and needle-cases, as often as not with a borrowed book or journal by his side, might be seen the future aspirant for political honours, the future epoch-making statesman, with his foot on the treadle and his hand at the wheel, busied at once in supplying the needs of the present and preparing for that greater future which a sure instinct told him was in store. Reserved and thoughtful in bearing, and careful of personal appearance, this young man from the first impressed his associates as destined for great things. Ambition was already stirring within his breast. After assisting at the election of Sydney aldermen, the first that ever took place, a friend remarked, "Well, Mr. Parkes, we must put *you* up as Councillor." "Mr. Smith," said the young canvasser, "if ever I put up for anything, it will be for something higher than Councillor."

The early history of the speaker accounts for these lofty aspirations.

"From the years of boyhood in England," he says, "I had looked on silently throughout the tremendous agitations for the first Reform Bill, and I was a solitary listener among the 250,000 persons who attended the great Newhall Hill meeting in Birmingham, my whole being stirred by the solemn strains of the Union hymn, as they were pealed forth under the thousand waving flags of that gathered multitude. I became a member of the Political Union, and wore my badge openly till the Bill was carried into law by the Grey Ministry."

During the plastic years of youth, from sixteen to four-and-twenty, Parkes had many opportunities of listening to the orators of the day. Among them were Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish Liberator; George Thompson, the anti-slavery advocate; William Cobbett, the caustic critic of every administration; and "that thunderous preacher," John Angell James. They made a deep impression on his mind, although he "never dreamed of passing the barrier which shut him out from the wielders of impassioned speech." In the new country, however, he saw still going on the struggles that had been successful in the old. The passion for freedom was as a fire shut up in his bones; and, first through the press and then on the platform, a new voice was shortly heard, pleading for truth and righteousness in measured but powerful tones.

It was a critical time in the history of the Colony. Early in 1849 transportation, which had ceased since 1843, was tentatively resumed. On the 8th of June, in that year, the *Hashemy* anchored off Sydney, with a cargo of 250 convicts. On the same day two emigrant ships arrived, and the day after three more, conveying in all 1,250 free immigrants, who had left England in the belief that transportation had ceased for ever. Popular feeling was aroused. An open-air meeting was summoned at the Circular Quay, almost in sight of the ships, symbols of two opposed and incompatible systems. Eight thousand people assembled in pouring rain, and, with an enthusiasm hitherto unprecedented, adopted a

vigorous protest against a return to the old policy. Henry Parkes was one of the principal speakers, and the framer of the protest. The agitation thus commenced did not cease until, in 1852, the obnoxious "Orders in Council" were finally revoked.*

The natural sequel to this movement was a loud and urgent demand for "ministers chosen from and responsible to the people." The Act of 1843 had accorded the franchise to certain portions of the Colony, but the Crown nominees still held the reins of power. The first to call attention to the subject was W. C. Wentworth. So early as 1844 he protested in the Council against the withholding of self-government from the Colony, and in every subsequent session "battered at the door of the Secretary of State." But Wentworth's own views fell short of the necessities of the case. He contemplated the creation of a Colonial nobility with hereditary privileges, the establishment of a nominee Upper House, and a pension-list for those whose offices might become defunct. These ideas were little fitted to captivate a colony just awaking to a consciousness of its power. Another spirit was abroad than that of compromise and courtliness, and demanded a leader of a different type. Such a leader was found in Henry Parkes. The lathe and the counter were now abandoned. By the advice and assistance of numerous friends, other premises were rented, and the quondam mechanic installed, in December, 1850, as the proprietor and editor of the *Empire* newspaper.

The uncompromising advocacy of popular principles through this medium greatly increased Parkes's influence. In May, 1854, Wentworth retired from Parliament in order to visit England in support of his Bill, and Parkes was nominated as a Member for Sydney in his stead. The contest was severe, but the victory decisive, a majority for

* The effect of the convict system on the country gentlemen was described as similar to that produced by slavery on the planters of the Southern States in America. It enervated their character, depraved their manners, gave them false notions of labour and capital, and, in many instances, sowed the seeds of their own ruin.

Parkes being declared in every ward. His vote was almost double that of his opponent. Shoulder high, the successful candidate was borne through the streets by his adherents, amid vociferous cheers. His nomination speech outlined lofty principles of action. He "would support the rights of the humblest and poorest," but "would no more truckle to the working classes than to the highest." For a while Parkes sat as a silent member, among a small knot of sympathisers opposed to the official nominees. In about a month after his election he gave notice of resolutions in favour of "a system of immigration based on sound economical principles, and having for its object a broad identity of interest between the individual immigrant and his adopted country." From that time until the Legislative Council gave way to a free Parliament in May, 1856, he took a foremost place in its debates.

The first Legislative Assembly under the new constitution contained men of great ability and high character. Stuart Alexander Donaldson, for instance, the first Premier, was a man of large financial knowledge and moderate views. But the various parties had not yet adjusted themselves, and, after four Ministries in the course of nineteen months, a dissolution wound up the troubled and contentious history of this first Assembly. Hard pressed by his editorial duties and the heavy incumbrances connected with them, Parkes had, during the first session, announced his purpose to retire from public life. The regret occasioned by this step was universal, but nothing could induce him to reconsider it. Many testimonies were borne to the services he had rendered, and meetings were held to devise some form of public acknowledgment. Of this, however, Parkes would not hear. "Merit," he said, "wherever it exists, will work out its own most fitting reward." The manifest sincerity of the refusal raised him still higher in popular esteem. In a community in which personal advantage had so often reigned supreme, it was felt that a new standard of public morality had been set.

"Your sentiments," said Dr. Woolley, the Principal of Sydney

University, "come like the fresh breeze from a free mountain side. It does one good to think that we have some real men amongst us."

Parkes's career, so far from being ended, was scarcely begun. His retirement only lasted a twelvemonth. In the course of it he appeared before the public in another guise. Again his sentiments came "like a fresh breeze": this time from the slopes of Parnassus. It was not his first appearance as a composer of verse. *Stolen Moments* was the suggestive title of his earliest venture, in 1842. The present issue was entitled *Murmurs of the Stream*. The habit of versifying continued through life, a welcome relaxation from public cares. In 1887 a third volume was printed anonymously, *The Beauteous Terrorist, and Other Poems;* a fourth in 1889, styled *Fragmentary Thoughts*, a selection from former poems, with new ones added; and a fifth in 1895, *Sonnets and Other Verse*. The fourth was dedicated to Tennyson, "in remembrance of golden hours of life spent with him" during a visit to England in 1882. It elicited from the Laureate congratulations on his having "not unsuccessfully interwoven the laurel of the Muses with the civic wreath."

Colonial public life thus appeared almost to open for Henry Parkes in a blaze of well-earned popularity. Scarcely another man could be named that had started so low and climbed so high. But the chapter in his *Fifty Years*, entitled "Seven Years as a Journalist," creates a different impression. The *Empire* was a valuable, and for some time a successful, publication. It was conducted with spirit and intelligence. It did not lack political significance. "It created the first distinct party with a liberal creed and the means of vigorous action." Yet its proprietor says of it, "All my personal troubles date from that, to me, unfortunate enterprise." Bad debts, heavy legal expenses through unavoidable lawsuits, and the extravagant demands of journeymen at a period of exorbitant wages, brought disaster upon disaster, and issued in financial failure. The bitter abuse that followed was not the least painful of its consequences. But the sub-

ject of it was exonerated by the Chief Commissioner "from even the suspicion of any act of impropriety in his business relations." Nor could any testimony be higher, alike to his strength of purpose and to his purity of character, than the fact that, within a few months from the depression of his fortunes to their lowest point, he came forward as a candidate for East Sydney at the General Election of 1859, and was successful.

The service of the State henceforth became for Parkes the all-absorbing object of pursuit. Like that of every public man, his career was marked by very distinct phases, the cold shade of opposition alternating with the sunshine of office. But for six-and-thirty years he was a recognised power in the Colony. Though not attaining the first place till 1872, when he had passed his fifty-sixth year, his Ministries were five in number, and, under a system of triennial parliaments, covered a period of eleven years and nine months—more than double the term of any other man. A brief sketch of his principal measures is all we can attempt.

Before adverting to them, an event must be mentioned which had a great and determining influence upon the destiny of all the Colonies, the gold fever of 1850—1856. With the early stages of this important crisis Henry Parkes was intimately associated. It was in the office of the *Empire* that Hargraves first disclosed the secret of his great discovery, and through its columns the tidings were given to the world. It was the first journal to send a commissioner to the goldfields. The shock of this discovery was electric and far-reaching, and the impetus to immigration enormous. The resources of the State were sorely taxed to maintain public order; and the wild race for gold, while congesting traffic upon the favoured localities, threatened to paralyse it in all others. Happily, the cessation of the convict system and the adoption of a freer constitution enabled the country to tide over a crisis which, in the words of W. C. Wentworth, "precipitated a colony into a nation."[e]

[e] The population of New South Wales alone reached, in 1861, a total of 357,978.

The Public Schools Act of 1866 was one of those on the accomplishment of which Parkes justly prided himself. It involved a contest on much the same lines as that of 1870 in this country, but the settlement resembled that adopted in Ireland rather than Mr. Forster's measure in England. In 1880, by a junction of the Roman Catholics with the Secularists, an attack was made on the system, resulting in the withdrawal of all aid from denominational schools. Of this change, Parkes, then at the head of his second administration, did not approve; but, public opinion running high, he yielded to the current; and so education became what some would like to see it in England, "national, secular, compulsory and free."

State aid to religion was discontinued in 1862, subsequent payments being limited to those clergy or ministers then actually in receipt of such help.* This change took place during Parkes's visit to England in prosecution of his emigration schemes.

That visit bore fruit ten years later in other ways than those originally contemplated. For a new colony Parkes had held that a measure of Protection was desirable. Conversation with Cobden and others in this country made him a pronounced Free Trader. His first Ministry, in 1872, was signalised by measures of fiscal reform, which made New South Wales, alone among the Australasian Colonies, a free-trading community. A vigorous railway policy was also introduced, ocean mail services were established, and cable communication with this country and New Zealand

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* The cessation of concurrent endowment has not injured the Churches. In the subjoined table the percentage of attendance should be noted. The figures are for New South Wales alone. In all Australasia, the Wesleyan Methodist Church counts 70,000 Church members and 450,000 adherents, out of a population of 4,500,000. A federation of all Methodist bodies is in progress, or rather, an organic union, similar to that which has taken place in Canada.

	Adherents.	Attendants.	Percentage.
Church of England ...	500,000	94,000	17·0
Roman Catholic ...	287,000	97,000	30·7
Presbyterian	106,000	43,000	35·7
Wesleyan Methodist ...	87,000	67,000	70·2

received attention. Money became plentiful, trade and commerce increased, and, in fact, New South Wales enjoyed a full share of the prosperity which at that time overspread all parts of the British Empire.

The first Parkes Ministry lasted till January, 1875, and was followed by the return to power of Mr. Robertson, who held office for two years. For some time the Premiership alternated between the two, and against this see-saw in politics an outcry arose which produced an unexpected result. Instead of making way for other men, the rivals united, and, in December, 1878, formed one of the strongest Governments the country ever knew. This Coalition Ministry left a creditable record of legislative work, and a surplus at the Treasury of nearly £2,000,000, on its retirement from office in 1882.

Shortly before the commencement of this, his third Ministry, Parkes, in common with Robertson, received the honour of knighthood—a just recognition in each case of great services rendered to the State. In 1881, while yet in the height of his popularity as Premier, Sir Henry Parkes visited England for the second time. Ill health was the occasion. Although his circumstances were still unprosperous, and efforts were made both inside and outside Parliament to provide him with the necessary funds, he declined to accept a single penny. During the whole period of his stay in this country, Sir Henry Parkes was one of the lions of the season.

The fourth Parkes Ministry (1887—1889) was remarkable for the restriction of Chinese immigration, on the principle that "we must be loyal to ourselves;" for the payment of members, which the Premier himself disliked; for the Railways Act, removing railways (long since become State property) from the baneful effects of political influence; and for the Public Works Act, subjecting all schemes of more than £20,000 to the scrutiny of a Committee, a measure that has been the admiration of the whole civilized world. It was also remarkable for the centennial celebration of January 26th, 1888, when 50,000 citizens

witnessed the unveiling, in Chancery Square, Sydney, of the statue of Queen Victoria, "probably the grandest, the most jubilant, the most comprehensive, and the most socially harmonious, industrial carnival of modern times."*

In the train of such an event, it was no wonder that the fifth Parkes Ministry (March, 1889—October, 1891) should be marked by his advocacy of Australian Federation. "The time has now come," he said, "when we should be no longer isolated. The crimson thread of kinship runs through us all." With this, in his mind, was linked the larger subject of Imperial Federation, which did not, however, mean for him a return to the pupilage of a century ago. The recent utterance of Mr. G. H. Reid, his latest rival and his successor in the Premiership, is only an echo of his own words: "The softer the cords, the stronger will be the union between us and the parent country." Australian Federation, after many delays, is now again coming to the front, and likely in a short time to be an accomplished fact. Whenever it takes place, the sonnet of the poet-premier on the subject will doubtless be recited at its inauguration, with sympathetic feeling:

"ONE PEOPLE, ONE DESTINY.

"One People working out one Destiny,—
Shall we not live within the ampler shores
Of our fair land, with no remembered sores
Of once-distempered blood; no enemy,
Nor speech nor hearts divided; earth, sea, sky,
Our own; the coming Nation's plenteous stores
Of courage, richer than her golden ores,
Expanding with her fame and industry?
Name of the Future, to inspire and charm
The teeming emulous people of the West,
To fill the Orient with her peaceful rays,
To lead the King-Apostles to disarm,
To teach the masses to exalt the Best,
To herald in the round of happy days."

Little remains to be told. In April, 1896, with the

* Laurie's *Story of Australasia*, p. 200.

passing away of Sir Henry Parkes, closed an epoch in Australian history; and the sorrow of the people proclaimed to all the world that they had lost their stoutest champion and truest friend. A more unselfish statesman never lived.*

Of the *Life of Sir Henry Parkes* it is enough to say that it is a worthy presentation of the man, and that its estimate of his character, while appreciative throughout, is in no way overstrained. Together with his own *Fifty Years of Australian Life*, it will constitute a standard book of reference for the eventful period in the midst of which he lived.

The following forecast may be profitably studied by those interested in our Australasian Colonies:

"What will be the future of this island continent? Of the material future there need be no doubt: a steady, rapid progress appears to be assured. A trans-continental railway from north to south is now in process of construction, and will be followed in due course by a trans-continental railway running from east to west. In the most arid and hopeless districts of Queensland, enormous underground volumes of water have been struck, showing how the terror of drought may disappear. We seem but to have scratched our mineral wealth.

"Socially, the outlook is uncertain. Our institutions must be democratic. We have to beware of an insinuating and enervating Socialism. This probably is the lion in our path. We are sure that the future will see a moral and sober people settled from Cape York to the Leuwin. If that people has also adopted the solid, manly, and British principle of individual self-reliance, all will be well."†

The note of warning in this deliverance merits attention, uttered as it was at a time of jubilant festivity. "Enervation" is precisely the peril of society in the Southern World, and that not from climatic causes only. In the Colony whose fortunes we have been tracing, recent

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* True to his nature to the last, he prohibited his trustees from encouraging anything in the shape of a monument, or even of a public funeral; and his wishes were scrupulously respected by the Government.

† *Melbourne Argus*, Centennial Number, quoted by Laurie, *Australasia*, p. 211.

statistics* of crime, divorce, illegitimacy and suicide do not show the diminution that might have been expected from the spread of education. Rather they bear witness to an increase on previous years, suggesting painful doubts as to the effect of the purely secular system adopted in 1880. There are also the dangers arising from undue absorption in the pursuit of wealth, and from the absence of those great international rivalries, other than commercial, which do so much to sober the judgment, quicken the enterprise, and exalt the ideals of a community. Inclusion in a scheme of Imperial Federation may help to correct this belittling tendency, but will not of itself be enough to counteract it. The same remark applies to political action generally. The great responsibility for social purification and uplifting rests, after all, on the Churches. They have achieved results most gratifying to one who compares the end with the beginning. But their work is not done, has hardly indeed passed its initial stage. In their girding of themselves for greater conflicts, sure preludes to wider victories, and in a rich succession of noble characters, like that we have here depicted, in every walk of public life, lies the hope of a grander future, both for New South Wales and for the goodly retinue of sister States that cluster round her.

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* See Coghlan's *Wealth and Progress of New South Wales*, 1897.

ART. III.—A HIGH-CHURCHMAN OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

Cyprian: His Life, his Times, his Work. By EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., D.C.L. London: Macmillan and Co. 1897.

THE name of Cyprian of Carthage forms a landmark in the growth of Church government. No one else did so much to establish the doctrine of the Divine right of episcopacy and the sacerdotal view of the Christian ministry. His constant insistence that the episcopate is the security for Church unity and the seat of Church authority was an immense and novel step, and has remained ever since the first principle of the hierarchical system. As his position is closely akin to that of High Anglicanism, we cannot wonder that he has always been a favourite with that school, and that the late Archbishop Benson made his life the subject of exhaustive study. He is just as great a favourite with Roman writers, the difference being that the Roman Church has advanced far beyond Cyprian's position, while Anglicans stop at it. Cyprian's fame is that of a Church ruler and administrator. He was not a great preacher or thinker. His writings, while interesting and eloquent, are very limited in extent and incidental in their contents. He is not to be classed with the Fathers who have shaped Christian thought. He was the first of the great ecclesiastics, like the Beckets and Hildebrands of later days, who in other ways have deeply influenced Christian history.

The locality calls up interesting associations. Carthage was the rival of Rome, hated and feared as such; and that fact is the best proof of its greatness. The struggle between them was not merely for supremacy but for existence. Rome was perhaps right in its instinct that the two powers could not exist together, and that one must perish.

The destruction of Carthage was dramatic in its completeness. Its founders were Phœnicians—those restless seafarers, colonizers and merchants from the East, who take us back to the old Canaanites. On the African coast, directly facing Italy, they had built up a wealthy, powerful State, preserving the language, customs and religion of their Eastern home. The name Carthage is said to be made up of two Phœnician words meaning "new city." In this territory Christianity early took deep root. Who were the first missionaries we know not. Probably in this, as in many cases, religion travelled with commerce. In Cyprian's days, *i.e.*, in the first half of the third century, nearly every one of the towns and villages crowding the country had its bishop, whatever that meant. It is also an interesting fact that the North African Church witnessed the beginning of the Latin literature of the Church. The first Christian Latin writers were here. The earliest Christian Church was Greek, and remained so for long. This was the case even in Gaul and Italy, as much as in the East. The first Latin Fathers—Minucius Felix, Tertullian, Cyprian—belong to North Africa, as, later, Augustine did also. Yet these great Churches passed out of existence. We know as little of their decline as of their growth. Their last remnant must have perished in the wave of Mohammedan conquest which swept over North Africa. Let us not forget also that the old Latin version of Scripture, probably the oldest of all versions, and forming the basis of the Vulgate version, which again has had so great a history, belongs to North African Christianity.

We must linger a moment on Tertullian, who lived just before Cyprian. Like the latter, originally an advocate by profession, he was unlike him in most other respects. Tertullian was as original, as impetuous and fiery, as Cyprian was calm and judicial. While Cyprian was a zealot for Church unity, Tertullian in later life joined the Montanist sect or heresy. This, however, did not involve any doctrinal aberration, for the Montanists seem to have dissented from the majority of the Church on practical points only,

and Tertullian was as fierce a champion of orthodoxy as Cyprian or Athanasius. Despite sectarian connections, Tertullian has always been a favourite with writers of all Churches, as he was with Cyprian, who spoke of him affectionately as "the Master." A common phrase with him, in asking for one of Tertullian's writings, was "*Da magistrum*" (Give me the Master). Long afterwards we find Augustine speaking with equal admiration of Cyprian; such is the continuity of human life and thought.

We know little of Cyprian's early life, or of the circumstances of his conversion to Christianity. He was wealthy and of high social position, often afterwards selling property for purposes of charity. He was converted in mature life, when a leading advocate at the bar, and brought the fruits of his legal training to the service of Christ. Augustine says: "What gold, what silver, what raiment he brought with him out of Egypt!" A certain Caecilian is mentioned as the means of his conversion, which is placed at 246 A.D.; the next year he became presbyter, and in 248 was made bishop by acclamation of the Church. As he was martyred in 258, his entire Christian course is included in the brief space of a dozen years. He was most unwilling to become bishop—not, we may believe, from fear of danger; but the urgency of the Christian community prevailed. Five presbyters of Carthage, who afterwards gave him much trouble, objected to the election. Cyprian enumerates three requisites of a valid election—the consent of neighbouring bishops, the votes of the Christian people, and the judgment of God. The second at least was emphatic. It is worth while to note the early recognition of the power of the Christian community in the election of its chief pastor—a power which afterwards dwindled and disappeared. The *vox populi* of the Church was then regarded as well as the *vox Dei*. It is curious also that the title given to Cyprian in early writers, is "Pope" of Carthage. This seems to have been a common title of bishops, as it is still of the ordinary priest in the Greek Church, and was used at Carthage and other places earlier than at Rome. How it became the

exclusive title of a particular bishop is a long and obscure story. The new pope or bishop of Carthage found great scope for his reforming energy among both clergy and laity. We read about ignorant, mercenary, immoral bishops; and, if bishops were bad, presbyters must have been worse. We cannot stay to describe the measures by which improvement was brought about.

Our chief concern is with the part played by Cyprian in the development of the episcopal system. What the state of the question was when he came on the scene, we learn from works like Bishop Lightfoot's *Essay on the Christian Ministry*. Bishop Lightfoot does not attempt to draw any distinction between bishop and presbyter in the New Testament. Dr. Hort (*The Christian Ecclesia*, p. 232) says of New Testament times: "Of officers higher than elders we find nothing that points to an institution or system, nothing like the episcopal system of later times." Lightfoot's aim is to prove the existence of a distinction in the middle and the beginning of the second century, thus suggesting that its rise was within sight of apostolic days. Much is made of James, the Lord's brother, being regarded in later times as a bishop, which, however, may be an instance of the common error of reading later meanings into early institutions. James enjoyed the distinction which eminence of character and relation will always give; but there is no evidence in the New Testament of any official superiority. Ignatius is also appealed to at the opening of the second century. But Ignatius has been the victim of interpolation to such an extent that his evidence is of most uncertain value, and can only be relied on so far as it is corroborated by others. The earliest and most fruitful soil for episcopacy was Asia Minor, where bishops seem to have abounded early in the second century. But these great numbers prove that bishop cannot have meant then what it meant afterwards. We seem to see there the first signs of change from the New Testament idea of simple presbyter. What the change at first was we can only guess. The most probable explanation is that, as presbyters multiplied, one would be

regarded, in a town or district, as the leader of the whole body, without any thought at first of any distinction of rank or superior authority. Then the development went on more or less rapidly, according to local circumstances. The modern form of territorial episcopacy was still in the far future. In Cyprian's days, in Africa, we have a similar abundance of bishops to that in Asia Minor. Dr. Benson enumerates well on to a hundred attending Cyprian's councils at one time (p. 365). Think of such a number attending from a region as large as half a dozen average English counties. What can these have been but the equivalent of our incumbents or superintendents ?

It is remarkable that as Bishop Lightfoot, in his review, comes westward the traces of development become fainter. Polycarp, writing to the Church at Philippi at the beginning of the second century, makes no mention of a bishop of that Church ; St. Paul's letter to the Philippians salutes the "bishops and deacons." Clement of Rome, writing to Corinth at the end of the first century, makes no mention of a bishop there. Still more, writing from Rome, Clement does not distinguish himself from the rest of the Church at Rome, and suppresses his own name. "He mentions only two orders and is silent about the episcopal office," using the term bishop synonymously with presbyter. Lightfoot describes Clement as "rather the chief of the presbyters than the chief over the presbyters," a happy and true distinction. The first bishops were chiefs of the presbyters, modern ones are chiefs over the presbyters. In the great Church of Alexandria, down to the middle of the third century, the presbyters always appointed the bishop out of their own number ; and Clement of Alexandria speaks sometimes of two orders of the ministry, presbyters and deacons, sometimes of three.

So matters stood on Cyprian's appearance. In his hands the question took another shape. He was the author of the hard, mechanical view of Church unity, which was further elaborated by Augustine, and which is the theory of the Papacy to-day. It is stated in his celebrated treatise on the

Unity of the Church, the first outline of which was read at his council of 251 A.D. There the Church is represented as one in the sense in which a State or corporation is one. Every Christian must belong to it. "The man who holds not this Church unity, does he believe that he holds the faith? He that contends against the Church, is he assured that he is within the Church?" Scripture examples, such as the one ark, the Lord's seamless coat, the one flock, the one house of the paschal lamb, are used as illustrations. The one God, the one Christ, the one faith, are said to imply one visible Church.

"There is one Church which outspreads itself into a multitude of Churches, wider and wider in ever-increasing fruitfulness; just as the sun has many rays but only one light, and a tree many branches but only one heart, grounded in the root" (p. 182).

There are many streams but only one spring. The bond of this unity is the episcopate, which descends from the Apostles.

"The Church which is catholic, one, is not split nor divided, but is knit together and compacted by a cement of bishops cleaving to each other" (p. 191). "The bishop is in the Church and the Church in the bishop, and if anyone is not with the bishop, he is not in the Church."

We have here the outline of the theory which Augustine expounded with far greater genius and power, and which Christendom adopted from him.

When we speak of Cyprian as the author of the theory which has had such great influence, we only mean this in a comparative sense. We do not mean that he sat down and evolved out of his own brain a brand-new system. He was, as all leaders are, largely the servant of circumstances. The form of Church government was then unfixed. There were great numbers of bishops with powers and relations undefined. The Roman Empire was beginning to break up. In the Church a multitude of questions called for settlement. Innovation and error were rife. Hence it is not difficult to understand that the need of compact, organised

order and unity was strongly felt by men like Cyprian. What he did was to put into words what others thought. While there must have been much in the condition of the Church in agreement with his views, he was evidently an advanced ecclesiastic, like the advanced ecclesiastics of every age.

Dr. Benson at this point asks two questions. Was Cyprian's teaching the result of policy merely or of conviction? And does it involve the Papal system? The latter question he answers in the negative. We may leave that controversy to Anglican and Romanist. Cyprian, as we shall see, resisted the notion of Roman supremacy, which was even then beginning to show itself above ground. But, from his position as from the Anglican one, much might be said for Roman inferences. Does not the unity of the universal episcopate require a personal head? How otherwise is it to find expression or to get into action?

On the first question, he strongly maintains that Cyprian's action was inspired by conviction and based on Scripture, and was not dictated by outward necessity (p. 39). This is scarcely true to the extent asserted. Cyprian was no speculative or constructive genius, like Tertullian or Augustine. His measures all bear the appearance of being adopted to meet practical emergencies, and his arguments have the sound of arguments used to justify a course already resolved on.

Let us notice the circumstance which moved him to action. In 250 A.D., under the Emperor Decius, a fierce persecution raged throughout the empire. The Roman Bishop Fabian was one of the first victims, and his place stood vacant for sixteen months. A bishopric was not then a coveted worldly prize. Cyprian withdrew from Carthage to a place of concealment, whence he corresponded with and guided his Church, and where he remained till the abatement of the persecution fourteen months later. His retirement was used against him by his enemies, without reason, as his subsequent course showed. When we remember the relentless nature of the persecutions—torture,

confiscation, labour in the mines, personal outrages—we cannot wonder that great numbers of Christians fell away from the faith. These were the Lapsed, the lapsed classes of those days. Many of them obtained certificates (*libelli*) from the magistrates to say that they had offered incense to the bust of the Emperor, and were known as the *libellatici*, or certificated. Another class consisted of those who, without winning the martyr's crown, bravely endured suffering for Christ's sake, and were called "Confessors." When the storm subsided, the Lapsed were smitten with shame and sought restoration. How they should be treated was a question hotly discussed in the early Church. Many of them went to the Confessors and obtained from them recommendations to the favour of Church authorities, recommendations which sometimes almost took the tone of command. The merit of the Confessors was to cover the fault of the Lapsed. The former thus assumed an authority in the Church which it was difficult and yet necessary to resist. The principle involved is that which underlay the later practice of indulgences. Here was one of the causes which led Cyprian to assert episcopal authority. His policy, which seems a wise one, was to reserve all cases for consideration by councils after the persecution had ended, save in case of serious illness, when persons might be received back at once. He argued that a general case must be met by a general principle, and that the unfaithful must not fare better than the faithful. His advice was followed both at Carthage and Rome, although the practice was relaxed somewhat afterwards.

To this complication another was added. Cyprian's old opponents at the time of his election, led by the presbyter Novatus, saw an opportunity of injuring him, and openly took the side of the Lapsed, advocating leniency and even laxity in dealing with them. Novatus and a deacon, Felicissimus, went so far as to set up an anti-bishop in Carthage. At the same time a movement was going on in Rome, in which the parts were reversed. There the bishop Cornelius favoured mild treatment of the Lapsed, while a presbyter,

Novatian, led a party in favour of severity. A Novatianist party or sect was formed in Rome, with bishops of its own, which remained in existence until the sixth century. Some have seen in these Novatianists forerunners of later Puritans, and there is a general resemblance. Then Novatus, the advocate of laxity at Carthage, went to Rome, and formed an alliance with Novatian, the advocate of severity, their common ground apparently being opposition to superior authority. At least such is the account transmitted to us.

This was the situation which Cyprian met with his theory of episcopal authority, and it is certain that the situation must have done much to shape the theory. We see how closely the position resembles the Anglican one. The united episcopate is to the whole Church what the bishop is to the single Church, the bond of unity and the seat of supreme power. Take these away, and the system falls to pieces. The Papal system added the personal Head of the whole episcopate as a legitimate and inevitable development. The Anglican seems a case of arrested growth. Dr. Benson's theory, which is Cyprian's, leads to curious, and, indeed, intolerable results.

"The form of government for the whole Church is its whole episcopate. . . . No minority among them could be overborne by a majority in a matter of administration. If all but one voted one way, that one could not be overruled in the direction of his diocese. . . . A bishop could not resist their united voice without hardihood; but, if he did, he was unassailable, unless viciousness or false doctrine were patent in his life or teaching."

On such a system the security for unity of action is slender indeed; it could mark nothing but a state of transition. There is a body without a head.

But the system lasted Cyprian's time. In his own territory he would allow no infringement of the supremacy which his teaching gave to the individual bishop; and with his force of will he was able to hold his ground. The Bishop of Rome in those days claimed no universal authority; if he had, it would not have mattered. The Pope of Carthage would have carried the day over the Pope of

Rome. We say this on the ground of what actually took place. On Cyprian's retirement in the Decian persecution, the Roman presbyters and deacons, who were in charge during the vacancy in the See, wrote a letter to Carthage, seriously reflecting on Cyprian. Cyprian got hold of the letter and returned it to the writers with the expression of the opinion that it must be a forgery (p. 87). In Cyprian's first council one subject of discussion was the validity of the election of Cornelius as Bishop of Rome. Cornelius had written announcing his election, Novatian also had sent letters and delegates to Carthage in opposition. Cornelius was quickly recognised. But the fact of the question, Who is Bishop of Rome? coming up in any form at a foreign council is significant. What would a mediæval or modern Pope, an ultramontane Pius IX., say to his election being thus canvassed?

Take another case. Two Spanish bishops, having lapsed from the faith, gave up their Sees. Afterwards they succeeded somehow in persuading Stephen, Bishop of Rome, to declare that on repentance they might be restored to office. The Spanish Churches then appeal to Cyprian, who, in a council of thirty-seven bishops, in 254 A.D., sets aside the Bishop of Rome's decision.

"There is no request that he would reconsider his judgment or recognise theirs. They simply reverse his verdict and regard their reversal as final. Their long epistle, estimating the points at issue, treats the decision of the Bishop of Rome as simply and gravely mistaken, and therefore to be set aside" (p. 313).

A similar appeal came from Gaul (p. 314). We shall see afterwards that on the question of the rebaptism of heretics, Carthage and Rome differed in judgment and held to their difference.

Roman Catholic writers, not content with the genuine support given to a part of their case by Cyprian's treatise on Church unity, have sought to strengthen it by interpolations. One of the best parts of Dr. Benson's work is his careful and minute exposure of these falsifications, tracing their history, showing how the forger's hand betrays itself,

how honest Romanists have repudiated the additions, which have yet been "forced by Papal authority in the teeth of evidence upon editors and printers who were at its mercy" (p. 200). The following are among the chief additions: "Primacy is given to Peter, that the Church of Christ and one chair may be pointed out; and all are pastors, and one flock is shown, to be fed by all the apostles with unanimous accord." And "he who deserts the chair of St. Peter on which the Church was founded." Such a supremacy of Peter and Rome is directly in the teeth of Cyprian's words and acts. It is said by Romanists, in reply, that the additions contain nothing new, but merely express what was already admitted. But if not important, why were they made? Forgeries are not perpetrated for nothing. The best defence is that the forgeries in this case are trifling beside others with which the Papal case is buttressed. It is a strange story, and Dr. Benson evidently enjoys telling it, as outsiders may enjoy hearing it. He writes:

"Singular, hateful, and in its time effective, has been this forgery as a Papal aggression upon history and literature. Its first threads may have been marginal summaries in exaggerated language. Then came an unwarrantable paraphrase and a deliberate mutilation for a political purpose. Then it appeared in the manuscripts of the author, with its indictment round its neck, side by side on the same page as the original, which it caricatured. Then it was forced into two grand editions, with an interval of a century and a half between them, first by the court of Rome itself, then by the court of France with the fear of Rome before its eyes. 'Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere *sedem*.' This is the true 'Charter of the Investiture of the Papacy' and as authentic as other documents in that cartulary" (p. 219).

"Papal aggression upon history and literature" is a happy turn. Equally happy is the adaptation of Virgil's line by substituting "see" for "city," which may be freely Englished, "The founding of the Roman *see* was a terrible business."

Cyprian's character and attitude are still better illustrated in the long and even bitter controversy in which he was

engaged towards the end of his course, with Stephen, Bishop of Rome, on the baptismal question. The point at issue was whether persons who had been baptised by heretics should be rebaptised on admission into the Church, or, in other words, whether baptism by heretics is valid. Cyprian took the negative, Stephen the positive, side. Cyprian held that the true or false faith of the baptiser affected his act; Stephen denied this, holding that the virtue of the ordinance is inherent in the act and in the use of the Triune name. Bishops and Churches were divided on the question. The celebrated Firmilian of Caesarea, in Cappadocia, a scholar of Origen, sided with Cyprian. Dionysius of Alexandria took the most sensible position; for, while agreeing with Stephen, he held that both views should be tolerated. Cyprian held three councils on the subject, which all agreed with him. The Roman view is the one which eventually prevailed in the Church at large. Dr. Benson defends it at length, arguing that it is involved in the very nature of the sacrament, and that his favourite Cyprian on this vital question held uncatholic, sectarian doctrine. We need not here do more than note the inconsistency in the treatment of the two sacraments by the Churches which hold high views of sacramental grace. The efficacy of baptism is independent of the person administering; the efficacy of the Eucharist is dependent on the office of the person administering! Why the difference? This is one of the many contradictions in high sacramentarian teaching.

But, if Stephen had the best cause, he showed the worst temper, speaking of Cyprian as "a false Christ, a false apostle, a treacherous worker." Cyprian also used strong personalities—a not uncommon feature of theological controversy. Augustine wrote:

"Put me down as one of those whom Cyprian failed to persuade. Never may I attain his glory, nor compare in authorship with him; for his genius I love him, in his eloquence I delight me; I marvel at his charity, and I venerate his martyrdom; but this, his strange doctrine, I do not accept."

Jeremy Taylor writes :

"St. Cyprian did right in a wrong cause, and Stephen did ill in a good cause. As far then as piety and charity is to be preferred before a true opinion, so far is Cyprian's practice a better precedent for us, and as an example of primitive sanctity than the zeal and indiscretion of Stephen."

Stephen did not forget to urge the claims of Peter's chair. Dr. Benson says :

"Yet he triumphed, and in him the Church of Rome triumphed, as she deserved. For she was not the Church of Rome as modern Europe has known her. She was the liberal Church then ; the Church whom the truth made free ; the representative of secure latitude, charitable comprehensiveness, considerate regulation."

The controversy throws a strong light on Cyprian's jealousy for episcopal independence and his opposition to any notion of Roman supremacy or dictation. His attitude to Rome was, "To whom we gave place in the way of subjection, no, not for an hour." If he had been Bishop of Rome, instead of Carthage, we can easily believe that, with his masterful will and energy, Papal supremacy might have come sooner than it did. As it was, he made Carthage for a time almost as great a power in the Church as Antioch, Alexandria and Rome.

Dr. Benson has two noteworthy remarks on the controversy. First, he says that Cyprian, while holding the Roman Church and bishop to be in error, did not dream of separating from them. The differences, he says, which now part "many sects from the Church" are slight in comparison with "the difference of fundamentals" between Cyprian and his opponents. Secondly, he is puzzled by so many local councils of Carthage going astray with their bishop, and seems to trace it to the absence of laity from the councils. His language is not quite clear. But he appears to think that the earliest practice was a union of clergy and laity in all Church matters, and that the lack of this in later times was a baneful innovation (p. 426).

"When we look to the ennobling success of Cyprian's former

councils, and the collapse of the later ones, rescued only by the sweet grandeur of the man from creating wide disunion, we cannot but think the change disastrous. The course of history affirms this conclusion of Christian reason" (p. 431).

One cannot but feel strong sympathy with this desire for Christian union and recognition of lay rights in Church government on the part of the late Archbishop.

We owe to Cyprian not only the high views of episcopal authority, but also the definite assertion of the sacerdotal functions of the Christian ministry. This view, Bishop Lightfoot shows, is not found in the Apostolic Fathers, in Justin Martyr or Irenæus, in Clement of Alexandria or Origen. It appears in Tertullian, where, however, it is qualified by a strong affirmation of the universal priesthood of Christians. In Cyprian it is found without such qualification. Dr. Benson's work scarcely gives an adequate idea of Cyprian's teaching. He states that in Cyprian's use of the parallel of the three orders of the Jewish priesthood, Christ answers to the high priest, the bishop to the priest, and the presbyter to the Levite—a very halting parallel (p. 35). He says that in Cyprian it is only the bishop who is ever called a priest (p. 33).

"The name of priesthood did not descend from the episcopate to the presbyters until after Cyprian wrote. Their then designation as the Levitic body of the Church, similarly descended upon the deacons" (p. 36). "The universal lay priesthood is not dwelt upon in Cyprian, but there is no sufficient reason to question his belief in it" (p. 38).

On the other hand, Bishop Lightfoot says that Cyprian

"treats all the passages in the Old Testament which refer to the privileges, the sanctions, the duties and the responsibilities of the Aaronic priesthood as applying to the officers of the Christian Church. . . . As Cyprian crowned the office of episcopal power, so also was he the first to put forward, without relief or disguise, these sacerdotal assumptions; and so uncompromising was the tone in which he asserted them, that nothing was left to his successors but to enforce his principles and reiterate his language" (Ep. to Phil., p. 256).

Even if the priest in Cyprian whom it is a sin to disobey is the bishop, the transference of the idea to the presbyters

is an easy step. The rise of sacerdotalism, in the strict sense, is the most momentous and most mischievous event that ever took place in the Church; and for it Cyprian was mainly, if not solely, responsible. How so great a revolution took place so silently and with so little preparation is strange, and yet not altogether inexplicable. It fell in with the previous ideas of the heathen who were received in masses into the Church. Ancient heathenism, even more than Judaism, was saturated with priestly and sacrificial notions. In Rome and Greece, as well as among barbarous tribes, the priest and altar and sacrifice were everywhere in sight. Here, and not in Judaism, is the source of Christian sacerdotalism. The Jews were never numerous enough to exert great influence in the Church. The corruption comes from a Gentile source. The question has been discussed so often that we need not here discuss it further.

A few words must suffice for Cyprian's writings. His treatise on the Lord's Prayer is one of the best known of these. While borrowing largely from Tertullian's treatise on the subject, it reflects much of the writer's characteristic spirit. From "Our Father" he deduces the necessity of Church unity and the sin of schism. The petition for daily bread is applied to the eucharist. Both Tertullian and Cyprian give the third petition as "They will be done in heaven and in earth," which has been supposed to refer to another reading. "Lead us not into temptation" is explained as "Suffer us not to be led." In "Deliver us from evil" it is not clear whether evil is neuter or personal. Augustine often refers to this work.

Look at another scene. In 252 A.D. Carthage was visited by the Great Plague, as other ancient cities had been. The symptoms were the same as in the Great Plague of Athens in the fifth century B.C. How great a change in other respects! Cyprian called his people together, impressed on them the duty of doing good, even to persecutors, and then organised the Christians into bands for sympathy and help in visiting, nursing, and burying the dead. There was no craven flight, no abandonment of helpless sufferers. Here

was the new spirit of humanity which the Gospel brought into the world, the parable of the Good Samaritan practised on a great scale. Augustine cries, "So didst thou teach, so didst thou admonish, incomparable teacher and glorious witness!"

The end came swiftly. In 257 A.D. a persecuting edict was issued by the Emperor Valerian. The visitations of the plague and the dangers of the empire from barbarian attacks were regarded as punishments for the toleration of the new faith. First, milder measures were tried. Cyprian, like others, was banished. When the proconsul tried to get from him the names of his presbyters, the old advocate reminded him of the law against informers. The next year an edict was issued, threatening bishops, presbyters and deacons with death. Senators and knights were to suffer degradation and confiscation. "It is plain that the higher ranks were felt to be honeycombed by Christianity." The leaders, both clerical and lay, were to be struck at. In August, 258 A.D., Sixtus II., bishop of Rome, died as a martyr, and with him four of the seven deacons of Rome. In the previous year's banishment a dream had forewarned Cyprian of his approaching fate. He might easily have fled again, and was urged to do so, but refused. He had done his work for Christ; the work was now to be crowned by suffering for His sake. When the proconsul summoned him to Utica, some distance from Carthage, he went into concealment. He would suffer among his own people, and in the city of his labours and triumphs. Accordingly, when the proconsul came to Carthage, Cyprian was at home to receive the two chief centurions, who came on September 13th in a chariot to fetch him. He was brought the next day before his judge. The trial was simple and short.

"PROC.: You are Thascius Cyprianus?

"C.: I am.

"PROC.: You have lent yourself to be a pope to persons of sacrilegious views?

"C.: I have.

"PROC.: The most holy emperors have ordered you to perform the rite?

"C.: I do not offer.

"PROC.: Do consider yourself.

"C. Do what you are charged to do. In a matter so straightforward there is nothing to consider."

That was all. The judge wrote, "Our pleasure is that Thascius Cyprianus be executed with the sword." He was led at once to execution. Arrived at the spot, attended by soldiers and Christian friends, he knelt in prayer, and then seemed to expect a message from heaven to be given him to deliver; but none came, and he said nothing. Binding his eyes with a handkerchief, he waited for the stroke. The executioner failed in nerve, and the centurion in command took his place. So Cyprian suffered.

In this case, as in many others, we must distinguish between the personality of the man and his teaching and work. That there was much that is admirable in Cyprian's spirit and life we have already amply indicated. As to the doctrines of Church government which he promoted, and, indeed, largely set on foot, a very qualified judgment must be expressed. However much may be said for the hierarchical system when it is advocated simply on grounds of intrinsic efficiency and as one of several possible forms, on the other hand, when it is asserted to be of Divine authority and universally binding, we can only say that the theory is disproved by experience and history. Think of the vast amount of Christian life which such a theory leaves unexplained and unrecognised: the Lutheran and Reformed Churches of the Continent (to say nothing of the Greek Church), the Presbyterianism and Methodism and Congregationalism of Great Britain and America. Tried by every Scriptural test of high spirituality, Christ-like holiness, evangelistic zeal and sacrifice, tokens of Divine approval, these communities in the aggregate are the equal of the Churches that make these exclusive claims. It is idle to offer abstract arguments for a theory which is contradicted by such facts.

Those whom Churches exclude, God has admitted; those whom Churches anathematise, God has blessed. When will Anglican and Romanist bow to the logic of facts, and say with St. Peter, "If, then, God gave unto them the like gift as he did also unto us, when we believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was I that I could withstand God?"

This exclusive doctrine is the great obstacle to Church unity to-day. By a strange irony those who lay such emphasis on unity as a note of the Church, and who denounce division and separation as a sin, are the greatest foes of unity and the greatest friends of division. They recognise unity of one kind only—of the letter, not of the spirit. We believe that the unity for which the Saviour prayed, and which Paul and John taught, was a larger, truer unity. On this subject Cyprian and Augustine fatally misled the Church. Their narrow, unworthy conceptions will need to be abandoned. Truth and charity alike require it. We dare not condemn any whom God has received, whose prayers God hears, and whose work God manifestly blesses. Behind and above the forms of all earthly Churches, which we are far from undervaluing, we discern and glory in the greater Church which everywhere worships Christ as its Head and Lord. That is an ideal, but it is a Divine, glorious ideal, worth clinging to with intense faith and working for with unwearying devotion. "One flock, one shepherd!" "Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself up for it—that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

ART. IV.—MINOR ANNALS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

1. *The House of Commons.* Illustrations of its History and Practice. By Sir REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE. London : Macmillan & Co. 1878.

2. *The Inner Life of the House of Commons.* By WILLIAM WHITE. London : T. Fisher Unwin. 1897.

THE House of Commons has rarely wanted a Boswell. Even in the days when it was a breach of privilege to publish any report of the proceedings there were men who would run great risks in order to tell the country what its representatives were doing, and now, when the House is in Session, there are hundreds of busy pressmen working to fill the thousand columns which recount its doings. The multiplicity of reports may be bewildering to future historians, but what would we not give for a vivid account by an eye-witness of some of the historic scenes in the past ? There are glimpses in old letters and diaries, very interesting to those who know the Parliament of to-day, and endeavour to realise the continuity of its essential life, through the long centuries of its history. The old buildings have gone, all the externals of life have changed, yet in many respects the assembly of to-day is like that of a hundred years ago, and the old masters of the House would in no very long time acquire the same ascendancy which they possessed in their own time. Sir Robert Walpole would not bribe, but he would rule and electioneer as adroitly as ever; Pulteney has been the model of every succeeding leader of opposition; and the first Pitt, if he could appear again, would be feared and hated by the Tadpoles and Tapers of to-day, as by their forbears, who received the wage of corruption from Newcastle or Fox.

The interesting volumes of Mr. White deal with a period that is already becoming historical. In 1856 Lord Palmerston

was the leader of a strong Liberal party. Disraeli was beginning to educate his followers and to found modern Conservatism, while a small group of advanced Radicals followed Bright and Cobden, and John Stuart Mill and Grote influenced by their ideas the whole atmosphere of political thought. The disturbing attraction had not then begun to draw the great parties out of their normal orbits, and the makers of Governments were the middle-class. A great peaceable revolution has occurred since those days, and it is now the man in the factory or the pit, and not the man behind the counter, who is the darling of all far-sighted politicians. The great parliamentarians of that day are gone, except Mr. Gladstone. The names of Lord John Russell, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Bulwer Lytton, Richard Cobden and Palmerston are beginning to acquire that legendary air which attaches to those who were great, in a period antecedent to the controversies in which men now engage. These, with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, were the chief protagonists in the House of Commons of whose inner life Mr. White writes. He was not a member of the House himself, but as doorkeeper he was a keen spectator of the House's proceedings, and the receptacle of much interesting gossip. In those days the great newspapers did not print descriptive accounts of the debates, and the inner lobby was not haunted as it now is by special representatives, who are always on the alert to interview both important and unimportant members, and who are eagerly courted by such members as greatly desire publicity. Mr. White's sketches are good journalism, but they are not literature, and their interest lies in the fact that they deal with a period previous to our own, and with the early careers of those who are now the chief political pillars of the State. His chronicle begins in March, 1856, and ends in August, 1871. During that short period there were no fewer than five Ministries, three drawn from the Liberal and two from the Conservative parties. The Liberal party was throughout preponderantly powerful, but it suffered a diminution of effectiveness as a machine from the rivalry in ambition of Lord Palmerston

and Lord John Russell, and from the rivalry in principle between Palmerston's complacent Whiggism and John Bright's ardent Radicalism. As is always recorded in the story of the House of Commons, many questions raised excitement then which have not proved of great permanent importance, but during these years there were several historic battles fought and won, of which three stand out pre-eminently: the grant of household suffrage, in 1867; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, in 1869; and the great Education Act of 1871. We are not here concerned with the merits of any of these questions, but only with the record of events and impressions by contemporary witnesses.

The House of Commons, the great "talking-shop" of Carlyle, has in reality never worshipped the mere power of speech. The English temperament distrusts fluency, as it distrusts any showy gift. In an exciting debate the House may be carried away by a piece of scathing invective, or delighted by rhetoric or wit, but none have known better than the masters of this assembly themselves, that to secure its confidence, they must show that they are men of action as well as men of words. Canning, brilliant wit and unsurpassed rhetorician though he was, knew this when he said, "My road must be through *character* to power." Disraeli knew it, and of set purpose hid, for the most part, his natural brilliancy of speech under a solemn and hesitating manner. Mr. Gladstone, an orator from boyhood, never acquired real influence in the House until, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had proved his vast administrative ability. Charles Fox, unrivalled in any age as a debater, never became a prince over this debating assembly, because, even in his earlier days, the House, except in moods of passion and unreason, listened with more genuine attention to the plain speech of a Savile or a Meredyth, than to the dazzling utterances of his swift and subtle mind. On the other hand, the unadorned sense and honesty of a Lord Althorp, or a W. H. Smith, have always secured confidence, respect and affection. "The House of Commons is the right English mirror of the English people." Apart from the enactments of the statute-

book, there is in the personal history of the House a picture of the representative national character, and for so long as the memory of man runneth we may see that the Englishman has admired the gifts of action more than the gifts of speech, and has never given his unreserved loyalty to any man whose straightforwardness he has suspected.

An amusing evidence of the first of these facts occurs at once to any one who has studied any House of Commons, past or present. For two centuries the easiest way of raising a laugh among members has been to jest or jeer at the lawyers, who have always been a numerous and always a talkative body within its walls. In the last century the reasons for this unpopularity (which is by no means the fate of lawyers in all popular bodies, as their great influence in the United States Congress and the French Chamber shows) may have been, as a brilliant writer has suggested, partly that the lawyers had stormed a position supposed to be reserved for men of higher social standing, and partly that while everybody was greedy the lawyer was eminently selfish. In our day these reasons do not apply; men of all social grades are welcomed, and however greedy a man may be he can make nothing out of his membership; yet lawyers, as lawyers, are still unpopular, and unpopular because, as the elder Pitt told them, their trade is words. This unpopularity of the profession does not follow men into the constituencies, as there are two hundred and fifty barristers in the present House.

One effect of the prejudice in the English temperament against much speech has been to discourage, at all periods, the practice of anything like pretentious oratory. Eloquence has been defined as logic on fire; oratory may, perhaps, be distinguished as the ornate or poetical expression of an argument. Ireland, in Grattan's Parliament, produced a classic school of oratory, and the first Sheridan instituted in Dublin an academy for instruction in rhetoric. At no period would such an academy have attracted the leading politicians of England, and at no period can it be said that the English House of Commons was a nest of orators. The great House

of Commons speakers, almost to a man, have studied the art of lucid argument, rather than the art of captivating or poetical expression. Bolingbroke was, perhaps, an exception; but of that we cannot be sure, because we have lost his speeches. Of the elder Pitt it was said that "the terrible was his peculiar power," but it was also said, by a contemporary, that his speaking was "a kind of inspired conversation." The younger Pitt could speak off a State paper without preparation, but State papers are not oratory. Edmund Burke wrote like an orator, but when he spoke the House dined. Canning was as effective when convincing country gentlemen on the topic of one pound notes as when he called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. In fact he himself said:

"Members must in their speeches take conversation as the basis, rather than anything studied. The House is a business-doing body, and the speaking must conform to its character. First, and last, and everywhere, you must aim at reasoning. Ornament in debate, if it come at all, must come as without consciousness; if you could be eloquent you might, at any time, but not at an appointed time."

This business instinct it was which led the members of the revolutionary Parliament to care more for the control of taxation than for any declamation, and freedom was a century old in their land when the Rights of Man were discovered in France. It is not to be denied that passages of the most sublime oratory have been spoken by English Commoners, as when Pitt compared the gift of freedom to the slaves with the dawning light of the sun, which, as he spoke, was beginning to flood the Chamber. That was oratory, but the orator, though he piloted his country through a storm which uprooted thrones and overthrew nations, spoke to his countrymen, as a rule, in prosaic though earnest and dignified language. Moments of oratory there have been in every period, but when was the age of oratory? Observers of the House of Commons, not in one century alone, have often made as their first remark, "Ah! the age of orators has gone. You have excellent speakers, but ora-

tory is a lost art." This we find is one of Mr. White's earliest observations :

"It is not uncommon for persons to be very much disappointed with Disraeli's speaking. They had heard a great deal about his oratorical powers, and they expected to hear lofty eloquence like that which, in classic times,

'Shook the arsenal
And fulmined over Greece.'

It is as well, therefore, to inform all persons who have not been to the House that we have no such oratory there—nothing of the sort. The last of the orators was Harry Brougham, and when he consented to place his light under a coronet, oratory in the House became extinct. Disraeli can talk well, can be pungent, biting, witty. Gladstone can pour out words by the hour together—a perennial stream of words—and can reason closely. Cobden, when in right order, can deal logical blows—these will cut up a fallacy to shreds. Palmerston speaks as one having authority, and can speak well, too; and many others can also talk reasonably well. But none are orators of the classic type. None can loftily declaim or utter grand and abiding truths with that energy, force and passion which startle the hearers, and make even opponents cheer against their will. Disraeli is a good speaker, according to the modern House of Commons' gauge, is sometimes daring in satire, is sometimes grandiloquent, but he is not a great orator."

Most probably, more than a century ago, when Samuel Johnson wrote reports for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "making his little fishes talk like whales," and his politicians speak like orators, visitors to the House of Commons were as disappointed to find that the last of the orators was gone, as those who went to hear Disraeli in 1856, and as they are who now go to hear Mr. Balfour or Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley or Mr. Chamberlain.

The statement that the House, however corrupt as a body, has always required honesty in its leaders, will to many appear so absurd as not to require refutation. A very long and persuasive treatise would be needed to establish the assertion universally, yet a glance at the grand climacteric of corruption, the age of Walpole, Newcastle and Henry Fox, will show that, even in that day, honesty came by its own, so far as those members were concerned who rose to pre-

eminence. Walpole never hesitated to buy any man who was worth buying if he would take a bribe, but personally he was not bribable or false.

"A candid and particular examination of the political history of that time, so far as the circumstances are known to us," says his ablest biographer, "leads to the conclusion that, of all his contemporaries, from men of genius like Bolingbroke and Carteret, from able and brilliant men like Townshend and Chesterfield, Wyndham and Pulteney, down to a mediocre personage like the Duke of Newcastle, Walpole was the least unscrupulous of the men of that time, the most straightforward, bold and open, and the least addicted to scheming and cabal. He relied more than they did, not less, upon what after all in every age is the only solid foundation of political power, though it may not always lead to the longest terms of office—upon his own superior capacity, more constant principle, firmer will and clearer vision."*

The only praise which any biographer or historian has ever been able to give to Holles, Duke of Newcastle, is that he was one of the principal Secretaries of State for thirty years, and a poorer man by £300,000 at the end of that period than he was at the beginning. He was not in the House himself, though he carried the majority in his pocket, but, though "his name was treachery" (according to Horace Walpole), those whom he bribed liked to say that the Duke was honest in those money matters which, to themselves, comprised the activities of the politician. A eulogist of Henry Fox would look in other directions for matter of praise. No plunderer of his country ever wielded a wider net. But how tragic was the fall of this forceful and daring man! Execrated by the country, despised by the House which he had led, he became a monument of the wealth which corruption can earn and the scorn which it entails. A moralist might well insist that the struggle between Pitt and Fox was a fight between honesty and dishonesty, and might adorn his tale with the picture of Fox in a menial office, while his rival ruled the Ministry and conquered an Empire. George III.,

* *Walpole*, by John Morley, p. 120.

curious compound as he was of cunning and conscience, called in Fox when he wanted an unpopular peace passed by the Commons. "I must call in bad men to govern bad men," said he; and when Fox had served the purpose of his cunning, the king's conscience scorned him and cast him out. Even the men who had pocketed his bribes deserted him, as was very natural when he had no more to give. They would make a bargain with him, but they did not fear him nor respect him.

If we turn to the other aspect of the case, it is at least notable that, in the corrupt Parliaments, the men who were known to be incorruptible always wielded a great influence in the House. The illustrious Chatham laid the foundation of his royal influence in the House and the country when, as a young man, he refused to accept anything more than his legal salary as Paymaster-General. No man ever terrified any assembly as Pitt terrified the House of Commons—"the whole House sunk under him"; and such effects could only be produced by moral grandeur. The Rockingham group of Whigs, a body of wealthy landowners, animated by the genius of Burke, were the first absolutely pure party, and their indisputable integrity for a time crushed even the casuistry of George III. But smaller men than these, "honest Shippen," in Walpole's day, Conway, Barré, Meredyth and Savile, these, among others, were men of mark because they were men of honesty. The name of Barré recalls the most furious invective which any English Parliament has heard directed against itself.

"These walls are unholy," he cried, "they are baleful, they are deadly, so long as a prostitute majority holds the bolt of parliamentary omnipotence, and hurls its vengeance only upon the virtuous. To yourselves I consign you. Enjoy your own pandemonium.

'When vice prevails, and impious men hold sway,
The post of honour is a private station.'"

If history be carefully read, it will appear that the men who made a lasting fame in these Parliaments, who really exercised the chief influence over the most part of their

deliberations, were not themselves corrupt; and though many men held high office who ought to have been in the house of correction, and though many bad measures were passed by bad means, yet virtue, even when exercised in that atmosphere of vice, possessed her intrinsic attraction and authority. The great change that has so profoundly altered the House in this respect, has followed a similar change in the morals and beliefs of the people. On this subject, Sir Reginald Palgrave (*clarum et venerabile nomen* to lovers of the House and lovers of history) writes thus, in his fascinating book:

"Even in the beginning of this bad practice, a Minister under Charles II. declared with scorn, that, to pocket their bribes, Members flocked round him, at each session's close, 'like so many jackdaws for cheese.' And such was the height reached by that tide of corruption that, in 1762, a room was opened at the Treasury, where Members flocked to receive £200, or £300, or £500 for a vote. A treaty of peace between England and France was carried through the House by votes thus purchased, at the cost, it is believed, of £40,000. So extinct became the sense of shame that the Prime Minister himself was wont to offer the money, and that most rare event, a refusal, was accompanied by sincere apologies. A world like this seems distant from us, far further than by the interval of a century. So grave a stain upon the credit of Parliament can hardly be believed. This is a wonderful change of feeling, both within the House and out of it. Not less strange are the circumstances attending this singular change. Parliamentary corruption did not die gradually away; to the end it was full-blown. No great catastrophe terrified the House from that crime. No law produced a growth of better feeling. No direct appeal apparently worked this improvement. Bribery among Members had received denunciation, both loud and long, from the stage, the hustings and the pulpit. Till the vice ceased it was notorious; but when it ceased, it ceased utterly, almost at once.

"Traceable as this change is to no ostensible cause, it must have been the result of some unrecognised and irresistible power. And turning to see whence this power could have originated the source becomes apparent. The House of Commons was purified by the action of the outside world. The lofty tone of Pitt's official life, and of Wilberforce, his friend, and of like-minded men, such as Whitbread, had surely some influence over their colleagues; still more, however, it was the growing aspiration after justice felt by the nation itself which

thus acted on Parliament. An appeal to my readers will show what I mean. Who is it that they think of as the men of mark among us, a century ago? The names of Wesley, or of Venn, would occur at once."

Though this great revolution in morals has taken place and manners have become gentler since Barré delivered his philippic, yet the House has not become in the nineteenth century the grave and sombre assembly which, in the seventeenth was ruled by Puritans, and passed, among other measures, an Act for abolishing Christmas Day. In that mid-Victorian period, which is generally considered even more decorous than our own, the House was in a fever of excitement over the famous prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers. Mr. White records that

"in the division lobbies hon. members clustered in knots to discuss this subject, and every man who had been present at the fight was the centre of a circle of anxious enquirers; and, even in the House itself, whilst profoundly engaged in the business of legislation, hon. members in an undertone were really debating the respective merits of the Champion and the Benicia Boy."

The inevitable question about this "brutalising exhibition" was addressed to the Home Secretary, but even Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the most serious of men, had yielded to the contagious excitement. He treated the subject lightly, and made a jesting reply in the true old English style, with appropriate references to the bowie-knife, the stiletto and the shillelagh. The present writer recalls an almost parallel incident in the Session of 1896. It was the last day of the great cricket match between England and Australia, and immense interest was felt in the result. As each wicket fell, in the last innings of the game, the news was telegraphed to the House, and Lord Stanley, most popular of Whips, at once conveyed the important intelligence to an excited senate. In 1870, M. Dupeyré made a detailed official report to the President of the French Legislative Assembly, on *Les usages du Parlement Anglais.* Many things astonished him, but

"most of all was he shocked at the behaviour of *un membre de l'opposition*, who, in reply to the Prime Minister, leant over the

table of the House, flourishing the hat in one hand, the riding-whip in the other, and with a bunch of roses in the button-hole; an incident only to be explained, because *l'Anglais reste sportsman, même a la Chambre.*"

We may compare with this characteristic French observation, a description of the House by a German gentleman, who visited it in 1782, which also is quoted in Sir Reginald Palgrave's book. There are naturally differences in minor matters between the House of 1782 and of 1897. The Speaker, for example, wore a hat on the top of his enormous wig; members carried their sticks into the House, and several ladies were in the Strangers' Gallery. But the following description, if we omit the nuts and the oranges, is very like an account of the House to-day:

"The members of the House of Commons have nothing particular in their dress; they even come into the House in their great coats, with boots and spurs. It is not at all uncommon to see a member lying stretched out on one of the benches, while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season. There is no end to their going in and out, and, as often as anyone wishes to go out, he places himself before the Speaker, and makes him his bow, as if, like a schoolboy, he asked his tutor's permission. Those who speak seem to deliver themselves with but little, perhaps not always with even a decorous, gravity. All that is necessary, is to stand up in your place, take off your hat, turn to the Speaker, to hold your hat and stick in one hand, and with the other to make such motions as you fancy necessary to accompany your speech. If it happens that a member rises who is but a bad speaker, or if what he says is generally deemed not sufficiently interesting, so much noise is made, and such bursts of laughter are raised, that the member who is speaking can scarcely distinguish his own words. On the contrary, when a favourite member, and one who speaks well and to the purpose, rises, the most perfect silence reigns, and his friends and admirers, one after another, make their approbation known by calling out, 'Hear him!' which is often repeated by the whole House at once, and in this way so much noise is made that the speaker is frequently interrupted by this same emphatic 'Hear him!' Notwithstanding which, this calling out is always regarded as a great encouragement. . . . As all speeches are directed towards the Speaker, the members always preface their speeches with 'Sir,' and he, on being thus addressed, generally moves his hat a little, but immediately puts it on again. This 'Sir' is often introduced

in the course of their speeches, and serves to connect what is said; it serves also to stand the orator in some stead when anyone's memory fails him, or he is otherwise at a loss for matter. For, while he is saying 'Sir,' and has thus obtained a little pause, he recollects what is to fo low."

That last observation might certainly have been made by the critic of any House of Commons.

There is nothing of which a typical House of Commons man is more proud than of an exact knowledge of the lengthy and involved code of procedure. To mention only two private members of the present House, Mr. Gibson Bowles and Mr. Timothy Healy owe their prominence within the House very largely to their aptitude in this peculiar learning. Mr. Speaker and both front benches are at once very alert when either of these members rises to a point of order. The whole House takes a keen interest in any novel or intricate question that is raised, for this knowledge is to the politician what the knowledge of technical pleading is to the barrister, the craft of his trade. When M. Dupeyré asked Mr. Speaker Denison for information concerning these rules of order, he was referred to a long row of folio volumes, the *Journals* of the House. Line upon line, precedent following precedent, the rules have been pieced together as from time to time some problem has called for decision. There are the Standing Orders, but these are by no means comprehensive. The quorum of the House, for example, is governed by no Standing Order, but depends only on entry in the *Journal* dated 5th January, 1640, "that Mr. Speaker is not to go to his chair till there be forty in the House." Even then, the method of dismissing the House by a count-out was not discovered, and the first count took place on 26th April, 1729, a day which weary members should commemorate with gratitude. The Speaker is not permitted to count the House on his own initiative, but any chance reference to the number present makes it his duty to ascertain if there are the required forty within his call. One famous orator, in the middle of a long speech, showed his chagrin at the scantiness of his audience by

jestingly referring to the crowded House and packed benches. The result astonished him, for the Speaker at once began to count the House, and found only twelve members. Adjournment followed, the faithful twelve hilariously greeted the man who had counted himself out, and the great speech was never finished. A very favourite story is told by Sir Reginald Palgrave, which illustrates, as he says, "the connection between national history and parliamentary practice." The room was empty; the members, their work done, had rushed away. The clock-hand pointed to an untimely hour in the early morning; but though the benches around were thus deserted, this was not the case with the chair. There the Speaker remained seated, and there he had to abide, by no means according to his will, but strictly in accordance with his duty. Nor could he be released, until a member, recalled from his homeward course, had moved "that this House do now adjourn," and until that motion had been distinctly resolved in the affirmative. This very strict rule is, of course, a relic of the days when the Speaker, as servant of the King, was wont to adjourn the House at inconvenient moments, by hurriedly "pattering down" from the chair.

It is a nice question whether the House has become more orderly since last century. There is no parallel in its previous history to the disgraceful scene in the last Parliament, when fighting between members occurred in the House itself, and both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour shrank in horror from the violent scene, waiting powerless until Mr. Speaker Peel entered, and, by his mere presence, restored quiet. In the old days the lobby was free to the people, and, on one occasion, the temper of a man who had been Prime Minister went near to producing a riot. The repeal of the Stamp Act, in 1766, created the wildest interest in London, and throughout the night on which the repeal was carried a great crowd waited in the lobby. The friends of repeal were loudly cheered as they left the House, but when the author of the Act, George Grenville, appeared, he was hissed and hooted by the crowd. He lost his temper, and

seized one of the men by the throat. It was a dangerous moment, but fortunately the man was a humourist, and burst into laughter, saying, "Well, if I must not hiss, I may laugh." There is no probability in future of violence in the lobby, and it is to be hoped that all questions may be discussed and decided with temper and good sense. What may happen when the spectre of Socialism shall stalk down the floor of the House, and the debates and divisions shall be really a struggle for property, for which men have been used to fight fiercely, it would be idle to surmise. It is certain that we may pride ourselves on greater politeness in personal references and attacks. In former times, though it was always a rule that no member should impugn the motives of any other, there were some remarkably impolite passages. A military member once described Mr. Whitbread as "that brewer of bad porter." "Mr. Speaker," was the delightful reply, "I rise, as a tradesman, to complain of the gallant officer for abusing the commodity which I sell." In our own century, a Chancellor of the Exchequer was amusingly called "a miserable miscalculator, owing to the ignorance and want of power in his little mind." Another speaker thus pictured Mr. Pitt, "There he stood, turning up his eyes to the heaven that witnessed his perjuries, tearing out the bowels of the nation." Even Edmund Burke showed that it was not only the little minds which ran towards personal abuse, and imagined that it was an extra condemnation of Lord North that he "extended his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame!" Nothing of this sort is ever heard in the House now, and when Lord Palmerston, at the moment of his power, described Bright as "the honorable and religious" member, the jest was met with an indignant roar from all parts of the House.

We find in our authors many amusing stories on the subject of speeches made by minor members. "Behold, sir," cried one, "another feature of the procrastinating system. No so the Athenian patriots—sir, the Romans—sir, I have lost the clue of my argument—sir—sir—sir, I will sit down."

Another speech ran: "Mr. Speaker,—Sir, I am astonished! Sir, I am astonished! Sir, I am astonished!" and then the member became too astonished to speak more. The *Journal*, on 3rd December, 1601, states that: "Mr. Zachary Lock began to speak, who for very fear shook, so that he could not proceed, but stood awhile, and at length sat down." Perhaps the most delightful story of all is that of the orator who was expatiating on the blessings which war destroys, and cried, at two o'clock in the morning, "What should I now see, if I now went home? The children playing by the fireside."

Private members are losing their privileges as individual legislators, but there is one right which they possess as a body which they will not willingly let die. They have always exercised the privilege of putting down a tiresome speaker by means of an overpowering clamour. Late at night, when the House is full and waiting for the vote, it often happens that, after the leaders on both sides have wound up the action, some pertinacious individual will endeavour to make a speech. Then a noise, as of many waters, rises, and the cries of "'vide, 'vide," are so loud that the speaker speaks only in dumb show. To a casual visitor in the gallery this roar of indignant voices may seem unmannerly and unfair, but it was defended by John Bright himself as a remedy, "if there be men in this House who are not to be put down by any sense of shame, or by the feeling of dissatisfaction among their fellow members." It is certain that this natural practice is almost as old as the House itself, for of Elizabeth's senators we are told that, when made impatient, they did not scruple to silence the debater by ugly noises in the throat, they "hawked and spat and kept up a great coil." Old customs of every kind die very slowly in the House. The bow, which every member makes to the Speaker when he enters or leaves the House, which is now merely a sign of respect, originated in the days when the House sat in a chapel, and when members bowed to the altar, the place of which is now occupied by the Speaker's chair.

The great mainstay of order is the reverence which is universally shown to the Speaker, and the House has enjoyed excellent fortune in securing a succession of just and able men to fill this high and difficult position. Mr. Gully fully maintains the high traditions of his office, and he is, perhaps, unique among Speakers in his enjoyment of that particular humour, the House of Commons' joke. He is austere and decisive when the situation so requires, but he is deftly humorous in outwitting that common enemy, the discursive bore. "I cannot hear what the hon. member says," he informed a gentleman from the far north, "but I am under the impression that he is out of order." His patience and humour would have stood in good stead a Speaker of last century, who was wont to exclaim aloud from the chair, "I am tired—I am weary—I am heartily sick of all this." In the days when the Speaker was the King's representative he was not accustomed to the deference which is now so certain. The origin of Committees of the whole House was the desire to get quit of the King's informer, and the device of a Committee enabled the House to sit with a Chairman appointed, not by the King, but by members.

"Despising, disliking every Speaker, the Commons retorted against them by rudeness and disorderly behaviour, and even thus recorded upon the *Journal* their unseemly conduct:—'16 July, 1610.—Affirmed by Mr. Speaker, that Sir E. Herbert put not off his hat to him, but put out his tongue, and popped his mouth with his finger, in scorn;' or, again, 'that Mr. T. T., in a loud and violent manner, and, contrary to the usage of Parliament, standing near the Speaker's chair, cried "Baw!" in the Speaker's ear, to the great terror and affrightment of the Speaker and of the members of the House.'"

The Speaker has many times been placed in very trying case by the duties pertaining to his Chair. To give a casting vote, possibly on some momentous question which has divided the country for years, is an agitating act. In the seventeenth century a Speaker who had so to decide stammered out first, "I am an 'Aye;'" then "No, no, I am a 'No,' I should say;" a state of puzzlement (it is said) that

provoked laughter and rude remarks, that "Mr. Speaker was gone." The most famous of all incidents in connection with the casting vote is described by Sir Reginald Palgrave with much imaginative realism :

"A Speaker once was driven into a corner. 'Aye' or 'No'—guilty or not guilty—must, as it happened, be settled by his casting vote. For the question was whether or no Lord Melville, as Treasurer of the Navy, had been guilty of official misconduct. It was during the year 1806 that this accusation was brought before Parliament, and it provoked, as may be supposed, the utmost zeal and heat. The Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, was strong on Lord Melville's side, his friend and colleague; but their antagonists in the House were zealous and powerful. The fierce discussion ended with an even vote: 216 members declared for Lord Melville; 216 voted for his guilt. His fate was then placed in the Speaker's hands: it abided decision by that one vote. It was long before Mr. Abbott could rise; agitation overcame him; his face grew white as a sheet. Terrible as was the distress to all who awaited the Speaker's decision, terrible as was his own distress of mind, this interval of suspense was protracted for upwards of ten minutes. The Speaker sat there in silence; all were silent. At length he rose, he spoke, and he condemned Lord Melville. Immediately the Prime Minister crushed his hat over his brows to hide the streaming tears that poured down over his cheeks; he pushed in haste out of the House. Some among the Opposition, to their disgrace, thrust themselves near 'to see how Billy Pitt looked.' His friends gathered in defence around, and screened him from every glance. During a quarter of a century, almost ever since he had been a boy, Mr. Pitt had battled it in Parliament. He had experienced there not victory only, but also defeat. This defeat, however, he sank under; it was his last. He died ere many months elapsed. The death of that great man was hastened by Speaker Abbott's casting vote."

Sunt lacrymæ rerum. A curious ironic detail is that the first Speaker, who was declared by statute to be the First Commoner of the Realm, was Sir John Trevor, who had to put from the chair a motion in his own condemnation : "That Sir John Trevor, Speaker of this House, for receiving 1,000 guineas from the City of London after the passing of the Orphans' Bill, is guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour." When the unhappy man put this question, there

was a great shout of "Aye," and not a single voice raised for the "Noes."

Of all curious incidents in parliamentary history, perhaps the most wonderful is that connected with the Habeas Corpus Act. This famous statute would have been thrown out by the Lords, if one of the tellers for the Bill had not persuaded his co-teller, by some process of mystification, to count one stout peer as ten! The miscalculation escaped notice, and the Bill, by means of this very artificial majority, became law. It is Bishop Burnet who tells the story, and his authority alone would hardly establish it; but it is confirmed by a note of Speaker Onslow, who was an acknowledged authority on all parliamentary history.

Among the many coincidences of history is the fact that in three successive centuries the year forty-one was marked by a tremendous struggle for power in the House of Commons. In 1641 the Long Parliament had begun to exert its supremacy, and was met to remove all grievances, and to "pull up the causes of them by the roots." In 1741 Sir Robert Walpole was beaten for the first time in twenty years, and we find his son writing to Sir Horace Mann:

"My dear Child,—We have triumphed twenty years; is it strange fortune should at last forsake us; or ought we not always to expect it, especially in this kingdom? They talk loudly of the year *forty-one*, and promise themselves all the confusions that began a hundred years ago from the same date. I hope they prognosticate wrong; but should it be so, I can be happy in other places."

In 1841 there occurred one of the largest and closest of all divisions, when 312 voted for Sir Robert Peel and 311 for Sir John Russell—the Whigs went out and the Tories came in to repeal the Corn Laws! How interesting it would be if we could foretell what 1941 will bring forth. Let us hope that the House will be then as now "the right English mirror of the English people," and that the English people will still be a great nation.

ART. V.—WILD NORWAY.

Wild Norway, with Chapters on Spitbzergen, Denmark, &c. By ABEL CHAPMAN, Joint Author of "Wild Spain," Author of "Bird Life of the Borders," &c. Illustrated by the AUTHOR, assisted by CHARLES WHYMPER and P. C. TRENCH. London and New York: Edward Arnold. 1897.

MR. CHAPMAN'S book is not in any sense that of a tourist with a fortnight at his disposal who hurries through the land, guide-book in hand, and it is much more than that of an enthusiastic sportsman who loves the rifle and the rod. It is essentially the work of an accomplished student of Nature, especially of ornithology, the love of which has ever been, he tells us, "a main spring" with him, "and has formed the sole object of many journeys, incidentally of all." He regards the results tabulated here, relating to the fauna and avifauna of the country, as the most valuable section of his book. Many times he has visited the unfrequented parts of Norway, until his knowledge is, perhaps, unrivalled.

One fault we wish to find with this well-written and exquisitely illustrated volume—it reeks too strongly of gunpowder and blood. The passion to kill wild things—an hereditary taint, transmitted from the hunters of the stone age—is in evidence more than we could wish.

The voyager who skirts the western coast of Norway is witness to the extraordinary beauty of this land of deep fjords, and precipitous headlands. He admires the woods of graceful birch hanging under gloomy cliffs, the slopes of emerald grass that rise from rock-girdled, foam-margined beaches, the awful shadows lying sullen under mountain walls that stand up sheer out of the depths of ocean, the touches of ermine on lofty distant heights, and the crystal light that brings into sharp relief every detail of this

enchanting landscape. But he has little idea of the Norsk-fjelds stretching away behind the bold walls of rock that limit the range of vision with their broken skyline of jagged peaks and serrated ridges. "Norway," however, "lies up there." One half of the country is situated at an elevation of 2,000 feet and upwards above sea-level. The abrupt ramparts that front the sea guard vast table-lands stretching in unbroken continuity for twenty, thirty or even fifty miles, until some deep intercepting ravine is reached. The following figures given by Mr. Chapman show how rugged and unsubdued a country this is: Land cultivated and built on, three per cent.; inland waters, five per cent.; glaciers, two and a half per cent.; forests and fjelds occupied by *sæters*, twenty-two per cent; unproductive fjelds, sixty-seven and a half per cent.

The fjelds vary in elevation from 2,000 to 9,000 feet. On the highest of these the scenery is awfully wild. Chaos and sterility reign in absolute solitude. The scarred and riven hills frown gloomy under skies that are often as an inverted cauldron in which Nature brews her fiercest tempests. "The naked back-bone of the planet" is here. Masses of detached rock are flung about in endless confusion. The valleys are choked with the *debris* of avalanches. The snow lies the summer through, and shows stark between the jaws of parallel ridges that are savagely toothed and menacing; or it winds in many a sinuous fold, like some spectral serpent, repellent and fearsome, amongst lichen-painted boulders. Tarns, whose black waters reflect the glaciers that feed them, add weirdness to this terrible landscape. No life is found in or on these mountain lakes, with few exceptions. Not a trout haunts them; not a water-bird breaks the monotony of black and white with its warm plumage, or interrupts the death-like stillness with its shrill, far-echoing cries. Once Mr. Chapman observed a diver on a fjeld lake, at an elevation of 3,000 feet, but this bird was probably a migrant resting by the way. The sole bird inhabitants are the raven, croaking from his cheerless quarry, or following the hunter for the carrion on which he feeds, and the ptarmigan who

loves these remote wastes. A chance visitor may come up from the more attractive lands at lower elevations; a dainty white wag-tail, or an adventurous dipper on a voyage of exploration, or a rough-legged buzzard in quest of lemmings, or a merlin in pursuit of a wheatear. But these exhaust the list.

The vegetation here is extremely meagre. Dwarfed shrubs maintain an unequal struggle with bitter frosts and furious gales. A stunted birch or larch, torn, twisted, and unbeautiful, sighs out its plaint in the winds that scourge it. But sweet mosses caress cyclopean rocks, fill up the hollows between them, and bestow their beauty on this wilderness. Other lowly cryptogams, in their most puny form, complete the flora of this inhospitable region. "Yet even here are scattered oases of fell-meadow and pasturage, where, in some sheltered glen, one finds grass and wild-flowers quite luxuriant."

During ten months of the year these high fjelds are without human inhabitant, unless some nomad Lapp should wander hither from fjelds further north. In the brief summer, the peasantry from the nearest populated valleys, often many miles away, climb to these heights with their children and their cattle, to occupy the shieling, or *sæter*, which they have erected in one or other of the more or less fertile valleys sloping away southward. They pasture their herds, attend to their dairies, make hay from the mountain grasses and sweet herbs, and return home with whatever wealth of produce they have accumulated, when the snows begin to whiten the autumn landscape.

It is in this domain of savage rocks and eternal snows, or close to it, that the deer-stalker pursues his fleet and sagacious prey. The hunter's life entails, Mr. Chapman tells us, "infinite sacrifices." Hardship is, no doubt, sweetened by exciting adventure. But only a man of iron constitution can be a deer-stalker in Norway. To shelter by night in a *stein huset*, a cave dwelling; or, at best, to sleep under canvas when the thermometer is far below zero; to track the reindeer in a country like that we have described, with

the rain falling in torrents until the hunter is soaked to the skin; to be altogether without fire perhaps, or to have fire insufficient to dry wet clothes; to be content with the roughest fare—all this most men would regard as too high a price to pay even for exhilarating and successful sport. Picture the hunter traversing one of these vast plateaus, scrambling over huge rocks and crags, climbing knife-edged ridges, glissading down slippery inclines, creeping stealthily up steep *couloirs*, crossing dangerous gullies filled with deep snow, fording swift swollen streams, facing driving storms of snow and hail, sleeping by night in the quarters described above, or in places still more wretched. In speaking of a hovel where three hunters of his party had spent a night, Mr. Chapman says

"we inspected this cave-dwelling in the morning. It was three parts underground, dug into the hill, the rest built up of big stones all thickly covered with turf. The door was eighteen inches square; and on crawling inside one perceived a dark space of about seven feet by five, and some three feet in height."

As long, however, as a cup of hot fresh-ground coffee was procurable, and there were ptarmigan and venison-steak to fry on the scanty fire, and game to reward the patience and pluck of the hunters, all went on well. Of course, reindeer-stalking is not always equally difficult work, but it is never easy. It is far from child's play to follow the trail across a country like Norway, to search every glen and corrie with the glass, and to out-match the vigilance, caution and speed of the agile deer. But it is splendid training for eye and hand and nerve—a school for the development of physical strength, not to speak of richer gains such as courage, resource and promptitude in critical moments, a cool head and calm judgment.

Many a scene of sylvan loveliness greets the eye of the hunter-naturalist even on the fjelds:

"the glens on their southern aspects are fairly clad with grass and pasturage for deer. Here amidst the rocks grew harebells and ferns of two sorts; while on the grassy slopes bloomed a

sort of dandelion and the golden rod, the rock-rose, tormentil and alpine campion (*Lychnis alpina*), with many heaths and mosses."

And the view is the more enchanting because of its stern setting. The adjacent northern slopes are almost buried in snow and glacier, save where the contorted strata of variegated rock show their colouring through the white covering. In these remote valleys of southern aspect, where there is a profusion of herbage, the reindeer roams in herds, finding abundant food. Some of these animals are noble creatures, weighing as much as 450 lbs. Mr. Chapman shot one whose horns were fifty-one inches in extreme height by twenty-nine inches across, and with no less than twenty-five tips.

"Both in body and horn he was a giant, and his coat was no less remarkable; the neck was pure white, and beneath it a shaggy mane hung down a foot in length. The white neck was set off by the dark head in front and the rich glossy brown of his robe behind. Besides this, the contrasting black and white bars on flanks and stern were conspicuously clean-cut and defined, and the long and massive antlers showed a splendid recurved sweep, surmounted by branch-like tines, all clean."

As we see these "truly magnificent" creatures, graceful and intelligent, standing on sentry-duty "rigidly motionless" until relieved by another vedette, while the herd are enjoying their mid-day *siesta;* or as we watch them, scenting danger as they graze peacefully in zigzag lines, displaying instant alertness, or taking alarm and galloping madly away unhurt, or escaping sorely wounded to writhe and moan and die in some forest recess; or falling suddenly by the deadly bullets of the experienced marksman—we are disposed to think that to hunt the reindeer for mere sport is not less gruesome than it is fascinating and exciting, and that cultured Englishmen might after all find some other means of developing physical strength, and qualities more or less heroic, and of providing enjoyment for themselves, a little less cruel, a little more humane.

The fjelds at lower elevations have their own characteristics. They are wide expanses of moorland, marshy,

heather-clad or stone-strewn, in which nestle many unexplored and lonely lakes abounding with trout, and haunted by web-footed fowl. The surface is in part uneven with moss-hummocks. Trees grow on the lake margins, often extending to forests. Snow lies here and there in rocky hollows. Birds are fairly numerous in favoured localities. The brambling and willow-wren sing here; the wheatear, the white wagtail, the redpole and many others build; the willow grouse and the golden plover feed on the young foliage; the buzzard soars on high watching for his prey. Wherever there is a clump of silver birch, the trees are the nesting place of the fieldfare. Here too, in some sheltered spot, the peasant has his summer cabin, and on the lake-side his boat, covered it may be with pine branches to roof it against the snows and rains.

The larger lakes are studded with beautiful islands in which is found the nest of the black-throated diver, a superb bird whose white, as of the ocean foam, and whose contrasts of velvet-black and iridescent purple, entitle it to rank among kingly creatures. A remarkable instance of what we may call protective dissimulation on the part of the diver by feigning injury in order, in its maternal solicitude, to call off attention from its nest and contents to itself, is given by Mr. Chapman. Alarmed by the approach of the hunters, the diver rose from its nest with much noisy flapping of wings;

"after flying thirty yards she suddenly collapsed, though I had not fired, and fell heavily on the water, to all appearances wing-broken. There for several seconds she lay helplessly on her side, and swimming round, as though paralyzed, in narrow circles. I did not molest her, and half an hour after saw the pair flying fast and strong a hundred yards high."

The stunted pines of these islands are inhabited by merlins and crows. Other birds haunting these wastes of moor, these clear lakes and dark islets, are red-throated divers, greenshanks, whimbrels, whose spring note is "a delicious liquid ripple," ring ouzels, northern and marsh tits, lovely songsters like blue throated and sedge warblers (the latter not

common), twites and many others. Graylags, pintail, and widgeon frequent the hill-tarns. The snow-bunting nests and rears its young on the fjelds. But we must not attempt a catalogue of the avifauna.

Innumerable rivers take their rise in these lakes, or chains of lakes. For lake is linked to lake by short streams, and as the mountain-born volumes of disrupting waters flow onward and downward they dig out the glens, and "fret and fume in cataract and cascade amidst obstructing rocks." Broadening as they go, they grow at length into immense rivers of "wondrously translucent water," and glide on "through green valleys, a mile or more in width," in some instances, "flanked by the forest clad slopes of the fjeld."

Salmon are plentiful in these rivers; and Mr. Chapman admits us to the art and mystery of salmon-fishing, of harling and angling with fly, of "spinning lures, angel, spoon or phantom," of trolling in currentless loch, of surface-fishing in small streams; also of the respective value of "black doctor," "butcher," "Jock Scott," "bull-dog," and other fishing flies. All the poetry of fishing is here. Its glorious setting of marvellously romantic scenery, of bright foliage and fragrant blossom, of shadowed ravines and mad waterfalls; its accompaniment of delicious bird music; its adventures and misadventures with monster fish under blazing sun and by dim moonlight; its defeats after long battle in the moment of victory, and its unexpected successes when it seemed that all was lost. Some of the fish captured—"perfect torpedoes" in shape, and bright as burnished silver—weighed as much as 28 lbs., and measured 42 inches in length, with a girth of 21 inches. Some of those that broke the gut, or slipped the hook, were, it is supposed, from 40 to 60 lbs. in weight. But it is always the biggest fish that escapes!

No complete list of the birds that love the river-side can be given, though Mr. Chapman names many. A few may be selected. Herons fish in the back-waters and establish their colonies on "the face of sheer rock-escarpments six hundred feet above the fjord," with ravens for their

neighbours. The osprey is seen hanging in mid-air, espying enviously the fisherman as he gaffs a fine fish. The diver, whom we saw on the fjeld lakes is here, and with him the charming golden-eyed duck, and other related species. The female merganser shoots the rapids with her young on her back. Small birds are everywhere, nesting in birch trees, rock crevices, mossy clumps, or the bushes that trail their branches in the stream.

Below the high fjeld of which we have spoken, is the forest region. First there is a belt of Alpine flora, of sphagnum and peat; under this a zone of dwarf birch and willow; and then, the thick forest of mighty trees.

"What written words can convey even a feeble conception of its pristine glory, the impress of that primeval scene, its life and death and decay? Here no axe intrudes—the living and the dead stand side by side; dead giants, centenarians still erect though blanched and rotten to the core. Others half-dead, dying from top downward—weather bleached skeletons, their white bones gleaming in the sunshine in contrast with the living greens of the survivors of the forest that surround and protect them. The very ground is a graveyard. The dead lie piled one upon another, the older corpses already half hidden in mossy sepulchres."

These trees are chiefly pine. And many hundred miles of pathless forest lie between Nordland and Telemark, the timber line varying from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above sea level. The tree-clothed slopes rise in bold outlines from the margin of murmuring solitary rivers, and they stretch upward to many an undulating plateau, where flower-enamelled mountain meadows are interspersed with dark masses of timber.

These solitudes are the home of the finest of all the wild animals in our European fauna, the elk who has roamed here from immemorial time. Mr. Chapman's account of elk-hunting is full of exciting incident, and his notes on wild life generally in these forests are at once instructive and interesting. Whilst we cannot enter on the business of hunting the elk, a few paragraphs in reference to this mighty creature may not be unacceptable to our readers. The antlered, coroneted elk is, without question, a splendid

animal. His "great form looms phantom-like among the shadows of giant trees," his coat assimilating to the forest shades. He varies in colour from glossy black to light gray, but the normal shade is

"smoke-gray with glossy sheen, the warmer shades of the under fur showing through the outer bristly hair, and giving the pile its rich appearance. There is a curious white patch on the upper front of each ear, and under the chin hangs down a thick tufty beard, though there is no mane or ruff on the neck."

The elk literally dwells in the densely timbered forest, never leaving it except when the mosquito scourge drives him, in the weltering heat of summer, to seek relief in the open fjelds above, or when the severities of winter in these latitudes compel him to descend, in search of food, to the warmer valleys and plains that lie far below his native haunts. He is essentially a browsing animal, and exists mainly on succulent leaves. In the autumn, when the floor of the forest is covered thickly with ferns, he grazes on the fronds; and occasionally he may visit the fell-meadows where sedge-grasses grow waist-deep, to feed on these. His spoor is "a gigantic affair—large rugged hollows like sepulchres sunk in the peat;" and no wonder, for he weighs as much as a hundred stone. He is difficult to hunt because of his habit when pursued of doubling back on his track and making it a bewildering maze; yet, ever moving on through thick forest, now up steep braes, now down slippery declivities, "never ceasing his unending forward trail." Though undoubtedly endowed with powerful sight, yet he depends chiefly for warning of an approaching foe, not on the eye, like such animals of the plains and the mountains as the gazelle and the reindeer, but on hearing and scent. He is not so much a vigilant sentinel on a coigne of vantage, whose eye sweeps vast expanses, as a forest wanderer where the keenest sight is interrupted by tree trunks and deceived by broken lights and shadows, and is of little service in detecting the presence of an enemy. And Nature has compensated the elk for visual deficiences by bestowing on him his great hollowed horns which act as

sounding boards, and by the development of a marvellously acute sense of smell. He is not so intelligent and alert a creature as the reindeer, he is much slower to apprehend danger and to escape from it. Outside of his native forest he falls an easy victim to the hunter. It is probable that this, the largest game beast in Europe, will soon be extinct; for, according to the official return, no less than one thousand are shot every year in Norway.

The life of the huntsman in the forest is much pleasanter than on the high fjelds. He is able to provision his camp liberally, as the obstacles to transport are not great. Not only can he build his fire of pine-cones, simmer his coffee, and cook his steak of elk-beef, tender and of delicate flavour, and his luscious fresh-caught salmon; he can have, as Mr. Chapman had in the Furudal forest, his iron camp-kitchen, his tressle bed and his blankets; and even a flaxen-haired, Norwegian damsel to prepare excellent breakfasts, and dinners of several courses, with the luxury of a white table-cloth. If the night quarters in a log-hut, measuring fifteen feet by ten, for twelve persons, be undesirably "cribbed," there is some consolation in the fact that the wind blows freely through the rough lattices, and that the atmosphere of the primeval forest of pines is not that of crowded city streets.

As to hunting in the forest, Mr. Chapman's opinion is that

"the 'going' in the forest is every bit as bad as on the high reindeer fjeld. There is a lot of 'tooth and claw' work. Hollow snow gullies, shoe piercing flints, ice, or loose rocks in the one case; and, in the other, rotten stumps, moss hidden holes, snags and windfalls, are but a few of the hundred and one treacherous traps and pitfalls that ever waylay an unwary step, that daily jar one's system and yet further lacerate sore-wounded shins. The lash of a released pine bough in one's face is not pleasant. Nor is a mile or two of fallen pines, each with uptorn roots and a hundred splintered spikes sticking out in every direction, any sort of relief from the previous hour over tumbled rocks, or scrambling on crags where the rifle must be shifted from shoulder to shoulder thrice a minute, and where the only hand-hold is prickly juniper."

Such things, however, are but trifles, we are assured;

and sweet is the memory of delicious autumnal nights spent beneath the quivering foliage, chatting, and listening to the birds that make the silence of the forest palpitate with enchanting music.

The forest has other wild creatures. The glutton, a beast that loves secrecy and the night, inhabits the most rugged glens; the northern lynx, the bear, the red deer ("confined to certain islands and to limited areas of the adjacent mainland"), the lemming, a ferocious little vermin of the woodland, and the ever delightful squirrel, are also found here.

The forest birds are fairly numerous. When the sudden summer of northern Europe brings with it a glorious outburst of foliage, then the woods are resonant with bird voices. The redwing warbles unceasingly by night and day; the cuckoo's recurrent note falls on the ear, as if it were the loud pulsation of Nature's heart; the willow-wren and the wood-lark pour forth their silver-sweet strain; the loon laughs on some neighbouring mere; the golden eagle builds his huge nest of sticks on some lofty crag-shelf in the higher ranges of the forest; crossbills are here busily dissecting pine cones; waxwings flash their striking plumage; woodpeckers are tap tapping at the bark of decaying trunks; "game birds are conspicuous; capers chatter like turkeys from the pines, while grouse and woodcocks are frequently observed." In the forest vales tens of thousands of the tiniest and most delicate songsters are nesting and rearing their young. In the gloomy stretches of spruce, the darkest of trees, the capercaillie evades the wild-fowler. The eagle owl, "a bird of superb dash and speed," retires to these solitudes, from the moorland where he hunts down the lemming, to build in a gnarled tree. Small owls are abundant,—the hawk owl, the least sparrow owl, and Tengalm's owl. The jer-falcon and the goshawk, birds of great strength and cruelty, love these pines where so much of their food is to be found. We cannot prolong this list.

In concluding our remarks on the avifauna, we must call attention to Mr. Chapman's generalisation of the subject,

which is so excellent and instructive that we take from it the following passage :

"Briefly summarised, the Norsk avifauna, may be thus described :—On the high snow fjeld there is no variety at all ; on the lower fjeld, though one may search over hundreds of miles almost in vain, there do occur scattered oases of exceptional interest. These, in my opinion, are yet but little known, and their exploration offers the highest promise of ornithological reward. Thirdly, there are the low-lying, sheltered valleys, where bird-life is hardly less varied than at home, where warblers sing, and the most tender forms find abundant insect food and a congenial home." "The Norsk avifauna is not of that northern type that the relatively high latitude would suggest. Its characteristic species are all birds of temperate tastes. This is explained by the influence of the Gulf Stream."

Of the Norsk people in the remote parts of Norway, Mr. Chapman gives us interesting glimpses. The peasantry who occupy the summer shielings on the fjelds are a hardy and thrifty class. Their worldly goods are few. Their entire equipment for the sojourn, of perhaps a couple of months in these wilds, consists of a scythe, a grind-stone, a cooking-pot, a *fisker-stang* of unbarked sapling, the usual dairy implements, a rifle perhaps, an axe or two, and a few vessels for the table. Their business here is to gather in the hay—and "no microscopic patch of grass which may find root-hold on ledge of crag is overlooked,"—to despatch the crop to the valleys beneath where their winter home is, to make cheese and butter, to cut and bind into faggots such firewood as they require, and daily to supply their larder with what the hills and lakes may offer to their patient stalking and expert angling. Their lot is often one of incredible poverty, and yet, Mr. Chapman assures us, they are marked by contentment. Nothing is wasted. "Natural products may be poor and few, but they are utilised to the very last grain, or blade, or stick." In distant dales,

"money does not exist. What a man cannot make with his hands or hatchet he does without. Their lives are the hardest, like their rocks. They know not comfort, nor recognise its reverse, and under circumstances that to many would represent abject misery they are contented and even happy."

They are good-natured, unfailingly cheerful, notwithstanding a stolid and grave demeanour, and their life is pure.

The *bonder*, or small farmer, a peasant proprietor, is better off. He has his tiny cornfields on the hill slopes, bits of land snatched from savage Nature, and only a little more productive than the wilderness. He has his potato plots, his garden of hops to flavour his home-brewed ale, and, more than all, his flocks and herds, which it is needless to say are not numberless. Inside the farm-house, you hear the hum of the spinning-wheel and the clash of the rude loom; for the women are busily at work manufacturing the home-spun which is to clothe the household. Alas! that female labour should not be confined to the home exclusively. These women to-morrow will grasp the oar, will bear heavy loads of hay up or down steep pathways, will tend sheep or cattle, and in almost all labour will stand side by side with the men. The *bonder* is one of Nature's gentlemen, as strong, self-respecting, and resolute as he is kindly and obliging. He is a worthy comrade, a servant as honest as the day, a hunter of rare skill and endurance.

We have no space for the chapters on Denmark, which are full of interesting information concerning the bird-life of the fens and lagoons and salt marshes of West Jutland; or for the section on Spitzbergen, with its account of the flora and fauna of the island. But we strongly urge all students of Nature to read Mr. Chapman's volume, as the production of one who is a close and careful observer of the habits of all wild things, as well as a great hunter and fisher, with the soul of a poet. *Wild Norway* is a healthy and bracing book, and it is full of knowledge.

ART. VI.—THE STORY OF SOME ENGLISH SHIRES.

The Story of Some English Shires. By the Right Honourable and Right Reverend MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., Lord Bishop of London. With a Photogravure Frontispiece after an unpublished Drawing by THOMAS HEARNE, and Ninety-eight Engravings. The Religious Tract Society. 1897.

BISHOP CREIGHTON'S chapters originally appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, and were the outcome of impressions produced by rambles in various parts of England. With the skill of a trained historian the writer has given a summary of the history of seventeen of our shires, showing how their peculiar habits, manners and customs have arisen. A North countryman sometimes finds it hard to understand what is said by a dweller in the South.

"Year by year," the Bishop says, "these peculiarities are growing less strong, as people move about more freely, and do not always live and die in the place where they were born. But the differences themselves exist because the folk came of rather different stocks, and because the nature of the country they lived in and the things that happened many years ago, caused their lives to take different shapes."

The local peculiarities generally follow the division of the shires. They thus carry us back to days when our country was divided into many kingdoms. Each shire had its own history and fortune, which have left an abiding stamp upon it.

The leading feature of Northumberland and Cumberland is that they are Borderlands. They remind us of the difficulty which conquerors found in reducing the whole of the island under one rule. The Romans sought to solve this problem by constructing their great wall between the Solway and the Tyne. It was garrisoned by ten thousand soldiers, so that it must have been the busiest part of Roman

Britain. Yet the ruins of this stupendous work show clearly that it was the scene of many a fierce conflict. When the Roman power decayed, the Borderlands all the more kept alive the tradition of perpetual strife.

The name of Northumberland dates from days when the east coast, between the Humber and the Frith of Forth, was one kingdom. Ida, the Flame-bearer, who had fixed his residence on the basalt crag of Bamborough, extended his rule from the Forth to the Tees. Deira, to the south, was united with his kingdom of Bernicia, and the enlarged territory extending to the Humber took the new name of Northumbria. After a time the Danes made themselves masters of Deira, the land between the Tees and the Tyne was given to the Church of Durham, and the Scotch king took the region between the Forth and the Tweed. Thus the land between the Tyne and Tweed was left sole heir to the title of the great English realm of Northumberland.

The chief interest of that old kingdom centres round its ecclesiastical history. In 635 the Welsh invaded Northumbria. There was no king, and messengers were sent in haste to Iona for one of the royal line, who had been driven into exile there. The Irish missionaries of the monastery had taught Oswald the faith of Christ. Before his great battle at Hexham he called his people together, and told them that God would be on their side if they would believe in Him. The Northumbrians agreed to become Christians if they won the battle. Oswald's standard was a wooden cross, and round this he fought till the Welsh were utterly routed. The king called the place Heavenfield, and sent off to Iona for teachers who should instruct his people in their new faith.

The first band of missionaries soon threw up their work because they could make no impression on the stubborn barbarians. On their return, their brethren at Iona listened to their pitiful tale of disappointment. Aidan asked, "Were you not too severe for this unlearned people? Did you not give them strong meat, when you should have fed them with the milk of the Word?" Then all exclaimed, "Aidan

shall go!" When the new missionary reached Northumberland, King Oswald interpreted his words to the courtiers. Aidan's teaching and his gentle and kindly spirit soon won the hearts of the people. Churches of wood were built, monasteries were endowed by the king as homes for the new preachers, who wandered over the scantily populated region, teaching the people. Aidan fixed his residence on the island of Lindisfarne, which reminded him of his old home in Iona. King and bishop worked lovingly together, till Oswald died in battle against the heathen, crying, "Lord have mercy on their souls!" Aidan closed his course in the church of Bamburgh, holding to a beam of the church wall as he prayed.

Northumbria now began to spread the light of Christianity among the neighbouring kingdoms.

"Its people learned from the monks the beginnings of a settled life. The monkish missionaries built their monasteries along the river valleys in convenient spots. They lived simply, and gave ready hospitality to all who came to visit them. They set up schools and sent forth preachers on all sides. The monasteries were the only homes of peace amid the tumult of ceaseless war."

Controversy broke out as to the time of keeping Easter. Oswy called his wise men together at Whitby in 664, and decided that it was best to follow Rome rather than the Irish and the Eastern Churches. Many of the Irish missionaries went away, whilst those who remained submitted to the rules of Rome.

But, though the apostles from Iona withdrew, their work was carried on by a Northumbrian who had been trained in their ways.

"Cuthbert was feeding his sheep on the Lammermoor hills on the night that Aidan died. He saw meteors fall through the sky, and, when he heard of Aidan's death, he said that he had seen the angels who had come to carry Aidan's soul to heaven. He resolved to give himself to God's service, and entered the nearest monastery at Melrose. The labours of Cuthbert, his holy and his simple life, enabled him to win all hearts. The former missionaries had been strangers. Cuthbert was a

Northumbrian peasant, who knew how to speak to all manner of men. After much work for others he withdrew to live as a hermit on one of the Farne Islands, which lie off Bamburgh. Birds and beasts are said to have loved him and listened to his words. He could not be left in quiet, for all men wished him to be bishop. Cuthbert refused, till King Egfrith himself sailed to his island and compelled him to take the office. For three years Cuthbert wandered on foot through his diocese, preaching and confirming. Then he went back to his island cell to die in peace. Men loved and honoured him; Lindisfarne became famous because it was the resting-place of Cuthbert's bones. St. Cuthbert was taken by the men of the North for their patron saint."

The union with Rome brought the influence of Italian art and civilization to bear on Northumberland. Pilgrims who visited the Papal city found themselves in a new world. Wilfrid and Benedict Biscop, two Northumbrians of noble birth, who caught the new spirit, made their country famous throughout Europe. Benedict built churches of stone at Wearmouth and Jarrow, instead of the buildings of turf, wattles or wood which had hitherto served as churches. He also brought glassmakers to the country, adorned his churches with pictures, and even tempted the chief singer of the Pope's chapel to Northumbria, that he might train singers for the English churches. Benedict Biscop also founded a library in his monastery at Wearmouth, and set up what was really a University for the north. His monastery at Jarrow became famous through the labours of Bede, the earliest and one of the greatest of English scholars, who had been committed to Biscop's care at the early age of seven. *Bede's Ecclesiastical History* is a splendid memorial of the work done by Christianity in the rude north, and his effort to finish his translation of the Gospel of St. John on his death-bed, is a story which never loses its pathos and charm.

Before the great scholar's death the glory of Northumbria was manifestly waning. Disputes arose as to the succession to the throne; the nobles grew powerful and fomented discord. Monasticism became fashionable, and drained the life-blood of the community. The disorganisation on every side left the country a prey to the Norse pirates, who sacked

the monasteries at Lindisfarne and Jarrow. In 822 the kingdom submitted to the over-lordship of Egbert, the West Saxon king. Darker days followed when the Danes became masters of Northumbria. They left the country under its own rulers, but made it pay tribute. Its people did not intermarry with the Danes, and long claimed to be of better blood than any other dwellers in our island. Their sturdy independence caused no little trouble to successive rulers. The earls whom William the Conqueror sent to govern the north were slain. At last Walcher, Bishop of Durham, was made Earl of Northumberland. The men of the north met him at Gateshead to talk over their grievances. As Walcher was speaking a cry was raised, "Short rede, good rede: slay ye the bishop!" and he was killed at the chapel door. William harried Northumberland with his troops, and his son Robert laid the foundations of a strong fortress on the banks of the Tyne, opposite the spot where Walcher was slain. This was known as New Castle, to distinguish it from the old Roman camp which stood near its site. Round this castle grew up the chief industrial city of the north.

Stephen gave Northumberland and Cumberland to the Scottish king for the sake of peace, but Henry II. swept away all traces of those days of misrule, and reclaimed the northern provinces. In later centuries the brunt of Border warfare with the Scots fell on Northumberland. The land still tells its tale of struggle.

"The villages and towns in the northern part of the county strike the stranger as singularly cold and bare. There are no picturesque houses of any antiquity. The architecture is severe, simple and solid. There are scanty traces of ornament even in the few ancient churches which have any pretensions to architectural beauty. The reason is, that for centuries the dwellers in Northumberland encamped rather than dwelt on their land. The villages are small and at long distances from one another. North of the mining district in the south of the county, Morpeth, with a population of 4,000, and Alnwick, with a population of 7,000, are the only important places for forty miles. The farmsteads, each with its row of houses for the farm labourers, are all modern buildings, erected for the convenience of the farm holding. The old villages did not possess houses fit for the

labourers to dwell in. Northumberland of to-day, for all purposes of daily life, bears a most modern look, and has been arranged for the convenience of modern needs. On the other hand, Northumberland is full of castles, some in ruins, some fitted up for residence, and many of its country houses have been built round ancient towers."

Edward I. built castles to defend the country against the Scots; the great nobles of the country followed his example. These strongholds stood in a large courtyard, surrounded by a wall and strengthened here and there by towers. Peel towers were also scattered over the country, built of solid masonry and surrounded by a stout wooden palisade. The entrance was generally from the first floor, by means of a plank, which could be easily withdrawn. When the Scots were out on a plundering raid the people drove their cattle hastily inside the palisade and themselves mounted the tower. Sometimes the raiders contented themselves with seizing any unprotected beasts, sometimes they forced the palisade and swept away the cattle that were within. The peel towers had often to stand siege. The assailants first drove the garrison from the loopholes by their arrows; then they piled wet straw round the walls, and set this on fire, so as to smoke out the defenders. Peel towers were often used as ordinary dwellings; occasionally the tower of a church was built in such a way as to serve for a refuge to its neighbours. In 1465 Northumberland had thirty-seven castles and seventy-eight peel towers. The mass of the people lived in villages within reach of such shelters, wherever possible. It was not worth while to build houses, seeing they were in constant danger of destruction. Ordinary dwellings were made of mud, turf or wooden beams. The floor was hollowed out, the roof supported by a beam rising from the centre. The furniture was of the rudest sort, and the cattle often shared the accommodation with their master.

After the battle of Flodden, Border warfare was organised into a system, with a view to cripple Scotland, and force her to abandon her alliance with France. Records of the mischief done were submitted to the Privy Council.

"These form a dismal story of villages burned, land thrown out of cultivation, cattle carried away, men slain or made prisoners. The lovely abbeys which rose along the Tweed were not spared. Nothing was respected, nothing was safe. The Borders became a scene of deliberate savagery, while little was accomplished toward the purpose which Henry VIII. had in view."

Meanwhile, Newcastle had been gradually growing in importance. In 1615 four hundred ships were employed in its coal trade. Keels or barges, pushed down stream by heavy poles, took the coal from the waggons to the ships which were anchored in deep water. Early in the seventeenth century one coal merchant employed from five hundred to a thousand men. Yet we are told that this merchant, "for all his labour, care and cost, could scarce live off his trade; many others have consumed and spent great estates and died beggars." One gentleman from the south invested thirty thousand pounds in the mines. He brought new engines to drain the pits, and invented boring with iron rods to discover the thickness of the seams. But he did not reap any reward. He spent his money, "and rode home on a light horse."

London became so dependent on Newcastle that, in the trouble of 1745, General Wade fixed his headquarters there, to prevent the coal pits falling into the Pretender's hands. The roads were so bad that Wade could not drag his artillery from Newcastle to Cumberland, and was too late to save Carlisle from the rebels. Wade afterwards made a road between the two towns, but it is now grass-grown and deserted, for all traffic follows the railway which runs in the valley below.

Most of the improvements in the steam-engine were made in Northumberland, where George Stephenson constructed the first locomotive. But while manufacturing and mining have prospered, agriculture has not lagged behind. The farm labourer in Northumberland is better off than in any other part of England. His wages and his house bring him in about a pound a week; he is hired for the year and receives his wages whether able to work or not. Fifty years since

his cottage was little better than the clay hut of his ancestors a thousand years ago, now he has a substantial cottage near the homestead, and traces of comfort and prosperity are everywhere manifest.

Durham has a history of its own. It is never called a shire, though in this it is by no means singular among our counties. But the other counties which are not called shires are remains of old kingdoms or mark ancient tribal settlements, whilst Durham was a part of the kingdom of Northumberland marked off as "the bishopric." When Aidan came from Iona, Oswald gave the lands that lay between Lindisfarne and the Tweed to the Church. The districts round Norham and Holy Island belonged to the bishopric, and were only annexed to Northumberland in 1844. When the Norse pirates ravaged the country round Lindisfarne the monks set out to find a place of safety, bearing with them the remains of Cuthbert. They settled at the village of Craike, in Yorkshire, and through their influence Guthred was chosen as the Danish king. He was the son of a chief and had been sold as a slave to a widow at Whittingham, near the foot of the Cheviot Hills. There he had been taught the doctrines of Christianity and had learned to reverence Cuthbert and his followers. He now granted the monks the lands between the Wear and the Tyne, which mainly consisted of moorland, forest and marsh. At Chester-le-Street a little wooden church was built which became the head of the bishopric for a hundred years. In 995, when Danes and Norsemen were harrying Northumberland the monks fled from Chester-le-Street to Ripon. In a few months they recovered from their panic and resolved to return. The waggon that bore St. Cuthbert's body stood still and no force could move it. The monks fasted and prayed till, according to the legend, St. Cuthbert in a dream bade one of them take his body to Dunhelm, a bold cliff washed on three sides by the Wear. The name, which means a hill fortress, was softened into Durham. The trees were cleared from the hill top and a rude chapel of boughs was built as a resting place for the Saint. Within ten years

the place had gained considerable importance. It was besieged by the Scots, but Uhtred, son of the Earl of Northumberland, came to its rescue and routed the assailants. The heads of the handsomest men among the fallen Scots were fixed on the walls. Four women, each of whom received a cow as her wages, were employed to wash these ghastly trophies and plait their long hair.

William the Conqueror made the See a County Palatine and gave the bishop regal powers. "Whatever the king has outside the county of Durham the bishop has inside it." The bishop had his own courts of justice, appointed officers, issued writs, had the right of pardoning all offenders. He coined money, granted charters, held councils and created barons of the Palatinate. The old monastic system had died out and many of the priests were married, but in the days of Walcher, the first bishop whom the Conqueror appointed, three monks arrived from Winchcombe and Evesham, who had read in Bede's history of the former glories of the northern monasteries, and had come to revive the ancient spirit. They journeyed north with their luggage on the back of a donkey and settled at Jarrow. A monastery was now built adjoining Durham Cathedral where the rule of Benedict was followed and the bishop became abbot.

Durham had a great succession of prince-bishops, some of whom have left their mark on the history of England. They spent their revenues freely in building churches and bridges, founded hospitals, and governed so wisely that their subjects were more civilized and prosperous than any of their neighbours. They were known as *haliwerfolc*, men for the defence of the Saint. They were under obligation to protect the abode of St. Cuthbert, but were not liable to military service outside his territory. Edward the First's interference in Scotch affairs gave new importance to the Bishop of Durham. Antony Bek was the chief of the warrior prelates; a hundred and forty mounted knights followed him whenever he rode abroad.

"His wealth and magnificence knew no bounds. One day in London a merchant had a piece of cloth, which he said was too

dear even for the Bishop of Durham. Bek bought it at once, and ordered that it should be cut up for horse-cloths."

Some of the bishops were of lowly origin. Robert de Insula, 1274—1283, was a poor lad born in Holy Isle, who often said that he was unfit to live like a great lord. His mother had the same spirit, for when her son gave her a little home she complained that she had so many servants that she herself had nothing to do, and said that her servants did everything so well that she had not even an excuse for scolding them. Some of the bishops were scholars as well as warriors and statesmen. Richard de Bury, 1333—1345, delighted to surround himself with books and learned men. Wherever he went the floor of his room was so littered with volumes that it was hard to find a passage through them.

Henry VIII. curtailed the powers of the bishop and established the royal jurisdiction over Durham. The monastery was suppressed in 1540. St. Cuthbert's shrine was stripped of its gold and jewels, and the coffin of the Saint was broken open by a blacksmith. One of the commissioners shouted, "Fling down his bones," but it is said that the limbs held so firmly together that the man could not separate them, and the Saint was decently interred. The Reformation destroyed the monasteries and lessened the resources of the bishop, so that in the latter part of the sixteenth century there were signs of poverty, disorder and decay in every part of the bishopric. The coal trade brought back some measure of prosperity, but Durham suffered greatly in the days of Charles I. and of Cromwell. After the battle of Dunbar three thousand Scotch prisoners were shut up in the cathedral. They whiled away their time by defacing the interior, destroying the woodwork and disfiguring the monuments. Bishop Cosin made heroic efforts to restore his church and bring back the dignity of the bishopric.

With the Restoration better times dawned for Durham. Coal mines and lead mines were diligently worked. In the present century the construction of harbours at Sunderland and Hartlepool made the county a great centre for trade, and towns sprang up with astonishing rapidity. The growth

of modern industry has completely changed the county. The railway system has developed the coal fields. Relics of the past have disappeared, and even round Durham, with its cathedral and its prosperous university, the tall chimneys rise and pour out their smoke, while the water of the Wear runs black with coal-dust.

"Perhaps no part of England speaks out so clearly as does the county of Durham the deep pathos of industrial life. In the west of the county the uplands slope to the moors, and we see the quiet of agricultural life. The lower tract, that runs some twenty miles along the coast, is given over to coal mines. Rows of houses have rapidly sprung up, built in long lines with dreary uniformity. Heaps of black refuse mark the neighbourhood of the pit. The very roads are black, and the paths are made of small coal. The inhabitants themselves have owned their fate with good-humoured mockery; one village goes by the name of 'Pity-me.' Yet the miners have striven manfully against their untoward surroundings. They are genial, kindly and intelligent; their lives are by no means unhappy."

Yorkshire takes its name from the great city which was the seat of the Roman rule in Britain. The governor of the province had his court here, and the Roman roads converged to this point. When Theodore of Tarsus became Archbishop of Canterbury he made York the ecclesiastical capital of the northern province. The Sees included in it are not so numerous as those of Canterbury, but when they were formed the independent existence of Scotland was not reckoned probable. All the northern bishops were intended to be suffragans of York. The defeat of Egfrith at Nechtansmere, near Fife, in 685, gave a decided check to the Northumbrian advance. But the province was the chief centre of learning and religious zeal in England. The monastery at Whitby was ruled over by Hild, a descendant of King Edwin, and there Cædmon won renown as the first English poet. At York Edwin laid the foundations of a stone church, which was finished by Wilfrid. The famous scholar, Alcuin, was trained in the school of York, and its library was one of the best in Europe. William I. struck a severe blow to the north when he laid waste the country

between the city and Durham, so that it was reduced to a wilderness. "Great part of its people died from hunger; for years the land was left untilled. Villages and towns alike were laid in ashes; the traces of the old greatness of the land were swept away." Barons, churchmen and monks laboured hard to restore the province to its former prosperity. Famous monasteries sprang up in the Yorkshire vales and reclaimed the waste lands. The barons were nowhere more numerous or more powerful than in Yorkshire. The ruins of their castles, dotted all over the county, tell of days when they did justice, and kept in their pay bands of trained soldiers. The sons of neighbouring knights and squires entered their service, and farmers and tradesmen reaped much profit from their patronage. As the barons declined, the great towns became stronger. Each trade had its guild, round which much of the social and religious life of mediæval towns centred. York had its guild of the Lord's Prayer, instituted to keep up a yearly play "setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer, in which all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise." The church of St. Mary at Beverley still bears witness to the zeal of the people. It has a pillar bearing on its capital figures of a harper, drummer, piper and violin player, and the inscription, "Thys pyllor made the meynestrells." Two other pillars were the gift of the "good wives" of the town.

After the Civil War industry grew and flourished in Yorkshire. Early in the eighteenth century worsted began to be manufactured in Bradford, and from that time the West Riding steadily rose in importance. At first the yarn was sent to Norwich to be dyed and woven into fine stuffs, but gradually the Yorkshireman outstripped his East Anglian competitor. His food was oatmeal porridge, oaten cake and milk. He was industrious, thrifty and reliable, while the men of Norwich presumed on their superior skill, demanded high wages, and were often troublesome to their employers. The Yorkshire farmers were the wool manufacturers; the spinners were the wives and children of

husbandmen. In 1730 each clothier brought his own bale of cloth to the Leeds market. The men stood in the sale room in double line like a mercantile regiment. Buyers walked up and down between the rows matching their colours. Then prices were agreed on, and in little more than an hour business was over. The way in which machinery and railroads have revolutionised Yorkshire industry is one of the marvels of the century.

"The great county of Yorkshire may claim to contain within it almost all that is most interesting in the past and the present of English life. It even contains almost all the characteristic features of English landscape. Its coast is surpassed in grandeur only by Devon and Cornwall. The Cleveland Hills are excelled only by the range of Malvern. The vale of York is a sample of the agricultural quietude of England. The moorlands of the west are rich in the beauty which is most peculiar to our scenery. Clustering in the valleys of the west lie the great manufacturing towns, many of them in spots which only the labour of man has made habitable. Amidst them are the memorials of England's past, as where the ruined abbey of Kirkstall stands, blackened by the smoke of Leeds. Nowhere are more worthy testimonies to be found of the efforts of our own age to face its altered problems and supply its altered needs. From ruined abbeys and ruined castles we may turn to the town of Saltaire and see in it an expression of modern achievement."

Cumberland is the remnant of an old British kingdom, but its early history is hidden in obscurity. It may be doubted if the Roman occupation brought the Celts of Cumberland into any close relations with the south. When the Romans withdrew from Britain the little clans of the north seem to have combined to withstand their common enemies. Later times found a hero in King Arthur and if the legend is accepted as containing any germ of truth, the names of places mentioned in the story can be identified in the district round Caerlluel, the modern Carlisle, with even greater definiteness than in Caerlleon by the Usk. English settlers from Northumberland gradually pushed across to the Solway. This did not much affect the British who were made tributary but were allowed to live as they had done

before. The Northumbrian Church spread its influence over Cumberland. Carlisle and the region around it formed part of Cuthbert's See of Lindisfarne.

"There is none of the towns in England which has such an unbroken history as Carlisle. Its municipal life never ceased. It was a town in the days of the Romans, and it continued to be inhabited as a British town. In Cuthbert's days it had a monastery; and when Cuthbert visited it in 685, the people showed him, as historical curiosities, the Roman walls and the fountain which the Romans had made. Cuthbert, moreover, had friends who followed his example in spreading the Gospel in the wilder parts of the west. We find him writing a letter of encouragement to the hermit who gave his name to the island on which he built his cell in the midst of Derwentwater, St. Herbert's Isle."

When Northumberland grew feeble Cumberland fell a prey to the Norse pirates who sailed up the Irish Channel, and settled in the valleys of the Lake District. To this the Norse endings, *gill, thwaite, haugh, and fell,* still bear witness. The Danes followed, and in 875 destroyed Carlisle. Cumberland was held by the Scotch king as a dependency of England for more than a hundred years, but in 1092 William Rufus took Carlisle. He rebuilt the city, which for two centuries had been well-nigh desolate, erected a castle and filled it with his own soldiers. The king also brought a set of colonists from the south with their wives and cattle. This

"filled up the measure of different races whose mixture has given the folk of north-western England a character of their own. Britons, English, Picts, Norwegians, Danes and Saxons there met and mingled."

Durham, York and Glasgow all claimed ecclesiastical allegiance from Carlisle. Henry I. cut the knot by making it the seat of a bishopric. The first bishop was appointed in 1133. The cathedral still bears witness to the struggles of the infant diocese.

"Only a fragment of the old Norman nave now remains; and the choir, which was begun in the middle of the thirteenth century, took more than a hundred years to build. The canons

of Carlisle never had the opportunity of carrying out their plans by welding together the old building and the new; and the devastations of later times swept much of their work away. Enough remains to show us that the architectural taste of the canons of Carlisle was as fine as that of their more fortunate brethren of the south; but sterner work than church-building was laid upon the men of the city. They did what they could; but the convenient season for perfecting their plans never came."

Henry II. reclaimed Cumberland which had been handed over to Scotland by Stephen. The Scotch were compelled to yield, though they brooded over the loss and were always ready for a raid across the Border. In 1242 six manors in Cumberland were given to the Scotch king on condition that he withdrew his claims to other lands which were in dispute. The boundaries of the modern county of Cumberland had been definitely determined in 1177. It was intended to form a bulwark against Scotland. "Carlisle is eminently *the* Border city and Cumberland *the* Border county." The Border clans, on both the Scotch and English side, lived in continual warfare. A tract of land near the confluence of the Esk and the Liddel was known as the Debatable Land. Scots and English pastured their cattle upon it between sunrise and sunset, but anything left there at night was fair booty for whoever could seize it. The Armstrongs and Elliotts were the chief Scotch clans, the Grames were their English opponents.

"If they unduly disturbed or pillaged their more peaceful neighbours, the lords wardens interfered when they were able; but in the quarrels of Armstrongs and Grames no one took part who could avoid it."

Carlisle grew familiar with sieges in these stormy days. Henry VIII. could not openly go to war with Scotland, which was in alliance with France, but he devised a system of fanning the flame of discord on the Borders, and then took savage vengeance on the raiders. Thomas Dacre of Gilsland was Henry's chief agent, and he boasts that by his praiseworthy activity the land once tilled by 550 ploughs had been turned into a desert. In another report he speaks

of an expedition which carried off 1,800 cattle and burned the houses on the frontier. When peace was secured between England and Scotland a resolute effort was made to put down the moss-troopers. Lord William Howard of Naworth, the "Belted Will" of Border legends, accomplished this difficult task. He was a scholar and a student who lived in patriarchal fashion at Naworth with his ten children. He encouraged industry, administered the law faithfully, and devoted his strength and influence to "reducing these parts into civilitie and quietness." The moss-trooper degenerated into a sheep stealer and suffered due punishment. The last haunt of the turbulent and lawless was Bewcastle. A visitor to its graveyard once said to his guide: "I see that almost all these stones are for women; where are the men?" "Ah, sir," the woman answered, "they're a' buried at that weary Carell." They had found the sheep-stealer's grave at the foot of the gallows. Bishop Creighton, who is himself a Carlisle man, says that

"Cumberland as a whole has not been touched by the spirit of modern industry. It keeps more clearly than any part of England the traces of old times. Its people are stalwart, sturdy and independent. The sense of personal dignity is strong, and secures a genuine social equality. The Cumbrians pride themselves on being kindly, homely and outspoken. Even a passing traveller through the county will feel that he is amongst a folk who have their roots in an historic past."

The interest of Westmoreland, the land of the western moors, centres in its sturdy dalesman. The rough wooded hills and narrow valleys shut off the county from much intercourse with the outside world. The power of the feudal lord was little felt. He was quite content if his vassals furnished their due contingent of soldiers, and it was the interest of the people themselves that some of their number should always be ready to assist in driving back the Scotch raiders. The little communities portioned out their lands and took their name of dalesmen from the old word "delen" to divide, not from the dells in which they dwelt. During the quiet days that followed the accession of

James I. the dalesmen developed those characteristics which they still in part retain. Each farm was a little world, which provided its own supplies of oatmeal porridge, milk and bacon. Sometimes there was a "potato-pot," with a few slices of meat under a covering of potatoes. A perplexed visitor, who saw this dish moving round the table whilst family and servants served themselves freely, was encouraged by his host: "Now help yersel' and howk (dig) in; there's plenty of meat at bottom, but it's reyther het."

The statesman's house had a rough framework of wood and stone filled in with wickerwork, daubed with clay and smeared with cowdung. The chief apartment served as kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room. Its principal piece of furniture was a huge oaken closet or chest, with carved panels, which passed as a heirloom from one generation to another. On one side of this room was the pantry, on the other the *bower*, where the master and mistress slept. Children and servants occupied the upper loft. No light was allowed in the long winter evenings save the blaze of the fire. One housewife is reported to have lit a candle in order to set out the supper. When all were seated in front of their porridge she blew out the candle, saying, "Now you can see wi' the fireleet to hit yer own mouths." One of the men, who resented this parsimony, slipped a spoonful of hot porridge into his master's mouth, and cried out, "Oh, mistress, bring a leet. I miss'd my oon mooth and hit t' maister's wid a speunful o' het poddish, an' I dout I've scoudit him."

The household was self-supporting. Every one had their work on the farm, and spare time was filled by making wool into rough homespuns. Progress was almost unknown. Each plough had three horses and three men. One drove the team, another held the plough down, the third guided it. The plough itself was roughly hewn from a tree. The dalesmen scorned to be courteous lest it might be thought that they wished to set up as gentlefolk. A traveller suggested that the breed of sheep might be improved. "Sir," was the answer, "they are sic as God sent upon the earth;

we never change them." When competition destroyed the trade in home-made cloths, the dalesmen made vain endeavours to stem the tide of social change. Their lands had to be mortgaged; they gave way to their besetting sin of intemperance and their numbers gradually decreased.

Lancashire owes its teeming population and its political and manufacturing importance to its great port of Liverpool. It was late in coming into existence as a shire, and was a collection of three districts only loosely linked together. The smaller holders gradually brought the land under cultivation. Lancashire owed little to baronial owners. Its towns were not populous, though Preston attracted settlers by its situation on the Ribble, and Liverpool struggled into existence in the days of King John as the port for Ireland. Lancashire was poor in comparison with the southern counties, until the trade with the West Indies and the American colonies gave it a decided start. Liverpool then grew into a thriving port, and the manufacturing towns gained a large influx of population. The genius of Brindley and the far-sighted policy of the Duke of Bridgwater removed one serious barrier to progress by the construction of canals, which overcame the difficulties of transit caused by the shocking roads of the time. Since 1760 Lancashire history centres round a series of notable mechanical inventions. The cotton trade gradually absorbed the county. Invention has kept pace with the growing supply of cotton; machinery has increased the demand for labour by increasing its productiveness.

"Lancashire has consequently been the field of constant emigration from other parts of England, chiefly the north, and the characteristics of the people of Lancashire may best be described as an amalgamation of all the qualities of the northern folk, modified by the nature of their industrial occupations."

Chester preserves in its name the memory of days when it was the headquarters of Rome's military power. Its four chief streets leading straight from gate to gate were laid out by the Romans, and five of their great military roads converged to the city. After some centuries of anarchy Chester

grew into a prosperous trading centre, where the Danes of Ireland, the Welsh, and others met to barter their wares. When William the Conqueror took the city he built a Norman keep on the spot where Ethelred had raised his fort, and made the place the seat of an earldom. All the land of the shire, save that belonging to the Church, was held directly under the Earl, who exercised regal powers within his domain. Chester became the border fortress on the Welsh marshes. During the Middle Ages the land of the shire was largely uncultivated. Three great forests stretched over the county. There was so little agriculture that the peasants used to go into other districts to work as harvesters. The salt field of Cheshire was not yet a fruitful source of wealth. Chester, as a port, was unable to compete with Liverpool, and the trade of the county has become an appendage to that of Lancashire. But the interest of Cheshire is inexhaustible.

"Chester itself contains almost an epitome of English history. Its prospect over the hills of Wales and the Irish Channel tells of the problems of the earliest rulers of the land, and Chester was the position whose possession helped to their solution. Within its walls are the survivals of every phase of civic life—castle, church, guildhall, and the like. Its architecture recalls the time when English life under the Tudors began to assume a settled aspect. Its quaint 'rows' tell of the business of a mediæval city, and perhaps call up a reminiscence of the porticos which the Romans, accustomed to a southern sun, introduced into our northern clime. In like manner the country round about abounds in manor-houses, which show the growing comfort of English life, till it reached its highest point in the magnificence of Eaton Hall. The salt works along the Weaver represent one of the oldest industries of our land. The Weaver itself passes on into the canals of Brindley, and the district, which is busy with the hum of modern machinery and filled with the dense population which modern manufactures bring together in places favourable for production on a large scale."

Shropshire owes its picturesqueness and its historical interest to its position on the Welsh border. It was a land of castles, and was long a stranger to the blessings of peace. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it recovered from the ravages of the Welsh wars, and enjoyed exceptional

prosperity. The land was fertile, and the provincial capital of Shrewsbury was the natural market for Wales, whose produce, especially its cloths, was brought in on the backs of mountain ponies. The county has rich pasture grounds and flocks of sheep, and has been but slightly affected by the course of modern industry.

Staffordshire represents the proud military power of Mercia, and boasts its saint in Chad, the first bishop of Lichfield, but its main interests are commercial and industrial. At the end of the seventeenth century it was a poor county with diminished population and scanty resources. Its revival came from its potteries, and chiefly from Josiah Wedgwood, who carried the manufacture to a pitch of perfection which made it famous all over Europe. The Potteries became one of the busiest parts of England, and improved modes of transit helped it to place its wares in all the leading markets. Meanwhile, the "Black Country" in the south of Staffordshire had become a hive of industry. Between this region and the Potteries lies the moorland and forest region of Central Staffordshire, with the peaceful uplands of Needwood Forest and Cannock Chase.

"The great houses of Trentham, Alton Towers and Beaudesert are only foremost in the list of mansions which are scattered throughout the woodland, while the trim villages which gather in their neighbourhood possess the charm which English villages alone can claim."

Derbyshire was scantily peopled in the Middle Ages save in the south of the county. It was a land of forests, and its inhabitants were a race of sturdy warriors who gladly took arms against the Scots. The growth of the county came from the slow progress of agriculture, the clearing of the forests, and the steady industry of the people. The Cavendish family became the natural chiefs of Derbyshire, and many great houses were built in its delightful dales. As time passed on the lead mines of the Peak were more skilfully worked; Derby became the home of silk weavers. Strutt and Arkwright added greatly to the industrial prosperity of the county. Its dales, streams and moorlands attract the

modern tourist. Derbyshire thus combines natural beauty, historic memories and varied industrial activity. It may be regarded as the central county of England.

Worcestershire owed its chief importance to the Church. It had no famous barons. The larger part of its cultivated lands belonged to the bishop or to the abbots of such monasteries as Worcester, Malvern and Evesham. Worcestershire has taken no prominent part in English affairs, but its spirit has been eminently national and patriotic. In the monastery of Worcester the *English Chronicle* was preserved, and it may rightly claim to be the source of that line of Latin chroniclers to whom we owe our knowledge of England in the Middle Ages. Layamon's Brut was another contribution made by the county to that spirit of patriotism which ten years later led to the signing of Magna Charta. The scene of Langland's *Vision of Piers the Plowman* is also laid on the hills of Malvern. The dissolution of the monasteries was a heavy blow to Worcester, but by degrees the gentry increased in wealth and numbers, agriculture improved, and the growth of trade in Bristol found more occupation for the people. Kidderminster has become famous for its carpets, Worcester has gained a reputation for gloves and porcelain, Redditch is renowned for its needles.

Gloucester could not rank with Worcester in early times, though its importance rapidly increased under the Conqueror and his sons. Bristol was famous for its trade in soap before the days of Henry II. The king's marriage with Eleanor of Guienne introduced a taste for Gascon wines which largely increased the trade of Bristol. The Jews of the town were among the richest in England and suffered many things from King John and his successors. The Cotswolds furnished splendid pasture land, and the iron workers of the Forest of Dean added much to the prosperity of the county. The valley of the Severn was famous for corn, fruit, cheese and cider. The commercial classes of the county sided strongly with the Parliament in the Civil War. Bristol resented ship money and smarted under a

monopoly which the king granted to a London Society of Soapmakers. The town was a stronghold of Puritans, and Gloucester was of the same temper. The end of last century saw the decline of the county as the centre of English commerce and industry. The woollen manufacture migrated in large part to Yorkshire; the Forest of Dean lost its monopoly of iron working, the old towns sank into insignificance. Bristol is no longer our chief seaport, yet its population is ten times what it was in what are called its palmiest days. Its docks and tonnage far exceed what was necessary for all England two centuries ago. Gloucester is become comparatively less important, yet it has actually increased in all its trade and manufactures during the last century and a half.

Herefordshire was in old times a wild and desolate region. Pent in between the Forests of Dean and Wyre and the Welsh mountains, the Wye worked its way through brushwood and forest down to the estuary of the Severn, attracting settlers only here and there. Where Hereford now stands there was a British town called Caerfawdd, the town in the beech wood. The county was a land of great lords and strong castles, and had a stormy existence for centuries. Leicestershire has some famous names. Simon de Montford was its Earl, and Wycliffe, as Vicar of Lutterworth, wielded much influence in the county. Leicester itself is said to have been a centre of Lollardy. Richard III. marched out of Leicester to his fatal field of Market Bosworth, and was brought back to be buried in the church of the Grey Friars. In less than half a century Wolsey came to leave his bones in Leicester Abbey. The county has become the seat of the hosiery trade, and its chief characteristic is its happy combination of agriculture and manufacturing industry. The central position of Northampton made it a good centre for the boot trade, which is of very long-standing there. Hides could easily be obtained from the rich grazing land around, and the town was so central that its manufactures were spread over the country. It was an old saying that "Northampton stood on other men's

legs." Peterborough, the chief ecclesiastical centre of the county, has a memorable history. Huntingdonshire still deserves De Foe's tribute :

"Here are the most beautiful meadows on the banks of the River Ouse that I think are seen in England : which, in the summer season, are covered with numberless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep."

It is a pastoral county, with few traces of organised industrial life.

"The traveller feels that he is in Cromwell's country, in the land where a sober discharge of daily duties taught one of England's greatest heroes to understand the spirit of the nation's past, and form a clear conception of its future mission."

Warwick may perhaps be pronounced the most typically English of the shires. It lay remote from the unrest of the coast and of the Scotch and Welsh border, and formed in early days a huge forest, known in later times as the Forest of Arden. Elizabeth's favourite, Lord Dudley, made Kenilworth the most magnificent house in England. Coventry, with its legend of Lady Godiva, its guilds and its pageants, vividly recalls the life of the Middle Ages. Birmingham throbs with the fullest activities of the modern world. In the days of Henry VIII. Leland describes it as a good market town of one street, going up a mean hill about a quarter of a mile long. It was the home of smiths who made knives and cutting instruments, of loriners who made bits, and of nailors. The trade of the town had to contend against no artificial restrictions, but was allowed free scope for development, and, since the days of municipal reform, no town has been more happy in its local government, which stands to all the world as a model of enlightened enterprise and sagacity. Warwickshire's glory, however, is that it produced the greatest of English poets. It was a meet home for such a master. The county sums up all that is most purely English in its scenery and its associations.

"The quiet beauty of the winding Avon is still the same as when Shakespeare wandered along its banks. The neighbour-

ing country had, in a still greater degree than now, the charm of English woodland; for the region of Arden, which Shakespeare has immortalised, had not been enclosed, though the clearings were frequent enough to rob it of its old wildness, and make it a conspicuous example of all that is most charming in rural life."

We are sorry to close Dr. Creighton's volume. He has only been able to deal with seventeen of our shires and cannot look forward to much learned leisure, but he will confer real benefit on all intelligent Englishmen if he is able to complete his work, for his volume is a bird's-eye view of the making of our country which cannot fail to stimulate its readers to a wise patriotism and a loftier sense of duty. The Religious Tract Society has been rewarded for its enterprise by the fact that the whole edition of this book was subscribed for on the day of issue, and we hope they will, without delay, publish a cheap edition which may have an enormous circulation in all parts of the country. They will do much to promote all that is best in our national life if they will follow that course.

ART. VII.—RUDYARD KIPLING THE POET.

1. *Barrack Room Ballads; and other Verses.* By RUDYARD KIPLING. Methuen & Co. Ninth Edition.
2. *The Seven Seas.* By RUDYARD KIPLING. Methuen & Co. 1897.

IT is now something more than a full decade since the English-reading public was surprised into unusual admiration by the advent of a new master in fiction, who put forth in rapid succession a very various series of short stories dealing with different aspects of Anglo-Indian life, civil and military. The author manifested some qualities rare in a beginner, very rare in a writer so young as he was

said to be. He showed himself a past-master in the discreet and telling use of the "noble vulgar speech." His close-packed sentences, built up of the simplest and directest words available, were full of a repressed and veiled significance. He chose rather to indicate than to express the elements of tenderness, horror, passion, mirth, latent in the wild tales he told, and this consistent restraint added tenfold to the impressiveness of that weird, fantastic, richly coloured, mysterious Orient world, so alien to the experience and the feeling of the vast majority of Mr. Kipling's readers, which it pleased him to exhibit as by a succession of electric flashes, and which, foreign, tropical, exotic as it was, he painted with such true life-likeness that it at once assumed the aspect of "familiar matter of to-day." There was little questioning of the verisimilitude of those masterly vivid sketches; people recognised their genuineness, as they might have recognised the fidelity of an excellent photographic portrait, which bears witness to its own truthfulness of air and expression, and convinces of its accuracy even those who have never beheld in the flesh the countenance so excellently mirrored by the lens of the photographer.

But there was something beside the perfection of the story-teller's art which insisted on being noticed in those earliest sketches of his—something less pleasing than their peculiar charm of novelty, their vigour and freshness, and their curiously attractive use of alternate expression and suppression of detail. Not a few of them, as their author himself avowed frankly enough, were concerned with "things that are not pretty and uglinesses that hurt," and the ill-informed or indiscriminating portion of the public did derive from them, it must be confessed, the idea which Mr. Kipling deprecates, that India is, if not "entirely," very largely "inhabited by men and women playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment."

"Are Mr. Kipling's stories true to fact?" some one asked of a serious Englishman well qualified to speak with authority. "They are true to the dark side of Anglo-Indian life," was the reply; "there is another and a nobler side, which

he either has not seen or does not care to represent." So it befell that the artist who, in *Under the Deodars*, drew a sufficiently appalling picture of the ways and doings of some idle English men and women, at Simla and elsewhere, was obliged to confess that "the drawback of collecting dirt in one corner is that it gives a false notion of the filthiness of the room." But it must in all fairness be admitted that he has never been betrayed into the detestable mistake of "spreading fair marble colours" over the rottenness of moral death, and so painting up foul sin that it shall show like fair virtue gone a little astray from the straight path. We might find abundant instances to prove how keen and incisive, like the surgeon's knife, is his style of dealing with these unsavoury matters. We might multiply references to *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Life's Handicap*, and *Many Inventions*; but in this connection it will suffice if we cite as examples three stories, quietly and grimly told, which stand side by side in *Under the Deodars*—"The Hill of Illusion," "A Wayside Comedy," and "At the Pit's Mouth"—and to that one which heads a collection of weird tales, in the same Indian Railway Library series—"The Phantom Rickshaw." They deal, indeed, with "uglinesses that hurt," and one might well ask, why write of these shameful things at all? were it not that every story is of the nature of a stern and almost savage warning against a popular and fashionable sin. It were not easy to find, in the whole range of our *fin-de-siècle* fiction, too prone to condone certain transgressions, illustrations more terrible and telling of the sharp truths, not yet grown antiquated, which were spoken long ages ago by the Wise King, who forwent the use of his own wisdom—who said, "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his iniquity. He shall die without instruction, and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray." In regard to the vices born of unbridled passion, and the misdeeds of those who "subject reason to desire"—whom Dante saw therefor in the "first circle of sad Hell," driven round by an ever-whirling tempestuous wind, the toys and sport of a tyrannous external impulse,

because once they had given themselves up to the promptings of their own lowest impulses—Mr. Kipling approves himself wholly of the same mind with Solomon in the days of his inspired sanity. Vice, in his eyes, is loathsome and despicable in itself, and dreadful in its inevitable consequences; and in so far as he has succeeded in impressing this conviction of his on the minds of his fellow-countrymen, our author has deserved well, although to attain this end he may have employed methods shocking to the sensibilities of the many good and admirable persons who would fain have Evil shrouded from public observation, lest the mere sight of its painted rottenness should infect. Much is to be said on behalf of that opinion; but much, also, on behalf of the quite opposite view of the rugged and scathing Hogarth of word-painting, who, with unsparing hand, plucks the veil from the face of Sin, and shows the soul-deluding *Duessa* for what she truly is. Let Edmund Spenser fill up for us the harsh outlines of the portrait—so roughly sketched by our modern artist—with the lurid colours which that first and greatest of English allegorists could employ on occasion; to his daring picture of alluring and deceiving Vice, at last unmasked, given in the first book of the *Faërie Queene*, we willingly refer our readers for some justification of the methods employed by our later, less diffuse, but not less truthful artist. If it be held needful to speak of these things at all, thus should they be spoken of. And remembering how many skilful pens are to-day at work for exactly the opposite purpose—for that of "making Vice pleasing, and Damnation shine"—we cannot altogether regret that so popular a late-Victorian writer as Mr. Kipling should be at one in this matter with the purest spirit, inspired by the loftiest aims, among all the great Elizabethans.

In the opinion of many competent judges, Mr. Kipling was much more happily inspired when he set himself to draw the Anglo-Indian soldier "in his habit as he lives." Here again, however, his pen was audacious in the extreme, and his outspokenness was pushed beyond the limits approved and insisted on by the least captious of the various

Mrs. Grundys. He did not fear to portray his model in his bad as well as his good moods, with all his characteristic virtues and vices—his offensively faulty speech, his painfully shaky morals, his ferocity and his heroism, his childlike conceit and his superb self-abnegation, his saving sense of humour and his susceptibility to kindly usage, his occasional mad insubordination and panic terrors, and his simple, dauntless loyalty to Honour and Duty as *he* understands them. Complex, inconsistent, winning and pathetic even in its grotesqueness, this soldierly shape stands out in all its strong human reality from the canvas of Mr. Kipling—to endure, one fancies, for all time, or at least for all time so long as our English tongue shall find those who can speak and write and read it. It is one of the immortal types in literature, worthy even to stand beside the men painted by Shakespere. It is not too much to say that to this accomplished portrait painter it has been given to do very much towards arousing a quite new, and a really intelligent and respectful sympathy for his humble model—"that very strong man, T. Atkins, Private of the Line"—the true hero of sundry tales within and without the covers of *Soldiers Three*, to whom indeed that small but noticeable volume was dedicated, "in all admiration and good fellowship."

We might improve on the assertion just made on Mr. Kipling's behalf, and say, without outstepping the bounds of modest truth and probability, that the British soldier's own laureate, chosen by popular acclamation, has done a great deal towards awakening to a new and happier mood that same "T. Atkins"—who, we are told, has adopted for his own the *Barrack-room Ballads*, which give expression to his joys and his sorrows, his moods and his daring, and sings them with the delight born of a heartfelt appreciation. Nay, it may very well be that some credit for the gallant spirit and the splendid work of our troops in the recent warfare on the Indian frontier is due to the singer whose ringing strains, as faultless in rhythm as they are rough and ready in phrase, have witnessed to the British fighting-men in India—and through them to Sikh and

Goorkha, their duskier comrades—that their hitherto obscure valour and faithfulness and endurance have found a watchful chronicler in one Englishman at least, and have also found a host of admiring observers in his English-speaking readers. The Indian soldier were less than human should he not be stirred to grander achievement by the knowledge that he, like a knight of the olden time, is watched at his arduous work from the vast spectators' gallery of the Empire, by countless keen appreciative eyes, such as can "rain influence" and adjudge the prize. Something there is that recalls our writer's tone and teaching in that deed of "derring-do" done the other day at Chagru Kotal. It is like a leaf torn from among his pages, the brief record which tells of the race of the Gordon Highlanders across the "fire zone" to the rocky eyrie of their nested foes—of the brief, stirring speech of their commander speeding them on their errand—"The General says that position must be taken at any cost. The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"—of the gallantry of the piper who, laid low at the first onset by a crippling bullet, still cheered his comrades on with his wild music, as his blood flowed forth and his breath came with difficulty; while his fellow pipers, undismayed by his fate, tramped on to breast the hail of bullets, blowing gloriously and proudly as they went, though, one after another, all save one, had his sharp admonition to cease from the making of war-music.

Surely, we have read something like this before—is the thought that comes unbidden as we scan the brief newspaper reports that glow with unwonted fire through all their curt wording. What was the story so similar in outline? Not *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*—grimy, sordid, piteous tale of shameful panic, redeemed by the strange despairing heroism of a couple of ill-reared lads—English amid all their precocious degradation, capable of anything save lies and cowardice. In the record before us a finer, higher spirit breathes—it is clean, good soldier-work, blurred by no shameful stain. We think of the really high ideal of every-day soldierly excellence which, in roughest

homespun speech, only too well suited to the men he wrote about, our writer has so unflinchingly upheld; we think of those multiplying hundreds of God-fearing, clean-living servants of the Queen who have been reached and uplifted through the agency of our own Homes for the Army and Navy; and we cannot resist the strong persuasion that, should he write another book on the themes of *Soldiers Three*, Mr. Kipling must a little modify the grim colouring of his pictures to suit the changed conditions of the day.

Something also "T. Atkins's" laureate has done for him by setting in its true light the too common though inhuman British-Philistine way of treating the private soldier off duty as a moral leper, and the Queen's scarlet on him as a badge of reprobation, scarcely less odious than the garb of a convict. The soreness and bitterness bred by this ungrateful ill-usage found such voice in the verses included in *Barrack-room Ballads*, and headed "Tommy," as brought shame to some who had never before thought shame of their own easy superciliousness towards the humbler defenders of their country. It was felt to be a real and great grievance, which stated itself in this rough audacious fashion:

"Yes, making mock of uniforms that guard you when you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, and they're starvation cheap;
And hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're going large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
Then it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?'
But it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O, it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll.

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
And if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints.

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, fall be'ind,'
But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind.
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O, it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind.

"You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Chuck him out, the brute!'
But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!"

One may believe that this very emphatic and very plain putting of the case for the respect rightly due to "Tommy" has worked, with other causes, to set him right with the numerous public that can understand a Barrack-room Ballad better than a grave and strictly correct statement of an injustice, and a discreetly worded demand for its remedy. It would be a further gain if "Tommy," seeing how his peculiar dialect looks in print, were himself to introduce a few improvements into the same. "He really ought to be supplied with a new adjective to help him to express his opinions," says his sympathetic eulogist; and anyone taking note of the ludicrous fashion in which "the adjective" recurs, in season and out of season, in Mr. Kipling's verbatim reports of "Tommy's" conversation (as, for instance, in the verse last quoted) must sincerely echo the desire. Perhaps this vicious habit of speech ought only to be ranked with the other extraordinary ways in which the English passion for understating the expression of feeling of every kind manifests itself. Always the average Briton willingly shows himself off for a worse, a less reasonable, a

less noble creature than he really is, in his horror of inflated emphasis, and of high falutin' at large ; and this peculiarity is doubtless exaggerated, like other British peculiarities, in the ways and doings of the rank and file of the Army.

Mr. Kipling has made great advances as a serious poet since the appearance of *Barrack-room Ballads*. Already his admirers divined in him a vein of true religious reverence when they read such verses as the "L'Envoi" of *Soldiers Three*, and they more readily condoned every blemish of the book when it was made evident that the creative artist himself reckoned his work at not more than its just value. The little poem is worth quoting in this connection, since in the "L'Envoi" of *The Seven Seas*, its author's most recent volume of verse, we hear the same note struck, though in another key :

"And they were stronger hands than mine
That digged the Ruby from the earth—
More cunning brains that made it worth
The large desire of a King;
And bolder hearts that through the brine
Went down the Perfect Pearl to bring.

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race;
For Pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of Discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make—
O Thou who knowest, turn and see,
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that clokes the clay,
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long *bazar* will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

Dignified and beautiful, we must hold this lowly recognition of the sovereignty of the Divine Artist—Maker of all Beauty and all Majesty and all Nobleness—over the workmen to whom He has entrusted a measure of His own creative power, and who, therefore, are more deeply answerable to Him for the right use of the gift than those who are less greatly gifted. We need not cite here *in extenso* the bold last-published verses to which we have referred—their tone is sufficiently manifest in their opening and their closing lines—

"When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew! . . . .

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as they are!"

Here, as in other places—notably and excellently in that otherwise irritating and disappointing book, *The Light that Failed*—Mr. Kipling expounds, in few words and fit, the gospel of his craft. Work, to be good work, must be done for the joy of working—"the clean, clear joy of creation" (if we do not misquote from memory)—and for the glory of the God who gave the power. Also, things just as they are in God's world are good enough for His sons to draw as they are, since they are good enough for the Infinite Almighty Creator to tolerate their existence. Hence the magnificent audacity of realism in some of our poet's verses—such, for example, as *The Mary Gloster*, strange picture of a faithful faithless, godless yet not heartless or

unbelieving man's heart—or as that far different yet closely related song in the Praise and Glory of the Steam-power, M'Andrew's Hymn—or as the blood-stained record, called "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers."

We may—it is certain that some of us will—disapprove, and from our souls dissent from this fashion of stripping even the garment of the body from the human soul and painting it in its nakedness; but we must recognise the author's belief in the rightness of his method, and we must accord respect to the spirit in which he works, which is such that he might rightly say to an unfriendly critic, "'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?' My work is done to the Lord who made me as I am; 'it is a small thing to me that I be judged of any man's judgment.'"

Out of this real deep religiousness of spirit flowed that grand *Recessional*, wherein one of the most passionately patriotic of England's sons admonished England of the peril lurking in her pride and glory of power, made manifest to all the world as never before in the 1897 Jubilee; and scarcely inferior to it is the noble "Hymn before Action" included in the volume called *The Seven Seas*—a hymn of truly Hebraic grandeur of style, only less perfect than the *Recessional*, through the insertion of the superfluous, if pathetic, fifth stanza. In their devout recognition of the Hand that rules the destinies of this "dear, dear land, this England," both poems attain a satisfying majesty of tone and style. It was with regret that we noticed how a poet—also, if we err not, reared under strong Methodist influences, but less true to the traditions of his ancestry—thought fit to answer the *Recessional* by verses in a like metre imbued with the dreary creed of the Agnostic, and rejecting with melancholy contempt the belief that the Inscrutable God could interest Himself in the destinies of no matter how potent and imperial a race of men in "little earth so lone." But the hopeless song, sweet though its measures might be, dropped dead, winning neither ear nor heart of English folk; while the solemn strains of the *Recessional* have found

such echo as their writer could wish in the soul and conscience of his people. So may it be ever. We wish with whole-hearted sincerity a long lease of creative activity to our author, and an ever broadening and deepening and more pure and powerful flow of song while life and strength remain to him.*

ART. VIII.—IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.

The New Africa: A Record of Exploration and Sport. By AUREL SCHULZ, M.D., and AUGUST HAMMAR, C.E. London: Heinemann. 1897.

THE value of this misnamed but interesting volume is somewhat discounted by the fact that the journey it describes with such straightforwardness and graphic force was made twelve years ago, and that the region visited has been traversed since then by travellers whose narratives, though brief and fragmentary, have forestalled, to some extent, the present work. Major Lugard, in particular, whose achievements in Uganda we recorded in January 1894, was engaged before his recent transfer by the British Government to Western Africa in exploring much of the territory to the north of Lake Ngami, visited by Messrs. Schulz and Hammar. Pending his reports, however, this will probably remain the fullest and freshest account of the rivers Chobe and Okovanga, and of the towns and villages upon their banks. Dr. Schulz, to whom we are indebted for the narrative, and his companion in travel and sometimes in tribulation, to whom we owe the map and pictures, are to be congratulated on the success of their disinterested enterprise. To them are also due the thanks of all their readers for an entertaining and instructive book.

Starting from Dundee, Natal, in March 1884, the little party, lightly equipped and in perfect travelling trim, trekked

* Of *Captains Courageous*, Mr. Kipling's last and admirable story, a notice will be found on a later page, among the "Short Reviews."

across the Transvaal into Khama's country, and then struck north through the desert to Panda Matenga, avoiding Matabeleland on account of Lobengula's well-known hatred of the white man and his friends. From Panda where they spent a few days with Westbeech, the friend of Selous, they paid a flying visit to the Victoria Falls, arriving just too late to celebrate the Queen's birthday on the 24th of May. Three times the height of Niagara, and with more than four times the volume of water, these stupendous falls "expand the senses and oppress the mind" of the spectator. On first beholding them the doctor was so subdued, so filled with awe and wonder, that he had to be aroused at last by his attendants to find that he had been sitting for six hours gazing on the amazing scene. A full-page illustration, from a sketch by Mr. Hammar, gives some faint impression of the grandeur and the beauty of the falls, and his entranced companion thus describes the indescribable :

"Our first view of the falls from the camp was while standing by the huge baobab trees that line the banks, their size dwarfed into insignificance by the mighty volume of rushing water, in whose broad blue expanse lovely palm-grown islands divide the current that unites in whirling pools below. All nature seems inclined with the stream, and our very senses are directed towards the spot where the water, giving a preparatory bound, as if to anticipate its doom, precipitates itself into the deep chasm with a terrific, uninterrupted roar that defies comparison. From the chill depth a wind rises, conveying high into the air mighty volumes of vapour, which, fringed with rainbow colours in the sun, hover above like columns of weird spirits guarding this greatest of Nature's works. One single palm tree, rooted to a small island on the falls' brink, forced into action by the air current from below, tosses its fan-shaped leaves as if in wild despair at the inevitable fate that soon must engulf it. Aloft, the soaring fish-eagle screams, with shrill, plaintive intonation, a protest at the invasion of his solitude, while bright birds, like rays of golden light, darting from island to island, recall the enthralled senses back to cheerful life from the dark, mysterious, hissing, angry abyss on the right. . . . The river, above the falls fully a mile and a quarter wide and about forty feet deep at this season of the year, falls into this crack or chasm, which is about six hundred feet wide, running transversely to the river bed, in a sheer drop of over four hundred and fifty feet. The roar of the falling water here is so great that it makes

conversation in the neighbourhood quite impossible even by shouting. Owing to the confined space into which the water falls, strong air currents are forced upward, that carry fine spray in the form of clouds aloft. These clouds, in which the sun shining forms concentric rainbows of marvellous beauty, condense in mid air, and inundate the ground beneath with phenomenal showers of rain falling at intervals of every few minutes, which saturate the ground and cause unusual fertility; the thick-grown vegetation on the brink of the chasm is defined with the precision of a well-clipped garden hedge. . . . From a calculation based upon the volume, depth and speed of the water above the falls, I gathered the startling result that there was a mass of water 400 feet deep rushing through this chasm at twelve knots an hour, thus giving a total depth from top to bottom of about 1,000 feet."

Returning to Panda, after careful preparations for their journey they started up the Chobe. For the next six months, along the banks of this at that time almost unknown tributary of the great Zambesi, and subsequently through the altogether unknown region watered by the middle reaches of the Okovanga, amid frequent hardships and incessant hindrances, and in face of constant perils from both man and beast, the resolute explorers fought their way, returning home "as lean as greyhounds in full training," but enriched with knowledge and delighted with their "nine months' jaunt." A brief selection from the facts and incidents stored up in it will illustrate the wealth of interest to be found within the pages of their "record of exploration and sport."

The Chobe is a weedy river, deep and clear, and navigable for large craft for several hundreds of miles, "if the openings of the reeds were only properly laid out." The largest iron-clads would float in it. Water communication with the interior westward from Victoria Falls might be established, and at the point where the two rivers are connected by a narrow channel discovered by our travellers, access for shallow craft might be obtained to the Okovanga at certain seasons of the year. When the railway is extended from Bulawayo to the Zambesi we may expect to hear of steamers plying on these splendid waterways for

upwards of a thousand miles. Of the country watered by the Okovanga (or Cubango), which flows west and south of the Chobe into Lake Ngami, the author speaks in glowing terms :

"The river along here is one of the most beautiful sights one could wish to see. Fine green islands with magnificent trees occupied the course of the stream, with channels of clear deep water running between, and both banks of the river were lined with sombre-looking forests of large trees, varied occasionally by strips of the mimosa acacia. . . . This country is marvellously fertile in soil, with a mighty water power that could be easily utilised, owing to the lowness of the banks confining the river and the rapid fall of the country, for irrigation purposes on a scale stupendous in its possibilities, and also as a motive power unequalled except by the greatest falls in the world. Judging from the native cotton growing wild on the banks, and the number of cornfields we passed, the country would support many thousands of Europeans. . . . Here is no severe winter and no starvation with its consequent illnesses. A good cattle country also, with no tsetse fly, forests of trees capable of being utilised, and a charming climate, slightly warm at the start, for new arrivals, but dry and healthy . . . and an open waterway totalling over a thousand miles in extent. . . . Cattle ranching, with artesian wells to supply water for irrigating the pastures, would prove a most healthful and lucrative occupation for those whose existence is threatened by lung complications in the colder and damper climates of Europe."

The flora of the country is most interesting. Some of the plants and trees are common to South Africa, and have often been described, but others are not so familiar. Dr. Schulz was greatly taken with the *waacht een beetje*. This wait-a-bit tree is a curious kind of thorn whose hooked spikes, arranged in opposite curves on the same branch, catch the traveller who attempts to pass through them, and hold him in their toils. Whichever way he moves he gets the more entangled, and can only release himself at the expense of his clothes. The thorns are hidden beneath the light green foliage, and the unwary passer-by is often caught before he is aware. When the party had forced its way through a forest of these treacherous trees their plight was pitiable. They found some compensation, however, in the

mabula, a tree which, on the Chobe, abounds. Its numerous virtues fit it for the conspicuous part it plays in the lives of the natives. It is a fruit-bearing tree, with a straight stem of considerable thickness, and growing to a height of 30 feet before it sends out its widely spreading branches with their little oval dark-green leaves.

"The fruit, dotted about in great profusion among the leaves, is very difficult to get at; however, it falls in showers when ripe; and a group of these trees, usually growing about ten yards apart, just distant enough for the dark foliage of the separate trees to intermingle and form a grand canopy aloft through which the sun's rays rarely penetrate, supplies many families with the means of subsistence. They grow mostly on clear sandy soil without underwood; thus, when the ripe fruit falls it is easily gathered. The natives informed us that these trees bear every other year, and sometimes only every third year. The yellowish brown fruit when ripe is about the size of a plum, and nearly spherical. Between the rather tough outer skin and the large hairy pip is a pulpy, fruity, sweet mass, something like a good banana in flavour, which we consumed raw or boiled into a soup, or fermented into a very nutritious and agreeable beverage. Its aroma reminds you of opium, and it is similarly constipating."

The fauna of these regions is even richer than the flora, and much more exciting. The rivers teem with crocodiles and hippopotami; bucks of every kind abound along the banks and in the plains; buffaloes, elephants, giraffes, rhinoceroses, panthers, leopards, and numerous kinds of snakes are frequently encountered; lions roar round every camp-fire; mosquitos rise in clouds from every swamp; in some parts tsetse flies torment both man and beast. Singularly enough the bite of these virulent insects is innocuous to wild beasts and to man. They sting men most unpleasantly, but to them the venom is not fatal as it is to all domestic animals save goats. Donkeys have most power of resistance, but even they sometimes succumb.

"The bitten animal shows signs of great lassitude, its head swells, and the joints and limbs become stiff. At this stage a merciful bullet is advisable to forestall a death from general debility and asphyxia. After death the subcutaneous tissue is

found to have been injected with a yellow serous fluid not unlike the result of some snake bites, and also the lungs."

Hippopotami are ungainly beasts in water and on land. When lying on the bank they look not unlike great stones. On one occasion Mr. Hammar mistook one in the moonlight for a boulder, and was just beginning to chip off a specimen with his geologist's hammer when the beast got up with a humph and splashed into the water. When sporting in the river whole herds of them will roll about like little ironclads, and snap their huge jaws together with a report like a pistol-shot. The old bulls when attacked become very furious, and not unfrequently crunch up a canoe with one fierce bite of their enormous jaws. The natives are much afraid of them, but exceedingly fond of the fattier portions of their flesh. Of the crocodile Dr. Schulz finds nothing new to say, but of the situtunga, one of the most perfect illustrations of the law of adaptation, he finds much that is both new and curious and convincing. Serpa Pinto, "the fantastic Portuguese explorer," describes this curious antelope as "an aquatic animal specially gifted by Nature with blow-holes and breathing apparatus through the horns, the final orifice being at the tip." A charming idea, but not borne out by facts, for the heads obtained by our author

"only showed a stronger development of the nasal wings, enabling the beast to open and close the orifice at will like a seal, while the horns, a beautiful spiral, are effectively formed for defensive purposes. A conspicuous anatomical anomaly, however, is found in the formation of the feet of this buck, which are abnormally long and slightly webbed at the base of the toes. This configuration of their extremities, while excellently adapted for swimming, deprives them of the prerogative of speed on land enjoyed by other antelopes. In fact, their gait on land is a clumsy waddle, whereas amongst the floating tangled reeds they manage to find a support by pointing the toes downwards, and getting a footing by resting on the reeds that slip into the fork of the toes as they go along. . . . To me the mystery is how it can live in water teeming with crocodiles. There must be the most lasting and binding amicable relations between them. Shy and alert, this most interesting creature is difficult to approach. Lolling and ruminating in deep water only in the most secluded reed-bound pools, occasionally showing

its beautiful white-tipped horns as it elevates its nostrils from below to breathe, it dives away on the faintest suspicious sound to hide under or in the masses of floating reeds. . . . It is only by great perseverance and unusual luck that the hunter can gratify his wish to number the graceful situtunga among his trophies."

Entomologists will find a happy hunting ground along these reedy banks. Being nearly 2000 miles from the coast, with no appliances for collecting, Dr. Schulz was obliged to forego the pleasure of securing specimens of the various curious insects that he met with for his European friends. Some were like broad dry leaves, others like sticks, and the most peculiar of all were like grass seeds. Insects of the mantis kind, of all shapes and colours, abound between the Okovanga and the Chobe.

The scene that lives most pleasantly in the author's memory is the creek that he saw running up from the south-west towards the Liana river, "teeming with heavy game." Close in front of him stood three giraffes, a little further on a troop of seven more, between these a troop of buffalo, a little beyond

"troops of giraffe, eland, buffalo, hartebeest, quagga, letzwee, rooi buck, blue wildebeest, ostriches, reed buck, and more and more till the whole valley seemed one teeming mass of life."

Wondering what the effect of a shot would be, he fired at a giraffe.

"The shot boomed along the valley, hedged in by the forest on either side, awakening the recumbent and resting game into activity. Mercy! what a wonderful sight it was! The troops careered about like mad, till the earth reverberated with their hoofs; some ran one way, some another. Many troops thundered down in my direction, and passed close to the advancing column of boys. Two rhinoceros that had been reposing in the reeds lining the little creek where the giraffe was lying started up and, with elastic bounds no one would give them credit for, bolted for better cover, and the giraffes made off with their long, swinging, pendulous strides till lost in the dust and general turmoil of the distance. Some lions that I could not plainly see for dust, roared loudly, and joined the

general stampede, for a stampede it was on the largest scale I ever witnessed, in which at least ten thousand head of large game took part."

The author's tender-heartedness comes out in many a story of true sport. He never shot for the sake of shooting, and when, in self-defence, or for food, he was obliged to draw the trigger, he did it often with a Jaques-like reluctance that does credit to his heart. The liquid and reproachful eyes of dying antelopes and languishing giraffes oft filled him with remorse. In his encounters with the bolder beasts however, he proved himself as full of courage as the beasts themselves. More than once he came to closest quarters with the lions he encountered, sometimes singly, sometimes hunting in large packs. His observations on the manner in which lions kill their prey are new to us. A full grown young lion kills large game with surprising neatness if he can only get a fair spring at the haunches. He usually inserts the claws of his hind feet in the hind quarters of an animal, places his left front paw under the shoulder, and with his teeth fixed firmly and transversely into the base of the neck, he gives a wrench at the horns or head with the other paw and breaks the animal's neck. Hardly a drop of blood is shed, and the only wounds perceptible are the holes made by the claws in the rump and neck.

"The sable antelope and the Harris buck, however, he dares not attack from behind, for, with their backward sweeping horns they are able to make things lively for the lion. These, and hornless game such as the quagga, they seize in front by the nose and drag down to destruction."

It may also be mentioned that in the case of one of the boys whose face had been scratched by a lion while lying asleep in the camp, Dr. Schulz found that the wounds healed quickly under antiseptic treatment. Lions' claws are considered to be poisonous, but this is only because when feeding they tear the meat asunder with their claws, to which particles of flesh adhere and decompose. Moreover, the carcasses of the game they eat are often in a semi-putrid

state. The lion's claws are not poisonous in themselves, but convey poison from the animals on which they feed.

Perhaps the most amusing, graphic, and exciting story in the book is this encounter with a "rhino" in the bush:

"While walking through some bush on the river banks we stumbled right on to a black rhinoceros who jumped up from his lair a few yards off and stood looking at us sideways. I promptly fired for his head, but in the hurry shot slightly high, so that the bullet perforated his skin and went through just over the top of his skull. The brute dashed off with a shriek like a steam engine through the thicket into an open glade lined by bush beyond, and I went after him as hard as I could go. . . . Out he came with a tremendous snort. None of the boys had followed me, so I was alone. It is a most peculiar sensation to have a rhinoceros charge one in the open. The elastic bounds of the great black mass, with the horn at the executive end swaying from side to side as the head swings in unison with the movements of the rest of the animal, have anything but a reassuring effect. Lucky for me that I was in perfect training, as everything depended on my activity at the moment when the beast was so near that the next stride would have toppled me over. Holding my rifle in the right hand at full cock, I made a desperate side jump to the left, intentionally falling on my left hand, stretched out to support the fall; and as the huge lumbering mass passed on, I stuck out the rifle, firing with one hand full into his broadside, lodging the bullet well behind the shoulder. He went on, without turning, straight into the thicket, where I followed him, loading as I ran. Hardly had I got within twenty yards of where he disappeared, when a tremendous crash in the bush warned me that the beast had turned and was coming straight for me again. It was just a second before he appeared, bounding like a great india-rubber ball. Waiting as before, I threw myself sideways to anticipate a sweep of the horn the beast was preparing to make. Again I let him have it behind the shoulder, on into the thicket on the other side. . . . Once more he charged, to get another pill, and then, weakening, he remained stubbornly in the bush where I had to go cautiously after him. He was standing wavering by a tree. As I fired, he fled into the open, but came down with a great crash, stone dead, after going fifty yards."

The natives on the islands in the Chobe and on the banks of the Cubango were not too friendly. For the most part they were animated by distrust and fear. They took the travellers for Matabele, whom they had ample reasons to

suspect and dread. The most terrible pages in this volume are those which describe the recent Matabele raids upon these and neighbouring tribes. On one occasion nothing would serve but that the two white men should strip, to prove to these suspicious and affrighted island dwellers that they were not of the hated race. Their donkeys also were much feared.

"Loud and vociferous came the shouting from the invisible men in the reeds. They knew well enough, they said, that we were Matabele, and the terrible animals (our donkeys), what were they for but to tear them in pieces if they came near us? White men, indeed—where were the white men? The donkeys like quaggas, indeed! Hu! hu! Bring them on the bank, and let the white men show their skins. Why, if they are white, do they go covered? Lies! lies! We spit! we spit! Driven to extremes, Hammar and I disrobed; and taking the faithful Jumbo, our biggest donkey, with us, we stood naked on the bank, caressing the animal to show how harmless a beast he was. Gaining a little confidence at last, some men in a canoe ventured to the edge of the reeds to inspect the unusual picture before them, when Jumbo belched forth a preliminary roar to his usual heehaw that sent the boatmen nearly frantic with fright as they hastily retreated into the friendly cover of the silent reeds. Spite of the gravity of our position, we fairly shrieked with laughter at this unexpected termination of our efforts to make friends. Jumbo was sent off to graze in disgrace with his companions Sarah and Jack, and we gave it up for the day."

And yet these timid islanders, the subjects of the Macheeayee king, Moheni, were tall and likely-looking men. Some of them were veritable giants. Dr. Schulz, who tells us that he stands six feet two in his socks, felt small when near them. One of them was seven feet high, with enormous chest and arms. "To the natural attractions of his face, fitted with strongly prognathous jaws, he had added a dark reddish paint, with which he had also smeared his body." The whole appearance of the man was "grotesquely ferocious," but, as he was not more courageous in their presence than his tribe had been when scared by the untimely braying of the ass, they "treated him like a naughty child when, like Moheni himself, he began to beg for everything he could see." Much more interesting were the

Bushman dwarfs they met with afterwards when crossing the desert between the Chobe and the Cubango. These dwarfs are quite a distinct race from the Akka, the pygmies of Central Africa, though of much the same stature.

"They have the peculiar flat face of the Hottentots, with enormous cheek bones, and almost without a prominent nose. . . . The hair is tufted in woolly curling islets on the skull. The skin is yellow, pitted occasionally with small black spots, and the limbs, delicate in appearance, generally possess large joints, which make up by increased leverage for the apparent want of muscle."

The enormous development in the gluteal regions of the females, shown in one of the photographs, gives them a most grotesque appearance. The specimens of Bushman paintings, reproduced in colour, represent the child-like art of this fast disappearing race. It seems a pity that a race so interesting should be doomed to perish from the earth. The nomads of the Kalahari could be better spared. Yet even these desert-rangers, the Mosaros, have some claims upon our sympathy. They have been fugitives from civilization ever since the early days of Cape colonization. Descended from the Hottentots, they still retain in their wandering state many of the customs and characteristics of their ancestors. The name "Mosarwa" is given them in the desert because of their gipsy-like and predatory life. They have no headman, but live in groups of small families, each group independent of the rest. Their language is full of most peculiar clicks. The clatter of their conversation resembles

"the clicking of a multitude of different rusty old gun-locks simultaneously set in motion. It is simply appalling to hear the fatty click gut thoot, tick lick mktchuk gtkowktok gtu-gktigkkij, accompanied by gurglings worthy of a better use."

In common with the Gona Hottentots "they have a law that when a man marries a girl he has a first call upon her next unmarried sister in case his wife becomes ill or dies." They argue that she will make the best mother of the children of her departed sister. Their natural intelligence and

their marvellous knowledge of field and forest lore would, the author thinks, prove invaluable to other races in South Africa, were they less unstable, and had they not been warped and stunted by the hard conditions of their life and by the brutual treatment they receive from stronger and more warlike tribes.

The least satisfactory part of the book is that which touches upon the religion of the native races and on the effects of Christianity. Flying visits and casual conversations do not lead to deep and accurate views on subjects needing careful study and prolonged and sympathetic observation. The only detailed reference to these matters occurs in the chapter on Moremi's people round Lake Ngami.

"Their religion in itself is really pure and beautiful. The worship of the spirits of the dead fathers of the nation, whom the younger generation, gathering inspiration from history, naturally look upon as the heroes and men who have hitherto controlled the national welfare, with a higher Supreme who sways the destinies of the world, is a comprehensible belief, capable of getting a firm grasp on the minds of those who find it easy to understand the tangible idea left by the memory of their fathers as a legacy of belief."

"The crude analogy to our own religion," which he thinks he discovers in these native beliefs, Dr. Schutz not unwisely leaves to those "more learned in theological matters" than himself. It is also to be hoped that his somewhat summary judgment on Moremi is as inaccurate as his estimate of the power of Christianity is superficial.

"In spite of the veneer of Christianity," he says, "it was apparent that he was as true a believer in the faith of his forefathers as the rawest native in the country, and just as superstitious. How could it possibly be otherwise? A nation's faith is not changed in one generation nor in many," &c.

It should be said that the doctor and his party had been arrested as spies for the Matabeles, who had made a savage raid upon Moremi's tribe a year or two before. The treatment they received under this misapprehension was not

ikely to prepossess them in favour of Moremi's Christianity. The king appears to have been a wide-awake and simple-minded youth, desirous of improvement, but considerably influenced by his chiefs.

"The white people," he thought, "were a great race to make such good guns and such wonderful things as clocks and watches. How they got the life into them beat him altogether, for they were things that did not grow from seed. . . . He also inspected my telescope, with many expressions of delight, and immediately wished to know if it could not be fixed to a gun in such a manner as to shoot the enemy at a shorter range, while their guns would still be at the disadvantage of shooting at the ordinary distance. He was greatly disappointed when told that this method was impossible, for he fancied he had discovered a new method of making the Matabeles 'sit up' a bit."

Moremi's people, who were sent to apprehend the party, had more than a veneer of Christianity, for they treated their prisoners with both kindness and firmness. It is only fair to add that Dr. Schulz bears witness to their genuine piety.

"Before starting the chief called his head men together, and the party sang hymns under the forest trees. To us, after the rough treatment we had encountered from the natives behind, the voices of these worshippers, blended harmoniously in praise of the Almighty, though causing us considerable astonishment, sounded like a forerunner of peace. . . . So these natives were Christians here in the wild wastes of the middle of Africa! Much impressed, we mutually congratulated ourselves on having fallen into such worthy hands."

M. Coillard, the French Protestant missionary, whom he met at Shoshong on his way to the Barotzi Valley, and to whose marvellous record of missionary triumph,* published as we go to press, we hope to call attention in our next, would now be able, after these twelve years, to add to Dr. Schulz's wonder and delight.

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* *On the Threshold of Central Africa:* a record of twenty years' pioneering among the Barotsi of the Upper Zambesi. By François Coillard, of the Société des Missions Evangéliques de Paris. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

ART. IX.—AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

1. *Final Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of Agricultural Depression.* 1897.

2. *Appendix to the Final Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of Agricultural Depression.* 1897.

ISSUED, as it is, at the close of the nineteenth century, the valuable and exhaustive Report of the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression constitutes, so to speak, the final chapter in the official record of the decline of our oldest and once most important national industry during that period.

From 1819 until 1838 agriculture suffered under a severe depression—necessitating the appointment of three Committees of Inquiry by the House of Commons, in 1820, 1833 and 1836, and of one by the House of Lords in 1837—the effects of which are graphically described in Cobbett's *Rural Rides* and other agricultural literature of the day. Mr. Caley, a well-known Yorkshire M.P. and a high agricultural authority, speaking in the House of Commons on 1st June, 1835, described the landlords as "in the way to be expatriated, many of them gone," and half the farmers, according to Alison, the historian, became bankrupt, while thousands of labourers were thrown out of employment and wages went down to starvation point. The gradual revival of agriculture during the closing years of the first half of the century culminated in a long period of prosperity which lasted from 1853 well into the seventies.* Prices, however, began to fall in 1872, and a succession of bad

* *Report of Commission on Agricultural Depression*, Memo. by Mr. R. L. Everett on Past Agricultural Depression, p. 185.

seasons and poor harvests produced a new cycle of depression, which led to the appointment of the Richmond Commission, in 1879, "to enquire into the depressed condition of agriculture," and which may be said to have been, practically speaking, continuous until last year. In 1882, the Commission reported that "there prevailed complete uniformity of conviction as to the great extent and intensity of the distress which had fallen on the agricultural community."* In 1886, Sir James Caird, in his evidence before the Commission on the Depression of Trade, estimated the total loss in spendable income of the agricultural classes at £42,800,000; and in 1892 the increasing pressure of this loss led landlords, tenants and labourers, for the first time in agricultural history, to combine for the protection of their common interests, and to establish a National Agricultural Union, representative of each class, which has materially aided their cause in Parliament.† In the following year another Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the subject, and the Report which they have now issued, after three years of careful enquiry, shows that agricultural depression has steadily increased both in "extent and intensity" during the past decade. Though less manifest in some districts than in others, there is no part of the country in which its effects can be said to be entirely absent; and, where it has been greatest, a recurrence of the prices which prevailed until the autumn of last year, and still more any further fall, would, in the opinion of the majority of the Commissioners, result in "a condition of general ruin and disaster" which they cannot contemplate without dismay.

Owing to the heavy fall in the price of grain, depression has been most intense in the arable districts of Great Britain, and especially in the typical corn-producing counties of England. All over the Chelmsford, Maldon and Romford districts of Essex there are large farms half or three-

* *Commission on Agricultural Depression Report*, p. 6.

† *Cf.*, LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, October, 1893, Art. viii., "The Future of British Agriculture," p. 129.

quarters of which have been either permitted to run wild or sown down in despair, while numerous others, once renowned for their corn production, have been let for short terms to tenants who, in lieu of rent, pay tithe-rent and taxes. In Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, a large proportion of the farmers are reported as being on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin ; and depression has produced similar, though somewhat less disastrous, results throughout the arable portions of the southern and eastern counties of England, and the eastern and north-eastern counties of Scotland, and in Flintshire and Denbighshire in Wales. In the pastoral districts depression has been of a milder character, and Worcestershire and Shropshire and the counties lying to the north of them, as well as Somerset, Devon and Cornwall have to a great extent escaped its most serious effects; as have also most of the counties in Wales—two-thirds of the acreage of which is permanent pasture—and in the western agricultural division of Scotland. The persistent fall in the price of wool and the depreciation of the value of live-stock between 1886 and 1893 have, however, seriously affected farming profits in the western and southern grazing section of England and in the Scottish counties of Argyllshire and Caithness. In South Wiltshire much of the hill-land has been already turned into sheep runs of literally prairie value, and thousands of acres at present just on the margin of cultivation would, under very slight pressure, share a similar fate; while a large amount of land in the Cotswold district of Gloucestershire, between Cirencester and Northleach, is either farmed by landlords or allowed to go out of cultivation altogether, the amount of untenanted land between Cirencester and North Cerney being estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 acres.[c] Taking Great Britain as a whole, it is only in districts suitable for dairying, market gardening and poultry raising, and in the neighbourhood of mines, quarries and large towns, that the conditions of agriculture

[c] *Commission on Agricultural Depression Report*, pp. 16, 19, 20.

are reported to be "somewhat more favourable," and, even as regards these, the Commissioners are careful to describe depression as being only "*relatively less*" than in others.*

The consequences of agricultural depression have been as far-reaching as its distribution is wide-spread. While the population of Great Britain has during the last twenty years increased by more than six millions, its cultivated area has only increased by 1,162,000 acres. Arable land has diminished from 18,104,000 acres to 15,976,000 acres; but, though pasture land has increased from 13,416,000 acres to 32,578,000 acres, the number of cattle has, between 1891 and 1895 diminished from 6,853,000 to 6,354,000, and that of sheep from 28,733,000 to 25,792,000.† The fall in the annual value of the prices of agricultural produce between 1874 and 1891 has been estimated by Sir Robert Giffen as amounting on the average to £77,000,000, or 25 per cent., and as there has been a further decline since 1891 this estimate may be considered as below the mark. During the past twenty years there has been a fall of over 40 per cent. in the prices of wheat, barley and oats, and of 50 per cent. in the case of the first-named cereal. Beef has declined from 20 to 40 per cent. in price; mutton from 20 to 30 per cent.; wool upwards of 50 per cent.; dairy produce—milk, butter and cheese—nearly 30 per cent.; potatoes from 20 to 30 per cent.; and the prices of hops, which have exhibited considerable fluctuations, have in recent years shown a general tendency to fall to an unprofitable level. No less striking has been the fall both of the gross annual value and of the capital value of land, the former having fallen, between 1879-80 and 1893-4, from £48,533,340 to 36,999,846 in England, from £3,265,610 to £3,065,985 in Wales, and from £7,769,303 to £6,251,898 in Scotland—a total decrease of £13,250,524 or 22·2 per cent.; while the capital value of lands in Great Britain has declined between 1875 and 1894 from £1,668,552,840, estimated at thirty years' purchase, to

* *Commission on Agricultural Depression Report*, pp. 6, 21.
† *Ibid.*, pp. 21, 22.

£833,719,122, estimated at eighteen years' purchase—a decrease of £834,833,718, or 50 per cent.

This decrease in the rental value of land has led to reductions of rent ranging from 50 per cent. in the most depressed parts of England and Scotland, to 15 to 30 per cent. in the least depressed districts in the former, and to 10 to 15 per cent. in the latter country, and the loss thus entailed upon landowners has been increased by accumulations, of rent not unfrequently written off, the impossibility of letting impoverished farms, and the payment since 1892 of tithes frequently without any adjustment of rental.* Despite reduced rents, however—and it may be noted that the gross rental of lands is no higher than it was fifty years ago—it was stated to the Commissioners by a large number of tenant-farmers that rents are still too high, and in many cases are paid more or less out of capital†—a view supported by two of the Commissioners, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Channing, both of whom have drawn up separate reports, differing on this and on some other points from that of the majority of their colleagues. An analysis of the series of farm accounts collected by the Assistant Commissioners shows that during the twenty years 1875—94, the average profit, even of farmers of exceptional business capacity and fairly sound position, has been only 26·66 per cent. of the amount of rent and tithes, instead of 43·75 per cent., the old basis of estimation for purposes of income tax; and it is, therefore, not surprising that numbers of others less qualified or less fortunate, have been ruined or are on the verge of insolvency. Still harder has been the case of the occupying owners who either bought their holdings with money partially borrowed on mortgage, or inherited property already mortgaged or subject—as in Cumberland, where land has often been in a family for generations—to

* *Commission on Agricultural Depression Report*, pp. 23, 26. In Wales the only great reductions have been in the north, where they range from 20 to 30 per cent. on arable land, but in other districts there have been few permanent reductions, although remissions and abatements of from 10 to 20 per cent. have been more general (p. 23).

† *Ibid.*, pp. 25, 30.

family charges, and who have thus had, as stated by Mr. C. S. Read, "to bear both the losses of the landlord and the losses of the tenant." Owing to the shrinkage in the value of land, very many owners of this class have been ruined by the payment of such charges, or of interest to the mortgagee, varying from 4½ to 6 per cent., which frequently exceed the rent which they would have paid as tenants, and the yeomen and small freeholders of Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, Flintshire and Denbighshire, and the "statesmen" of Cumberland are all gradually disappearing.* Lastly, though the material condition of the labourer has considerably improved, agricultural depression has led to a general contraction of the area and a greater irregularity of employment in arable districts, and has during the last few years produced a fall in wages in many of the eastern counties between the Humber and the Thames, in South Wilts, parts of Berks, Staffordshire, Warwickshire and Westmoreland. Its most serious result, however, as regards the agricultural labourers, has been the decline, despite an increase of 6,955,888 in the population, of their numbers during the twenty years 1871—91 from 1,161,738 to 919,685—a fact on the significance of which, both as respects the national physique and the interests of the working classes engaged in other industries, it is, as the Commissioners justly observe, unnecessary to enlarge.†

It is evident from the above survey that, while agriculture has been suffering throughout a great part of the century from acute depression, it has now reached a crisis which fully justifies the apprehensions expressed by the Commissioners as to its immediate future, and it will be found that each of the three periods of agricultural distress, which amount in all to over forty years, is in the main traceable to the same cause. The depression of 1819—38, which, it should be noted, occurred when agriculture was protected by Corn Laws of prohibitive stringency, was due to a great

* *Commission on Agricultural Depression Report*, pp. 30—33.
† *Ibid.*, pp. 37—40.

fall in prices, that of wheat falling from 88s. to 39s. 4d. a quarter—a price which was, nevertheless, 15s. higher than that to which it was destined to fall in 1895.* All classes of agriculturists throughout Great Britain agree in attributing the present condition of agriculture to the great and singularly persistent fall in prices since 1876; and there is, therefore, little doubt that this cause must have also largely contributed to the intermediate depression of 1876—1882, which was ascribed by the Duke of Richmond's Commission chiefly to bad seasons, and secondarily to foreign competition, aggravated by increased cost of production and heavy losses of live stock. Though many other reasons—abundant seasons, warehousing of grain, over-population, and the burden of tithes, rates, and taxes—were assigned for it, the first fall in prices appears to have been mainly due to the large contraction in the supply of legal tender money, caused by the return in 1819, after the close of the Peninsular War, to cash payments, which had been discontinued since its outbreak in 1797.† The present fall is similarly attributed by ten of the Commissioners, who have signed a Supplementary Report explaining their reasons for this view, to the changes resulting from the closing since 1873 of the mints of all the European nations and of the United States against the former unrestricted free coinage of silver, or, as it is termed by one of their number, Mr. Lacy Everett, in an interesting memorandum on the subject, "the protection of gold."‡ The Majority Report of the Commission,§ however, which is signed by all the signatories to the Supplementary Report, and also expresses the opinion of the great majority of the witnesses whom they examined, ascribes

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* *Commisssion on Agricultural Depression Report*, p. 185. Between 1876 and 1895 wheat fell from 49*s.* 9*d.* to 24*s.* 1*d.*, and its total fall since 1819 has thus been 64*s.* a quarter (*Report*, p. 45).

† *Ibid.*, p. 186.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 160—172, 195, 201.

§ The only members who dissented from the Majority Report—Mr. Lambert and Mr. Channing, who, as already noticed, each drew up separate Reports—also dissented from the Supplementary Report, as did Lord Rendel, Sir Robert Giffen, and Messrs. Owen Thomas and John Clay.

this fall mainly to foreign competition,* which, as already noticed, had made itself strongly felt during the depression of 1876—1882, and despite Protection, was to some degree in operation even during that of 1819—1838. In the able memorandum stating his views against bimetallism as a remedy for agricultural depression, Sir Robert Giffen, while fully recognising that the fall of prices in the last twenty-five years is due to the contraction of gold, points out that, as the doubling of prices must lead to the doubling of all outgoings for wages, rent and other payments, no monetary remedy producing a general rise in prices could be of any permanent benefit to agriculture. Foreign competition, whatever be the scale of wages and prices, will, on the other hand, always continue to tell so long as foreign articles of agricultural production are produced at a less relative real cost in labour and profit than English articles.† Its maintenance, moreover, so far as it involves the continued depreciation of agricultural values, cannot fail, as is pointed out by the Commissioners, to contract our production and diminish our rural population by still further reducing the area of arable land available for profitable cultivation.‡ As, therefore, there is, in their opinion, "no near prospect of any permanent abatement in the pressure of foreign competition," it may be useful to consider some of its leading characteristics, and also how far the recommendations of the Commissioners seem calculated to counteract its effects.

1. The first feature which naturally suggests itself for consideration in connection with foreign competition is its extent.

Our trade returns during the last twenty years show that there has been a remarkable increase in every form of imported agricultural produce, and that these imports come from every quarter of the globe. Russia, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Sweden, the United States and Argentina supply us with wheat, barley and oats; and the United States, Canada and Argentina with cattle. Our imported beef

* *Report*, pp. 53, 159. † *Ibid.*, pp. 173—7.
‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 87, 159.

comes chiefly from the United States; our mutton from Australia, New Zealand, Argentina and Holland; and our pork from the United States, Canada, and Denmark. Our wool is imported from Australasia, British South Africa and British East India, besides various European countries; and our dairy produce from Scandinavia, Canada, the United States, Holland, Germany and Australasia. The Channel Islands and France supply most of our imported potatoes, and Holland, Egypt and France from 50 to 60 per cent. of our onions, while Belgium, Canada, the United States and Australia all contribute to our fruit supply. Our foreign eggs, the annual receipts of which have risen from 736,000,000, or 23 per cent. of the population, to 1,462,000,000, or 37 per cent. of the population, come from Russia, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Austro-Hungary and Denmark; and our imported lard, the supply of which has increased from 687,000 cwts. to 1,420,000 cwts., from the United States. As regards the relative positions of these numerous competitors, the United States has held the first place during the last twenty years in the supply of wheat and of meat (excluding mutton); and she has also contributed the major portion of the imports of maize, though her shipments in this article have been exceeded by those of Roumania since 1890. Argentina has recently begun to rank next to the United States as an exporter of wheat and meat to this country; while Russia and India are both prominent contributors to the imports of wheat, and the former country has, during the past ten years, been credited with upwards of 50 per cent. of the total foreign supply of barley. Australasia supplies the major portion of the imports of mutton and of wool, and has recently sent us large consignments of butter, while between 40 and 50 per cent. of the latter article imported annually is furnished by Denmark. The import trade in cheese is practically monopolised by Canada and the United States, and Holland supplies nearly the whole of the margarine.*

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* *Report*, pp. 53—86.

This steady increase of imports has, as might be anticipated, seriously affected British agricultural produce, and, as regards cereals, wheat, which has been the most affected, has suffered from an increase of over 70 per cent. in the average annual gross imports of grain and flour, resulting in the gradual displacement of the home production until the latter now constitutes barely 25 per cent. of the total quantity needed for annual consumption in this country. As this displacement has been concurrent with the fall in price of wheat and the shrinkage of the area under that crop already noticed, it is therefore not surprising, though somewhat disquieting, to learn that about 75 per cent. of the total supply of our staple food cereal is of foreign origin. It must be noted, however, that this augmentation in the foreign wheat supply has been accompanied by a decline of 50 per cent in the value of the article—a fall nearly equal to that in the price of British wheat during the same period. And this decline in price may perhaps be partly attributed, as is suggested by Sir Robert Giffen in a memorandum submitted to the Commission, to the great increase in the supply and consumption of meat during the last twenty years, which has either diminished the demand for wheat or checked its otherwise probable increase after a great decline in price—a fact which itself suggests interesting questions as to the extent of competition between different articles as contrasted with that between Great Britain and foreign countries in the production of particular articles.*

As regards the other home-grown cereals there has been no similar displacement, though the fact that the low-priced varieties of barley grown in Eastern Europe, imported in comparatively small quantities in 1876—80, now form the larger proportion of the foreign supply, has somewhat affected the price of British barley ; while the large consumption of maize has also influenced the prices both of feeding barley and of oats. Nor does there appear to have been

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* *Report*, pp. 54—59, 86 ; and *Cf.*, App. v., p. 37, "The Real Agricultural Development of the last Twenty Years," by Sir R. Giffen.

any actual displacement of home produce by the growth of the imports of foreign meat, foreign competition as to which appears to have been most severe in the case of pork, in which it is chiefly confined to bacon and ham. But though it has had much less effect on the superior qualities, the supply of foreign beef and mutton, which apparently meets a demand for cheap meat that home production is unable to satisfy, has undoubtedly seriously affected the price of the inferior grades of British produce. The progressive increase in the foreign supply of wool, the gross imports of which have nearly doubled in the last twenty years, has caused some displacement of the home product; and it is estimated that about 70 out of every 100 lbs. of sheep and lambs' wool available annually for use in the United Kingdom is produced abroad, a fact which must have an important influence in determining the price of British wool. With respect to foreign competition in dairy produce, the importation of butter, margarine and cheese is estimated as representing more than 50 per cent. of the total quantities of these articles available annually for consumption; while the number of cows per 1,000 of the population has between 1875—1895 declined from 113·3 to 101·6. With regard to hops, vegetables, fruit, poultry, eggs, lard, skins, hides, tallow, straw and seeds, the absence of satisfactory data rendered it impossible for the Commissioners to gauge the intensity of foreign competition, as in the case of cereals, meat, wool and dairy produce, by estimating the dimensions of the volume of imports relatively to the aggregate supply of home and foreign produce. They are of opinion however, that in most of these articles the growth of foreign supplies has constituted a serious element of competition for British producers; and they point out that in the case of nearly every form of British agricultural produce, the expansion of imports has been accompanied by a contraction in price, and that there has been a general correspondence between fall of price and the intensity of foreign competition.*

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* *Report*, pp. 59, 62, 73, 75, 79, 83, 85.

This striking increase in foreign competition may, primarily, be ascribed to the development of lines of communication by land and sea and the reduction of freights, which, besides facilitating the culture of new areas of fertile land in foreign countries, have, in conjunction with the restrictive rates for home produce till recently charged by railway companies, enabled the foreign producer to undersell his British rival in the home markets. The improvement of facilities for intercommunication has thus materially enhanced the two chief advantages already enjoyed by our foreign competitors, which consist, as regards the production of grain and meat, in superiority of natural and climatic conditions, and as regards dairy produce in the superior organisation and more scientific development of the industry.

With respect to the latter point, it is sufficient to observe that the inferiority of the British producer is largely due to his own want of enterprise; while it may at the same time be noted that our own colonies are now beginning to adopt the scientific methods and the system of co-operative dairies and factories to which his Danish, French, Swedish and German competitors owe their success. The imports of Australasian butter have increased between 1887—1895 from 0·4 per cent. to 11·1 per cent., and, though the article is at present lower in value than that produced by other competing countries, this increase is said to be viewed with apprehension in Denmark. In Victoria, which sends from 80 to 90 per cent. of the annual export, in South Australia, and in Queensland this trade has been fostered by a system of Government grants or bonuses for a limited number of years for the export of butter, the amount thus expended in the first named colony amounting to £79,000. In all these colonies and in New South Wales, where, however, no bounties are given, the growing progress of the dairying industry is said to be largely due to the system of private or co-operative central butter factories fed by numerous establishments called creameries. It also, however, owes much to the enterprise of their respective Departments of

Agriculture, that of Victoria, for instance, having made arrangements to store butter for export during the summer in the Government refrigerating works for any period not exceeding three months, free of charge to the owner. In Canada, which for the last five years has contributed the largest proportion of the cheese imported into this country, the factory system is also very generally adopted; and here, too, we find that the Department of Agriculture has inaugurated a system of butter-making in cheese factories during the winter months, which, besides providing a new source of revenue for the proprietors, will tend to increase and improve the number and capacity of the cows kept on the farms.*

As regards competition in the production of grain and meat, however, a comparison of the relative cost of production in Great Britain—where the increase in its amount is stated by the Commissioners to be one of the minor causes of depression—and in such countries as the United States and Argentina, shows that British agriculture can derive but little benefit from science and organisation. In this country the expenditure on labour, the cost of which has steadily increased during the last twenty years, amounts to at least 30 per cent., and that on feeding stuffs and manure to more than one-fourth of the total annual outlay of the farmer, whose receipts have no less steadily diminished through the fall in prices.† In the Western and Pacific States of the United States wheat is cultivated on large farms under one management, ensuring the most economical use of machinery and the highest returns for labour, and Major Craigie estimates that in one of these States, South Dakota, wheat, the production of which costs from £6 to £7 per acre in Great Britain, can be produced for about 70*s.* Another witness, Mr. W. J. Harris, estimated the net advantages to wheat growers in Western America and Australia over producers in the United Kingdom at 40*s.* per acre, making allowances for the differences in yield, cost of freight and

* *Report*, pp. 78–82. † *Ibid.*, pp. 87—9.

other charges; and in Argentina, the imports from which have risen in the last three years from 2,900,000 cwts. to 11,400,000 cwts., wheat can be produced and delivered at station in a good year at about 9*s.* a quarter.* The extent of their pasture lands confers a similar advantage on all these countries with respect to cattle raising, and this is especially the case in Argentina, which contains large areas suitable for growing lucerne (*alfalfa*), which requires little surface damp or rain, as feeding stuff for cattle, and where the numbers of cattle and sheep have, between 1889—94, respectively increased from 21,963,930 and 66,701,097 to 25,000,000 and 80,000,000 head.†

Lastly, it is important to bear in mind that the resources of these newly opened competing countries are in each case capable of large expansion. Though, for instance, the steady expansion of the wheat area in the newly settled Western States of the United States has been attended by a contraction in the Eastern and Central States, it manifestly cannot be safely assumed that the country has reached the limits of its grain production; and though the ranching trade has fluctuated considerably since 1885—during the five years preceding which the number of cattle rose from 35,000,000 to 49,000,000—it can still produce an indefinitely larger stock of cattle than it now possesses. Argentina, again, which in fifteen years increased its wheat area from 180,000 to 15,000,000 acres, possesses 240,000,000 acres suitable for wheat production, besides vast tracts of lands suitable for breeding cattle and sheep. Russia, the second largest contributor to our wheat supply, in which scientific farming is in its infancy, has large areas of fertile soil ready to be brought under the plough; and Canada and Australasia, as well as India—which between 1889—95 increased her wheat area from 15,562,000 acres to 15,975,000 acres—have, comparatively, begun but recently to develop their agricultural resources.‡

° *Report*, pp. 56—58.
† *Ibid.*, pp. 67—71.
‡ *Report*, pp. 56, 58, 68; App., p. 40; App. viii., p. 92.

2. Broadly speaking, there thus seems little doubt that the Commissioners are justified in their conclusion that there is but little prospect, at all events in the near future, of any relaxation of the pressure of competition. There are, however, two considerations which seem to offer some hope that it may perhaps have reached its maximum of intensity.*

Firstly, in the memorandum already alluded to, Sir Robert Giffen points out that, as the increase in the consumption of meat and the consequent displacement of wheat and other cereals, which he regards as the distinguishing characteristics of the agricultural development during the last twenty years, has probably reached its limit, the growth of population will now perhaps begin to tell more in favour of agriculture than it has done. During that period population increased 26 per cent., while wheat increased only 19 per cent. and barley only 5 per cent., and rye actually diminished 5 per cent.;† but cattle increased 37 per cent., and sheep also increased though not to such a striking extent. Out of the total increase of twenty-five millions of wheat during this period, only six millions have been in Europe, and that chiefly in Russia, while the increase of cattle, though a large part of it has been in new countries, has been very considerable in Europe—no fewer than 10,000,000 out of a total increase of 57,000,000. As new countries, however, are much more fully occupied than they were, the spread of live stock over them can no longer produce the increase of numbers which took place when so much new pasturage remained to be occupied; and the special causes for the rapid growth of the supply of meat for the last twenty years being thus at an end, the increase of population is likely to lead to an increased consumption per head of good qualities at the expense of the inferior, rather than of an increased weight consumption. If these assumptions are correct, the British agriculturist may thus look forward both to an ultimate rise in the price of wheat

* *Ante*, p. 358.

† Oats alone increased in proportion by 28 per cent.

and a greater demand for the superior qualities of meat which he specially aims at producing.*

Secondly, an examination of the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office Reports upon the agricultural position and prospects of competing foreign countries and colonies. These show that—with the solitary exception of India, which consumes the greater part of her produce, and possesses a silver currency which has proved an important factor in steadying prices—all alike are suffering from a more or less acute depression, ascribed in nearly all cases, as in this country, to the fall in prices. In France, where depression began in 1885, prices have reached a level which leaves very little profit to the producer, and agriculturists complain of octrois duties, heavy railway rates, and the foreign competition in the cattle trade from Tunis, Algiers and the United States. Germany has been suffering from depression for the last twenty-five years, and while the indebtedness of landowners is steadily increasing the agricultural revenue is decreasing, and farmers are barely able to carry on wheat growing at present prices. In Russia the fall of prices is the chief among the various causes of depression, and the unsatisfactory position of agriculture in a large part of the country, owing to defective methods of farming, has made the loss of profits peculiarly severely felt. A similar fall of prices has produced depression both in Denmark, where complaints are made of transatlantic competition, and the prohibition of the import of live stock into England and Germany; and also in the Netherlands, where, during the decade 1882—1892, there has been a considerable decrease in the area of land under wheat and a corresponding increase in that of grass land. In the United States there has been a general average decline since 1868 of 35 per cent. in the prices both of cereals and of cattle, and of 40 per cent. in that of milch cows; while the price of cotton in January, 1895, reached the lowest price ever known, and in some States the crop has become so unprofitable that tobacco is

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Report, App. v., pp. 73—4.

being planted instead of it. In Argentina the fall of prices since 1891 has produced depression, though it has not yet reached an acute form, while the increasing taxation on land, grain and machinery, and the insecurity of life and property owing to the neglect of Provincial Governments to provide competent persons to administer justice, have produced a want of capital which has checked the development of railways and roads facilitating access to centres of production. And, lastly, in all the Australasian colonies with the exception of West Australia, which, owing to the prominence of gold mining, has practically no agriculture, the Reports show that agricultural depression is severe, and that it is due to the fall of prices, save in Tasmania, where—though prices have fallen 50 per cent. for wool and 33 per cent. for other articles—it is ascribed to high wages, scarcity of labour, and incompetent workmen.* It is thus clear that agricultural depression is world-wide, and that our foreign and colonial competitors experience scarcely less difficulty than ourselves in carrying on a struggle, the effects of which on countries poorer than our own may be judged from the fact that the growth of the exports of butter in Denmark has been concurrent with that of the Danish consumption of margarine and inferior butter, that of margarine being estimated in 1894 at 10 lbs. per head of the population.†

These more hopeful aspects, if they may be so termed, of foreign competition, should be remembered in estimating the value of the recommendations of the Commissioners. As regards the main causes of depression they are unanimous in rejecting Protection—which has proved powerless for this purpose in other countries—as a defence against foreign competition. And, though the signatories to the Supplementary Report advocate the adoption by the Powers of an international arrangement for reopening the mints abroad and in India, and restoring silver to its position prior to 1893, they are also unanimous in rejecting bimetallism as

* *Report*, App. ii., p. 4, *et seq.*
† *Ibid.*, p. 79.

a remedy for the fall in prices. They have, as it seems to us, wisely concluded that the Legislature is unable to provide a remedy for either of these evils, and, assuming that the best mode of helping the British producer to compete with his foreign rivals is to strengthen his position at home, they have recommended various reforms designed to enable him to conduct his business to more advantage.*

These recommendations may be divided into such as deal with points connected with the relation of landlord and tenant, and such as relate to agriculture generally.

Among the first, the principal is that relating to the Agricultural Holdings Act (England and Scotland), 1883, as to the working of which much dissatisfaction was expressed to the Commissioners, and in which they suggest various amendments with respect to compensation for improvements, the conduct of arbitrations, dilapidations, and rents. Another important recommendation is that relating to tithes, the incidence of which on land which has declined in value since the period of commutation has proved a heavy burden to agriculturists, especially where rent has been reduced to a mere nominal sum, and the amount of which in several instances closely approaches, and in others actually exceeds the value of the land. The Commissioners recommend that the remission of the tithe rent-charge should be allowed down to one-half of Schedule B, remissions of rents and irrecoverable rents being taken into account; and that the tithe-owner and the tithe-payer should be empowered to enter into agreements for the reduction of the amount payable for a term of years, and to settle the terms of redemption of tithe rent-charge according to the different circumstances of the case. Another recommendation of this class is the one that the right of occupiers to compensation for damage to their crops by game preserved by adjoining owners or occupiers, as well as game preserved by their landlords or the shooting tenants, should be recognised and defined, and made enforceable by as simple and inexpensive means as

* *Report*, p. 158; *Supplementary Report*, p. 171.

possible. In addition to this, it is recommended that public money to a limited amount should be advanced to landlords for the purpose of agricultural improvements, repayable, where the nature of the improvement permits, over a longer period than that of twenty-five years now fixed by the Improvement of Land Act.* The Commissioners express the hope that this recommendation, which was originally made in their Second Report, may help to facilitate the development of small holdings, the chief obstacle to which on many estates is the expenditure on buildings, but which have been successfully established in parts of Wilts, North Devon, Hants, Dorset and other counties.†

As regards the second class of recommendations, the Commissioners suggest the amendment of the Traffic Acts of 1888 and 1894, so as to make effective the intentions of the Legislature in regard to rates on foreign agricultural produce and the increase of rates generally since the end of 1893; and they also propose that arrangements should be made by the Post Office with the railway companies for the reduction of the carriage of agricultural produce by parcel post. They recommend the passing of enactments for carrying into effect the proposals of the Foods Products Adulteration Committee relating to agricultural produce, especially with respect to the artificial colouring of margarine to imitate butter; and also those of the House of Lords Committee on the marking of foreign meat, providing for the registration of dealers in imported meat, and for the inspection of retail butchers' shops by duly qualified inspectors. Acting on the representations of the Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, whose views on this subject are supported by the experience of foreign countries, they recommend that more assistance should be afforded to the Board for the employment of correspondents, both in this country and abroad, who should report to it on all matters affecting agriculture in their respective localities. Lastly,

* *Report*, p. 156, *Cf.* pp. 90, 122, 140; and *Second Report of the Commission*, par. 40, *et seq.*

† *Ibid*, pp. 127—131.

they recommend that the Board should be entrusted with fuller powers over the system of technical agricultural education; that legislation should be undertaken with the view of raising the standard of middle-class education, especially in the rural districts; and that the residue grant under the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act, 1890, should be made exclusively applicable to education, and an adequate share of it devoted to agricultural education.*

Though the Commissioners do not claim that these recommendations, which they describe as in the nature of palliatives, either singly or in the aggregate, will prove to be a complete remedy for agricultural depression, they must be admitted to be of sound practical utility. Till some abatement in the stress of foreign competition takes place—and there are reasons, as has been said, for hoping that it has reached its most extreme form—the agricultural outlook must continue to be a grave one. Despite its gravity, however, there appear to be good grounds for sharing the belief of the Commissioners that, having regard to such favouring circumstances as already exist and to those which should follow the adoption of their recommendations, "the land of Great Britain, which is reasonably favoured in point of either quality or situation, will continue to be cultivated, in grass if not as arable, and will yield a profit, reduced indeed and more hardly gained, but fairly comparable, all circumstances considered, with that earned in other departments of industry."†

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* *Report*, p. 156, and *Cf.* pp. 131, 143, 146, 148, 150.
† *Ibid.*, p. 158.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Aspects of the Old Testament considered in Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. By ROBERT LAWRENCE OTTLEY, M.A., sometime Principal of the Pusey House. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1897. 16*s*.

This, the most recent of the Bampton Lectures, belongs to a class of literature, the significance of which is not yet everywhere clearly perceived. It is an attempt to combine some of the conjectures of the analytical school of criticism with Church-theories of the most antiquated and imperious character. How long the old bottles will continue to hold the new wine remains yet to be seen; but there is no reason to suppose that the public will show any great reluctance to apply to ecclesiastical traditions the method their religious leaders are applying to Biblical traditions. And a Church-system that is recognised at length as resting upon the sole basis of an authority whose source is unhistorical and whose ministers are ambiguous, will afford a great opportunity to the unendowed Evangelism that has not departed from the faith.

Until a short time ago Mr. Ottley was the principal of the Pusey House. How different his attitude is from that of the man under whose name he ranges himself, may be inferred from the calm statement, in support of which no evidence at all is given, that the book of Daniel was "apparently composed as a manual of consolation for the confessors and martyrs of the Maccabean period." In detail, however, Mr. Ottley does not set forth the critical results, which he thinks may be taken for granted; though from the authorities he quotes and his manner of quoting them, his position is clearly somewhere near the left centre, amongst those who refuse to renounce faith in the supernatural. In the contents of the Old Testament he finds a place for "semi-historical folk-lore and primitive myths," and he pronounces it "not free from such errors as are incident to all human composition." He refuses to identify the Bible and the word of God, but holds that "in the Bible the word of God comes to us." Of inspiration, too, he refuses to give any formal definition, but describes it as consisting "chiefly in a gift of special moral and religious insight." Such a refusal is fatal to the attempt, honest and reverent as it is, to construct a *via media*

along which ordinary men of "simple faith and piety" and the victims "of a more strictly historical and scientific study" are alike invited to walk. The latter are not likely to be led captive by a confession that inspiration eludes either the grasp of the mind or the compass of human words, or the former by an offer of the indefinable as a reward for the renunciation of what they have found precious. It is curious that no logical and full treatment of the doctrine of inspiration has hitherto been produced by that section of theologians to which Mr. Ottley has now attached himself, and that an increase of vagueness can be traced in the discussions of the subject by the successive principals of the Pusey House.

The five aspects of the Old Testament to which prominence is given are that it is a history of redemption, of a progressive revelation, of a covenantal relationship between God and man, an unfolding of the Messianic hope, and a witness to a Divine purpose for the individual. On all these themes Mr. Ottley writes gracefully and suggestively. He asserts, and we do not for a moment question his sincerity, that he "believes in the truth of historic Christianity with all his heart." But there is very little logical consistency in the mixture of faith and Rationalism which he offers in this book for the relief of the present distress.

The Ritschlian Theology and the Evangelical Faith. By JAMES ORR, M.A., D.D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1897. 2*s.* 6*d.*

This book is the latest addition to the "Theological Educator" series, and is a marvel of compression achieved without the sacrifice of clearness. Dr. Orr first traces the rise of the Ritschlian school, the mental development of its founder, and the *personnel* of its representatives to-day. The relation of the new theology to previous systems, especially those of Kant and Lotze, is next discussed, and its theories of knowledge and of religion are set forth. The subjects usually embraced under Prolegomena are then exhibited, together with the special Christian doctrines, in the connection of the Ritschlian system. And the closing chapters follow the later developments of the various doctrines in the circles of Ritschl's disciples, and institute a comparison on cardinal points between the new and the orthodox evangelical theologies. By the use of small type the reader is furnished in the notes with abundant materials for forming a judgment on the system for himself. A bibliography is added, in which the most important works in German on Ritschlian theology are enumerated. It is impossible to praise too highly Dr. Orr's impartiality in stating the views of the various schools for which a Ritschlian filiation may be claimed,

his keenness in the detection of inconsistency or weakness, his firm and courteous defence of the older faith, or the literary art with which, under the restraints of brevity, he makes difficult speculations intelligible. There is no book in English from which it is more easy or more pleasant to learn what Ritschlianism really is, in its excellences and in its defects. Over against the rather widespread suspicion that it is blighting theology in all the great centres of study, it is reassuring to have Dr. Orr's opinion that it "is not growing, but declining, in practical influence in Universities and in the ranks of the clergy," and, indeed, "visibly undergoing disintegration, and moving back, in one or another of its representatives, on positions more in accord with the evangelical faith."

The Silence of God. By ROBERT ANDERSON, C.B., LL.D., Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1897. 5*s*.

Few readers will agree with everything that is contained in this extremely interesting book; and few who honour the evangelical faith will read it without having their thoughts quickened and turned into many a direction of profit. Mr. Anderson discusses the silence of God chiefly from two points of view. In the sense of God's failure or refusal to intervene for the prevention of great wrong, he considers that the silence often becomes a plea for Atheism. That may be the case with men of a certain temperament and in countries where there is little or no conception of the reign of law: but it is doubtful whether blank Atheism is here as prevalent as our author supposes, or its principal cause is revolt against the government of the world. In the sense, on the other hand, of God's refusal to answer men's request for surer and fuller knowledge as to His purposes or as to the ambiguities of the future, or of His apparent heedlessness of their entreaties in sorrow, the silence has always been at times a perplexity or a distress to good men of every creed. There is nothing entirely new in Mr. Anderson's solution of the difficulty. It is, substantially, that Christ is such a revelation of God that, whatever happens, it is impossible in the presence of the Cross to discredit or to call in question any attribute of God. The Divine wisdom, righteousness, love, have been demonstrated once for all, so that any fresh supernatural intervention is for ever unnecessary, and the holy Passion and Death are the solvent of every human doubt. But this old theme is treated by Mr. Anderson in a way of his own,—original, attractive, fruitful. He is a close and reverent, possibly not always correct, student of Scripture. He is loyal to Christ and fearless in his rebukes of insincerity. And he is the master of a cultured and effective style, never dull or dry, not seldom

epigrammatic and figurative. The book will be read with pleasure by all whose consciences do not lead them to appropriate the author's occasional scorn.

The Incarnate Saviour; a Life of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., D.D. New and cheaper edition. T. & T. Clark. 1897. 3*s.* 6*d.*

We welcome this new edition of a book that is refreshing. In a few brief chapters its expert author traces chiefly the inner life of Christ, in illustration of the three propositions, that Christ is God and man in two distinct natures and one person, that He came to suffer in order that He might save, and that His life and His teaching are in perfect accord. He does not discuss difficulties of harmony or interpretation, or detain the reader by an array of diverse views; but weaves his conclusions into a philosophic narrative, full of beauty, force and edification. In a new preface he excuses himself for not having fulfilled his promise to give us a volume on the theology of Christ, but whets our appetites by adding that his intention was to show that the germs of the whole teaching of the Epistles were to be found in the words and works of Christ. And as he protests against the practice of subjectively sifting the Gospels, it is to be hoped that the promised volume will not be long delayed.

Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion, based on Psychology and History. By AUGUSTE SABATIER, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology, Paris. Authorised Translation by the Rev. T. A. SEED. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1897. 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book consists of a number of short sections, in which certain points in the philosophy of religion are discussed. It is professedly not so much a systematic treatise as a psychological autobiography or a personal confession. The author states that it was his wish to show the men of his generation why he remained religious, Christian and Protestant, and bids his readers to verify his analyses in their own experience. There is no difficulty in classing him as religious, and as disposed to protest perhaps even overmuch; but unless an entirely new definition is given to Christianity, his title to that name is not altogether clear.

Of the three parts into which the book is divided, the first deals with the origin and development of religion. As to its origin the writer's views are thus summarised: "The circle of my mental life, which opens with the conflict of these two terms—consciousness of the ego, experience of the world—is

completed by a third, in which the other terms are harmonised: the sense of their common dependence upon God." But this statement is guarded by the addition that volition, on every plane of experience, is free, and hence the final definition of the essence of religion makes it to consist in "a conscious and willed relation into which the soul in distress enters with the mysterious power on which it feels that it and its destiny depend." Prayer, described as "the movement of the soul putting itself into personal relation" with this mysterious power, is the instinctive expression of religion, of the development of which the best history would be a history of prayer.

The final section of the book is even less satisfactory. After exhibiting what he considers to be the real value and the function of dogmas, with much insistency upon their transitoriness and need of revision, M. Sabatier proceeds to the formulation of a theory of religious knowledge. His theory is, however, left unformulated, and the reader has to put up with three adjectives that indicate the principal characteristics of this knowledge. It is subjective, inasmuch as its object "is immanent in the subject himself, and only reveals itself by the personal activity of that subject." It is teleological in its procedure, because, amongst other reasons, it is "the key to the enigma of life." And it is symbolical, because of the impossibility of expressing the transcendent in terms of the phenomenal.

But unphilosophical as is this proposed contribution to philosophy, it is the intermediate section that especially makes one wonder why this book was deemed worthy of the honour of translation. The subject is Christianity, which is rightly pronounced "the term and crown of the religious evolution of humanity." The essence of Christianity is said to be the religious consciousness of Jesus Christ as in filial relation with God; and "religious evolution" perfects itself in the individual, when the two terms, God and man, "interpenetrate each other till they reach the moral unity of love." What exactly is meant by religious evolution in such a context, our author does not make clear. In an appendix he repudiates the suggestion that his views amount to a kind of naturalistic Evolutionism, just as he also repudiates the charge of Pantheism in relation to a part of his theory of religious knowledge. If his pleas are correct, it is a pity that he allowed himself the use of such loose and ambiguous language. But there is no ambiguity in such a statement as the following: "In making of Christ the Second Person of the Eternal Trinity, the Son of the Father, it (orthodoxy) removes Him from history and transports Him into metaphysics." In previous passages other supernatural elements have been deliberately taken from Christianity. Miracle to Jesus is said to have been but the

answer to prayer, and "prophetic inspiration is piety raised to the second degree." In his crusade for the reformation of theology, our author does not even shrink from writing in irreverent travesty of "the theory according to which the pre-existent and eternal Deity commits suicide by incarnating Himself in order gradually to be reborn, and find Himself God again at the end of His human life." A merely human Christ, who was the perfect pattern of religion, but who possessed no special moral authority and still less any qualification to deal with sin or to atone for man—that is, apparently, the Christ of M. Sabatier; but it is not the Christ either of historic Christianity or of the Christianity that is still proving everywhere a power to save.

The method, consequently, and the main substance of this book are alike to be condemned. The method is Cartesian, upon the use of which two perils are always attendant. It is apt to limit unduly the range of observation, and to issue in a disproportioned and arbitrary individualism. M. Sabatier escapes neither of these dangers, the history upon which he professes in part to base his conclusions nowhere receiving its fair rights. And his conception of Christianity differs from the current one, by the exclusion of essential supernatural elements, and by definitions of the Incarnation and of the Trinity that amount almost to denials. He was introduced to English readers some years ago on account of the ability and skill with which he advocated certain views as to points in the history of St. Paul; but the more closely his later writings are examined, the more illogical and wilful does his theological position appear.

The Last Things. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1897.

For three of the four parts of this new volume we have nothing but agreement and commendation. The other part, dealing with "the future punishment of sin," is open to serious question on one point. The theories of Universalism and Probation after Death are rightly rejected as unscriptural, "Eternal Torment" or suffering (but Dr. Beet chooses to use the word "torment") being put in the same class. It may be noted that the sentence of rejectment is much more emphatic in the last case than in the others. As to the theory of Annihilation, the verdict may be fairly described as one of "not proven." The Scripture evidence adduced for it by Mr. E. White is pronounced insufficient. Even this neutral attitude is a new and serious departure, as the author evidently recognises. We do not intend, and we do not need, to discuss the arguments in detail. There is nothing new in

the position taken or in the reasons by which it is supported. The novelty is merely in the quarter in which the opinions are found. We are told that the doctrine of immortality means either the soul's survival after death or its endless existence, that the first is assumed in the New Testament and that the second is not taught there but is borrowed from Plato. This statement contains much confusion and error, and seems to be intended to shift the onus of proof to the assertors of the soul's endless permanence. But if, as is admitted, the soul survives death, the presumption is that it continues to exist, unless proof is brought to the contrary. No such proof from the New Testament is brought. If, as Mr White, with whom Dr. Beet goes a long way, is fond of saying, the doctrine of the soul's permanence was borrowed from Plato, why were the other parts of his doctrine not adopted? The truth is, the borrowing is only in the imagination of Mr. White and his followers. Christianity simply holds the doctrine of immortality in common with the Greeks, the Egyptians, and all the other historical nations of the world. The remark on page 200 is more curious than correct.

A strange feature in the volume is that, while annihilationism is declared to be not proved from Scripture, the only arguments from general or *a priori* considerations brought forward by Dr. Beet are in its favour. None of an opposite kind are adduced. Yet surely there are such. The evil of sin is measured by its consequences; the value of redemption depends largely on the extent of the deliverance it brings; the drift of our day is strongly in favour of inadequate views of sin. These and similar considerations are quite as worthy of mention as those relied on in the volume. To give up the doctrine of the immortality of the human soul, is to dislodge one of the argumentative grounds of Theism.

It is quite true that the Bible nowhere teaches the endless and essential permanence of the soul. Neither, as the author admits, does it teach the soul's survival of death (p. 199); it assumes it. But, as already intimated, one carries the other in the absence of proof or presumption to the contrary. The Bible does not teach a multitude of things which we believe, because it was unnecessary. If Christianity does not assume the natural immortality of the soul, it is the first great religion of the world that takes this position.

The author is probably influenced by sympathy with those who are repelled by the doctrine he rejects. Do earnest believers need such sympathy? Cannot they trust God on this as on other matters? Are there no others whose feelings and convictions deserve consideration? Apart from the want of the delicacy and reserve with which such subjects should be treated, we feel that the issues raised are exceedingly grave,

and must be so regarded generally by evangelical theologians, including those of the author's own Church as well as of other orthodox communions.

After Pentecost, What? A Discussion of the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit in its Relation to Modern Christological Thought. By JAMES M. CAMPBELL. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1897. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This book is an attempt at a systematic statement of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. It is reverent, vigorous, and in parts enthusiastic. But its sections lack proportion, and some necessary matters, especially in regard to the history of the doctrine, are overlooked. There is, moreover, an occasional inexactness or carelessness of expression, which, on a subject so open to mistake, is to be deplored. It is not easy, for instance, to gather our author's opinion as to the difference between the inspiration of a writer of Scripture and that of an ordinary Christian; and, on the whole, he appears to incline to the dangerous belief that the Bible, though "closed and sealed," is not the completed word of God. A number of statements, such as that "the Spirit of God comes just as near to the Christians of to-day as He did to the prophets of ancient Israel," especially in the context in which they occur, need to be guarded. The explanation, again, of the gift of "discerning of spirits" is not in agreement with 1 John iv. 2 and other passages. St. Paul's teaching does not allow of the conclusion, which is greatly emphasised, that "the Holy Spirit is the vital bond of fraternal fellowship within the Church." The section on "The Spirit Indwelling" is very meagre; and the frequent comparisons of the mode of action of the Spirit with telepathy are unseemly. But, on the other hand, the book abounds in stimulating paragraphs, and will be valued as contributing in its measure towards a sound and full exposition of the doctrine of the Spirit. In the literature of systematic theology there is nothing so much wanted; and its production is said to have been the ambition of some of the greatest of the theologians.

Christian Aspects of Life. By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. Macmillans. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bishop Westcott, of Durham, could not write any but an intensely Christian book, could not write a cold or formal or narrowly Christian book. He is one of the most earnest and thorough-going of Churchmen, but he is not a narrow or sectarian Churchman. In this volume he sets forth his view of the position of the Church of England towards human fellowship and society; he speaks of personal life and of corporate

life. More particularly and more fully he sets forth the character and position of the National Church as "the spiritual organ of the nation," and deals with its relation to other Christian sects. There is no taint of mere Ritualism here, no denial of the Christian character or the co-operative work and service of the Nonconformist Churches, whilst maintaining the special and peculiarly national vocation of the Anglican Church. "In the last issue," he says, "we must pray, not that others may hold what we hold, but that in common we may together hold the truth in its fulness, and gladly lay aside whatever, in our opinion, which we identify with it, is only of human origin. It may be that, in due season, when our self-surrender is complete, God will disclose to us the perfect truth, in which every partial truth finds its place. Then we shall know that, in that which we are essentially, we are one. What outward shape the unity which is thus disclosed will take we do not attempt to define."

He not only sets forth the duties of the Church to the nation at home, especially as relates to education and social service, and in the spiritual work of laymen as well as of the clergy, but he insists most emphatically on the call of the English Church and the English nation in regard to the supreme and paramount work of foreign missions, preaching on this subject at St. Paul's in 1894 and St. Bride's Church in 1895.

He is, without any tinge of party politics, in a just and Christian sense, a political teacher, and one of the subjects dealt with in this volume is that of "international arbitration." Plato, Augustine, Hooker, above all St. Paul, have been his teachers. He is an idealist, and has dreams as well as principles and arguments, but he is a great and worthy Bishop of his great Church, and a Christian of a catholic soul.

The Return to the Cross. By the Rev. W. R. NICOLL, M.A., LL.D. Isbister & Co. 1897. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This volume is a collection of short critiques and of addresses on special occasions. It is light reading, fresh and various and suggestive. It contains information and ideas likely to encourage the perplexed young thinker. But it does not bear throughout the marks of responsible and carefully considered instruction. Dr. Nicoll is, at least occasionally, too broad in his sweep of commendation, and expresses opinions hardly to be endorsed for the guidance of the class of readers, chiefly, we suppose, young and student-like, for whom especially his volume was intended. He takes Balzac under his special patronage. He speaks of him as "assuredly the greatest of Christian novelists"; not content with this, he pronounces him "by far the most profound interpreter of that mystery of expiation and redemption which is at the heart of Christianity." Of

Balzac as a Christian and theologian we have to confess our ignorance. But many years ago our attention was directed to him as a novelist. Of his mastery of the art of novel or romance writing, as of the French language, there are not two opinions. But it is equally certain that for seductive and lascivious descriptions, for demoralising tendency, in a large proportion of his novels, there is no worse writer even among French novelists. The novels of Daudet are in comparison pure and innocent. Even Zola's naked paintings of animal lust, are far less harmful, because less subtly attractive and less cleverly and amusingly suggestive than Balzac's. Byron's *Don Juan* is not less violently opposed to any such idea as that of its author as a "great Christian novelist"—it is precisely as a novelist that Dr. Nicoll commends Balzac as "great" and "Christian"—than are the best known and most popular of the French novelist's books. In another part of the volume, two hundred pages apart, in a paper on "The Theology of Walter Pater," which one is glad to read, Dr. Nicoll writes as if he had gathered some knowledge of the truth as to Balzac. He admits that his "novels are not for everybody"—the books, that is, of "this greatest of Christian novelists"—and that "perhaps most of them should be kept out of the hands of the young." He, however, even here, by his context, would try violently to construe some lessons of moral import into Balzac's master-pieces of modern picturing, done in the true Gallo-Roman style, the art style in France alike of the most popular literature and of the most attractive master-pieces of the Art Salon. Surely a public teacher should be less rash than thus to write.

The Providential Order of the World. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this volume may remind some students of Dr. McCosh's great work on *The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral.* There is little resemblance, however, between the two books except the title. If any one wishes to understand the change which has come over the spirit and method of Christian philosophy as taught by some Scottish divines, who have come more or less under the influence of the semi-pantheistic school of naturalistic moral and religious speculation, he cannot do better than compare the two volumes. Dr. Bruce's lectures were delivered before the University of Glasgow in the first three months of last year on successive Sunday afternoons. They will be useful in suggesting critical questions to sceptics, but are not unlikely, also, to unsettle the the faith of some orthodox Christians. A haze of doubt seems to invest almost every position dealt with, although the general result is favourable to Theism and a Providential Order.

The Expositor's Greek Testament. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton. 1897. Price 28*s.* or subscription to Vols. I & II. 30*s.*

This magnificent volume does credit alike to the enterprise and taste of the publishers and to the energy and ability of the Editor, who is well seconded and sustained by the eminent men whose editorial co-operation he has secured. The work is intended, we are told, to do for the student of to-day what Dean Alford's New Testament did for students fifty years ago. In some respects it will do more and better. It is handsomer, cheaper, more beautifully and aptly printed, and has the advantage of the co-operation of a company of trained New Testament students and exegetes. In some respects, perhaps, it will not be superior. The devotion of the whole life of one close and reverent student, a true evangelical and at the same time liberal Christian preacher and pastor, secured a concentration and unity of thought and purpose and a breadth of exegetical knowledge and erudition in the case of Dean Alford's work which give it a unique character. This volume, however, gives excellent promise. Dr. Bruce and Dr. Marcus Dods are eminent Biblical scholars. In dealing with the Synoptical Gospels and in his introduction to the three, Dr. Bruce is at his best. We regret, however, to find that he has yielded to the hypothesis, of which Dean Alford demonstrated the impossibility, that Luke wrote his gospel with Mark under his eye. The German scholars who assume or try to rehabilitate this view probably have not read Alford's commentary. He also bows out Professor Wright, with his "oral tradition," which was a main point in Alford's view of the problem of the Synoptics. Professor Wright may make too much of this element. But that it furnishes the foundation and starting point of any complete and satisfactory theory of the composition of the Synoptic Gospels—it cannot apply, as we think, to St. John—is with us a settled point. There are characteristically fine qualities in Dr. Marcus Dod's Commentary on St. John.

The International Critical Commentary (T. & T. Clark) steadily advances. For typical beauty and the excellence generally of the get-up we do not remember any critical editions of the New Testament equal to those of this series, the price of which is 10*s.* 6*d.* per volume. The Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., Professor of Sacred Literature in Union Theological Seminary, New York, is the author of the volume on *St. Paul's Epistles to the Philippians and to Philemon.* Here we have not only an abundance of modern learning, but clearness of statement and sobriety of

judgment, qualities not always found in the work in this Critical Commentary done by his professional colleagues. The volume is scholarly and evangelical.

The volume on the *Epistles to the Ephesians and to the Colossians*, by the Rev. T. K. Abbott, B.D., D.Litt., Professor of Biblical Greek, now of Hebrew, in Trinity College, Dublin, deserves high praise. We wonder, however, that a man so scholarly has not quite made his escape from the High Anglican interpretation of St. Paul in Col. ii., and the parallel passage in Rom. vi., which sees in St. Paul's word *burial*, as applied to primitive baptism, a reference to immersion. That the actual baptism was by immersion generally, if not always, may be readily admitted. But that when Paul speaks of the baptism of Christians as their burial, after their death to the world, he refers to *immersion* as a sort of burial, is too jejune a piece of ancient ecclesiasticism. Baptism was the act by which the Christian, having died to the world, is publicly separated from the world in which till then he had lived. That is a clear and full and altogether apt interpretation. Similarly, we are surprised that Dr. Abbott, in Col. ii. 3, does not frankly follow the precise and thorough parallelism of the clauses, and the example and authority of such exegetes as Ellicott and Lightfoot, with many others, in referring ἐν ᾧ to Χριστοῦ, not μυστηρίου, and so rendering it "in Whom." Here again, however, he clings to ecclesiastical predilection in favour of a rendering which breaks down close connection and elaborate parallelism in order to preserve an interpretation which favours a strong view of baptismal regeneration. The volume, however, is, on the whole, very good—both scholarly and spiritual.

The First Book of the Maccabees. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. W. FAIRWEATHER, M.A., and J. S. BLACK, LL.D. Cambridge: University Press. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a scholarly piece of work with an exhaustive introduction dealing with the meaning of the term Apocrypha, the relation of the Apocrypha to the Canon, the Maccabees and their heroic achievements, and all the details of the subject. The notes cover all points that need explanation, and there is a good map by which the course of events can be followed. A student of this noble period of Jewish history will find all his needs met in this valuable addition to the Cambridge Bible Series.

University and Other Sermons. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D. With a Preface by an Old Friend and Pupil. Macmillans. 1897. 6*s.*

We doubt whether a better model of preaching for busy, practical, and at the same well-educated men—for professional

men who are sincere in their desire to play a Christian part in life—can be found than the Sermons of the late Master of the Temple, who, it will be remembered, ended his course as Dean of Llandaff. The present volume stands as the second series of his University Sermons, but contains also five discourses of an exceptional character—one of these being on the Death of the Prince Consort, one on the Indian Mutiny, and one having been preached in Westminster Abbey at the Consecration of Dr. Cotton to the See of Calcutta, a sermon worthy, so far as any human utterance can be, of the occasion, of the field of labour, of the greatness of the charge involved, of the missionary cause regarded in its highest and largest aspects. Of this sermon the Editor says, "eloquent from first to last, the sermon closes with the noblest peroration that ever forwarded a missionary to the sphere of his work." Just praise, but it might be added that the manly tenderness, the repressed emotion, which burn and melt through this consecration discourse are no less remarkable and affecting than the vigorous and sacred eloquence which breathes through every paragraph. Let us mention also as among the best in this noble volume a most stirring and powerful sermon on "The Work Burned and the Workman Saved" (1 Cor. iii. 15). To Christian ministers this volume will be a treasure.

1. *True and False Aims.* By E. HERBER EVANS, D.D. Edited by the Rev. W. JUSTIN EVANS. 5*s.*
2. *The Ministry of the Holy Ghost.* By the Rev. JOHN MORGAN, Viewforth Free Church, Edinburgh. 5*s.*

Hodder & Stoughton.

1. Dr. Herber Evans had a great reputation as a preacher both inside the Principality and far beyond it. It is easy to understand that this volume cannot adequately reveal the man and his pulpit work. His brother says, "Unfortunately he did not write out fully even his English sermons. He left much to be filled in by the *hwyl* of the moment." But there is much true and deep thinking, real knowledge of the human heart, and quiet felicity of phrase and illustration in this volume. We may quote one passage from the helpful sermon on "Stones made ready for the Temple." "I hardly ever met a Christian who has not felt that the days of his troubles were the days when he lost his roughness and hardness—the days when he was polished. Every trial seemed to be the filing away of some rough corner of his character. I know very little of the sorrows and afflictions of this congregation. But what a wonderful history that would be, could we get it into a book—the history of the griefs and disappointments, the anguish and suffering, of a whole congregation of people." The two addresses delivered

from the Chair of the Congregational Union add dignity and freshness to a worthy memorial of a great preacher.

2. Mr. Morgan's sermons are an attempt to present some practical and prominent aspects of the power and work and service of the Holy Ghost. The discourses overlap the title, but many aspects of the Paraclete's work are lucidly and suggestively set forth, and there is a quiet beauty in the style and a richness of thought which will make this a very welcome aud suggestive volume for preachers and teachers. It is a book indeed that every thoughtful reader will prize and profit by.

The Service of God. Sermons, Essays, and Addresses. By SAMUEL A. BARNETT. Longmans. 6*s*.

Canon Barnett has had almost unequalled opportunities for studying the problems of East London, and his book will be eagerly studied by all who are interested in those problems. The text of his sermons, essays and addresses is "The service of God is the service of man." They have been forced from him by the toil and experience of a quarter of a century, which has shown him how much so-called philanthropy is "uninspired and uncontrolled, how clearly godliness is necessary to good doing." In the first part of the volume some common relations which exist between men or classes are considered; in Part II. the inner life of the individual is the chief subject; in Part III. some constitutional reforms are suggested. The Canon writes with the modesty of an expert who is no stranger to failure, and feels the greatness of the task to which he has devoted the most precious years of his life. He is frank enough to say that the English clergy "cannot study, they can hardly pray, because their time is taken up with efforts 'to get hold of' the people. Underneath the praise which the clergy get for their activity, there is, for those who have 'ears to hear,' a murmur of discontent, that the spiritual work is neglected." The cure seems to him to lie in some method of co-operation. "Let the Church be democratic;" governed by the people so that the clergy may be freed from distracting work by adopting means in harmony with the custom and practice of modern days. When the clergy accept the democratic movement the people will, as Canon Barnett holds, accept them. But whilst he is ready for reform, he adds: "Of late years it has often been borne home to me that the reform of human nature is a much more hopeful work than the reform of institutions or laws." Canon Barnett's plea for the Sunday Society will not commend itself to some of his readers, but it is a temperate handling of a difficult subject. The whole book will make earnest men and women think, and will do much to clear their minds and guide them in their efforts to raise the masses.

The accurate learning and the succinct and suggestive style which distinguish in common nearly all of the critiques that appear in the *Critical Review* (T. & T. Clark, 7*s.* 6*d.*) make it a truly valuable repertory of information as to current theological and philosophical literature. No real student of theology or Christian philosophy can afford to be ignorant of this Review.

The present volume of the *Expository Times* (T. & T. Clark) is as miscellaneous and instructive as its predecessors.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

International Theological Library: A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age. By ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT, Ph.D., D.D., Washburn Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1897. 12*s.*

The successor of Philip Schaff might be considered with reason a likely man to treat satisfactorily the innumerable controversies that are involved in a discussion of the apostolic age. But if impartiality and the strict suppression of subjectivity are amongst the prime qualifications of a historian, this book must be regarded with disappointment. It is fresh and suggestive, full of evidences of wide scholarship, unpretentious and unambiguous in its style; but the author has himself apparently been trained under influences of a single kind, and his judgments are apt to be vitiated by his preconceptions. Of one side of our Lord's personal constitution he has better understanding than of the other, though even the humanity is represented as imperfect and blundering, whilst the desired conclusions are sometimes reached by the unscientific process of correcting the authorities.

Now it may fairly be required of a serious historian that he should treat his sources with some degree of respect. If complete license of amendment or of selection amongst them be claimed or calmly exercised, the so-called history becomes of necessity a conjectural construction, or even a disguised work of fiction. Of the Synoptic Gospels our author considers the bases to be the Logia of Matthew and the Gospel of Mark; but the first Gospel "is evidently from the pen of a Christian of the second or third generation," and "there are very strong reasons for denying that a companion of Paul wrote" the third. The fourth is "a presentation of the author's ideal of Jesus'

character and personality," and the impression it gives "can hardly be accurate." The book of Acts is "based in the main upon trustworthy sources," and was compiled by a man "who was not a companion of Paul." Dr. McGiffert assigns to St. Paul the various epistles with which he is generally credited, though he argues for large modifications on the part of the compiler. The Epistle to the Galatians he regards as the earliest of St. Paul's extant writings; the last chapter of Romans as a commendatory letter to Ephesus; and the so-called Second to the Corinthians as actually a combination of three or fragments of three. There is, we are told, "grave reason to doubt" whether the Pastoral Epistles were written by St. Paul, but probably brief genuine letters to Timothy and Titus came into the hands of a redactor, "who added to them in good faith what he believed Paul would himself say in the light of the peculiar needs of the day." The Epistle to the Hebrews was written by an Alexandrian Hellenist; that of James "by some Hellenistic Jew in the latter part of the first century;" the so-called First of Peter by some Paulinist, "truer to the teaching of the great apostle than any other writer known to us;" and that of Jude by some unknown Christian not of the first generation. The Apocalypse is ascribed to a Christian prophet of Jewish birth, who may also have written 2 John and 3 John. The Second of Peter is "a pseudonymous work in the strict sense," and may have been written at the close of the second century.

These being our author's principal sources, the use he makes of them is not always in accordance with the legitimate methods of history, still less with a reverent treatment of Scripture. It is possible that, as a historian, he would claim the right to overlook any specific difference between the documents of the New Testament and the original authorities in any other branch of literary study; but whether that can be fully conceded to a historian of Christianity is another matter. If there be such a thing as inspiration or not, it is certainly held in Christian belief to have played a part in the composition of the documents in question, and its effect must at least be to place those documents upon a higher, not a lower, level of general correctness and credibility. But, on the contrary, our author occasionally betrays a disposition to choose and pick, on no apparent ground other than that of arbitrary inclination, amongst the statements of an accepted authority, with the convenient result that any set of opinions of his own can at once be exalted to the grade of history. The conception, for instance, of an apostle's work in Acts i. 22 differs, we are told, entirely from that of St. Luke, and the proofs given are Acts vi. 1; viii. 1, 14; xi. 1. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is said, no use is made of St. Paul's idea of the Christian life as

the Divine life in man; and, consequently, ii. 11, iii. 14, vi. 4, xii. 10 have to be explained away in a footnote. The trinitarian formula in baptism is described as involving "a conception of the nature of the rite which was entirely foreign to the thought of these primitive Christians;" and on that ground Matt. xxviii. 19, is dismissed as a formula added by a later scribe.

But the same defect of method leads Dr. McGiffert into worse errors than these. His first chapter, of less than forty pages, deals with "The Origin of Christianity," under the three subdivisions of "Judaism," "John the Baptist," "Jesus." The Baptist is evidently a mystery to our author, who perceives neither his perplexity concerning the Messianic position of Jesus nor his sense of any mission other than that of a reformer of morals. But it is in the section on Jesus that Dr. McGiffert's limitations become most conspicuous. Elsewhere he speaks of the secret of Christ's power as lying "in His profound God-consciousness;" but so far is he from recognising His real divinity, that he describes the idea of God's father-hood as "the fruit of Jesus' own religious experience." When Jesus saw that He was to die before the nation was won, "it was inevitable that He should think of Himself as coming again," and "it is evident that He expected this return to take place at an early day." That He did not for some time speak of the importance of attachment to Himself, was a part of the "policy" He pursued. Changes of purpose are ascribed to Him. His death was viewed by Him as nothing more than an example of service: and His Church was founded by His disciples "not upon His deity, nor yet upon the perfection of His humanity," but upon their "conviction that He was the one who had been promised by the prophets." He would "have accomplished little more than John the Baptist did, had He not stepped into the place which had for so long been waiting to be filled."

A large part of the book is occupied by an exhibition of the Christianity and the work of St. Paul. The explanation of his conversion is psychologically impossible, whilst in the experience afterwards recorded in Rom. vii. 7 *seq.*, St. Paul had revealed to him, according to our author, the apparition of "a heavenly being endowed with the Spirit of God," and by means of a mystical union with Him, shared in His victory over the flesh. "Thus the righteousness of God, or the righteousness of faith . . . is righteousness not imputed, but imparted to man; and imparted first because the Divine nature or Spirit, which is itself righteous, is imparted to him." St. Paul "was in essential sympathy though not in formal agreement with the Master," writes Dr. McGiffert in another place; he "held views in many respects different from Christ's," and his teaching "essentially modified the thinking of the Church at large."

The remaining sections deal with subjects of almost equal attractiveness, and abound in paragraphs that by their inconsequence provoke comments of dissent or by their acuteness of approval. The book is many-sided in the interests to which it appeals, and full of stimulations to thought and enquiry. But the author's subjectivity in regard to his materials is so strong and pervasive, that his judgment cannot be trusted, and the history of Christianity in the Apostolic age still remains to be written.

Eras of the Christian Church. Edited by JOHN FULTON, D.D., LL.D. *The Age of the Renascence.* By PAUL VAN DYKE. With an Introduction by HENRY VAN DYKE. T. & T. Clark. 6*s*.

If any one turns to this volume because its selling title is *The Age of the Renascence*, expecting anything like a *History of the Renaissance*, he will be disappointed. It is a volume of Church History, one of the Series, written all of them by American scholars, entitled collectively "Eras of the Christian Church." This volume owes its existence to the joint counsels of two brothers, who, singularly enough in the case of American scholars, are not described as Doctors, or, indeed, as possessing any degree or diploma. It is defined in its explanatory second title as an "Outline Sketch of the History of the Papacy from the Return from Avignon to the Sack of Rome (1377—1527)." It includes, accordingly, in the period with which it deals the age of what in England is usually spoken of as the Renaissance, with all the moral abominations and the horrors implied for the Western Church in the inflow and outburst of Neopaganism which that involved, and which steeped the Latin dominions of Popish State and Church in the unspeakable pollutions of the lower Roman Empire, while at the same time Christian divines of good character and the highest credit sought for theological light and teaching from Neoplatonic teachers. Of the two brothers to whom the preparation of this volume was intrusted, Henry, the elder, has contributed an Introduction, in which he says, for his brother and himself, "The type of ecclesiastical society produced by the contests between Pope and Antipope, the fashion of amelioration effected by the Reforming Councils, the style of humanity in which the spreading tree of Humanism bore its fruit—these were the things which we were drawn to study." Of the Reforming Councils, however, very little indeed is said in the volume, the scope of which does not extend so far as the Council of Trent. Indeed, the writer, Mr. (or should it be Dr.) Paul Van Dyke had not scope allowed him for an approximately complete or a really scholarly book on his vast theme. He has been reduced to give a popular summary of the Papal

succession—much of which is necessarily of a shameful character —and of Humanism in Italy, Germany, France and Spain—all brief and superficial. The author is pleased to use currently the singular word *nepot*, and applies Arnold's pet-word *Philistine* in a a manner and in a sense quite different from its inventor's meaning.

The Celtic Church in Ireland. The Story of Irish Christianity from before the time of St. Patrick to the Reformation. By JAMES HERON, D.D. Service & Paton. 5*s*.

Dr. Heron is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Assembly's College, Belfast, and has delivered the substance of this volume as a series of lectures during the winter of 1896-7. Wherever it is possible "he has gone to the sources, and, while he has been careful to avail himself of the results of the best and most recent criticism of early documents, he has, at the same time, endeavoured to invest the narrative with as much life and interest as possible." He divides his work into five parts: "Ireland before Patrick came;" "The Coming of Patrick;" "The Church of St. Patrick;" "Later Fortunes of the Church of St. Patrick;" "Supplementary." We know no book that gives such a bright and complete sketch in small compass of the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. The historic past of no country is touched with a more pathetic or enthralling interest. The ancient Celtic Church of Ireland was exceptionally evangelical; it guarded its distinctive customs, refused to part with its independence. It won a great reputation for sacred learning, and a still greater reputation for the distinguished educators and brave missionary pioneers whom it sent out to civilise and Christianise England, Scotland and the Continent of Europe. A good chapter is given to the "Educational Achievements of the Church of St. Patrick," but the gem of the volume is the two chapters devoted to missionary achievements, in which the romantic stories of St. Brendan, Columba, Finan and Columbanus are told with much freshness. We hope the book will have a great circulation on both sides of St. George's Channel. It is an inspiring record.

The Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By WALTER WALSH. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1897. 12*s*.

This Review has taken a leading part in laying bare the real inwardness of the Oxford Movement, which is not to be learnt by merely reading Newman's *Apologia* and Dean Church's *History of the Oxford Movement*. To those who have clearly and fully apprehended what that movement has been, taking it from first to last, and in all its breadth and depth, it will be a matter

of more than ordinary satisfaction that the present volume has been published, for which the public is better prepared, and in which it will take a keener interest than it would, perhaps, have done at a former time. It is written at the request of an eminent dignitary of the Church of England, noted for the liberality and breadth of his views of religion. It is a thoroughly well informed and carefully condensed record; it tells the actual truth of fact fearlessly but without invective or bigotry. It is written from the point of view of an honest member of the Church of England. There is a capital index. We heartily recommend this timely volume.

St. Francis of Assisi. His Times, Life and Work. By Canon KNOX LITTLE. Isbister & Co. 1897. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this goodly volume is an accomplished man, whose pulpit gift of easy eloquence is naturally transposed into his style as a lecturer, without any such rhetorical excess as would be an offence against good taste. These popular lectures, however, will hardly be rated, notwithstanding the comprehensive and somewhat ambitious title of the volume, as standard history. The lecturer is enamoured of his subject, and paints the saintly monk as something much more than a beautiful and devoted enthusiast, the teacher to his age of gentleness, love and purity. He would make him a supremely wise and noble counsellor and leader, the great luminary of truth and wisdom to the leaders of Church and State in his age. Probably no Roman Catholic historian of repute would have written so exalted and undiscriminating a eulogy of Francis. Of course, according to our English Canon, the *stigmata* were a literal and matter-of-fact reality. This dignitary of the Church of England, also, can scarcely see any serious fault in the policy or character of Innocent III. As the English-Irish became in Ireland, we are told, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, so an Anglican ultra-High Churchman is sometimes a more indulgent critic and a more fervent admirer of great Popes and Roman shows than any well-informed Roman Catholic.

Santa Teresa. An appreciation With Some of the Best Passages of the Saint's Writings. Selected, Adopted and Arranged by ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1897. 2*s.*

It is not long since in this journal we made the Spanish saint the subject of an article of some length. Those who have read that article will be prepared to read with sympathy Dr. Whyte's eulogy in this volume. Perhaps the enthusiastic Scotch pastor

overdoes his praise. He thinks, "if Andrew Bonar had only read Spanish, and had edited Teresa's *Letters* as he has edited Rutherford's, we would have had that treasure in all our houses." But any rate, the extracts which he gives from Teresa's letters are full of interest and are wonderful in their intensity. At the same time it might not be amiss to read along with this encomiastic "appreciation" what Vaughan has to say about Teresa in his *Hours with the Mystics.*

BELLES LETTRES.

Captains Courageous. A Story of the Grand Banks. By RUDYARD KIPLING. With Illustrations by J. W. TABER. Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*

This latest volume of Mr. Kipling is quite a new departure, but has already received such a welcome as shows that it is not unlikely to be his very greatest success. In it he amazes us with his knowledge of the sea and its ways, the sea in all its moods and aspects, but especially as it is seen and known by the brave and much enduring mariners who follow the fishing trade on the banks of Newfoundland and there around. Mr. Kipling might have been apprenticed on a Massachusetts' fishing schooner. Only such an apprenticeship would not have developed the human sympathy and insight and the literary genius which have enabled him to write this masterly and manifold book. No marine writer we have read—not the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, not Mr. Clark Russell—has shown, as a word-painter, a more perfect mastery of sea-scape, sea-life, sea-movement, or ship-movement and seamanship, than Rudyard Kipling. The public could not have been prepared for this by his Anglo-Indian pictures and ballads, or by his familiar knowledge of Tommy Atkins and his ways. Then, be it noted, this fascinating book, which at bottom is a book for boys and among the best of Christmas presents—has nothing in it, from first to last, even in its description of sea-life and sailor-fishermen's ways, which can shock the sensibility of the most fastidious reader. It is the story of a spoiled youth, the son of a Western millionaire, all but ruined by his "mamma's" soft and servile indulgence and by his uncultivated father's easy indifference and neglect, on his way to Europe to finish his education and his manners, who falls overboard and is picked up by a Massachusetts' fishing schooner, and has to spend the whole fishing season, from spring to "fall," on board the vessel that picks him, taking his turn as

a lad and receiving a lad's pay. It is a delicious situation to describe when such an artist undertakes to act as scene-painter and showman. The result is that the youth's bad ways are cured and he is made a man of. The visit of his parents to Gloucester, the port to which the schooner belongs, the contrast between the self-made millionaire and the honest old-fashioned fisher-folk, the result of the lessons learnt at sea, the future of the younker, after a course at Harvard, how he applies his ship-and-sea-lore as his father's partner, how he keeps hold of the skipper's son as his friend for life, and finds him a suitable and promising berth on board one of his own and his father's ships—all is excellently wrought out. All our readers will be sure to read this masterpiece of Rudyard Kipling. A word should be added of high praise for the striking and picturesque illustrations, of which there are thirty-two.

The School for Saints. Part of the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBES. T. F. Unwin. 6*s*.

Mrs. Craigie has given us one of the finest books of the season. It is brilliantly written, and is studded with passages that a thoughtful reader will treasure up and ponder over. Robert Orange, the hero of the story, spends his boyhood with his godmother in a Breton castle, delighting in Homer, *Amadis of Gaul* and *Le Morte d'Arthur*. He has no companions, and is thrown the more on his visions and dreams of an ideal life. His father was a French Dominican who had married a great English lady, and though the boy is brought up a Protestant he finds his way in early manhood into the Church of Rome. His first adventure comes at Miraflores, where he falls under the spell of a lovely singer, whom he follows to Paris to accuse her of what he calls her infidelity. He had only seen her for an hour as she sat in her balcony, but her beauty and her gracious reception of the boy has fascinated him. Madame Duboc has been privately married to the Archduke of Alberia, and has a little child of six, called Brigit, who afterwards plays a leading part in the story. Ten years later, at Chambord, Robert meets Brigit again. Her mother had died of a broken heart, and the lovely girl, just fresh from her convent school, has been married to an equerry of the Archduke's, who is an adventurer with brilliant gifts but no character. He cheats at cards, and is forced to leave his wife. The girl shows wonderful spirit in her terrible trouble, and none of the Archduke's blandishments can make her unfaithful to her husband. She finds a home with a great Spanish lady who is mixed up with the Carlists, and passes through some thrilling adventures, in which Robert Orange proves himself a real hero. At last the news of the husband's

suicide sets Brigit free to marry. A hint is given at the end of the book that the scoundrel was not dead, and trouble is manifestly in store for the bright and brave young people. The book is learned, and some of its disquisitions are a little cloudy, but we have not found any temptation to skim more than one or two of them. It glorifies Romanism, and needs to be received on that side with considerable caution, but its views of life as a school for the saints, its descriptive touches, its glimpses into the heart of religion, and the interest of the whole story stamp the book as a masterpiece.

Dariel. A Romance of Surrey. By R. D. BLACKMORE. With Drawings by CHRIS. HAMMOND. Blackwoods. 6*s.*

This story opens as George Cranleigh is riding home from Guildford corn market in the month of May. His family has suffered disastrously by the agricultural depression, and have retired to a cottage on their old estate. Sir Harold leaves the burden of managing the little farm to George, who is a fine healthy fellow. Crogate Hall is let to a wealthy stockbroker, who turns out to be a man of real character and modesty. He soon loses his heart to George's charming sister, Grace. George himself meets his fate as he rides homeward from market and catches a glimpse of a lovely girl praying at a ruined chapel. She is the daughter of an exiled chief from the Caucasus, and George's love-making is spiced by adventures with dogs and assasins and a fine air of mystery. The father and daughter leave England hastily, and know many dangers among their native hills, which look as though they were going to have a tragic issue. But George comes on the scene in time to save Sur Imar's life, and the story has a happy ending. Its little descriptive touches are exquisite.

The Hope of the World and other Poems. By WILLIAM WATSON. John Lane. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Watson's little volume shows no falling off in poetic force or mastery of language, but the two principal poems leave an uncomfortable feeling of the decay of faith. When the poet touches on other themes we are more at leisure to admire and enjoy. The "Ode in May" is very fine. The "Heights and the Deeps" is a lovely tribute to his mother. The "April Song" is exquisite. "They and We" has rare pathos and power. "Invention" and "The Lure" betray a master hand in every line, and "A Courtezan—a Patron" touches one of the saddest chords of life. "Jubilee Night in Westmoreland" is a noble tribute to Victoria the Beloved. The two poems to Hellas on the Eve of the War and "After Defeat" are full of passion and enthusiasm, though no part of the book will awake more diverse opinion. Mr. Watson's work reflects almost too

vividly the struggles of the passing hour, but his scorn of wrong and injustice warms our hearts even when it does not win a verdict from our calmer judgment.

The Golden Treasury. Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, and arranged, with Notes, by FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Second Series. Macmillan & Co. 1897.

Prepared with years of loving care and carried through the Press by the author, this Second Series of *Golden Treasury* lyrics has been published since his death. In the *Life of Tennyson* we read his contribution to the life-record of his ancient and intimate friend, the foremost poet of our time, and we turn with emotion from that tribute of his hand to this second collection, in which the choicest songs of the great master are, in company with a large, though still of necessity, inadequate, selection from the songs of other poets, not unworthy to keep company with the departed laureate, are gathered into a splendid collection of modern poetry, nearly all of later date than 1850, as the former series consisted of poetry dating earlier than 1850, the work of poets who had passed away before 1861. In this volume, as might be expected, the late laureate's lyrics outnumber those of any other master of the lyric art. To have in one book so many of his most exquisite songs is a great joy. There are other two Tennysons whose masterpieces shine with kindred brightness and beauty. Of Tennyson Turner's exquisite sonnets not a few are here, while, if the elder brother, Frederic's, poems are but few, they are not unworthy to stand in company with those of his brothers. His song on the "Skylark," indeed, is not unworthy of comparison with the lyrics of Shelley and Coleridge on the same subject, although it is not through every line so finished in form and melody. What a stanza is the following:

"And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,
In streams of gold and purple he is drowned,
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,
As tho' the stormy drops were turned to sound.
And now he issues through,
He scales a cloudy tower,
Finally, like falling dew,
His fast notes shower."

And yet even in this stanza there is some want of perfection in the comparison of *fast notes* to *falling dew*.

Next to Tennyson, the melancholy, but exquisitely melodious, lyrist, O'Shaughnessy, seems to be, as an artist, Palgrave's

avourite. He is certainly "most musical, most melancholy;" but there is a morbidness about much of his poetry which gives it a monotony of sadness, that becomes painful, and, indeed, wearisome. Palgrave, however, thought that less justice had been done to him and to Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, than to any other lyrists of the Victorian age. There are many very beautiful poems of Mrs. Browning, and a considerable collection of exquisite poems from Mr. and Miss Rossetti. Of course, of Robert Browning's best, and of Matthew Arnold's, there is a properly representative proportion. Altogether there are one hundred and eighty-nine, many of them of considerable length. No one can read this volume and doubt the splendour of the poetic lights of genius which have illuminated the age of Victoria. As a work of art this is a lovely book, small but full, and perfectly printed and got up. Every scholar and lover of poetry should possess it for himself.

Carmen Deo Nostro. Te Decet Hymnus. Sacred Poems. By RICHARD CRASHAW. Edited, with an Introduction, by J. R. TUTIN. W. Andrews & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a reprint of Crashaw's extremely rare volume of 1652, published in Paris two years after his death. Mr. Tutin, whose lovely edition of Henry Vaughan's *Secular Poems* we cherish among our treasures of poetry, has supplied the biographical, critical, bibliographical and editorial matter needed for a complete understanding of the poems. Crashaw is a poet's poet. His conceits are sometimes outrageous and offensive to a modern reader, but he was a true poet "with an imagination subtle and sweet, a harmony and delicacy of language, a sensuous enjoyment of all good and lofty nature, whether in man, woman, or the outward universe." This little volume will help modern readers to form a just estimate of his power of thought and felicity of expression.

English Masques. With an Introduction. By HERBERT ARTHUR EVANS. Blackie & Son. 1897. 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is one of the volumes of the Warwick Library, so well edited by Dr. C. H. Herford, of which the successive volumes have been noted in this journal. The Masques here selected, sixteen in number, are by Ben Jonson. The student of English literature will appreciate the painstaking introduction by Mr. Evans.

Sonnets of José-Maria de Herodia. Done into English by

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR. San Francisco: William Doxey, at the Sign of the Lark. 1897. $2.50.

This volume is a fine specimen of Western publishing taste in America; it is very handsomely printed and got up. The Sonnets here translated are taken from a volume of French poetry, *Les Trophées*, by a new poet, of whom so competent a judge as Mr. Gosse speaks in terms of high praise. He was born in Cuba, and is descended from one of the oldest and noblest families of the original Spanish settlers, his mother being French. He was himself educated in France, is now fifty-five years old, and is a member of the French Academy. Mr. Gosse says that "the central characteristic of these splendid sonnets" is "their technical perfection." They are intended to illustrate the successive ages and stages of human progress, as noted in "a rapid descent of the ages, with here and there a momentary revelation of some highly suggestive scene, or incident, or personage, rapidly given and as rapidly withdrawn, but seen for that moment with all the precision and effulgence possible. For this purpose everything needless, trifling, or accidental, every superfluous phrase or image, must be rigidly suppressed. In so sudden and brief a revelation every touch must burn." Mr. Gosse pronounces Herodia to be "beyond all question a great poetic artist, and probably the most remarkable now alive in Europe." So far as we may judge, the translator's work has been done with great skill as well as infinite pains.

The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D. Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT. With a Biographical Introduction by the Rt. Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P. Vol. II. George Bell & Sons. 1897. 3*s.* 6*d.*

We have already in a former number expressed what is the universal opinion as to the value of this popular edition of Swift's "Prose Works." The edition is carefully and exactly edited, well printed, neatly and durably got up, and remarkably cheap. This volume contains Swift's Journal to Stella (A.D. 1710—1713), a journal with all the special qualities of the writer when writing in the most confidential and lively way to a clever woman whom he loved and trusted, though he ruined her life. The letters are from England, nearly all from London, and chronicle the most interesting political and social life of the times. The special editor of this volume is Mr. Frederic Ryland. He has aimed at complete accuracy, and appends necessary but brief notes. Every politician, social student, man of letters, should own this series of volumes.

Aphorisms. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Selected by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. With Portrait. London: George Allen. 1897.

It was a happy thought to collect aphoristic gems from Landor's writings. J. R. Lowell, writing on Landor, justly pointed out the peculiar quality of his works as affording an extraordinary proportion of detached passages complete in themselves, and intimating that, besides Shakespeare, scarcely another author could be named who has "furnished so many delicate aphorisms of human nature." This is the case, although his style is, in general, cold and sternly severe, and is often "broken up," as the editor remarks, "by rugged transitions." This beautiful book is a volume of gems, most of them of singular brilliance and weight of thought. "He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt." "Many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened." "Sighs are very troublesome when none meet them half-way." "Vulgar men are more anxious for title and decoration than for power; and notice, in their estimate, is preferable to regard." "Sculpture and painting are moments of life. Poetry is life itself and everything around it and above it." These are brief specimens, taken at hazard.

Thro' Lattice Windows. By W. J. DAWSON. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s*.

These village idylls show that Mr. Dawson's skill as a literary craftsman is steadily growing. There is a felicity in the phrasing, a vigour in the style, and a subtle skill in the interpretation of homely character which stamp this set of sketches as first rate work. But, besides the literary power manifest in the volume, there is a sympathy with the life of the poor and troubled, which lends wonderful pathos to some of these idylls.

Messrs. Blackie and Son send us a set of very cheap books for young people, with good pictures, bright covers and pleasant contents. *The Naval Cadet*, by Gordon Stables (with six illustrations, 5*s*.) is a chronicle of adventures in Skye and the Highlands, by sea and mountain—adventures in West Africa on gun boat and in fierce fights with the cruel native despot of Benin and his black warriors. This is a bright, breezy, delightful volume for boys and girls. *A March on London*, by G. A. Henty (with eight illustrations, 6*s*.)—Mr. Henty is almost unrivalled as a writer of tales for boys, and this is one of his best, suitable for earnest and well educated youths, full of spirit, adventure and variety, capitally written. It is a tale of chivalry and love, of riots also and feats of arms, in which the interest never flags. Mrs. E. R. Pitman is responsible for four high-toned stories,

which make true religion very attractive. *That Merry Crew*, by Florence Coombe, may confidently be recommended as a bright book for little folk. *Nell's School Days* is a delightful tale of a widower and his charming little daughter. The same writer has written *Some Other Children.*

A Fight for Freedom (5*s.*), by Gordon Stables (Nisbet & Co.), is a powerful description of the struggle for freedom in Russia, interspersed with adventures among the wolves and bears of the forest. The young people of the story are loveable. It brims over with life and adventure. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

MESSRS. NELSON'S STORY BOOKS.

Sister, by E. Everett Green (5*s.*), is one of the best stories of the season for girls. *An Emperor's Doom, or the Patriots of Mexico*, by Herbert Hayens (5*s.*), tells the pathetic story of the Emperor Maximilian in a setting of adventure and hair-breadth escape which every boy will revel in. *Poppy*, by Mrs. Isla Sitwell (3*s.* 6*d.*) is a bright and touching tale of a young fellow unjustly suspected of theft by his uncle. *The Children's Treasury* for 1898 (1*s.*) is a very tempting collection of pictures and stories for small folk, who will rejoice in its pages.

Touching the Kettle: with other Stories and Parables for Little People and those who Love them. By Rev. JOHN TELFORD, B.A. London: Robert Culley. 2*s.* & 2*s.* 6*d.*

This is a young people's book of altogether special and superior character. There is in it nothing hackneyed, nothing "goody," but from the first page to the last it is fresh, natural, refined, and altogether charming. It is at the same time simple and wise, and without any stereotyped phrases. It is beautifully Christian throughout.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by Dr. JAMES MURRAY. Foisty—Frankish. Vol. IV. By HENRY BRADLEY, Hon. M.A. Oxon. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1897. 4*s.*

The October section of this great work, which goes forward with as commendable a regularity as that other monumental undertaking of our generation, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, covers the unusually large area of 127 pages. A good deal of the space is accounted for by the elaborate articles on *fold*, *folk*,

follow, *foot*, *for*, and *fore*, with their several compounds. We note, not without surprise, that *fold*, though a Gothic root and aboriginal in our language in the form *falaed* and sense of *pen* or *enclosure*, does not appear in the now equally familiar signification of *bend* or *ply* (of German *Falte*) until the fourteenth century; and we own we are grieved to learn that the connection between *folk* and *vulgus* is very doubtful. *Follow* presents no etymological difficulty, but the article amasses a rich *copia* of variant forms, and distinguishes the several senses of the word with exhaustive, perhaps somewhat supererogatory refinement.

Besides a similarly exhaustive discrimination of the sense-lore of *foot*, in which we are glad to see that the mediæval law term "foot of a fine" is accurately elucidated, a supplementary list of special combinations is given, most of which are of comparatively recent development, and are illustrated in several columns of small print closely packed with brief quotations. The better known compounds, as *footmark*, *footstool*, and so forth, are treated in separate articles.

Etymologically *for* and *fore* are identified, but the terms are, of course, treated separately, and each at great length. The several stages by which the various prepositional usages of *for* developed from the primary sense of priority in perspective are traced with clearness. It is interesting to note that the original sense lingered as late as the seventeenth century, as in *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv., iv. 3, "For whose throne 'tis needful . . . to kneele." From this naturally spring the secondary senses of preference and representation. Then come the senses of support or defence, *e.g.*, "If God is for us, who shall be against us?" fitness, purpose, or destination, with a multitude of minor *nuances*. The several logical usages illustrated by our common expressions, "for money," "for joy," "for rage," "for love," and the like, appear to be almost as old as the language, though they are only discussed comparatively late in the article; and so at length we reach the durational sense seen in "for long," "for life," which concludes the analysis of the prepositional force of this versatile monosyllable. The elucidation of the conjunctive sense falls into very brief compass. Time, or rather, space, would fail us even to touch upon the many points of interest which are presented by the numerous articles on the compounds of *for* and *fore*; and, indeed, we must here bring this very short notice of this most important and interesting section of a work, which at every turn opens new and entertaining vistas to the explorer of its labyrinthine recesses, to a precipitate close. Long may Dr. Murray, Mr. Henry Bradley, and their devoted staff of sub-editors and readers, continue to illustrate the history of our language from their well digested stores of boundless and recondite learning.

Religious Tract Society's Publications.

The Religious Tract Society has been fortunate in adding a work from Egerton R. Young to its series of missionary books. *On the Indian Trail* (2*s.* 6*d.*) scarcely has the charm of *By Canoe and Dog Train*, but it gives a picture of toil and adventure among the Cree and Salteaux Indians which everyone ought to study. There are some inspiring stories of conversion and the whole book is crisp, bright and entertaining. *Twixt Dawn and Day* (2*s.*) is a stirring tale of Reformation times. *Steadfast and True* (2*s.* 6*d.*) describes the Huguenot struggle, the life in the galleys and the fortunes of the exiles in England. *From Storm to Calm* (2*s.* 6*d.*) deals with the days of Wesley and Whitefield. Miss Leslie gives a good sketch of the beginnings of Methodism, though she leans to Calvinism. *My Grandmother's Album* (2*s.*) threads the chief events of this century in a novel way to a set of pictures in an old lady's album. *School Life at Bartram's* (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a book to make manly boys. Its little hero has a rough time but he comes out well from his testing. *Shut in to Serve* (1*s.* 6*d.*) shows how an invalid shapes the life of his Sunday scholars. *Roland Cameron's Discipline* (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a happy story of a blind young laird who wins the heart of a noble girl. Hesba Stretton is very happy in her *Two Secrets* (1*s.*) a pair of sweet stories and Mrs. O. F. Walton's *Audrey* (1*s.*) is a touching tale of two small "children of light." Dr. Gordon Stables' *In the Land of the Lion and Ostrich* (3*s.* 6*d.*) is full of adventures. Two boys snowed up in a train make friends with an African colonist and go to join him on his farm. The book is very brightly and very well written. Boys will rejoice over it as great spoil. The six smaller annuals published by the Society show what careful and wise editing can provide for young and old. *Friendly Greetings*, *The Cottager and Artisan* and *Light in the Home* are full of helpful and attractive reading, brightened by plenty of pictures. Young folk will revel in the *Boys' Sunday Annual* which has a very successful set of articles on the great public schools, whilst the *Child's Companion* and *Our Little Dots* are treasure houses of good things for tiny children. The pictures are most attractive. *The Scripture Pocket Book* may be confidently recommended to those who want a compact pocket book. The sheet almanack, pocket almanack and penny almanack ought not to overlooked by those who want good and compact guides for the New Year. *Philip Melancthon*, 1497—1560 (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a gem of biography from the pen of the late Rev. George Wilson, Literary Superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The story of the great scholar's life is told with such literary skill, such fulness of knowledge, such good judgment and hearty enthusiasm for the man and his work, that this small volume will delight all who turn its pages. It is a first-rate piece of work.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM PUBLICATIONS.

A Young Man's Book-shelf, by the Rev. George Jackson, B.A. (2s. 6d.). Mr. Jackson has for the last two or three years conducted a reading circle in the pages of the *Young Man*, and this bright little volume is the outcome of those studies. It opens with four Biblical chapters, passes to Biography and Travel, Poetry, Fiction and Miscellaneous works. The writer's aim has been to create in young men a taste for the good things of literature and to infect them with his own enthusiasm for books. Few men in the Methodist ministry are more widely read than Mr. George Jackson, and he pours such a wealth of allusion and incident around his chapters that we pity the young readers who fail to catch his enthusiasm and enrich their lives with the best things in the world of books.

Lectures and Sermons of Peter Mackenzie, arranged and introduced by the Rev. Joseph Dawson (3s. 6d.).—The extraordinary success of the biography of Mr. Mackenzie has led to the preparation of this volume. His daughter's care in preserving reports of lectures and sermons has supplied the foundation for the collection, and Mr. Dawson has prefixed an admirable Introduction. The multitudes who heard Mr. Mackenzie preach and lecture will feel great interest in the perusal of this book. It is full of thought and abounds in pleasant illustration. Above all, it is the fruit of a devout and earnest spirit. The unique personality, which gave great point and power to these deliverances, is gone, but many will see the old face and form rise up before them as they read these bright, healthful and helpful pages. Peter Mackenzie's popularity had a solid foundation, and this book will not detract from his reputation. It has two very happy portraits.

The Influence of Jesus Christ on the People (2s. 6d.) is the third volume which the Rev. William Unsworth has written on the influence of Jesus Christ. He has already traced its bearing on work and workers and on young men; now he takes a wider sweep, and shows how it affects the community at large. Mr. Unsworth is sententious and sagacious. Wide experience, varied reading, and trained observation are manifest on every page, whilst a great loyalty to Christ and to spiritual religion breathes through the book, and shapes all its counsels.

The Treasures of the Snow and other Talks to Children, by Rev. Thomas Hind (1s. 6d.) is rich in incident and in homely lessons well fitted to impress children and do them good. It is very well illustrated.

Early Days for 1897 is a fairyland for small people, crowded with pictures and full of stories and other reading exactly suited to young minds.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October 1--December 1).—Paul and Victor Marguerite, under the title "Le Désastre," write a very powerful story of the Franco-German war, which brings home the sorrow and bitterness of the campaign. M. Brunetiere's impressions of New York, Baltimore and Bryn Mawr, in the number for November 1, give a vivid glimpse of American life and manners. The visitor found the great avenues monotonous, but there was not more animation in them than in the streets of Paris, nor were the people more restless or feverish than in the chief towns of Europe. If the misery of its environs is one of the marks of a great city, the New World and the Old have no room to envy each other. M. Brunetiere has seen no more painful sights than met his eyes in the slums of New York. A very interesting account is given of the Johns Hopkins University. It bears the name of a Quaker Railway King who died in 1873, leaving thirty-four million francs to found a hospital and university in Baltimore. *Deux Mondes* for December 1 has an important article on "Medical Responsibility," by M. Brouardel, and a valuable essay on "German Influence in French Romanticism," by M. Joseph Texte.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (October 1—December 1).--Pasquale Villari's article, "Two English Writers on Machiavelli," is a study based on Mr. Morley's lecture and Mr. Greenwood's article in *Cosmopolis*. The writer holds that Machiavelli's chief merit was that he was the first to point out the great difference between the conduct fit for public and private life, but his error was that he went too far, and spoke and wrote as if the two norms of conduct had no relation to each other, but were entirely independent. An interesting article in *Nuova* for November 16 is on "Young Europe," based on a recent work by Signor Ferrero of Milan. In the December 1 number there is a study of Henry George, by Achille Loria, who regards him as a "cerebral fruit of California," and thinks that in a future less disturbed and more just, humanity will erect a pantheon to the heroes of the social ideal and will assign a glorious place in it to the memory of Henry George.

METHODIST REVIEW (September—October) —Mr. Watkinson's suggestive paper on "Impressionist Preaching" is a feature of this number. Bishop Goodsell discusses the question "Which way is the Methodist Episcopal Church going?" From a doctrinal point of view no change or controversy is in sight. Decided advance has been made of late in "regard to the enrichment of our worship." The recitation of the Apostle's Creed, the responsive readings of the Psalms and the Gloria Patri after them, have now been formally placed in the "Order of Worship," so that American Methodism moves towards a larger use of Wesley's *Sunday Service*. The localisation of bishops is a pressing question, and there is a strong tendency towards "a greater participation of laymen in the General and Annual Conferences, and to the election of trustees and stewards by the vote of all the adult members of the Church."

THE METHODIST REVIEW, SOUTH (September—October).—Professor Alexander gives an interesting account of Methodism in the Southern States, laying special stress on the work of Robert Strawbridge, the foremost of all the Methodist preachers who went to America before Asbury; Freeborn Garrettson, the pioneer of Methodism in Nova Scotia; young Jesse Lee, who ranks next to Asbury; and McKendree, the consummate ecclesiastical statesman. According to a Unitarian minister the Methodism of 1760 to 1820 saved the New World from heathenism. "The History of Immersion in England" is a timely article dealing with the new light thrown on the question of baptism, by Dr. Dexter, Dr. Whitsitt, and others. The Editor continues his valuable catalogue of "The Private Contemporary Sources of the History of the Christmas Conference." The Editorial departments are fresh; that on "The World of Missions" is specially helpful.

(November—December).—Bishop Fitzgerald has a good paper on "The Educated Woman of To-Day" in this capital number.

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