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Erratum.

Page 351, line 5, for 'Mr. Browning, *read* Mr. Tennyson.

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SCOTTISH REVIEW.

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ART. I.—EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS AND SECONDARY EDUCATION.

PERHAPS few better illustrations can be given of Burke's definition of law, viz., 'beneficence working by rule,' than a comparison of primary and secondary education, in respect of their history and present condition. The latter has been in existence since the introduction of Christianity into Britain. Long before the Reformation, it had endowments which were misappropriated much as they are now. Acts were passed in its support, but there is no satisfactory evidence that their provisions were strictly, if at all, enforced. It was nurtured by ecclesiastics as being required to provide candidates for holy orders. Though this was the original purpose of Burgh Schools, we find that so early as in the end of the fifteenth century, laymen took part in them, both as teachers and pupils. Burgesses and freeholders were ordered to send their eldest sons to school at the age of eight or nine, and to keep them there till they were 'competently founded and had perfect Latin.' Care was taken that the teachers were properly qualified, and the curriculum of study, especially in Latin, was sufficiently broad. Under the fostering care of the Church they continued to do very good work, but as Latin became gradually a less important instrument in the education of the clergy, the supervision became less strict, and the encouragement less hearty. For a century past there has been no effective system or complete organisation, and it may be said

that they have been practically left to take care of themselves. The result has been the usual one when the question is not one of physical want, viz., *quasi-stagnation* from indifference, and thriftlessness from want of system. Primary Education, on the other hand, in the shape in which it is represented by existing schools, does not go farther back than the Reformation. There were dames' schools before then, but they were purely private enterprises, and without supervision of any kind.

Early in the seventeenth century an Act of the Privy Council was ratified by Parliament. This act provided that a school should be established in every parish, and a fit person appointed to teach the same. With some vicissitudes, depending on the establishment and ultimate abolition of Episcopacy, this continued in force till 1696, when the injunctions laid upon the heritors were more stringently enforced, and, thanks to the zealous exertions of the Church, parish schools were soon erected in every parish in Scotland. No important change was made for upwards of a century, but in 1803 the altered value of money made a reconsideration of the question necessary. The emoluments were increased, and made liable to revision every twenty-five years. Revision was made in 1828 and 1853. The Parochial Schools Act of 1803 was amended by the Parochial and Burgh Schools Act of 1861, which remained in force till Lord Young's Education (Scotland) Act of 1872. The cause of education had, however, in 1846 received a great impulse from annual grants by the Committee of Council. What is important to observe is, that from the establishment of parish schools, Primary Education, with a greater or less admixture of higher work, has grown steadily, not always quickly, but generally in the right direction, till it stands before us to-day a well-developed, healthy, and productive plant, ready to cover every inch of ground available or requisite. How different has been the fate of the older and higher branch. Cared for by the Church as long as Latin bulked largely in clerical education, it continued to struggle on, sometimes well, sometimes poorly, but generally in an unsystematic way. Early in the sixteenth century Acts of Parliament were passed confirming the power of the Church as to the appointment of

teachers, the right to examine, etc., and in later times it has got now and then a sort of step-child's recognition in the legislation dealing with Parochial Schools. It is doubtful if it would have received even this recognition, but for the fact that in a number of cases the schools were partly parochial, partly burghal in constitution. It has been, at any rate, practically free from government control. Since the middle of the sixteenth century the burgh schools were visited with more or less regularity, and examined with more or less strictness in the presence of Magistrates and Town Councils. In some instances the aid of independent examiners was called in, but we have no very definite information as to whether such examinations meant more or less than the Presbyterial examinations of twelve years ago. It is not unreasonable to suppose that they were generally as perfunctory, and as innocent of stimulus towards solid attainment. They were certainly not organised in such a way as to produce a general raising of the standard. They did not issue from such a source of authority, nor were they stimulated by such substantial rewards and punishments as to give them real and progressive force. We accordingly find that, with a few exceptions, they showed little of the spring which indicates consciousness of vitality, or of the improvement which ought to be the fruit of increased experience. It has been too much the fashion of late to decry the work of the old parochial schools, and disparage the part played by the Church in their management. It ought not to be forgotten that, for two centuries, it was almost exclusively to the Church that Scotland owed a system of education that cost so little and earned so much for its people. And even in later times, when its care became less necessary, and its influence less weighty, it should be remembered that, if the Church did little, every other class did less. Indeed, as a rule, no other class did anything. It is no doubt to the credit of the heritors that, when the maximum and minimum salaries of teachers were considerably increased by the act of 1861, in a great many instances the maximum was willingly given. Beyond this, however, active interest and encouragement were almost entirely confined to the Church. As to the work done in the old parochial schools

it may fairly be described as a disorganised attempt to do what is now aimed at in the better class of primary schools, viz., to combine elementary and advanced education. In this they succeeded to a degree that has not been approached by any other nation, and which, if it were not a fact, would be thought to be an impossibility. As might be expected, the elementary was often sadly neglected, but to the attention given to higher education is to be ascribed the character which Scotland has maintained as in the front rank of educated nations.

While this tribute is justly due to the Church and the old parochial schools, it cannot be denied that the time had come when they must give place to something more systematic and comprehensive. Hence the act of 1872, severing all connection between the Church, as such, and education. Since then, by enlisting local interest in the election of School Boards, the advance has been marvellous. We do not say that something has not been lost by the change. Thirty years ago a poor but clever lad in a country school, under—what was not rare—an able teacher, had a better chance of getting advanced education to fit him for rising in the social scale, than he has now. But this was often gained at the expense of the mass of the pupils. The present occupants of some of our University Chairs owe their success in life to this feature of the old parochial schools, and are doubtless inclined to praise the past; but they cannot refuse their admiration to a great part of the present state of matters, and probably content themselves with wishing that the old and the new could be combined, so as to secure for all the essentials of education, and for those of greater brain power such a training as would enable them to rise to the level for which nature intended them. Such a wish need not be classed among devout imaginations never to be realised. The reorganisation of educational endowments at present under consideration, offers a fitting opportunity for the discussion of the subject. What is attempted in the following pages is to show that, as a nation, we suffer serious loss from neglecting to utilise the best brain of the country from whatever class, and to indicate in what way this waste may be

prevented. The subject has been treated by Mr. Matthew Arnold with his usual force and eloquence. With his views we, in common with the majority of educationists, heartily agree.

The preamble of the Educational Endowments Act of 1882 states that the object contemplated is the providing, by means of an adequate portion of endowments, higher education for boys and girls of promise, so as to aid their advancement in life. Is it possible generally under existing educational arrangements, to supply either in town or country schools of the ordinary type such an education as will enable a lad to enter the University with profit or success? We feel warranted in answering this in the negative. The pressure—inevitable even where the teacher has the highest idea of his profession—exerted by the Government code in payment for results, withdraws the attention of both pupil and teacher from those subjects by which University distinction is reached. They are doubly handicapped, first, by demanding too much time, and secondly, by earning too little money to make it worth the teacher's while to give them the necessary attention. In large town schools of several departments under the kindly control of a liberal Board, the appointment of a teacher in excess of the Government requirements makes the teaching of elementary Classics and Mathematics possible. In some such schools the work is carried on far enough to bring the school and University into healthy contact. Such cases, however, are the exception, not the rule. All that the majority of ordinary schools can do is to make a beginning in Latin and Mathematics, and continue them for two years in a half-hearted, unsatisfactory way, seldom going beyond the translation from and into Latin of short sentences, the first book of Euclid, and simple equations. The same remarks apply with perhaps greater force to the science subjects, Chemistry, Magnetism, and Physiology. Under a skilful teacher a useful beginning may be made, and the subjects carried far enough to afford some indication of the pupil's leanings and capacity. If then, we have stated the case fairly, it would seem that the function of the typical Board

School is to carry on education up to the point at which it becomes possible to select by examination those who are fit to profit by the instruction offered in a Secondary School in Classics, Mathematics, English and modern languages, or in a properly equipped Technical School. The number of Board Schools in which more is or may be done, is so small that they can count for nothing as supplying a basis for a general scheme. That our educational fabric may be symmetrical and complete, we require three kinds of schools. For the sake of clearness it may be well to say here that, by a *Technical* or *Science* School, we mean such schools as the Watt Institution in Edinburgh, Allan Glen's, the College of Science and Art, and Anderson's College in Glasgow, and by *Secondary*, such schools as the High Schools and Academies of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Kelvinside and Albany Academies in Glasgow, &c. One set of schools should be in the main primary, but providing a certain amount of initiation in secondary instruction, of either a literary or scientific kind. Overlapping to some extent is not only desirable, but inevitable. A second set should be strictly scientific, and a third strictly secondary; or a school might have a bifurcation, one side being scientific, and the other literary. At as early an age as possible, perhaps not later than twelve, the *élite* of the Primary School, if a separate institution, should be transferred to the Technical or Secondary School, according to choice and capacity. To stimulate work, encourage the best brain power, and secure a high level of ability, bursaries should be offered for free competition. The value of these should, in every case, cover the school fees, and, where the means of the parent are ascertained to be narrow, the amount should be increased, so as to compensate him for the loss of his child's labour. School Boards and the teachers of higher class primary schools will probably object to their best pupils being taken from them. They will say, and with truth, that the character of the Primary School will be somewhat lowered. A genuine educationist will accept this result with equanimity, if he can reply that the change is distinctly in the interest of improved education. He will say

that schools ought to exist for the pupils, not for the masters, that each class of school has its own special work, that his concern is how all branches may be taught to the best advantage, and that to secure this each kind of school should have its main aim constantly in view.

For the commercial success of the school, and for its efficient organisation, it may be necessary to have in these higher schools an elementary department preparatory to the upper section. Custom both in this country and in Germany certainly points in this direction. The school thus becomes from bottom to top a complete unit. The pupils identify themselves with its whole economy, and an *esprit de corps* is created of the greatest value in every educational institution. But there should be a clear line drawn at which the pupil, whose aim is advanced instruction, starts upon a distinctly scientific or literary course. The cramping restrictions of standards must be removed, and the general current of his thoughts turned towards his ultimate aim. We see no reason why large and superior Primary Schools should not adopt this arrangement, and so retain their most promising pupils.

The school course being finished, other bursaries tenable at the University should be offered also for free competition. That the Primary and Secondary Schools should work harmoniously into each others hands, and the latter again into the hands of the University is of the utmost importance. While the claim of some School Boards to superintend all education, primary as well as secondary, cannot be entertained, it seems not only according to the spirit of the Act, but desirable in order to secure harmonious working between the different parts of a graded system, that School Boards should have a substantial representation in the new governing bodies of Educational Trusts. The passing of the Act is a condemnation of the present management, and amounts to a demand for liberalising it. The Commissioners will no doubt take care that this is not lost sight of.

That it would not be safe to place the encouragement of Secondary Education entirely or even principally in the

hands of School Boards, is evident from the action of some of the Boards in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. In these counties education has for a long time maintained a higher level than elsewhere, due in great measure to the supplementary emoluments from the Dick Bequest attracting a superior class of teachers. So little was the importance of this appreciated by not a few School Boards, that, in the settlement of the emoluments of old parochial teachers in the passing of the Act of 1872, they proposed that as so much was got from the Bequest, so much less should be paid by the Board. It would be difficult to give a stronger proof of the unfitness of the average rural Board to foster higher education.

Having got our pupil fit for entering a Secondary School, whether of the classical or technical type, we must face the question of his transference to such school. It is obviously impossible to plant Secondary Schools so thickly as to be within reach of all pupils from their own homes. It is clear that the expense of living from home would be an insurmountable obstacle to many parents who, in keeping their children at school till thirteen or fourteen years of age, have almost reached the limit of their powers. For all such, Secondary Education is possible only by the institution of bursaries, which must go a long way towards covering the expense. To furnish such bursaries, open to competition in a fair field, is the proper destination of Educational Endowments, which are not exhausted by the necessary charity aimed at by the founders. To employ endowments to cheapen fees or lower rates for a class who require no such relief, and for whom the founder did not intend his benefaction, is an obvious abuse. Funds destined for education are in that case doing no educational work. People able to meet all the demands of living, education included, receive help they do not need. Their children get no more education than they would have got had no such endowments existed, and in many cases the education is less valued, and of inferior quality, because it costs so little. In a considerable town which has the benefit of a large endowment fund, the school rate is only a farthing every three years, with the result that one of the Board Schools attended by a distinctly

superior social class, is a long way below the average merit of neighbouring schools whose whole expense is met by rates, fees, and government grants. There are, unfortunately, many districts in which, from the absence of endowments, the provision for Secondary Education will be very meagre, but all the stronger is the reason for utilising every shilling where such funds exist. The only means of supplying this want to rural districts that have no endowments, would be the passing of a supplementary Act, enabling several districts to unite for the establishment of a Secondary School. There will be in some cases difference of opinion as to the most suitable position, but the difficulty is not too great to be overcome wherever there is an earnest desire for such schools.

The Act of 1872 has so completely changed the educational conditions of the country, as to require a fresh interpretation of the wishes of pious founders. This is indeed the *raison d'être* of the Endowments Act. The founders did not anticipate that legislative enactment would make their benefactions to primary education to a large extent unnecessary. It is quite certain that, if they had anticipated this, they would not have made Primary Education the channel of their benevolence any more than boots or broad-cloth. Their aim, however, was educational, and as the primary branch has been to a great extent provided for by Act of Parliament, there is surely no object more nearly allied to their original intention than the promotion of that branch of it for the proper equipment of which there is a lamentable deficiency. What then is the best use we can make of these funds? The cost price of Secondary Education under a staff of properly qualified masters, will, in the absence of endowments, be somewhat beyond the easy reach of a considerable portion of the lower middle class. To lighten this burden by providing from endowments for the supply and upkeep of suitable buildings, where they are not otherwise provided, is a desirable and legitimate use of such funds. This is done with George Watson's College Schools in Edinburgh, and will probably be done with Mr. Harris's magnificent bequest to Dundee. Another is to attract intellectual merit and reward industrious poverty by the institu-

tion of bursaries, connecting the Primary School, the Secondary School, and the University, in such a way as to make our educational system symmetrical and complete. Pupils of a higher social class than those for whom the benefaction was intended, should be admitted, but should pay the full cost of the education. The tone and character of the school will be raised by the admixture of pupils from the outside public, and these outsiders themselves will reap the benefit of coming into contact and competition with boys of more than average ability, and with a strong motive to work hard. Whether, and to what extent, bursaries should be open to all, or confined to those on the foundation, will depend on various considerations, the character of the founder's will, the number of bursaries as compared with the number of candidates, &c. Care must be taken that they are not deprived of much of their stimulating power, by being made badges of poverty. Leaving the question of school bursaries to be settled according to circumstances, we have no doubt as to the expediency of making the bursaries tenable at the University open to all. After several years of school training under the same master, the poor and the well-to-do boys start on their University career on pretty equal terms, so nearly equal that it would do more harm than good to limit the competition to the former. The poor boy who cannot successfully face this competition, will probably find a more suitable sphere than an academical one for the exercise of his abilities.

The tendency of such an employment of endowments will doubtless be to injure schools that have been started by private enterprise. Some of them will go to the wall, just as many workmen were thrown out of employment by the invention of the spinning jenny, but we do not for that reason regard that invention as a permanent misfortune. Our pity is more required for those districts which have no endowments, and must continue either to struggle on under the too heavy burden, or forego the advantage of Secondary Education, if the State does not come to their aid with a general measure. It will, however, be only on inferior private schools that this aid from endowments will bear hard. The discontinuance of such

cannot be regretted, just as in the field of Primary Education we cannot, on public grounds, be sorry that private schools have, to a large extent, disappeared, and that their practical extermination is only a question of time. *De minimis non curat lex.* In all large centres Secondary Schools with high fees, and attended by a select social class, will, if well taught, hold their ground. The collapse of a few inferior ones cannot be allowed to have much weight in a question of such paramount importance as the organisation of middle class education.

To remark upon the anomalous position of Secondary Education, as compared with what is provided in Primary Schools on the lower, and in Universities on the upper side, is to catch up an echo that has been sounding in our ears for many a year, but, unfortunately, hitherto with little effect. That this should be so in a country which claims, and not without reason, to occupy a prominent place in the rank of educated nations, is a mystery difficult to explain, and would be a gross injustice did not those injured apparently acquiesce in it. The poor man with a Primary School usually within easy reach, and the rich man who can meet the expense of such schools as Eton and Harrow in England, or Fettes and Loretto in Scotland, have little cause of complaint; but the middle class, who, we are assured, contribute in proportion a larger amount than any other, in the shape of education rates and taxes, who cannot afford to send their children to such schools as we have mentioned, but who wish something more than can usually be had in a Board School, are left to shift for themselves in the best way they can. The payments they make in education rates benefit others, not themselves. There is surely no good reason why this should continue, no reason why the State should not approximately adapt its educational provisions to the varying circumstances of those who contribute educational funds. Not a very large portion, probably one-fifth of the rate, would meet the requirements. There is doubtless a limit which the State cannot overstep. It cannot be expected to provide from taxation such expensive luxuries as Eton and Fettes. We are willing to admit that there is a social class for whom these schools are, if not a necessary, at any rate a

very desirable luxury. That class is usually one to whom the expense is no hardship, and they must be left to bear it. We would not be thought to undervalue the influence of a great English Public School, as moulding the character and giving a healthy tone to the embryo statesmen who there learn their first lessons, not simply in Latin, Greek, and the other branches of a liberal education, but in manliness, self-reliance, obedience to rules, and British love of fair play. By all means let such schools continue, let all take advantage of them who can, but let the middle class man of moderate means feel that he can get at a reasonable rate, and of reasonable goodness, an education suitable to his social position. Schools similar to the French Lycées and German Gymnasien and Realschulen, are not luxuries to the middle class. We have therefore a right to expect the State to establish such schools. We thoroughly agree with Professor Huxley when he says that 'no system of public education is worthy the name of national, unless it creates a great educational ladder with one end in the gutter and the other in the University.' Our ladder is sound at top and bottom, but the middle steps are shamefully rickety. That the middle class man is worse off in this respect than either the classes above or below him, or than the middle class of any civilised country in the world, is unquestionable. How is this anomaly to be removed? No one can doubt that it ought to be removed. The middle class year by year is contributing more largely to our governing class, and is therefore an increasingly important factor in the well-being of the nation. It is surely desirable that it should have within its reach a liberal education of the best kind, that its ideas and sympathies should be enlarged in order that it may take a broad and generous grasp of all that concerns the nation's prosperity. It may be said, that though the number of middle class M.P.s is steadily on the increase, the governing class is still mainly aristocratic. If this is so, is it not due to the fact that the middle class are deficient in the liberal culture which would enable them to make their influence felt? To secure this culture, private enterprise and the principle of supply and demand have been proved to be totally inadequate. If it is

contended that Secondary Education, like most other things, may be left to the operation of supply and demand, we reply that the principle is sound, and generally applicable, when the demand concerns keenly felt physical wants. The vendor of butter, eggs, and sugar, requires no subsidy or external support. But it is entirely unsound when the demand concerns what educated public opinion recognises as a public good, but which indifference, imperfect knowledge, or false notions of liberty are content to dispense with. It is sound when the demand is large enough, even though the want be not a physical one. Any profession in which the demand for the commodity it supplies is insufficient must, if left to itself—that is to the operation of supply and demand—to some extent languish. Can it be doubted that this is the case with Secondary Education? What convincing testimony on this point is borne by our thinly scattered schools, by our badly trained pupils, by our miserably paid teachers. Does not the Act now coming into operation owe its very existence to our remissness on the subject? Is it not a triumphant proof of the inadequacy of the principle of supply and demand in this connexion? That it was not effectively operative even for Primary Education, is evident from the necessity for the Act of 1872. If proof were needed that greater encouragement to both pupils and teachers would produce better work, it is not far to seek. Nothing more than this encouragement is required to explain the pre-eminence of the Dick Bequest Counties, Aberdeen, Banff and Moray, in both respects. The teachers are stimulated by payments from the Bequest, the University students by an ample supply of bursaries. The parochial teachers of these three counties were formerly almost to a man, and to a large extent still are, graduates of good standing. The students enter the University well prepared to profit by University training. There is no reason for believing that there is inherent in the northern mind a greater demand for higher education than elsewhere. The rural character of the district, and the fewer openings into commercial life, may to some extent account for the prominence given to University studies,

but the explanation mainly is that an education of better quality, stimulated by rewards adapted to varying degrees of merit, and judiciously organised, is ready to hand, and therefore taken advantage of. Custom has no doubt increased the demand, and this is precisely the result which every educationist would welcome as the desirable and legitimate outcome of efficient organisation. No one can doubt that the same causes would produce the same results all over Scotland.

If the middle class, from the happy-go-lucky character of its education hitherto, has either lost sight of, or never realised the idea of what such an education should be, does legislation go beyond its province if it says we must remedy this; we cannot remain indifferent to what may result from the imperfect education and narrow views of the middle class; we must raise it to a higher educational platform, for its own and the country's good? This may, and probably will, involve a somewhat increased taxation and popular grumbling. But is this not the case with all reforms that require money? It will be said that the poor are taxed for the benefit of the middle class, while it is forgotten that at present the middle class are taxed for an education of which they cannot make a satisfactory use. But even if we admit that the complaint is not entirely groundless, we reply *salus reipublicæ prima lex*. And further, that it is not the middle class alone that will profit by a fully organised system of Secondary Education with bursaries open to free competition, enabling the clever sons of the poor to obtain an education at present beyond their reach. The lower class might fairly be asked to consider that they are venturing a small stake which may draw a large prize for any of their children who are fitted to win it. It would no doubt be open to a parent to say, that he had no clever children, and that he should not be asked to help those who have. To this the reply would be, that the State, in matters affecting its general welfare, has a right to demand a certain amount of personal sacrifice, that a man's having common-place children is one of the determining surroundings of his condition, in which he must acquiesce, just as a man with a large family recognises his inability to educate them all as expensively as his neighbour who has only one child. It is difficult to say which is the more surprising, that

the State, while recognising the necessity of a certain amount of education for the lower classes, should not have felt that an educated middle class was, on grounds of high policy, of at least equal importance, or that the middle class have not asked for some recognition of their claims. We should have expected the State to feel that, in a country like Great Britain where the middle class is, to a large extent, the recruiting ground of the governing class, it was of the utmost moment that the former should, by means of education, reach the social and intellectual level from which alone wise legislation can issue. We should have expected the State to feel that the middle class, in respect of both numbers and influence, was the backbone of the nation, and its culture a fair measure of the nation's strength. On the other hand, we should have expected the middle class to feel the necessity of their culture keeping pace with their material prosperity, and, having this feeling, to demand from the State that recognition in educational matters by which alone such culture can be reached.

That the State did not of itself interfere in the education of the middle class, may be accounted for by the governing class having been, till within comparatively recent times, almost entirely aristocratic, and not concerned to facilitate the elevation of the middle class to a position trenching on their own. It is therefore not surprising that matters were allowed to slide, and take whatever turn chance suggested.

Neither is it very difficult to account for the supineness of the middle class as to the improvement of their own culture. In the first place, the want of a higher intellectual tone was not felt. Material prosperity, the accumulation of wealth, the adding of field to field and ability to cope with the aristocratic class in outward display, bulked more largely in their lives than anything else. Many of them the architects of their own fortune, and poorly educated, had found that liberal education was not necessary to success in life. Even if they were dissatisfied with the education supplied to their children, they were without the means of remedying it from having no correct notion of the essentials of a liberal education. But another, and perhaps more powerful, hindrance was an objection to have their liberty

interfered with in the training of their children. It might be well enough for government to take the lower classes in hand, and battle with, and overcome prevailing ignorance as the best means of diminishing crime, and making law-abiding citizens. It was quite a different matter with respectable, nay monied people. What were they fit for, if not to take charge of their children's education. Their independence was too well secured to admit of their placing themselves under control in a matter which so nearly concerned the liberty of the subject. If they could not educate their children, so much the worse for them and the children. It was no business of the government.

They thus claimed in the name of liberty, to manage for themselves in a matter for which original training and acquired habits had made them singularly unfit to be guides or judges. There can be no doubt, that this dislike to State interference existed, and still exists, though it is gradually disappearing.

The conviction is from year to year getting stronger, that many things hitherto conducted by private enterprise, can be undertaken by the State with greater efficiency and economy. We begin to see more clearly the truth of Burke's remark, that 'government is a contrivance of human wisdom, to provide for human wants,' and that 'men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom.' It is dawning upon us that in other matters than police regulations, the State is, as Mr. Arnold puts it, ourselves in our collective and corporate capacity, that it is as members of a State co-operating for a common object, that we can most effectively help each other. We have permitted the interference of the State in the Post Office, Telegraphs, Lunatic Asylums, Reformatories, Poorhouses, &c., and have endorsed it with hearty approval. Our self-reliance as a nation has not been undermined by this. We have not become pauperised by getting the State to carry our letters and despatch our telegrams for us. The carriage of the one and transmission of the other are done infinitely better than we could do it in a non-corporate capacity. Is there reasonable ground for fear that, in the matter of Secondary Education, a subject not less important, and not more difficult, we should have less satisfactory success? Do the middle class fear that their

education would be managed by the State in a way contrary to their interests? At first, no doubt, as in the starting of most new projects, mistakes would be made. We might, though it is not likely, start with a counterpart of the hard and fast unmellowed revised code of Primary Education, but just as public opinion and larger experience has improved, and is still improving, our primary system, so would initial errors and misconceptions in the organising of a secondary system, be removed and remedied. An educated public opinion would have the matter in its own hands.

But we contend for the public establishment of middle class schools, not only on the ground of efficiency, but also on that of economy. Such establishment simply means the co-operative principle applied to education. We should become sharers in the profits pecuniary as well as educational. The experience of France and other continental nations that have tried it, proves this conclusively. In the Lycées of France and the Gymnasien and Realschulen of Germany, which approximately correspond to our secondary and technical schools, a more advanced education is supplied at a much cheaper rate, simply because the State, that is, ourselves, supply it to ourselves, under the favourable conditions of united action and complete organisation. The experience in the higher class primary schools of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large towns where the circumstances are similar, points clearly in the same direction. Many parents who ten years ago sent their children to high-feed badly taught schools of a private and select character, now send them to such of the Board Schools as aim at more than elementary work, where the instruction is much better and the expense much less, and the former class of schools are one by one disappearing. It is only by State management that this cheapness and goodness can be attained. The complete change of feeling on the part of both the public and teachers, with respect to Board Schools, is very instructive. Ten years ago when Lord Young's Act came into operation, the name 'Board School' almost stank in the nostrils of even the respectable working class. There was a mild flavour of pauperism about it which the independent Scot did not like. The School Board was thought to have a not very distant cousinship relation to

the Parochial Board. Teachers of private and sessional schools, both Free and Established, regarded themselves as occupying a higher platform. The Board Schools might be filled, they thought, with the gutter children of our large towns; the respectable working class would hold by the schools untainted by Board management. Few of the teachers of the then existing schools would have agreed to a transference to the new institutions. What do we find to-day in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large towns? The absorption by the Board Schools has been almost complete. Only a few of the old sessional schools, and of these only the best, remain, and there is perhaps not one of their teachers who is not at this moment most anxious to get an appointment to a Board School. To what is this remarkable change of attitude on the part of both parents and teachers due? Simply to a conviction based on experience that education is one of the things which, in our corporate capacity as members of the State, we can manage to better advantage than if we left it to private or ecclesiastical enterprise. In fact there are good grounds for thinking that the excellence of much of the instruction in the Primary Schools, trenching as it does on higher subjects, may have dulled the edge of a wish for fully organised Secondary Schools. Some maintain that this expansion of Primary Education is all we require, but this opinion must not be allowed to carry us too far. We should be sorry to see the higher work in Primary Schools diminished wherever it is done well. In many cases it is done poorly and from inferior motives. Children who have no capacity for higher work are often crammed with a superficial and useless smattering of Latin, mathematics, physiology, and magnetism, simply for the grant that may be earned. With this we have no sympathy; but in many schools in the main primary there are children, whose probable career in life does not need, and whose means do not afford, the advantage of higher culture who, under skilful teachers, receive instruction in these subjects, which gives them a healthy stimulus in the direction of a wider intellectual life.

At the same time we can conceive of no greater mistake than to suppose that the low condition of our secondary instruction can be sufficiently raised by tagging on specific subjects to the

end of an elementary course. The boy whose aim is a sound classical or technical education should have his training turned in those directions at a much earlier age, and in a much more systematic way than can be done at a primary school. We have already said that we need three sets of schools. For this we need money and organisation.

Where is the money to come from, and to what can we look for the requisite organisation? For both we must look to State interference and educational endowments. A district or group of districts may, under favourable conditions, succeed in covering a limited area, but that the best brain all over the country may be utilised no agency other than the State can successfully undertake the task. As we have already said, we should press into the service every shilling of educational endowments legally available. Where there are no endowments or where they are insufficient, the want should be supplied by the State by whatever form of taxation may be thought most suitable. This is a detail into which we cannot enter. It is sufficient for our purpose to maintain that the question ought to be regarded, as in reality it is, one of imperial moment.

Assuming that the necessity of this is recognised, and that the pecuniary difficulty is not insurmountable, the necessary and most effective machinery is the next important question. We have fortunately the experience of France, Germany, and other continental nations to guide us. We can adopt the essentials of the system which they have found to work well, and at the same time omit details less in harmony with our national character. We need not adopt the vexatious rigidity of some parts of their system in order to have the full benefit of a completely organised education. It is not desirable to interfere with the free swing and individuality of the secondary teacher to such an extent as we fear the Scotch code, good as it is, cramps the action of some primary teachers, especially of such as have a natural leaning towards wooden mechanical work. We would not limit school managers in their choice of books or subjects. We would not imitate the French in throwing difficulties in the way of setting up private schools. In secondary as in primary work we would admit to the benefits of the national system any private school

satisfying the conditions imposed on public schools, one of which should be regular inspection. Such private schools as did not attempt to satisfy the conditions might be left to their fate. We might confidently trust that, with an educated public opinion, schools supervised by the State, and open to examination by State officials, would in a short time sweep out of existence private schools that were doing bad work. If they were doing good work, there is no reason why they should not remain.

For carrying on with full success a national system such as we have sketched, we must have a central source of authority in the shape of a Minister of Education. In such an appointment politics should have no share. He should be chosen on the ground of interest in and fitness for the work. He should have associated with him other men of similar tastes and fitness for purposes of consultation; but to give precision to the system, and prevent waste of valuable time, the source of authority must be definite and responsible. He would have many important duties in which his colleagues, who must be experts in education, would be able to assist him. For aid and information on local matters, a local, district, or county board will be necessary. About the constitution of this board there may be different opinions. Without entering into details, we may say that it should cover a wider territorial area, and be of a higher intellectual type than the average rural board, few of which could grapple successfully with all or many of the questions that would be sure to crop up in connexion with advanced instruction. The resident sheriffs and others who had enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education, would do good service in the deliberations of a county board. It is essential that the Education Minister should feel that he was corresponding with a Board, some of whose members had received such an education as fitted them to deal with the subject under discussion. Among the duties that would fall to the Minister would be to organise the competition for admission to public foundations, to adapt to each other School and University instruction, to settle the extent to which School or University examination sufficed for admission to public appointments. It would lie with him to determine where—whether in counties or school districts—centres of secondary education should be established, to settle the extent and

kind of training requisite as qualifying for the duties of secondary teacher. It would be his duty to arrange a tariff of fees which, supplemented where necessary by rates, would meet the total expense. The fees might be taken charge of either by the State, or paid into the school fund, according as the settlement of the teachers' salaries was left to the Education Minister or to the Local Board. He would further have to settle for each district the number and amount of bursaries available for University or technical education, according to the character of the district; to lay down rules regulating the kind of inspection necessary. As grants would probably not take any other form than bursaries open to public competition, the inspection need not be so tedious and elaborate as in primary schools. All the purposes of a public examination, as determining the quality of instruction, and giving a stimulus to well-sustained effort, may be served by a less toilsome mode of inspection. To model all schools on precisely the same pattern, which would almost certainly be the case were we to import the method of primary inspection into secondary work, or to tie down the teacher to certain books or parts of books for the various years, would be ruinous to much that is most valuable in Secondary Education. The stimulus of University competition, and the experience of what has been found to secure success in it, coupled with judicious suggestions from the examiner, based on his observation of other schools maintaining a wholesome rivalry, would supersede the necessity of a hard and fast secondary code. The inspection given to secondary schools at present is extremely unsatisfactory. The examiners may be amateurs, and are appointed and paid by the school managers, an arrangement not the most likely to produce either efficient examination or independent reports. They may be, and often are, changed every year, and the evidence of progress or the reverse is consequently untrustworthy. The examiner who last year made some useful suggestions, may or may not have an opportunity this year of seeing whether, and how far, they have been carried out. The thriftlessness of this want of system is too obvious to require further comment.

It would further be the duty of the Education Minister, to

remedy a defect in Scotch secondary schools, which has been a fruitful source of weakness. He must determine the relation of the head-master to the other members of the staff. We can conceive of no more mistaken idea than one unfortunately prevalent in Scotland, that a large school can be successfully managed as a republic, the masters having co-ordinate or practically co-ordinate powers. In far too many cases, the only difference between the head-master and his subordinates is, that he is called head-master, and they subordinates, the names in both cases being misnomers. There are schools that have languished for years from this cause, and, directly the organisation was changed, the rector being invested with rectorial power, have developed a vitality and activity unknown before. Formerly, each master followed his own sweet will, selected his own authors, assigned to each branch of a classical training as much or as little time as he chose, with the inevitable result that the pupil, in passing from one master to another, found that his work, instead of being a well-graduated course, was a discontinuous collection of broken pieces.

But the appointment of a head-master responsible for all the arrangements of the school, is to be recommended on the ground of economy as well as efficiency. No school requires six or eight quasi-headmasters with corresponding salaries. Able young men, to whom salaries of little more than half the amount sometimes paid to masters of co-ordinate rank would be satisfactory remuneration, can be found as assistants. These, from the very nature of their appointment, having their spurs to win, and depending for promotion on their professional skill, and the approval of the head-master, would be much more efficient members of a school staff than the same number of independent masters. If a school is to produce its best fruits, the head-master, like the Education Minister, must be the central source of authority.

The question of University Education is naturally suggested by the discussion of Secondary Schools. It is difficult to predict what may be the result of the Executive Commission which may be now regarded as certain to be appointed. With such a secondary system as we have advocated, one of the burning

questions—that of an entrance examination admitting a lad to the position of a public student—would be solved, so far as pupils at secondary schools were concerned. An examination of the requisite pitch before the boy leaves school would determine his admission or rejection as a public student at the University. For other entrants an examination by independent examiners would be necessary, the question to be settled by such examination being, not whether they should be admitted or rejected, but whether they should be admitted as public or private students. To refuse admission to any one, however badly prepared, seems opposed to the very idea of a University. At the same time, to admit as a public student one who cannot profit by the instruction, to teach down to his level, to waste the time of the competent student by examining him orally in class work, and to allow his attendance to have any quotable academic value, is obviously an abuse. The professor ought to admit him, and at the same time inform him that it is only as a private student, that the teaching will not be lowered to suit his want of preparation, that he will not receive a certificate of attendance, that his academical position will be in no way forwarded, that, in short, he will get nothing but such benefit as he may derive from lectures, which will be largely unintelligible to him. With this explanation, probably few such would attend, the institution would be relieved of the dead weight of students lagging behind the rest, and the University could not be charged with shutting its doors against any searchers after knowledge.

Opinions are divided as to whether the improvement of Secondary Education should commence with the schools or with the University. Wherever commenced, the improvement must be a gradual one. With such a system as we have advocated, there seems no reason why they should not commence contemporaneously. In any case, the method we have proposed for dealing with the unprepared student, seems the only one consistent with fairness to the competent student, the interest of education, and the dignity of the University. Whatever may be done by the schools, the Universities will, by acting in this way, contribute very materially to the much wished for improvement.

We cannot dismiss the question of Educational Endowments,

without making reference to the want of higher class schools for girls, and well equipped Technical Schools. For the former the same machinery and the same principle of selection are required as for Secondary Schools for boys. We have not spoken of them separately, because they are an essential part of the general question of higher education. We are glad to observe that the majority of the schemes make provision for their establishment.

The feeling that Technical Education requires more attention than has been hitherto given to it, is growing, and is sure to grow. It is universally admitted that this attention is imperative, if we are to keep ahead, or even abreast, of our continental neighbours. It is even contended by many who ought to know, that we have already fallen behind in the race. In all large towns and in suitable centres in country districts such schools should be established, linked on by bursaries to the primary schools. Consideration of space forbids us to dwell on the subjects proper to be taught in technical and higher class girls' schools. Details of this kind may be safely left in the hands of the Education Minister and his council of experts. We have only aimed at showing that the anomalous condition of our middle class education demands a remedy, that the remedy is to be found only in money and organisation, that for money, boys and girls of promise whose parents have narrow means, must depend upon a judicious use of endowments, that for organisation we must, like all other civilised nations, look to the State and the superintendence of an Education Minister, and that the middle class make only a reasonable demand when they ask something in return for what they pay in education rates. We have endeavoured to show that while on grounds of the lower policy of preventing crime, and generally ameliorating the condition of the lower classes, the elements of education are *imperative* on all, on grounds of a higher policy of turning to account the best brain of the country for the country's good, higher education should be *accessible* to all who are fitted to profit by it. If we have succeeded in our attempt, and if we obtain by legislative enactment what we have asked for, we shall have an educational edifice with its base in the alphabet and its apex in the University, or in Mr. Forster's words—'a system of national education which will be in this imperfect world almost as good as

we can expect, by which every Scotchman will be able to do what so many Scotchmen have been able to do in former times, go into whatever sphere of life he thinks he can try with advantage to himself.' The immense impulse given to Primary Education, since it came under the more immediate management of the State, gives good ground for hope that the middle class will soon perceive that they have similar advantages to gain. It is but a short step farther for them to feel assured that they have only to ask it earnestly to obtain it. It will probably be matter of surprise to the next generation, that Scotland, for whose sons in the struggle for success her education has done so much, should have so long delayed availing herself of appliances, that would have enabled her to do with ease and efficiency, what has been hitherto done with difficulty and imperfection.

ART. II.—LORD MACAULAY.

Macaulay. By JOHN COTTER MORISON. London. 1882.

Lord Macaulay, Essayist and Historian. By the Hon. ALBERT S. G. CANNING. London. 1882.

IT would be interesting to know the number of books, reviews, essays, and articles which have appeared upon the subject of Lord Macaulay's merits and demerits since that great writer first began to send his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review.* It would seem as if the pleasure of writing about him were almost as great as that of reading him; and when the task is one of love, and is undertaken simply from sincere admiration and a desire to extend the knowledge of an author whom the writer fondly worships, no great fault need be found with the practice, which may do good, and cannot do much harm; but, when the writer thinks proper to mix up a great amount of unjust and very foolish criticism with a minimum of faint praise, the case is different, and the reader is entitled to ask that the reputation of a brilliant man of letters, now established on a firm basis, shall not be wantonly assailed

and that the writer shall show both that he is worthy of the great task he has undertaken, and that he has solid grounds for the hostile comments he makes.

These remarks apply especially to the second of the two works which stand at the head of this article. Mr. Cotter Morison is undoubtedly an able critic, and has probably persuaded himself that he has good grounds for his adverse comments, but what induced Mr. Canning to rush into print on the subject of Macaulay passes comprehension. The book is a sort of faint outline of the chief points of the *Essays* and *History*, and, we should think, must rather resemble the attempt of Miss Braddon to condense Sir Walter Scott, though we confess we have never perused that recent achievement in literary mutilation. If Mr. Canning had contented himself with giving a short sketch of the plan of the *History* and *Essays*, it would at least have been a harmless amusement, and would not necessarily have repelled any one from reading them; but the temptation to criticise is too much for him, and the value of his remarks in this line may be judged from one instance. It occurs to him as a sudden inspiration that Macaulay notices very shortly the fact of Cromwell's cruelties in Ireland, and narrates at length the persecutions of the Covenanters by Claverhouse in Scotland. This, he considers, shows partiality to Cromwell and injustice to James under whose authority Dundee was acting; and he is so proud of the discovery, that the remark is repeated almost word for word in three distinct places.* As so much prominence is given to the observation, we almost think the revelation of this awful piece of partiality must have been the object of the book. If so, we can only regret that Mr. Canning before commencing his work did not read the title-page of Macaulay's *History*, when he would have seen it described as 'From the Accession of James II.,' and it would perhaps have then dawned upon him that the chapter in which Cromwell's cruelties in Ireland are mentioned is merely an introductory and rapid sketch meant to gradually launch the reader into the full tide of the narrative at the ac-

* Pages 146, 239, and 270.

cession of James, and that, as the persecutions of the Covenanters by Claverhouse occurred after that date, they are naturally and properly given by the historian in full detail, and with all his vivid powers of picturesque description; whereas the treatment of the Irish by Cromwell, being not properly a part of the history is not much more than mentioned.

Mr. Cotter Morison's book is a much more ambitious effort of criticism, and is in many respects an able work; but it exhibits such a remarkable hostility against its subject, that one fails to see the object for which it was written. We had thought that the object of the 'English Men of Letters' series was to give a short sketch of the life, character, and work of standard authors; to review their writings in a friendly spirit, dwelling on their merits rather than their shortcomings; and so to diffuse a wider knowledge of their works, and prompt more readers to study them for themselves. But if 'Men of Letters' are to be treated in the same fashion as Macaulay, the series is likely to do much more harm than good. Is it desirable to take a great author as widely read, enjoyed, and admired by all classes of readers as Macaulay, and to endeavour to prove to his devotees that their idol is made of sawdust, and that they are, like the admirers of Mr. Robert Montgomery in Macaulay's fable, mistaking an 'unclean beast' for a 'fine sheep?' This merit of being widely read, however,—which we venture to think a very great one,—Mr. Morison utterly despises. Nothing appears to irritate him so much as Macaulay's aspiration that his history should 'supersede for a few days the latest fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' 'This, then, was Macaulay's Pole Star,' remarks Mr. Cotter Morrison, in sarcastic indignation, 'young ladies for readers, laying down the novel of the season to take up his *History of England*' (p. 162). The same lofty contempt for the pleasure and edification of the multitude occurs (p. 126) in speaking of the *Lays*, where he maintains that Macaulay would have been better employed in writing 'a scholarlike essay on early Roman history.' 'But this,' continues Mr. Morison, 'would have been to write for a few score readers in the English and German universities: his biographer would not have been able to inform us of anything so impos-

ing as this—"Eighteen thousand of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* were sold in ten years, forty thousand in twenty years, and by June, 1875, upwards of a hundred thousand copies had passed into the hands of readers."' In spite of Mr. Morison's contemptuous disdain, we submit that one of the chief objects of a book is to be read, and that it is considerably better to benefit and instruct a hundred thousand students than a few score. No one, in truth, would have been more impatient of such selfish pedantry as this, than the great Whig leader himself, and the fact that he is as popular as any of the greatest writers of fiction, and has succeeded to an extent unknown before in the difficult task of combining 'instruction with amusement,' seems to us one of his greatest claims to the favourable consideration even of 'scholars of universities.' It is probable that no other writer ever succeeded in attracting such a wide class of readers, extending from the man who never opens a novel to the man who never opens anything else; and, assuming that his books contain matter worth reading—which even Mr. Morison will hardly deny—this is no small merit.

Mr. Morison, however, thoroughly despises any such humanitarian considerations as the above, and even Macaulay's virtues seem to irritate him. Thus, we are told (p. 54) that—

'He almost wholly lacked the stronger passions. . . . He walked in the honourable path he had chosen with a certainty as unerring as if Minerva had been present at his side. . . . He was never in love. Ambition never got possession of his mind. We cannot imagine him doing anything wrong or even indecorous: an elopement, a duel, an *esclandre* of any kind cannot be associated even in imagination with his name. He is not to be blamed, but very much envied, for such a constitution of mind. But this is not the stuff of which great writers who stir men's hearts are made. He makes us esteem him so much that we can do little more: he cannot provoke our love, pity, or passionate sympathy. There is no romance, pathos, or ideality in his life or his writings. We never leave him conscious that we have been raised into a higher tone of feeling, chastened and subdued into humility, courage, and sacrifice. He never makes us feel "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." How should he? His own view of life was essentially flat and prosaic. Not an aspiration for the future: no noble unrest and discontent with the present; no sympathetic tenderness for the past.'

Now, this is a fair specimen of the sort of contemptuous criticism which Mr. Cotter Morison thinks proper to indulge in repeatedly throughout his book against that great 'English Man of Letters' whom he has been kind enough to undertake to describe to the English public. 'E'en his *virtues* leaned to *vice's* side' seems to be Mr. Morison's opinion. He is indignant because he cannot imagine the historian eloping, or fighting a duel, and because he never wandered from the honourable path he had chosen. 'This is not the stuff of which great writers are made,' forsooth! We were not aware that an elopement, or a duel, or dishonourable conduct was a necessary qualification for being a great writer. If they are, many a distinguished modern author, such as, say, Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Ruskin, must be a great delusion. But presumably this is because they have 'no noble unrest,' or because their 'views of life are essentially flat and prosaic.' Really, if Mr. Morison has no better fault to find with Macaulay than this, he should give up the attempt. We presume, however, that he means to refer as much to defects in his writings as in his character; and this accusation of shallowness of thought, of 'not raising us into a higher tone of feeling,' of not 'making us feel what shadows we are,' &c., &c., occurs again and again throughout the book, and seems to us to be as absurd as it is irrelevant. Macaulay, with the exception of one or two minor essays, invariably wrote history, and never pretended to do anything more. His conception of history was not a philosophical treatise upon all things human and divine, which Mr. Morison seems to think it should have been, but simply an accurate narrative and graphic picture of the deeds of former times. In putting this idea into execution, he has succeeded as well, if not better, than any human being ever did before, and to blame him for not 'having made us feel what shadows we are,' for not having 'chastened and subdued us into humility and sacrifice,' for not being a writer 'whom we seek when our light is low,' &c., &c., is just about as absurd as it would be to disparage Professor Tyndall for not writing poetry, or Mr. Tennyson for throwing no new light upon natural science. Macaulay was a historian pure and simple, and never aspired

to write either philosophy or poetry (for the *Lays* do not pretend to be more than excellent ballads). 'Out of his millions of readers there has scarcely come one genuine disciple,' says Mr. Morison (p. 58). We can hardly imagine any form of literature less capable of producing 'disciples' than history. The poet, the philosopher, even the novelist, may impart new thoughts which alter for ever the current of our mind; but a historian who filled his pages with attempts to 'make us feel what shadows we are,' or to 'chasten us into humility,' &c., &c., would be both an intolerable nuisance and a complete failure. Even the greatest names in history, such as, Gibbon, Tacitus, Thucydides, cannot in any sense be said to have left disciples, or to have formed a school of thought. The same objection comes farther on (p. 163). 'It is not easy to retain any definite impression of what the book has *taught* us.' It is sufficient to reply that the book does not profess to *teach* anything, but that it conveys an 'impression' of past events which for 'definiteness' and vividness has never been surpassed.

But the climax of Mr. Morison's abuse is reached (at p. 59) when he permits himself to use the following language regarding Lord Macaulay:—'Eschewing high thought on the one hand, and deep feeling on the other, he marched down a middle road of resonant commonplace, quite certain that where

> "Bang, whang, whang goes the drum,
> And tootle-tee-tootle the fife,"

the densest crowd marching in time will follow the music.'

Destitute of high thought and deep feeling, resonant with common-place, and worst of all, deliberately adopting these faults for the time-serving purpose of cringing to the densest crowd,—such, according to Mr. Morison are Macaulay's leading characteristics. After this we need not be surprised to find that though blamed in a passage quoted above for being ap-

parently too virtuous, he is depreciated elsewhere * for being 'utterly unable to comprehend piety of mind,' or that we are informed that 'the attempt of his parents to impart vital religion signally failed.' What a curious specimen of humanity he must have been!—'utterly' devoid of piety of mind, and 'signally' deficient in vital religion, yet too virtuous to be 'of the stuff of which great writers are made.'

The same spirit of carping criticism runs throughout the book. Thus (at p. 98,) because Macaulay has accused Boswell of sycophancy—not surely a very startling or original accusation—Mr. Morison must needs have recourse to a miserable *Tu quoque*, and remark that Macaulay himself paid court to Lady Holland,—an assertion which is quite untrue and, as that kind of argument generally is, entirely irrelevant. Nay, he cannot even sail to Ireland, to visit the scenes of his *History*, and amuse himself by repeating *Paradise Lost* as he sits on the deck of the steamer—a most profitable and praise-worthy occupation one would have thought—without being severely taken to task by Mr. Morison, and told that he ought to have been able to think of nothing but the Battle of the Boyne, the history of which he was about to write, and that such conduct showed 'a want of moral thought and earnestness,' and 'a defect of deep sensibility!' On the other hand it is only fair to state that Mr. Morison does occasionally dole out a little praise to his 'English Man of Letters,' and that he considers his moral qualities especially, deserving of commendation, deeming him to be 'honest, unselfish, amiable,' and even '*sweet*' in disposition. Whether the possession of such qualities has anything to do with his claim to be considered an 'English Man of Letters' at all, and whether such commendation has not a strong flavour of 'damning with faint praise,' are questions which we leave for Mr. Morison's consideration. His remarks seem to us to be conceived in such a manifestly unfair and hostile spirit, that his praise affects us as little as his blame. We gladly turn from him, to a short consideration of the subject of his criticism.

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* Pages 7, 62.

It is only within the last few years that the full materials for a judgment on Lord Macaulay's life have been laid before the public; and now when a calm review of it is made, no impartial critic can deny that his talents were brilliant, that his public life was in the highest degree honourable and straightforward, and that as an orator, a jurist, and a politician, he acquired a reputation which has been eclipsed only by his success as a historian and essayist. It is therefore by his *History* chiefly that his renown as a 'man of letters,' will ultimately stand or fall, and we venture to assert that after the enthusiastic eulogy with which its appearance was greeted, and the inevitable re-action which followed, it has now recovered its equilibrium on a basis from which it will never be overthrown. In examining this great work, at the present time, we have only recently had the advantage of considering the author's biography along with it, and from his diary and letters we get a new insight into the labour and trouble expended on that task, which he called 'the business and pleasure of his life.'

Looking at history in its simplest aspect the principal qualities required to make a good historian would seem to be chiefly three—unwearying diligence and accuracy in searching for the materials of his narrative; an impartial judgment in treating of those materials; and ability to clothe his story in language the finest and most effective. As regards the last, adverse criticism seems absurd. The brilliancy of his style, the picturesque force imparted by his antithesis and occasional epigram, the beauty and purity of his diction are generally admitted, and form undoubtedly his greatest attraction. But his biography has thrown considerable light upon his accuracy and diligence in collecting his information, and as this is a point in which he has been unfavourably criticised, it is desirable to take advantage of the information supplied by Mr. Trevelyan. In speaking of Macaulay's industry and toil, he tells us that Thackeray remarked long ago, 'He reads 20 books to write a sentence: he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.' This is now proved to be literally true. On

the 8th of February 1849, he writes in his diary* after the publication of the first two volumes, 'I must get by reading and travelling a full acquaintance with William's reign: I reckon this will take me eighteen months. I must visit Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland and France. The Dutch and French archives must be ransacked. I must see Londonderry, the Boyne, Aghrim, Limerick, Kinsale, Namur, Landend, Steinkirk. I must explore Lambeth, the Bodleian and other Oxford libraries, the Devonshire Papers, and the British Museum, and make notes. When the materials are ready and the history mapped out in my mind, I ought to write *two* of my pages daily. In two years, I shall have finished my second part. Then I reckon a year for polishing, retouching, and printing.' 'This programme,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'was faithfully carried out. He saw Glencoe in rain and sunshine. He paid a second visit to Killiecrankie for the special purpose of walking up the old road which skirts the Garry in order to verify the received accounts of the time spent by the Lowland army in mounting the pass.' The notes made during his fortnight's tour through the scenes of the Irish war were equal in bulk to an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and he passed two days in Londonderry, penetrating into every corner where there still lurked a vestige of the past, and calling upon every inhabitant who was acquainted with any tradition worth hearing. It is interesting to notice how his accurate notes of what he saw are extended and enlarged in the beautiful narrative of the history. For instance,—after visiting the scene of the Battle of the Boyne, the following entry appears in his notebook—'The country looked like a flourishing part of England. Cornfields, gardens, woods, succeeded each other just as in Kent and Warwickshire.' This hasty note of his personal observations is transformed into the following graceful description in the history. 'Beneath lay a valley now so rich and so cheerful that an Englishman who gazes on it may imagine himself to be in one of the most highly-favoured parts of his

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* The quotations and facts regarding Macaulay's life are all from Mr. Trevelyan's *Life and Letters*.

own highly-favoured country. Fields of wheat, woodlands, meadows bright with daisies and clover, slope gently down to the edge of the Boyne. In the 17th century the aspect was very different,' &c.

As an example of his unremitting toil, observe the amount of time expended on the subject of the Massacre of Glencoe. Its narrative occupies only thirty octavo pages, yet his journal shows that he spent nineteen working days of about ten hours each in reading up the manuscripts relating to the subject, and in composing those few pages which describe so graphically the horrors of that tragedy; and this, be it remembered, in addition to two visits paid to the actual spot. Altogether, seven years were spent in preparing for and composing the first two volumes, and exactly the same period on the third and fourth. So much for his diligence in collecting his materials, and his accuracy in verifying them by personal inspection of the places.

It is, however, more with regard to the second quality which we have designated as necessary to form a perfect historian—namely, impartial judgment—that Macaulay's critics have assailed him. Mr. Morison, for instance, accuses him of allowing his 'prejudice' to lead him into serious inaccuracies in his treatment of Marlborough, Penn, and Dundee. In what respect the latter is unfairly dealt with, Mr. Morison does not condescend to explain, and we should have thought that Macaulay's sketch of that great but cruel leader was a singularly just one. He delineates his cruelty and his commanding qualities and military genius with equal force and truth, and altogether presents very much the same picture as such a strong supporter of Crown and Church as Sir Walter Scott does in *Old Mortality*. To prove that Macaulay has been unjust to Marlborough and Penn, Mr. Morison enters on no details, but seems to think he has settled the question by referring his readers to Mr. Paget. On the whole, we prefer the authority of Macaulay, especially considering how conclusively he has proved his case regarding Penn and the Maids of Taunton in his notes to his second edition. As to Marlborough, we may point out that such an able and impartial writer as

Mr. Green takes quite as unfavourable a view of Marlborough's character, and accuses him of 'going far beyond his fellow-traitors in baseness by revealing to James, and through him to France, the war-projects of the English Cabinet.'* He also agrees with Macaulay that the great general at one time meditated a double treachery—that, namely, of playing false both to William and James, in order to establish Anne upon the throne—surely as deep a piece of villany as was ever conceived by human breast. And on what an extraordinary trio is Macaulay accused of having betrayed his injustice—a Whig general, a Tory general, and a Nonconformist Tory! At all events, he showed no party spirit in distributing his partiality.

There is indeed one substantial reason why Macaulay should have aroused suspicions of partiality, and it is one which probably caused his critics to look out for faults with an anxiety and eagerness to find them which is happily not to be met with in the case of other historians. For many years he had been a vigorous politician; he had held some of the highest posts of Government; on more than one occasion his eloquence was considered to have decided the issue of an important debate; and all these services had been rendered to the Whig party. It was but natural that one who had taken such a leading part on one side, should be considered incapable of looking upon those who would probably have been his opponents in former times, with the calm impartiality of a student of history who has never descended into the arena of party warfare. Was it to be expected that a man who would probably have been a Roundhead in the time of Charles, and a Revolutionist in the time of James, and who in Parliament had invariably fought upon the side of the successors of these great parties—was it possible, his critics might ask, that he could relate the deeds of cavaliers and Tories with the rigid impartiality necessary to a historian? Yet it seems to us, in spite of this very plausible reasoning, that the very fact of his being known as a strong Whig politician caused him to treat the opposite party in the State with a more careful justice and a more resolute impar-

* *History of the English People,* first edition, p. 690.

tiality than he would otherwise have done. He was, as it were, put upon his honour to show that he could be fair, and he knew perfectly well to what suspicion as a historian his public life would expose him. Even Mr. Morison admits his justice to the opposite party, and accuses him of no political partiality; but he takes care to make up for this concession by saying that his anxiety to make history like a novel caused him to paint his characters in exaggerated colours. 'No well-constructed play or novel,' he remarks, in his usual vein of patronising superiority, 'can dispense with a villain whose vices throw up in brighter relief the virtues of the hero and heroine,'* and therefore he considers that, though Macaulay did not misrepresent the characters of his period from political prejudice, he exaggerated their virtues or their vices from his desire to make a good story. The latter would certainly be a more despicable and paltry proceeding than the former; but even his own opinion of what constitutes a good novel would have kept him from such a fault. 'It is only in bad novels,' he remarks in one of his essays, 'that men are either demons or angels.'

It would not be very difficult to show that he deals out blame on the whole very evenly amongst the different characters and parties who rise up before him in his history. Take, for instance, his remarks upon the Scottish Covenanters. Dundee is one of those characters whom Mr. Morison no doubt considers he has turned into a villain of too deep a dye for the purposes of his 'novel,' yet the following admirable little picture is as true as it is graphic. It occurs in the 13th chapter:—

'The Covenanters of the West were assuredly not wanting in courage, and they hated Dundee with deadly hatred. In their part of the country the memory of his cruelty was still fresh. Every village had its own tale of blood. The grey-headed father was missed in one dwelling, the hopeful stripling in another. It was remembered but too well how the dragoons had stalked into the peasant's cottage, damning him, themselves, and each other at every second word, pushing from the ingle-nook his grandmother of eighty, and thrusting their hands into the bosom of his daughter of sixteen; how the abjuration had been tendered to him; how he had folded

* Page 159.

his arms and said, "God's will be done;" how the colonel had called for a file with loaded muskets; and how in three minutes the goodman of the house had been lying in a pool of blood at his own door. The seat of the martyr was still vacant at his fireside; and every child could point out his grave still green amidst the heath.'

Now, that events of this nature were of no uncommon occurrence is a simple fact, and it is probably only because the historian has told the story in his own exquisite language that the 'novel' theory is invented to disparage it. It is contrary to all precedent that dry facts should be made so attractive and so vivid, and the scholastic pedant is so taken aback that he cannot get over the suspicion that there must be something wrong.

On the other hand, Macaulay does not hesitate to point out with equal vigour the fanatical folly of the more extreme and bigoted Covenanters, who regarded religious toleration as a Laodicean snare of the devil, who would have retaliated by treating Episcopacy with even greater severity, who desired 'no halting between Jehovah and Baal,' and who would have cut off every unbeliever even as Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord.

If indeed James the Second is to be considered as representing the Tory party, and William of Orange the Whig, Lord Macaulay cannot be said to distribute praise or blame at all equally between them; but such a supposition would be unjust to the Tory party, many of whom were as anxious as the Whigs to see William seated on the throne. That Macaulay somewhat overrated his hero, and ascribed some virtues to him which he hardly possessed, may be admitted; but the truth is, without going into historical authorities at all, the mere facts of the case speak volumes for the ability, genius, and diplomacy of William. That he should have been able to land in England with no support but that of a small foreign army; that he should have succeeded in making his way to the capital without striking a blow, except a trifling skirmish; that he should have been requested by all the leading men of the day to assume the government; that he should then have been asked by a free Parliament, of its own free will, to accept the crown,

and that he should have been able to keep it in safety till the day of his death; that, on the other hand, James, the monarch in that possession, which is nine parts of the law, should have been constrained to fly without venturing a blow in his own defence; that even in Ireland, supported by French assistance and by all the Irish Catholics, he should have been as unable to hold his own against his great adversary in the field of battle as in the field of diplomacy; and that, though strenuously supported by the most powerful of French kings, he should have failed ever to catch William off his guard, and effect a landing in England—these facts surely are the clearest proofs of the stupidity and tyranny of James, and of the wisdom and magnanimity of William. Indeed, it seems almost impossible to go too far in delineating the folly and cruelty of James, when we consider what the course of events had been. At the Restoration, one would have thought the throne of the Stuarts was securely established for ever. The country was disgusted with the excesses of the Cromwellites, and found that it had only exchanged the tyranny of Charles I. to come under the despotism of the 'Rump' and the iron rule of the Protector. Then came the Restoration, and the whole country was in a paroxysm of loyalty. Charles II. was restored to the throne of his fathers with the most effusive demonstrations of joy, and probably with the sincere approbation of an enormous majority of his subjects. Yet James only succeeded in keeping his throne for three short years. What must not have been the misgovernment which produced such a mighty revulsion of feeling?

William, on the other hand, had everything except his own abilities against him. He was essentially a foreigner, and his heart was in Holland, rather than in England; his manners were dry and ungracious, and he took little pains to conceal his dislike to the land of his adoption; while he had a habit of cynically ignoring the faults of traitors, which was no doubt politic, but which alienated and offended some of his best supporters. One blot indeed there is—and a serious one—on the reputation for justice and humanity acquired by William in his government of this country, and that is the Massacre of Glencoe. It

is true it is the only one we have to put against the innumerable cruelties of James; against the torturing, shooting, drowning of Scottish Covenanters; against the countless hangings, burnings, and transportations of Jeffreys in his bloody circuit; against such a hideous perversion of justice as sentencing a man to flogging once a fortnight for seven years; against the burning of Elizabeth Gaunt and the execution of Alice Lisle for sheltering a hunted rebel; against the wanton persecution of the seven Bishops, and the ejectment of the Fellows of Magdalen College for refusing to elect a Papist. Yet the Massacre of Glencoe, though a solitary instance, is a sufficiently grave one. How does Macaulay deal with it? He proves that an order was undoubtedly signed by William for the pacification of the Highlands, in which it was stated with reference to the Macdonalds of Glencoe that it would be expedient 'to extirpate that set of thieves.' He points out that William probably did not read it, and that even if he did, the order certainly did not imply such an outrage on humanity as the Master of Stair construed it to mean. On him the responsibility rested, and to him William should have meted out condign punishment. The following extract from Macaulay will show that he does not spare his favourite in the matter:—

'Nor is it possible to acquit the King of a great breach of duty. To visit the guilt of the Master of Stair with exemplary punishment was the sacred duty of a sovereign who had sworn, with his hand lifted up to heaven, that he would "in his kingdom of Scotland repress in all estates and degrees all oppression, and would do justice without acceptance of persons, as he hoped for mercy from the Father of all Mercies." William contented himself with dismissing the Master from office. For this fault—a fault amounting to a crime—Burnet tries to frame a defence, but it must ever remain a blemish on the fame of William.'

Such is the emphatic condemnation awarded by Macaulay to his hero. Indeed, it may be doubted if he is not too severe. Great allowance must be made for the difficulties of a ruler at a time when public virtue was at the lowest point, when nearly all the statesmen who surrounded and apparently supported William, took care to make themselves safe in any event, by carrying on a treacherous correspondence with St. Germains, and when it was almost impossible to find upright men of suf-

ficient capability to undertake the guidance of public affairs. It was probably the knowledge that in the government of Scotland Stair had been of the utmost service to him, by his advice and counsel, that induced William to refuse to do more than dismiss him from office.

The truth is, the excellence of Macaulay's history has been the cause of its meeting with an amount of criticism not bestowed upon a less illustrious production. The same 'fierce light which beats upon a throne' strikes also upon the highest works of literary art. Many a volume not a hundredth part as admirable has excited much less hostile comment, for it has rapidly sunk into a suitable obscurity. Take even standard histories of such high merit as Mr. Hallam's or Dr. Hill Burton's. No one, to be sure, has accused them of partiality, but how many people have read them? Mr. Morison, of course, considers this a matter of no moment; but, in these days of universal education and untiring philanthropy, few people will agree with him. For one reader of either Hallam or Burton, a hundred will be found who know Macaulay. Carlyle * and Froude probably rank next to Macaulay in popularity, but neither of them is gifted with much impartiality. Both are largely endowed with what Mr. Carlyle openly defends as hero-worship, and the result is that under his treatment a cruel tyrant like Frederick becomes an admirable sovereign, while under Mr. Froude we are almost brought to regard Henry the Eighth as a model husband, who had the misfortune to have six wives. Yet even so, it is surely better to have histories which are read, and which will attract readers so long as the English language lasts, rather than to have strictly impartial productions which are as a sealed book to the majority of mankind, and as little cared for as the dusty manuscripts from which their information is derived. If a slight element of exaggeration is unavoidable in painting a graphic picture and in expressing dry facts in vivid narrative, let us rather put up with this disadvantage for the sake of the lasting effect of the picture produced. It is

* We of course refer here only to the historical writings of Mr. Carlyle.

positively melancholy to observe in Dr. Hill Burton's pages the labour he has expended in obtaining accurate information, the severe impartiality with which he treats the matter thus obtained, and then to find his labour almost wasted as far as the general reading public are concerned, by the bald, heavy language, by the confused sentences, and by the dry, uninteresting narrative in which the results of his investigations are expressed. It is truly better that histories such as Macaulay's and Froude's should be eagerly devoured by innumerable readers, even supposing a slight amount of exaggeration be admitted, rather than that they should pass their lives in profound ignorance of the whole subject. Such a fault, if it exists, is more than counter-balanced by the vividness of the impression conveyed. In the pages of *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth*, it is probable that Sir Walter Scott has given to thousands of readers a more vivid and accurate conception of the manners and customs of England in the time of John, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Elizabeth, than any of the historians. The events narrated in these brilliant novels will revive again and again in the memory of his readers, long after the story of the strictly impartial historian has been forgotten. The same may be said of Macaulay. Who that has read them will forget his word-pictures of Argyll in his last sleep, of Monmouth's half-beheaded body rising up in judgment on his executioner, of Jeffreys storming and sneering at the victims he was mocking with the farce of a judicial trial, of the same unjust judge dragged three years later to the Tower amidst the execrations of the mob howling for his blood, of William swimming the Boyne at the head of his troops, of James and his queen flying from their kingdom at dead of night as if for their lives?

And, after all, what is the result of his exaggeration? We venture to assert that it never misled anybody. It is so obvious, that it can do no harm; and, when it is used, it is always merely to vivify the picture of outward circumstance, never to distort or unfairly represent character. For example, a very good type of his harmless exaggeration is when he says that at the Restoration not a single dry eye was to be found amongst the huge multitude who welcomed Charles the Second

at Dover, or that in the year 1688 'a Highland gentleman of Skye or Lochaber, whose clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years, and whose hovel smelt worse than an English hog-stye, would often do the honours of that hovel with a lofty courtesy worthy of the splendid circle of Versailles.' That out of an enormous crowd there was not a single dry eye, and that a Highland chief's clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years, are of course exaggerated statements. But who would be so dense as to take them as a literal statement of fact, or would conceive it to mean more than that there was great joy in England at the Restoration, and that Highlanders in 1688 combined hospitable and courteous manners with very dirty habits? To call this inaccuracy is as absurd as to accuse a man of telling a lie because he writes that he has pleasure in accepting an invitation which in reality he considers a bore.

Indeed, if Macaulay's writings were to be reduced to the narration of dry fact, with no room for ornament or colouring, his chief attraction would be gone; for, great as are his merits in the diligent accuracy and impartial judgment necessary to the historian, it is in his style more than in anything that he stands pre-eminent. His power of arranging his narrative, what Mr. Morison calls 'the great art of *mise-en-scène*,' is simply perfect; while his language is always beautiful, and his meaning always distinct. Unlike Mr. Carlyle, he particularly wished to be clearly understood, and Mr. Trevelyan tells us that he was much obliged when a printer pointed out to him that one sentence in his history was not quite obvious in its meaning. His powers of word-painting, whether of natural scenery or of fields of battle, whether of the manners and customs of England in 1685, or of the origin of the national debt, and, most of all, his sketches of character and of thrilling incident, are without a rival—nay, without even a competitor. Take, for one example, his description of the Highlands in 1689, in the fourth volume of the *History.* An ordinary writer might possibly introduce his narration of the insurrection, which then occurred in that part of Scotland, by simply remarking that the manners and customs of the inhabitants were very different

from what one would imagine from their appearance now. How does Macaulay expand this thought?

'It is not easy for a modern Englishman who can pass in a day from his club in St. James's Street to his shooting-box among the Grampians to believe that in the time of his great-grandfathers St. James's Street had as little connection with the Grampians as with the Andes. Yet so it was. The crags and the glens, the woods and the waters, were indeed the same that now swarm every autumn with admiring gazers and sketchers. The Trossachs wound as now between gigantic walls of rock, tapestried with broom and wild roses; Foyers came headlong down through the birchwood with the same leap and the same roar with which he still rushes to Loch Ness; and, in defiance of the sun of June, the snowy scalp of Ben Cruachan rose as it still rises o'er the willowy islets of Loch Awe. Yet none of these sights had power till a recent period to attract a single poet or painter from more opulent and more tranquil regions. Indeed, law and police, trade and industry, have done far more than people of romantic disposition will readily admit to develope in our minds a sense of the wilder beauties of nature. A traveller must be freed from all apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outlines and rich tints of the hills. He is not likely to be thrown into ecstacies by the abruptness of a precipice from which he is in imminent danger of falling two thousand feet perpendicular; by the boiling waves of a torrent which suddenly whirls away his baggage, and forces him to run for his life; by the gloomy grandeur of a pass where he finds a corpse which marauders have just stripped and mangled; or by the screams of those eagles whose next meal may probably be his own eyes.'

In an entirely different style, is his touching and dramatic picture of the Wigton martyrs:—

'On the same day, two women, Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter a maiden of eighteen, suffered death for their religion in Wigtonshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the Covenant, and to attend the Episcopal worship. They refused, and they were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and were fastened to stakes fixed in the sand between high and low water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission. The sight was dreadful. But the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice. After she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was by a cruel mercy unbound, and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neighbours

implored her to yield. "Dear Margaret, only say, God save the King." The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, "The Lord save him, if it be the Lord's will." Her friends crowded round the presiding officer. "She has said it; indeed, Sir, she has said it." "Will she take the abjuration?" he demanded. "Never," she exclaimed, "I am Christ's; let me go." And the waters closed over her for the last time.'

The facts are Wodrow's; the language is chiefly Macaulay's, and never was story told with more dramatic pathos. Dr. Hill Burton, it may be remarked, admits the truth of the deaths, but is doubtful of the reputed conversation. But really, if the martyrdom be a fact, the truth or otherwise of the conversation is of very little consequence, and there is no reason to doubt the current tradition when it seems extremely probable.

Other equally fascinating examples of Macaulay's style we would have liked to give, and we had intended briefly to notice both his *Essays* and his illustrious political career, but space forbids. His honourable and distinguished life, however, is so recent and so fresh in our memory as to require little description, while his *Essays* are probably the most widely known and the most popular of all his writings. The story of his life reveals no incident which requires palliation or excuse. It was one continuous advance by the difficult path of earnest toil and lofty integrity almost to the highest point of earthly distinction and renown. As to his writings, both *History*, *Essays*, and *Lays*, they may safely be left to take care of themselves. Let critics do their worst. They will never destroy the influence which Lord Macaulay's writings will always exercise over a multitude of delighted readers. He may be sneered at as shallow by lofty philosophers, and carped at as inaccurate by literal pedants, but he will ever continue to delight and instruct an enormous majority of the English speaking race, showing them that information is not necessarily disagreeable, and that truth is not only stranger but more attractive than fiction. He will continue to afford them intellectual enjoyment not above their capacity, and they will ever hold in grateful remembrance one who has given them so much benefit and so much happiness, and who has not despised the wants and wishes of the many. To have attained this object—to have in any measure achieved

the greatest good of the greatest number—would probably have been his dearest wish, and will ever constitute the noblest claim to the gratitude and affection of posterity.

ART. III.—EARLY SCOTTISH BURGHS.

1. *Ancient Laws and Customs of the Burghs of Scotland*, A.D., 1124—1424. Edinburgh, 1868.
2. *Charters and Other Documents Relating to the City of Edinburgh*, A.D. 1143—1540. Edinburgh, 1871.
3. *Charters and Documents Relating to the Burgh of Peebles*, A.D. 1165—1621. Edinburgh, 1872.
4. *Charters and Documents relating to the City of Glasgow*, A.D. 1175—1648. Edinburgh, 1883.

THESE and other volumes of the Scottish Burgh Records Society, illustrative of the early history of burghs in Scotland, have a practical interest even in the present day. They help us to form an intelligent conception of what burghs were in this country in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, showing them to have been centres of freedom, as freedom was then understood. They exhibit burghs as important factors in the promotion of civilization—guarding popular liberty and developing national culture. In acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to them, we shall the more reverently appreciate and cherish those municipal institutions of our own times, which are the lineal descendants of these distant ancestors,—descendants who still retain much of the form and spirit of their old progenitors. In an acquaintance with the constitution and customs of the old burghs, we shall find the best preparation for studying municipal institutions in later times, and even for understanding much that still remains. Using, then, mainly as a text, the titles of the volumes we have quoted, we propose

to offer in the present paper a rapid sketch of early Scottish burghs in some of their more important aspects.

When burghs were first established in Scotland it is impossible to say. But that they did exist as compact, well-organised bodies in the first half of the twelfth century, is proved by the Laws of the Four Burghs, compiled in the reign of David I., and sanctioned by him. We can scarcely conceive, in fact, of a country possessing a home and foreign trade without having also industrial and commercial settlements. The old chronicler Wyntoun tells us as regards Macbeth, whom the genius of Shakspeare has invested with such lurid light, that

> All hys tyme wes gret plenté
> Abowndand bath in land and se.

We may therefore assume that such settlements existed in Scotland in the early part of the eleventh century, as they certainly did exist in England at a much earlier period.

The selection of the sites of these infant settlements was doubtless largely determined by considerations of natural adaptation. The bay or the bend of the navigable river or estuary, which afforded ready access from the sea as well as shelter to the small craft that sufficed for the trade of these early times, probably led to the first settlement of such burghs as Berwick, Dundee, Arbroath, Aberdeen, and Inverness. The protection offered by the proximity of a royal castle doubtless favoured the formation and growth of Edinburgh, Stirling, Roxburgh, Forfar, and Ayr. The material advantages derivable from connection with a cathedral or monastery and all the fostering influences of the Church, facilitated the establishment of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Brechin, Dunkeld, Dunblane, Jedburgh, Paisley, Kelso, Selkirk, Dunfermline, and Canongate. The encouragement which the great temporal lords were wise enough to give to early traders and merchants to settle in their territories, by affording protection and privilege in return for the wealth and influence which flowed from such centres of peaceful industry, led to the formation of many subordinate towns. These early burghs consisted of three classes — royal burghs, burghs of regality, and burghs of

barony. When a town was established on the royal demesne, and the townsmen held their houses, ground and privileges directly from the Crown, it was known as a king's burgh. References to such burghs are frequent in the charters of David I. in the first half of the twelfth century, and in the charters of subsequent monarchs. When a lord, lay or ecclesiastic, established a burgh within his lordship, and granted it a charter of privileges, that charter was usually confirmed by the Crown, and the nature and extent of the jurisdiction conferred determined whether the burgh was a burgh of regality or of barony. A grant of regality was the highest that could be given to a subject. It took as much out of the Crown as the sovereign could give. It, in fact, invested the person who received it in the sovereignty of the territory. A grant of barony was of a lower order. In it the four pleas of the Crown —murder, fire-raising, rape, and robbery, were usually, though not invariably, reserved for trial by the king's officers. When a bishop or abbot founded a burgh under a royal license, as Canongate was founded under the express authority of King David in his still extant charter to Holyrood, and as Glasgow was founded in terms of the charter of William the Lion to the bishop, the burgh was known as a bishop's burgh, or as a church burgh. Many of these church burghs were originally burghs of barony or of regality, and afterwards became royal burghs. Thus, Glasgow was first a burgh of barony, and afterwards a burgh of regality, before it was emancipated from dependence on the Archbishop, and raised to the rank of a royal burgh.

But of all burghs—whether royal burghs or burghs of regality or barony—the same story has to be told in its general features. In its first rude beginnings each burgh was an aggregation of persons engaged in various descriptions of trade and handicraft. The value of such a settlement to the superior, whether sovereign, or lord—lay or ecclesiastic—could not be overlooked. It gave at once strength and pecuniary resources, and was an object to be protected and fostered. It thus became his interest to attract skill and enterprise to the infant settlement, and this could only be done by conferring

privilege and securing protection. Both these objects could be attained by inducing the free population of the country, as well as strangers from other places, to settle in the town, and to acquire land within it, upon the condition of paying a fixed rent to the superior, and of contributing to the general defence. As an organization for defence, the settlement became a burgh, and as it grew and prospered it became more and more the interest of the superior to extend its privileges in return for the advantages which it yielded him. These privileges, immemorially enjoyed, acquired the force and validity of absolute rights, long before they came to be formulated in charters and written documents; and thus it is that the oldest extant burgh code, and the most ancient charters to particular burghs, are only collections and confirmations of pre-existing laws, customs, and privileges.

The Laws of the Four Burghs give minute and interesting information as to the constitution of the royal burghs of Berwick, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling, which in their association formed the court of the Four Burghs—an institution that still survives, under strangely altered conditions, in the Convention of Royal Burghs. This code, though originally compiled for these four burghs, was soon extended to other royal burghs, and indeed came to be regarded as authoritative by all the burghs within the realm. It may be assumed, therefore, that the picture which it gives is substantially that of town life in Scotland in the middle of the twelfth century. Later fragments of legislation and charters supply additional materials for the construction of the following sketch of royal burghs.

The main condition of membership of these early communities appears to have been the possession of real property within the burgh. No man could be a king's burgess, according to the Burgh Laws, unless he did service to the king for at least one rood of land. The land thus held by each burgess was known as his burrowage. He was bound to defend it, and to pay to the king five pence a year for every rood so held. On admission every burgess had to swear fealty to the king and to the bailies and to the community of the burgh. His name

was then inserted in the roll of burgesses, and that roll had to be produced at the court or eyre of the Great Chamberlain, who, as representing the sovereign, periodically visited all the royal burghs, supervised their conduct, and disposed of appeals from the decisions of burgh magistrates.

In the earliest stages of burghal development, the annual payments by the burgesses to the Crown, all the fines and issues of the burgh court, and the petty customs exacted in respect of goods entering the burgh, were collected and paid over to Exchequer by a crown officer known as the *bailie*, who seems, moreover, to have exercised a certain civil and criminal jurisdiction within the burgh. After a time the Crown, adopting a practice which had been previously followed in England, farmed out at a fixed rent, sometimes to private individuals, sometimes to guilds or associations, and sometimes to the burgesses themselves or to the magistrates as acting for them, the right to levy all the rents, customs, and other dues exigible by the Crown within the burgh during a specified period.* Most frequently the right to levy these sums appears to have been conferred in Scotland on the burgesses themselves, acting through their own officers. This arrangement usually took the form of a lease, for which sometimes a *grassum*, or capital sum, was paid, and was calculated so that the difference between the sums received on behalf of the burgh, and the sum paid to the Crown, sufficed to meet the necessary burghal expenses. At a still later date the arrangement was made permanent, and the Sovereign granted a charter of the burgh to the magistrates and community, in feu farm as it was termed, for payment annually to Exchequer of a fixed amount as in full of all claims. Thus in 1319 Aberdeen had its payments commuted into an annual charge of £213 6s. 8d. Scots, while in 1329 Edinburgh was placed on a similar footing,—its annual payment being fixed at 52 merks. In 1359, Dundee received a charter

* The Exchequer Rolls show that in 1327 and 1330 the rents of Berwick were farmed by Sir Alexander Seton and Reginald More ; Thomas of Charteris was farmer of Roxburgh from 1329 to 1331, and Adam of Birthirgask was farmer of Cullen in 1343.

by which its annual payment was fixed at £20 sterling. The annual payment by Perth was fixed at £80; by Inverness, at £53 6s. 8d.; and by Montrose, at £16. In all these cases the permanent fermes or rents thus fixed seem to have exceeded the rents payable under the leases previously held from the Great Chamberlain. This arrangement still continues, and the several royal burghs pay annually into Exchequer the feu farm rents stipulated in their charters from the Crown.

In addition to the revenues derived from these sources, the great majority of the royal burghs received at various times from the Crown grants of land and other sources of income to enable them to bear the future charges of the municipal establishment, and to meet the obligations imposed by law and practice upon burghal communities. The property and revenues so vested in the burgh constituted its common good, and is still held for, and applicable only to, properly burghal purposes. As regards most burghs, however, it is to be lamented that a long course of mismanagement, and illegal appropriation to private and other irregular uses of what was conferred for totally different purposes, has reduced the common good to very small proportions.

Whatever may be thought of burgess-ship in the present day, it conferred no insignificant privileges in former times. When slavery was the lot of the great bulk of the labouring classes, the Burgh Laws proclaimed that if any man's thrall, baron's or knight's, came to a king's burgh, and bought a borrowage, and dwelt in it for twelve months and a day without challenge of his lord or of his bailie, he should be evermore free as a burgess within that burgh, and enjoy its freedom. That a similar law existed in England, in France, and in Germany, does not derogate from its importance in Scotland. No doubt, as has been pointed out by Mr. E. W. Robertson, the attainment of freedom and burgess-ship under the law was not a thing of easy accomplishment. A bondman might escape into a town and elude observation for a time; but unless he brought with him the means of purchasing a tenement, and actually acquired one, his residence was ineffectual. But property in these days con-

sisted mainly of stock which could not be sold except in the presence of witnesses, with all the formalities prescribed by the law; and it is almost inconceivable that any bondman or person attached to the soil could realize the means wherewith to purchase a burrowage without the knowledge and challenge of his lord. The object of the law was probably to prevent bondmen, or native men as they were sometimes called, from settling in burghs and prosecuting their callings for the benefit of their lords. But for this salutary provision it would have been the interest of the lords to encourage the settlement of their bondsmen in towns. The servile element would thus have existed to a large extent among the burgesses, with what deteriorating effect it is not difficult to imagine. But the declaration that the possession and occupancy of a burrowage for a year and a day secured the freedom of the owner, and entitled him to all the privileges of burgess-ship, effectually prevented such a result, and made every burgh a centre of freedom. It obviously also gave encouragement to strangers to settle in burghs, and we know, as matter of fact, that the prosperity of the early Scottish burghs was largely promoted by the immigration of large numbers of foreigners during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. During the reigns of King David's immediate predecessors, Edgar and Alexander I., there is reason to believe that many Flemish emigrants brought with them into this country, as into England, the thrifty industrious habits of their countrymen, and a knowledge of the trades and manufactures practised in Flanders. So also when, in the reign of David's successor, Malcolm IV., the unwise policy of Henry II. drove all foreigners out of England, they flocked to Scotland and found a ready welcome among its burgesses. The names of Flemish settlers accordingly frequently appear as Scottish burgesses. When David I. authorised Robert, Bishop of St. Andrews, to establish a trading burgh near the Cathedral, he transferred to the bishop the services of Mainard the Fleming, to be his bailie, in order that the Fleming's experience as a king's burgess in Berwick, might be available in the establishment of the new burgh. The enlightened policy of the Scottish burghs in thus

encouraging the settlement of those enterprising foreigners in their midst, was also frequently repaid to the State by efficient service in time of war.

The Exchequer Rolls for 1327, 1328, 1329, and 1331,* show that Flemish merchants were settled in Perth, Edinburgh, and Inverkeithing, in the reign of Robert the Bruce and David II. The accounts of the bailies of Inverkeithing to Exchequer, rendered in 1330, the year after the death of King Robert, allude also to an English Factory at Clackmannan. Mr. Burnett notices that in Berwick the Flemings lived apart as a separate community, indicating a settlement of considerable numbers, and he calls attention to the fact that about a fifth of the goods chargeable with custom in Aberdeen, Dundee, and Perth, about 1331, was exported by foreigners.

After a time, burghal communities assumed the power of regulating the conditions of burgess-ship, and exercised exclusively the discretionary and arbitrary power of making burgesses. Formal admission by the magistrates, with consent of the community, and subsequent enrolment were prescribed; and with a view, probably, at once to enhance the value of the right, and to provide funds for the public works and other requirements of the burgh, admission both as a burgess and guild brother came to be sold at prices fixed by tariffs approved of from time to time by the governing body. Sometimes burgess-ship was conferred in return for public service done to the burgh, for example, in the construction or repair of streets. Sometimes also, it may be added, marriage with the daughters of burgesses was rewarded by admission to the privilege. However it is to be explained, it is the fact that the husbands of the daughters of burgesses regularly received and still obtain admission to the ranks of burgesses on more favourable terms than others.

Residence does not appear to have been an indispensable condition of admission as a burgess in the oldest burghs, except with

* Published under the direction of the Lord Clerk Register, and edited by Mr. George Burnett, Advocate, Lyon at Arms.

a view to a bondman acquiring freedom. The Burgh Laws, the legislation of William the Lion in the latter half of the twelfth century, the Statutes of the Guild in the former half of the thirteenth century, and the *Iter Camerarii* in the latter half of the fourteenth century, show conclusively that at these periods there were non-resident as well as resident burgesses, though those non-resident seem to have only enjoyed limited rights and privileges. At the same time, it can scarcely be doubted, that residence in the burgh was much more in accord with the objects of burghal organization than non-residence could be, and so we find residence encouraged by the first charters of several old burghs. Thus in his charter to Ayr, William the Lion granted peculiar privileges to the burgesses 'who shall come and inhabit his said burgh, and shall there settle and remain.' And when Alexander II. made a burgh at his new castle of Dumbarton, in the first half of the thirteenth century, he gave to the burgh 'and to his burgesses remaining therein, all the liberties and free customs which his burgesses in Edinburgh and remaining therein had.' In later times, also, residence came to be regarded as essential to burgess-ship. This appears from the frequent legislation of parliament, the ordinances of the convention of burghs and the acts of town councils.

In the earliest times of burghal history in Scotland, women appear to have exercised the privileges of burgess-ship as well as of membership of the merchant guild. This is shown by a clause in the Burgh Laws which commences thus—'gif a man or a woman that is burgess die in burgh,' etc., and a clause in the Statutes of the Guild declares that no persons shall be received into the guild for less than 40s., except 'they be gild sonnes and gild daughters.' Entries also occur in the early records of some burghs of the admission ot women as burgesses and guild brethren, but no where do women appear to have taken part in the administration of the affairs of burghs or guilds. Merewether and Stephens state that, in England, females were never admitted as burgesses, though they were admitted as members of guilds. But in Scotland there seems to be no reason to doubt that every member of the merchant guild had first to be a burgess and so to become free of the

burgh. In this respect then, as well as in many others, the constitution of the old Scottish burghs was more liberal than that of the sister burghs of England.

The freedom of the burgh, implied in admission as a burgess, involved submission to various duties and obligations, and carried with it important monopolies and privileges. To these reference may shortly be made.

The burgess had, as has been seen, to defend his burrowage. He was liable to watch and ward, and to take his share in the defence, not only of the town, but of the kingdom. In later times the burghal levies, commanded by the provost and bailies, took the field, equipped at their own cost, in obedience to the summons of the Sovereign, and did effective service to the state. The provost and many of the burgesses of Edinburgh, it will be remembered, fell beside their Sovereign on the fatal Field of Flodden, and all through the middle ages each burgess was required to provide himself with military weapons, and to take part in the periodical musterings and weapon-shawings which were proclaimed and supervised by the magistrates of burghs. The burgess was also bound to maintain a house upon his burrowage, and if he was made burgess in respect of waste land, and had no inhabited house within the burgh, he behoved to have a house built and occupied after a year. He had to attend the three head courts of the burgh, held after the Feast of St. Michael, Yule and Easter. He had to be provided with measures and weights, sealed with the seal of the burgh, and it was incumbent on him, whether resident or non-resident, to attend the Chamberlain's Eyre and to answer to his name when the roll of burgesses was called. He was bound to watch the burgh, and the arrangements for this in early times were of the simplest kind. An officer of the burgh went his rounds, and with a staff struck the door of each house which was bound to provide a watchman. From each such house, a watchman of full age, and furnished with two weapons, had to come forth and to watch the burgh 'wisely and busily' from curfew till sunrise, under the penalty of 4d. In addition to these duties, the burgess was subject to all the obligations incident to the possession of real property, viz:

liability to pay a share of common civic burdens, and to sustain in turn such offices as the law imposed on the free inhabitants of burghs. These obligations were known in Scotland, as in England, by the term, *Scot* and *Lot.*

The monopolies and privileges enjoyed by burgesses were of the highest importance. No foreign merchant could buy wool, hides, or other merchandise unless within burgh, and from a burgess. No one not a burgess could buy wool to dye, or make or cut cloth. All merchandise (except salt and herrings arriving by sea, which had to be sold on board ship) had to be presented at the market cross, and there offered to the merchants of the burgh in good faith. Merchants from abroad were prohibited from selling their merchandise elsewhere than in burgh, or to others than merchants of the burgh. They were also prohibited from selling cloth in retail, but only in wholesale, and within burgh, to merchants of the burgh. No one other than a burgess could have an oven on his land, or keep hand mills, or make lard for sale. Even churchmen and barons, with all other secular persons, were prohibited from buying wool, skins, hides, and other staple commodities, and were bound to sell such articles of merchandise, when their own produce, to merchants of burghs within the sheriffdom and liberty in which they resided. Commerce was, in fact, rigidly forbidden to every class except burgesses, and the sons of burgesses so long as remaining in family with their fathers. William the Lion also granted to burgesses and their heirs freedom from toll and lastage, and from pontage or passage, as well within as without all the havens within the kingdom on both sides of the Scots Sea, as the Firth of Forth was then termed.

Then, every burgess had right to be tried by his peers. He might decline the jurisdiction of any court outside of the burgh,—even the king's court,—and demand, when challenged in any suit, to be tried in the court of his burgh before his alderman or bailie. Due respect to the royal authority was necessary, however, so that, when cited to appear before a king's court, he was bound to appear and claim his privilege, otherwise he became amenable to its jurisdiction. But no

burgess could be summoned by a king's officer unless accompanied by an officer of the burgh ; and no person residing in burgh, who was attached for any cause by a king's bailie, could be removed beyond the liberty of the burgh, either to the castle or to any other prison, unless he failed to find surety. Even in a question with the castellan or keeper of the king's castle, the rights of the burgh and of the burgesses were sharply defined. If the castellan aggrieved a burgess, the burgess had to seek redress according to law outside the gates of the castle. But if a burgess did wrong to the castellan, the castellan had to seek redress in the burgh court. Again, the castellan could not require a burgess to lend him goods of greater value than forty pence, or for a longer period than forty days. The castellan was, moreover, prohibited from entering the premises of a burgess and slaying swine or poultry. When he needed these, he had to go to the burgess and ask to purchase them for behoof of the king. But if the burgess refused to sell them, and the castellan afterwards found them on the street, he might take possession of them, but was bound to pay a price fixed by the neighbours. Even this privilege, however, the castellan could only exercise three times a year, viz., before Yule, Easter, and Whitsunday.

The burgh laws also contained important modifications of the general law and practice in regard to the wager of battle. Outside of the burgh, the wager of battle was a recognised institution, to which even the Church lent its most solemn sanction ; and for the burghal code to have prohibited it altogether would have been, as Dr. Burton observes, a radical measure which might indeed have compromised the rank taken by the burgesses in the body politic. But the burgesses of these early times recognised the truth that the spirit of peace is essential to commercial and manufacturing enterprise, and so the laws and customs of the burghs were expressly designed to foster that spirit. If two quarrelsome burgesses resident in the same town chose to settle their quarrels by an appeal to arms, there seems to have been nothing to prevent them. But a resident burgess was not bound to fight a rustic or non-resi-

dent burgess, nor an "uplands man," *i.e.*, a man resident in the country, unless the challenge of the uplands man was of treason, or involved a question of freedom. He could, if he chose, defend himself by law in the court of the burgh. Under any circumstances, when a burgess was to fight an uplands man, he had to go out of the burgh to do so. The other provisions of the burghal code on this subject were all such as to favour the king's burgess. He might have battle of the burgesses of an abbot or friar, *i.e.*, of a church burgh, or of an earl or baron, *i.e.*, of a burgh of regality or barony, but they could not require him to fight. And, again, when a burgess was challenged to battle, and was too old to fight, he might plead his age, and purge himself of that whereof he was accused by the oaths of twelve men such as himself.

Space will not permit us to enter upon the old burgh laws of succession in heritage and movables. It must suffice here to say that, so early as the twelfth century, burgesses were vested in the absolute property of their burrowages; the succession of their heirs was anxiously secured on the principle of primogeniture; and while alienation to strangers was discouraged, it was competent in cases of necessity. In fact, the provisions of the Laws of the Four Burghs are carefully framed, highly artificial specimens of jurisprudence, and embody principles many of which have survived till the present day.

Scarcely, if at all, inferior in importance to the monopoly of trade and commerce enjoyed by the burgesses of king's burghs, and to the right which they possessed of selling and transmitting their property, was the right which they also had, in the earliest period of record, to elect their own magistrates and the officers of the burgh to whom was entrusted the administration of the burgh laws in the burgh courts. Without this privilege, indeed, and that of local government of which the privilege formed part, it is difficult to see how they could have made their other rights and privileges effectively operative.

On this subject the Laws of the Four Burghs enact that, at at the first *moot* or public assembly after Michaelmas, the magistrates, designated *prepositi*,—literally persons put forward —shall be chosen through the council of the good men of the

town, who are leal and of good fame. On their election the magistrates were required to swear fealty to the king and the men of the town, and to keep the customs of the town, and not to execute justice on any man or woman for wrath or hatred, fear or favour of any one, but only through ordinance counsel and doom of the good men of the town. They were also required to swear that neither for fear nor love, nor for hatred, nor for relationship, nor for pecuniary loss, should they fail to do justice to all men. Who were the good men of the town, leal and of good fame, in whom the election of magistrates was thus vested, has been made the subject of controversy. But there seems to be little room for doubt that they were the permanent free inhabitants of the burgh —the holders of the burrowages, duly admitted, sworn, and enrolled as burgesses, who performed the duties and enjoyed the privileges incident to that relation. The Statutes of the Guild ordain that the mayor and *prepositi* shall be chosen at the sight and by the consideration of the whole community, and the whole community thus referred to appears to be synonymous with the good men, leal and of good fame, mentioned in the Burgh Laws. The oldest record of an election in Scotland is that of Aberdeen, at Michaelmas, 1398. It may be thus translated,—'On which day, William of Chamber, the father, with the consent and assent of the whole community of the said burgh, is elected to the office of alderman, and Robert the son of David, Simon of Benyer, John Scherar, and Master William Dicson, are elected to the office of bailies.' The election of the alderman, bailies, and sergeants or burgh officers for the following year, is also made in the same terms, 'with the consent and assent of the whole community of the burgh.'

No distinct reference occurs in the Laws of the Four Burghs to the body now known as the Town Council, but one clause enacts that, in every burgh of the realm, the 'superior'—which in the old Scotch translation is rendered 'mayor or alderman,'—shall cause twelve of the more sufficient and discreet burgesses of the burgh, to swear by their great oath to keep and maintain to the utmost of their power all the laws and

just customs of the burgh. This body of twelve was probably the body which originally received and afterwards retained the name of the *duodene* or *dusane*, long after the number of its members exceeded the limit of twelve. In the oldest records of many of the Scotch burghs 'the dozen' appears to have been used to express what is now meant by the term 'the town council.' A more distinct reference to a body which may correspond with the council, is contained in the Statutes of the Guild, enacted originally for Berwick, but subsequently accepted by the other burghs of Scotland. In that document the following provision occurs:—'We ordain, moreover, by common consent, that the community of Berwick shall be governed by twenty-four good men, of the better, more discreet, and more trustworthy of that burgh, thereto chosen, together with the mayor and four bailies. And whensoever the said twenty-four men are summoned to treat concerning the common business, he who comes not at the summons before night, shall give two shillings to the guild.' These twenty-four men had to be elected along with the mayor and four bailies, and it can scarcely be doubted by the same body of electors. In conformity with the principle of popular election thus recognised, the election of twenty persons as common councillors in Aberdeen in 1399, was made on the same day with that of the alderman and bailies, and apparently also with the consent and assent of the entire community.

There is thus every reason to believe that at a very early period, if not, indeed, at the earliest period of the municipal history of our oldest burghs, they were governed by magistrates or *prepositi*, consisting of a chief magistrate, known first as the mayor or alderman and afterwards as the provost, and the bailies, and by a selected body of burgesses called the *duodene*, *dusane*, or council. The magistrates, and probably also the *dusane* or council, were elected annually, at or about Michaelmas.

The Burgh Laws made express provision for the appointment of liners, who had to be chosen by the *prepositus*, alderman, or provost, at the sight and with the counsel of the community. They were required to be at least four in num-

ber, and wise and discreet men, so that no complaint might come to the Chamberlain for defect of lining. On their election the liners had to swear that they would line faithfully, according to the right and old marches within burgh. These liners are the ancestors of the present Dean of Guild Court, which, however, is the creation of a much later age. Previous to the institution of that court, the magistrates of the burgh exercised the whole jurisdiction which has since been devolved upon it, and, in point of fact, the magistrates of burghs in which there is no Dean of Guild, can still exercise their original jurisdiction in this respect.

Elections of another class of officials are also recorded in the oldest burgh records, along with those of the magistrates and officers of the burgh, and of the liners. These were apprisers of flesh and ale tasters. The function of these persons is indicated by the name of their office, and is sufficiently explained by the terms of the oath which they were obliged to take. The apprisers of flesh had to swear faithfully to apprise flesh according to the price at which beasts were sold in the country. The ale tasters had to swear faithfully to taste the ale, and lawfully to apprise the same according to the price of malt. In some burghs apprisers of wine were elected, whose business it was to see that the quality and price of the wine sold in the burgh were according to the regulations in force at the time.

Burgesses also possessed a variety of other privileges. Under the feudal law, a vassal was liable to a number of casualties of superiority, such as merchet and herezeld, which were often most burdensome. From all these the burgess was exempted. He could not even be poinded for debt without the consent of his *prepositŭs*—provost or bailie. If he claimed a debt from one resident out of the burgh, by which was probably meant a non-resident burgess, and the non-resident burgess denied the claim, be had to answer in the court of the burgh. If a debtor disputed the claim of a burgess, the burgess might insist on the debtor's oath, just as in the present day. If an 'uplands' man accused a burgess of theft, the accused might free himself by his own oath and the oaths of

twelve of his neighbours. And when a burgess was absent, with the leave of the Church and of his neighbours, on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, or to any other sacred place, his house and means were declared to be in the king's peace, and in the bailie's peace, till his return.

In order to foster the spirit of good neighbourhood by the interchange of friendly services, the Laws of the Four Burghs imposed on burgesses reciprocal duties. If a burgess was attached beyond the burgh for a debt or for any misdeed, his co-burgesses were bound to go and bail him, at their own expense if he was within the sheriffdom, or at his cost if beyond it. If accused of any misdeed, and unable to find bail, his co-burgesses were bound to keep him 'in fastening' in his own house for fifteen days. If, after the expiry of that time, he still had failed to find surety, the burgesses were required to commit him to prison, if there was a prison in the burgh. If there was no prison, then they were bound to deliver him to the king's bailie, by whom he was appointed to be placed in the custody of the king's sergeant. One of the provisions of the *Fragmenta Collecta* sets forth the duty of burgesses to be security or pledge for each other, once, twice, thrice, until loss resulted, after which the loser was relieved from the obligation to be security further for the person through whom he had suffered, unless of his own free will, and on being compensated for the loss he had sustained. This requirement was specially applied to brewers, bakers, and fleshers—all of them probably as dealing in what were regarded as the necessaries of life—who were bound to accommodate their neighbours with bread, ale, and flesh as long as they had these articles for sale; but it was provided that, if the person so favoured failed to pay for the articles so supplied, he should be distrained, and would not be entitled to similar accommodation in future.

Possessing these privileges, it seems to have been intended that the respectability of the burgess class should be maintained, as far as this could be done by prohibiting burgesses from engaging in certain avocations which in early times were regarded as incompatible with the *status* of a burgess. Thus,

in the Articles appointed to be inquired into at the Chamberlain Eyre, inquisition was directed to be made whether fleshers who were burgesses put to their hands to kill 'mairts,' and whether dyers who were burgesses 'put their hands in the wad.'

Within the burghal community itself there were other organisations which, though subordinate, were of great influence. The most ancient as well as the most important of these was the guild of merchants, an association for purely trading purposes apart from mechanical pursuits, which frequently attained a position that enabled it to overshadow, and sometimes apparently even to absorb, the municipal organization.

How early merchant guilds were established in the Four Burghs, it is impossible to say. As associations for mutual help, guilds existed among the Anglo-Saxon communities of England as early as the eighth, probably in the seventh, century. But the existence of merchant guilds in Edinburgh, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Stirling is recognised in an enactment of the Laws of the Four Burghs, to the effect that dyers, fleshers, shoemakers, and fishers should not be in the merchant guild unless they abjured the practice of their trade with their own hands, and conducted it exclusively by servants. The Assise of King William, about the end of the twelfth century, provided that the merchants of the realm should have their merchant guild, with liberty to buy and sell in all places within the bounds of the liberties of burghs, and empowered the servants of the guild to apprehend all persons who invaded its rights and privileges. William's successor, Alexander II., also conferred on the burgesses of Aberdeen, by special charter in 1222, the right to *have*—which probably meant to *continue* and *uphold*—their merchant guild; and many royal charters to other burghs, of subsequent date, conferred similar privileges. Twenty-seven years later than Alexander's charter to Aberdeen, the mayor of Berwick and other good men of that burgh framed what is known as the Laws of the Guild of Scotland. These statutes soon came to be accepted and quoted as autho-

ritative in Edinburgh and amongst the burghs of Scotland generally.

How a code enacted for the regulation of the merchant guild should have dealt, as this code did, with election of the magistrates and governing body of the entire community, it is not very easy to explain except on some such hypothesis as that the merchant guild comprehended so large a proportion of the burgesses as to be practically co-extensive with, and equivalent to, the burghal community. The relation of the merchant guild to the burgh in Scotland in these early times, is involved in much obscurity. Probably, however, here as in England, the comparative wealth and influence of the merchant class enabled them not unfrequently to engraft a commercial constitution upon the burgh, which then took the name of guild, as synonymous with burgh. In many cases the great bulk of the burgesses—certainly the most influential of them—were traders and members of the guild. From the guild brethren, therefore, the magistrates and holders of burghal offices would naturally be selected, and as the same individuals would be appointed officers of the guild also, the destinction between the functions appropriate to the respective offices would be apt to disappear, and the bye-laws of the guild would come to trench upon matters of proper burghal administration. This theory explains the intermixture, in the Laws of the Guild, of matters of burghal as well as of guild administration, and it also affords an explanation of the fact that in the record of the earliest election of magistrates and office-bearers in Edinburgh, now extant, the provost, dean of guild, bailie of Leith, treasurer, serjeants, apprisers of flesh and wine, and the *duodene* are all termed *officers of the gild.* This election bears to have been made 'at the first Head *Gild* held after the feast of St. Michael, in the Tolbooth of the burgh, the *brethren* being called and compearing, on 3rd October, 1403.'* By some such process of assumption, the members of the guild appear to have gradually obtained a

* The date 1403 is, probably an error of transcription, and the true date may be 1453.

monopoly of office which it took many long years of struggle on the part of the incorporations of craftsmen to break down.

Be that as it may, the code known as the Guild Laws seems to have partaken largely of the spirit of brotherhood which characterised the old guilds of England, whether these were territorial, or religious, or social, or for purposes of trade. It proclaimed the duty of all the members to live in peace and concord; it recognised the rights of its own members to mutual consideration at all times, to sympathy and assistance in trouble, to relief in sickness and poverty, to the offices of religion and the last marks of respect after death, and to kindly help to the orphan. It enforced fair and honest trading according to the notions of the times, and it insisted upon a loyal promotion, by each member, of the general interests, with the corresponding obligation to preserve the counsel of the guild.

The privileges of a member of the guild, as these are set forth in the Guild Statutes, so closely resemble those which have been found to appertain to a burgess, as to support the conclusion that guild brotherhood rested on burgess-ship, and was but a higher grade of burghal organization.

Nothing is said in the Statutes of the Guild as to the election of the office-bearers of the guild as distinct from the magistrates of the burgh, who seem to have exercised jurisdiction in regard even to guild offences, but in conjunction occasionally with the dean of guild. The aldermen and the ferthing men—the latter a term which probably means the bailies in relation to the charge which each had of a quarter of the burgh, by virtue of a very ancient arrangement, under which burghs were divided into quarters—are alone recognised as the persons by whom meetings of the guild should be called, and the bailies are referred to as presiding in the courts of the guild. The brethren of the guild were all bound to take part in the deliberations on the common affairs, and were required, under penalty of twelve pence, to assemble at the ringing of the bell, whenever the alderman, ferthingman, and other good men appointed. What passed at these deliberative assemblies was regarded as secret, and any burgess, who, contrary to his oath, revealed the counsel

or showed the secrets of the guild, was liable to punishment, involving for a third offence the loss of the liberty of the burgh for life, and the stigma of infamy which prevented his enjoying the freedom of any other burgh in the realm.

It is noticeable that the heavier fines imposed by the guild statutes in respect of contraventions of the regulations in regard to trade, etc., consisted in a cask of wine to the guild. The frequency with which this penalty is prescribed, suggests the suspicion that, howsoever the early Scottish guilds may have differed from the still earlier guilds of England and the Continent, the love and practice of conviviality were common to all.

Whilst the burghs monopolised the export and import and inland trade of the country, they were also the great centres of manufacturing industry, as that was then known, and a large portion of the inhabitants of many of the towns were handicraftsmen—the masters, or those who carried on business for their own behoof, being free and burgesses, while their servants were unfree, and many of them probably bondsmen. These masters seem in early times to have imported the raw material with which they worked. As traders and merchants, therefore, many craftsmen must necessarily have been members of the merchant guild; but it is impossible now to ascertain what burgesses were admitted into the early merchant guilds, and what were excluded. That all guild brethren were burgesses seems evident, but it is also certain that some classes of craftsmen were inadmissible into the fraternity. The charter of Alexander II. to Aberdeen expressly excluded fullers and weavers from the merchant guild, though in the manufacturing towns of England and the Continent these crafts were two of the most skilled and important. Whatever may have been the reason for such exclusions, it is certain that in process of time the lines of separation between the merchant guild and the crafts became broader and more marked. The mercantile classes became wealthier and more important; the handicraftsmen became more and more confined to the poor and the unfree. Then the merchant guild made the practice of certain trades a ground of exclusion from the fraternity. Danish,

German, and Belgian guild statutes ordain that no one with 'dirty hands,' or with 'blue nails,' or who 'hawked his wares on the streets,' should be a guild brother, and that no craftsman should be admitted till he had forsworn his trade for a year and a day. The Laws of the Four Burghs excluded dyers, fleshers, and shoemakers from the merchant guild, if they worked with their own hands, and the Statutes of the Guild prohibited any butcher from dealing in wool and hides so long as he carried on his trade. But the merchant guild not only excluded craftsmen; it assumed the right to regulate them. Thus the Statutes of the Guild contain ordinances for shoemakers, glovers, skinners and butchers.

This condition of matters could not long continue without some effort being made by the craftsmen to improve their condition, and that object could only be effected by organization. The merchant-guild presented itself as a model of the required organization, and so suggested the formation of subordinate fraternities and combinations. Societies of craftsmen were accordingly formed, which afterwards obtained recognition from the governing body of the burgh, and sometimes from the Crown. But even these societies were exclusive in their constitution and aims. They were so many leagues of master craftsmen against the encroachments of the merchant class; but they dominated in turn over the unfree workman, and waged a constant war against the invasion of their own trade monopolies from without. It was, in truth, as has been observed by Mr. E. W. Robertson, a hard age for the dependant classes wherever they were, and the 'bondman in burgh' may at times have cast many a wistful glance towards the blue hills in the distance. Monopoly and exclusive dealing were only in accordance with the spirit and policy of the age; and must inevitably have arisen in every quarter, when it was enacted that every sale and purchase should be made 'in port,' and in the presence of witnesses chosen 'in burgh,' an enactment 'which must, of course, have concentrated all the traffic of the district connected with the burgh in the hands of the resident population.'

Of the crafts and occupations prosecuted in the burghs at

the time under consideration, the old laws and forms of procedure mention bakers, brewers, (male and female), fleshers, millers, fishers, tanners, skinners, shoemakers, dyers of cloth, maltsters, wine taverners, tailors, saddlers, and woolcombers. That there were many others cannot be doubted. The memorials of London and London life in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, mention ropers or ropemakers, ironmongers, nailmakers, armourers, and a great variety of others, including many the names of which are now forgotten. In addition to these, however, evidence exists in the records of Scottish burghs, that Seals of Cause were granted by the magistrates and councils incorporating or regulating hat makers, wrights, masons, weavers, hammermen, (including blackmiths), goldsmiths, lorymers, cutlers, bucklemakers, armourers, fleshers, coopers, walkers and shearers, bonnetmakers, surgeons and barbers, candlemakers, bakers, tailors, skinners, and furriers. No more interesting chapter in the history of our old towns could be written than that which would describe the gradual development of those various crafts, notwithstanding the hostility they had to encounter from the mercantile classes, as that took form in the legislation of parliaments and town councils, their incorporation by means of seals of cause granted by the magistrates, the constitution of these subordinate incorporations, their struggles to participate in the management of the common affairs of the burgh, and the steps by which they laboriously gained their object. But these are matters which cannot be entered upon here.

The limits of this article have already been so far exceeded, that it is impossible even to advert to much that is essentially connected with the subject. It appears to us, however, that an acquaintance with the leading features of the constitution of burghs, as we have attempted to refer to them, underlies everything like an intelligent survey of town life in mediæval times.

A word in conclusion as to the beneficial influence which burghs have exercised on the development of the country, and as to the obligations of citizenship in the present day. At a time when law and order were not established, when

the power of the sovereign was restrained and sometimes overawed by the power of the feudal nobility, when the land was frequently devastated by foreign invasion or torn by contending and selfish factions, there were but two institutions that could be looked to for protection and security to the arts of peace. These were the Church and the Burgh. Of the former it can only be said here that, with all its imperfections and shortcomings, it was in this, as in other countries, the greatest and most powerful instrument in the promotion of civilisation, asserting in a rude age of brute force and violence the eternal principles of justice and mercy, and appealing to laws higher and more sacred than those of earth. But next in importance to the Church may be placed the Burghs. They were associations for the prosecution of trade and commerce, to which security and protection—born of law and order—were indispensable. They had strength, for all defensive purposes, in their combination. But they were strong also in the possession of rights, acquired it may be by prescription, but confirmed and fortified by royal charters and parliamentary legislation. Admission to burgess-ship, like admission to the Church, emancipated the slave, and gave him and his family rights of property and personal rights of the most substantial kind. It gave him at once the sense of security which self-government confers. Whatever might be the condition of the royal courts, or of the courts of regality and barony, the burgess could always claim to be tried by magistrates of his own election—responsible to the burgesses, and bound to administer justice, not according to any arbitrary rules, but in conformity with a well-defined system of jurisprudence. Trade and commerce were exclusively in the hands of the burgess class, and to the burgess of energy and talent the way was open to wealth and influence, and to a position among the landed class. Under such circumstances, the trade of the country grew, and relations were established with the great commercial cities of the continent. Thus the Scottish merchant became acquainted with the products, the people, and the institutions of other countries, and the knowledge and experience which he thus acquired were speedily communicated to his countrymen. The wealth derived from mercan-

tile enterprise gradually percolated through and enriched the kingdom. All these influences, conjoined with those derived from the settlement in the Scottish burghs of skilled merchants and craftsmen from abroad, served to elevate the standard of intelligence in the towns. Burghs became the homes of such education and culture as were then known, and it is to the honour of the descendants of the burgesses of the times to which reference has been made, that they founded and fostered schools and universities. That the old burgesses were intolerant and exclusive in the assertion of their commercial and trading monopolies, is true. But the principles of free trade were not understood in their days any more than the principles on which toleration of opinion now rests, and we must judge institutions as we judge men, according to the light and knowledge of the period in which they existed. The system of self-government which obtained in burghs from the earliest times was also a means of incalculable advantage in educating the burgesses, and eventually the people at large, for political action; and to the broadening, widening, elevating influence of such education we may attribute, in no inconsiderable degree, the popular reception of the principles of the Reformation, with all the material, intellectual, and religious advantages which have followed. Our greatest statesmen, therefore, are the first to recognise the obligations under which we lie to municipal institutions. The times have greatly changed since burghs were first settled and consolidated. But the municipal institutions of the present day are still safeguards of popular liberty, and whatever tends to lessen their influence, or weaken their hold on the allegiance of the people, cannot fail to be permanently injurious to the country. In the old times the merchant and the trader whose wealth and intelligence placed him in the foremost ranks of his fellows, deemed it an honour as well as a duty, to take his share in the management of the local affairs of his burgh. The same necessity exists still. The interests which our great municipal corporations in the present day represent and administer, are larger and more important than they ever were before, and it is to be hoped that, as in times past our

merchant princes and men of acknowledged position and experience devoted themselves to civic affairs, so their successors in time to come will show that there is no decadence in public spirit, but that the sentiments of duty and of patriotism are sufficient to ensure that every one shall recognise the obligations of burghal life, and bear his fair share of its duties and responsibilities.

ART. IV.—ARCHÆOLOGY IN THE SOUTH-WEST OF SCOTLAND.

1. *Archæological and Historical Collections Relating to the Counties of Ayr and Wigton.* Vols. I., II., III., IV. Edinburgh, 1878-1881.
2. *Ancient Scottish Lake-Dwellings, or Crannogs, with Supplementary Chapter on Remains of Lake-Dwellings in England.* By ROBERT MUNRO, M.A., M.D., &c. Edinburgh, 1882.

THE antiquaries of Ayr and Wigton have set an example which deserves to be followed in every other county in Scotland. Having, in the year 1877, formed themselves into a society for the purpose of preserving 'some records of the various pre-historic and mediæval remains of antiquity,' in their two counties, they have since carried on their work with admirable spirit and success. One or two attempts have been made to publish 'Collections' relating to other of the Scottish shires, and invaluable services have been rendered to the study of antiquity by the publications, among others, of the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, and by those of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; but so far as we are aware, no other society of a precisely similar nature exists in the country. A proposal to form one for the County of Renfrew has, we hear, been recently mooted, but any definite steps towards its formation have not, we believe, as yet been taken. We are glad to learn, however, that the antiquities of this important county are not in the meantime to be neglected, and that consider-

able preparations have already been made for the publication of a series of volumes illustrative of them, somewhat after the plan of those of the Ayr and Wigton Association. This is well; but we are disposed to think that a work like this should not be left to private effort. It is a work in which the public have, or ought to have, the greatest interest, and one, too, which, in order to be successfully carried on in all its branches, ought to be supported from the local private purse. Publishers, moreover, cannot, and ought not to be expected to superintend the researches and excavations which are requisite for the unearthing of the many and valuable remains of antiquity which the county unquestionably contains. This is, properly speaking, the work of a society of skilled antiquaries, and ought to be carried on by means of funds provided for the purpose by private liberality. That the institution of such societies throughout the country would be of immense service, need hardly be said. The very least they could do would be to preserve and describe such monuments and remains of antiquity as are already known, and which, unless means be at once taken for their preservation, will speedily be swept away.

That the members of the Ayr and Wigton Archæological Association have a large and interesting field before them, and that they are quite alive to the fact, is manifest from the following words of the Rev. Geo. Wilson, the Honorary Secretary for Wigtonshire, respecting the antiquities of his own county :—

'Comparatively little,' he says, 'has yet been done in the way of publishing detailed descriptions of these antiquities. The late lamented Dr. John Stuart made a noble beginning on the subject of our lake-dwellings in his account of the Crannogs in Dowalton Loch. . . . Some notices have been published of implements of stone and bronze, of stone cists, and of some of the standing-stones. But no detailed account, and in many cases no account at all, has yet been published of many monuments of antiquity, which are very remarkable. There are cairns worthy of detailed description, and there is one in particular which seems to be quite unique in structure. There are standing-stones not yet described in any book. In the Rhinns, Glenluce, and Mochrum alone, there are about fifty ancient forts. Some of the most interesting of these are not marked in the Ordinance Survey large scale maps, and no plan or drawing of any of them has

yet been published, so far as I know. The same remark applies to our numerous hut-circles, and to the sites of several ancient towns or villages, some of which are fortified. Not one of the many caves on our rocky sea-coast has been searched to ascertain if it contains any pre-historic relics, and if so, whether they are deposited in successive layers. The excavation of the Borness Cave, near Kirkcudbright, shows that much may possibly be found in some of them. . . . There are shell-heaps on or near the sea-shore, worth examining. There are also curious mounds of a horse-shoe form, which I have only seen in Glenluce, and which have not been noticed in other districts. My note-book contains details on most of these subjects, but I find it difficult to prepare accurate plans and drawings.' *

The County of Ayr offers an equally promising field of discovery, and when further examined will undoubtedly yield still more numerous and interesting relics of its ancient inhabitants, and will in all probability enable the local archæologists to throw yet more abundant light on the manners and customs of those dim shadows of the past, the Brythonic, Goidelic, and Ivernian tribes by which it was once peopled.

So far as they have gone, the publications of the Ayr and Wigton Archæological Association are excellent, and reflect the greatest credit on all concerned in their production. The wood engravings with which they are profusely illustrated are especially deserving of notice, being among the finest we have seen; while the historical documents now brought together, or published for the first time, are at once curious, instructive, and valuable.

The contents of the other volume whose title we have placed at the head of this article had already appeared in successive volumes of the *Archæological and Historical Collections*, and their publication in their present handy and accessible form is another instance of the public spirit by which the Association is animated. To his original reports, Dr. Munro has here wisely added a *resumé* of the observations made by previous writers and explorers, and has thus given to the public a complete compendium of all that is actually known of ancient British lake-dwellings up to the present time. Of the way in which he has performed his work, it is needless to speak. His

* *Archæological and Historical Collections Relating to the Counties of Ayr and Wigton.* Vol. I., pp. 1-2.

volume is a monument of painstaking and enlightened research in one of the most difficult and fascinating branches of archæological study.

Our intention, however, is less to criticise these volumes than to give some account of their valuable and interesting contents. Their ecclesiastical and historical contents we must for the present pass over, and confine ourselves to those which may be termed pre-historic.

Of the River-drift hunters or Cave-men no remains seem as yet to have been found either in Ayrshire or in Wigtonshire. Stone implements have been met with in abundance, but none of them, so far as we can learn, can with certainty be referred to an earlier age than the neolithic. Further research may result in the discovery of such as can be referred to the earlier period; but as yet none of the river valleys of the two counties have been systematically examined, and, with a single exception, none of their caves or rock-shelters have. The exception is the Hunterston rock-shelter, situated on the coast of Ayrshire, in the parish of West Kilbride; and, though less rich in deposits than many similar dwellings examined in England and on the Continent, it is not without interest. About twenty-seven feet in length, up to within fifteen feet of its inner extremity, it is about six feet high, and as many broad. When examined by Mr. Cochran-Patrick, the earth in the inner portion was very wet, and though showing traces of shells, bone, and charcoal, nothing sufficiently perfect to determine what it had originally been was found.

'The outer portion was quite dry, and was excavated down to the level of the rock, an average depth of six feet. Three floors were distinctly visible in the section. The highest was at an average depth of eighteen inches from the present surface, the second about twelve inches below the first, and the lowest about nine inches below the second. In each of these floors there appeared in the section, first, layers of sea-shells (chiefly whelk with a few cockle and mussel shells), then grey and red ashes, and then the ordinary trodden sand, till the floor below was reached.

'The bones were chiefly found amongst the ash deposit, though a few were found among the shells. . . . The only other objects which were found were—(1) a bone article, now deposited in the Museum, found at the level of the second floor; and (2) two stone objects, one of flint, found

immediately above the lower floor, and another, apparently of slate, which was picked up amongst the debris thrown out, and the original position of which is uncertain. Besides these some specimens of slag and portions of broken pottery were also found. The pottery is of two sorts : one a coarse reddish kind without any glaze, the other thinner and better made, with a green glaze.'*

The bones were for the most part those of the pig, ox, sheep, and deer. These were found at all the levels. Chiefly, if not exclusively, between the upper and second floor were found the bones of a horse; and between the second and third floor those of a dog. Bones belonging to a goat were also found, but their original position was not noticed. The sheep bones were peculiar, and according to Professor Clelland, who examined and reported on them, must have belonged to an animal which, while quite as tall as the ordinary black-faced sheep of modern Scotland, was 'very greatly more slender both in body and limb,' and even 'almost deer-like.' The remains of the ox belong to a small variety of the *Bos longifrons*, a fragment of the back of the shaft of a tibia found beneath the lowest floor exactly corresponding with a small tibia obtained from the crannog of Lochlee. As to the remains of the deer, Professor Clelland remarks:—

'There is every possibility that a number of them belonged to the red-deer, and there are only two little bits of skull and three chips of horn to found the suggestion of the presence of rein-deer on. The rein-deer skull is noted for variability. The chips of horn are very small to found on. They are all three smooth and grooved, and one of them with a small projection sloping up from the side of the plane of flattening, but so as not to lie in that plane. They are not from the fallow-deer, and the question is whether they are from an upper tyne of a red-deer rubbed perfectly smooth or from a rein-deer. I cannot find any example in the red-deer of a projection from a tyne in the same fashion as occurs in one of these fragments, nor such uniform smoothness of surface so completely like the smoothness of the rein-deer horn ; yet I should like further evidence before pronouncing a decided opinion.' †

It is to be regretted that further evidence on this somewhat important point was not obtained, as similar hesitancy marks the report on some of the fragments of horn found in the crannog of Lochlee.

* *Collections*, ii., 89, *et seq.* † *Loc. cit.*

In the English and Continental caves and rock-shelters already referred to, there are distinct traces of the palæolithic man together with the remains of the grisly bear, wolf, common fox, bison, reindeer, Irish elk, horse, woolly rhinoceros, mammoth, &c. But so far as it goes, the evidence from the Hunterston rock-shelter, with the possible exception of the fragments of deer's horn, would seem to prove that it was not inhabited till a much later period, and that its occupants were in a higher state of civilization, being in possession of domesticated animals and acquainted with the art of making pottery. Who they were, however, whether Brythons, Goidels, Ivernians, or the members of some other tribe or race, there is nothing to show.

Much the most successful efforts of our Western Archæologists have been made in connexion with their lacustrine settlements. Their discoveries in this direction are of the greatest interest, and throw considerable light on the condition and inhabitants of the country during a comparatively remote period. The typical lake-dwelling has never been better described than by Herodotus in his account of the Pæonians of Lake Prasias. 'Their manner of living,' he says, 'is the following:—Platforms supported on tall piles stand in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. At the first, the piles which bear up the platforms were fixed in their places by the whole body of the citizens, but since that time the custom which has prevailed about fixing them is this:—they are brought from a hill called Orbêlus, and every man drives in three for each wife that he marries. Now the men have all many wives apiece, and this is the way they live. Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trap-door giving access to the lake beneath; and their wont is to tie their baby-children by the foot with a string, to save them from rolling into the water.'* Dwellings similar to these are still met with in South America, in Western and Central Africa, in Borneo and other of the East Indian Islands, while the great majority of the now celebrated Swiss lake-dwellings were built after exactly the same plan. Here and there, however, and chiefly in the smaller lakes,

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* *Hist.* v. 16.

there are found among them, examples of a somewhat different mode of construction. The platform, instead of being wholly supported on piles, has a broader and more solid foundation, consisting of layers of logs and branches piled up from the bottom of the lake, and kept together by uprights penetrating the whole mass at various intervals and mortised into split oak trees lying in the soft mud beneath. One of these 'fascine-dwellings' as they are called in order to distinguish them from the more regular 'pile-dwelling,' has been admirably described by Dr. Keller, and for this and a reason which will shortly appear, we shall here transcribe his words :—

'As the Lake of Fuschl is so near the Mondsee (Austria) it may be included in this notice ; and it is somewhat singular, that here are found decided proofs of a "fascine" lake-dwelling, in many respects similar to several found in Switzerland. This little lake and its banks are rich in fish and game. On the west side of the hill, where the former archiepiscopal hunting-lodge stood, there is a small bay with an island evidently made by human hands. It is nearly circular, about fifty paces in diameter, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow ditch or canal, now nearly filled up with moss and marsh plants. The island is covered first with a thick layer of peat-moss and heather, beneath which lies a mass of branches, chiefly of the mountain pine and the dwarf birch. The island is very little raised above the water, and must have been very liable to be overflowed. The foundation appears to consist of boughs of pine-trees, with their branches turned inwards. Small piles are driven in to keep them together, and, on the side of the lake, a number of stronger piles, or the remains of them, may be seen, amongst which lies a quantity of woody débris.'*

Very similar in construction to this are the Irish and Scottish Crannogs. Their existence in Scotland has been known for a considerable period; but it was not till after the discovery of the lake-dwellings in Switzerland was made known, that public attention was directed to them. 'It was then found,' as Dr. Munro remarks, 'that early historic reference to island forts, and some incidental notices of the exposure of buried islands artificially formed of wood and stone, &c., during the drainage of lochs and marshes in the last and early part of this century, had been entirely overlooked.' The merit of first correctly inter-

* *Lake-dwellings.* 2nd Edition, p. 597.

preting their significance, and of directing the attention of antiquaries to them, belongs to Dr. Joseph Robertson, who read a paper on the subject, before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, at their meeting, on the 14th of December, 1857. Since then the remains of ancient lake-dwellings have been recognised in almost every part of the country; in the Counties of Bute, Renfrew, Kirkcudbright, Argyle, Ross, Aberdeen, Inverness; in Lochs Lomond, Lochy, Boghall, Spinnie, Rannoch, Banchory; and in many other places.

The first carefully examined in the two counties under notice, were the crannogs in Loch Dowalton, in Wigtonshire. These were first described by Lord Lovaine in a paper which he read before the British Association, at its meeting, in 1863. Subsequently, Mr. John Stuart, Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, was able, owing to a greater drainage of the lake, to examine them more minutely. From the paper he read before the Society of Antiquaries, we take the following description of the largest of the crannogs, a description which, with slight modifications, may stand for the rest of the group:—

'Lord Percy succeeded in reaching it in a boat, in 1863. It appeared to him to be three feet below the level of the other islands, and, from several depressions on its surface, to have sunk. The progress of excavation was, however, soon checked by the oozing in of the water. On the south side of the island great pains had been taken to secure the structure; heavy slabs of oak, five feet long, two feet wide, and two inches thick, were laid one upon another in a sloping direction, bolted together by stakes, inserted in mortises of eight inches by ten inches in size, and connected by square pieces of timber three feet eight inches in length. The surface of the island was of stones, resting on a mass of compressed brushwood, below which were branches and stems of small trees, mostly hazel and birch, mingled with stones, apparently for compressing the moss. Below this were layers of brushwood, fern, and heather, intermingled with stones and soil, the whole resting on a bed of fern three or four feet in thickness. The mass was pinned together by piles driven into the bottom of the loch, some of which went through holes in the horizontal logs. I noticed some of these flat beams of great size and length, (one of them twelve feet long,) with *three mortise holes* in the length, seven inches square. A thick plant of oak of about six feet in length had grooves on its two edges, as if for something to slide in. This island measured twenty-three yards across, and was surrounded by many rows of piles, some of which had the ends cut square over, as if by several strokes of a small

hatchet. Vestiges of branches were observed interlaced in the beams of the hurdles. On the north-east side, and under the superstructure of the island (hurdles and planks), a canoe was found, made of a single tree of oak. It was twenty-one feet in length, three feet ten inches across over all near the stern, which was square. Its depth at the stern was seventeen inches, or, including the back-board which closed the stern, twenty inches. The stern was formed by a plank inserted in a groove on each side, with a back-board pegged on above it. The part containing the grooves was left very thick. There were two thole-pins on each side, inserted in squared holes in the solid, which was left to receive them, and wedged in with small bits of wood. One thwart of fir or willow remained. A plank or wash-board projecting a few inches over the edge, ran round the canoe. It rested on the top, and was fastened with pegs into the solid. . . .

'On one spot a few flat stones were placed as if for a hearth. The best sauce-pan was found between this island and the shore, a small circular brooch of bronze, four whet-stones, two iron hammers, and some lumps of iron slag, were found *on* the island. A third iron hammer was found near it.

'The original depth from the surface of the island to the bottom was probably from six to seven feet; but the structure was much dilapidated before I saw it.'*

Among the relics found in this group, besides those already mentioned, were beads of coloured glass, an armlet of the same material covered with a yellow enamel, the teeth of swine and oxen, a crucible, a bronze ring, a penannular brooch, portion of a leather shoe, measuring seven inches in length, and three and a half inches in its greatest breadth, nearly covered with ornamental stamped patterns, and a circular brooch or ornamental mounting of bronze, ornamented with trumpet-shaped spaces, probably once filled with enamel, and measuring about two inches in diameter. The 'best sauce-pan' is a somewhat remarkable relic, and bears evidence of considerable workmanship. It is made of yellowish coloured bronze. On the handle, which springs from the upper edge, and at its extremity has a circular opening, are stamped the letters CIPIPOLIEI. The bottom of the pot is ornamented with five projecting rings, and measures in diameter six inches. Across the mouth the measurement is eight inches. The inside seems to be coated with tin, and has a series of incised lines at various distances. The vessel is ornamented on the outside opposite to the

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* *Proceedings Soc. Antiq. Scot.* Vol. VI., quo. by Dr. Munro, pp. 40-41.

handle, with a human face in relief, surrounded by a moveable ring, which could be used in lifting the pot.*

In the Dowalton Loch no fewer than about ten crannogs were counted, and from a paper contributed to the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries in 1871, on the Crannogs and Lake-Dwellings in Wigtonshire, by the Rev. Geo. Wilson of Glenluce, it would appear as if the whole of the lakes in this locality had at one time been literally studded with them. In Ayrshire they seem to have been not less numerous. One of them, in the Loch of Kilbirnie, has been graphically described by Mr. Love in the ninth volume of the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and as it presents some structural features different from those already noticed, it may not be out of place to describe it here. Its position was at the upper end, and near the north-west corner of the loch. Originally it was of a circular shape, and rose some two or four feet above the ordinary level of the water. Its surface was overlaid or paved with stones to a depth of from one to two feet, and in parts bore distinct evidence of the action of fire.

'These stones are to be held as the uppermost artificial stratum. The next in descent was a layer of large coarse water-borne gravel mixed with finer sand, which was of the depth of from eighteen inches to two feet. The third layer was brushwood, boughs of trees, among which the hazel predominated, ferns, etc., etc., but the whole was so compressed as not to manifest a greater depth than about six inches. The fourth layer was beams or logs of wood, some of which were nearly two feet in diameter, although the greater number was less. These seemed laid down horizontally, and so as to cross or intersect each other, similar to a raft of wood ; some of them showed that they had been mortised or checked into each other, or into vertical piles, and that the tenons when inserted had been fastened by wooden pins, and in one or two instances by large iron nails.

'The whole of this wood work, however, when exposed, was in a greatly disturbed and loosened condition from the movement and upheaval of the structure ; and, in consequence, what space in depth these cross-beams occupied was not ascertainable. Then the fifth and lowest stratum was the underlying mud, which was fine, pure, and free of stones, and not at all like boulder clay. Besides, there was manifested as having been planted on the surface, one if not more wooden structures, houses or huts

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* *A. S. Lake-Dwellings*, 45.

they might be, small in size, and one of which at least was in the form of a parallelogram, having been constructed of small round posts of wood used in forming the sides and ends. How it had been roofed did not appear. There were seen also bits of bone, as those of birds, as well as a few teeth, similar to those of the cow or ox.

'Then as regards the *margin* of this island, it appeared to have been palisaded; at least this was the case on its north-east side—that which only was visible. The piles used for this purpose were apparently of oak, and not great in girth; they were driven down into the mud bank as the foundation; and on these, as well as upon the beams, the cutting of an edged tool, not a saw, was quite distinct. Within these vertically-placed piles, and resting on the surface, stones, it is said, were placed, which was the case more certainly around the whole margin. It is also said that stones were even placed outside of these piles, in a row, and on the very margin; but it is only probable that *outwith* this row there had been an outer course of piles, by means of which the stones were kept in position, but which from weathering had gone into complete decay.

'It is known that this island was approachable by means of a kind of stone causeway which led from the north-west margin of the lake. According to the report of those who saw it often, it was only of the breadth of two or three feet, and was never visible above the water of the loch, which on either side is said to have been six or seven feet in depth. It is not said that this causeway was protected or fortified in any way by piling. It was near the south end of this causeway, along the north-east margin of the island, that in 1868 several canoes or boats, as many it was believed as four, in a less or more entire condition, were discovered.'*

The first of the crannogs examined by the Ayr and Wigton Archæological Association was that of Lochlee, on the farm of Lochlee, near Tarbolton. The spot on which it stood is a hollow scooped out of the glacial drift, at an elevation of about four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and was artificially drained some forty years ago. The crannog was near the outlet of the lake, and distant from the nearest land, which lay on the south shore, about seventy-five yards. For a long time no one seems to have supposed that the island, 'which became visible in the summer time, and formed a safe habitation for gulls and other sea-birds during the breeding season,' had ever been inhabited by man. While living at Lochlee farm as ploughman to his father, Burns must have seen it frequently. No tradition as to its former use or character seems

* *A. S. Lake-Dwellings*, pp. 63—5.

to have survived respecting it. The first to surmise its real character was Mr. James Brown, a provision merchant in Tarbolton. After vainly suggesting to a gentleman in Ayr that an inquiry should be made respecting it, he wrote to Mr. Joseph Anderson, of the National Museum, Edinburgh, now so well and deservedly known by his admirable *Rhind Lectures*. Recognising the importance of the information he had received, Mr. Anderson at once communicated with Mr. Cochran-Patrick, M.P., one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Ayr and Wigton Archæological Association, by whom the matter was immediately taken up, and permission having been obtained from the Duke of Portland's factor, it was arranged that excavations should be forthwith commenced, in order to ascertain more precisely the structure of what to all appearance was simply 'a grassy knoll, drier, firmer, and slightly more elevated than the surrounding field.' A small canoe hollowed out of a single trunk of oak, which the workmen engaged in drainage operations had in the meantime dug up out of the moss originally forming the bottom of the lake, was regarded as a good omen, and seemed to arouse the curiosity of workmen and antiquaries alike.

The excavations which were made are described by Dr. Munro in great detail, but, though extremely interesting, cannot here be given. All we can do is to give the principal results. The grassy knoll was found to be a huge circular platform, about twenty-five yards in diameter, built up of layer upon layer of trees and planks from what was once the bottom of the lake, and resting upon a layer of hazel brushwood. The wood used was chiefly birch and oak. Round the outer edge of the platform, and securely mortised above and below into horizontal planks, was a circle of upright piles. To a depth of four feet from the surface the layers were composed of rudely split planks, but beneath were the rough round trunks of the trees with the bark still adhering, and the branches hewn off as if with a hatchet. In the centre of the platform was a rectangular space about thirty-nine feet square, having its sides nearly facing the cardinal points, and a flooring of thick oak beams like railway sleepers. Nearly in the centre of

this, but a little to its northern side, were found no fewer than four fire-places or hearths, slightly oval in shape, and neatly constructed of flat stones of various sizes, and about an inch and a half thick. Each hearth was surrounded with a raised rim also formed of flat stones, but uniformly selected and set on edge. The first was found at a depth of rather less than a foot below the surface of the mound. The second was eighteen inches lower, and partly beneath the first. The third was eighteen inches below the second, and the fourth sixteen inches lower still. Each pavement or hearth rested on a bed of fine clay, which in the case of the three upper ones rested on turf lying on the ashes which had accumulated on the hearth beneath. Measuring from the surface of the log-pavement, towards the north side of which these fire-places were found, the solid mass of wood-work composing the platform was nine feet ten inches deep. On the west side of the crannog were dug out the remains of an old worn-out canoe, which had evidently been utilised in its construction in place of a prepared log. On the north-east and north-west sides of the platform were found dense masses of wood-work, consisting mostly of young trees and branches of birch, mixed up with stakes and logs in the greatest confusion, and apparently intended as a protective barrier. On the south-east side, and running in towards the opposite shore, were found the remains of a submerged gangway, formed for the most part of piles. Surrounding the central log-pavement on the top of the crannog, and just touching the four corners of the pavement, a complete circle of upright oaken piles was traced. All were joined together by transverse beams, and render it more than probable that the central log-pavement had at one time been surrounded by a circular platform of wood, presenting a breastwork some three feet high, except at its southern side, where no traces of the raised horizontal beams were found, and where also the uprights were mostly formed of thick boards. Within this circular platform, and to the south-east and south-west corners of the log-pavement it enclosed, were the remains of what appeared to have been the partitions or walls of a dwelling. On all sides, except where interrupted by the gangway, there

was distinct evidence that the crannog had originally been surrounded by one or more rows of wooden palisades firmly secured together and to the central mass.

The excavations which led to these important discoveries, were made in the years 1878-79. The execution of them was, as Dr. Munro remarks, 'a work of many weeks of great toil and labour, and of much and varied comment by outsiders.' On the whole, however, it does not seem to have aroused much local interest. One or two visits to the crannog sufficed, we are told, to satisfy the curiosity of most of those who went to see it. By many the idea that the remains of a human dwelling could be found there was derided, and according to one the crannog was nothing more than the remains of an old whisky still.

Subsequently the Ayr and Wigton Archæological Association undertook the examination of the Lochspouts, Barhapple and Buston crannogs. Of these the most important was the last. It stood in a rich meadow, once the bed of a lake of considerable size, called Loch Buston, and situated about half-way between Stewarton and Kilmaurs, in the County of Ayr. Within the recollection of the present generation this area was a mossy bog in summer, and a sheet of water in winter, while the mound formed by the crannog was known as the *Swan Knowe*, in consequence of the number of wild swans which formerly frequented it. When the bog was being reclaimed some thirteen cart loads of timber were removed from the Knowe, but no one seems to have had any suspicions as to its real character. One did, indeed, remark, 'there maun hae been dwallers here at ae time;' but the popular theory respecting it, remained unshaken. 'It's juist a timmer hoose ane o' the auld Earls put up to shoot deuks,' said the farmer on whose fields it stood, when the suggestion was made to him that it was in all probability a crannog similar to that which had recently been discovered at Lochlee. The excavations had not proceeded far however, when this long-cherished theory was given up. The general features of the crannog, which was then discovered, resembled very closely those of the one at Lochlee. There was the same platform of layers of planks, branches and trunks of

trees, the same outer circle or circles of palisades, the same under-water gangway, the same log-pavement, and the same circular breast-work surrounding it. Several fire-places were also found, one where smelting had evidently been going on, but regularly paved hearths as in Lochlee were nowhere seen. The traces of the hut or dwelling, however, were here more distinct, the door posts, &c., being found, but no conclusive evidence as to whether the platform originally contained one or more dwellings. Not more than twelve yards to the north of the crannog a large canoe in a tolerably good state of preservation, and bearing signs that it had been mended more than once, was found.

As will readily be supposed, the crannogs and their 'refuse-beds' were carefully searched for relics. The result was that they were found in great abundance and variety. Among them were stone hammers, heating-stones, whet-stones, polished celts, quern stones, flint flakes; bowls, plates, ladles, mallets, hoes, pins, and paddles of wood; needles, awls, chisels, and combs of bone; bronze fibulae, pins, &c.; iron axes, chisels, knives; a gold finger-ring, two plates of the same metal, which seem to have formed the shell of a forged coin; a ring of cannel coal; a bronze bridle-bit, two crucibles, and portions of a third; several jet ornaments; glass beads and fragments of pottery and leather. Besides these, were found the bones of the sheep, ox, pig, red and roe deer, and the tusks of a wild boar. So far as we can learn, however, no human remains have as yet been found in any of the crannogs.

The numerous questions which all these varied and interesting discoveries suggest, can here be only glanced at. First of all comes the question, By whom or when were these crannogs built? The fact that large iron nails were, in at least two instances, used in the construction of the Kilbirnie crannog, proves pretty conclusively that its builders belonged to what is usually termed the iron age, and to a period in that age when iron was comparatively plentiful. As to the rest, however, those in which iron was not so used, this, as yet apparently isolated instance, proves nothing. And again, admitting that the inhabitants of the Swiss lake-dwellings were Celts, it by no means follows that the Celts were the first to construct

these dwellings, or were the only tribes that used them. It is quite as probable that they only adopted them, and that the inventors of these singular dwellings belonged to those non-Aryan tribes who preceded them in their advance towards the West. Such, in fact, seems to be the clear teaching of the evidence to hand. Dr. Munro assumes that the builders of the crannogs he has done so much to bring to light, were undoubtedly Celts. We are not so sure that he is right. They may have been their builders, and they may not have been. There is little, and probably absolutely nothing, to show that they were. It seems to us much more probable that the original builders belonged to the Ivernian, or, at least, to the non-Aryan tribes of the neolithic age, who were pressed further and further to the west and north of Britain, by the successive Celtic immigrations, and who, as we know, were in possession of most of the country between the Clyde and the Solway Frith, both before and after the Roman invasion. The presence of stone and bone implements in the crannogs would seem to support this conclusion. On the other hand, the presence of bronze and iron proves nothing to the contrary, as it is quite probable, and, in fact, only natural to suppose, that the Ivernian or non-Aryan tribes would not be slow to avail themselves, as far as they could, of the superior civilization of their Celtic neighbours, though continually or for the most part at war with them.

But whoever they were, the builders of these ancient Scottish crannogs possessed no little patience, knowledge, and skill. Dr. Munro by no means overstates their case when he says:—'To construct in ten or twelve feet of water, virtually floating over an unfathomable quagmire, a solid compact island, with a circular area of 100 feet or more, and capable of enduring for centuries as a retreat for men and animals, would, I dare-say, be the means of eliciting from many an engineer of the present, a more frequent manifestation of the proverbial symptom of a puzzled Scotchman, than from these early brothers of the craft—the crannog builders.' Their way of going to work seems to have been as follows:—The spot, generally a shallow or some more or less sudden rise in the bottom of the lake,

having been chosen, a thick bed of brushwood and branches was floated over it. On this a circular raft of trunks of trees was formed, and upon it additional layers of logs and brushwood, together with stones and gravel were heaped till the whole mass grounded. As this process went on, upright piles of oak of the requisite length were inserted into holes prepared in the horizontal logs, which were here and there pinned together with stout oaken pegs. Here and there, too, and at various levels oak beams were laid right across the raft, mortised into each other, and secured to the surrounding piles. When sufficiently above the water-line, the top of the island was covered with a pavement of oak beams, and mortised beams were laid over the tops of the encircling piles. By an elaborate arrangement of beams and stones, the sides of the island were made to slope, so as to give greater breadth at the base than at the top. Around the surface of the island a rough breastwork was then constructed, and within or attached to this the hut or huts were raised. Frequently a submerged gangway was laid from the crannog to the nearest shore, by means of which secret access could be obtained to the island without the use of a canoe; and the whole was finished by the erection of one or more lines of enclosing palisades.* 'Bearing in mind,' says Dr. Munro, 'that all these structures were solidly put together without nails or bolts, and that the gangways which have remained permanently fixed to the present time had neither joint nor mortise, we may fearlessly challenge modern science to produce better results under these or indeed any circumstances.'

That these singular and indeed remarkable constructions were used as permanent and not as occasional dwellings, we do not doubt. The opinion has been advanced that they were used mainly as summer retreats and as places of occasional refuge, on the ground chiefly that, where a crannog is found, a fort is usually found on some neighbouring hill-top. We cannot now enter upon a discussion of this opinion, but it seems to us wholly untenable. The probability is that in the fort and in the crannog we have the dwellings and strongholds

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* *A. S. Lake-Dwellings*, pp. 262-3.

of two distinct races: in the fort of the Celts, and in the crannog of the neolithic tribes who preceded them. That the Celts *used* the crannogs, there can probably be no doubt; nor can there be that the crannogs have had many occupants. That of Lochlee seems to have been abandoned and re-occupied no fewer than three times, with considerable periods intervening. The fact that the lowermost of the hearths was found some three feet below the surface of the log-pavement would seem to point to the subsidence or submergence of the structure, and to its subsequent discovery and re-occupation; while the discovery of stone, bronze, and iron implements in all the crannogs points to the fact that they were the dwelling-places of many generations, the history of perhaps the greater number of which has still to be written.

Art. V.—AGNOSTICISM.

THERE have been two extreme opinions in the history of Christendom regarding the limits of human knowledge—Gnosticism and Agnosticism. The former is the scientific creed of the *second* Christian century; the latter is the scientific tendency of the *nineteenth*. The Gnostics are the men who *know*; the Agnostics are the men who do *not* know. Gnosticism says: Man has or may have a faculty by which he can know the Infinite; he has only to shut his eyes upon the outer world, and to entrance himself in a reverie of mystic contemplation, and there will enter into his soul experiences beyond human experience—thoughts which transcend all earthly ideas—the waves of a life which never flowed from the rivers of time. Agnosticism says: Man has no faculty for the knowledge of the Infinite. Not only is he unable to know the Infinite, he is incapable of knowing any finite thing outside the range of experience. All his ideas have entered through the five gates of the senses, and he can have no conception of any idea which claims to have

entered by another gate. All his efforts to escape from himself are vain; all his vaunted success in these efforts is but delusion. The vision of God which he sees is but his own shadow; the sight of heaven which he beholds is but his own dream. His moments of ecstacy, his flights of rapture, his seasons of high communion with things not seen and eternal, his experience of a peace that passeth understanding and of a love that passeth knowledge, are each and all but different reflections of his own countenance. The mirror of his fancy can reflect nothing but the face of him who holds it, for all his knowledge has been given by the world, and therefore no part of his knowledge can possibly transcend the world; his religion can never be verified.

Each of these views has in its day been regarded as a heresy. In the second century the heretics were the men who professed to know; in the nineteenth century the heretics are the men who profess not to know. The second century was an age of faith, and therefore it was a heresy to claim sight; the nineteenth century is an age of reason, and therefore it is a heresy to declare that one does not see. It is not, however, from the theological standpoint, much less from the standpoint of an *odium theologicum*, that we wish to discuss this question; we desire to look at it in its purely scientific aspect. We would like to exclude from our examination all reference to possible consequences. We have nothing to do with consequences in the investigation of truth. Consequences belong to the sphere of morality, and in that sphere they fall to be considered, but they have no place whatever in a search for knowledge. He who inquires as to the solution of a natural problem must inquire with humble mind; in that lies his only safety, his only chance of success. If he would learn of nature, he must sit at the feet of nature without condition. He must dismiss from his mind all preconceived opinions not derived from nature herself. He must abandon, for the time at least, all theological prejudice. He must refuse to ask, What will happen if this *be* so? he must simply ask, What is the fact? He must be animated by no bias either favourable or adverse. He must reserve his judgment until nature has stated her cause. Such is the spirit in which we intend to conduct this inquiry. It is a problem of human nature; therefore to human nature shall

we go. It is a question addressed to experience; therefore to experience shall we appeal. It is a dispute concerning the limits of the field of Man; we can only decide the cause by examining the boundaries of the field.

What, then, is the question between Gnosticism and Agnosticism? Put into the shortest compass, it may be expressed thus: Gnosticism says, We have a faculty which transcends the natural reason, and therefore we have a knowledge of the supernatural; Agnosticism says, We have no faculty which transcends the natural reason, and therefore we have no knowledge of the supernatural; we have only a sense of mystery—a consciousness that we do not know. Now, we would call attention to the fact that these *two* schools of thought, widely diverse as they are in their modes of thinking, are yet in their fundamental position at one. They both take it for granted that there can be no knowledge of the supernatural if there be no faculty which transcends the natural reason. Gnosticism allows to man a vision of things above the world, because it finds in man an organ of perception which looks beyond the limits of earthly experience. Agnosticism denies to man a vision of things beyond the world, just because it cannot find in him any organ of perception which has ever perceived things beyond the range of earthly experience. On whatever points they differ, these two are agreed on this one thing—that our knowledge of anything beyond the order of nature must depend on our possession of a faculty which *transcends* the order of nature. So little doubt has either of them as to the truth of this position, that each of them treats it as an axiom.

If it be so, we should, for our part, have no doubt whatever as to what view were the more scientific—should have no hesitation whatever in giving our adhesion to the doctrine of Agnosticism: for we believe that a supernatural revelation, communicated to human nature through a wholly supernatural channel, is the nearest approach which human language can furnish to a direct contradiction in terms. But *is* it so? Is this position, which by the Gnostic and the Agnostic alike is assumed as an axiom, able to be verified in experience? Is it the case that our knowledge of an existence transcending the present order of nature must depend upon our possession of a faculty transcending the limits of

time? What if it should be found that the limits of time are themselves the source of our knowledge of the supernatural? What if it should be seen that the natural reason which the Gnostic seeks to suppress by a *mystical* reason is itself the root of all the mysticism and all the supernaturalism which exist in the heart of man? What, in short, if Agnosticism itself, and unconsciously to itself, should be proved to have been all along that wellspring from which has flowed the faith of man? It is a strange paradox, but truth often lies in a paradox. In any case, there is here presented to us an alternative differing essentially from either Gnosticism or Agnosticism—an alternative which in some sense touches the boundaries of both, but which in no way is capable of being incorporated with either. With Gnosticism it claims a knowledge of something higher than the seen and temporal; with Agnosticism it professes to seek no faculties but those which nature has given. It asks from nature herself an explanation and a vindication of man's supernatural knowledge. Let us try whether nature can answer this demand.

And let us begin by taking our stand on common ground—on ground which Gnostic and Agnostic will alike accept. The man who calls himself an Agnostic admits as freely as his opponent that, when he inquires by the light of nature into the origin of this universe, he experiences a sense of mystery. Here then is a starting-point which may eventually lead to an important goal. Before we go a step further, we must ask, What is this sense of mystery? The Agnostic will at once answer, It is the consciousness that we do not know. Doubtless it is this; but is it nothing more? Is the sense of mystery simply identical with the feeling of ignorance? Ask a man how the phenomenon of life began, he will answer, I do not know; ask him if any rain will fall to-morrow, he will answer again, I do not know. Here are in the same individual two cases of ignorance, but who does not see that they are altogether unlike? There is something in the one which is not found in the other, and that something is the sense of mystery. The ignorance of the fact in to-morrow's weather is a pure and simple negation, but it is not accompanied by any sense of mystery; we accept complacently the connection that we do not know. The ignorance of the origin of life is a very different

state of mind. It is not a mere negation; it is a sense of positive wonder—of wonder amounting to pain. It is a consciousness of ignorance which is not accepted complacently. The mind has reached a barred gate by which it refuses to be barred. It strives again and again to break down, or at least break through, the limit which blocks the progress of its researches; it strives ever in vain, but it never admits itself to be vanquished. The difference between the two cases is indeed marked and unmistakable, and is indicated by the very use of everyday language; we talk of the *ignorance* of to-morrow, but we speak of the *mystery* of life.

Now, the question is, Where does this difference lie? Why is it that there is a sense of mystery attaching to our ignorance of the origin of life which does not for a moment attach to our ignorance of the prospective fall of rain-drops? The secret lies here. My inability to tell whether rain will or will not fall to-morrow does not proceed from any intellectual difficulty; it is a simple case of uncertainty. Either result seems equally intelligible and equally according to *law*. But when a man asks, How did life begin? his inability to answer the question proceeds from a very different cause; it proceeds from the fact that every conceivable answer seems to violate a law of nature. Turn where he will in the solution of this problem, he is dogged by the shadow of the supernatural. It is a great mistake to suppose that the shadow of the supernatural only follows the believers in a religion; it follows all men without distinction and without exception. No form of belief, no form of unbelief, escapes the vision of the supernatural. It belongs alike to the Christian and to the opponent of Christianity—to the worshipper of a God and to the man who calls himself an atheist. If a man, by adopting the creed of Agnosticism, could free himself in any sense from the idea of something beyond the limits of nature, there might be some ground for the notion that Agnosticism has fewer difficulties than Theology. But, in truth, Agnosticism escapes nothing by refusing to be theological; it has all the difficulties of Theology, and special ones of its own. Agnosticism is itself the product of a sense of mystery, and the sense of mystery arises from the fact that the mind sees somewhere an inter-

ruption of the existing order of things. Let us try to make this clear.

The Agnostic, in his *creed* at least, refuses to come to any decision on the conflicting theories regarding the origin of life. He is quite well aware, however, that the possible theories reduce themselves to *four*. We must either hold, *first*, that life has existed from all eternity; or, *second*, that it has come into the world spontaneonsly; or, *third*, that it has flowed from mechanical evolution; or, *fourth*, that it has resulted from the contact of a higher spiritual intelligence. Other foundation can no man lay than one or other of these, and in one or other of these the solution of the problem must lie. Yet every one of these involves a sense of mystery—a mystery which arises not from any mere feeling of ignorance, but from the direct vision of an interrupted law. The Agnostic may say, and even think, that if he could only ignore the last alternative—that of a higher intelligence—he would avoid the necessity of going outside of nature to seek a cause for nature. He may think that, if he could only adopt one of the three first hypotheses—the eternal existence of life, the spontaneous generation of life, or the mechanical evolution of life—he would be free from the need of looking beyond the machine for an explanation of the machine's construction. He would *not* be free from that need; he would be in the very heart of it. Let him select any one of these theories—let him say that life never began, let him say that it came into the world spontaneously, let him say that it has been gradually evolved by the combinations of material forces—the result in each case will be precisely the same. It will be that very result which he is most anxious to avoid, and to avoid which he has ignored the last alternative. In flying from Scylla he will fall into Charybdis. In avoiding the idea of God with a view to escape a cause outside of nature, he will be driven by nature herself outside her own boundaries, and forced to seek a cause in that supernatural world which he shunned. His very Agnosticism will become a protest against the adequacy of nature to explain the existence of nature, and the first step in the ladder of his knowledge will be found to be that very sense of ignorance

which has impelled him to confess, 'I do not know.' Let us take one by one these so-called natural alternatives.

And let us begin with that theory which seeks to avoid the difficulty by postulating the eternity of life. It refuses to go back to any beginning whatsoever. It sees now in existence a series of links by which life is propagated from parents to offspring, and it sees no reason why the series should not have been eternal. It is not the object of this paper to give such a reason, nor is it any part of our province to show that the theory in question is untenable. But what we have to insist on is, that whether true or false, whether possible or impossible, it is at all events a theory built upon *faith*, *i.e.*, upon belief in the supernatural. For let us distinctly understand what is this theory of the eternity of life. It is nothing less than the belief in the existence of a chain in which there is no first link—in other words, it is the conviction that a series of beings, not one of which has any ground of existence within itself, has yet, without any origin and without any superintendence, existed from all eternity. It is, of course, quite possible to hold that life has existed from eternity as an emanation of the Deity. That is a very different theory; it is a theory which really seeks an *origin* for life, and finds that origin in God. It is quite conceivable that life may have existed from all time as an eternal effect of the power of God, but in this case the cause of life is the power of God, and not the existence from eternity. We are here considering the purely naturalistic alternatives—the alternatives to which a man goes in order to avoid the supernatural. And, from this point of view, we say that the theory in question does not avoid the supernatural; it plunges the man back into the sea from which he had emerged. No single life comes into the world by its own power; that is admitted on all hands. Each link in the chain is therefore dependent on some previous one; how can the *series* of links depend upon nothing? The first link by supposition does not exist; on what principle then does the chain exist? It must be on a supernatural principle, for there is no place for it in nature. It is not merely that such a theory fails to assign a first cause for things; it fails to assign any cause either first or last. The existence of the most deve-

loped man is, on this principle, as much without origin as the existence of the most primitive form, and for this reason—that the develcped man and the primitive form are alike the links of a chain which has no first link, and therefore no natural right to exist at all. Every being in the series is an individual miracle—a violation of the law of cause and effect. In the attempt to keep within the chain of nature we are compelled to break away from that chain, and to assume an order of things different from the order of science. We are compelled to construct a system which no more resembles the teaching of our present experience than the visions of fairyland resemble the life of common day, and our effort to admit none but physical causes has ended in our denying to physical causes even their legitimate measure of power. This view is essentially supernatural.

What shall we say then of the *second* alternative—that which explains life by the doctrine of spontaneous generation? It has this much in advantage of the previous view—that it seeks a first link for the chain, but it says that the first link came of its own accord—*i.e.*, by chance. We are asked to believe that, amid a myriad of strokes thrown out blindly and at random, nature one auspicious day hit on the living germ, and, as it were by a freak of fortune, life began to be! We shall not discuss the theory; our object is investigative, not apologetic. But what we want to point out is this, that, whether true or false, the theory has failed to do that which it was designed to do. It would never have been devised at any time but for the hope of getting rid of the supernatural. It has, on the contrary, increased to an enormous degree the demand on human credulity. It is an enforcement with redoubled emphasis, and a repetition with intensified difficulties, of that old doctrine which science believed herself to have surmounted—the creation out of nothing. The doctrine of the spontaneous origin of life was devised to avoid the necessity of calling in the aid of a power beyond nature; and what has been the result? It has made nature herself supernatural. It has given to nature for a single day a power she never possessed before, and which in all the ages of history she has never possessed again—the power to create intelligence out of her own unintelligence. The startling feature of

the theory is not its rationalism, it is the demand it makes on faith. No theist, no polytheist, no believer in miraculous providences, ever manifested such a blind devotion to the supernatural. It may require faith to believe that a higher Intelligence had to intervene for the production of life in this planet, but it needs a faith ten thousand times stronger to admit that the power which produced life on this planet was not intelligence at all. Prof. Huxley himself calls this admission an act of faith, and on a question such as this there is no higher authority. If science, in the person of her ablest modern representative, declares that the doctrine of spontaneous generation can be justified only by *faith*, and not by *law*—if a school of thought whose professed aim is to extend as far as possible the limits of the physical should yet have professed its inability to find within the physical the strength adequate to a creative mandate—the conclusion to which we are drawn is direct and inevitable. We are forced, whether we will or no, outside the limits of nature into a supernatural region where the present laws of nature are powerless. We may throw ourselves for intellectual refuge into the arms of a superior Intelligence, or we may ascribe to nature herself the power which men seek in that Intelligence. In either case the issue is the same. We are compelled *by* experience to look beyond experience. We are forced by the very limits of nature to contemplate a nature of things which is *un*limited. We are impelled by the sense of our own boundaries—if you will have it, by the very sense of our own Agnosticism—to postulate the existence of something beyond our knowledge and beyond ourselves. That something, whatever it be, is for us the supernatural.

We have already more than half anticipated the *third* of the natural alternatives—that which we have called mechanical evolution. It may be held along with the foregoing view, but it sometimes takes a modified form. Spontaneous generation is the rise of life without parentage; mechanical evolution is, strictly speaking, the discovery of a parentage for life in the union of material forces. This latter theory in its extreme form may be thus expressed: There is only one force in nature, and all the seeming variety of its forces is but the variation of the one. All

seeming varieties can pass into one another. Light may become heat, heat may become light; either may become electricity. The vital force is not different from light, or heat, or electricity; it is only another form of the one central and incomprehensible force. There is no more difficulty in light, or heat, or electricity passing into life than there is in light, or heat, or electricity passing into one another; all are parts of a common unity—all are in essence already one. To see the origin of life, we must observe the action of the material forces. These forces, by setting matter in motion, by combining and re-combining, by rending old forms and constructing new, by regulating the principles of attraction and repulsion between the atoms and molecules which compose the universe, at last wrought out an organism fit to live, and a world fit to support life. The rest was easy. Life —in its essence already one with the material forces—assumed its present aspect when it received its present embodiment, and in the meeting of the powers of nature in one organic form there was laid the foundation of that living germ which has itself been the origin of man.

Now, let us suppose for a moment that all this were conceded. Let us say that the forces of nature without any other aid have formed the outward organism. Let us say that, without any prevision or intelligence, the organism has been fitted to its environment. Let us even say that in the completed organism life has arisen *naturally* as one of the forms of light, and heat, and electricity. We shall then have only touched the shore of that sea which no ship has ever essayed to traverse. When we have disposed of the phenomenon of life, our troubles are only beginning, for it is then we have to encounter the mystery of all mysteries—the phenomenon of consciousness. It is the sense of the changeless in the mutable. In the existence of every man who watches the transmutations of his bodily form, the averment is literally true, that in the midst of life we are in death. The organism in which we were born is not the organism in which we now dwell. Not one atom is left of that material structure which was by supposition the origin of our consciousness. The elements have all passed away, and made room for other elements —we have been unclothed and clothed upon anew. Yet through

all this material transition—this flux and reflux—this vanishing of the old and replacement by the new—man's sense of identity never wavers. The component parts of his old body—the component forces of his old physical nature—have been dissipated into new combinations; but his consciousness, that evidence of a changeless life, is unbroken still. We might say of it, in adaptation of the words of an ancient poet, 'They perish, but thou remainest; they all shall wax old as a garment; but thou art the same.' If it be so, the question lies on the very surface, and it is this, Can that whose nature it is to be changeless be the result of that whose essence is mutability? Can that which only exists in the act of passing away be the parent of that whose very definition is continuity? If it can, on what evidence are we to believe it? Shall we appeal to the facts of present experience? These, by the admission of science herself, are all adverse to the belief. No man of the present day would admit for a moment the natural possibility of a resurrection from the dead—that is to say, no man of the present day would admit the possibility that a union of the old material forces might bring back to him the lost object of his love. Why is this? If material forces once originated this conscious personality, why do not bereaved men lift up their heads in the hope that they may originate it again? It is because they and all men know that, if the forces of nature ever had such a power, it must have been before the birth of human experience. It is the received doctrine of science that in all the ages of history no life has been produced except by life. On what evidence are we to believe that in the age preceding history the power to create life existed in matter? There can only be one evidence for such a view—the testimony of faith; to this issue again we come. He who believes that material nature once possessed a power which she does not now possess, believes that material nature was herself once supernatural. He appeals from science to a state of things of which science knows nothing—from the order of experience to an order that transcends experience—from the laws of the existing universe to the laws of an universe which eye hath not seen and which heart has not conceived. We do not say whether in such a sphere such

an appeal is or is not legitimate; that is a question to be settled by the apologist alone. But the point on which we insist is, that, whether true or false, right or wrong, it *is* an appeal to the supernatural. It is a confession that the laws of the material universe cannot account for their own origin, and an effort to find their origin in the supposition of laws which at first were supernatural.

Let us now see where we stand in this inquiry. If the foregoing observations be just—and we do not see how they can be controverted—there will follow a very important inference: that we do not need a supernatural faculty to give us a knowledge of the supernatural. The Gnostic took it for granted that, without such a faculty, an evidence of the supernatural was impossible; and the Agnostic, in all other respects his opponent, is in this at one with him. In the view of both alike, we can only perceive a life beyond nature by getting ourselves outside the limits of nature. But, if the view we have taken be a true one, it is the sense of a limit itself which gives the idea of the supernatural. If we have rightly interpreted the most ordinary facts of human nature, our conception of a law transcending the present law is derived from the very limitations of our being. It is not the product of moments of ecstacy in which the human soul fancies it has emancipated itself from the trammels of earthly things. It is, on the contrary, the result of these trammels. It comes from the consciousness that we are *not* free—that we are hemmed in by barriers on every side—that we are obstructed by boundaries which we cannot pass. No doubt, the very desire to pass them implies the existence in man of something transcendental, but that something is not a *faculty* of the soul—it is the soul itself. In the very act of recognising the limits of nature, man proves himself to be larger than those limits. The moment I have recognised that a barred gate *is* barred, I have already in thought seen beyond it, for the very conception of a bar is the notion of something which protects the other side. To know that I do *not* know is already some point of knowledge. The sense of ignorance is the first stage of ignorance dispelled. When a man says he does not know the charm of music, he admits the existence of the unknown charm; he learns it by seeing

a limit which is to him impassable, but over which others can leap. Here is a positive fact wrapped up in a seemingly negative statement. If you doubt it, you have only to consider what the pure negation would have been. If all men from the beginning had been destitute of the sense of music, no man would have known his ignorance of that sense, for no man would have conceived the possibility of its existence. There would be the want of a sense of limit; the gate and the bar would alike be inconceivable. This would be ignorance proper—ignorance unconscious of itself. But when a man says he has no ear for music, the case is very different; it is no longer an absolute ignorance, it is a positive knowledge of ignorance—in other words, a knowledge that there is something to be known. It is the conviction that there is in the world a thought which he himself does not possess, and a power to reach that thought which does not exist in him. This is ignorance, if you will, but it is not the ignorance of the man born blind; it is the ignorance of the man who has got sufficient light to know that he does not see. It is precisely this amount of light which leads man in nature; he sees darkness over all the problems of his own existence. He asks, Whence is this sense of mystery? If the laws of matter have made him, there ought to be no mystery about it; the principle of casuality in nature should be able at once to explain his origin. But nature can explain nothing. No beginning can be suggested without seeming to violate her laws; no denial of a beginning can be thought of without contradicting her leading principles. Turn where he will, he finds in himself something larger than the things around him—something capable of containing them, and therefore incapable of being contained by them. He sees in the forms and forces of matter no power that can explain *his* power—no life adequate to account for his life. His ignorance of himself comes from his very study of nature. His sense of mystery is not the survival of an age of unscientific culture; it is the direct and immediate result of the culture of science. It is because the laws of nature have been rigidly defined that he is able to mark their boundaries, and it is because he knows their boundaries that he finds himself to be more than

they. His knowledge of the limits of nature has forced him into *faith* in the supernatural.

We arrive then at this conclusion: If it should be found that there is in the human soul no transcendental faculty such as the Gnostic claims—if it should be found that, as the Agnostic holds, we are hemmed in on every side by the limits of our experience—it would not by any means follow that we have no ground for religious belief, for it is just in the sense of these limits that our evidence of the supernatural is seen. It is just by arriving at a knowledge of those chains that bind us that we learn the irrepressible desire to break through the chains, and read in that desire the proof that we are higher than our environment. It is from experience, and not outside experience, that man has derived his knowledge of an invisible world; the powers that have taught him to look beyond himself are the normal powers of his own soul. And we cannot but remark how much more satisfactory is this revelation than the transcendental revelation of the Gnostics. What was it that the men of the second century professed to have reached by their transcendental faculty? A life outside of time? What kind of life was this? It was blank negation! It was the absence of form—the absence of colour—the absence of personality—the absence of thought itself! The faculty which transcended experience had no right to reveal the things of experience; it was bound to seek the Infinite, and to seek the Infinite was to seek the void. To transcend my experience is to transcend myself, and to transcend myself is to be annihilated. Such was the goal of Gnosticism. Had it been reached, it would have been to him who attained it the death of worship as of life itself. The Infinite as such cannot be the object of our religious reverence. The Infinite is the boundless, and the boundless cannot be figured by any soul; to think it would be to destroy it.

But, when I turn from these barren abstractions to that life of nature in which we live and move, I find a basis for religion at once more certain and more clear. I am no longer called to go out of myself in order to discover a presence which men name the Infinite. I reach something less than the Infinite, but more commensurate with my own nature—the supernatural. And I reach it, not by rising out of self, but by the very study of self. I

reach it by touching the prison-house that binds me, and finding in the touch that it *is* a prison-house. In those bars that resist me I learn that I am bound; in my effort to overcome their resistance I learn that I have a right to be free. It is the knowledge of nature that is the basis for my faith in the supernatural; it is through the study of the known that I learn the presence of the unknown. Mysticism is no longer, as with the Gnostic, the beginning of knowledge, but it is still the end of it. We seek not any more to fly from physical nature in order to bury ourselves in the life of the Infinite; we come to physical nature as the very necessity of our being. Yet, sitting at the feet of this prosaic monitor, we shall get back our poetry, our reverence, our faith, and the marvel which men sought in the flight from visible things shall at last be found again in their service and in their science.

Art. VI.—THE FUTURE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

WE have in a previous paper considered the present condition of the Highlands, and endeavoured partially to account for it, and we now desire to point out how the normal progress of the country towards a more satisfactory condition of prosperity is to be facilitated, without any unnecessary subversive measures.

When money was scarce and distance serious no doubt the most natural and easiest mode of utilising the vast tracts of the north—as of Australia—was the introduction of sheep and sheep capitalists; while when money became plentiful and sport fashionable, it was equally natural for sporting or impoverished landlords to foster deer preserves. But the rail is a distance-devourer, so that it is no longer a 'far cry to Loch Awe,' but only a Sabbath day's journey; while public opinion is equally rapid in its progress, and the thousands of clear-headed, energetic visitors from the south have commenced by asking why these wilds are untenanted by their natural inhabitants; and are now proceeding to declare, in no uncertain tones, that, as burghers of many toiling cities, their

fellow men claim more of their sympathy than the stag of ten in the corry.

We will not discuss the deserving character of those upon whom this sympathy is expended, nor ask whether laziness has partially permitted their birth-right to slip through their fingers, or if it has been stolen from them. Enough that the belief is strong that the Highlands are in hands that have not of late done their duty by them, and that it is high time stronger hands and less onesided intelligencies were exercising some controlling iufluence over them; nor are we so full of sentiment as to care greatly whether the native or the stranger utilise and populate the land, so long as we are satisfied that the native and the land alike get justice.

It may not perhaps be anticipated that the wild and barren portions of the country, however beautiful and romantic, will be utilised economically and commercially while important resources are still undeveloped in the richer lowlands; and yet life has frequently a tendency to display itself vigorously at the extremities of a constitution with a good circulation, to the neglect of portions nearer the heart. It is therefore by no means unreasonable, judging from analogy, to expect a rush of financial blood to the north, more especially if it is thought that there is scope for monied Teutons to reap rich harvests neglected by the dreamy, poverty-stricken, or oppressed Celts? But even calculating that local enterprize, with occasional external stimuli, should alone grapple with their industrial development, we may safely calculate that a magnetic disturbance is passing north, of such a vigorous character that the present social molecules will be disturbed and re-arranged. Nothing but good need ultimately be the outcome of such a commotion, and the marked attention at present directed to the Highlands is of itself matter for the keenest satisfaction.

It appears to us to be almost a reason for regret that we are unable to pose as a colony, and start a great Highland, as we would a Colonial, loan, thereby absorbing some of the superabundant wealth of England, accumulating in hands without the skill and judgment to apply it advantageously. We are daily told that this, that, and the other enterprize will not pay to conduct, because we are not satisfied with less than 5 or 6 per cent.

for our money, and not to be tempted with less than 10 per cent. plus a rotten security! Could the north have absorbed some of the thousand million sterling absolutely lost in foreign loans within a limited period, we think the country, the capitalists, and the people would all have benefited by the development of our resources, even although we had only been able to pay 1 per cent. thereon. But in fact there is ample scope in the north for the employment of a vast amount of capital in legitimate enterprizes, which would return liberal percentages if wisely conducted, and whose origination and organisation would introduce and develop social and economic changes of the most beneficial character.

The first thing desirable is to have the country opened up to new industries and new ideas, and to introduce that capital so constantly scoffed at by penniless adventurers and comfortable dreamers, who would support themselves with talk and the people with sentiment. Not until opportunity be given for the growth of a working class by fostering something to work at, will idle tongues stirred by empty stomachs be stilled, or drowned in the sound of hurrying feet and busy hands. It is not our intention to enter specially into the crofter question, which must ultimately be settled by the national tribunal along with the claims of other agricultural tenantry; but the grievances and troubles of the cottar class may be summed up in the statement, that they have not enough to do, and consequently not enough nourishing food to eat. Such a statement made about our own people at home, where, too, undeveloped resources are awaiting the labour alongside, does not say much for our wise conduct in substantially aiding every impecunious and misgoverned state that can place a loan on our markets, often with funds drawn from the very districts that are gasping for capital.

The greatest lever in the modern movement in the Highlands is the railway, and we quite agree with those who hold that this is only in its initial stage. The net work that has been laid over the Lowlands at enormous cost, can be, and ought to be, spread through the Highlands at a minimum of expenditure, and in this we must sooner or later take a lesson from our American cousins, if not from common sense. Those who are best qualified to judge are strongly of opinion that our antiquated notions of what a rail-

way ought to be, whether for the environs of London or the heart of the hills, must be radically changed, and the necessities of position and surroundings duly considered, ere demands are made upon the originators wholly incommensurate with any possible results. If American lines through great stretches of uninhabited and almost uninhabitable lands had required a double line of fencing, almost equal to the cost of the permanent way, and numerous crossings totalling the cost of the viaducts and bridges, most of them would never have been constructed.

Now, what we especially desire to inculcate is, that the nation's money is freely expended in opening up lines through the barren lands of many foreign countries, although the Spanish proverb, 'money like oil sticks to all the hands through which it passes,' is amply exemplified in these cases; and yet it is doled out in niggardly fashion towards schemes that are honestly fostered by reliable men, to the immediate employment of their own countrymen, the improvement of the comfort and welfare of their own surroundings, and the eventual enrichment and advancement of their own land. There seems to be a strange fascination in foreign adventure to the average English mind, and if it would but come to look upon the wilder regions of Scotland as a foreign land, mayhap its purse strings would be loosened, and the required capital would be forthcoming to open up districts isolated at present by wild hills and wilder waters.

As an example of what we look for, let us take the Island of Lewis, whose peaceful, amiable and hardy, if also thriftless and somewhat lazy, sons are forced unhappily to lean on the charity of the South to-day. The crofter population has multiplied to such an extent that it has become practically in many respects a cottar one, only to be supported by extraneous funds brought from their own or the mainland fisheries. Without the refuse from their fisheries the crofts that encircle the seaboard would be unable to raise the crops they do, and the voluminous statements as to what might be done by dividing the greater farms and central lands into crofts, will be valued according as the reader desires to see a few decent farm-houses and a handful of industrious farmers, or a swarm of pig-styes and a good-humoured, lounging, dissatisfied army of pseudo-husbandmen. For agri-

culture in the Lews must always be most subsidiary, and a pastoral race demands extensive bounds, and cannot properly be crowded into townships. But if the opening up of the Long Island be gone about boldly and wisely, we do not doubt that the population and its natural increase would very soon be self-supporting, to a degree quite beyond the bounds of possibility under present conditions. We observe that the Fishery Board, aided by the proprietor, has resolved upon building a secure harbour at Ness, and if this be soundly constructed, it will no doubt prove a blessing; but why stop at this? Into this harbour will be brought daily important supplies of fresh fish, such as would fetch large prices in the Southern markets, but they will all be salted and dried so as to reduce their value, at considerable extra cost of labour and 'stock.' It may seem chimerical to many who have not given the matter due thought, but a railway from Ness down the West Coast to Garynahine, and thence to Stornoway, could be constructed at a cost of perhaps little more than £50,000, on the principle of the pioneer railways; and at perhaps under £200,000, if unfenced and simply constructed. This would mean doubling to the fishermen the return for their catch, and would put energy and life into the country. Then the line would pass down the Western Coast, touching all the fishery ports on the way. These western fisheries, conducted in open boats from Uige, Carloway, Barvas, &c., are merely touched with the point of the finger at present, as for want of suitable large decked craft and the skill to handle them, the many rough days of this exposed coast are wholly lost to the fishermen; and yet Carloway Bay would hold a British fleet in safety, and the fisheries of St. Kilda and even Rockall could be readily reached therefrom, were proper communication with the South established. Added to these are the salmon fisheries, which in certain seasons are of considerable value in the west. Altogether only proper boats and skill, with the facilities created by a line of rail, are wanted to found another and a greater Wick, with a safe and commodious harbour ready, on the Atlantic Coast of the Lews.

At this present moment the fishing industry of Wick is the backbone of that branch of the Highland line, and the loss of the Stornoway fishing traffic was a vital matter to the Skye Railway,

so that such a great industry as is awaiting development on the Western Coast of the Long Island, would be amply sufficient to return a dividend upon a carefully and economically constructed and managed line. We must indeed come to look upon railways as our ancestors looked upon roads, and we question if they could not be laid over many parts at a very little advance over the cost of a good road.

Happily our proprietors are coming to look upon railways more as friends than as enemies, and if they do not aid them to the desired extent, they at least no longer offer them the resistance they formerly did. We do not doubt therefore that railway extension will soon become a matter of course through the various Highland glens; and now that Glencoe is fairly threatened with the advent of Wordsworth's 'birk on the sublime and beautiful,' we can scarcely offer any æsthetic objection to its passage through minor gorges. The railway may appear to many merely a physical and consequently a subsidiary advance, leaving all great social questions in abeyance. We cannot think so. The advance of the rail means the influx of a gradually growing middle class, into which the more industrious and intelligent of the cottars and crofters will become absorbed, and the condition of things produced by a dissatisfied peasantry who constitute the bulk of the inhabitants will be entirely changed, or at least greatly modified, when these same agriculturists form merely a proportion of the population. The proprietors also, or wealthy lessees, who lord it over extensive stretches of wild land, will not dare act with their present occasional autocratic hauteur, when a vigorous, thinking, working, and what is most essential in this very earthy world, *substantial* body of burghers and villagers act as an advance guard of progress, and ever present protest against their supremacy. So well do the Highland proprietors of to-day know this, that while hankering after the substantial results that follow progress, they dread the present injury to their authority and their game preserves of unsympathetic and hard-fisted pioneers; and thus various industries, that might and ought to be prospected throughout the country, to the increased dissatisfaction of the community, remain for the future to develop.

The more we consider the subject and examine the results of

the present condition of the Game Laws, the more we are satisfied that deer and deer forests must be legislated upon ere the Highlands can make such progress as they are capable of. They are justly becoming a source of the keenest irritation to the people of the North, and however strongly we sympathise personally with the sportsmen, we are bound to acknowledge that common justice to the majority of the inhabitants of the country demands, that this most tangible grievance should be lessened to the utmost. We are the more convinced on this point, as the future of the Highlands will be largely dependent upon the fostering of a cultivation to which deer are most inimical. For we demand as an essential condition of such progress, that hundreds of thousands of acres, now scarcely carrying a sheep to the half-dozen acres, or a deer to the hundred acres, should be once again clothed with a Caledonian Forest. So long as sheep and deer abound, such planting is impossible with any prospect of success; but so soon as large deer forests are doomed, we shall see every proprietor of substance and intelligence, proceeding at once to plant millions of young timber trees along our Western and Northern seaboard. There unquestionably must be found one important industrial source of progress. Not only will a great amount of labour be expended in the laying out of such plantations, but they will demand throughout their existence a supply of labour such as ought, at least, to help to absorb the surplus' stock at present found in the country. Were the 'deer forests of the North even very partially turned into real forests, the cottars and crofter peasantry of many districts would soon be so thoroughly employed, that their dissatisfaction would evaporate in their determination to attain greater comfort through greater exertions.

This is no rash assertion. Those who are unacquainted with the West and North of Scotland, are amazed when they come for the first time upon woods that compare favourably with the finest growths of the South. An exposed situation does not at all mean unsuitability for the growth of trees. All that is wanted throughout most parts of Scotland is protection for the first few years, certainly from severe gales, but still more certainly from rabbits, sheep, and deer. This given, most of our ordinary

trees grow with vigour and rapidity, nourished by the great moisture of the mild climate of the West. The case of the Lews has been frequently adduced as an evidence that trees will not grow successfully when exposed to the severity of the Atlantic gales. We scarcely acknowledge the Lews as a case in point, nor can we look upon that country as in any degree an example of success or non-success in the utilisation of the land, the people, or the products. The trees were never planted in masses except around the castle to a moderate extent, where they have also partially succeeded. But towards the west, a strip of plantation was placed in the teeth of the gales, sloping up a hill-side, and even in this untoward situation, without proper attention and within hail of the half-starved winter stock of red deer, the trees managed to secure a foothold, and some to flourish. When we think of the manner in which trees are commonly planted, by dabbing them into unprepared ground, with their roots all crushed into a small hole, in place of being spread out and free to secure a foothold, the wonder is that the first gale does not destroy the bulk of them; yet, throughout the North and West of Scotland, though left to be half-devoured by rabbits or deer, and quite untended for years, they for the most part grow ultimately and flourish, wherever judiciously planted in broad enough masses.

Some portions of Sutherlandshire, even in the bleak east region, have been planted most successfully up to the summits of the hills, over which the young trees are beginning to peep and give softness to the scenery. Where a wealth of heather is present it does not require to be removed, but gives protection from the gale to the young plants until they have strength and vigour to overtop it, and brave the blast for themselves.

In many portions of the wilder regions of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, all that requires to be done is to clear the sheep and deer off the ground, and a vigorous natural growth of Scotch Fir springs up; while on the Duke of Sutherland's property advantage was taken of the readiness with which this tree propagates itself, and the seeds were simply sown broad-cast in special localities, where shelter for deer or cattle was desired. Even moving to this extent, a vast amount of useful timber might be added to our Scottish produce,

and land at present yielding an infinitesimal return per acre would be made to add an important sum to the national wealth, besides ameliorating the climatic conditions of vast stretches of country.

At the same time we must deprecate the system of extending plantations that has prevailed in many districts to the manifest injury of the population. When a proprietor in the Highlands wishes to plant a new stretch of ground under wooding, he is met with the difficulty that all the land not under crofts is leased to large farmers and sporting tenants. The crofters having no leases, it is the simplest mode of action to turn them adrift and plant their holdings. This is folly from every rational point of view. Not only is the necessary surplus labour required for forests thus removed, but the population upon whose stimulated efforts all progress must ultimately depend is reduced in place of increased.

We do not propose to place planting in opposition to cultivation, but to insist that hundreds of thousands of acres in the Highlands, at present earning one shilling an acre for sheep, and sixpence an acre for game, and employing a handful of keepers and shepherds, ought to be very differently occupied, seeing that 'it is admitted by everybody conversant with the subject, that land under plantations yields not less than £1 sterling of rent from the date of planting onwards for sixty years.' This from the proprietor's side, besides the employment of labour, and collateral advantages to the district!

Let us still further examine this question in the light of figures. It being a fact that deer, rabbits, and black game are injurious to the growth of young timber, and it being a statement that Highland proprietors are at present obliged to look to game as a source of revenue, the natural result would be that matters would remain as they are to the destruction of all progress. But as a fact the combined Highland counties of Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness and Argyll, do not bring more than £200,000 per annum for game not in the proprietors' own hands, an amount that an expenditure of considerably under a million sterling in planting would return from 200,000 acres in place of from 8½ million acres, and with what result? The game stock would be

changed in character, but, if desired, increased in quantity, and the country would be rapidly changed from bleak cold stretches of land without shelter for cattle, to districts in which numberless small pastoral and dairy farms could nestle in comfort, raising enough agricultural produce for their own consumption, and carrying a heavy stock of cattle and sheep of a class unable to find sustenance at present, even if the extensive absentee sheep farmers would or could supply the necessary labour for such troublesome high-class animals.

We therefore hold there would, if so desired, be even more game rather than less in a well developed, well wooded country; because these wild hangers-on to industrious mankind, can find more to eat from the crumbs of industry than from the harvest of nature. At any rate we cannot look upon an unproductive rental of £200,000 per annum—where the sea fisheries alone are even now worth £2,000,000 per annum—as of so much importance to any class that the country is to be kept from its natural development on account of it. With additional railway and steamer communication, and an impulse on the part of proprietors to expend some little in the way of plantations upon their estates in place of scraping everything off them, a healthy natural tone would soon be given to these regions, and conterminously the wealth of the fisheries would be developed to a proportionate extent.

That West Coast herring are superior in flavour and delicacy to those of the East Coast is so well known as to be a commonplace, and the Western fisheries ought to be developed to as great an extent as those of the East, not only considering the great extent of coast line, but the greater facilities in a broken, island-fringed coast of finding shelter from the storms that arise. But unfortunately the harvest is very partially gathered, the only harvesters of consequence over great stretches of coast being those indefatigable East Coast sea-rovers, who have inherited the courage and seamanship of their Viking ancestors.

We are quite aware that the pride and *amour propre* of the Highlanders cannot endure such a statement, and that it will be strenuously denied, but we nevertheless hold it to be a fact of great importance to be acknowleged, that the Celt of the Highlands like him of Ireland is a landsman, and a sufferer from

land hunger, or else the wealth of the shores of either country would not have been left so long undisturbed by them, while the hardy seafarers of the Teutonic East Coast were dragging comfort and independence from a turbulent and treacherous sea. At the same time the Islesmen are quite capable of becoming good boatmen if properly encouraged, and of late years those who have proceeded to the East Coast herring fishery have occasionally returned with more suitable craft than they formerly possessed. Such encouragement, however, must come, as it has always come hitherto, from outsiders, as the sea pays no direct rental to the Highland proprietors, and they for the most part are too indifferent or short-sighted to look to the rapid development of the resources of their land through the progress of local maritime adventure. What is wanted is not that so many boats are to come from the South or the East, but that the fisheries and dependent labour should become in very deed local industries. The miserable clachans that can alone be the outcome of a handful of wretched half-tilled acres, would soon give place to the snugger dwellings that a hard-working fisher population would create. In fact the whole sea coast of the Highlands and Islands requires to be operated upon in the same manner as the capitalist of the day would treat a newly-opened land, into which the artificial necessities of modern life are penetrating, without as yet introducing the facilities that will enable the people to procure them. So many great cities and great fortunes have been built out of the sea, that it seems to us childish to insist upon the fact that the wealth of the western waters is sufficient to create many most comfortable centres of industry; and the extremely broken character of the coast would, we have no doubt, give a very wholesome direction to the development of these centres of population. In place of a few large overgrown towns, there will gradually arise a great number of well built villages, into which the more difficult and trying problems of modern life will not force themselves. Such centres of energy and burgher independence will soon have an influence in forcing the hands of ignorant or indifferent landowners who may wish to continue the present system of general stagnation. Were it not for the ease with which an income can be earned from land under sheep and game, the whole length of the Highlands and

Islands would long ago have been stirred up to utilise the surrounding waste of waters.

We look to find that within a very short time the intelligent concern of the Highlands in the prosperity of one of the greatest sources of its wealth, and of the South in an important source of supply, will stimulate them to provide suitable establishments of a simple character around the coast, for the artificial incubation of herring and other sea fishes of value. Many lochs formerly rich in herring shoals are at present rarely visited, but that does not mean that they are unsuited for these fishes; and very simple breeding establishments ought to be maintained at moderate distances around the coast, from which millions of young fishes might be annually turned out. As herring ova will incubate in less than six weeks, and we have reason to believe that herring are in spawn more or less throughout the year, we might thus be enabled to regulate the fishery so as to spread it over all the months of the year in most localities. Indeed there is not a month in the year even now, in which herring are not taken on some part or other of the British Coast.

We are now brought face to face again with the two great grievances of the North, which it shares in part indeed with the whole country. These are, enormous stretches of land wholly under one man, who, if he desires, can, and only too frequently does, permit it to remain undeveloped, when he does not use his utmost influence to retard its natural development. And in the second place, the fostering of game as of more consequence and more interest than humanity. The education of the country is progressing rapidly on these matters, and the future of the Highlands can scarcely be thought of by any unprejudiced and sympathetic mind, except as influenced by the freedom of land through the simplification of its transfer, and the repeal of the Laws of Entail and perhaps Primogeniture. We do not doubt also that the mind of the nation is being steadily made up as to the necessity for the curtailment of overgrown sheep-walks, and the reduction of deer, and other ground game proper, to as subsidiary a position as the poorer cottagers have hitherto occupied—viz: existing upon sufferance. If these great estates had generally been managed with intelligent appreciation of the requirements of the country,

and deer forests had been confined to the wildest parts of the hills, and then had remained of moderate compass, the force of public opinion would not so soon have become focussed upon them, as the outrageous abuse of the landowner's legal rights in several striking instances has made it.

We have no doubt, then, that it is merely a matter of years—and the fewer the better—before the Highlands will be thrown free from the crushing influence of overgrown land-holdings, and be gradually broken up among smaller proprietors who will sprinkle it with comfortable country houses in place of shambling shooting-lodges. These owners will be enabled to give as much energy, knowledge, and attention to the development of a small stretch of land, as is now given to prevent the development of half a county. Plantations will creep up the hill-sides, boat harbours be constructed in suitable situations, mines and quarries opened, at present kept hidden for fear of disturbing the game, and sloth and growing indifference, partly created by neglect, and superinduced by semi-starvation, will be driven out by fresh outlets for labour. At the same time a general feeling of freedom and emancipation from the crushing pressure of their present lives, will naturally follow improved physical conditions.

It is sometimes well to carry weight, if we are not overburthened, and many will point to the Lowlands of Scotland and to England, as developed and enormously advanced in every material wealth, despite the negative or positive resistance of their great landowners. But the world has awakened and rubbed its eyes, and although the Teutonic elements of the Lowlands, with dour tenacity, have heaped up the coffers of great houses like Derby or Westminster in their despite, by building great cities on a seventy-five years' lease, the energy of the Highlands is neither so blind nor so exuberant; and when it is met by the supineness and indifference, not to say opposition, of those from whom it has a right to expect encouragement and assistance, it recoils from the effort in no friendly spirit.

Thus it is that so few endeavour to better their position, foreseeing as they do that the greater results of their exertions will simply go to add to the wealth of those for whom they can have no regard. The more energetic leave for other fields, the remain-

der sink lower in poverty and dependancy, and may require fresh blood and powerful stimuli to rouse them from their semi-stupor, and vigorous management to prevent them shewing as great opposition to just and honest measures of improvement, as to unjust measures of oppression.

In the face of such conditions as we have indicated, it is as much a Conservative as a Liberal necessity that the great disabilities under which the country labours should be removed, ere the dissatisfaction of the nation becomes indignation, and the consequent legislation forced upon it under national excitement be more sweeping than the progress of events justly warrant.

Looking at the unoccupied wastes and the paucity of a middle class, one is perforce obliged to consider the Highlands as in the condition of the Lowlands some centuries ago, before the Burghs were so numerous, so populous, and so powerful that they could bring weight and consideration into the councils of the nation. Highland towns are so few, so small, and so widely apart compared with the extent of the country, that they count for little as social influences; a great proportion of their most comfortable residents being wholly dependant for their incomes upon the resident or non-resident proprietary, and the prosperity of the remainder greatly bound up in the continuance or support of these local rulers and their dependants.

In the Future of the Highlands every facility must be given by the landowners for the proper development of the country. To this end, as we have already stated, the Game Laws as they stand are one of the greatest and most obstinate obstacles. They enable the proprietors to obtain a ready rent for extensive runs that they would otherwise be forced to endeavour to develop; and we can only look forward with satisfaction to a startled proprietary, who have been lounging at their posts as the advanced guards of civilization, hurrying to seek fresh sources of revenue through the substitution of wholesome national industries for sport. We may deplore with Ban Macintyre the prospect of the stag fading from the Ben before the advent of sheep,—but not before stalwart men; and the struggle for existence is becoming so keen, and life so sternly real to the majority in the kingdom, that we no longer view with equanimity the despairing inequality

represented by one man with half a Highland county under deer, and no room for Highlanders! There is a ghastly humour in the fact; and when to it is added the claim of a foreigner to depopulate the country still further, we begin to wonder whether a few such foreigners could not do more to ruin Great Britain than a Russian fleet or a German army? The first national movement made by a gameless proprietary would be to foster a kindly tenantry, and the smaller farmers would increase and multiply accordingly. The danger of overgrown farms has of late come strongly home to the proprietors, as their great convenience formerly appealed to managers; and we know of various landowners who would willingly have back the small tenantry their predecessors ruthlessly put off in favour of the moneyed farmers. There has no doubt been a tendency of recent times in every department of life to the accretion of power in few hands, and it is one of the most unwholesome signs of the times; but another spell of agricultural depression, and reduced value of wool and mutton, would argue more strongly in favour of moderate farms than the most eloquent advocate. We have little doubt too that the advance of the rail and the tree-planter, and the departure of the game protectionist, would soon be signalized by the breaking up of overgrown farms, as a forerunner to the steady disintegration of overgrown estates: while the successful large farmers on retiring would for the most part endeavour to become small proprietors, their land-hunger being inordinate, and their knowledge and capacity to make good use of such estates proportionate.

In the future we must also find cheap wood in plenty, as we may have every reason to expect. Wood that will enable the proprietor more readily to develop his property, and his tenants and neighbours more easily to conduct their affairs successfully. For the presence or absence of a wooded neighbourhood makes a most serious difference wherever important affairs are conducted, or even where ordinary household conditions exist. No one can properly appreciate this who has not lived in both situations. Its absence, as in the Outer Hebrides, where every stick is a present from the sea, ransomed from the government, means a thousand shifts and a lowered physical type of existence; and such absence over a great portion of the Western Highlands and Islands has

been shown over and over again to be wholly fortuitous and unnecessary.

There is one point on which we will only touch in our examination of our coming time, seeing it has received and is receiving due attention elsewhere—we refer to County Government. The anomaly of having a Representative House to govern the country, and an irresponsible little House of Peers to manage each county, is sufficiently apparent. Whatever arguments apply with force to the necessity for the participation of the people in the management of national affairs, equally apply to their management of their own more immediate home affairs; and a participation in the conduct of the county business will be the first step towards forcing the just demands of the community upon the notice of the law-givers. We will go even further, and insist that while hitherto county business stops short at all matters that are outside the immediate improvement of the land from the proprietorial point of view, it will in the future take cognisance of many matters that are more directly for the benefit of the public. Amongst these we would place the erection of piers, of suitable quays, of boat harbours; and to a large extent it seems to us also they ought to act as delegates for the Woods and Forests, and the Admiralty, in respect to the development and utilisation of their own coasts and foreshores. To do so at present would be anything but an improvement.

We have looked dispassionately and without any strongly preconceived opinions at the Future of the Highlands, as it appears to us required by the progress of thought and the march of events; and however unwilling to destroy time-honoured institutions, it seems to us that no real progress commensurate with the rational expectations of the community can be expected, without the removal of the game incubus, and the loosening of the grip of the proprietors on the land. As it stands, these latter do not pay their reasonable share of the nation's taxation; and when to this is added the burden they throw on the sparsely peopled portion through retaining untaxed and unpeopled wastes for their petty amusements, unutilised and unfrequented coasts through their petty jealousy, unworked and almost unknown resources through their selfish indifference, the Future of the

Highlands cannot well be thought of except as controlled by the energetic industrial population that is growing slowly, and will soon advance rapidly. True wisdom and wise conservatism will open the door quietly in time, and not stand with its back to it, until the accumulating pressure bursts it in and overthrows it.

ART. VII.—SOME RESULTS OF SCOTCH THEOLOGY.

1. *The Progress of Theology in Scotland. The Scottish Review*, November, 1882.

2. *Theology in Scotland. The Scottish Review*, February, 1883.

THE title of this article ought in strict accuracy to take the form of a query. The present writer would rather suggest as a question, than assert dogmatically, that certain aspects of religious life in Scotland are the legitimate result of the general tone of Scotch theology. The ordinary human mind is always prone, on detecting points of resemblance between any two phenomena, to jump to the conclusion that they necessarily stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect; whereas a further pursuing of the subject will often lead to the discovery that both are collateral descendants of some common ancestor. Still it seems to us worthy of note that, in many of its features, religion in Scotland is very much what a prior acquaintance with Scotch theology would lead us to expect; and we confess that the fact that we have seen, in individual cases, the whole tone and temper of religious feeling appear to change with the adoption of Scotch theological doctrines, inclines us strongly to the opinion that the theology is mainly responsible for the religion.

The two very able articles whose titles stand at the head of this paper, will have been read with deep interest by all thoughtful observers of the tendencies of modern religious speculation. Without committing ourselves to absolute partizanship, we must frankly admit that our sympathies are with the first article, which we think, perhaps we might say hope,

projects upon our path the shadows of an impending future. Some weak points in that article are, however, pointed out with much ability in its successor, although in passing we would venture to protest against a writer who can speak of *emptiness* as a *substance* (p. 240), defiantly flourishing the scalping knife of logical consistency. This second article represents, we think, the more adequately of the two, the tone and temper of the theology from or with which the religious life of Scotland has taken its rise. What is the general character of that theology?

'The Scotch theology,' says the writer, 'is that expressed in the Westminster Confession, and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms.' He also quotes a sort of explanatory appendix to the Westminster Confession issued by the United Presbyterian Church, some clauses of which appear to our, perhaps unenlightened understanding, to be nearly equivalent to an enactment that henceforth two and two shall make five. The Westminster Confession, whether or not 'vicious throughout,' we have not read, nor the Larger Catechism. The Shorter Catechism has always been more than we have found our spiritual digestion able to assimilate; but whatever its intrinsic qualities may be, we doubt if terror-stricken human nature has ever been driven to more barefaced lying than has been resorted to in order to escape the horrors of an examination therein.

Without exhaustive study of these documents it is not difficult, however, to perceive the general tone of their theology. With coldly pitiless severity they build up a sternly logical system. What matter if weary travail-worn human hearts fail and faint beneath their load? 'A concatenated system' is set forth, 'in which the conception of God rules the whole order and relation of our thoughts.' The Divine Sovereignty—Redemption—Election—the total Depravity of Man—and all the other dogmas fit into their respective places with as much chiselled accuracy as the stones of the great pyramid; even Love itself becomes an orthodox theological dogma, and gleams from its appointed place in the system like Byron's star—

'Distinct, but distant; clear, but oh, how cold!'

Not very long since we heard a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, declare from the pulpit that theology too often proved itself a scalpel, under whose keen cold edge religion sank and died. The recent subject of his studies did not seem to us to be very far to seek. Not that we doubt for a moment that clear, distinct, perhaps necessarily cold, severe, statements of theological doctrine must be as essential a part of the preparatory studies of men who intend to enter the ministry, as are minute anatomical investigations of those of medical students. But no medical man would dream of resorting to exhaustive anatomical lectures as a means of promoting the general physical health of the community; and when this cold severe theology is projected upon the spiritual life of the nation at large, it seems to us to substitute a dry hard system of doctrine for a warm living religion, with results which are not altogether favourable to Scotch religious life.

Something of this stern severity of its theology, we think, greatly mars the beauty and attractiveness of religion in Scotland. But before we proceed to point out instances of this injurious influence, we wish to guard against the chance of almost necessary contrasts with the English system being strained further than we intend. The writer on 'Theology in Scotland' in the February number of *The Scottish Review*, distinctly claims that the Scotch theology is the pretty general theology of all Churches, 'save those which draw their inspiration from England or Rome.' In seeking for results of a different tone of theology, we are therefore almost forced to seek them in England; but not for a moment would we therefore advocate the wholesale introduction into Scotland of English methods of procedure. Not much greater mischief, we suppose, has been done in the world than by the gigantic blunder of assuming that, because certain methods produce admirable results, under certain conditions, they will necessarily produce equally desirable ones under wholly different conditions. If it be granted that English religious life has, in many respects, the advantage over its Scotch sister, all that this admission includes is, that Scotland would do well to modify

her system in some such manner as would produce, probably by wholly different means, corresponding results.

To return to the subject of the aspect of religion in Scotland. There is, we believe, a very common impression in the minds of those not intimately acquainted with the country, that the beginning, middle, and end of Scotch religion is stern Sabbatarianism. The diatribes we still often hear on this subject are interesting instances of the tendency of ordinary human beings to go on saying a thing merely because they have said it before. The rigid Sabbatarianism which was a marked feature of Scotch religion fifty years ago, no longer exists as a national characteristic, although ardent individual advocates of it may yet be found. The Scotch are no restless seekers after amusement, and they spend their Sundays quietly, but far more as the result of natural temperament than of religious principle; and we think that no unprejudiced observer who had watched the Sunday habits of the Scotch, at least in country districts, would hesitate to admit that they get more real rest and refreshment out of the day, than do those who pass it in scenes of so called pleasure and recreation.

With that rigid Sabbatarianism have departed also sundry objectionable customs with respect to the services on Sunday. It is not often now that a member of the congregation is seen to walk leisurely up the aisle with his hat on, seat himself in his pew, and take a general survey all around, before it seems to occur to him to remove it. Dogs no longer form a fraction of the congregation, nor do snuff boxes travel about as we remember to have seen them doing long since. But though all is now orderly decorum in the church services, it is surely a very cold decorum. The attendants at Scotch churches always seem to us to wear more the character of an audience, than of a congregation. A quiet, attentive, thoughtful one, certainly, but still an audience; there to be preached to, and prayed at, but not to take any earnest personal share in the services; and more disposed, we think, in general, to go away well satisfied, if the sermon has contained a good strong dose of severely orthodox doctrine, than if it had been an earnest practical exhortation to live every hour of life up to the spirit

of the gospel teaching. Of course any personal share in the service on the part of the congregation means a liturgy, which we believe to be hateful to the orthodox soul, as the symbol of a cold formality. But even granting that this charge could be substantiated, which we greatly doubt, would not a somewhat formal congregation be better than an orderly well conducted audience?

As far as the ordinary services of the Church go, it is, however in the Psalmody that we seem to see most distinctly the prejudicial influence of Scotch theology on Scotch religion. To say nothing of world-renowned names, no one can be well acquainted with the Scotch without being convinced of how almost national is a keenly poetic temperament. Had such a nation not learned to regard its religion rather in the light of a system of doctrine, than a quickening spirit, and therefore never thought of demanding from it fitting expression for the deepest emotions of the heart, would there not long since have been a general revolt against the Scotch metrical version of the Psalms? Accustomed to that version from childhood, the absurdity of some of its extraordinary dislocations of sentences, probably fails to strike the regular members of the Scotch churches; but we have been more than once cordially thanked by people to whom any appearance of levity of conduct in church would have been abhorent, for having warned them before they made their first acquaintance with that version, to keep stern check on their risible faculties.

The tactics of the opponents in Scotland of 'human hymns' would prove them wise in their generation had they the chance, as they evidently have the desire, to keep Scotch theology and ritual firm in the old grooves. We know the estimated relative worth of the ballads and laws of a nation. Give to Scotland hymns in which prayer and praise, the outpourings of joy or sorrow, are not mere theological dogmas, expressed in grotesque language, but the genuine breathings of living human hearts, and organs, choirs, and a great deal more, will soon follow. England long since cast off Sternhold and Hopkins, in favour of Tate and Brady; but Tate and Brady vanished like smoke before English Church revival in the present century. In

Scotland, too, the point of the wedge is in, therefore we would venture to say to the old school of theologians, You might as well set yourself in firm array on the shores of the ocean, to check the advancing tide, as attempt to stem the wave of progress in this direction. Accept the inevitable, and take the guidance of it into your own hands, you may then prove a useful drag on the tendency of all such movements to run to extremes; but set yourself rigidly against it, and it will simply sweep you aside, leaving you stranded somewhere, high and dry, to bewail your lost chance of keeping it within due bounds.

Apart from the weekly services of the Church, the beauty and solemnity of the administration of the Holy Communion are, we think, greatly marred with us in Scotland by this cold severity of system. In days gone by, when in the country at least yearly celebrations were the rule, we have distinct remembrances of scenes of confusion which, though doubtless unavoidable in the case of services rarely performed, and not aided by liturgical direction, were still painfully distressing to a reverential turn of mind. Now the case is very different, but the order and solemnity which prevail are, to our thinking, very cold and severe. The danger of appeals to the sensuous will be the retort. That is very generally held to be a final and sufficient argument where any religious question is at issue. But it were well to bear in mind that the senses are an integral part of man's nature, and that though religion cannot slay them, they can slay her, and, if she altogether ignore them, refusing to take them into her holy keeping, and to guide and control them, they are by no means unlikely to do so. The general temperament of the Scotch being poetic, is necessarily deeply impassioned, notwithstanding the outward cold reserve of their manner. May it not be possible that a religious system too cold and severe to take a firm hold on such a temperament may be in some measure answerable for certain social charges often brought against the nation?—that it makes no appeal to the senses, and that they, neglected and uncared for, wander away, and only too often strive to appease their unsatisfied cravings by feeding on the husks which the swine do eat?

It is, however, in the special, rather than in the ordinary

services of the Church, that the prejudicial results are apparent of religion being too much a system of doctrinal teaching. The church at which they attend every Sunday is to the Scotch merely a meeting-house, where they go to receive religious instruction. It has no association with the most important events of the social life of the people. No Scotchman can stand within his parish church and remember that generations, perhaps, of his ancestors, who now sleep beneath its shadow, were brought there in infancy to be solemnly received into the visible Church of Christ; or came in the spring of life and hope to pledge there their wedding vows, and be pronounced man and wife by God's appointed minister, in the name of the awful Trinity; or feel it linked thus with his own most solemn memories. A baptism in a private house —though under inevitable conditions of life in Scotland, a broad margin must always be allowed for necessity in this matter—loses much of its sacred character, if for nothing else because the ofttimes onerous duties of host and hostess tread far too closely on the religious service; while a marriage among the sofas and chairs of an ordinary dwelling room, seems to lose nearly all the remnant of any solemnity which silk, satin, and tulle have left to it, even in a church.

But on nothing connected with the religious sentiment of the nation does the grim severity of Scotch theology seem to have laid so icy a grip as on funerals and churchyards. Although unquestionably, in this matter also, the point of the wedge of progress is in, what a dismal spectacle is still, only too frequently, a Scotch country churchyard: a dreary wilderness of unkempt grass and hideous headstones, on which name, age, and date of death, are as coldly catalogued as though books in a library were in question. The Christian doctrine of the resurrection is duly expounded in the Shorter Catechism, as a dogma of the Church; but standing in the midst of ordinary country churchyards in Scotland, we might well ask, Has a living faith in the resurrection any firm hold on Scotch hearts? There, if anywhere, the victory over death should be triumphantly proclaimed, if not in actual words, at least in the whole tone of sentiment manifested. Yet we might search

many Scotch churchyards and fail to trace the faintest indication that any such doctrine had a place in the Christian creed. Is this the practical result of that portentous '*some*' in the answer of the Shorter Catechism to the question—'Did God leave all mankind to perish in the estate of sin and misery?' Do loving sorrowing hearts shrink from expressions of rejoicing faith and hope, because such expressions are calculated to raise in their own minds, and in those of others, questions from which they turn with a shudder?

> 'There no more the powers of hell
> Can prevail to mar their peace;
> Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
> He who died for their release,'

is the triumphant strain of rejoicing faith. Theology, grimly pointing with a pitiless finger at the sins and shortcomings of lives of which not even the nearest and dearest knew *all* the hidden struggles, trials, and temptations, sternly asks, 'What certainty have you that they were among the number of the elect?' Thus the scalpel of theology dissects the life out of religion, and leaves to the Christian faith neither promise of the life that now is, nor of that which is to come.

In this matter of churchyards and funerals Scotland has allowed England to win a great advantage over her. Some thirty or forty years since, it could be safely asserted in England that, saving the Dead March in Saul, with its subdued but unmistakable strain of triumphant exultation, and the Burial Service, there was nothing connected with the funeral system which was not a disgrace to any nation calling itself Christian. With every possible adjunct that could suggest gloom and despair, the dead were laid in their graves, amidst sculptured emblems of funeral urns and weeping willows, even sometimes of skulls and cross bones, rising out of a rank growth of coarse tangled grass, thickly sown with nettles. But even then, that saving exception—the Burial Service—bore witness to the fact that mere social practice, not theology, was in fault. Every funeral met at the churchyard gate by the sublime opening sentence of the Burial Service—'I am the Resurrec-

tion and the Life,' was in effect met by the Church's protest against the dismal gloom of the long funeral train, the trailing palls, the nodding plumes, the smothering crape. And what a change has passed over, and is still working upon the English system! In a procession shorn of half its gloom, the mortal remains from which the spirit has fled are borne to their last resting-place beneath the smooth soft turf, the very breezes which play over their dreamless slumber, fragrant with the breath of a thousand brilliant hued flowers blooming brightly around, among simple monuments inscribed with innumerable varied phrases, expressive of Christian faith and hope. Why does Scotland lag behind in the path of progress, and still so often lay her dead, sometimes with hardly even a word of prayer, in a dismal waste of untended desolation? Is her cold theology in fault? Then by all means let her, in this respect at least, be false to her theology, and become ritualistic, broad church, what she will in practice, so that her churchyards and funerals may be brought into closer harmony with the triumpant strain of the Apostle,—'Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?'

Nor is it only on direct religious practice that the coldness of Scotch theology seems to exercise a prejudicial influence. The Scottish are proverbially staunch friends. No man will stand more loyally by a friend in trouble, or take greater pains to aid him than a Scotchman; yet there seems to be something clannish about the sentiment. Many a Scotchman who will show himself the most loyal, true-hearted friend, will betray great deficiency in the sentiment of universal brotherhood. In visiting among the Scotch peasantry we have chanced many times to come across those who have at different periods of their lives been brought into contact with English people of the higher class living in Scotland. We have never failed to find the opinion held among them that the English are much kinder than the Scotch. The creation of such an impression surely renders it worthy of note that while the Shorter Catechism dismisses the Christian doctrine of love to our neighbour in a short sentence or two, the far briefer English Catechism devotes its longest paragraph to an explanation of what result in practice is de-

manded by that doctrine. A personal religion which fails on this point may be a perfectly sincere one, but it is certainly a cold, defective one, such as may well be the offspring or twin sister of a grim, hard theology.

The bitterness of religious disputes in Scotland is proverbial; and though our memory, going back to a childish remembrance of the state of feeling in Scotland on religious questions within the first ten years after the Disruption, can bear witness to a great improvement in this respect, still the tone of many articles and letters which appear in the public papers, when any disputed religious point is in question, cannot but be painful to all peaceable lovers of their country. 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men,' was the first message of Christianity. Is the reverse of the picture the special work of theology? Then—

> 'Oh hush your tumult, men of strife,
> And hear the angels sing!'

Are we, then, justified in holding these general features of religion in Scotland to be due to the tone of Scotch theology? If so, the sooner Scotland and her theology part company the better. The religious health of the nation would not, we think, suffer severely from a good deal of heretical doctrinal belief if in its train came such a spirit as that which pervades, for instance, the introduction to Professor W. Robertson Smith's lectures on 'The Old Testament in the Jewish Church.' Let anyone whose mind is exercised on these points contrast that spirit with the spirit which pervades the utterances of ardent advocates of Disestablishment, or violent opposers of the introduction into Scotch Churches of organs and hymns, and then decide for himself whether he would rather be wrong with the heretics, or right with the orthodox?

Art. VIII.—MRS. CARLYLE'S LETTERS.

Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Prepared for Publication by THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by J. A. FROUDE. 3 Vols. London, 1883.

THE three hundred and thirty odd letters which these volumes contain, were prepared for publication by Mr. Carlyle, and though their publication was not expressly 'ordered' by him, as we are assured by Mr. Froude in the preface, he 'anxiously desired it.' We may suppose, therefore, and the inference we think is justified, that we have here the evidence by which Carlyle desired his wife's character, and the relations existing between him and her during the greater and later part of their married life, to be judged. Had these letters stood alone, Mrs. Carlyle would have gone down to posterity as a high-spirited, indefatigable woman, a little vain and impetuous, extremely sensitive, thoroughly devoted to her husband and zealous for his welfare, somewhat given to tears and querulousness, but patient under great suffering, and not without strong claims to have her own playful words—'Perhaps I am a genius too, as well as my husband,' frankly and sincerely endorsed.

Unfortunately, however, these letters do not stand alone. Mr. Froude, in the exercise of his discretion as an editor and literary executor, has seen fit to add to them a number of extracts from her Diary. Some of these extracts, it would seem, were prepared for publication by Carlyle; Mr. Froude has considered it his duty to add a number more, which or how many, however, we are not permitted to know. The publication of these extracts seems to us to have been uncalled for and unnecessary. They explain no mystery about Carlyle, and throw no light on his real conduct or bearing towards his wife. On the other hand, the light which they throw on Mrs. Carlyle is fierce and unpleasant. They reveal elements of weakness in her character which we have all along suspected to exist, but which we did her the credit of believing she bravely suppressed as knowing their suggestions to be false, unfounded, and utterly

unworthy of serious thought. We have read few autobiographical utterances with so much pain, and none which have evoked so little of our sympathy, or left so unfavourable an impression upon us of the writer's temper at the period they were written.

In adopting the principle that he is bound to print and publish every scrap of writing which may tell either for or against Carlyle or his wife, Mr. Froude seems to us to be following a course which is entirely false. That neither Carlyle nor his wife was an angel, but a human being beset with infirmities goes without saying; and the public had no need of documentary or other evidence to prove that, like other married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle had their temporary misunderstandings, or that now and again, one or both of them thought they were neglected or not sufficiently considered by the other. All that the public desired, and all that it cared to know was, what were the ideals after which Carlyle and his wife persistently strove, what were the means they took in order to realise them, and what was the general tenor of their lives. Any desire to peer behind the curtains, and to be present with them in their worse moments, or when they were untrue to their real and ordinary or better selves, no one, we will venture to say, who has any genuine respect either for himself or for the memory of Carlyle and his wife, ever entertained. It seems to us, indeed, that in publishing these extracts, Mr. Froude has committed a grave indiscretion, and we sincerely trust that no future biographer or literary trustee will venture to imitate him.

We do not forget either the explanatory preface which Mr. Froude has prefixed to the Diary, or the words of Miss Jewsbury which he has appended to it. As for the former, it explains nothing, and fails to show that there was any real foundation either for Mrs. Carlyle's jealousy of Lady Ashburton, or for believing that Carlyle was at the period in question neglecting, or without consideration for his wife. The same remarks apply with equal force to Miss Jewsbury's statement. Miss Jewsbury, in fact, seems to have had some doubt herself as to whether the

grounds of Mrs. Carlyle's anguish and jealousy were not in a large measure, if not wholly, imaginary. 'The misery,' she says, 'was a reality, no matter whether her imagination made it or not;' but whether Mrs. Carlyle's imagination had in her opinion any thing to do with its creation, she either does not, or is not allowed to say, as Mr. Froude has only favoured us with extracts from her letter. The truth is, we think, that Mrs. Carlyle's low spirits, brought on by her peculiar and long-continued and indeed life-long ailments, had for the time being got the better of her, and were compelling her, contrary to her better sense, to think unworthily of her husband. That she had no real cause for her jealousy, we have the testimony of Mr. Froude, though with a singular inconsistency he speaks of her 'brooding over her wrongs.' 'Carlyle's letters,' he says, 'during all this period, are uniformly tender and affectionate, and in them was his true self, if she could but have allowed herself to see it. "Oh," he often said to me after she was gone, "if I could but see her for five minutes, to assure her that I had really cared for her throughout all that! But she never knew it, she never knew it."'* In passing, we cannot help making the remark, that though this painful episode occurs soon after Miss Jewsbury is mentioned in the letters, and that notwithstanding the fact that she continued to the day of Mrs. Carlyle's death her most intimate friend and companion, not one of the letters here printed is addressed to her. What the significance of this may be we cannot, of course, tell, and we do not venture to offer any opinion. Nor have we any reason for supposing that the influence which Miss Jewsbury exercised over Mrs. Carlyle was any other than the wisest. She has indeed been called 'romantic and officious,' and her stories about his wife Carlyle has described as 'mythic jottings.' We trust, however, that the absence from the present volumes of any letters addressed to her by Mrs. Carlyle does not mean that the curtain is to be raised again, and that further attempts are to be made to elucidate or expand the Diary. Sufficient injury to the memory of Mrs. Carlyle has already been

* ii. 257.

done by its publication, and the publication of anything further in connection with it is, in our opinion, to be deprecated.

Mrs. Carlyle's letters, though the variety of topics with which they deal is by no means great, are of a very mixed character. Many of them are sprightly, witty, and amusing, but taken as a whole, it cannot be said that they are either inspiriting or cheerful reading. They are pervaded from beginning to end with a feeling of disappointment, and if they may be taken as indicating her general tone of mind,—and we know of no reason why they should not,—it must be frankly stated that Mrs. Carlyle was a disappointed woman. That any one in particular, or that even she herself, was to blame for this we do not think. The causes lay for the most part beyond her control, or perhaps we shall put the matter more accurately when we say that she was unable to control them. 'Late in life,' she said, 'I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes had imagined of him—and I am miserable.' It is probably much nearer the truth to say that when she married, she married not so much Carlyle as an imaginary world of sentiments, ideals, and expectations, and that of this imaginary world she was continually demanding the advent. With Goethe's and her husband's words on this practice she was perfectly familiar. She herself also has written much and admirably in the same strain, as for instance in the beautiful little dialogue *The Bird and the Watch.* Yet clear as her insight was, and admirably as she philosophized, she was unable to practise her philosophy. Her ideal world, great as was her own and her husband's success, never came; and to the actual conditions of her lot she never managed, and probably was never able to reconcile herself. Fretted and worried by them, they threw a dark shadow across her life. Nor was she herself, as we have said, to blame. So far as it lay in her she fought against and endured them bravely; but her ailments were precisely those which prevented her, on the one hand, from coping successfully with them, and, on the other, from submitting patiently and uncomplainingly to what she knew was inevitable. Dyspepsia, nervousness, and sleeplessness are not pleasant companions; nor are they conducive to a tranquil or

patient frame of mind. While they make the world appear miserable and turn every little annoyance into an unbearable nuisance, they so drain the spirit of its energy as to leave it incapable either of coping with the incessant worries of life or of patiently enduring them. The things which, to a person in robust health are trifles, are to a nervous and sleepless dyspeptic intolerably fretting. 'After all,' writes Mrs. Carlyle to her husband, 'we fret ourselves too much about little things; much that might be laughed off, if one were well and cheerful as we ought to be, becomes a grave affliction from being too gravely looked at.'* How much she suffered in this way may be gathered from a letter she addressed to Carlyle from the Bullers' at Troston Rectory:—

'Let no mortal hope to escape night-noises so long as he is above ground! *Here*, one might have thought that all things, except perhaps the small birds rejoicing, would have let one alone, and the fact is that, with one devilry after another, I have hardly had any sleep, for all so dead-weary as I lay down. Just as I was dropping asleep, between eleven and twelve, the most infernal serenade commenced, in comparison of which the shrieking of Mazeppa is soothing melody. It was an ass, or several asses, braying as if the devil were in them, just under my open window! It ceased after a few minutes, and I actually got to sleep, when it commenced again, and I sprang up with a confused notion that all the Edinburgh watchmen were yelling round the house, and so on all night! An explosion of ass-brays every quarter of an hour! Then, about four, commenced never so many cocks, challenging each other all over the parish, with a prodigious accompaniment of rooks cawing; ever and anon enlivened by the hooing and squealing of a child, which my remembrance of East Lothian instructed me was some vermin of a creature hired to keep off the crows from the grain. Of course, to-day I have a headache, and if succeeding nights are not quieter, or if I do not get used to the noise, my stay will not be very long.'

Three days later, she writes:—

'It is much better with me now, and I find myself quite hefted to my new position. But I shall not soon forget the horrors of the first day; feeling myself growing every moment worse; away from you all, and desperated by the notion of confessing myself ill, and going to bed, and causing a fuss among strangers!

'After having written to you, I tried sauntering among the trees; tried lying on the sofa in my own room; tried eating dinner (which is rationally

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* Letter 9.

served up here at three o'clock); and finally tried a drive in the carriage with Mrs. Buller, all the while saying nothing. But instead of admiring the beauties of Livermere Park, which they took me to see, I was wondering whether I should be able to "stave off" fainting till I got back. On "descending from the carriage," I had finally to tell Mrs. Buller I was ill, and would go to bed. She came upstairs after me, and offered me sal volatile, &c.; but seeing that I would have nothing, and wanted only to be let alone, she, with her usual good breeding, pinned the bell-rope to my pillow, and went away. A while after, feeling myself turning all cold and strange, I considered would I ring the bell; I did not, and what came of me I cannot tell—whether I fainted, or suddenly fell dead-asleep; but when I opened my eyes, as it seemed, a minute or two after, it was quite dark, and a maid was lighting a night-lamp at the table! I asked what o'clock it was? "Half-past eleven! Would I have tea?" No. "Did I want anything?" No. She was no sooner gone than I fell naturally asleep; and when the cocks awoke me after daylight, I was quite free of pain, only desperately wearied.

'The asses did not return the second night, nor last night, and I manage better or worse to weave the dogs, cocks, and rooks into my dreams. My condition has undergone a further amelioration, from having the mattress laid above the down-bed; it was like to choke me, besides that I lately read somewhere horrible things about the "miasma" contracted by down-beds from all their various occupants through successive generations! and my imagination got disagreeably excited in consequence.

'For the rest, nothing can be better suited to my wants than the life one has here; so that I feel already quite at home, and almost wishing that you were Rector of Troston. . . . The old people do not mean to remain here—the climate does not suit Mrs. Buller in winter; but they have not made up their minds whether to remove altogether, or to hire some place during the cold weather. Oh dear me! "They have trouble that have the worl', and trouble that want it." I do not know whether it be worse to be without the power of indulging one's reasonable wishes or to have the power of indulging one's whims. So many people we know seem to have no comfort with their money, just because it enables them to execute all their foolish schemes.'*

Some time previous to this she had written to John Sterling—

'The fact is, since I became so sick and dispirited I have contracted a horror of letter-writing almost equal to the hydrophobia horror for cold water. I would write anything under heaven—fairy tales, or advertisements for Warren's Blacking even—rather than a letter! A letter behoves to talk about oneself, and when oneself is disagreeable to oneself, one would rather tell about anything else; for, alas! one does not find the

* Letter 33.

the same gratification in dwelling upon one's own sin and misery, as in showing up the sin and misery of one's neighbour. But if ever I get agreeable to myself again, I swear to you I will then be exceedingly communicative, in preparation for which desirable end I must set about getting into better health, and that I may get into better health I must begin by growing wise, which puts me in mind of a boy of the "English Opium-Eater's," who told me once he would begin Greek presently; but his father wished him to learn it through the medium of Latin, and he has not entered in Latin yet because his father wished to teach him from a grammar of his own, which he had not yet begun to write!"*

That descriptions of her health should form so large a portion of Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence, or that she should have inclined to the pessimist's view of life, or have been unhinged often in temper as well as in body, and frequently low in spirits, is not to be wondered at. With the same burden of infirmities, any one with less spirit than herself would have been completely prostrated and utterly overcome. When the fit of depression was gone, and she could boast of anything like tolerable health, no one was readier to laugh at her recent fears and alarms and morbid excitableness. Her letters are then full of wit and humour and riant cheerfulness. And even when her health can scarcely be called passable, there is a buoyancy of feeling about them which often makes them piquant and brilliant. Here, for instance, is a letter which she addressed to her mother-in-law soon after their settlement in Cheyne Row—

"You are to look upon it as the most positive proof of my regard that I write to you in my present circumstances; that is to say, with the blood all frozen in my brains, and my brains turned to a solid mass of ice; for such has, for several days, been the too cruel lot of your poor little daughter-in-law at *Lunnon*; the general lot indeed of all *Lunnon*, so far as I can observe. When the frost comes here, "it comes," as the woman said with the four eggs; and it seems to be somehow more difficult to guard against it here than elsewhere; for all the world immediately takes to coughing and blowing its nose with a fury quite appalling. The noise thus created destroys the suffering remnant of senses spared by the cold, and makes the writing of a letter, or any other employment in which thought is concerned, seem almost a tempting of Providence. Nevertheless, I am here to tell you that we are still in the land of the living, and thinking of you all, from

* Letter 14.

yourself, the head of the nation, down to that very least and fattest child, who, I hope, will continue to grow fatter and fatter till I come to see it with my own eyes. I count this fatness a good omen for the whole family; it betokens good nature, which is a quality too rare among us. Those "long, sprawling, ill-put-together" children give early promise of being "gey ill to deal wi'."

'That one of them who is fallen to my share conducts himself pretty peaceably at present, writing only in the forenoons. He has finished a chapter much to my satisfaction; and the poor book begins to hold up its head again. Our situation is further improved by the introduction of Anne Cooke into the establishment, instead of the distracted Roman Catholics and distracted Protestants who preceded her. She seems an assiduous, kindly, honest, and thrifty creature; and will learn to do all I want her quite easily. For the rest, she amuses me every hour of the day with her perfect incomprehension of everything like ceremony. I was helping her to wring a sheet one day, while she had the cut finger, and she told me flatly it was "clean aboon my fit" (ability). "I shall get at it by practice," said I; "far weaker people than I have wrung sheets." "Maybe sae," returned she very coolly; "but I ken-na where ye'll find ony weaker, for a weaklier-like cretur I never saw in a' my life." Another time, when Carlyle had been off his sleep for a night or two, she came to me at bedtime to ask, "If Mr. Carlyle bees ony uneasy through the nicht, and's ga'an staiveren aboot the hoose, will ye bid him gae us a cry at five in the morning?"

'We may infer, however, that she is getting more civilisation, from the entire change in her ideas respecting the handsome Italian Count; for, instead of calling him "a fley(fright)-some body" any longer, she is of opinion that he is "a real fine man, and nane that comes can ever be named in ae day with him." Nay, I notice that she puts on a certain net-cap with a most peculiar knot of ribbons every time she knows of his coming. The reward of which act is an "I weesh you good day," when she lets him out. So much for poor Anne, who, I hope, will long continue to flourish in the land.

'I am much better off this winter for society than I was last. Mrs. Sterling makes the greatest possible change for me. She is so good, so sincerely and unvaryingly kind, that I feel to her as to a third mother. Whenever I have blue devils, I need but put on my bonnet and run off to her, and the smile in her eyes restores me to instant good humour.'*

Or what can be more thoroughly good-natured, humorous, and amusing than the following?

'Now that I am fairly settled at home again, and can look back over my late travels with the coolness of a spectator, it seems to me that I must

* Letter 11.

have tired out all men, women, and children that have had to do with me by the road. The proverb says, "there is much ado when cadgers ride." I do not know precisely what "cadger" means, but I imagine it to be a character like me, liable to headache, to sea-sickness, to all the "infirmities that flesh is heir to," and a few others besides.; the friends and relations of cadgers should therefore use all sorts of persuasions to induce them to remain at home.

'I got into that Mail the other night with as much repugnance and trepidation as if it had been a Phalaris' brazen bull, instead of a Christian vehicle, invented for purposes of mercy—not of cruelty. There were three besides myself when we started, but two dropped off at the end of the first stage, and the rest of the way I had, as usual, half of the coach to myself. My fellow-passenger had that highest of all terrestrial qualities, which for me a fellow-passenger can possess—he was silent. I think his name was Roscoe, and he read sundry long papers to himself, with the pondering air of a lawyer.

'We breakfasted at the Lichfield, at five in the morning, on muddy coffee and scorched toast, which made me once more lyrically recognise in my heart (not without a sigh of regret) the very different coffee and toast with which you helped me out of my headache. At two there was another stop of ten minutes, that might be employed in lunching or otherwise. Feeling myself more fevered than hungry, I determined on spending the time in combing my hair and washing my face and hands with vinegar. In the midst of this solacing operation I heard what seemed to be the Mail running its rapid course, and quick as lightning it flashed on me, "There it goes! and my luggage is on the top of it, and my purse is in the pocket of it, and here am I stranded on an unknown beach, without so much as a sixpence in my pocket to pay for the vinegar I have already consumed!" Without my bonnet, my hair hanging down my back, my face half dried, and the towel, with which I was drying it firm grasped in my hand, I dashed out—along, down, opening wrong doors, stumbling over steps, cursing the day I was born, still more the day on which I took a notion to travel, and arrived finally at the bar of the inn, in a state of excitement bordering on lunacy. The barmaids looked at me "with weender and amazement." "Is the coach gone?" I gasped out. "The coach? Yes!" "Oh! and you have let it away without me! Oh! stop it—cannot you stop it?" and out I rushed into the street, with streaming hair and streaming towel, and almost brained myself against—the Mail! which was standing there in all stillness, without so much as horses in it! What I had heard was a heavy coach. And now, having descended like a maniac, I ascended again like a fool, and dried the other half of my face, and put on my bonnet, and came back "a sadder and a wiser" woman.

'I did not find my husband at the "Swan with Two Necks;" for we were in a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. So I had my luggage put on the backs of two porters, and walked on to Cheapside, where

I presently found a Chelsea omnibus. By-and-by, however, the omnibus stopped, and amid cries of "No room, sir," "Can't get in," Carlyle's face, beautifully set off by a broad-brimmed white hat, gazed in at the door, like the Peri who "at the Gate of Heaven stood disconsolate." In hurrying along the Strand, pretty sure of being too late, amidst all the imaginable and unimaginable phenomena which the immense thoroughfare of a street presents, his eye (Heaven bless the mark !) had lighted on my trunk perched on the top of the omnibus, and had recognised it. This seems to me one of the most indubitable proofs of genius which he ever manifested.'*

It is in letters such as these that we have Mrs. Carlyle at her best and in her true character. It is in these, also, that her words may be relied on as representing her real opinions respecting both herself and others. Those which she declares at other times, though undoubtedly the genuine expressions of her mind at the time, require to be received with considerable caution.

Considering the general state of her health, it may be doubted whether her marriage was for herself fortunate. It is equally doubtful whether she would have been as happy with any other husband as she was with Carlyle. Any one of the wooers she enumerated to him in one of her letters before their marriage, might possibly have satisfied her desires so far as pecuniary matters were concerned; but it may be safely asserted that, after losing Irving and having once learnt to appreciate Carlyle, her marriage with the latter could alone tend to satisfy her 'ambition.' Naturally of a restless and poetical temperament, hers was one of those natures, also, which are always unsatisfied and which are perpetually pining after an ideal as often unrealizable as otherwise. That she had no little happiness in her lot, and that Carlyle contributed largely towards it, seems to us indisputable. We do not suppose that he showed her all the attentions she at times desired, any more than we suppose that his affection for her was absolutely boundless and perfectly ununremitting in its solicitude. What we maintain is that he treated her with all the affection and solicitude possible for a man of

* Letter 13.

his character and occupations. Even Mr. Froude, notwithstanding his strong prejudice in favour of Mrs. Carlyle and her supposed 'wrongs,' is obliged to write of him—'Intentionally unkind it was not in his nature to be. After his mother, he loved his wife better than anyone in the world. He was only occupied, unperceiving, negligent; and when he *did* see that anything was wrong with her, he was at once the tenderest of husbands.'* 'Unperceiving' Carlyle might be, for the good reason that, overflowing as Mrs. Carlyle was in her letters, and when absent from him, respecting her health, when at home she was much more reticent, and frequently hid the knowledge of her sufferings from him. That he was 'occupied' is certain; but he was no more to blame for that than was Mrs. Carlyle for her frequent lowness of spirits. That he was 'negligent' we cannot admit. If the letters before us prove anything, they prove at least that when either of them was from home no one could be more attentive to her than he was. The passages in which the evidence of this occurs are numerous. 'There were two notes from you this morning,' she writes to him from Troston Rectory, 'one on each side of my plate; the first, having the address Bury, only came along with the third; so be sure you keep by Ixworth in future;' and a day or two later, 'I hardly expected any letter from you this morning, so that I was all the gladder to find it beside my plate as usual.' Again, when Carlyle is away on his holiday, she writes, 'Your letter is just come; I thank you for never neglecting me;' and in another letter, 'The postman presented me your letter tonight, in Cheyne Walk, with a bow extraordinary. He is a jewel of a postman; whenever he has put a letter from you into the box, he both knocks and rings, that not a moment may be lost in taking possession of it.' And then she goes on to tell how she left a certain bishop 'at that moment doing the impossible to be entertaining,' and crossed over the street for the purpose of saluting the postman's baby. 'Thanks for your constant little letters,' she writes to him again, 'when you come back I do not know how I shall learn to do without them, they

* *Life*, ii. 421.

have come to be as necessary as any part of my "daily bread."' 'You cannot,' she tells him, 'be accused of remissness in writing, at all rates, whatever your other faults may be.' When no letter arrives for her she is almost distracted.

'Oh! my dear husband,' she writes to him from Seaforth, 'fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! and I do not even feel any resentment against fortune, for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, when I seem to you most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing like so bad as I deserve. But you shall hear how it was.

'Not a line from you on my birth-day, the post-mistress averred! I did not burst out crying, did not faint—did not do anything absurd, so far as I know; but I walked back again, without speaking a word; and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you, who know me, can conceive. And then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you, finally, so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe, and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so ill that you could not write?

'That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway, and back to London. Oh, mercy! what a two hours I had of it! And just when I was at my wits' end, I heard Julia crying out through the house: "Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! Are you there? Here is a letter for you."

'And so there was after all! The post-mistress had overlooked it. . . . I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my dear! I am not fit for living in the world with this organisation. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I cannot even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case; and now I will lie down awhile, and try to get some sleep.'*

The card case was a birth-day present which Carlyle had sent her—a sort of present he had been in the habit of making her for some years. The first he gave her had delighted her immensely. 'Only think of my husband, too,' she writes, 'having given me a little present; he who never attends to such nonsenses as birth-days, and who dislikes nothing in the world so much as going into a shop to buy anything, even his own trowsers and coats; so that, to the consternation of cockney tailors, I am obliged to go about them. Well, he

* Letter 87.

actually risked himself in a jeweller's shop, and bought me a very nice smelling-bottle. I cannot tell you how *wae* his little gift made me, as well as glad; it was the first thing of the kind he ever gave me in his life.' And seeing how much pleasure it gave her, Carlyle was always careful to keep it up. To his inquiry as to where she will be on one of her birth-days, she replies, 'My dear, in what view do you ask? To send me something? Now, I positively forbid you to send me anything but a letter with your blessing.' But when the present comes in spite of her injunction, she writes, 'Oh, my darling, I want to give you an emphatic kiss, rather than to write. . . . . It is not with words that I can thank you adequately for that kindest of birth-day letters and its small enclosure—touching little key, I cried over it and laughed over it, and could not sufficiently admire the graceful idea.' Or as a last illustration both of Carlyle's solicitude for his wife, and as showing what she thought on the matter, take the following:—

> 'Jeanie writes me that when you discovered my parasol you "crossed your hands in despair" as if you had seen "the sun's perpendicular heat" already striking down on me. I thought you would be vexing yourself about it; but I have not missed it in the least. The drive here the first day was cold, and since then I have had a parasol of Mrs. Buller's, who rejoices in two. And now good-bye, dearest, I have two nice long letters from Jeanie to return some acknowledgment for.'

Equally without foundation are some of the other charges which Mr. Froude and Miss Jewsbury bring against Carlyle, as to his treatment of his wife. They betray either great rashness or a surprising inability to appreciate the circumstances of the case. If, as life went on, Mrs. Carlyle became more depressed in spirits and less happy, the causes, we will venture to say, were not in Carlyle's treatment of her, but in the growth of her bodily infirmities, and in the consciousness that her strength to cope with them was gradually failing.

Many of her troubles were incident to her lot as the mistress of a house: and her descriptions of the way in which she dealt with or surmounted them, form some of the most amusing passages in her letters. Much of the sympathy which has been expressed for her in connection with these has been simply wasted, and none, we suspect, would have treated it

with so much contempt as Mrs. Carlyle herself. The 'opulence' into which Carlyle says she was born, was mostly mythical. Like the rest of the young ladies of her time and social position, she was trained to a practical acquaintance with household affairs. For dirt and disorder she had as great a dislike as her husband, and took no little pride in her ability and economy as a housewife. The inefficiency in this respect of some of the English ladies she met with, made her regard them, to use a Scotch phrase, as 'feckless creturs.'

'All things, since we came here,' she writes, soon after their settlement in London, 'have gone more smoothly with us than I at all anticipated. Our little household has been set up again at a quite moderate expense of money and trouble; wherein I cannot help thinking, with a *chastened vanity*, that the superior shiftiness and thriftiness of the Scotch character has strikingly manifested itself. The English women turn up the whites of their eyes and call on the "good heavens" at the bare idea of enterprises which seem to me in the most ordinary course of human affairs. I told Mrs. Hunt, one day, I had been very busy *painting*. "What?" she asked, "is it a portrait?" "Oh no," I told her; "something of more importance—a large wardrobe." She could not imagine, she said, "how I could have patience for such things." And so, having no patience for them herself, what is the result? She is every other day reduced to borrow my tumblers, my teacups; even a cupful of porridge, a few spoonfuls of tea, are begged of me, because "Missus has got company, and happens to be out of the article;" in plain, unadorned English, because "missus" is the most wretched of managers, and is often at the point of having not a copper in her purse. To see how they live and waste here, it is a wonder the whole city does not "bankrape, and go out o' sicht;"—flinging platefuls of what they are pleased to denominate "crusts" (that is what I consider all the best of the bread) into the ashpits! I often say, with honest self-congratulation, "in Scotland we have no such thing as 'crusts.'" On the whole, though the English ladies seem to have their wits more at their finger-ends, and have a great advantage over me in that respect, I never cease to be glad that I was born on the other side of the Tweed, and that those who are nearest and dearest to me are Scotch.'*

The Mrs. Hunt here referred to was the wife of Leigh Hunt, whom Dickens was blamed for describing under the character of Mr. Skimpole. In another letter Mrs. Carlyle gives us a further glimpse into his household, as well as into her own ideas of thrift.

'Mrs. Hunt I shall soon be quite terminated with, I foresee. She torments my life out with borrowing. She actually borrowed one of the brass fenders the other day, and I had difficulty in getting it out of her hands; irons, glasses,

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* Letter 1.

tea-cups, silver spoons, are in constant requisition; and when one sends for them the whole number can never be found. Is it not a shame to manage so with eight guineas a week to keep house on! It makes me very indignant to see all the waste that goes on around me, when I am needing so much care and calculation to make ends meet. When we dine out, to see as much money expended on a dessert of fruit (for no use but to give people a colic) as would keep us in necessaries for two or three weeks! My present maid has a grand-uncle in town with upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, who drives his carriage and all that; at a great dinner he had, he gave five pounds for a couple of pine-apples when scarce; and here is his niece working all the year through for eight, and he has never given her a brass farthing since she came to London.'*

Inefficient servants and work people seems to have given her endless trouble and labour. Scrupulously exact herself, the slovenliness and blunders of others irritated her beyond endurance, and rather than be plagued by them, the work which ought to have been done for her, she would frequently do herself. 'As for sewing,' she writes, 'you know that "being an only child I never wished to sew." Still, I have some inevitable work in that line, as, even if I felt rich enough to have the "family needlework" done by others, I don't know where to find others to do it for money, without bothering me with their stupidity worse than if I did it myself.'† In the same spirit she would think as little of darning her drawing-room crumbcloth, or of nailing down her carpets as many a lady with less means or education would of dusting a piece of china. To get her house cleaned 'under her own hand' seems to have been regarded more in the light of a kind of recreation than as a piece of 'slaving.' When workmen were about the house executing repairs or alterations, she acted as a kind of policeman over them, or as a sort of second and severer conscience.‡ On these occasions Carlyle usually took himself off for a holiday, or, as he says himself, he was 'dismissed.' There can be no doubt that at such times Mrs. Carlyle overtaxed herself, and that it

* Letter 2. † L. 109.

‡ The painter came . . . . one day when I was out, and said to Fanny; 'I shouldn't like to be a thief within twenty feet of your mistress with one of these pistols in her hand. I shouldn't give much for my life; she has such a devil of a straight eye! The workmen have all had to suffer from my 'eye,' which has often proved their foot-rules and leads in error.' L. 150.

would probably have been much more conducive to her health and peace of mind if she could have taken things more easily. Yet when their worry and excitement is over, she writes of them with a light heart and the greatest humour. In 1852, she writes to Mrs. Russell:—

'In all my life I never have been so driven off all letter-writing as since the repairs began in this house. There were four months of that confusion, which ended quite romantically, in my having to sleep with loaded pistols at my bed-side! the smell of paint making it as much as my life was worth to sleep with closed windows, and the thieves having become aware of the state of the premises. Once they got in and stole some six pounds' worth of things, before they were frightened away by a candlestick falling and making what my Irish maid called "a devil of a row;" it was rather to be called "an angel of a row," as it saved further depredation. Another time they climbed up to the drawing-room windows, and found them fastened, for a wonder! Another night I was alarmed by a sound as of a pane of glass cut, and leapt out of bed, and struck a light, and heard the same sound repeated, and then a great bang, like breaking in some panel. I took one of my loaded pistols, and went down stairs, and then another bang which I perceived was at the front door. "What do you want?" I asked; "who are you?" "It's the policeman, if you please; do you know that your parlour windows are both open?" It was true! I had forgotten to close them, and the policeman had first tried the bell, which made the shivering sound, the wire being detached from the bell, and when he found he could not ring it he had beaten on the door with his stick, the knocker also being off while it was getting painted. I could not help laughing at what the man's feelings would have been had he known of the cocked pistol within a few inches off him. All that sort of thing, and much else more disagreeable . . . . Heaven defend me from ever again having any house I live in 'made habitable!' *

The noises and inconveniences incident to living in London tried her nerves as much as they tried her husband's, and it is extremely amusing to read her descriptions of the way in which she suppressed first one and then another nuisance—now a young lady's piano, now a dog, now a cock, and now a whole hen-yard. Of bugs she, as well as Carlyle, lived in mortal dread.

'Figure this: [Scene—a room where everything is enveloped in dark-yellow London fog! For air to breathe, a sort of liquid soot! Breakfast on the table—"adulterated coffee," "adulterated bread, "adulterated cream," and "adulterated water!"] Mr. C. at one end of the table, looking remarkably bilious; Mrs. C. at the other, looking half dead! Mr. C.: "My dear, I have to inform you that my bed is full of bugs and fleas, or some sort of animals that crawl over me all

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* L. 151.

night! Now, I must tell you, Mr. C. had written to me, at Auchtertool, to "write emphatically to Anne about keeping all the windows open; for, with her horror of fresh air, she was quite capable of having the house full of bugs when we returned," and so I imputed this announcement to one of these fixed ideas men, and especially husbands, are apt to take up, just out of sheer love of worrying! Living in a universe of bugs outside, I had entirely ceased to fear them in my own house, having kept it so many years perfectly clean from all such abominations. So I answered with merely a sarcastic shrug, that was no doubt very ill-timed under the circumstances, and which drew on me no end of what the Germans call *Kraftsprüche!* But clearly the practical thing to be done was to go and examine his bed—and I am practical, *moi!* So, instead of getting into a controversy that had no basis, I proceeded to toss over his blankets and pillows, with a certain sense of injury! But, on a sudden, I paused in my operations; I stooped to look at something the size of a pin-point; a cold shudder ran over me; as sure as I lived it was an infant bug! And, oh, heaven, that bug, little as it was, must have parents—grandfathers and grandmothers, perhaps! I went on looking then with frenzied minuteness, and saw enough to make me put on my bonnet and rush out wildly, in the black rain, to hunt up a certain trustworthy carpenter to come and take down the bed. The next three days I seemed to be in the thick of a domestic Balaklava, which is now even only subsiding—not subsided. Anne, though I have reproached her with carelessness (decidedly there was not a vestige of a bug in the whole house when we went away) is so indignant that the house should be turned up after she had "settled it," and that "such a fuss should be made about bugs, which are inevitable in London," that she flared up on me, while I was doing her work, and declared, "it was to be hoped I would get a person to keep my house cleaner than she had done; as she meant to leave that day month!" To which I answered, "Very good," and nothing more. And now you see, instead of coming back to anything like a home, I have come back to a house full of bugs and evil passions!'*

In her husband's literary labours Mrs. Carlyle took, we need hardly say, the liveliest interest, and probably groaned over them as much as Carlyle himself. The encouragement she gave him was great, and has been warmly and affectionately acknowledged by Carlyle. Here is what he calls 'the last bit of pure sunshine that visited my dark ane lonesome, and in the end quite dismal and inexpressible, enterprise of Frederick.'

'Oh, my dear! What a magnificent book this is going to be! The best of all your books. I say so, who never flatter you, as you are too well aware; and who am "the only person I know that is always in the right!" So far as it is here before me, I find it forcible and vivid, and sparkling as "The French Revolution," with the geniality and composure and finish of "Cromwell"—A wonderful combination of merits! And how you have contrived to fit together *all* those different sorts of pictures, belonging to different sorts of times, as com-

* L. 173.

pactly and smoothly as a bit of the finest mosaic! Really one may say, of these two first books at least, what Helen said of the letters of her sister who died—you remember?—"So splendidly put together one would have thought that hand couldn't have written them!" . . . . I took up the sheets and read "here a little and there a little," and then I began at the beginning and never could stop till I had read to the end, and pretty well learnt it by heart. . . . If it is so interesting for me, who have read and heard so many of the stories in it before, what must it be to others to whom it is all new? the matter as well as the manner of the narrative! Yes, you shall see, it will be the best of all your books—and small thanks to it! It has taken a doing.'*

In spite of her execrable health and her many household duties, Mrs. Carlyle saw much society, and, notwithstanding her dislike to travelling, found time to pay frequent visits, though neither she nor her husband seems to have had any great pleasure in being absent from home. Some of her visits were made in company with her husband; many of them she made alone. The letter in which she describes one which she paid to Haddington for the purpose of seeing her father's grave and the haunts of her childhood, is one of the most touching and pathetic we have read.

Among their visitors were most of the literary and scientific celebrities of the time—John Sterling, Forster, and Darwin being apparently the most welcome. Respecting several of the rest, Mrs. Carlyle expresses her opinion with great freedom. Of Maurice she writes, 'We seldom see him, nor do I greatly regret his absence; for to tell the truth, I am never in his company without being attacked with a sort of paroxysm of mental cramp! He keeps me always, with his wire-drawings and paradoxes, as if one were dancing on the points of one's toes (spiritually speaking). And then he will help with the kettle, and never fails to pour it all over the milk-pot and sugar-basin!' 'Henry Taylor,' she continues, 'draws off into the upper regions of gigmanity.' A dinner at the Kay Shuttleworth's, she describes as 'a very lock-jaw sort of business. Little Helps was there, but even I could not animate him: he looked pale as if he had a pain in his stomach. Milnes was there, and "affable" enough, but evidently overcome with a feeling that weighed on all of us—the feeling of having been dropped into vacuum.

* L. 183.

There were various other men there, a Sir Charles Lemon, Cornewall Lewis, and some other insipidities, whose names did not fix themselves in my memory.' * These passages may be matched with others. The occasional touches of flippancy and supercilliousness, indeed, are amongst the least pleasing features of her letters. The following is in better taste, and is a really brilliant contrast:—

'To-day, oddly enough, while I was engaged in re-reading Carlyle's "Philosophy of Clothes," Count d'Orsay walked in. I had not seen him for four or five years. Last time he was as gay in his colours as a humming-bird—blue satin cravat, blue velvet waistcoat, cream-coloured coat, lined with velvet of the same hue, trousers also of a bright colour, I forget what; white French gloves, two glorious breast pins attached by a chain, and length enough of gold watch guard to have hanged himself in. To-day, in compliment to his five more years, he was all in black and brown—a black satin cravat, a brown velvet waistcoat, a brown coat, some shades darker than the waistcoat, lined with velvet of its own shade, and almost black trousers, one breast-pin, a large pear-shaped pearl set into a little cup of diamonds, and only one fold of gold chain round his neck, tucked together right in the centre of his spacious breast with one magnificent turquoise. Well! that man understands his trade; if it be but that of dandy, nobody can deny that he is a perfect master of it, that he dresses himself with consummate skill! A bungler would have made no allowance for five more years at his time of life; but he had the fine sense to perceive how much better his dress of to-day sets off his slightly enlarged figure and slightly worn complexion, than the humming-bird colours of five years back would have done. . . .

'Lord Jeffrey came, unexpected, while the Count was here. What a difference! the prince of critics and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beautiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's! The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to in a looking glass; while the dark penetrating ones of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into millstones.' †

But after all, interesting, amusing and instructive, as these letters frequently are, they are somewhat melancholy reading. Mrs. Carlyle's nature, if deep, was not broad, and we can discover few or no signs that her character, notwithstanding her great sufferings, many gifts, and much intercourse with the best and leading spirits of her time, underwent any perceptible growth or development. As the letters draw near to the end, the atmos-

* L. 48. † Vol. i. p. 299.

phere grows darker, and there seems to be no consciousness of a bri{
and cheering outlook. We close the book with sadness, and f
as if we had been present at a tragedy—the tragedy of a nol
gifted, and fascinating spirit struggling bravely and resolute
and though overweighted and overborne, still struggling to
end.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Supernatural in Nature: A Vindication by Free Use of Science. By JOSEPH W. REYNOLDS, M.A., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1883.

The Mystery of Miracles: A Scientific and Philosophical Investigation. By JOSEPH W. REYNOLDS, M.A., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1881.

We are glad to see that the first of these two books has reached a third edition. It deserves a still greater success. Of all the books which have recently appeared, it is, in its own line, much the most readable, and in every respect the most satisfactory we have met with. The learning and ability it displays are exceptional. The author seems to have read and mastered almost every thing of value relating to his subject, to have thought out his principles and ideas for himself, and to be quite at home both in the latest discoveries or hypotheses of science, and in the highest flights of speculative philosophy. The spirit in which he has written is deserving of the warmest commendation. He is neither fearful, declamatory, nor dogmatic; but full of a reverent confidence in the truth he handles, and of respect for those from whom he differs in opinion. If he hits hard, as he frequently does, he hits fairly, and writes with the frankness of a man who believes that his cause is so good that all it requires for its furtherance is that it should be known and understood. His aim is to show that religion has nothing to fear from science, that science need not be opposed to it, and that when rightly understood it is not. This he does by proving that the supernatural and the natural are in reality inseparable, that the one is implicated in the other, and that behind both there is the omniactive, wise, and omnipotent will of God. These ideas, Mr. Reynolds follows out at great length, making a free use of science with special reference to the earlier chapters of Genesis. To give anything like a fair idea of the contents of his volume is, in the space at our disposal, impossible; but when we say that he deals with such subjects as the Origin of Things, Evolution, Molecular Energy, Creation, the Sun, Light, the Origin of Language and Civilization, the Origin of Species, Human Progress, Parasites and their place in the Economy of the Physical World, the Connection between the Visible and the Invisible, Revelation, and the Kingdom of God, and that all these and many kindred subjects are treated from a scientific as well as from the theological standpoint, and in the most liberal and scientific spirit, we have said enough to indicate the rich and

varied character of its contents. A more profound, reasonable, or solid defence of Christian theism has not appeared. The only work we know with which to compare it is Ulrici's great work *Gott und die Natur*, and of the two we are disposed to prefer Mr. Reynolds'; for while not less profound and scientific, it has the great advantage of being written in our own tongue and in a much more popular and attractive style. *The Mystery of Miracles* is distinguished by the same rare and attractive merits as the *Supernatural in Nature*. Its scope and aim is of course more limited, yet it is none the less valuable as a contribution to the scientific theological literature of the day. Either volume goes far to redeem theology from the charge of being behind the age. They are admirably fitted to solve or illumine the doubts and perplexities of the many on whom the mystery of all this unintelligible world is now resting with heavy and weary weight.

The City of God: a Series of Discussions in Religion. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton 1883.

After reading Dr. Fairbairn's *Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History*, his *City of God* is in many respects disappointing. There are signs of the same extensive reading, but some of its discussions are not at all up to the level of the *Studies*. Their thought is loose and inexact, and their style too rhetorical. The first is on 'Faith and Modern Thought,' and, to say the least, is tedious. The occasion on which it was delivered, offered the author a capital opportunity for instilling into his hearers a more charitable and tolerant spirit, and for leading them to look upon the new world of thought which is perpetually opening upon them with a less prejudiced mind; but for this or any similar purpose he does not seem to have used it. He begins by shaking his head in pious repudiation of modern thought, and continues to shake it in the same spirit to the end. Notwithstanding his somewhat ostentatious definitions, so far as we can gather from the discussion itself, the 'Faith' championed by Dr Fairbairn is his own opinions, and the 'Modern Thought' he denounces opinions which are not his own. 'The spirit of to-day,' we are told, 'is a spirit of restless inquiry, of ceaseless search, and of a search that is not always the parent of faith.' It would be a pity if it were. It is to be hoped that it is quite as often the parent of knowledge. That it is the child of faith, Dr. Fairbairn does not seem to be aware. According to Dr Fairbairn, 'the men who do our thinking, who lead the march of living mind, are essentially seekers, and they pursue their quest after truth often not very certain what it is or where it may be—only certain that it is somewhere, and can be found.' Precisely so: if they were at all certain what it is or where it is, their character as 'seekers' would be gone. The above sentences are from the beginning of the 'discussion.' The reader will be at no loss to divine the character of the rest. In the pulpit—and with one exception the 'discussions' are sermons—the rule for controversialists, we

should say, is to put on an opponent's words the best and most charitable interpretation possible. Dr. Fairbairn does not always observe this rule. He is much too fond of making points. The way in which he makes them we cannot always admire. Whether Dr. Tyndall has ever ventured the assertion that 'matter' and 'the promise and potency of life' are the same, we are not aware; but something more than the quotation of the well-known and well-worn sentence from the Belfast Address is requisite to prove that he regards them as identical. A man may say he discerns wheat in chaff, or his face in a glass, but no one is fool enough to suppose that he identifies the wheat with the chaff, or his face with the glass. A similar lack of precision and philosophic insight is manifest in the treatment of the opinions of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. We are disciples of neither, but our duty as critics compels us to state that the words of both are susceptible of very different interpretations from what they here receive. As for those of the latter, Dr. Fairbairn's acquaintance with them is of the most superficial, while his attempted refutation is weak. Some of Dr. Fairbairn's assertions almost take away one's breath; others are so mixed up and confused that one scarcely knows what to make of them. As a sample of his mode of reasoning we may take the following—'By what right do our sage ethnologers assume that in the living savages we find the best type of primitive man? The savage is not primitive; he is, as to time, as remote from the first men as we are, and more remote as to nature. Grant the doctrine of development true, and what then? The nature that does not develop is no real or right type of the primitive germ. A man of twenty years may have only the mind of an infant, but we do not name him an infant, we name him an idiot. The infant of sixty or a hundred years would be the worst of all types of a healthy human child, and the man who built a fine theory on the supposition that he was one could hardly be recognised as wise. And the living savage is but an eternal infant, made by the very fact of his infancy more distant from the primitive man than we are by the fact of our manhood. The faculties that slumber in him reveal less of the aboriginal state than the faculties that live active and creative lives in us,' (pp. 81-2.) And all this, with much more of the same kind was 'preached before the London Missionary Society!' Dr. Fairbairn is at his best when away from controversy. Scattered through the latter part of the book are some really fine passages; but its tone and spirit are too dogmatic and rhetorical to do much good to the cause which Dr. Fairbairn professes to advance.

The Treasury of David: an Original Exposition of the Book of Psalms; a Collection of Illustrative Extracts from the whole range of Literature, &c. By C. H. SPURGEON. Vol. VI., Psalm cxix. to cxxiv. London: Passmore & Alabaster, 1882.

We welcome this new volume of Mr. Spurgeon's *Treasury of David* as a monument of rare devotion, and as a sign that the author, notwithstanding

his numerous avocations and increasing years, is still able to carry on what is at least a painstaking and laborious undertaking. As a critical commentary on the Book of Psalms it is simply worthless, and none, we suppose will more readily admit this than Mr. Spurgeon himself. In fact we are not sure that he will not regard the statement as a compliment. With critics, at all events with the critical commentators of more recent schools, he has no patience. In his opinion they are blind leaders of the blind. The attitude he adopts towards them is characterized by a considerable amount of dogmatism which many will be disposed to condemn as closely akin to, if not identical with, spiritual pride. By those who have taken the trouble to look into the matter it is now generally, and, in fact, unanimously admitted, that the non-Davidic authorship of Psalm cxix. has been demonstrated, yet here is Mr. Spurgeon's note—'The fashion among modern writers is, as far as possible, to take every Psalm from David. As the critics of this school are usually unsound in doctrine and unspiritual in tone, we gravitate in the opposite direction, from a natural suspicion of everything which comes from so unsatisfactory a quarter. We believe that David wrote this Psalm. It is Davidic in tone and expression, and it tallies with David's experience in many interesting points. In our youth our teacher called it "David's pocket-book," and we incline to the opinion then expressed that here we have the royal diary written at various times through a long life. No, we cannot give up this Psalm to the enemy'—and so on. It is to be regretted, both for his own sake and for the sake of his readers, that Mr. Spurgeon has permitted himself to indulge in rhodomontade like this. Many of 'the enemy' we suspect are quite as earnest and as devoted in their love for the truth as he is, and much more trustworthy as authorities respecting the authorship of the Psalms than 'our teacher.' Still, the volume before us has a value of its own. Its ability in its own line is undeniable. Except when touching upon critical points Mr. Spurgeon's remarks are always sensible, and frequently racy. His strong sympathy with the inspired writers, and his clear spiritual insight, give his explanatory notes a freshness and power which, in other commentaries, are often wanting. The illustrative extracts are well chosen, and are gathered from a pretty wide field, though there is much to be gleaned both in the same and in still wider fields.

Old Testament Revision: A Handbook for English Readers. By A. ROBERTS, D.D., &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

Some time ago we had to direct attention to, and to speak in terms of commendation of, Dr. Roberts' useful little *Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament.* We have now to speak in the same terms of his handbook on *Old Testament Revision.* In this handy little volume Dr. Roberts has gathered together, and presented in an untechnical form, a large amount of interesting and curious information respecting the Old

Testament, which ought to be more or less known to all readers of the Bible. The moment he has chosen for its publication is extremely opportune. It will assist its readers to appreciate the labours of the Old Testament Company of Revisers, and to understand the difficulties and advantages they have to deal with as compared with those which had to be dealt with by the Revisers of the New Testament. In the first chapter we have an interesting account of the language and contents of the Old Testament. In the second we have a digression on the authorship of the Pentateuch, in which the pretty safe position is maintained that Moses was the author of at least the substance of the five books which go under his name. What is to be regarded as Mosaic, or as coming directly from the hand of Moses, and what is not, Dr. Roberts does not exactly say; for the good reason, we suppose, that neither he nor any one else can tell. In several chapters which follow, we have a number of very sensible and scholarly emendations of the authorized text, which readers will do well to compare. We are more in agreement with Dr. Roberts in his corrections than we are in his interpretations. The Messianic idea was undoubtedly the central thought of the higher Hebrew literature, but we are doubtful whether the references to the Messiah are as numerous as Dr. Roberts believes. Some of the so-called Messianic psalms, for instance, seem to us to have had no original reference to him. Dr. Roberts still adheres to the medical reading of Ecclesiastes, xii. 1-7. Though supported by a very great number of authorities, we prefer the opinion of Mr. Cox and others, that instead of being a figurative description of the dissolution of the body, it sets forth the threatening approach of death under the image of a tempest which, gathering over an eastern city during the day, breaks upon it towards evening. Perhaps the most interesting and indeed the most important of Dr. Roberts' chapters is the ninth, in which he shows, in our opinion conclusively, that the language habitually spoken by our Lord and His Apostles was neither Hebrew nor Aramaic but Greek. The chapters on the Targums and the Talmud, on the Apocrypha, and on English translations of the Old Testament, contain a large amount of information which Dr. Roberts has done well to put together, and issue in an accessible form. We heartily commend his volume as at once scholarly and popular, and as one also with which all readers of the Old and New Testaments ought to make themselves acquainted.

Predigten aus der Gegenwart. Von D. CARL SCHWARZ. (Achte Sammlung.) Leipzig, 1883.

As a preacher, Dr. Schwarz of Gotha has long enjoyed great popularity, and his sermons are eagerly read by a large and ever-increasing circle of his fellow-countrymen everywhere. We hardly need any further evidence of this than the fact that an eighth volume of his sermons has been called for, each of these volumes containing on an average about

thirty discourses, and that the earlier volumes have already run through several editions. His popularity rests on solid foundations. He has been upwards of twenty-five years in office in Gotha, and his ministry has steadily grown in favour from year to year. No one can read any of these eight volumes, or any of the sermons in them, without feeling that Dr. Schwarz is a preacher of no ordinary gifts—that he brings to the work of the ministry a mind of rare culture, and a heart full of the warmest spiritual emotion. He seems ever to speak straight from the heart and to the heart. There is nothing of that antiquated scholasticism about his matter, or his manner of presenting his thoughts, so dear to many of our clergyman, and which so often makes their learning a weariness, and their utterances a burden. He realises that every age has its own modes of thought, its own ways of conceiving truth, its own intellectual needs and aspirations, and he has entered into fullest sympathy with those of the present, and knows how to meet them and adapt his teaching to them. He knows the last word which Historical Criticism has spoken regarding the Bible, and accepts fully and unreservedly all it has established. He is perfectly aware that literary criticism does not, and cannot, injure the spiritual and religious worth of Scripture, but may do much, if reverently conducted, as it has already done much, to bring out that worth from the obscurity into which it has passed through the ignorance and misconceptions born of ignorance, so prevalent for centuries, as to the origin, purpose, and meaning of its various parts. He interests himself deeply in all the questions that engage the attention of his hearers, and in the events that are going on around him, and discusses them with his people, shedding wondrous light on their path of duty, and strengthening them both to do and to endure as Providence may in any case order. His discourses are all both *of* the present and *for* the present—are 'Modern Sermons' in the truest and best sense of the word. This last volume contains twenty-eight sermons and four casual addresses, such as he is accustomed to make on occasions of confirmation, or baptism, etc. The discourses are grouped in three classes: those preached on Festival Days, such as Christmas, New Year's Day, Palm Sunday, Good Friday, Easter, etc.; a short series on 'The Kingdom of God in the Church, in the State, and in the House;' and those on general texts. It is difficult, in a brief notice such as this must be, to select any of these discourses for special remark,—they are so excellent. They seem to us to be almost all that sermons should be, and are models of homiletic exposition. The preacher seems ever to remember that those frequenting the House of God go there not for controversy, but for spiritual light, and comfort, and edification. He belongs to the school of liberal theology, and differs widely in his opinions from what is called the Evangelical school; but he is always anxious only to present the spiritual truth of any text he handles, and to enforce on his hearers the cultivation of the undoubted virtues and graces of the Christian life. No one, we think,—belong to what creed or

church he may,—can rise from the perusal of any of these discourses and not feel all the better instincts of his spiritual being quickened, all the feelings of his heart made purer, and all the aspirations of his soul raised to a higher level. Let anyone read, for example, the Passion-Sermons, or that delivered on Palm Sunday, entitled 'The Crown of Thorns,' and, differ as he may from the preacher in his Christology, he cannot fail to be impressed with the exquisitely graphic pictures Dr. Schwarz draws from the life of the Man of Sorrows, from the scenes of the Passion-week especially, or fail to have his conceptions of the meaning and purpose of our Lord's sufferings—the meaning and purpose of all suffering in the economy of grace, wonderfully purified and enlarged. We should like, too, to commend to the attention of all interested in the question of the mutual relations of Church and State, so vexed with us and so vexed also in Germany, Dr. Schwarz's wise and thoughtful discourse on the text Matthew xxii. 21. 'Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' It is the first of a short series of four on 'the Kingdom of God in the Church, the State, and the House.' We think that if our voluntaries and churchmen were to sit for a little while at this preacher's feet, their controversy would lose much of its present heat and all its bitterness; wisdom and not passion would henceforth reign in their counsels, and mutual charity, and Christian love direct them all in the common work to which they are called of God in Christ Jesus.

Farm Sermons. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore & Alabaster, 1882.

Sunday Mornings at Norwood: Prayers and Sermons. By the Rev. S. A. TIPPLE. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.

The New Song, and other Sermons for the Children's Hour. By the Rev. JAS. STALKER, M.A. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

Mr. Spurgeon's volume is another illustration of his singular power and versatility as a preacher. The sermons are plain, direct, forcible. Though there is a good backbone of theology in them, so that one has no difficulty in divining the author's theological opinions, these are not often obtruded. The sermons are religious and practical rather than theological. The subjects dealt with are the great facts of spiritual experience, the need of conversion, the necessity for personal effort and personal culture, the work of the Spirit, and the blessedness of working with God as the husbandman of souls. Addressed to farmers, the language and illustrations of the sermons are drawn from the scenes and occupations in which they are engaged, and in many instances the latter are exceedingly felicitous. By Mr. Spurgeon's large circle of admirers, this little volume will be esteemed,

we should say, as one of his best productions. If it is not, it ought to be. The gospel was never more simply and forcibly put. Each sermon is just what a sermon to farmers, if it is to find them and do them good, ought to be.

Sunday Mornings at Norwood contains two sets of addresses, one addressed to the Almighty, and the other to what we suppose is a dissenting congregation in Norwood. The first we cannot admire. They give the Almighty a good deal of information, and show that Mr. Tipple is on extremely good terms with Him, and that he is quite conscious that he is. Perhaps, however, the reasons and explanations which Mr. Tipple inserts in his prayers are so many asides intended for the edification of those before whom he is praying. Even then we cannot admire them. In such of them as we have read, and we will candidly admit that we have not had patience or charity enough to read them all, there seems to us to be a decided want of a reverential and devotional spirit. The language, too, is slipshod and scrappy. 'Lord, here we are again,' reminds us of a pretty well known and vulgar song. Altogether Mr. Tipple might profit by studying the older or more recent Christian liturgies. At all events he might give the Almighty credit for knowing a little more than he does himself, and for being, as the old collect puts it, more ready to give than we are to receive. Turning to the other set of addresses, we have great pleasure in saying that we can speak of them only in terms of the highest praise. The marvel to us is that a man of such undoubted power and refinement as Mr. Tipple evidently is, has been able to conceive and utter such addresses as those we have just referred to, and to call them prayers. The sermons are admirable. Every one of them is marked by great freshness of thought, great spiritual fervour, and eloquence of the highest kind. They are really sermons for the times, and are calculated to foster a large, intelligent, and charitable faith.

Some of Mr. Stalker's sermons have found their way into his volume by mistake. At least so we infer from a comparison of their contents with his volume's title. They are much too metaphysical, or perhaps we should say much too theological for children. When we came to page 65 we could scarcely believe our eyes. Half-a-dozen lines of Latin in a sermon intended for a mother to read to her children seemed to us so thoroughly out of place that we began to wonder where we were, and turned back to the title page to see if we had not made a mistake. Mr. Stalker introduces them with the words—'I daresay some of you can follow the old Latin hymn, so full of pathos.' Now did Mr. Stalker really think they could? If he did, we should like to know what sort of children they were to whom he preached. Others of Mr. Stalker's sermons are really suitable for children. The one on the Ten Virgins is a gem. The same may be said of several more. Their simplicity is charming, while the many and often felicitous illustrations fit them admirably for reading during the children's hour.

Christian Ethics. (*Special Part.*) By Dr. H. MARTENSEN, Bishop of Seeland. Translated from the German. Vol. I. by W. AFFLECK, B.D.; Vol. II. by SOPHIA TAYLOR. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1881-1882. (Foreign Theological Library. *New Series.*)

These volumes complete the translation of Dr. Martensen's important and admirable work on Christian Ethics. Theological and ethical students are to be congratulated on their issue. Of the many valuable works which the publishers have included in their Library those of Bishop Martensen's are among the best. The volumes before us will compare favourably with any others we have of the same kind in the English language. Indeed it is extremely doubtful whether we have any either of home or foreign origin which can be so highly commended either for soundness of treatment or lucidity of exposition. The method which Dr. Martensen has adopted is somewhat peculiar, and he may be open to the charge of moving in a circle; but the circle in which he may be said to move, is one along which he throws light at every step, and his method may easily be justified either from the admirable results which in Dr. Martensen's hands it has so manifestly yielded, or on the grounds of utility or expedience. In the *General Part* of this work, also translated and published in Messrs Clarks' Library, the author deals with the fundamental principles of Ethics, and presents us with a view of the ethical life. The stress is there laid on the goal, and the foreground is filled in with ideals, the individual being referred to, however, only as illustrating the general laws. Here, in the two volumes before us, the treatment is different; the starting point is the individual, and the emphasis is laid not on the goal, but on the way to it, on the means to be employed in order to reach it, and on the obstacles requiring to be overcome. In the first volume, which is occupied solely with the discussion of Individual Ethics, man is dealt with as an individual, first as he is 'by nature,' and then as a disciple of Christ. Hence, we have two chapters, one on 'Life under the Law and Sin,' and the other on 'Life in the Following of Christ,' with a transitional section on 'Conversion and the New Life Begun.' In the second volume, which is devoted to Social Ethics, man is dealt with as a member of society, and his various relations as a member of a family, as a citizen, and as a member of the Christian Church, are discussed, the whole work concluding with an account of the consummation of the Kingdom of God, or the perfect realization of the *summum bonum.*

Students of Dr. Martensen's writings will not require to be told that there is here the same profound sympathy with the Evangelical writers and the same fine perception of their meaning as are to be found in the previous volume on Christian Ethics, and more especially in the *Christian Dogmatics.* There is here also a largeness of human sympathy and a discernment of the soul of goodness in things evil for which we were scarcely

prepared, and which in theological and ethical writings is so often conspicuous by its absence. The sections on 'Natural Virtues and Faults,' on 'Æsthetic Education,' and the 'Seekers,' are examples of singularly fair and precise statement. On the other hand when dealing with man's political relations, Dr. Martensen is apt to become a little too theoretical. With Hegel, Stahl and Trendelenburg he objects to representation by majorities, and favours the representation of classes. The section on Burial, Cremation and Dissection (i. 272-4), is scarcely so satisfactory as we should have expected. On the other hand, the description of Antigone (i. 22) is admirable, and the character of Socrates has rarely been so well hit off as in the sentence—'He was the teacher of all Greece, yet but a bad paterfamilias.' Altogether these volumes deserve high commendation. The author has dealt with his subject in an extremely instructive and extremely interesting manner. The translation of each volume is well done. Along with them we have received the first volume of Weis's 'Biblical Theology of the New Testament.' Our review of this important work we shall reserve for its concluding volume. Meantime a word of commendation is due to the publishers for the improved appearance or 'get up' of their *New Series.*

The Greek Philosophers. By ALFRED W. BENN. 2 Vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1882.

Mr. Benn's aim has been to exhibit the principal ideas of Greek Philosophy in connection with the characters of their authors, with each other, with their development in modern speculation, with the parallel tendencies in literature and art, and with the history of religion, science, and civilization as a whole. This aim, we may at once say, he has accomplished, with the exception of one or two drawbacks, in a very satisfactory manner. For so comprehensive a subject the limits he has prescribed for himself are somewhat narrow, and many points on which we could have desired discussion or fuller treatment, he has been compelled to pass over or merely to touch upon in the slightest way. There can be no two opinions, however, as to the value of his volumes. The difficulties he has had to contend with are formidable, yet he has succeeded in producing a work which will be read by those who are interested in the development and progress of human thought with pleasure, and which, so far as our own language is concerned, is in many respects unique. We have histories of Philosophy, and monographs on particular systems in abundance, but Mr. Benn is the first who has attempted to show the connection between Greek thought and the old Greek life, and to trace its influence along the various lines of human history.

The preface which Mr. Benn has written is deserving of careful study, both as a piece of excellent writing, and as a valuable introduction to the pages which follow it. Zeller's semi-Hegelian theory of the history of Greek Thought, Mr Benn rightly rejects, as doing but scant justice to the

varied and complex causes which determined its development, and as frequently overlooking those subtler references by which the different schools of philosophy were connected among themselves, and with the literature of their own and later times. Equally independent and justifiable is the attitude assumed towards the theories of Teichmüller. Brilliant as the suggestions of that writer sometimes are, they are not always to be implicitly received. Mr. Benn has shown good reasons for not accepting the theory that Aristotle published the *Ethics* while Plato was still alive and engaged in the composition of the *Laws*, and for rejecting the idea that the latter was a monist as Teichmüller endeavours to prove he was.

For the origin of Greek Philosophy, Mr. Benn goes neither to Egypt, nor to the East, but to the genius of the Greek people. In the first chapter the merits of the earliest Greek thinkers are fairly stated, and the debt of gratitude which the world owes to them is carefully pointed out. Very justly he remarks :—

'They performed services to humanity comparable for value with the legislation of Solon and Cleisthenes, or the victories of Marathon and Salamis ; while their creative imagination was not inferior to that of the great lyric and dramatic poets, the great architects and sculptors, whose contemporaries they were. They first taught men to distinguish between the realities of nature and the illusions of sense ; they discovered or divined the indestructibility of matter and its atomic constitution ; they taught that space is infinite, a conception so far from being self-evident that it transcended the capacity of Aristotle to grasp ; they held that the seemingly eternal universe was brought into its present form by the operation of mechanical forces, which will also affect its dissolution ; confronted by the seeming permanence and solidity of our planet, with the innumerable varieties of life to be found on its surface, they declared that all things had arisen by differentiation from a homogeneous attenuated vapour; while one of them went so far as to surmise that man is descended from an aquatic animal. But higher still than these fragmentary glimpses and anticipations of a theory which still awaits confirmation from experience, we must place their central doctrine, that the universe is a cosmos, an ordered whole governed by number and law, not a blind conflict of semi-conscious agents, or a theatre for the arbitrary interference of partial, jealous, and vindictive gods ; that its changes are determined, if at all, by an immanent unchanging reason ; and that those celestial luminaries which had drawn to themselves in every age the unquestioning worship of all mankind, were, in truth, nothing more than fiery masses of inanimate matter. Thus, even if the early Greek thinkers were not scientific, they first made science possible by substituting for a theory of the universe, which is its direct negation, one that methodised observation has increasingly tended to confirm. The garland of poetic praise woven by Lucretius for his adored master should have been dedicated to them, and to them alone.'

In the chapter on the Greek Humanists, we have an extremely interesting and able discussion respecting the character of the Sophists. Mr. Benn's estimate of it is neither that of Hegel, Lewes, nor Grote. 'Taking the whole class together,' he says, 'they represent a combination of three distinct tendencies, the endeavour to supply an encyclopaedic training for

youth, the cultivation of political rhetoric as a special art, and the search after a scientific foundation for ethics, derived from the results of previous philosophy.' With regard to the last point, they agree, he observes, in drawing a fundamental distinction between Nature and Law, but some take one and some the other for their guide. Their influence on Greek philosophy, he maintains, was not to corrupt, but to fruitfully develop it. For his account of Socrates, Mr. Benn depends more, and with good reason, on the *Memorabilia* than on the *Apologia*, though not exclusively, as in the admirable chapter devoted to him, he is confessedly indebted in no small degree to the Platonic dialogues. As to Socrates' place in the development of Greek thought, he maintains that he 'first brought out the idea, not of knowledge, but of mind in its full significance, that he first studied the whole circle of human interests as affected by mind; that, in creating dialectics, he gave this study its proper method, and simultaneously gave his method the only subject-matter on which it could be profitably exercised; finally, that by these immortal achievements philosophy was constituted, and received a threefold verification—first, from the life of its founder; secondly, from the success with which his spirit was communicated to a band of followers; thirdly, from the whole subsequent history of thought.'

In the chapters on Plato, the apparent inconsistencies of that great teacher are on the whole fairly dealt with. Mr. Benn, however, makes no attempt to strike a balance between what is visionary and what is solid in the Platonic teaching. He prefers to seek out the underlying forces of which Plato's opinion were the resultants and revelations; and this he does with no small amount of analytical ability. To follow him here would require several pages. The following sentences, however, will indicate the position which he assigns to the great master. 'There is a story that Plato used to thank the gods, in what some might consider a Pharisaic spirit, for having made him a human being instead of a brute, a man instead of a woman, and a Greek instead of a Barbarian; but more than anything else, for having permitted him to be born in the time of Socrates. It will be observed that all these blessings tended in one direction, the complete supremacy of reason over impulse and sense. To assert, extend, and organise that supremacy was the object of his whole life.' To learn how indefatigably and with what power Plato pursued this object, we can only refer the reader to Mr. Benn's pages. As we shall have to point out, we cannot exactly agree with the representation which is there given of Plato's teaching, yet we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that Mr. Benn's treatment of it deserves high praise. Equal praise may be given to his treatment of the Aristotelian system. One of the very finest passages in the book, and there are not a few, is the one in which he contrasts the two greatest of the Greek Philosophers. In all probability it will provoke a considerable amount of hostile criticism, yet it seems to us

that the weight of evidence is with our author in almost every point of the contrast.

The second volume is devoted to the Stoics, Epicureans, Sceptics, and Eclectics, to the Religious Revival which set in with the establishment of the Roman Empire, to Plotinus, and lastly to the influence of Greek thought on modern speculation. The last we need hardly say is of surpassing interest. But to turn again to the first volume, which in our opinion is the abler of the two, Mr. Benn's account of the rise and development of Greek morality is fairly good. We cannot agree with him however in the assertion that 'even taking the records as they stand, it is to the Greek rather than to Hebrew or Roman annals that we must look for examples of true virtue.' We do not suppose that Mr. Benn includes the New Testament in the 'Greek annals,' but whether or not we know no character in Greek history comparable with that of Jesus or even of Paul. Nor can we admit that Hellenism gave Christianity 'not only wings to fly, but also eyes to see and a soul to love.' Both M. Havet and Mr. Benn have failed to prove that Christianity originated on Hellenic and not on Hebraic soil. Most of the doctrines of Christianity may have been, and in some fashion certainly were, taught among the Greeks as they were also among other nations before they were promulgated by Christian teachers, yet the 'soul' of Christianity was not Hellenic. Christianity is not so much a philosophy as a life or spirit, and that, there is abundant reason for believing, had its origin elsewhere than in Greece. Again, Mr. Benn's account of the Platonic doctrines is impaired by too great a reliance on his own interpretation of the *Republic*. We have no desire to deny that the *Republic* was the work of Plato; but before relying upon it to the extent that Mr. Benn does, it is requisite to settle what it is. For our own part, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, we are disposed to regard it as a dialogue on justice rather than as a sketch of an ideal commonwealth. And again, the chapter on the Religious Revival, which occurs in the second volume, while unquestionably good, is scarcely so effective as it might have been. We doubt very much whether statistics will bear out the assertion that 'the dangers of a military life combined with its authoritative ideas are highly favourable to devotion.' The reference to the centurion mentioned in the gospels might have been left out. Nothing is gained by its introduction. There are many whom it will offend. But in spite of these and other objections we can recommend these two admirable volumes as of the highest value. They are the work of a thoroughly competent scholar, and a singularly able contribution to the history of Greek thought and life.

Hamilton. By JOHN VEITCH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. "Blackwood's Philosophical Classics." Edinburgh and London: 1882

It is always a pleasure to meet with a philosophical work written in pure

English, and in a clear and vigorous style. It is a further pleasure to have the exposition of hard doctrines given us in a truly systematic form—with real, and not simply nominal, method. Both these pleasures the reader of Blackwood's Philosophical Classics will derive from a perusal of Professor Veitch's *Hamilton:* and a further pleasure is in store for him, if he catches somewhat of the author's enthusiasm for, and appreciation of, his subject,—which he is sure to do.

Very naturally the larger part of the volume is devoted to Hamilton's Psychology; and, of the Psychology, Perception and the Problems and Controversies connected therewith claim the fullest and most detailed consideration. To them, are surrendered six out of the twelve chapters that go to constitute the book,—viz., Cc. II. to VII. (inclusive); while a single chapter (VIII) sketches, under six heads (six, not five, as the printer has erroneously made it), the remainder of the Psychological dogmas. Chapters IX. to XI. treat of the Hamiltonian Nomology or Classification of the Laws of Knowledge, and C. XII. is more directly concerned with the Ontology or Philosophy of Being. Chapter I. is biographical; and the Logic nowhere appears. 'I have not attempted,' says the writer, 'to discuss the Logic in this volume. There was not space to do it justice . . . . This wide subject must meanwhile be left untouched.' Let us hope that it is only 'meanwhile.'

The tone throughout is, of course, in the highest degree appreciative; and it would be quite unreasonable to expect an expositor so sympathetic as Professor Veitch to find any very serious fault with the teaching of his master. Still, he does not hesitate to say where he dissents, and to offer his own corrections or amendments; and, whenever he does so, his suggestions are always worthy of careful attention. With some of them we agree: from others of them we differ. Of the latter sort may be mentioned the following two.

In his theory of Perception, Hamilton maintained that we have an immediate cognition of the Ego as well as of the non-Ego (this indeed was necessary to his doctrine of Natural Realism); but at other times and in other connections, when Perception was not distinctly in view, he emphatically taught that we have no immediate knowledge of self in consciousness at all. Now, there is here a manifest inconsistency. How is it to be got over? Professor Veitch gets over it in the way that Mansel did (and Berkeley too, for that matter, and Descartes). He maintains that we do have an immediate consciousness of self, and that therefore the second of the above positions is untenable. But mark the consequences. What now of the appeal to consciousness—its validity and all-sufficiency—which is the very foundation of Hamilton's Philosophy and indeed of the Scottish Philosophy in general? Here, obviously, is a point that can be settled only by introspection: and surely if such masters of the introspective method as Hamilton himself and Reid and Stewart and Kant and Cousin, or (to take names from the opposite school) as Locke, Hume, J. S. Mill,

Bain, all unite in saying that consciousness makes no such revelation,—we are landed in a very awkward predicament. Either the deliverances of consciousness vary in different individuals (competent individuals, accredited philosophers), and yet the diverse utterances, even when contradictory, must be accepted as true; or else we must refuse credence to consciousness in this particular instance,—and then we seem to hear the Hamiltonian dictum hurled at us with special vehemence, *falsus in uno falsus in omnibus.*

The other disputable solution is this. Consciousness, says Hamilton, is co-extensive with Mind: but at the same time he holds that there are mental activities that never do come within the range of consciousness. This last is the doctrine of Mental Latency,—or, as George Henry Lewes calls it, Subconsciousness,—or, as it has been denominated by Philosophical Physiologists, Unconscious Cerebration. Now we have here, as in the former case, a choice of alternatives. We cannot, clearly, hold *both* positions; for the two are contradictory. We must either deny the doctrine of Mental Latency, or, holding this doctrine, we must extend the meaning of 'mental' so as to embrace subconscious phenomena. To us, the second seems to be the less evil of the two: but Professor Veitch prefers the first. In this, we hardly think he sees the full effect of such a course on Hamilton's general psychology. If Mental Latency goes, a good many things must go along with it: and, in particular, there must go the view of Memory as bare Retention; for memory as bare retention, or memory proper, is 'the power of retaining knowledge in the mind, but out of consciousness.'

There are several other points that we might take exception to; but fault-finding is a thankless business at the best, and it is not congenial when one has to deal with a work of real merit. We simply add that the biographical chapter is full of interesting matter, and, like the rest of the book, contains much in little compass. We note in it *inter alia* a fitting tribute to Hamilton's scholarship and vast research; but why no reference to his style? If we except the over-fondness for Latinized words and grandiose expressions, his writing must be pronounced to occupy a high literary place. It is both lucid and energetic; and, certainly, it is in every way characteristic.

A Study of Origins; or, The Problems of Knowledge, of Being and of Duty. By E. DE PRESSENSE, D.D. Translated by A. H. Holmden. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1883.

While revising his admirable volumes on the history of the Christian Church during the first three centuries, M. de Pressensé was struck with the increasing vehemence of the attacks which were being made both against Christian theism, and against the foundations of all spiritual religion, and resolved to test the pretensions of materialism, and the new

philosophy as against the doctrines of a more spiritual philosophy. The result is a clear gain to the cause of truth. A philosopher as well as a theologian, thoroughly acquainted with the controversies of the day and unfettered by any narrow or narrowing prejudices, M. de Pressensé, even if he has said little that is entirely new, has done good service by his clear and forcible statement of the various controversies, and by the thoroughly effective criticism to which he has subjected the opinions of those who have set themselves to denounce rather than to refute the principles of Christian theism. His volume is divided into four books. In the first of these he deals with the problem of knowledge, and with the questions—Are causes knowable? Can we know them with certainty, and, if so, what are the conditions of certainty? As might be expected, he here deals with the theories of Auguste Comte, J. S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, M. Taine, and many others. His own theory is that causes are known and that certainty is attained through the co-operation of sensation, reason, and the will. Of reason he remarks—'it raises us higher than itself, to its own source and principle. It recognises that it must find the explanation of itself in something beyond it. It is by its essence inclined to the perfect and the absolute. There is not one of its axioms which is not based on this; there is a reason for everything. Every change has its cause, every quality its substance, every being its end. These are the principles of reason. Its most general function is to conceive the conditions of order, of homogeneity, of harmony between the effect and the cause. It must then find a reason adequate to itself and to the totality of things, a cause proportioned to the effect. This cause should be perfection itself, for thought cannot stop at anything less, and perfection can only be the absolute. Any limited degree of being and of perfection placed at the origin of things is illogical. The absolute being is at the same time perfect, for any imperfection would be a limit. Thus the principle of causation, taken by itself, implies perfect and absolute being, and reason thus lifts our eyes to God.' It need hardly be said that M. de Pressensé is a thorough going Cartesian. In the second book on The Problem of Being the various theories respecting the origin of the universe are discussed. Holding fast the doctrine of design, M. de Pressensé passes in review those of Büchner, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Haeckel, Schopenhauer, Hartmann, &c., and shows their inconsistencies or their insufficiency to account for things. Of special interest is the discussion of the doctrine of evolution. The Problem of Being forms the subject also of the third book. Here, however, it is dealt with in relation to man. One chapter is devoted to the consideration of language and its influence on knowledge, and another to sociology. The fourth book deals with the Problem of Duty. The chapter on the nature and origin of religion is one of the most satisfactory we have seen. Spencer's notion that religion is a theory of the universe is set aside; as is also that of the author of *Ecce Homo* that religion is admiration. Religion, M. de Pressensé maintains, is neither metaphysics, nor morals, nor aesthetics, nor mere emotion, but

the upward pressure of the soul to God ; and belongs not to any one particular faculty, but to the whole being. As for its origin, this is not in nature, nor in man, but in God, and is everywhere caused, whatever form it may assume, by the direct action of the Spirit of God upon the human soul. In the last chapter we have a slight but interesting sketch of the origin and early history of man. The questions with which this volume deals are of surpassing and indeed vital importance, and to those who wish to understand the various theories which are now advanced respecting them, and to see what can be said for or against them, we strongly recommend the perusal of M. de Pressensé's book as at once able, eloquent and fair.

Études Morales sur L'Antiquité par Constant Martha. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1883.

M. Martha does not often favour the public with the productions of his pen; but whenever he does, to those who are acquainted with his writings they are always acceptable. Few who have read his *Moralistes sous L'Empire Romain* will readily forget the wonderfully vivid pictures which he there gives of the intellectual and moral life of antiquity during the earlier years of the Roman Empire. In the work before us we have a series of six studies on the same subject of equal interest and merit with the *Moralistes*, but ranging over a wider period. In 'l' Eloge funèbre chez les Romain,' we are shown the sentiments which animated the great funeral ceremonies at a time when Rome though still retaining its austere simplicity and but little versed in literature, was nevertheless conscious of its future greatness. 'Le philosophe Carnéade à Rome' deals with the beginnings of Roman philosophy and gives a graphic account of the awakenings of curiosity respecting moral and philosophical questions among a people previously engrossed in politics and war. Next follow chapters on 'les consolations dans l'antiquité,' and 'l'examen de conscience.' In the last two chapters we have admirable sketches of Julian and Synesius. The work is one of rare interest and is written with all M. Martha's grace of style.

Epicuro e l'Epicurismo. Milan: G. Trezza Hoepli, 1883.

This is a second and enlarged edition, in the preface to which the author says that after five years, he does not repent of the ideas developed in the first edition, and describes Epicurism in the following words:—'It is without doubt one of the greatest and most efficacious systems of the ancient world, and extends its relations to the modern world; its conception of the universe is so true, that contemporaneous science continues it in its discoveries. With the scientific conception of things, there corresponds a healthy conception of life, separated for ever from ascetic terrors of what is beyond the tomb. We all, more or less, live by this system; the physical and historical sciences resolve themselves into laws of molecular

mechanics ; modern morality is no longer founded on an imperative which is beyond actual phenomena, nor seeks there the basis of social idealities ; for us, the phenomenon is the whole being ; outside of the phenomena can be placed no divine reality that contains the immutable and eternal laws of life. The unity of cosmic life from the minutest protozoa to the highest vertebrate ; the evolution of its forms which rise to vaster states ; the *naturality* of the moral as well as of the physical ; of sentiment as of thought ; the rejection of every ascetic conception, and an educational joy in ethics which are not opposed to nature itself, but correct and complete it—this is Epicurism.' On these lines, the author enters into the history of Epicurus and Epicurism, and discusses the Platonic transcendentalism, the renaissance of Epicurism, gods, atoms, the senses, the Epicurean sentiment of nature, the unity of life, Roman Epicurism, the intermittence of asceticism, the modern renaissance and the Epicurean future, in a small volume of 196 pages. Many notes refer to a number of French and German scientific and philosophical works.

La Scienza delle Religioni. Dal Prof. MICHELE KERBAKER. Napoli, 1882.

As showing some portion of advanced Italian thought regarding one of the most important questions of the day, some passages from this Inaugural Discourse pronounced at the opening of the present session, at the Royal University of Naples, by the professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, Michele Kerbaker, may not be unwelcome. The *Science of Religions*, (in the plural), contains two distinct parts, one of which is an abridgement of the history of the new science, and the other a demonstration of its importance and application. After remarks on the new field opened up by the late rapid progress in oriental philology, that is, the field of the comparative history of religions, and explaining the reasons of the opposition made to the scientific pretensions of philologists by psychologists and theologians ; and after showing what connection the comparative history of religions has with the so-called theological rationalism applied by a famous German school to biblical exegesis, and the historical study of Christianity, Professor Kerbaker goes on to say that—

'The European conscience is at present divided between the two worlds of Hebraism and Hinduism, the most ideally opposed that can be imagined. On the one hand the world is conceived according to the aspirations of individual consciousness, with belief in a personal God, the vindicator of the conscience, superior to all cosmic laws, and with the enchanting moral of hope. On the other hand it is conceived of as revealed by Nature, with a God identified with the Universe, and with the severe and stoical ethics of resignation under the law of necessity by which cosmic life is governed. On the one hand there is the continual appeal to Eternal Justice in the name of the personal consciousness that revolts against the reality of historic laws ; and on the other, an absolute acquiescence of the intellect in the laws of universal nature, a deadening of the personal sentiment by the contemplation of cosmic immensity, a persistent sense of phenomenal illusions and of the vanity of all things, a constant mortifica-

tion of self, an unlimited submission to the evils of existence, and a tranquillizing of the spirit in a conscious apathy, a refining and etherializing of all the affections into profound pity towards the whole of living humanity. It seems that the Aryan idea, which operates on the general conscience as philosophical activity, supplies the motive force; while the Semitic idea, full of the sentiment of personal well-being, serves as a curb on the said conscience, and, in the form of a passing dogmatic shadow, prevents it from plunging precipitously into the ultimate logical moral consequences of the purely scientific conception of the universe. Thus is explained, for example, the possibility of Darwinism and the Bible, each holding its own in the conscience of an Englishman or an American. Ought we not to consider the contemporary existence of the two ideas, Aryan and Semitic, as a law of indestructible polarity?' 'It is needful to believe that a new era is about to commence, just as the present crisis, that intervenes between two great epochs of humanity, the one religious, the other irreligious, will soon be overcome. But rather than sing *novus ab integro seclorum nascitur orbis* over the fact of the general irreligiousness, it seems that it would be better to remember the saying, "that which has been is that which shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun," to be accepted, however, discreetly and *cum grano salis*.'

Professor Kerbaker then remarks that the science of religions touches on the most vital and agitating questions of modern society.

'Historically speaking, religion is the patrimony of general judgments, comprising a determinate explanation of the mysteries of existence, which stands as the rule of conscience and the foundation of public and private education. 'One cannot conceive of the moral and civil life of a nation,' Professor Kerbaker goes on, 'without this aliment of intuitive and, I would even say, of impersonal wisdom, which passes almost unchanged from generation to generation, amid the rise and fall of many doctrines, and the growth and changes of arts, customs, and institutions. Hence the inevitable conflict between religion and culture, born of the reception by the latter of a mass of newly acquired experiences that disturb the old conception of the universe that has passed into a common inherited doctrine; which conflict, becoming disordered, assumes the form of social discord, dividing the cultured from the vulgar, doctrinal sceptics from believers, and the schools from the temples. On the different ways in which this ideal schism is resolved, depends the course of civilization among different nations. The traditional doctrine may dictate laws to, and impose its yoke on culture; or culture may so confine traditional doctrine with trammels and chains, as to render it altogether vain and useless. In either case the two are opposed and the results of their opposition is pernicious.' 'As the traditional, or let us say revealed cognition, cannot be conciliated with the conclusions of scientific culture, it being impossible that a group of anterior revelation already formed into a system can admit the results of new experiences, there remains no other mode of putting an end to the conflict than by adjudging the religious doctrine to scientific culture, as material for the latter's competence; all the more as culture does actually constantly influence that doctrine so as gradually to transform it, and, as much as possible, to adapt it to the scientific and rational comprehension of the universe. Those, however, who call the mystic sentiment a pathological and morbid state, a partial madness, an intermittence of the reasoning faculties, do not resolve but break the problem, caring little for the social facts implicated.'

'Now-a-days,' says Professor Kerbaker in another place, 'natural philosophy destroys, with inexorable criticism, the magnificent illusions that lead individuals to hope for an equal participation in the banquet of life, in the idea that a new political and civil legislation, better than the last, will suffice to produce the realization of that hope. But Nature, who is the real mistress of the house, and as the prime dispenser of social benefits, will have her laws of exclusion and selection executed at any cost, and sometimes makes those who rebel against her laws their pitiless executors. The only way to temper the

rigour of these laws is so to act that the sacrifice is voluntarily accepted by him upon whom it falls; which end cannot be otherwise obtained than by means of an universal conviction that, in all cases and equally for all, renders the sacrifice of self for the good of others beautiful and acceptable.' . . . . 'This universal conviction cannot be transmitted and maintained except by means of a complex of maxims, examples, proverbial sentences, symbolic figures, poetical imaginations and representations, which constitute the fundamental doctrine of public education. It is impossible to create and put in action such a religious discipline, in connexion with the civil and informing ethics of common custom, in countries where the principle of absolute separation of church and state prevails; and the want of that discipline is, in my opinion, a principal cause of the moral decay and defective public character which is deplored in such countries, and which it is vain to seek to remedy by artificial means.'

'In respect to the multifarious disciplines co-ordinated with its object, the science of the history of religions may be regarded—rather than as a special science—as the scientific revisal of the theological encyclopedia, a revisal which ought to be commenced when theology has been long enriched and perfected by the contributions of philology and history. Here, as is evident, there is no question of *un*making but of *re*making. Ours is not, as many suspect, a negative and solitary science.' 'Anyone who knows something of the more remarkable works that treat of religious history from a scientific point of view, knows that this new school is sociable, practical, respectful and benevolent towards belief, tolerant and conciliatory.'

'There exists a free thought that is condemned to isolation and impotence; it is that of rigid and narrow minds, without imagination or poetic geniality, and therefore incapable of understanding and entering into others' thoughts, and therefore of making their own valuable in the general commerce of ideas. The mind of a man who is really superior in knowledge and genius, from whatever height he may contemplate human things, should always, as regards practical reason, be able to adapt itself to the least elevated states of conscience.'

'In the Buddhist Sutra,' concludes Professor Kerbaker, 'which are examples and precepts taken from the life of Buddha, there is, among others, a parable which relates how, when a large town caught fire, the public officers wisely gave warning to only a few of the many inhabitants, that is, to the most clever and courageous, while the greater part, especially the women, children, and old people, were quietly sent away on different pretexts. This allegory was intended by the pious Sakhya to signify that the doctrine of the Nirvàna could not be taught all at once to all men, but that it was convenient to allow tender and simple souls to remain undisturbed in their belief in the various Svarja or paradises, conceded in compensation for their good works and renunciation of the deceptive delights of earthly life, which belief was already a great step towards final liberation, which could be accomplished only by tearing out of the human heart the pertinacious love of life, however cherished, which was the root of all illusion and all sorrow. In this allegory, six centuries before our era, was expressed the tolerant and comprehensive sentiment which modern rationalism welcomes with delight, and reconciles with the scientific reason, proposing in this way to study the religious conscience with a view to govern it in the best way. Not inferior to the most vaunted miracles of modern physics, which shew us the most rebellious natural forces made subservient to the arts and human industry, are those of our science, which presents to us the forces of the popular conscience, once reputed blind and irrational, but now studied and recognised in their native origin and efficiency, to be then subjected to the government of a secure and enlightened discipline, able to moderate, direct, and guide them to ends more conformable with true reason.'

The Decay of Modern Preaching. An Essay by J. P. MAHAFFY. London: Macmillan and Co., 1882.

It can hardly be said that the title of this work is eminently felicitous;

for, in point of fact, it fails to convey any adequate idea of the contents. 'Decay' is properly synonymous with deterioration, degeneracy or decadence, and inevitably suggests a comparison with a previous state of things which relatively to the present is regarded as one of superiority and excellence. When, therefore, we read *The Decay of Modern Preaching*, our curiosity is instantly aroused in expectation of a discourse on the pulpit as it now is compared with the pulpit as it once was. Chrysostom and Savonarola rise up before the mind, or perhaps Knox or Tillotson (according to our nationality); and we prepare ourselves for telling parallels and vivid pictures such as Professor Mahaffy knows so well how to draw, and for some vigorous contrasts which shall put preachers of the present generation to the blush. But in all this we are disappointed. There is no comparison instituted between the present and the past, and we look in vain for models from the former times. A contrast, indeed, there is; but it is not that between preaching *as it is* and preaching *as it was*: it is the contrast between preaching as it is and preaching as it *might* conceivably be, and, presumably, *ought* to be. A grand and interesting subject, no doubt; but not that for which we were prepared.

The object of the essay may be expressed thus:—to expose the most patent defects of current preaching, to suggest improvements where practicable, and to estimate the probabilities of an approach to the ideal. And in carrying out this object, the writer divides his discourse (preacherwise) in the orthodox threefold fashion. There is an introduction, a middle and a conclusion (which last, however, by way of variety we presume, he designates an Epilogue); and, still true to accredited usage, the pithiest of the three is the conclusion,—the sting lies in the tail.

The body of the book is mainly concerned with the causes of 'decay;' which are grouped as Historical, Social, Personal, and Defective types: and this is followed up by a section 'Concerning Remedies.' Under each head, the author succeeds admirably in making points, although here and there we may be disposed to enter a protest, and occasionally to desiderate explanation; and we have no hesitation in saying that the majority of pulpits throughout the land would be vastly improved if regard were paid to the criticisms and counsel that are here contained. Three dicta in particular strike us as worthy of special attention:—(1.) Piety cannot make up for the want of ability in the preacher, (2.) Culture is no less indispensable for good preaching than honesty of purpose, (3.) The preacher, in order to be effective, must be a trained rhetorician. With respect to the last of these, the Dublin Professor contents himself with pointing to, and re-echoing, Aristotle and the ancient masters of rhetoric. And better he could not do; for, with all our improvements and advances, we stand today, in the matter of ability to move or persuade an audience, precisely at the point where Demosthenes stood, or where we find Cicero and the other Roman orators. As to the second dictum, no clergyman can hope to gain the sympathy of intelligent hearers if he fails to make himself acquainted

with, and to interest himself in, the general literature and the scientific and other movements of the age. A learned and cultured ministry—a ministry abreast of the times—is a first requisite; and, without this, the pulpit must give place to the press. But not a learned ministry only is required; we need also an able one. And here our writer touches upon the relationship between piety and brains; and we cannot do better than quote his own words. 'The paramount value of piety and simplicity in a preacher, I hope no one will accuse me of underrating. But this must be insisted upon, that want of brains is a capital defect, and that no amount of moral excellence will make a stupid man a successful preacher. . . . . . We need only consider the number of cases in which men of real piety fail to interest or to influence their congregation, to demonstrate that this quality *by itself* is quite insufficient to produce the effects generally attributed to it. But we cannot so easily convince serious and religious people that, though of vast importance, it is not really an essential to good preaching. Yet there have been, there are, and there will be, great and effective preachers who are not remarkable for piety.' All this is quite true, and deserves to be pondered.

The sting of the essay, we have said, lies in the tail. For, the question raised in the Epilogue is—What does the writer really hope or anticipate for the future of preaching? and the answer runs as follows:—'As regards the future of preaching, I confess that among the better classes, and with educated congregations, I think its day is gone by. . . . . With the masses, on the other hand, the power of the pulpit ought still to be great; and seeing that the majority of congregations, even in the most civilised parts of the world, is still ignorant and unlettered, there is a great scope here for powerful preaching.' With the second part of this opinion, we are in thorough agreement; but we do not find ourselves in such perfect accord with the first. Our view of the future is by no means of the gloomy cast that is now-a-days so prevalent. On the contrary, we remember that there has *always* been a section of the intellect of the race severed from the influence of preaching; but we remember also that there has always been a section that acknowledged its control. And we see no reason why the pulpit should ever lose its hold on this latter section, if only its occupants do their duty and keep themselves abreast of the times in sympathy, scholarship and culture. There is that in preaching which mere printed literature lacks; and grant us the preacher competent, according to Professor Mahaffy's own tests of competence, and we do not fear but he will continue to preserve for himself 'the great vantage ground he once possessed as the leader of earnest men.'

Lectures on Teaching, delivered in the University of Cambridge during the Lent Term, 1880. By J. G. FITCH, M.A., &c. New Edition. Cambridge University Press, 1882.

These lectures are an outcome of the excellent arrangements made by

the Teachers' Training Syndicate, appointed some years ago by the Senate of the University of Cambridge. Whether Mr. Fitch has ever been practically engaged in teaching in an elementary, or in any other species of school we do not know; but having been Assistant Commissioner to the Endowed Schools Commission, and being one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, he speaks with authority. He is entitled to be listened to with deference on other grounds. His lectures are characterised by good common sense, and a thoroughly sound conception of the business of teaching. The times are gone, at least we hope they are, when it was thought that any one incapable of doing anything else, was, providing he had the smallest smattering of knowledge, competent to undertake the office of a teacher. Respecting another opinion of the same kind, Mr. Fitch aptly remarks—

'It is easy to say of a schoolmaster *nascitur non fit*, and to give this as a reason why all training and study of method are superfluous. But we do not reason thus in regard to any other profession, even to those in which original power tells most, and in which the mechanic is most easily distinguishable from the inspired artist. For when in the department of painting you meet with a heaven-born genius, you teach him to draw; and you know that whatever his natural gifts may be, he will be all the better *pro tanto*, for knowing something about the best things that have been done by his predecessors; for studying their failures and their successes, and the reason why some have succeeded and others have failed. It is not the office of professional training in art, in law, or in medicine, to obliterate the natural distinctions which are the results of special gifts; but rather to bring them into truer prominence, and to give to each of them the best opportunities of development. And if it be proved, as indeed I believe it to be demonstrable, that some acquaintance with the theory, history, and rules of teaching may often serve to turn one who would be a moderate teacher into a good one, a good one into a finished and accomplished artist, and even those who are least qualified by nature into serviceable helpers, then we shall need no better vindication of the course on which we are about to enter.'

Of the history of teaching Mr. Fitch says little or nothing. His lectures are taken up more with the theory and practice of teaching. The principles he lays down, and the hints which he gives on these subjects, deserve the careful attention of both parents and teachers. Here for instance are one or two of his sentences respecting the qualifications of a teacher, which contain truths that are often overlooked, we suspect, not only by parents, but by teachers as well. 'In all mechanical labour, in which matter alone has to be acted upon, the physical strength and tactical skill of the artizan are the determining forces; his motives and moral qualifications have little to do with the result. But in the case of the schoolmaster, as in that of the priest, or of the statesman, mind and character have to be influenced; and it is found that in the long run nothing can influence character like character. You teach, not only by what you say and do, but very largely by what you are. Here there is a closer correspondence in this department of human labour than in others, between the quality of the work and the

attributes of the workman. You cannot dissociate the two.' Amongst the qualifications he desires in a teacher are accurate knowledge of the subjects taught, aptness to learn, devotion to his work, cheerfulness and equanimity, quick perception, freshness of mind and sympathy. In the second lecture, on 'The School: its Aims and Organization,' Mr. Fitch has some well timed remarks on the grading of schools. Though not exactly satisfied with the terms, he adopts those now generally in vogue. The subject of punishments, and the arguments for and against corporal punishment, are on the whole fairly dealt with. The latter, especially in reference to elementary schools, might, we think, be put more strongly. Still, the lecture in question may be read with profit both by educational theorists and by professional teachers. The lectures on 'The Schoolroom and its appliances,' 'Learning and Remembering,' 'Preparatory Training,' and on Arithmetic and Geography, are excellent. From beginning to end Mr. Fitch's book is eminently practical. As compared with many we have seen on the art of teaching, it is vastly superior. No teacher can read it carefully without acquiring a larger and truer conception of his duties, or without obtaining many valuable suggestions which will prove helpful to him in a profession which is not always so generously considered as it ought to be. Members of School Boards who wish to understand the work they are engaged in superintending, will also find it of use.

Annals of the Early Caliphate, from Original Sources. By Sir WILLIAM MUIR, K.C.S.I., &c. Map. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1883.

In this volume Sir William Muir continues the work he began so well in his admirable and scholarly *Life of Mahomet.* Taking up the thread of the history of Mahommedanism where he let it fall, with the death and burial of Mahomet, he here tells the story of the spread of the religion Mahomet founded, and seeks to trace the causes—national, tribal, and spiritual—which moulded the faith, created its expansive power, and guided its onward course. His object, he tells us, is 'to float the bark of Islam over the rapids and devious currents of its early course until, becoming more or less subject to ordinary human influences, it emerges on the great stream of time.' As the title page indicates, and as is fully borne out by the text and numerous interesting and learned foot notes, the sources from whence he has drawn his materials are purely Arabian. The great authority for the period is Tabari; but as the annals of that writer, though since published on the Continent in a complete form, were accessible to Sir William, when he wrote, only down to the battle of Cadesiya, after following his guidance for the first three years of his *Annals*, for the remainder of the period he here deals with he has done the next best thing, and relied mainly on Ibn al Athir, who made copious use of the immense materials so laboriously collected by Tabari. Among other Arabian sources, Sir

William has consulted Beladzori and Ibn Khaldun, and among moderns the works of Weil, Caussin de Perceval, and H. von Kremer. The use he has made of his authorities, readers of the *Life of Mahomet* will not require to be told is extremely judicious. From a vast mass of traditions, often partaking more of the nature of legends than of history, he has worked out a clear and consistent story. Sir William is not what is usually called a philosophical historian, and the work before us he has styled simply *Annals*; but on every page it bears ample evidence of an admirably philosophical spirit, and of great critical acumen. At the same time, it does what many volumes bearing a more pretentious title often fail to do. It gives the reader clear and definite impressions and vivid conceptions of the men and stirring events described in its pages. The opening passages are remarkably striking, and, though one fears lest there should be a falling off in interest or pictorial effect, the fear is never realized. The attention is sustained from the beginning to the end with unflagging interest. To say that the book is brilliant might convey a false idea. There is no striving after effect, and no artificial rhetoric about it. Its style is as simple and artless as possible, and consequently as effective. Rare, indeed, is it that a writer trusts so much to the simple narration of his facts, and so little to rhetorical and literary artifice as Sir William has here done, for the effect to be produced on the mind of his readers. The first eight chapters are devoted to the revolt among the Arabian tribes and its suppression under Abu Bekr, than whom a more suitable successor to Mahomet could not have been found, and of whom, in the thirteenth chapter, we have a remarkably fair and discriminating estimate. 'The secret of his strength,' it is well said, 'was faith in Mahomet. He would say: "Call me not *the Caliph of the Lord*: I am but *the Caliph of the Prophet of the Lord.*" The question with him ever was, What did Mahomet command? or, What now should he have done? From this he never swerved one hair's-breadth. And so it was that he crushed apostacy, and laid secure the foundations of Islam. His reign was short, but, after Mahomet himself, there is no one to whom the Faith is more beholden.' Not without significance, too, are the following remarks:—'Had Mahomet been from the first a conscious impostor, he never could have won the faith and friendship of a man who was not only sagacious and wise, but simple and sincere. Abu Bekr had no thought of personal aggrandisement. Endowed with sovereign and irresponsible power, he used it simply for the interests of Islam and the people's good. He was too shrewd to be himself deceived, and too honest himself to act the part of a deceiver.' The wonderful story of Arabian conquest, which is ascribed to the two motives—'the love of rapine and the lust of spoil,' is told by Sir William with a masterly hand. We cannot here follow it, nor can we refer to the points in which Sir William differs from others. All we can do is to express our preference for the author of the *Life of Mahomet* for our guide, and to refer the reader to his fascinating pages. To our mind the story which is here told is more wonderful and more

profoundly interesting than any in the *Arabian Nights*, for the simple reason that we are here told what men actually thought and did, and not what they merely imagined.

The Cities of Egypt. By REGINALD STUART POOLE. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1882.

The articles of which this volume is a reprint were originally written, and are now republished, for the purpose of awakening a deeper and more intelligent interest in Egyptian research. After a charmingly-written Introduction, descriptive of the natural features of the country, the author proceeds to give an account of the various cities of Egypt which are mentioned in the Bible. As might be expected, the book, while full of learning and careful research, is full also of living interest. In fact, having once opened it, it is difficult to lay it down. The cities dealt with are, among others, Memphis, Nanes, On, Thebes, Pithom, Migdol, Alexandria. We have also interesting accounts of Goshen and Sin. The materials for a history or description of these places as they once were are scanty, or at least hidden beneath vast mounds of earth, but of so much of them as is known Mr. Poole has made a wise and ample use. The difficulties which are continually cropping up in the course of his narrative are stated with great fairness, and the author is by no means wedded to theories. Some of those which have been advanced by Egyptologists of considerable authority he rejects; as, *e.g.*, Dr. Brugsch's theory that Pe-tum or Tekut is the Succoth of the Bible, and M. Chabas's identification of the Aperiu with the Hebrews. The idea that the Israelites fled from Egypt, not across the Red Sea, but along the narrow and treacherous way between Lake Serbonis and the Mediterranean, an idea first suggested by Schleiden, and more recently advocated by Brugsch, is also rejected. On the other hand, it seems to us that the invasion of the Shepherds is placed by Mr. Poole too late. As of mportance to students, whether of history or of the Bible, the chapters on Memphis, Goshen, Sin, and Migdol may be particularly referred to. Small and unpretending as the volume is, it is replete with valuable information, and ought to do much towards awakening and extending popular interest in Egyptian studies.

The Russian Empire: Historical and Descriptive. By JOHN GEDDIE, F.R.S.E. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1882.

After Mr. Wallace's admirable and apparently exhaustive book on Russia, we might have supposed that for another on the same subject there was no room. Mr. Geddie has shown that there is. His book is at once historical and descriptive. Beginning with the planting of the first germs of Russian power in the forests of Novgorod, he has written an excellent account of the growth and agglomeration of the vast fabric of the Russian Empire, and at the same time given a brief and not unfrequently highly-

picturesque description of the various provinces and peoples as they were successively added to the imperial crown. The result is an extremely interesting volume. Here and there, owing partly to the limits within which he was obliged to confine himself, and partly to the vastness and intricacy of the subject with which he deals, Mr. Geddie's narrative is less full than we could desire. Still, as he always writes with a thoroughly well informed mind, and with admirable clearness, the reader is able to form a pretty full and accurate conception both of the past and present condition of Russia, and of the dangers to which it is exposed.

Memorials of the Life and Ministry of Thomas Main, D.D. By his Widow. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace, 1883.

To the somewhat limited circle of readers to which it appeals, this memorial volume will be very acceptable. Outside his own religious denomination, Dr. Main seems to have been scarcely known ; but having held the office of Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, we must suppose, as indeed the volume before us fully attests, that in the Church to which he belonged, he was both well known and highly esteemed. Though active, his life was undistinguished by any remarkable event. The story of it is soon told. He was born in January, 1816, at Slamannan, where his father was parish schoolmaster, and from whom he received the rudiments of his education. When thirteen he attended the University of Glasgow, and seems to have been known for his industry and piety. Licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Glasgow, in October, 1838, in the following year he became minister of the High Church, Kilmarnock. In the controversy which led to the Disruption he took an active, and, in fact, a leading part, and did considerable service in the cause of the Free Church movement, both in Kilmarnock and elsewhere. In 1850 he married Williamina, youngest daughter of John Cunninghame of Craigends, and seven years afterwards became colleague and successor to Dr. Grey, minister of Free St. Mary's, Edinburgh. His public work seems to have been mostly in connection with the Free Church, and was occasionally interrupted by a trip to London or the Continent. Returning from the Continent in 1880, in order to prepare for his duties as Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, he heard Dean Stanley preach in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Dr. Main's comment on leaving the church was, 'much disappointed, there was little memorable in his sermon, and no gospel.' His occupancy of the Moderator's chair was not without difficulty, and not without credit to himself. 'The Memorials of the Life' are written with considerable skill and taste. Dr. Main seems to have been an earnest and energetic minister, strongly attached to the Free Church, but tolerant and desirous of being fair to others. The sermons which occupy about half of the volume are strictly evangelical ; some of them are highly doctrinal, and

a little tedious. By those for whom they are intended, and as me of the ministry of one whom many learned to esteem and love, th be highly appreciated.

Allessandro Manzoni. Reminiscenze di CESARE CANTU. M Treves Brothers, 1883.

This book bears the impress of having been written by de as the author himself says, 'during the course of thirty in which scarcely a day passed that he 'did not add or erase some The first volume treats of almost every subjects except Manzoni hi it is crowded with the names and opinions of all the eminent me whom Manzoni came into contact, with many quotations from their l and with abundant notes, and it is only in the second and last volum we find a clear, very detailed, and very interesting picture of th himself, in the two chapters, 'the family' and 'the man.' But wh one dips into the work there is something of interest. An index of in addition to the index of subjects would have made reference to th easier.

The Great Pyramid, Observatory, Tomb, and Temple. RICHARD A. PROCTOR. London: Chatto & Wi 1883.

The reputation so justly enjoyed by Mr. Proctor for wide learning, cially in astronomy, makes us regret, for the sake of his character fo dom, that he should have hastily—it must have been hastily—writte published this little book. Besides the knowledge of astronomy it of course displays, and the exhibition of which is ver teresting, it appears to us to possess two merits—viz., that of nising to some extent the cosmological features of the building of wh treats, and that it sometimes professes a certain amount of diffide putting forward its main hypothesis. That hypothesis is what the a calls the astrological, and is, briefly stated and in more correct tec language than he employs, that all the pyramids in general, and the Pyramid of Cheops in particular, were designed to be the tombs of builders, but that during the lifetime of each builder his pyramid wa raised to a certain height, so as to form a very large square plane, in the case of the Great Pyramid was at the level of the floor of the K Chamber; that the object of this square plane was to afford a space which the *Natus* of the builder should be inscribed in a vast an scheme, and from which the transits over the various points of the na should be observed; and that, in the case of the Great Pyramid, the G Gallery, a feature which was peculiar to it, was a kind of telescope to litate observations of the particular point called in astrology the *Medium* or *Midheaven.* It may be observed that neither the Great Pyramid i

nor anything known of its history, affords the slightest ground for any such idea. There is no reason for supposing that the alleged plane ever existed at any time during its construction—and, indeed, it can never have done so precisely, since the walls of the so-called King's Chamber rest upon a level other than that of its floor, while all the authorities are unanimous in stating that Cheops and the other pyramid-builders built pyramids and not platforms. The telescope theory of the Grand Gallery might be equally or better applied to the door of any dining-room or other apartment, since, if it be answered that they have a room beyond them, of which they are obviously designed to be the entrance, the Grand Gallery has the King's Chamber, with its ante-room—the most important part of the pyramid—beyond it, to which it is the approach. That these two chambers, and the whole upper part of the building—its most important parts and features; in fact, its *raison d'être*— were not built by Cheops, but after his death by his successors, seems to us simply incredible. Nor is there the slightest suggestion of a reason why, if all the pyramids, as well as the Great Pyramid, were first of all built as stone platforms, on which to draw the diagrams of *Radices*, none of the others have got the alleged gigantic telescopic tunnel for observing the M.C.

That the Great Pyramid was a tomb, Mr. Proctor brings forward no argument to prove, except that some people have thought so, and that it has an external resemblance to buildings which were tombs. That somebody has thought so, is true of any theory—geocentricism in astronomy, for instance, or the idea that the earth is a plane; and, as to the resemblance, it is as though one argued that the City Temple is a railway-station, because it possesses some features, such as walls and a roof, in common with the London termini. That the Great Pyramid was a tomb appears to us to the last degree improbable, for several reasons, one of which is that Cheops is recorded to have been buried in another place, near at hand, in a grave of which the peculiar description ('a subterranean island surrounded by the waters of the Nile') was a puzzle to the learned, until it was discovered some while ago, where any one can now go and see it who likes. In fact, it seems to us that the Great Pyramid possesses a feature probably designed specially to guard posterity against the idea that any interment had ever taken place in it; this is the subterranean chamber corresponding to the sepulchral chamber of the other pyramids, which has been left unfinished, with the rock of the floor rough to this day, as if on purpose to show, as indeed it does show, that it never has been or could have been used. The reason for such a precaution is not far to seek, for the building is known to have been built under the influence of Shemitic religious ideas, and any student of Judaism knows the excessive horror with which any contact of a sacred building or object with a grave was regarded, and the excessive precautions in the way of substructures, etc., which were taken at Jerusalem to avoid the possibility of such a thing. By the way, Mr. Proctor recognises the

fact of the Shemitic religious influences, and is inclined to connect them with the time of Abraham, though why he should then reject the date of B.C. 2170, which would fit that period, in favour of B.C. 3350, which is an anachronism of about a 1000 years, he does not explain. We must say that the peculiar, and, as it were, defiantly negative state of what might otherwise have been a sepulchral chamber, the known fact of the Shemitic religious influences, and the crowning fact that the innermost and most important chamber of the pyramid, the Sanctuary, as it were, which the whole structure seems designed to enshrine (itself in darkness like the most sacred sanctuary of the children of Israel), contains, like the sanctuary of the Israelite temple, at its western end, a coffer of the same capacity as the coffer (ark) which was in that, combine to induce in our mind the strong persuasion that the Great Pyramid is a religious building, and that the religious ideas of its builders were something very like Judaism. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Proctor occupies himself a good deal with sneering at Professor Piazzi Smyth. He favours us (p. 42) with the statement that that gentleman has joined a new 'sect,' 'religion,' or 'faith,' evidently an attempt at a joke, since he mentions that one of those who agree with Prof. Smyth about the Pyramid, is the Abbé Moigno, a French ecclesiastic. We will not remark upon the good taste of this pleasantry, but will observe that, while Prof. Smyth's theories are a fair object of attack, neither he nor any other man is a proper subject for misrepresentation. We are informed (p. 114) that, according to Prof. Smyth, 'the second coming of Christ, or the end of the world was to have taken place in 1881.' The Professor's words as to the year answering to the 1,881st inch, are as follows :—'*Something* seems to be appointed to take place at that particular time, and it is much easier to say what it is not, than what it is. It is not, for instance, the end of the world. . . and equally it is not Christ's second coming.'—(*Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.* p. 547, 4th edition). Such a misstatement is not, of course, intentional on Mr. Proctor's part, but it shows unscrupulous inaccuracy.

From the very nature of Mr. Proctor's hypothesis, it follows that astrology is the essence of the book. To say that this part is feeble, would be an abuse of language ; a more appropriate term would be, non-existent. Any one who has taken the trouble to find out, even to a very slight extent, what are the doctrines and practices of astrology, sees at a glance that the proposed hypothesis is out of the question. There is no particular reason why any one should know anything about astrology, but we cannot understand any one sitting down to write a book in such ignorance of his subject as that which Mr. Proctor displays ; his information upon it really seems to consist of one partial mistake. He does not even know what astrology means. Astrology is the theory that, as a matter of fact, the experience and observation of mankind show certain political, personal, and meteorological phenomena to coincide as a general rule with certain

astral phenomena, and therefore that, as the latter can be calculated, the probability of the former can be calculated also, and human conduct guided accordingly; and the argument upon which the whole thing has been so long and so widely discredited, is equally simple, viz.: that, as a matter of fact, the experience and observation of mankind show that the alleged coincidences are so rare and so uncertain that no conclusion can be drawn from them. It is very similar to the system on which storms are now predicted from certain meteorological observations, and as though one argued against the value of these predictions, on the ground that they only rarely came true. But our author seems to have a fixed idea that there is something preternatural about astrology; he uses the word 'superstition' several times, (*e.g.* p. 323,) classes it with magic (p. 39), and indulges in curious verbiage such as 'casting the royal nativity with due mystic observances,' (p. 34) and so on, *usque ad nauseam*. This is possibly owing to his amazing choice of an astrological authority. The object being, not to discuss the claims of astrology in general, but to know what the ancient Egyptians believed concerning it, we should have thought there could have been no doubt as to the work to be consulted, namely, the *Tetrabiblos* of Ptolemy. Will it be believed, Mr. Proctor does not even name it, and, we suspect, never heard of it. As astrology has gone on changing its theories and practices like astronomy, we do not see that there would have been much use in consulting a modern author at all. But if it was to be done, there are (without counting Orientals) standard writers from Placido onwards, and in England itself such men as Lilly, Dr. Sibley (M.D.), or the late Lieut. Morrison, R.N., who edited Lilly for Messrs. Bohn. But not one of these is referred to, if we except a few sneers at Mr. Morrison, under the name of 'Zadkiel.' No, the only authority cited is 'Raphael's' *Guide to Astrology*. 'Raphael' is a person who, or rather, a school which, to judge by some advertisements, is addicted to practices of White Magic. The *Guide* in question (2 small volumes) is, however, published under this name, by the same persons; but in astrology 'Raphael' is known almost exclusively for his rejection of the old theories, and that, not only in the length to which he carries the idea of the excitement of direction by transit, and his singular doctrine as to the nature of the Hylegiacal point, but by his attempt to substitute in Genethliacal astrology a new and rough method of obtaining (for we cannot call it calculating) the directions, instead of the trigonometrical system. To prefer such a writer to Ptolemy, as an exponent of the astrological ideas of the old Egyptians, is more extraordinary than if an author about to treat of the state of medical beliefs in the Homeric age were to select as the sole expression of these beliefs the latest pamphlet printed in San Francisco to suggest a new departure in homœopathy. But having got his 'Raphael' and placed him in this invidious position of exaltation, Mr. Proctor is not kind to him. He calls him 'doubtless some Smith, or Blodgett, or Higginbotham,' (p. 167) talks of his 'meaningless and absurd . . . jargon,' (p. 35) and so on, in

the same tasteful way. He certainly does not seem to have honoured him with much study, or he could not have fallen into the errors he does. Indeed, the only thing he seems to have got from him, is an idea that astrological schemes are drawn up in squares, as in a wood-cut borrowed from him, (with his permission ?) given on p. 168. So they are, sometimes ; but he evidently does not know that they are quite as often, if not more often, drawn up in a circular form, as more suitable to that calculation of arcs which, as he is also evidently not aware, is the main feature (and not the observation of transits) of Genethliacal astrology. We will only make two other remarks upon Mr. Proctor's astrology. One is that any means of Genethliaco-astrological work less well adapted for its purpose than the platform he supposes, can hardly be conceived ; the only use of the telescope gallery, for instance, would have been to observe the M.C. (which is never the principal point in a nativity) when it happened to be on the meridian. Our other observation is on Mr. Proctor's statement, several times repeated with the most amusing complacency, expressed on p. 34 in the words, 'each king would require to have his own nativity-pyramid,' and finally summed up on p. 173, 'Dead kings of one family might sleep with advantage in a single tomb ; but each man's horoscope must be kept by itself. Even to this day the astrological charlatan would not discuss one man's horoscope on the plan drawn out and used for another man's.' This is the mere reverse of the truth. Such a platform as he imagines, with the 'houses' marked upon it, would, if it had ever existed, have served equally well (and ill) for the nativities of all the people who were ever born in the neighbourhood. Moreover, the practice of Genethliacal astrology may actually be said to consist, for the most part, whether as regards directions, transits, or revolutions, of the application to the *Radix* of other schemes for moments other than that of birth, with a view to observe the coincidence, or precise distance apart, of the various points of each respectively ; and this is done, not only with regard to moments in the life of the native, but also with the horoscopes of other persons, such as wives, near relations, adversaries, etc.

Nearly half the book is taken up with a series of six appendices. The first of these is by Professor Baxendell, on the Great Pyramid measures ; and the last on astrology, the value of which may be guessed from the above. The second is on the origin of the Week, the main point being the not very startling discovery that seven days is about the length of one of the moon's quarters. The third and fourth are on Saturn and the Sabbath of the Jews, and on the Jewish Festivals. The object of these two is to show that Judaism and, incidentally, Christianity also, are forms of a sort of astrological star-worship or star-worshipping astrology. They remind us somewhat of the happy identification, now made some time ago, of *Edin*burgh with the Garden of *Eden*. We learn, for instance, that the Sabbath is a weekly Festival held in honour of the planet Saturn, with

the object of circumventing by cajolery the malignity of the Greater Infortune, and on which it is no use working, as he would be sure, from his maleficence, to make everything go wrong. We are also informed (p. 282, etc.,) that the Pesach is a Festival held in honour of the passage of the sun over the line of the equator at the vernal equinox, and that the old English name of the same Feast, viz., Easter Day, (a translation of the Latin *Dies Resurrectionis*,) refers to the sun's rising at that season above that line. The morning and evening (daybreak and early afternoon) sacrifices were really a worship of the sun at its rising and setting. And so on. Some thoughts of the same kind have occurred to our own mind, and we should feel sure that it could only be through inadvertence that they have failed to present themselves to that of Mr. Proctor, since he prints astrology enough for the purpose, (p. 35, 168,) were it not for his own ingenuous confession that the 'jargon' of even his chosen 'Raphael,' is 'unmeaning' to him. On further consideration, however, or on deeper astrological research, he cannot fail to perceive that the booths in which the Feast of Tabernacles is celebrated are the same things as the 'houses' of an astrological diagram; and that the present inhabitants of London are sun-worshippers, since they not only go to church (such of them as do so at all) on Sun-day, but are careful to be there during the very moment when the sun transits the M.C. The flourishing state of heliolatry is further strikingly evidenced by the popularity of lively services in the evening, the time when the sun passes the Descendant, and by the growing custom of the Ritualists of going to church early in the morning, when (indeed, at some seasons, at the very moment when) it crosses the Ascendant. Nay, more; some pious persons have occasionally organised what are called Midnight Meetings, the relation of which to the sun's conjunction with the *Imum Coeli* is at once obvious. The astrolatro-astrological character of these religious ceremonies will no more admit of doubt in Mr. Proctor's mind, when he realises that the moments thus marked by 'the due mystic observances,' are those when the Greater Luminary transits the cusps of the Four Angles.

The fifth appendix is on the observance of Sunday among Christians, arguing that it has nothing to do with the Scriptural Sabbath, but is an ecclesiastical enactment some centuries later than the Christian era. This is, of course, true enough in the main, but we think that the observance of Sunday as a day for holding religious meetings, can be traced to a very early period in the history of Christianity, and that Mr. Proctor's own citations tend to show that the notion of having a weekly day of rest was derived and imitated from the Law of Sabbath.

Among the Rocks Around Glasgow: A Series of Excursion Sketches, and Other Papers. By DUGALD BELL. Glasgow: J. Maclehose, 1881.

The rocks around Glasgow here referred to are pretty widely scattered,

some of them being as far from that busy centre as Edinburgh, Stirling, Loch Lomond, Loch Fyne, and Arran. Far apart as they are, however, Mr. Bell has, as his book sufficiently proves, a close and accurate acquaintance with them. To the Clyde valley he seems to have paid most attention, and writes about its geological formation in a very pleasing and instructive way. His notes on the geology of other places are equally well worth reading, and his chapters on the 'Old Glaciers' and 'Ice Marks,' will open up to the uninitiated new fields of wonder. The notes and references show that Mr. Bell has consulted the most recent authorities; while every page bears witness both of actual observation and careful study. As a companion for a summer's stroll in the places referred to by Mr. Bell, the little volume he has now published will be found delightful.

Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd. By SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B. Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick, 1883.

This is a charming little reprint of a work published anonymously by Sir A. Helps, so far back as 1835. If we mistake not, it was his first appearance as an author. It is full of delicate and often profound thoughts expressed in the chastest of English, and such as may be easily carried in the memory, and pondered over during spare moments, either in the cloister or the crowd. As samples of what it contains, we take the following at random:

'Tact is the result of refined sympathy.

'The most enthusiastic man in a cause is rarely chosen as the leader.

'Tolerance is the only real test of civilization.

'There are some books which we at first reject, because we have neither felt, nor seen, nor thought, nor suffered enough, to understand and appreciate them. Perhaps *The Excursion* is one of them.

'No man ever praised two persons *equally*—and pleased them both.

'Those who are much engaged in acquiring knowledge, will not always have time for deep thought or intense feeling.

The publishers have given at the end a list of Sir Arthur's works, chronologically arranged.

A Life's Love. By GEORGE BARLOW. London: Remington & Co., 1882.

Into that unfathomable abyss, the great sonnet question, we do not venture to cast the contribution of our enlightened opinion, feeling sure that any such opinion, supported by the most irrefutable testimony, could be met by equally irrefutable testimony on the opposite side. We accept Mr. Barlow's volume as one almost entirely of sonnets, but we cannot further say they are sonnets which fill us with much admiration. The three entitled 'Dreams' strike us as very superior to any of the rest. There is a certain harmony of both form and colour about them, in which the others are, generally speaking, very deficient. Mr. Barlow is sometimes obscure. Will he explain what this means?—

> 'And over me my Lady seemed to flow,
> And loosened the intolerable knee
> Of lamentation and despair and woe.'

or how—

> 'With slender moonlight on the sand
> A distant horn blends plans clear and bold.'

Neither do we think he can always be held to steer clear of bathos. 'Psyche and Mercury' begins poetically enough. But—

> 'Chiefly the rippling laugh that softly shines
> *Across the corresponding facial lines*'!

Of course the italics are ours. For the rest, white bodies and red roses strike us as appearing with quite sufficient frequency to become monotonous. In fact, at one time of our reading we had nearly pronounced the volume to be the apotheosis of roses on a dead level of mediocrity. Whatever Mr. Barlow's abilities may be, we cannot honestly say we think their range admits of his publishing a volume containing two hundred and thirty sonnets, without becoming very tiresome.

Ariadne Naxos. By R. S. Ross. London: Trübner & Co., 1882.

In this poem Mr. Ross has admirably depicted the beautiful side of Greek mythology, showing the purity and loveliness which remain when the mire besmearing the same is swept away. The main interest of the poem lies, of course, in the dialogues between Theseus and Ariadne. In the very first of these the coming tragedy is dimly foreshadowed by Ariadne's vague forebodings, and the question of Theseus. This scene appears to us to be slightly injured by a perceptible talking at the reader; but considering how little the public are in general acquainted with Greek mythology, this perhaps deserves to be regarded rather as an unavoidable misfortune than as a fault. We have therein an admirable instance of how entirely Mr. Ross's muse is imbued with the Greek ideal of beauty, in the avoidance of any materialism calculated to shock or revolt refined feeling. Theseus comes to a description of his combat with the Minotaur.—

> The crimson tide
> Poured from the gaping gashes, maddening him,
> And stirring all my blood to savage strife ———
> But why again affright thee with the tale?
> Enough thou knowest the end; content thee so.

How effective this sudden break in the narration! The horrors of the conflict are rendered only more vivid by the apparent recoil of Theseus from the thought of a graphic description of them. In the following soliloquy of Theseus, and his next dialogue with Ariadne, his treacherous design becomes more clear and distinct; and with all the skill of a true artist Mr. Ross brings out the nobility of her nature against

the dark back-ground of the crafty meanness of her unworthy lover, who purposes abandoning her, after all her sacrifices for him, because his Cretan bride will be, in Athens, a stumbling block to his further attainments of that vulgar applause, the thirst for which she plainly shows him is the incentive to his heroic deeds. How noble the aim she sets before him!

> I'd have thee aim above
> Thy highest aim, which is too low; for see,
> Thou hast achieved all thou has ever aimed at,
> And know, man's aim should ever be beyond
> His seeming powers to attain, or 'tis too low.

There is nothing however in the nature of the treacherous Athenian to answer to such a call, and so he leaves her sleeping, and sails away. Then, when Dionysos has, at last, convinced the hapless Ariadne that she is really abandoned by her faithless lover, we come to a scene the beauty of which analysis could but mangle, if not murder. The monologue in which the Cretan princess laments her fate, reproaches the perfidious Theseus, and welcomes the pitying arrow of Artemis, is exquisitely beautiful; a model of classical simplicity of language, in which the most touching pathos is blended with a proud resignation, and calm dignity well befitting the noble nature with which Mr. Ross has endowed the beautiful Cretan. In conclusion, we would only note the admirable structure of the choruses, dimly foreshadowing, warning, explaining, but always without effort, and never crudely definite; and the very effective use of the Furies. We sincerely hope that the mournful tale of Ariadne will not be the last of the Greek myths which Mr. Ross will set, in all their pristine beauty and purity, before that large portion of the public who are absolutely ignorant of, or only superficially acquainted with Greek, 'and can yet appreciate Greek beauty when thus charmingly reproduced for them.

German Classics: Nathan der Weise. A Dramatic Poem by LESSING. Edited, with English Notes, &c., by C. A. BUCHHEIM, Ph. D. Oxford. Clarendon Press, 1882.

This edition of Lessing's masterpiece in dramatic composition fully sustains the well known and thoroughly deserved reputation of Dr. Buchheim as an editor. We can scarcely conceive of a volume more admirably adapted to introduce the student to the study of the better class of German literature. The Introduction leaves absolutely nothing to be desired, unless it be that fuller acquaintance with Lessing which can only be obtained through the patient study of his works. Specially deserving of notice are the sections headed 'History of the Composition,' 'Analysis of the Characters,' 'A Dramatic Poem and a Stage Play.' In the 'Notes' not a single difficulty seems to have been overlooked, while the amount of historical and critical matter they contain gives them a value of their own. A more scholarly, painstaking, and in every respect satisfactory performance we have never seen.

Select Poems of Goethe. Edited with Life, Introduction, and Notes, by EDWARD A. SONNENSCHEIN, M.A., and ALOIS POGATSCHER. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1883.

This excellent little volume has one great merit which its title page does not even hint at. The poems selected are not merely amongst the best that Goethe wrote, but they are also precisely those which will enable the reader to appreciate him as the Germans themselves appreciate him. They are those which the school-boy learns, which the student sings, and which everybody quotes. The 'Introductions' are particularly valuable. In explaining difficulties of grammar and construction, the Editors have judiciously remembered what is too often forgotten: 'the point of view of the school-master, who rightly objects to having his pupils supplied with a ready-made solution of difficulties, which they could solve for themselves with a little care and thought.'

Specimen Days and Collect. By WALT WHITMAN. Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick, 1883.

As we intend to treat of the writings of Walt Whitman at greater length than is possible here, all we can do now is to direct attention to the handsome volume of his prose writings which has recently been issued by Messrs. Wilson & McCormick.

Wayside Songs: with other verse. (Glasgow: Wilson & M'Cormick, 1883.) The motto to this handsomely got up little volume of poems—'I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers'—serves very well to indicate the character of its contents. The poems are, for the most part, short. Some of them are very sweet and beautiful, and bring to one's mind many fresh and pleasant scenes. There is a childlike simplicity about them which makes them simply delightful. The author is evidently a student of Wordsworth, and has caught not a little of his spirit. One or two of the poems, as, for instance, 'By the Fire,' might be improved or left out. 'To a Child in Church' is one of the best in the book. The same may also be said of 'To a Caged Bird.' 'In the Shadow' is a genuine bit of poetry.—*The Man of the Woods.* (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.) Mr. M'Dowall has here given, in a collected form, a number of his poems which have for some time been out of print. We are very glad to see that they are meeting with the success they so well deserve. The poem which gives the title to the volume, and 'The Martyr of Erromanga,' now in its third edition, are probably the best. Some of the shorter poems show deep feeling and not a little poetic insight.—*Burns in Dumfriesshire* is from the same author and from the same publishers, and though not a volume of poems, may here be noticed. It gives a singularly

interesting and faithful sketch of the last eight years of the poet's life, supplying many biographical details with which all lovers of Burns will do well to acquaint themselves.—Mr. A. G. Murdoch's ***The Scottish Poets: Recent and Living***, has reached a second edition. The selection, which is well made, deserves this reward. We cannot say so much for the portraits. Their omission would be a decided improvement.—***C Sonnets by C Authors***, edited by H. J. Nicoll (Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace) is a prettily printed, and judiciously made, selection of sonnets gathered from a very wide field. The editor has done his work well; but the printer might have given some of his pages a more uniform appearance.

Scottish Loch Scenery. Illustrated by a Series of Coloured Plates, from Drawings by A. F. LYDON. With Descriptive Notes by THOMAS A. CROAL. London: Walker & Co., 1882.

Scotchmen and lovers of Scottish Loch scenery will give this volume a very hearty welcome. The plates are twenty-five in number, and represent some of the most beautiful scenes in Scotland. Though one or two of them are perhaps a little over-coloured, they are, generally speaking, exceedingly well done. The descriptive notes are good, Mr. Croal having interwoven with the descriptions of the scenes, much interesting historical and antiquarian information. In short, the book is really a charming one, and to those who have wandered among the Scottish lochs, it will recall many happy days.

Angus Graeme, Gamekeeper. By the Author of *A Lonely Life*, *Wise as a Serpent*, &c. 2 vols. London: Alexander Gardner, 1883.

This is an exceedingly interesting novel of Scotch life and its surroundings. The plot is simple, but its very simpleness is one of the charms of the book. All the characters, with but few exceptions, move in a radius of a few miles. The interest of the story centres itself in Yair House, within easy distance of Stronvar, 'a royal Burgh, with Provost, Town Council, and all other requisite officials: and even a share in a Member of Parliament, to whom the honour of representing the free and independent electors of said Burgh was not without attendant pains and penalties.' Yair House is the residence of the Misses Macrae—Christie and Janet—whose parsimonious habits, odd ways of living, narrow views and opinions are graphically and humorously depicted. Mr. Pilrigg, a neighbouring minister—not a favourable specimen—falls in love with the younger of the two sisters—Miss Janet—and the airs of that lady and her plans to make the reverend gentleman declare himself, are told with a humour which reminds one of Galt. But the Macraes had another sister, cast in a

different mould, who, years before, had made a runaway match, in consequence of which her father had made a will in favour of the other two, but their miserly ways and the cat and dog life which they led made the old gentleman cancel the first and make a second, leaving the estate of Yair to the issue of his daughter Alison. Much to the consternation of the two sisters, an heiress turns up in the shape of Jessie Grant, their sister's only child, and now an orphan. Her reception is anything but favourable, but the poor girl exerts herself to please her aunts, who repel all such advances with dry studied coldness. We may take one passage from the novel as illustrating the quieter moments between aunts and niece. Miss Janet has been busily engaged trimming a bonnet, with Mr. Pilrigg in view, when Miss Jessie Grant, who had been watching all the while, said :—

'Aunt Janet, let me trim that bonnet for you. Indeed, you are not making it pretty or becoming.'

Janet looked at her in amazement, but, with an immediate dread of foul play in her mind, hesitated to relinquish the bonnet. Jessie, interpreting her thoughts by the light of her own guileless nature, took it almost by force from her hands, saying—

'Indeed, you need not be afraid to trust me. I was always a good milliner. You have crowded a great deal too much upon it; you would look a fright in it. I will shew you in a few minutes, and I will alter it as often as you like, till I get it to please you.'

Her deft fingers were busy as she spoke, and Janet watched her in silence, reflecting the while, very shrewdly, as she imagined. Godless French Papists were great authorities on matters of taste she knew. Why should not a zealous Presbyterian thus far participate in the spoils of Egypt? Glorious visions began to rise before her of possibilities in connection with wedding clothes, under Jessie's skilful guidance.

After a few minutes deft manipulation, Jessie Grant held up the bonnet for inspection.

'Yes,' said Miss Janet, 'that's pretty, thank ye. But wad ye have done it the same for yourself,' she added, with a satisfactory sense of acute application of searching tests to motives.

The cunning suspicious glance which accompanied the words, fell before the girl's clear steadfast eyes.

'Of course not, Aunt Janet. We are not in the least alike. You would look absurd in a bonnet which would suit me. I am trying to make this suit you as well as I can,' she added, looking a little ruefully at her material.'

The Rev. Mr. Pilrigg flings Miss Janet overboard and falls desperately in love with Jessie Grant, the future heiress (she as yet does not know it) of Yair estate. But she hates the reverend gentleman, and to be free from his advances, and the chill and gloom of Yair, takes long rambles out among the hills. In one of these journeys she is saved from a sudden and terrible death by Angus Graeme, gamekeeper on Cairncarron estate. Angus is the hero of the story. After this, he takes a great interest in the young girl, watching over her with almost parental solicitude. He teaches her to fish, and never wearies in doing any service that will lighten the gloom of her surroundings. He saves her from being abducted, and ends himself by loving her with that intense love which certain natures are only capable of. This love is hopeless, and is only revealed to Jessie Grant on the eve of her marriage with the young laird of Cairncarron. After the

bridal, Angus Graeme sets out for a walk among the hills, and is found next morning lying dead. This part of the story is told with great power and effect. As was said above, the plot is simple, but giving all the more scope for the skill of the writer to make the story one of intense interest. We have barely outlined the incidents, scarcely touching the side issues which the novelist must always bring along with him in the course of his narrative. As a story of Scotch provincial life we would rank it very high, nor would we be inclined, as some have done, to consider as being overdrawn the relationship between the Rev. Mr. Pilrigg and his elders. That reverend gentleman latterly decamps, leaving the fair Miss Janet Macrae to single blessedness and the bitter gibes of her elder sister, far enough removed from such follies as to be able to shoot darts into the wounded affections of her sister.

L'Evangéliste. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Paris: E. Dentu, 1883.

An unfeeling, inflexible woman, beautiful, but cold as a statue, unsexed by religious fanaticism, with no trace of passion but the all-absorbing pride of the self-appointed apostle, such is Madame Autheman, the Evangelist, the chief actor in the domestic drama which M. Daudet has so ably and so powerfully worked out in this his latest and, by general consent, his best novel. Brought up by an old aunt, 'in the narrowest and most exaggerated Protestantism,' Jeanne Châtelus looks upon herself as the woman destined to save the world lost through a woman. To secure wealth and influence she does not hesitate to marry, or at least to go through the marriage-service with Autheman, the Jewish banker, fabulously rich, but hideously disfigured by an hereditary and incurable disease. With the gold of the Authemans at her disposal, Jeanne begins the work of evangelization. Her head-quarters are at Port-Salvation, the model evangelical home to which she entices the refuse of society with the baits of food, clothing, and money. To recruit 'workers' for her missions at home and abroad all means are good. The wife is torn from her husband, the mother from her little ones, the daughter from her parents, without scruple or remorse, for the glory of God and his self-elected partner in the work of salvation. By the side of the Evangelist, there is the *Evangelized*, if we may risk the expression, the proselyte, the victim, gentle, tender, loving Eline Ebsen. Parisian born, but of Danish extraction, Eline is a teacher of languages, the support of her widowed mother, and, till just before the opening of the novel, of her grandmother also. When grandmother died, beside her grave, in the long, lingering embrace in which she seemed to transfer to her mother her love for the dear dead one, Eline swore never to leave her home. But the Evangelist appears. Eline is a linguist, her talent is known and appreciated at Port-Salvation, and she is employed to translate a book of

prayers composed by the woman who is to save the world. Horrified at the sentiments expressed in these fanatical outbursts, the young girl is on the point of refusing. But each of the six hundred prayers is to be paid three half-pence, a consideration in the Ebsen household. The work is done, is praised, is paid for; and whilst drawing out the cheque for the amount, the Evangelist makes reference to the poor grandmother's sudden death. Abruptly, unfeelingly, sharpening the glance of her keen steel-blue eyes, and looking Eline straight in the face—'Did she, at least, know the Saviour before she died?' she asks; then, interpreting Eline's confusion—'Where art thou now, poor soul? How thou art cursing those who left thee without help.' Eline may go; the seed is sown. Shortly after, curiosity—is it curiosity merely?—leads her to one of the prayer-meetings. There she is unexpectedly called upon by the Evangelist to translate the 'testimony' of Watson, an English 'worker,' who has left her husband and her family to labour in the vineyard. Half unconsciously she obeys, and her mother, looking on, is proud of her daughter's ready fluency. The next step takes Eline to Port-Salvation, where she is to give three days in the week to the schools. The sequel is soon told. At Port-Salvation, her 'conversion' is undertaken in earnest. Even drugs are brought to bear upon her, 'hyoxyanine, atropine, strychine.' One evening Eline does not return home. The mother's efforts to discover where she is, to obtain help from friends, are vain. The Authemans are too powerful. Only one has the courage to brave the Evangelist. The Dean of the Protestant Faculty denounces her from the pulpit, refuses her the sacred cup at the altar, and her vengeance drives him from his post. But Eline was not lost; the old man was in his dotage, the mother mad, an alienist testifies to it. Eline re-appears to act her part in the horrible deception. For several weeks she stays with her mother, cold, unfeeling as the Evangelist herself. Then the two women part. The daughter does not bend at the window as she is driving off; the mother does not raise her blind to wave a last farewell. The carriage turns the corner of the street, and is lost amongst a thousand other vehicles in the tumult of Paris. They never meet again. Such is the bare plot, if plot it can be called, of the Evangelist, and it is significantly dedicated to the physician of the Salpétrière. In truth, it is less a novel than a merciless psychological dissection. But a few weeks ago, words which almost seemed an echo of Mme. Ebsen's cry appeared in the *Times*, in a pathetic denunciation written by the sorrowing parent of an Eline in real life. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published an excellent translation of this remarkable novel. As 'Port-Salvation' it deserves to obtain all the popularity which it already enjoys, both in France and in Germany, as the 'Evangelist.'

John Pringle, Printer and Heretic. Paisley and London: Alex. Gardner, 1883.

Scotch Theology has fallen upon evil times of late. 'Et tu brute!' it might have exclaimed when Norman Macleod published his inimitable story, *The Starling*, and since then it has received some very sore buffets, none much sorer than in the keenly satirical sketch before us of the treatment experienced by John Pringle at the hands of the Minister and Kirk-Session of Brigton. This sketch we cannot but think in some measure exaggerated, though we are bound to admit the whole tone of the book is suggestive of writing from experience. Surely, however, it would be impossible, in even the most fanatical Kirk-Session in Scotland, that a John Pringle could be struck off the communion roll, while a Roderick Mackenzie was honourably acquitted? Still it is perhaps well, on the whole, that even by a *reductio ad absurdam* should be shown what sort of tone and temper may be engendered by that hard theology which has often worked sore havoc with religion in Scotland. On one point we have little doubt, and that is what fate would await both writer and publisher of *John Pringle* as well as sundry other people we could name, if the old method of dealing with offending church members were not among the number of the lost arts. The publication of such satirical sketches as *John Pringle* has a significance which will not be lost on students of history who remember the tone of the burlesques, satires, and lampoons, aimed at church and priesthood, and freely circulated towards the dawn of the Reformation. We need only remark, further, that *John Pringle* abounds in amusing scenes, sententious sayings, and excellent instances of the dry humour which is so essentially a Scotch characteristic. There is, however, compressed into the book a good deal more than a hundred pages can hold; which fact we take to indicate either an inexperienced or a hurried mind. More practice, or more leisure, would unquestionably enable the writer to produce very powerful satirical sketches.

Trecce Nere. Stories from the Abruzzi. By J. Ciampoli. Milan: Treves Brothers, 1882. These stories depict the landscapes and inhabitants of the Abruzzi in a very pleasing manner. As several stories by the same author have been already translated into German, it would appear that they are appreciated not in Italy alone.—*La Giustizia a Roma dal* 1674 *al* 1737 *e dal* 1796 *al* 1840. By A. Ademollo. Roma, 1882.—In this very curious book we have biographical notices of all those condemned to death in Rome during the periods mentioned in the title. For the first period an abate named Ghezzi furnished the notices, and for the last the executioner himself. Those mentioned are not only criminals, but also martyrs of the pen, such as Revarola and Count Trivelli, who were the journalists of their time.—*Novelle Rusticani.* Giovanni Verga. Turin: Casanova, 1883. This series of short sketches of Sicilian rustic life has the humour and

also the sadness that always seem connected with realistic pictures of an ignorant population, still superstitious, yet capable of noble sacrifices, priest-ridden and vicious, yet good hearted, and driven into crime more by misery than from disposition.

When and Where: A Book of Family Events. Edited by DOUGLAS and SOPHIE VEITCH. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner, 1882.

From those days of our innocent childhood, when we laboriously traced in our copy books, 'A stitch in time saves nine,' or 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' on to the days when, on the occurrence of some sore disaster, our sympathising friends assure us that, had we only attended to the matter in time, no harm would have come of it, but that now it is too late; by precept and by experience, the importance of little things is being constantly impressed upon us, and apparently to wonderfully little purpose. *When and Where* is another attempt to drive home this valuable lesson. 'If every family,' say the editors, 'possessed such a note book, containing entries extending backwards over a few generations, it is not too much to assert that many a celebrated law suit would have been nipped in the bud.' This we should say is very probable. We can at least assert, on our own knowledge, that a law suit has been gained solely by a child's diary, produced in court, proving a certain required date.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS, (Novembre-Decembre, 1882.)—The first place in this number is given to M. E. Beauvois, who continues, and here completes, a series of studies, three in all, on the magical practices, ancient and modern, among the Finns. The first of these papers appeared in the May-June number of this *Revue* of 1881, and the second, in that of January-February of 1882. What occasioned them was the publication in 1880 of a collection of the magical chants and formulæ in use in the early ages of the history of this people, gathered by Dr. Elias Loennrot in the course of his travels in Finnland, and his researches into their literary traditions. This scholar, though not the first to discover and call the attention of the literary world to the poetic wealth of this singular race (to Dr. Zacharias Topelius belongs this honour) was yet the most successful in gathering together from the lips of the peasantry and others in that country, their rich store of ancient songs and sagas. It struck him very early in his researches that they belonged for the most part to one great epic. The runes were all in one measure, and their burden was the adventures of one and the same group of heroes. He put them together and published an edition of them first in 1835, and a larger edition in 1842. In their completed form they have been compared to the Iliad of Homer, and Professor Max Müller has praised them as little, if at all, inferior to that immortal work. The *Kalevala* or *Kalewala*, as this Finnland epic is named, did not exhaust Dr. Loennrot's

store of poetic wealth, gathered by him and such scholars as A. Castrén and Ahlqvist from peasant and other sources. A vast collection of verses so recovered was seen to belong to the practice of magic, to which the Finns were formerly much addicted, and from which they are nôt yet free. Dr. Loennrot grouped these together under the various heads to which they seemed to belong, and published them now nearly three years ago. M. Beauvois took advantage of their appearance to give in these pages a sketch of the history of Dr. Loennrot's discoveries, a sketch of the ancient magical rites of the Finns, and of their ancient and modern sorcerers and medicine-men; and now in this number of the *Revue* he translates and analyses a large selection of the chants and formulæ themselves. For the student interested in the history of Religions, in tracing the growth of many of our modern institutions connected with religion back to their early, if not most primitive forms, these studies of M. Beauvois are full of most valuable information; while the digest of charms and incantations given in this closing one of Dr. Loennrot's published collections, will be found of great service to the reader of that learned scholar's work.—M. J. A. Hild gives a third and last paper on the Legend of Eneas, tracing here its fortunes in Rome, or among the Latins, up to its treatment by Virgil.

One of the most attractive features of this *Revue* is its admirable critical 'Bulletins' of the most recent literature, bearing upon the various religions or groups of religions of the world. These are undertaken by scholars who have devoted special attention to this or that religion, and have won already by their published writings a title to speak with authority on works treating of it. In this number the Editor, M. Maurice Vernes, passes in review such works bearing on the Jewish Religion as Reuss' *Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften des Alten Testaments*, Dr. F. Lenormant's *Origines de l'histoire d'après la Bible et les traditions des peuples orientaux*, (tome 2me); M. J. Derenbourg, contributions to the *Revue des E'tudes juives* on 'Ecclesiastes' and 'Job;' Renan's 'Ecclesiastes' and Bruston's *Le prétendu épicurisme de l'Ecclésiaste*. In a short article, which follows this, he handles somewhat severely a recent writer, Frank d'Arvert, or 'M. Frank,' as he designates him, who has been airing some pretentious notions of his own as to the place which should be given to the teaching of scientific theology in the University Faculties. The controversy is of some interest in view of the proposed legislation as to our Scotch Universities, but our space does not permit us to do more than mention the article.

The 'Summaries' of Reviews are as usual helpful to readers who wish to know what is appearing in them, and to select what bears on any particular subject in which they take a special interest; and the *Chronique* keeps us informed of what is being done in France to promote the historical study of religious phenomena.

LE LIVRE (10th February).—M. Champfleury has strung together Heine's remarks on Hoffmann and his Tales. The article, though not strikingly original, is not wanting in interest.—M. Arsène Houssaye gives the first instalment of a biographical sketch of Gérard de Nerval. It is rather disjointed, but eminently readable; it has the merit of toning down poor Gérard's madness, and of making it appear in the milder form of the wildest Bohemianism. The reproduction in chromo-lithography of the medallion by Jehan Du Seigneur is admirable.—*Le Cabinet du Roy de France* is a curious book published during the reign of Henry III., in 1582. It is a history, and at the same time a satirical picture of the towns and provinces, of the corrupt morals of the priests and monks of the age. M. Benjamin Gastineau makes this quaint work the subject of a short sketch in which he somewhat exaggerates the boldness of the writer in daring to level his satire against the clergy.—The *Chronique* contains some interesting letters addressed by Sue and Balzac to the silver-smith Froment-Meurice.—The *Gazette Bibliographique* contains another Shakespearian item. From documents lately discovered, it appears that in 1603, the poet's share in the Blackfriars theatre was worth £1,433—about £7000 of our money—and that his income for 1608 reached £1,500.

LE LIVRE (10th March).—This number opens with an article which the

publisher—M. A. Quantin—devotes to M. Alfred Mame, the head of the well-known Tours firm of 'prize-book' fame. M. Quantin is ungrudging, but discriminating in his praise. A few of his figures may give some idea of the work done by the 'Maison Mame.' In the paper stores there is a constant stock of 30,000 reams of paper, representing a weight of from 5 to 600,000 kilogrammes—roughly, 600 tons. The whole of this amount of blank paper barely suffices to feed for three months the ever devouring machines. Printed matter is turned out at the rate of 300 reams or 150,000 sheets daily. Some of the machines are almost monopolized by one single book, beginning again at the title-page as soon as they have printed off the 'finis.' This immense demand is, of course, one of the secrets of the astonishingly low prices of the firm. In the book-binding department, 40,000 sheep-skins are used annually, besides linen, parchment, &c. The sale of the scraps and sweepings amounts to £2000 a year. The yearly average of the firm reaches the immense total of six million volumes, of which half are bound. The most modest little book costing 22 centimes, bound, (exactly two-pence) goes through some sixty hands before it gets to the packing-room. It is a special feature of the firm that they admit their employés and workmen to a share of the profits. Though they do this at an annual sacrifice of something like 100,000 francs, the wealth which they have acquired by their energy and industry is such that, when a subscription was started, after the late war, to meet the crushing indemnity, the Maison Mame headed it with 100,000 francs.—*The Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, or *Dream of Poliphilus*—that is, of Brother Francisco Colonna, for such was the real name of the lover of Polia—is a book famous amongst antiquarians and greatly sought after by bibliophiles, who have not grudged a hundred guineas for a copy of the first edition, that published by Aldus Manutius in 1499. This may be said to represent the value of the plates, for the text was long considered inexplicable. Nevertheless, M. Claudius Papelin has attempted to translate it from the kind of polyglot jargon of the original. From the account here given of it by M. Alcide Bonneau, it would appear that, if the work is, as Nodier said, as rare as a white crow, it is about as useful also.—M. Houssaye continues his *Souvenirs d'Antan*. Not the least interesting chapter is that which records the *Thoughts*, written by Gérard de Nerval in an asylum. Madness had not wholly destroyed genius in the man who could think this:—'Men are the ideas of God,' or this, 'Le dernier mot de la liberté, c'est l'égoïsme'—the final expression of liberty is selfishness.

Le Livre (April).—Daumur, the Juvenal of lithography, is the subject of another instalment of M. Champfleury's, "Les Illustrateurs de livres au xixe siècle.'—M. Arsène Houssaye has reached the last scene of all in Gérard de Nerval's wild history. His death—suicide or murder?—furnishes a chapter of which the stereotype French expression is no exaggeration; it is 'palpitating with interest.' It is illustrated with an excellent full-page engraving of the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, where Gérard was found hanged. Another engraving 'hors texte,' the Duel, an 'eau-forte' by Poirson, is simply a gem.—The 'Chronique du Livre,' recapitulates the controversy about the Ashburnham collection. Amongst the foreign letters, that from Switzerland is interesting, as it contains the substance of an article in which the editor of a religious publication in Geneva, M. Chaponnière, refutes, or at least denies the accuracy of the supposed facts on which M. Daudet's, 'Evangéliste' is founded.

Revue Philosophique (February).—Are there no dreams, of any kind, which, to a certain degree and under certain circumstances, may be imputed as faults to the sleeper? Such is the question which M. Bouillier considers in a paper on 'Moral Responsibility in Dreams.' After establishing the preliminary propositions that dreams are the representations of real life, and that they do not totally exclude the will and the reason, he argues that a certain amount of moral responsibility must consequently attach to them.—The next article is by the Editor, M. Th. Ribot, who takes for his subject: 'The Annihilation of the Will.' This important but obscure phenomenon is analyzed in its various phases of hysteria, ecstasy, sonambulism, and hypnotism. The writer, who belongs to the school which refuses to recognise the will as a faculty and an

entity, or to look upon it as a *cause* in any shape or way, resumes his general conclusion in his definition of volition. Volition, he says, is a final state of consciousness, resulting from a more or less complex co-ordination of a group of conscious, semi-conscious, or unconscious—that is, purely physiological—conditions, which, when united together, express themselves by an act or an inhibition. The principal factor in co-ordination is character, or, in other words, the psychic expression of an individual organism. It is from character that co-ordination receives its unity, not the abstract unity of a mathematical point, but the concrete unity of a consensus. The act by which co-ordination is brought about is one of choice, determined by natural affinity.—M. Johann Joly examines and criticises the existing theory of constitutional legislation in a paper on 'Les Origines du Droit dans leur Intégralité.'—Darwin's work on 'Earthworms' is amongst the analyses.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (March).—In a paper which he entitles 'Personality and Memory in Somnambulism,' M. Charles Richet examines and analyses some very remarkable hypnotic phenomena which he has observed in two 'subjects' on whom he has experimented, at frequent intervals, for the last three years. The first phenomenon, for which he suggests the somewhat clumsy designation of 'objectivation of types,' consists in the amnesia, or complete oblivion, by the sleepers, of their own personality, and the assumption of a new personality imposed on them by the operator. When hypnotized, the two subjects—they are both women—forget who they are. All knowledge of their age, their sex, their social position, their nationality is absolutely obliterated. They live, speak and think in the strictest conformity with the type which their imagination has called up. The practical bearing of this phenomenon is that it enables us, as it were, to dissect and anatomize the act of consciousness, to discover and to dissociate the complex elements which compose it. These elements, according to M. Richet, are three in number : the 'I,' which can never cease to assert itself ; the exact perception of external phenomena ; and personality, that is, the remembrance of anterior facts belonging exclusively to our own individuality. The second phenomenon described by M. Richet is that of 'unconscious memory' (mémoire inconsciente). In a number of really astonishing experiments which he describes, the hypnotized subject was told to perform, when awake, and after a considerable lapse of time, even as much as ten days, a certain action. The order, though to all appearance completely forgotten, was precisely and punctually obeyed. The most remarkable circumstance in the experiment is the fact that the subject was wholly unconscious that she was not acting of her own free-will, and often displayed considerable ingenuity in endeavouring to find a motive for what she had done. From this M. Richet draws a convincing proof that our actions may be determined by causes of which we are ignorant, and that automatism and unconsciousness play a part which cannot be over-rated in the phenomena of psychic activity.—Mankind has almost always considered the moral law and its sanction as inseparable. In the eyes of the majority of moralists, vice rationally entails suffering, and virtue confers a kind of right to happiness. This principle is boldly attacked by M. Guyau in a 'Critique of the Idea of Sanction.' He maintains that all justice which is purely *penal* is unjust, and that all *distributive* justice has an exclusively social character, and can be justified only on grounds of social expediency. In general terms, he says, what we call *justice* is a notion wholly human and relative. *Charity* alone, or *pity* (with exclusion, however, of the pessimist meaning which Schopenhauer attributes to it), is a truly universal idea, which nothing can limit, and which is absolute in its character. The various kinds of *sanction*—natural, moral, social, interior, religious, and, finally, that of love and brotherhood—are successively analysed in this sense. In the section on 'Religious Sanction,' the writer proposes a dilemma to prove that, 'in whichever way we look at it, the dogma of hell appears to be the exact opposite of truth.'—M. Séailles concludes his study of M. Jules Lachelier's philosophy.—Amongst the analyses is that of Max Müller's translation of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.*

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (April).—In the first article, 'The Psychological

Arguments in Favour of Free-Will,' M. Fouillée again enters the lists, and champions determinism. His object is to show the necessary evolution which carries the mind from the liberty of indifference to the liberty which creates motives, from this one, again, which is simply a provisional appearance, to mechanical determinism, and lastly, to a dynamic and living determinism, a synthesis of naturalism and idealism.—The Metaphysics of Eudemonism, of Pessimism, and of the Categorical Imperative, are studied in an elaborate paper by M. Secrétan. The conclusion to which he arrives is that neither Eudemonism, nor Pessimism, nor the Categorical Imperative raises us to a distinct conception of being in itself, but that the last is that which takes us furthest. It points out the direction, and indicates the goal. It shows us in moral good, in the reciprocity of love, the most perfect possible realization of activity, of liberty, in a word, of existence. It proves to us that the desire for existence, identical with existence itself, is of itself a desire for good. But this consideration leads us only to the understanding of the desire of existence with reference to ourselves, and does not allow us to make an abstract application of it.—M. Binet resumes his dissertation on 'Reasoning in Perception.' In this definition, 'Reasoning consists in establishing an association between two states of consciousness, by means of an intermediate state of consciousness which resembles the first state, and is connected with the second.' The chief works of which analyses are given are, E. Caro; 'M. Littré et le positivisme.' G. Bréton; 'Essai sur la poésie philosophique en Grèce.'

Revue des Deux Mondes (1st February).—Viscount de Caix de Saint-Aymour concludes his highly interesting sketch of Bosnia and the Herzegovina with a political prophecy. At present, he contends, the Eastern policy of Austria is being shaped by Prince Bismarck, whose object is to *germanicise* the Valley of the Danube. But when this has been accomplished, when the Emperor of Austria has become the *Sick Man* of the East, and has for his subjects only teutonised Slavs, Magyars, and Roumanians, the Balkan Peninsula will then fall, he predicts, like a ripe fruit, into the hands of the Gargantua of Berlin, who will then be at liberty to leave the sad banks of the Spree, and to transport his capital to the fertile banks of the beautiful Danube, or to the blue waters of the Ægean Sea. Drang nach Osten!—The spirit of the anonymous article which follows—on the Republic in 1883—may be judged of from the suggestion that the triumphal arch which Napoleon erected to the glory of France should be crowned with a group representing the present Government, and consisting of Idleness lying asleep between Fanaticism and Fear.—The most important article in the number—for English readers, at least—is that on W. D. Howells, the American novelist. The writer, M. Th. Bentzon, prefaces his study with a lament over the decay of the novel in England, where Ouida and Rhoda Broughton have taken the place of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, and with a protest against *John Inglesant's* claim to be considered a novel. After entering into a detailed analysis of the American writer's chief productions, he sums up as follows:—'Although a native of the West, Howells, who has chosen Boston as his residence, possesses to a high degree a quality characteristic of the old Puritans of New England—the science of a sagacious and pitiless analysis. He obliges us to penetrate into the recesses of the soul of his characters, and, in working them out, he omits none of the peculiarities which give emphasis to a physiognomy. He is an excellent portrait painter, and he is no less skilful at sketching a landscape. The places which he describes appear before us so clearly that we cannot forget them. So it is with the ordinary events of every-day life; he imparts value and interest to them by the fidelity with which he reproduces them. . . . This genuine realism, which repudiates coarseness, and does not calumniate human nature, but is, in short, only a conscientious observance of actual truth, suffices to justify the increasing popularity which Howells enjoys in England, and which he will assuredly obtain in France amongst all who are able to read him in the original.' M. Bentzon is evidently one of these, and it is rather surprising to find him translating *A Counterfeit Presentment* by *Une Fausse Ressemblance*. The very plot of the novel might have shown him that, on the contrary, the likeness is an exceedingly striking one. The remain-

ing articles are 'Le Poète Arvers,' 'Le Dépot légal et nos Collections nationales,' 'Un Mariage politique au XVIIe Siècle,' and 'Les Années d'apprentissage de M. de Bismarck.'

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (15th February).—M. André Theuriet contributes a first instalment of what promises to be not only an interesting story, but also a clever study of character.—The proposal that France should secularize her foreign as she is secularizing her home policy, and should break off all connection with religious missions abroad, has drawn an energetic protest from M. Gabriel Charmes. His article on 'France and the Catholic Protectorate' is a powerful piece of writing.—The psychology of inactivity in a mind endowed with faculties which, but for this inactivity, might have led to greatness, is the subject of a paper by M. Caro. Even under his able treatment, this study of 'The Disease of the Ideal' fails to interest very keenly.—M. Charles Richet, in an article on 'The King of Animals,' examines how far man's claim to imperial sway is justified, and within what limits it can and may be exercised.—The Bill lately passed by the French Chamber against members of families that have reigned in France supplies M. Henry Houssaye with a peg whereon to hang a dissertation on 'Ostracism in Athens.' The article is scholarly, and in the highest degree interesting, quite apart from the moral which it is intended to point.—Articles on 'Railways and the Budget,' on 'A New History of Antique Art,' with the usual reviews and 'chroniques,' complete the number.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (1st March).—By far the most important article in this number is devoted to George Eliot. According to the writer, M. Montégut, the English novelist's greatest claim to admiration lies in her complete triumph over the 'spirit of system.' Although imbued with doctrines of a very decided character, which, even if not quite so subversive as some have maintained, are scarcely in accordance with the principles of modern societies, she has never been led by these doctrines into the slightest moral paradox, or the slightest error against art. M. Montégut refers George Eliot's marked partiality for what he terms 'the average English life' to the influence of her early surroundings in the quiet, almost monotonous, Midlands; he attributes many characteristic features of her first works to the deep affection for her father and her brother; and indicates points of resemblance between her and one of the favourite authors of her girlhood, Charles Lamb. As to her general manner, the French critic thinks that it is chiefly marked by the total absence from her realism of the irony, the cynicism, the misanthropy, and the scorn which characterise the realism of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Thackeray, and Dickens. As a distinctive peculiarity of her treatment of female characters, he indicates a certain severity towards beauty, and a kind of satisfaction—which, however, he does not go the length of attributing to jealousy—in exposing the selfishness which she considers as a failing almost unavoidably allied to beauty. Although free in her philosophy, remarks the writer, George Eliot was not hostile, but on the contrary favourable, to exterior worship, because she saw in it a sensible image of what morally and ideally constitutes patriotism. As an outcome of the same principle, she shows a marked partiality for the Anglican Church. The breadth of her views is especially conspicuous in her treatment of clerical types. She openly expresses her regret for the Anglican clergy of the old school, who were content with teaching their flocks a Christian morality suited to their intellect, and with guiding them according to the precepts of a charity compatible with their weakness.—In 'Le Vandalisme moderne en Orient,' M. S. Reinach shows how the laws framed by Greece and by Turkey with a view to restricting the exportation of antiques completely cripple conscientious and honest search, and encourage wholesale vandalism. 'Le Programme Jacobin,' M. H. Taine; 'A travers l'Apulie et la Lucanie,' M. F. Lenormant; 'La Campanule,' Miss Thackeray; 'La Question des Princes.'

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (March 15th).—The first three contributions are respectively, continuations of M. Theuriet's tale 'Michel Verneuil,' of M. Lenormant's 'Through Apulia and Lucania,' and of M. Montégut's able literary sketch of George Eliot. In this second part of his essay, the French

critic considers the novelist's 'works and moral doctrine.' It is in reality the development and the application to each of the chief novels, of the more general views and principles already enunciated in the previous part.—M. Bréal's light but interesting paper: 'La Jeunesse d'un Enthousiaste,' sketches the career of an academic celebrity, Charles François Hase, the most popular of examiners a quarter of a century ago.—M. Fouillée, with whose philosophical doctrines the REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE has familiarized us, follows with a review of the latest contributions to the science of Ethics, those of Clifford, Mme. Royer, Sidgwick, Leslie Stephen—whom he calls Stephen Leslie—Gould Schurman, Ardigò, and Jules Rig. His conclusions take the shape of a philosophical prophecy. Morality is to become at once naturalist and idealist. In proportion as man becomes more perfect and understands nature better, he will be led to conceive, to desire, and to represent symbolically in his actions an ideal of perfection superior to reality. If he abandons mysticism, it will not be in favour of a coarse materialism, but in favour of a rational idealism which will endeavour to transform nature by the force of ideas.—'Un Manifeste de Politique libérale,' M. E. Beaussire—'Le Cheval arabe en France,' M. F. Vidalia—Reviews and Notices.

LA REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (April 1st).—Though appearing here, 'Condé's First Campaign' (1643) is not a magazine article. A note informs us that it will constitute the first two chapters of the fourth book of the 'History of the Princes of Condé in the 16th and 17th century,' which the Duc d'Aumale is shortly to publish.—M. Maxime Du Camp is not, he says, 'one of those whom faith has touched.' His candid avowal gives all the more force to the protest contained in his article, the first of a series on 'Private Charity in Paris.' He begins with the 'Little Sisters of the Poor,' and with perfect impartiality and independence, he examines the good they do, without considering the motives which actuate them. His object, he says, is to make known the charitable congregations which the government has not yet suppressed, before they become the victims of the inquisitorial laws which have already expelled the contemplative and the teaching communities.—'Religious Rationalism in the United States,' an article by Count Goblet d' Alviella, is founded on the biography of Ezra Stiles Gannett, Frothingham's 'Transcendentalism in New England,' Savage's 'Religion of Evolution,' and the publications of the Unitarian and Free Religious Associations. We know not, says the writer, whether America will have, as some of its writers assert, the honour of giving a new faith to the world; but whether we have to do with the Cosmians, the Transcendentalists, or those who take up an intermediate position between these two schools, if we consider the latest phases of the rationalist movement which was inaugurated by the revolt of Unitarianism against the dogmas of Predestination and of the Trinity, we shall everywhere find, as an affirmative tendency, by the side of free investigation carried to its furthest limits, the sentiment of an absolute and unconditioned Being, who reveals himself in nature under an infinite diversity of phenomena. Whether the object of this common faith be 'The Eternal One' of Emerson, or the 'Cosmos' of Professor Fiske, the 'God of Science' of Mr. Abbot, or the 'God of Evolution' of Mr. Savage, 'the Universe in all its possibilities,' of Mr. Potter, or 'the Power which is outside and above us,' of Mr. Hinckly, or even 'the Being who is behind all appearances.' of Mr. Adler, it is, in short, Pantheism, which permeates the advanced regions of religious thought in the United States.—'L'Internat et la vie de Collège en France et en Angleterre,' compares French boarding-school life not so much with English boarding-school life as with that which is described by Mr. Brinsley Richards in his *Seven Years at Eton*, or in *Tom Brown's School Days*. M. Valbert understands the English system sufficiently, however, to realize the fact that it would be difficult for either country to borrow from the other in matters of mere detail, whilst the fundamental principles of discipline are so thoroughly different. Indeed, apart from his appeal for more freedom for the lycéens, the only important reform which he advocates is less English than he is led to believe it. He would have only day-schools in Paris. Boarding-schools he would transfer to country-towns and villages. Eton and Harrow are,

it is true, away from the noise and bustle and temptations of London, but this is rather the result of chance than principle. The capital has its public-schools, witness the 'Blue-coat boys,' who may be seen at their games in the very heart of the city.—The social condition of the French peasant before the revolution is the subject of an interesting but rather roseate sketch by M. Brunetière. 'Michel Verneuil,' and 'A travers l'Apulie et la Lcuanie' are continued.

JOURNAL DES SAVANTS (February).—The archives of the French Foreign Office have supplied the Duke de Broglie with materials for an historical work of more than usual interest, which he has just published under the title, 'Frederick II. and Maria-Theresa.' The epoch on which he throws the fierce light of authoritative documents is one of considerable importance in modern history; it is of special interest for two countries in particular, France and Prussia. It is the moment when Louis XV, after having again been restored, by a happy concourse of circumstances, to the first rank on the continent, is about to lose it, together with his colonial empire, by his own inactivity and culpable weakness. It is the moment, too, when Prussia, raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and already the second power in Germany, is aspiring, if not to assume the supreme rank yet, at least to play the chief part. According to M. Wallon, who reviews the work, even party spirit will now be powerless against the weight of evidence. It must be overwhelming, indeed, if it obliges those who already complain that Frederick is maligned outside his own country, to accept, as a correct likeness, the portrait here drawn of him.—The history of the Italian Academy of Sciences founded in 1782, and now on the eve of transformation, if not of dissolution, is sketched by M. Bertrand.—M. Ch. Lévêque continues and concludes an essay replete with interesting information and judicious criticism on 'Raphael—his Life, his Work, and his Times.' The 'Lexicographical Observations' contributed by M. Miller will interest those chiefly who are familiar with modern Greek literature in general, and with the attempted linguistic reform of M. Contos in particular.—In M. Fournier's review of M. de Candolle's learned treatise on 'The Origin of Cultivated Plants,' are scattered scraps of information which attract the attention even of the reader but little versed or interested in Botany. Thus the Jerusalem Artichoke is explained to be a native not of Palestine, but of Canada, and to owe its name to a corruption of 'girasole,' the Italian name for the genus Helianthus (sun-flower), to which it belongs. Castor-oil has come to its familiar appellation through a whole series of blunders. The proper name is that by which it is known in France and Germany, 'Ricinus Oil,' the agnus-*castus* having nothing to do with the production of the drug beyond being used in Havanna to shelter the Ricinus plantations.—Amongst the short notices there is one which we should have been glad to see expanded into a comprehensive article. It refers to the book lately published by M. Sébillot, on 'The Traditions and Superstitions of Upper Brittany.' The author goes as far back as the times when stones, trees, and fountains were worshipped for the origin of certain superstitions still extant amongst the peasantry. Fairies, goblins, ghosts, witches, were-wolves, and the Evil One himself, are the subjects of some of the chapters. A second part deals with the Folk-lore of animals, plants, and meteors.

REVUE ARCHE'OLOGIQUE.—The monuments of art, like the phenomena of nature, are the result of a series of developments and evolutions. They are generally preceded by a number of attempts, and the crowning-work resumes the excellences of many foregoing ones. To this, however, the Laocoon seemed to be a remarkable exception. It appeared like an isolated phenomenon. All attempts to fix the filiation of the wonderful composition, marked by a cruel, almost repulsive realism, ended in failure. Neither frieze, painting, nor vase, presented any analogy to the famous group. As a kind of last and desperate resource, archæologists tried to connect the creation of the Laocoon with the influence of poetry, especially that of Virgil. 'How had this singular combination of three human bodies and two serpents originated; where did the Rhodian artists find the models of these contortions; whence did they draw their realism and their scrupulous accuracy of anatomical details?' Such were the questions which arose, but only to remain unanswered. Light has at length been thrown on this interesting subject by the discovery of the

frieze of Pergamus. In a series of articles of which the present one is the conclusion, M. Wagnon has compared, in their minutest details, the Laocoon and the group of Athene which figures in this frieze. He is of opinion that both are productions of the same school. He establishes the kinship between them from analogies in the expression, the minute anatomical details, the contortions of the torso, the position of the limbs, the coils of the serpents, and especially from the identity of the moment represented in both, the last convulsion of physical suffering. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that the frieze of Pergamus contained all the models necessary for the combination of the Laocoon, all the elements of which it is composed, all the subjects of inspiration, and, in general, all that could direct the human mind towards such a legend.—M. Perrot communicates a description of eighteen Hittite seals, belonging to M. Gustave Schlumberger, as a supplement to 'The inscribed Stones of Jerabis, Han ath, Aleppo, &c.,' published by Mr. W. H. Rylands. Materials are thus accumulating which, it is to be hoped, may yet enable archæologists to re-construct the Hittite alphal et. In a letter to Mr. Dumont, the author of *Lés Céramiques de la Grèce propre*, Mr. A. S. Murray submits some remarks on the subject of the vases of Jalysos, and those of an analogous type, which have come from Mycenæ, Spata, and Menidi.—'The Excavations of the American Archæological Institute at Assos,' by Mr. T. W. Ludlow, is a kind of forecast of the official report of the second expedition undertaken by the Society. Professor Jebb, who recently visited Assos, does not hesitate to affirm that, with special reference to the study of the everyday life of the ancients, the ruins of this town compare favourably with those of Pompeii. Mr. Ludlow's paper fully bears this out. One subject on which the forthcoming report will especially throw light, will be that of Hellenic Military Architecture.—*Note sur les silex du terrain tertiaire de Thenay*, (Loir-et-Cher), par M. A. Damour.—Reports of Monthly Meetings of Scientific Societies.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE (April).—The opening article gives an account of the opera of 'Henry VIII,' which M. Camille Saint-Saëns has just produced, and which, according to the musical critic, no less an authority than M. Gounod, is worthy to be ranked amongst the best productions of the best masters.—According to the writer of the article on 'French Protestantism,' two main courses are open to Protestant theologians with reference to the experimental and critical tendencies which are gaining ground more and more, in independent circles. Either they can meet the claims of the evolutionist school, which banishes the supernatural from the domain of rational knowledge, with a formal denial, or, on the other hand, they may adopt the bases of modern thought, and take them into earnest consideration in the elaboration of their theological systems. M. de Pressensé has chosen the first of these courses in his recent work, 'Les Origines.' For him the magnificent effort which has given new life to philosophical research, by transporting it from the domain of oratorical common-place and scholastic subtleties, to that of natural history, is null and void. Experimental and evolutionist tendencies are only a new manifestation of the ancient negation of divine and moral laws. He sums them up and condemns them under the name of 'materialist transformism.' A few weeks before the publication of M. de Pressensé's work, M. Maurice Vernes, then lecturer on the history of philosophy at the Protestant Faculty of Theology, delivered an opening address in which he endeavoured to establish what attitude Protestantism should assume with regard to the principal schools of contemporary philosophy. In his thesis, he followed the second of the two courses indicated above. He knew that he was attacking inveterate habits, and he did not imagine that he would at once succeed in breaking them down. Nevertheless, he did flatter himself with the thought that he was not undertaking a useless task in frankly laying before the authorised representatives of liberal Protestantism a thesis of great but unappreciated importance. He hoped to provoke reflection and discussion, and thereby contribute to the progress and the expansion of ideas. His hopes were deceived. M. de Pressensé's book met with an enthusiastic reception; M. Maurice Vernes's lecture was make the subject of a theological impeachment on the part of his colleagues, the immediate consequence of which

was his resignation of the chair which he held. The present article is from the pen of M. Vernes himself. It resumes with admirable self-possession the two rival theses.—M. Louis Léger's article, 'Chez les Slaves méridionaux,' does not speak very cheerfully of the new Kingdom of Servia. 'Although an independent kingdom, Servia is now in a more precarious situation than it was formerly as a vassal principality, even at the time when its strongholds were occupied by the Turks. It then possessed the most precious of treasures, hope; it has now been obliged to abandon it, till further orders.'—In a paper entitled, 'Le Mont-de-Piété de Paris,' M. Lemer traces the history, describes the actual state, and suggests certain reforms in the administration of loan-establishments. —'Gustave Doré' is the subject of a critical study, which, though fair on the whole, would be more pleasing if it were more feeling and less antithetical.—Fiction is represented by the continuation of M. Ernest Daudet's 'La Carmélite,' and 'Le Péché de ma mère,' a Greek tale by M. Bizyénos.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU, (February.)—'Der Hexenprediger,' the tale with which Herr Hans Hoffman opens this number is a study—more powerful than attractive—in morbid psychology.—In 'The Relations between the Holy See and Mexico before and during the Imperial Episode,' we have an anonymous caveat addressed to Prussia, on the occasion of the resumption of friendly negotiations with Rome. Pleading the eternal 'non possumus,' the Vatican refused to abate one title of its claims, to countenance the faintest compromise, even though its inflexible policy endangered a friendly and Catholic government, and actually led up to a state of things which it is constantly bemoaning. If this was done in Catholic Mexico, argues the writer, what has Protestant Prussia to expect?—Herr Albert Duncker's 'Contribution to the History of the Cassel Art Collections, especially at the Time of the Kingdom of Westphalia,' records the vicissitudes of the treasures which the Princes of Hessen had gathered together in their Museums and Picture-Galleries. It is a sad narrative of wholesale robbery and unjustifiable vandalism. Of Jerome himself, it is worth recording, that the only book which he is known to have felt an interest in, amongst the many valuable works of the Public Library, is the *Précis historique de la vie de Madame la Comtesse du Barry avec son portrait,* Paris, 1774,' and this he stole.—The scholarly paper by Herrn Friedländer: 'Das Römische Afrika,' is continued, and shows us Africa at the height of its culture, wealth, and civilization, under the sway of Rome.—The addresses delivered by Dr. Siemens at the distribution of prizes in connection with the Coventry Science Classes, is reproduced as an article on 'Waste.'—'Aus zwei annectirten Ländern', a story from the Italian, and the customary notices and reviews complete the number.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (March).—Herr Wilhem Berger contributes the first part of 'Das letzte Glück,' a tale of the Franco-Prussian war.—The late Professor Pauli's essay on 'The Prospects of the House of Hanover to the English Throne in 1711,' is ably and clearly written. The state of parties, the intrigues of both Whigs and Tories, the secret negotiations of the German ambassador, are impartially recorded. The article is in every way worthy to take its place by the side of the essays on 'Thomas Cromwell' and on 'Mary Tudor, Queen of France.' It is followed by an appreciative but not exaggerated obituary notice of Professor Pauli, by his colleague Professor Frensdorff.—The article on 'Schiller,' by Professor Scherer, is none the less interesting that it is, in substance, the reproduction of a chapter of the writer's 'History of German Literature' The critical analysis of Schiller's dramas—those of the second and more mature period—show a thorough understanding of the poet's genius.—Herr du Bois-Reymond is of opinion that there is amongst Englishmen generally a remarkable want of appreciation of Frederick's greatness. This he develops at great length in an article on 'Frederick II. according to English judgment.'—Friedrich II. in englischen Urtheilen. There are exceptions, he allows, amongst them, Carlyle, Mr. Longman, and also Mr. Hamilton, who, two years ago, published the *Memorials of Frederick the Great and Prince Henry of Prussia.* Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, in so far, at least, as it relates to Frederick, is styied a pasquinade. The arch-offender, however, is Macaulay, who is accused of having perpetuated the traditions and prejudices of the Whigs

of the eighteenth century, whose knowledge of Frederick was founded on Voltaire's writings and Hanoverian court-news. Another count in the indictment charges him with glossing over, in Clive and Hastings, actions compared with which the usurpation of Poland was 'child's-play,' and Frederick's conduct towards Maria Theresa 'the most chivalrous in the world.' Several reasons are assigned in explanation of this British prejudice against Frederick. Foremost amongst these is England's insular position, from which springs the egoism 'which troubles itself about other governments and nations, and attaches importance to them, only in so far as they are useful or serviceable to the English people.' Then, there are the old Whig and Hanoverian traditions, and, besides these, the antipathy with which Frederick's Voltairianism inspired John Wesley and his followers, and which led them to look upon him as 'the incarnate anti-christ.' Finally, if the English aversion to a 'paternal government,' as a limitation of personal liberty, be taken into consideration, we shall have the secret of the 'remarkable want of appreciation for Frederick's greatness.'—'Die deutsche Dynastie in Rumänien;' 'Die Erlebnisse des heiligen Pancrazius von Evolo,' by A. Schneegans.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (April).—This number opens with the concluding part of 'Das letzte Glück,' an interesting novelette by Herr Berger.—'Richard Wagner's death,' by Herr Louis Ehlert, is introduced with the assertion that the heart which ceased to beat on the 13th of February, 'has moved the world as no other has done,' and is continued in the same strain of high-flown eulogy rather than sober praise. A letter written by Wagner to his mother, on the anniversary of her birth-day in 1846, is communicated by the composer's nephew.—Herr Ferd. Hiller's paper, 'In St. Petersburg,' is light, sketchy, and highly interesting.—Baron von Richthofen's sketch of 'Prussian Official Life,' the 'Thoughts and Suggestions on the Foundering of the Cimbria,' by an anonymous specialist, and Herr Jacobsen's tale, 'Frau Fönss,' are capital contributions in their several branches.—The most important, as well as the most interesting article is undoubtedly that in which Professor Kraus describes the mural paintings at Oberzell, in the island of Reichenau. They were discovered between 1880 and 1882, and are a most valuable contribution to archaeology. The subjects—eight in number—are all Scriptural:—1, The Raising of Lazarus from the Dead; 2, The Raising of the Daughter of Jairus; 3, The Raising of the Son of the Widow of Nain; 4, The Cleansing of the Leper; 5, The Exorcism of the Gadarene; 6, The Healing of the Man who had the Dropsy; 7, The Storm on the Lake; 8, The Healing of the Man that was blind from his Birth. They are supposed to date as far back as the tenth century, and were not executed *al fresco*, but *al tempera*.

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (January.)—The anonymous article on 'England and Germany' characterizes English intervention in Egypt as selfish and unscrupulous, and fully deserving the unpopularity it has met with in Germany. A consideration of the advantages which an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the two countries, would bring to each respectively, leads the writer to the following conclusion:—'Let us, therefore, proclaim it aloud and openly, if England attaches any importance to our friendship, she must, before everything else, endeavour to regain our confidence, and, in her conduct toward us, she must be guided by a due appreciation of the fact that, in the event of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the two countries, the preponderating advantages would be on her side, the preponderating sacrifices and risks on ours.'—Herr Tobler communicates three letters addressed by Heinrich Voss, the friend of Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul, and the translator of Shakespeare, to Friederick Diez, the celebrated philologist. They are of the highest interest, and we can recommend them in no better way than by quoting one remark which cannot fail to go home to the heart of every English reader:—'I could go on reading Shakespeare to the day of my death, and the Bible through eternity as well.'—A paper by Herr Gothein, founded on the late Professor Neumann's *History of Rome*, traces, in a clear and scholarly manner, 'The Transition of Rome from a Republic to a Monarchy.' The period of the decay of the Republic, that

is from Scipio Æmilianus to the death of Sylla, is that to which the writer has devoted special attention. It is no less accurately than strikingly sketched.—Herr Stieda's article on 'The Condition of German Factories,' considers the annual report of the Inspectors, the present position and future prospects of German indu try, and also recent legislation concerning factories. Like the paper on the German 'Colonialverein,' which follows it, it naturally appeals to a limited circle of readers, at least outside the Fatherland.—Herr Belger's contribution: 'Generalfeld marschall Graf Moltkes Verdienste um die Kentniss des Alterthums,' shows us the famous strategist in a character, which, though certainly not new, is not that in which we are accustomed to look upon him. It is not as the hero of Königgrätz and of Sedan, nor even as the historian of the memorable campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71, that he appears in these interesting pages; it is as an observant, widely-read, and, let us add, muscular travellèr, scrambling up the cupola of St. Sophia's, taking his stand on the aqueduct to take a survey of Constantinople, wandering through the plain of Troy and the ruins of Rome.

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (February).—Recent agrarian disturbances in the Russian provinces of the Baltic have not unfrequently given rise to a comparison of the state of these districts with that of Ireland. In an article on this subject, Herr von der Brüggen admits a similarity in the external and superficial condition of both countries, but he emphasizes this essential difference, that the past of the Baltic Provinces is free from the 'historical sins' which the annals of Ireland reveal, and that they are not weighed down by the load of misery which, in Ireland, gives rise to agrarian outrage. His contention is, that few countries in the world could, at the present moment, show a sounder basis for agrarian development than that which the Baltic Provinces possess, and that the lamentable disturbances which have come to check this development, are due to the pernicious political doctrines which, after spreading over the whole of Europe, have infested Russia also.—Professor von Treitschke's 'Remarks on the Public School (Gymnasium) System,' though specially intended for Germany, contain truths which our own teachers would be the better for bearing in mind. The writer protests against the encyclopedic knowledge, or rather, smattering of knowledge, which is expected of the youth of the present day. He points out that such a system necessarily tends to turn teachers into specialist caterpillars gnawing at one single leaf of the tree of knowledge,--and produces the glaring inconsistency that each pupil is required to show a knowledge of many more subjects than any one of his teachers is supposed to be able to master. He very aptly lays stress on the enormous difference between those branches which call forth the active faculties of the mind, and those which require, at most, an effort of the memory. The names of the Cæsars, the date of the first Crusade can only be of use just as long as they are retained. On the contrary, the mental activity employed in the solution of a mathematical problem, in the right application of the rules for the use of *ut* and *quo minus*, is continued long after classics and mathematics have ceased to occupy the doctor or the lawyer whose mind they helped to train. All whom the question of education interests, and who have the opportunity of reading Professor Treitscke's remarks, will find in them much food for thought.—Herr Herman Grimm contributes a careful and appreciative study on 'Raphael and the New Testament,' in commemoration of the four hundreth anniversary of the celebrated painter's birthday. The political article treats of the 'Decline of the Republic in France.'

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (March.)—History is strongly represented in this number. Herr Goecke opens it with a sketch of Jérôme Napoleon's career as King of Westphalia. Herr Koller follows with an essay which relates the attempt at colonisation made by the 'Great Elector' exactly two hundred years ago, on the coast of Upper Guinea. The third article takes us back to the fifteenth century, and shows us the condition of the German Empire under Maximilian I.—A question of particular interest at the present time, 'The Oath and Religious Conscience,' is ably treated by a German jurist, Herr O Bähr. His theory is that 'he who takes an oath has no right to demand that it should be drawn up in conformity with his personal religious opinions.' On the other

hand, 'the State has just as little right to require that he who takes the oath should really profess the religious doctrines assumed in it.'—With Herr von Kalckstein we return to history. He has taken for his subject the eventful and stormy period of the youth of Queen Elizabeth. The view which he favours is that, although Elizabeth's great work, the lasting establishment of Protestantism in England, was not altogether due to political motives, she herself was not the champion of the faith and the heroine of religion that one party has made her, and would have been the last to court a martyr's death, or even to sacrifice her position for conscience' sake.—The writer of the article on Wagner is laudably impartial, without being niggardly in his praise. He is an admirer, but not a worshipper, of the great composer.

Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Philosophische Kritik (81ten Bandes zweites Heft).—Dr. Kreiyenbühl continues and concludes his elaborate dissertation on Teleology—'Die Teleologie als Weltanschauung; Dritter Artikel.—Dr. O'Caspari considers the idealism of the German philosopher, Robert Zimmermann, as set forth in his anthroposophy. It is not the pure idealism of the schools, for it has a foundation of realism, though not the mere realism of 'idealess experience.' It differs from the Platonic idealism of the middle ages in this, that it does not maintain the reality of ideas, but their production and realization through the senses.—To Socrates, according to Cicero, is due the praise of having called down philosophy from heaven to earth. Dr Münz's paper is intended to prove that the study of Ethics was anterior to Socrates and the Sophists. The scientific treatment of Ethics, he maintains, dates from Heraclitus, whose aphorism, 'The character of man is his demon,' became one of the corner-stones of moral philosophy. In Anaxagoras we have the first who preached the gospel of unselfish morality, who enjoined the practice of good, purely for the sake of good itself. Of his disciples Archelaus, Diogenes Laertius asserts that he was the true founder of the Socratic Ethics, and that these were merely the development of his system. The second part of Dr Münz's scholarly paper considers 'The Ethic Standpoint of the Sophists.' It analyses the doctrines of Protagoras, Gorgias, Prodicus, and Hippias. The treatment of the whole subject shows profound classical knowledge, as well as philosophical acumen.—The paper on 'Philosophical Research in Sweden' is chiefly devoted to the labours of Boström. Herr Zöller, from whose pen the notice is, mentions him with the highest praise, and expounds his system only, as, in reality embracing and perfecting those of Thorild, Höijer, Geijer, Biberg, and Grubbe.—The remaining articles are reviews of books, the most important of which is Herr von Hartmann's latest work.

Theologische Studien und Kritiken (1883).—*Drittes Heft.* It is still a moot-point with 'philosophers'—always has been, and, we fear, always will be, as long at least as, like common men, they are liable to suffer from sluggish livers and disordered spleens—whether this world is on the whole a good world or a bad; is worth living in or not; is under the government of a good, a moral as well as wise and omnipotent ruler; or is subject only to the action of a blind, impersonal, and unconscious, 'Force.' The controversy is a very old one, but seems no nearer settlement than ever. It seems to possess irresistible attractions to a certain class of minds in every age, even in these very practical and matter of fact days of ours. Every now and again some newly-fledged 'philosopher' steps forward, and, with much show of learning and multi-syllabled phraseology, essays in our presence the solution of the problem, and tells us what is to be the last word that can be, and need be, said on the matter. No sooner, however, has he spoken than a dozen rivals set upon him, point out a score of flaws in his logic, and declare his views untenable and absurd. It seems that a contribution was made in Germany by Herr Morritz Carriere in 1877 to this interminable controversy, and that his book, like not a few of the same, and of all kinds, did not create in the literary circles there the sensation he and his friends expected it to do. 'Philosophers' took little or no notice of it, and even orthodox theologians did not seem to be at all disturbed by it. One of the author's admirers endeavoured in 1881, in the pages of the *Jahrbücher für Prot. Theologie,* to bring it into public notice, but it appears that even his extravagant praise of the

work has not resulted in any demand for it, or provoked critics to say much about it. It has not, however, been altogether, it seems, without effect. It has wounded the feelings of at least one theologian, who has borne his grief silently for all these years until now he can suffer in silence no longer. He has found vent for these feelings in the pages of the *Studien und Kritiken*, and occupies no fewer than sixty-five pages in his analysis of Herr Carriere's work and exposition of its errors. We are sorry to confess that we were hitherto ignorant of the existence of that learned writer's book, and are not therefore in a position to judge between him and his reviewer; but, if we may take what Dr Becmeister here quotes from it and says about it as any guide to the knowledge of its contents, we have to confess that they are not very new nor the argument it contains very original. Its author seems to be rather a weak echo of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and to hold that the governing power here is 'a power' that is 'ever working'—'making' is Mr. Arnold's favourite phrase—'for righteousness,' but is otherwise undefinable. He has a supreme scorn for 'Dogmas'—not his own dogmas, but those of the church, and lays all the blame of the irreligiousness and materialism of the age on their shoulders. This too is nothing new. We cannot help thinking that Dr. Becmeister has exaggerated the importance of the work in question, and that he might well have left it in the obscurity to which the literary public of Germany had wisely relegated it. A very scholarly article follows from the pen of H. H. Wendt on the use of the words *ἀλήθεια ἀληθής* and *ἀληθινός* in the New Testament. These Greek words were made use of by the N. T. writers who, he thinks, were Jews, and therefore thought in Hebrew, or Aramaic, and his object is to compare these words with their Hebrew equivalents, so as to discover what they exactly meant in the minds of the evangelists and apostles. No one will doubt that early training in one language must modify to some extent our use of words in another language which we have learned in later life, and we heartily commend, therefore, this 'study' of Wendt's to the attention of Bible students. The next article is by Herr Pfarrer Bleibtreu, who examines that passage of the Romans iii. 21-26, with a view to bringing out what he thinks is the true sense of the word *ἱλαστήριον* there. Dr. B. Weiss criticises an article by Dr. Beyschlag that appeared in *Studien u. Kritiken* in 1881 on the 'Gospels,' and Dr. Beyschlag replies to that criticism. The other articles are, 'The first Evangelical Order of Worship of Nürnberg,' by Dr. Kolde, of Erlangen; 'Further Contributions to the History of the doctrine of Baptism in the Reformed Church,' by Pfarrer Usteri; 'Alphaeus and Cleopas,' by Paster Wetzel; 'Some Observations on Pfarrer Usteri's account of the Original MS. of the Articles of Marburg' (which appeared in the preceding number of S. u. K.) by Dr. Nestle; and a review of Eduard von Hartmann's works, 'The Religious Consciousness of Humanity in the stages of its Development,' and 'The Religion of the Spirit.'

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (15th February, 1883).—Very interesting is the opening paper in this number, 'On Episodes in the life of Baretti in London.' In it Signor Morandi publishes *for the first time* five letters written by Baretti (who, it will be remembered, was Secretary to the Royal Academy in London, and is mentioned in Boswell's *Life of Johnson)*, to his brothers. The first is dated London, 23rd September, 1757, and contains much good sense and humour. In it Baretti gives his brother advice concerning a projected journey to London. It is curious to read his careful directions about the *quickest* and most economical route, and the following sentence gives a good idea of the slowness of travelling at that period: 'Suppose you leave Italy towards the end of December, and arrive here towards the middle of February.' Baretti recommends patience in enduring sea sickness, and says that England is well worth the suffering. The second letter gives a full account of a tragic event in Baretti's life, when, defending himself against the bold importunities of a London prostitute, and an assault from her 'bullies,' he chances to kill one of the latter with a silver *fruit-knife*, usually carried, as he afterwards explains in the defence ably conducted by himself, by everyone in France, where he had acquired the habit. Among the witnesses for the defence were Garrick, Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Burke, and Samuel Johnson; of course Baretti was acquitted. In 1768 he was selected as guide and companion on a journey to Flanders and France by Mr. Thrale, and also as student to the eldest daughter Hester, whom Baretti always speaks of as

'my *Esteruccia.*' In 1775 Baretti went again with the family to France, an this time Samuel Johnson was one of the party, and wrote to Robert Levet 'Baretti is an excellent companion, and speaks French as well as he does English.' At the beginning of 1776 Mr. Thrale projected a journey to Italy with the same companions, and Baretti hastens to send the good news to his brothers. In the fourth letter published by Signor Morandi there are portraits of the Thrales and Samuel Johnson. It is undated, but must have been written early in 1776, and in it are many amusing directions to his brothers as to the preparations they are to make to receive the family, who are not accustomed to primitive Italian country habits.

'Mr. Thrale,' says Baretti in this letter, 'is a very handsome man, acknowledged a gentleman at first sight, he loves simplicity and has never a moment of ill-humour. He speaks very very little French, contrary to his wife, who, well or ill, speaks French and Italian fluently and likes to do so, and is, besides, very jolly and merry, if only she is not offended by any want of religion or morals, for she is a great lover of the Bible, and carries a Latin one with her, for she understands Latin very well. Both husband and wife take great interest in agriculture, and the lady is very fond of fowls, and when she is in the country, she passes much time in company with her hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks, and knows very well how to make butter and cheese, and likes to converse familiarly with the peasants, to whose children, when ill, she administers medicine. I will say nothing of my Esteruccia, except that she will be twelve years old when we arrive, and that she resembles the angels in every particular, and I like her 7,000 times better than I ever liked anyone before. Johnson is a gigantic old man both in body and mind, always absent, furious, punctilious, dirty, full of ugly habits, moving his body restlessly when seated, and always chewing with his mouth like an ox; but being, with reason, estimated to have more science than any other man in this realm, he is feared and respected by all, perhaps more than he is loved. Although a great critic of French, and knowing almost as much Italian as I do, he cannot speak either language, but he talks Latin with the fury of a Cicero, and if we can find some priest or monk who speaks Latin with some decency, we will invite him to dinner with us, for we always keep open table on our travels, and I will put him to talk literature with Johnson, nor shall we be incommoded by his elephantine proceedings; and if we cannot find such a person, we will bring Latin or Greek books by the way, and that will suffice, all the more because I am such a Proteus, and can assume as many characters as necessary to give variety to our leisure time.' This journey was never made, for Mr. Thrale died before it was put into execution, and the last letter before us describes Baretti's disappointment.

Signor Manfrin writes a long article on the 'social work' of Oliver Cromwell, concluding with the assertion that that work was completed only when Italy, led by her great King, founded a national unity. By the occupation of Rome, an end was put to all exception to liberty of conscience, which became general in the civilized world. Recent exhibitions have suggested a 'Discussion on Art' to Professor Villari, and in it he enters fully into the question of modern art. Never, he says, has there been a time when it is so much the duty of the State to occupy itself with art as now. He points to the fact that the institution of the Kensington Museum of Industrial Art caused, after no long time, such an improvement of taste in England, that France was alarmed for her supremacy. In Italy there is no really great school of art which responds to the wants of the country, while in Italian exhibitions the works of native artists prove the marvellous artistic aptitude of the Italians, and the government ought to establish conditions under which Italian art could re-conquer its ancient dignity and supremacy.

There are a few more chapters of the 'Sirena,' and the article on 'Socialism and Social Questions' comes to an end. The author, Signor Luzatti, exhorts his countrymen to try to resolve the national problems without servile imitation of other nations, and without a false pride in radical innovations, rather following the traditions of their famous economists of the past century, who never separated the useful from the honest, and never interpreted economical liberty as being the barbarous triumph of individual appetites over tranquil and satisfying social

customs, but as liberty joined with sociality and progress. Then follows a short paper on Italian travels and influence in Abyssinia, and a long notice calling attention to Herr von Loher's book, *Das Neue Italien.* The political review discusses the recent events in France, and gives an account of the parliamentary discussions in Italy, rejoicing that the reign of Utopias seems happily past.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (March 1st) contains an exhaustive article on 'Richard Wagner, poet, musician, and politician,' by F. D'Arcais, which the author concludes by warning his countrymen not to try to imitate Wagner, though his genius is incontestible, but to drink at the pure fountains of their own national music. The next is an historical article by Signor Greppi, on 'An Italian at the Court of Spain in the 18th Century,' that Italian being Alexander Malaspina, the descendant of Dante's generous hosts. Follows the first part of a very pleasant and readable article by Father Stoppani, the well known Italian geologist, on 'The Polar Ice,' in which he specially refers to the mysteries of the formidable ice-wall always encountered on approaching the Antarctic Pole. Signor Luigi Cossa has an article on 'A Page of the Story of Political Economy,' a sort of list of political writers and systems from the earliest times, and remarkable at the first glance, because almost every other word throughout the article is printed in italics! The novel 'Sirena' is at last concluded. Signor Galanti gives a long and no doubt valuable statistical article on 'American and Italian Agriculture,' drawing the conclusion that all nations have reason to fear American competition. The review of foreign literature by De Gubernatis exclusively notices French works. The political review speaks of the new French ministry, the princes of Orleans, the Lebanon, and other questions; the Phœnix Park murders, noticing the gravity of the suspicions attached to Parnell and others, and that it is not improbable that the local agitators are assisted by the mysterious international organizations that take advantage of every opportunity to spread social revolution; the Spanish anarchists; and public security in Italy. Then comes the fortnightly financial bulletin, and the bibliographical bulletin mentions, among other works, Emerton's *Abridgement of Smith's Wealth of Nations.*

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (15th March) opens with a long and interesting article on 'George Sand, in Relation to her Correspondence,' by Signor Boglietti, which does full justice to her genius. By special permission there follows the part of De Amicis's new book, *Gli Amici*, which discourses of 'Friends Old and Young,' gracefully written with profound knowledge of human nature, and tempting one to read the whole work, which is on the point of being published. 'Ancient Rome and Modern London' is a very interesting account by Signor Lanciani, of the many similarities between the two cities of the world. A novel by a lady, Signora Pierantoni-Mancini, is commenced, entitled 'On the Tiber,' extremely well written, but seeming to tend to the often handled theme of matrimonial discord and temptation. Signor Ferraris has an article on 'Military Imposts,' with large reference to many German books on military subjects. The political review notices the discussions on the Italian budgets, public instruction, elementary masters, foreign budgets, the non-probability of a crisis, the ferments in France, a vicious circle, by which is meant the evil done by political agitation to economical prosperity, and the disastrous action of economical evils in politics, and the Lebanon and Danubian questions. The financial bulletin follows, and the bibliographical bulletin briefly notices Italian and French books. Among the miscellaneous notes it is interesting to learn that the Italian State has bought Prince Corsini's palace and grounds on the Lungara, for 2,500,000 francs, including the picture-gallery and library, and that it will become the future Palace of Science, containing many schools, museums, and a botanical garden.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (April 1st, 1883), contains a monograph on 'Raphael' by Signor Mamiani, in which the author tries to determine in what way Raphael conceived and felt the Beautiful. C. Belviglieri has an article on the Alps and foreign invasion in Italy, with reference to M. Rott's book, *Henry IV.* Signor Brunialti writes on 'France in Tonchin.' The story 'Sul Tevere' grows darker, displaying much close psychological observation of a saddening kind. Signor Galanti commences a long and careful examination of the facts of American and

Italian agriculture. Signor Achille Loria writes an enthusiastic monograph on Karl Marx, examining his theory. The review of foreign literature is made by Professor de Gubernatis, who, speaking of Zola's new book, *Au bonheur des Dames*, says he thinks that author has found out that he was on a false path and is now returning, with all the power of his great talent, to a species of romance, which, without forsaking the realism which is Zola's special province, leaves at least a window open to the ideal. The political review notices the many recent commemorations, and the chief questions of the day. The number ends with the usual bibliographical and financial bulletins.

LA CIVILTA CATTOLICA (March 3rd and 17th).—The first of these numbers begins with an article on 'What Rises and Falls in Rome,' explaining the 'fact' that the Pope is now rising politically in the world, while the Italian government is steadily sinking. Then follow articles on 'The Fall of Jerusalem and Tyre,' on 'The Present State of Linguistic Study,' and 'Notes of a Journey in India and China.' The second of the numbers commences with an article on the 'Successful Mission of Leone XIII. in Relation to Philosophy,' and has another on the French crisis. The 'Notes of a Voyage to India,' etc., is continued, and then follow archæological notes and the 'Brief of the Pope on the Foundation of an Armenian College in Rome.' Both numbers contain notices of Italian books, a 'Contemporary Chronicle' and 'Foreign Notes.'

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (March, 1883).—This number contains an interesting account by Signor Cosimo De Georgi, of an excursion in the province of Salerno, where picturesque mountains and valleys succeed each other, and life in the small towns and villages is still primitive. Besides a minute description of the scenery, the article contains many interesting particulars concerning the habits and costumes of the inhabitants. The next article, by Signor Neri, on 'Some Libraries in Florence in 1600,' notes the chief passages of the description by Antonio Magliabechi, of the libraries existing in his time, that is, in 1600. Signor Antelmo Severini publishes his prologue to the course of lectures on the Chinese and Japanese languages at the Superior Institute of Florence. In speaking of 'Materialism among the Young,' Professor Chiriatti says that if we deny the ideal, nothing will remain, for science, art and civil life cannot exist without love, and men only love what is beautiful; and what, he asks, is more beautiful than the ideal? The ideal is no abstraction, because it is inevitably connected with the real. This is why it is always new, never exhausted, and manifests itself under ever varying aspects. The ideal is the idea of *absolute perfection*, and therefore it is capable of guiding men on the path of progress. A long article on 'Operative Societies of Mutual Succour in Italy,' by Signor Achille Astori, does not deny the utility of associations, but disapproves of the manner in which they are now organized. The author concludes his arguments with the observation that it seems to him that, in general, political economists forget one great principle, the base of all social equilibrium, that is—the honesty of conscience. In this number of the RASSEGNA, a novel entitled 'E eana' reaches its 34th chapter, and a historical account of 'Old English Guilds' is continued. Voluminous 'gleanings' from the literary and political papers of Marchese Luigi Dragonetta, enter into a 'second series.' An article on the 'Victims of Africa,' commenced in a preceding number, concludes with a list of the works of the Italian African travellers who have died on that continent during the last fifteen years. Then follow an article on the 'Abolition of the Forced Currency,' and the usual notices of books, etc.

The number for April commences with a long statistical article on Italian Emigration by Signor Pantaleoni, who argues that individual interest is what makes men act in the relatively wisest manner, and that emigration presents less difficulty and greater advantages than the cultivation of the waste land in Italy. The article by Cantu on 'Rome and the Italian-French Government from 1796 to 1815' is continued. It consists almost entirely of letters of various ambassadors and persons living at that time. Signor Vezzani begins an article on 'Agriculture in the provinces of Emilia,' minutely describing the character of the country, and the various agricultural processes, etc. Luigi Olivi writes on 'Public Opinion and its Manifestations,' maintaining that public opinion is

not always or necessarily the expression of truth, and describing the mission of journalism as being the propagation, not of any, but of the healthiest public opinion, the prevention of civil discord, and the suggestion of what is calculated to produce an increase of the public well-being, so that the demand on the honesty and relative intelligence of writers and newspapers can never be too severe. Signora Malaspina writes a long letter describing the International Exhibition in Rome. Signor Marangoni has an article on the damage done by the late inundations, and argues on the dis-foresting (if we may coin a word) and re-foresting of Italy. There is a translation of Florence Montgomery's story, 'The Indomitable Mike,' and Signor Tabarrini's discourse on 'Baron Alfred de Reumont,' held at the Colombaria Academy in Florence. Salvoni's article on 'English Guilds' is concluded. There is an article on 'The Superior Female Schools,' another on 'Social Legislation,' signed only with initial letters. Signor G. Regutini replies in a letter to Signor Conti's criticism of his 'Favole di Fedro.'

DE GIDS.—Two rising young poets are discussed in the February number. From one of them, Pol de Mont, there is also a story in verse in this number. He gives evidence of great powers, and has grace and freshness with unfailing reality. His subjects are mostly interiors, of a homely type; sometimes, the reviewer says, he deals with unsavoury matters; but he has time, and is likely, to improve. The other is Jacques Perk. He has bestowed much trouble on his art, and has a gift of colour and vivid description, as the extracts shew. Pity that young poets of real genius should be imprisoned in the Dutch language.

The March number is chiefly taken up with pages on the Dutch railway system, and on the approach to Rotterdam from the sea, matters interesting to the engineer and to those who have travelled in the country, but scarcely to the general reader.

The April number has an able review of Mr. George's *Progress and Poverty*, the translation of which into Dutch was the last work of the lamented J. W. Straatman. While paying a hearty tribute to Mr. George's knowledge, logic, and enthusiasm, the reviewer, Mr. G. Heymans at once fastens on the cardinal proposition of the book, that wages are not advanced out of capital, and devotes his paper chiefly to refuting it. The mistake of Mr. George on this point, and indeed the appearance of his work, are ascribed to the want of accurate definitions by previous writers, and particularly to the confusion in Mr. Mill's work as to the meaning of capital. With Mill capital is an ideal quantity, and it is true that wages are not advanced from this. But strictly capital must be taken to mean a real supply of food and other substances essential to the carrying on of productive labour. Capital in this the true sense, must precede labour; the time which elapses between the beginning of a work and the sale of the finished product being greater than that during which man can do without the supply of his natural wants, there must necessarily be a store previously accumulated before the labour can be applied. On the land question the reviewer agrees with Mr. George that no absolute ownership of land can be recognized, but sees difficulties which are insuperable, in the way of giving practical effect to such a doctrine.

The 19th April was the bicentenary of the great Hugo de Groot (Grotius), jurist, poet, theologian, philologist, patriot. A statue is to be erected to him at Delft, where he was born; and there are several notices of him in the April magazines.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—The Theological faculty at Amsterdam was set on foot a few years ago for the purpose of giving the candidates for the Dutch ministry an orthodox evangelical training. Not only were the theological Professors at Leyden and Groningen for the most part leaders of the Modern School, which has abjured all belief in the supernatural; but Utrecht also, the orthodox divinity hall, frequented by all who were anxious to get churches,—which the Leyden students find it hard to do,—was becoming tainted with the new views on Biblical Criticism. In the TIJDSCHRIFT

for March, Professor Kuenen notices a product of the Amsterdam divinity school. It is a translation of Dr. Delitzsch's studies on the criticism of the Pentateuch, and it is first asked whether the Dutch cannot read German, that they should require to get Delitzsch translated for them ; and then whether a great deal has not been done in Pentateuch studies since the German work appeared. Dr. Kuenen then expresses his surprise that Delitzsch's views on the Pentateuch should be espoused by the theologians of Amsterdam ; as that scholar has long given up the unity of authorship of the Pentateuch, and holds that the work of arranging and editing its different materials was probably still going on after the Septuagint was in existence, and that the Thora is the reflection of a process of development which the law of Moses underwent during many centuries, in the thought and practice of Israel. The German and the Dutch scholar thus recognize the same facts, and the difference is only as to the interpretation of them. Describing Dr. Delitzsch's position that the priestly laws as well as those of Deuteronomy are in essence Mosaic, Dr Kuenen takes occasion to retract the opinion he formerly expressed (*Religion of Israel*, English translation, i. 285) that the ten words are the work of Moses himself; though he still regards Moses in the character of a religious founder as well as in that of a liberator.

Dr. Kuenen also writes in this number of the TIJDSCHRIFT a review of Renan's *L'Ecclésiaste*.' He differs from the great French scholar and from Grätz, as to the character of the concluding verses of the book, and insists, as he did seventeen years ago, that these are an integral part of the work in which they appear, and not mere notes or résumés of a larger body of Scripture, written here by some late scribe because Ecclesiastes happened to be the last book on the roll. Kuenen has no sympathy with Renan's declaration that the preacher is a truer and better teacher than the thousands of hasidim among whom he lived; and that his want of theory gives him the advantage over the prophets. Kuenen says 'he was poorer in illusions than his contemporaries, but also poorer in moral energy and love of the ideal, and therefore also in religious faith.' Though the writer may be called a Sadducee, the name is only to be taken as characterising his mode of thought, not as fixing his date. Renan assigns the date about 125 B.C. Kuenen is inclined to say about 200 B.C.

Mr. Mensinga thinks he has found a passage in which the historian Josephus expresses his opinion on the origin of Christianity. In the well-known passage, Antiq. xviii. 4, there is a testimony to Christianity which many scholars have declared to be interpolated, and which few would uphold in its integrity as due to the historian himself. This passage is immediately followed by a story which has no apparent connection with the subject of the work ; but in this story Mr. Mensinga sees a veiled indication, intelligible to the Roman readers of Josephus, of his belief regarding Christ.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Reviews of several of the following works are kept back through want of space.

Ancient Scottish Lake-Dwellings. By Robert Munro, M.A., M.D., &c. Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1882.

The City of God : a Series of Discussions on Religion. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. London : Hodder and Stoughton, 1883.

Old Testament Revision : a Handbook for English Readers. By A. Roberts, D.D. Same Publishers, 1883.

The Homiletical Library. Edited by Rev. Canon Spence, M.A., and Rev. J. S. Exell, M.A. Vol. III. London : J. Nisbet & Co., 1883.

The Chemical Constitution of the Inorganic Acids, Bases, and Salts, from the Standpoint of the 'Typo-Nucleus' Theory. By Otto Richter, Ph. D. Edinburgh : Maclachlan & Stewart, 1882.

Specimen Days and Collect. By Walt Whitman. Glasgow: **Wilson & McCormick, 1883.**
Annals of the Early Caliphate; from Original Sources. By Sir William **Muir,** K.C.S.I., etc., etc. Map. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.
Italian Byways. By J. A. Symonds. Same Publishers, 1883.
A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. By J. A. **Beet.** London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1883.
Health Lectures for the People. 3rd Series. Edinburgh: **Macniven &** Wallace, 1883.
The Supernatural in Nature: a Verification by Free Use of Science. By. J. W. Reynolds, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co, 1883.
The Mystery of Miracles: a Scientific and Philosophical Investigation. **Same** Author and Publishers, 1881.
The Man of the Woods, and other Poems. By W. M'Dowall. **Edinburgh: A.** & C. Black, 1882.
Burns in Dumfriesshire. Same Author and Publishers, 1881.
The Mind in the Face. By W. M'Dowall. London: L. N. Fowler.
Wayside Songs, with other Verse. Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick, 1883.
The Evangelical Succession: a Course of Lectures. 2nd Series. **Edinburgh:** Macniven & Wallace, 1883.
The Kingdom of All-Israel: its History, Literature, and Worship. **By James** Sime, M.A., &c. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 1883.
Ensilage in America; its Prospects in English Agriculture. By J. E. **Thorold** Roger, M.P. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1883.
The Musician. By Ridley Prentice. Grade 1. Same Publishers.
Select Poems of Goethe. Edited with Life, Introduction, and Notes, by E. A. Sonnenschein, M.A., and Alois Pogatscher. Same Publishers.
Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James A. Froude. 3 vols. London: **Longmans,** Green. & Co., 1883.
Revelation and Modern Theology Contrasted; or the Simplicity of the **Apostolic** Gospel Demonstrated. By Rev. C. A. Row, M.A. London: F. Norgate, 1883.
Underground Russia. By Stepniak. Preface by P. Lavroff. **Translated from** Italian. London: Smith, Elder and Co, 1883.
A Visit to Ceylon. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by Clara Bell. **London:** Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co, 1883.
Copyright and Patents for Inventions. By R. A. Macfie. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1883.
The Plough and the Dollar. By F. Barham Zineke. Kegan Paul, **Trench &** Co., 1883.
Legal Status of Licensed Victuallers. By F. G. Hindle. London: **Stevens &** Sons, 1883.
John Pringle, Printer and Heretic. London and Paisley: A. Gardner, 1883.
The Free Church Principle: its Character and History. By Sir **Henry W.** Moncreiff, Bart., D.D., etc. Macniven & Wallace, 1883.
Journal of East India Association. London, 1883.
Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle. By Edwin Wallace, M.A. **London** and Cambridge: C. J. Clay, M.A., & Son, 1883.
The Bantoffs of Cherryton. By Arthur Kean. 2 vols. London: **Smith, Elder,** & Co., 1883.
No New Thing. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. Same Publishers, 1883.
Predigten aus der Gegenwart. Von D. C. Schwarz. Achte **Sammlung.** Leipzig: 1883.
The Temple. By George Herbert. Introduction by J. H. Shorthouse. ***Facsimile Reprint.*** London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1883.
The Epic of Kings from Firdusi. By Helen Zimmern. Illustrated. **Same Publisher,** 1883.
Life of Christ. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Translated by J. W. **Hope, M.A.** Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1883.
Aldersyde. By A. S. Swan. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co., 1883.
Bits from Blinkbonny. By J. Strathesk. Same Publishers, 1882.

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ART I.—THE EDUCATIONAL WRONGS OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

THE greatest, if severest, critic of English education, says of the Englishman: 'He abhors simplicity, and therefore his governments do not often give it to him.' The true Briton might urge in self-defence that he is essentially simple, that he does one thing at a time, that he asks one thing at a time from his government. But in the widest and deepest sense the stricture is undeniably just. With a quick eye for what is immediately necessary, the Englishman does not care to exhaust a political problem, or to work out a social question to its logical consequences. He does not demand the simplicity of principle, of principle wrought into detail, and expressing itself in symmetry of organisation: he is indifferent, if not averse to completeness or consistency.

No better illustration of this national feature can be found than the history of education in Britain. The great doctrine that the education of a nation is essentially a concern of the State has only been forced by degrees upon the English mind. Accepted shortly after the French Revolution by the great nations of Europe, it was long rejected in Britain; nor can we say that it has even yet been fully recognised in this country. It has first established itself in the sphere of elementary education, and vast progress has been made since the time, not so far remote, when small grants were doled out to elementary schools as a sort of poor relief. English education is not yet altogether

emancipated from the ominous patronage and control of the Charity Commission; but for elementary education we need have no fears: it is provided for on a scale of liberality at least equal to that of any other nation. Here, however, the inconsistency of the national genius comes in. We shut our eyes to the fact that a system of education made for the benefit of one class at the expense of all classes of the community gives to all classes a claim for something in return for their contributions.

The greatest sufferers by this one-sided policy are the middle classes. They along with the higher classes contribute the greater part of the cost of national education; but in return they receive no public support for their own education. The result, is that the provision for middle-class education, both in England and Scotland, is the most meagre, irregularly distributed, and unsatisfactory to be found in any great European state. Their claim to such assistance is not so much seriously denied; it is only generally ignored, or now and then derided by the Philistine democrat. But it must ere long be fully considered, and it may be worth while to enquire at some length on what grounds it is based. We need not at present show the disastrous effects of this inconsistency upon the quality of secondary education. We shall confine ourselves to demonstrating the absolute injustice of the exclusion of the middle classes from the benefit of State aid to their own schools. Great Britain as a whole suffers from this injustice, but we will only take the case of Scotland, giving some illustrations drawn from the south-west district, in the full assurance that those who have a similar local knowledge of other districts will be able to draw the same conclusions from like premises.

If we consider the public school system of Scotland as managed by the School Boards, we find that the total cost of the education given in these schools during the year 1880 was £668,774. About a fourth of this sum (£187,445), is contributed by the parents of scholars in the shape of fees. A further sum of £7,275 is paid by Parochial Boards on behalf of scholars whose parents are unable to pay fees. On the other hand the local rates supply £205,011, and the government grants amount to £253,727. From these two sources therefore public funds

contribute £458,738, or two-thirds of the total cost of the education of children whose parents are able to pay school fees. From whose pockets are these funds derived? The School Board of Glasgow received from the rating authorities for the year 1880-81, the sum of £43,861. It is estimated that as much of this sum is raised from houses above £12 rental as from those below that limit; but a large portion of the rate is levied upon other than household property, owned as a general rule by classes who do not send their children to the elementary schools. In rural parishes a much larger part of the rate falls upon landed proprietors and farmers who are not availing themselves of the public schools.* The incidence of imperial taxes may be somewhat more favourable to the wealthy class. But on the whole it may be safely asserted that throughout Scotland ratepayers who are deriving no benefit from the public schools contribute from a half to two-thirds of the total cost of their maintenance.

At the same time there is a marked deficiency, in some cases, a total absence of public secondary education which the middle classes require; and where such schools do exist, the means of their support are lamentably defective. The whole revenue from public sources enjoyed by Secondary Schools in Scotland is estimated at £3,400 a year. This is the *quid pro quo* which the upper classes receive for a contribution of, say, £300,000 to elementary education.

The deficiency of Secondary Schools is most conspicuous in the south-west of Scotland. Until lately there was no public higher school in Greenock, a town with a population of 60,000. The School Board of that town have lately assumed the management of a Secondary School; but they have no

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* We heard the other day of a rural parish in the Lothians in which the villagers believed, with or without reason, that their School Board was too lavish in its expenditure. They summoned a public meeting to advocate a reduction of teachers' salaries in order to lighten the rates. They were not a little surprised when a member of the Board informed them that the rate-payers whose children attended school contributed, to a total annual expenditure of £500, the sum of £5 in taxes.

authority to support it by public funds, its organization is still in embryo, and its success is a matter of experiment. In Kilmarnock, with 25,000 inhabitants, there is no Secondary School, and pupils travel daily by rail to attend schools in the county town. In other towns similar deficiencies exist, and although efforts have been made to supply them by establishing higher departments in elementary schools, the results have been very unsatisfactory. Moreover, where Secondary Schools do exist, they are very poorly endowed; and even where managers are well-meaning and teachers able, the staff of the school is unduly small, often underpaid, and generally exposed to violent financial fluctuations, most injurious to the stability and success of a school. Thus the Ayr Academy receives no public assistance beyond £100 a year from the common good of the Burgh; but it probably suffers less than most schools, as it draws fees from a large and wealthy community. The Royal Academy in Irvine is a good example of the difficulties under which a poorly endowed school labours, and at the same time of the spirited efforts made by private persons to overcome these disadvantages. Since the re-organization of this school under the present able and accomplished rector, the annual expenditure upon the school has been about £1200 a year. The fees, which are as high as can be reasonably expected, supply from £750 to £850 of this amount; the common good of the Burgh contributes only £115; and the deficiency, amounting one year to £335, has been met by private subscriptions from gentlemen who form a guarantee committee. Now it says much for the public spirit of these gentlemen, that they have been willing to make a handsome subscription for the education not only of their own children, but for that of children whose parents do not subscribe to this fund. But such a sacrifice is too much to expect,—too good to last.* Accordingly about two years ago, in order to reduce the expenditure to the

* Since the above was written, the course of events has fully justified these apprehensions. The rector has removed to another school, the guarantee fund has been withdrawn, and the school has been left to shift for itself.

level of the income, a sweeping reduction of the teaching staff was made. This was found, however, to interfere so much with the efficiency of the school, that the staff was shortly after restored to something like the old footing. Now it seems clear that if fees are as high as can be paid, and that a further sum amounting to about a third of the whole expenditure, is required to maintain a school in efficiency, the middle class ratepayers have a right to demand this moderate return for the much larger contribution which they make to elementary education. In Dumfries the total expenditure upon the Academy is about £1850, of which the town funds supply the very small fraction of £140 per annum, although there are also funds to the amount of £170 providing free education for a number of scholars. The fees range from £6 to £10 a-year, which does not seem unreasonably high. But a reduction of fees is apparently demanded; there are no public funds to draw upon, and a few months ago the problem was solved by sweeping reductions of the chief teachers' salaries, varying from 15 to 45 per cent. The salary of the rector is now £330. Professor Blackie sighs for the day when the rector of the high school in a provincial town will have a position and income equal to those of the sheriff. If the degradation of our higher schools goes on, it will soon be difficult to find a man of culture and ability to accept a post in them. The only public Secondary School in the south-west of Scotland that has a fair endowment is the Kirkcudbright Academy. The total expenditure of this school is about £600 per annum, and the town funds supply nearly £200 a-year, while there are also funds for free education and school prizes. It is characteristic of the utterly disorganised state of our secondary education, that the smallest Secondary School in the district we are considering should have twice the endowment of the largest.

But the most striking phase of the present inconsistent and unfair distribution of public funds is to be found in the development which the public elementary schools have taken in certain populous places. In Glasgow and other towns a demand for public schools a grade higher than the elementary has sprung up, and has been supplied by the School Boards. In these

schools drawing and scientific subjects not included in the Code are taught, and the elementary science and foreign languages recognised by the Code are carried to a much greater length than the Code contemplates. These schools are therefore used by a class who want much more than elementary education, and who are able and willing to pay a fee considerably higher than ninepence a-week, which is the limit in any school receiving a government grant. But the schools cannot be maintained without the government grant, and therefore they are called elementary; while the government insists that, to bring them under this designation, the School Boards shall not allow parents to pay more than ninepence a-week, however willing they may be to do so. This has happened in Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Stranraer. Surely the government which does not contribute a sixpence to the cost of secondary education, and yet forces back the money of these parents into their pockets, is unconsciously propagating the doctrines of Socialism.

The net result of this arrangement is that all classes up to a certain point, including many who are able and willing to pay for what they want, have the greater part of the cost of their education defrayed by the State, while beyond this point are the middle classes, who, broadly speaking, receive nothing. Thus a foreman in a mill with a wage of £3 a-week gets for his children an education in elementary and more advanced subjects largely at the expense of the public: while a poor clergyman with £200 a-year gets no public assistance for the more expensive education which his children require; in fact, if he lives in a provincial town, he may be unable to get this education on any terms, although willing at a sacrifice to pay the whole cost of it. Certain parliamentary patrons of Scottish education appear to think that the only problem pressing for solution is how to provide higher education for the poor scholar in country schools, at a cost to the country, if need be, of £20 or £30 a-head. Before sanctioning such a lavish expenditure, let us hope that the heavily-taxed middle classes will remind their representatives that justice comes before generosity, and urge their own prior and much more important claims. The position

of the middle classes in Britain as contributing largely to the support of a national system of schools, and at the same time deriving no benefit from it, is unparalleled in Europe. It might well justify a financial revolt: let us hope that it will lead to a more constitutional policy, to a general and decided demand for a redress of this grievance, and for a reasonable and systematic support of secondary education from public funds, such as will place the middle classes of this country on an equal footing in the international race with other and more favoured nations. *

We have only to look to the leading continental States to see how this problem is solved in a thoroughly just and statesmanlike manner. Taking Germany, we find that in the year 1864 the economically managed and highly efficient system of Secondary Schools in Prussia cost about £387,000. Of this sum the scholars' fees contributed £178,958, rather less than the half, and the national and municipal funds £139,665, or fully a third, the remainder being made up from school endowments or private benefactions. We have not thought it necessary to quote general statistics of a later date than Mr. Arnold's Report, as the general features of the German school system remain the same. But we may select a single case of a later date as a specimen. The *Jahresbericht über das Schulwesen der Stadt Dresden*, for 1878, informs us that the cost of education in the four great public Secondary Schools in Dresden (one of which is an excellent high school for girls) amounted to £18,656.

* It need hardly be said that the injustice of the present situation would be greatly aggravated by the introduction of free elementary education, if such a step can be imagined in this country at the present time. Free education would no doubt simplify some of the problems with which School Boards have to deal; and if the educational system of a country includes schools for all classes, the advantages derived by all classes would obviate any objection on the score of injustice. But the advocates of free education in Britain forget that in the United States, and all other countries where there is free education, the public system includes schools for all classes; while in this country their policy would involve additional injustice to the middle classes, who are already sufficiently burdened.

The scholars' fees supplied £10,630 of this sum, and the town funds gave a supplement of £7960, or about two-fifths of the total cost. Thus the municipality gives a reasonable return to the middle classes for the educational taxes which they pay. But in doing so, it does not neglect the more urgent claims of the elementary schools. On the contrary, it pays as much as four-fifths of their cost, which is very much the same proportion as the elementary schools of Glasgow receive from the rates and the government grant. Again, in the German city, the total grant by the municipality to the elementary schools amounts to £39,650, and that made to the higher schools to £7690—or about a fifth of the grant to the elementary. The middle classes thus receive less than they contribute, and the working classes much more: but by this just and rational scheme the wealthier tax-payer is reasonably satisfied, while the duty of the rich to the poor is amply discharged. Best of all, the educational wants of both classes are fully supplied.

In France secondary education is maintained on exactly the same principles. We quote the following figures from the magnificent report which M. Bardoux prepared for the French government in 1878. It is not at once obvious how much the public funds in France contribute for purely educational purposes in connection with Secondary Schools. All the French public Secondary Schools, (*i.e.*, the *Lycées* and *Collèges Communaux*) are boarding establishments, as well as day schools. Now in 1876 the total receipts of the *Lycées* amounted to 24,028,867 fr., and the net contribution from the public funds (exclusive of bursaries) was only 4,150,000 fr., or apparently about a sixth of the whole. But it must be remembered that the expense of boarding, except in the case of bursars, is not one to which the State can be expected to contribute: on the contrary it makes a profit, though a slight one, from the boarding charges. We must compare the fees and the public grants and calculate thus: In the *Lycées* there are 18,956 day scholars, who pay 2,655,578 fr. in school fees: there are 18,026 boarders, whose fees (not stated separately from the boarding charges) would amount on the same scale to 2,500,000 fr. We have thus 5,155,578 fr. paid in school fees; while the public

contribution (from the State, the Department and the Communes) amounts to 4,150,000 fr. Making allowance for bursaries the public funds in France accordingly pay somewhat less than half the cost of secondary education in the *Lycées*. The expenses of the *Collèges Communaux* are defrayed on nearly the same principles.

A similar state of things is found in Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and in fact in all countries where there is a sufficient supply of secondary education with proper guarantees for its efficiency. The universal experience of these countries is that the natural demand for higher schools cannot be satisfied without invoking to a considerable extent the aid of State funds, and none of their governments, whether aristocratic or democratic, hesitate to sanction the necessary demands.

We have thus far considered the claim of the middle classes to a fair share of public support for their schools as a plea for justice. We have insisted that the State which maintains various grades of schools up to, but stopping short at the Secondary Schools of the middle classes, should take the further step, required alike by logic and justice, of giving these schools a reasonable measure of support. We would now point out some of the advantages which would be secured to secondary education and to the middle classes by such a support and control of their schools.

It is in the first place the only sure means of providing the necessary supply of higher schools for the country at large. We have seen how incomplete the supply of Secondary Schools at present is, with the result that some large towns have no Secondary Schools, while small towns have, and that a small Secondary School may have double the endowment of a large one. This is not picturesque variety—it is utter confusion. A proper contribution to secondary education in proportion to the population of the larger towns would secure a uniform supply of secondary, as of elementary schools. The public grants should no doubt in part be derived from local rates: but the area of rating for Secondary Schools should be extended from the burgh or parish to the county or division of a county, so that the larger towns should not bear the whole expense of

providing such education for the surrounding district. This difficulty might also be solved, as it is in Germany, by charging somewhat higher fees for children whose parents are not tax-payers within the area of rating.

With a change in the system of rating schools also come a change of management. The present School Boards are not fit managers of Secondary Schools. Many of their members have had no secondary education themselves, and few of them have any idea of the complicated organization and working of a Secondary School. They are chosen for the comparatively easy task of supervising elementary education; and in a good many cases they simply represent the cause of economy. But the scheme of elementary education is so fully laid down in the code, and the government inspector is so uncompromising an advocate of efficiency, that the School Boards are not likely to go far wrong. In the sphere of secondary education the case is altogether different. The Boards have no programme of studies to guide them, no public authority to control or advise them, and no competent acquaintance with the work which they supervise. Their management of Secondary Schools is therefore unskilled, and, as a rule, unsympathetic. They are elected mainly by the working classes, who think only of their own education, and regard expenditure on secondary education as a luxury to be cut down to the lowest limit. The Boards, in short, don't know what is wanted; if they did, they don't know how to provide it; and even if they knew, they have not the necessary freedom or authority. It would be a very simple thing to devise a much fitter governing body, consisting say of two or three representatives from Town Councils, one from the Commissioners of Supply, the sheriff resident in the division of the county, a professional and eminent educationist, and a government assessor.

Some public inspection of higher schools would probably accompany these changes, as a much needed guarantee of efficiency. There is at present in most cases an annual inspection of higher schools under School Board management. But it is conducted by inspectors appointed from year to year by the School Boards themselves. These inspectors have no

public authority, no common standard of examination, and, in many cases, little previous experience in such work. Their reports, therefore, cannot have much value for purposes of comparison. Moreover, being appointed and paid by the particular School Board, and perhaps desiring to be re-appointed, they have not the independence necessary for giving a perfectly candid and discriminating report. Finally, as their reports are not usually made public, the individual parent has no means of judging of the school; and if, in the case of an unfavourable report, the School Board acquiesce in the inefficiency of the school, there is no remedy at hand. A judicious system of public inspection would remove these draw-backs. It would require, of course, to be much more elastic and much less minute than that applied to elementary schools, but it could easily be devised so as to help and stimulate secondary education.

The proper organisation and support of our higher schools would also make education cheaper. The fees at present charged in High Schools in the provinces in Scotland are not very heavy, rarely exceeding £10 per annum; but in many of these cases this apparent cheapness is purchased by an undue curtailment of the staff, and an insufficient subdivision of the work. In larger towns the fees are greater: in the schools recently established by the 'Girls' Public School Company' in England, they rise as high as £25 per annum. These fees may be moderate compared with the exorbitant charges of many boarding schools; but they are much higher than the corresponding fees in France and Germany. The maximum fees in the *Lycées* and *Collèges Communaux* of France vary in different parts of the country from £5 to £10 per annum. In the German *Gymnasien* they are from £3 to £6, while the highest fee in the 'Girls' High School' in Dresden is £6 per annum. It must also be remembered that in France and Germany these fees procure an education not of doubtful, but of guaranteed efficiency.

Much might be said of the great loss which the middle classes sustain by the very inadequate provision of education suited to their wants. Their commercial and political influence

are alike threatened by the present state of things. In commerce, the growing keenness of international competition is aggravated by the want of technical and scientific knowledge, which too often marks the small capitalist in this country. In politics, the power tends more and more to originate with the toiling masses, and to be entrusted to the hands of a few pre-eminent men, without the controlling check which should be supplied by the influence of an educated middle class. The middle classes of this country are not getting the same advantages that are enjoyed by the corresponding classes in other countries. As Mr. Matthew Arnold says, in France 160,000 children of the middle classes are getting the best education which our century can afford in schools, whose efficiency is guaranteed by the State. In England, with a population of about equal numbers, there are not more than 30,000 receiving an education with any equivalent guarantee for its efficiency. In other words, the French and the German middle classes are being educated on the first educational plane, the English on the second. At the same time the working classes in this country are now, as a whole, receiving an education which is of guaranteed efficiency: they are taking advantage of it, and will tread fast on the heels of the middle class.

The middle class for the satisfaction of their wants have only themselves to look to. The working classes are provided for, and naturally do not concern themselves about those above them: nay, through the present School Boards they wield an influence which is positively unfavourable to middle class education and to the measures necessary for its support. As little may they look for help from the aristocracy and the wealthy classes, who can afford to pay an exorbitant price for education as a luxury. The upper classes prefer to have schools of their own, to subordinate educational to social distinctions, and thus to isolate themselves from the middle classes, in whose education they take no interest. They therefore do not countenance a movement for a national system of higher education. As the acute critic whom we have repeatedly quoted, points out, the aristocracy is naturally indifferent or even hostile to the general educational progress of the middle classes, into whose

hands more political and social influence would be placed by a higher culture. The aristocracy do not want 'to create competitors for their own children.' They welcome, no doubt, to their own ranks the few individuals who get what the present ill-organised system of education can give them, and who struggle through from obscurity to eminence by commercial success. But where one remarkable man succeeds, twenty average men are defrauded of educational development and the career which it opens. 'The individual is filled, and the public is sent empty away.'

The middle class, however, do not need the patronage of any other section of the community, in order to secure a culture suitable to their social position: they have the power to get what they want, if they determine to use it. Hitherto they have not combined for this purpose, they have not expressed their wishes, they have not urged them upon their political representatives and leaders. And so successive governments pay very little attention to their wants. As our critic exclaimed some years ago: 'Twenty-three articles in the Liberal programme, and middle class education is not one of them!' But this class will evidently not be content to remain much longer the milch-cow of the educational system. They will insist on having the rights as well as the burdens of citizenship. Their interest in the reputed problems of the day, such as county franchise or disestablishment, is after all a very small or even a sentimental one. But it is a vital question for them whether their children shall receive a full and suitable culture, and the training necessary to maintain their social position. Let them give their political representatives a respite from disputed and unprofitable topics: and let them in season and out of season urge this all-important subject on their notice: and before long their just claims will be admitted, and their wants supplied.

Art. II.—EMERSON'S SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

'OUR expense is almost all for conformity . . . . it is for cake that we run into debt.' These remarks of Emerson — quaint in their simplicity — strike hard at the root of certain evils in the present which threaten to develope into terrible dangers for the future. They lay bare the principle underlying certain false modes of life which can only exist by the oppression of many individuals, and which tend to the disintegration of society. Yet they were uttered by one who appreciated as fully as any man could, the true value of custom; for Emerson was ever ready to acknowledge that the majority of social traditions, foolish and dead though they may now be, have lived and had their origin in some real need. He himself says that

> 'Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is virtue gone to seed.'

and elsewhere—

> 'Fashion is funded talent.'
>
> . . . . .
>
> 'There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage . . . .
>
> 'Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and baroness copy very fast, and by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction.'

And he tells us, speaking of the difficulties which every man would find in ordering his own life if he had to decide each particular of it himself.

> 'Help comes in the custom of the country . . . I know not how to build or to plant. . . . Never fear; it is all settled how it should be, long beforehand, in the custom of the country.'

Of genius itself he observes—

> 'Every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people, and in his love of the materials he wrought in. What an economy of power! and what a compensation for the shortness of life! all is done to his hand. The world has brought him thus far on his way. The human race has gone out before him, sunk the hills, filled

the hollows, and bridged the rivers. Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labours. Choose any other thing, out of the line of tendency, out of the national feeling and history, and he would have all to do for himself; his powers would be expended in the first preparations.'

It is evident that Emerson was no mere enemy of 'custom,' or the existing order of things. He desired to disturb nothing that did not stand in the way of something better. He even teaches us that where fashion is no hindrance to us we may use it as a help. His denunciations of the social weakness which he designated as 'conformity,' have therefore the more weight as coming from one who did not love change and eccentricity for their own sake, but who perceived, in his serene wisdom, that virtue can hardly be attained by the majority without a manly independence of life; that a sacrifice must be made, whenever facts require it, of the form to the spirit; and that, if a man wishes to reach excellence in anything, he must be prepared to abandon the non-essentials of existence for the sake of the essentials.

If we look into almost any modern book, whether of history, of travel, of biography, or of romance, we see how wide-spread is the evil against which he spoke so strongly. From the savage who sallies out of his rude shelter to slaughter beasts little more savage than himself, to the European who lives refinedly and studies the wisdom of all ages, the folly extends.

The ryot of the Deccan, who is contented to spend sixpence a week on his own requirements, is nevertheless weighted by money embarrassments as heavily as any younger son who is a slave to the requirements of a hereditary luxury. For the frugal Hindoo, whose food and clothing are of the simplest, spends his life struggling to pay off, with extortionate interest, his father's marriage debts; and he hands down to his descendants a similar burden, incurred probably for the sake of paying the cost of his daughter's wedding. He will ask, Mr. Wedderburn tells us, for a year's wages in advance for this purpose; and rather than forego the useless expenditure which is customary on such an occasion, he would kill his daughter in infancy, and so save his household from the disgrace of an unceremonial marriage.

This conduct seems to us strange enough; whole lives are ren-

dered hard and anxious in order to achieve a result which is in itself nothing—an illusion—a fallacy—a mere *compliance* or conformity with what has been done before on a similar occasion. Perhaps there was once a reason for such an arrangement, now at least there is none; there are, on the contrary, many reasons against it; nevertheless, the thing must be done; the dead old form must continue to stifle human lives.

But although we look at the Hindoo with wonder, we may see the same thing near home. The Oxford student hampers his future career for the sake of having cigars and wine like other men, even if he does not care for them himself. The young wife encourages her husband to buy furniture which is not essential to the comfort of either, simply because her friends have such things 'as a matter of course,' and the young couple start life under real difficulties in order to supply themselves with apparent luxuries.

And so it goes on through all the ranks and ranges of society, until we find among the customs of 'respectable' people something very like robbery. There has come to be actually a certain conscientiousness in adherence to fashionable vices, not unlike that which sustains the Hindoo in his self-inflicted miseries, and encourages the savage in his immoral habits. We are not ashamed of procuring luxuries without paying for them, but rather of going without such luxuries when we cannot afford them. If we are detected in acts of personal self-denial, which are simply our duty and not works of supererogation—we blush guiltily; but we ask boldly for sympathy when we find it impossible to meet the cost of our self-indulgence. That 'trade is bad' is a sufficient excuse for paying sixpence in the pound of our debts and calling ourselves martyrs; it is no reason for diminishing our establishment and retrenching our expenditure. Our individual life is to us no sacred thing for which we are responsible; it is no more than a block round which to hang customs and fashions as we find them. We desire the utmost legal freedom and immunity from public burdens; but it is only that we may embarrass ourselves the more thoroughly with the trammels of sacred habits. No tax for the general good costs us so much as our subservience to senseless fashions; yet we

cry out piteously under the burden of our necessary contributions to the commonwealth, and great rulers, hearing us, grow as timid as the shopkeepers who are afraid of offending their best customers by pressing for payment of their account; governments follow the example of individuals, thrusting the responsibilities of their conduct on the shoulders of their descendants, and mortgaging the unrealized future for the realizable present.

Emerson tells us that, 'Poverty demoralizes.' It is not, however, poverty absolute which demoralizes so much as poverty comparative; especially that contraction of habits of expense without regard to means of outlay which is so common in society. The most dangerous of all is the poverty of character which cannot give dignity to personal life without the aid of extraneous circumstances, and which is obliged to sell all its possibilities of usefulness, all its freedom of action, all its larger aims, in order to satisfy the petty demands of extraneous custom. Few of us dare to retain our own freedom in the face of our neighbours' opinions; and yet, had we but courage to put it to the proof, we should find that the world will give us the position which we choose to take, and will respect and judge us accordingly. We do not purchase its indulgence by an easy subservience to its decrees; rather do we secure its life-long tyranny. 'What forests of laurel we bring,' Emerson reminds us, 'and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries! The measure of a master is his success in bringing all men round to his opinion twenty years later.'

Happily, the nobler part of our nature requires few extraneous means for its satisfaction. It is the folly and not the wisdom of mankind that costs so much. We are almost tired of hearing that if we would win happiness in another world, we must deny ourselves in this; but it is not sufficiently received among the theoretical bases of our life that in this world itself it is necessary to choose between the sorts of good which we shall strive to attain, and to deny ourselves in one direction if we would satisfy ourselves in another. We lead our boys and girls to suppose, from the quality of the advice, and the nature of the

education which we give them, that they may gratify their nobler ambitions and their love of personal comfort at the same moment, merely by the wise choice of a career. Yet we know, as St. Paul reminded the Christians of Corinth so long ago, that a man who strives after special success must not be hampered and encumbered by the necessity of satisfying a multiplicity of personal desires; he 'keeps a curb upon himself in all things,' as it is rendered in the recently-published translation of Dr. Dewes. He must act like a traveller on a difficult journey of discovery, who, in the choice of his luggage, selects that which will further his purpose rather than that which will minister to his comfort by the way. He knows that if he cannot travel without luxuries, he had better make up his mind to stay at home. And so we should acknowledge in our instructions, and give full weight in our counsels to the fact, that if we cultivate habits of self-indulgence in trifles, we shall probably be obliged ultimately to sacrifice our preferences in greater things. If, on the other hand, we preserve a noble economy in our pleasures, we accumulate a moral capital for which we shall certainly in the future find a fitting investment. 'A man in debt is,' Emerson tells us, 'so far a slave,' though he be but in debt to his own acquired habits; for these demand continual satisfaction, and are the most difficult of all creditors to get rid of. Such a man is sold to his own foolish past,—a self-imposed master from whom he cannot escape. The history of Lydgate in *Middlemarch* repeats itself continually in social life. Many a one begins, as he did, with the finest intentions, who is soon as hopelessly embarrassed by concessions to the habits of a narrow-minded class. Society witnesses hundreds of such tragic wrecks of fair possibilities on the shoals of its inflexible customs; noble ambitions are yielded to the necessity of keeping a parlour maid; philosophy must give place to the laws of the cookery book; and brave men put their freedom in pawn—as did the *Middlemarch* surgeon—for the sake of a correct dinner service.

Emerson tells us, however, not only that our housekeeping should cease to cripple us; he dares also to say that it should be made to raise and inspire us. 'I ought to be armed by every part and function of my household, by all my social function, by my

economy, by my feasting, by my voting, by my traffic.' Surely this is a 'hard saying.' It is comparatively easy for a man to pour all his virtue into one channel, and to make up by excess of effort in a given direction for his failure and defect in another. But it is so difficult to attain to Emerson's ideal, and to be inspired instead of crippled by the commoner functions of life, that men have in all times endeavoured to escape from these, as a preliminary to their entrance upon higher ambitions. Some have donned the garb of a brotherhood to escape from the bondage of fashionable clothes; others have retired into monasteries tc avoid the expense and interference of an ordinary household. Again, most of us find it so difficult to work nobly for wages that we seek to escape from this necessity and to reach a standpoint whence we may bestow our labour gratuitously on the world, and so avoid alike its criticisms and its temptations.

Even this ambition is not of the noblest; for no man should make it his chief device to reach a position which *must* be an exceptional one; his aim should rather be to live satisfactorily in positions open to all. To be upright in the tangled relationships forced on us by the common give and take of unprivileged social struggle is a very much finer thing than to be upright from a vantage ground of unnatural—because it is necessarily exceptional—independence. Faraday was a greater man in refusing to make a fortune, than many a one who has made a fortune and devoted it all to benevolent purposes. It is in the struggle of conflicting interests, it is amid the perplexities of conflicting duties, surrounded by the ambiguities of labour and barter, that a manly virtue has its highest test. If we can do good to the world by and not only *while* earning our daily bread, although we have nothing left to spare for gifts, we are performing a better part in the economy of nature than the millionaire who has made a fortune 'anyhow,' and founded hospitals by the dozen. We must be wholly helpful, pure, and, as far as possible, self-dependent, in all we do; so that the course of our commonplace actions may be a purifying, invigorating, wealth-making current, (however small,) in the social body to which we belong. The difference between a truly healthy career and some charitable lives is like that between a fine tree which affords shelter, offers fruit, shadows a stream,

and leaves the air sweeter than it found it near its own home, and a smoke-vomiting and evil-smelling manufactory, which pollutes the atmosphere, blackens the skies, destroys vegetation, and, possibly, having made a wilderness around it, sends gifts of wealth to some distant place.

Emerson teaches us to stand by the duties that are nearest to us. Even those who hold most firmly that the world is given up to the spirit of evil believe that it originally belonged to the spirit of good: Emerson bids us not therefore to abandon the kingdom to the enemy, but rather to remain in the breaches and assist in its re-conquest. Let the Devil—so he seems to say to us—find himself nowhere in complete possession. Let him meet his opponents in the street and the drawing-room, as well as in the pulpit and library; let no part or function of human life be wholly yielded to him; let him find champions ready to challenge his laws in the household, in the shop, on the exchange, in places of amusement, and in the seats of government. Let it no longer be possible for men to plead the universal customs of business as their justification when goods do not prove equal to sample, and advertised contracts are left altogether unfulfilled. In every office and station of life let there be found those who give the lie to all false statements: and then the cowards, who creep under rotten inventions, seeking their own degraded interest therein—'rats' behind the arras of accredited iniquity—will not fail to find here and there a social Hamlet ready to strike hard with the dagger of truth. Such is the spirit of the teaching of Emerson, and, though it is not given to many of us to 'plant the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into chaos'—as he finely says of Shakespeare—we can at least hoist it over those spots in the world which it is appointed unto us to hold; we need not wait for a holiday in order to take it and fix it somewhere in the open: nor must we long for the shelter of 'independence,' or the support of universal approbation. We must fight from our door-steps if necessary, and turn our plough-shares into swords, our tools into weapons, in the service of truth. There is nothing useful, nothing common, nothing necessary, of which we may wash our hands clean and leave it to the management of the lovers of evil; there is nothing pleasant, nothing

beautiful, nothing kindly, which we can afford to do without and leave as a help or a handle to those who are the enemies of truth. Our most trifling habits should speak as clearly as a written book in the interests of actuality. 'Veracity first of all and for ever; Rien de beau que le vrai.' They should fit our lives as well-made clothes fit our bodies, and should express our thoughts and purposes as these do our movements and limbs. We should not be content to wear the cast-off mental garments of some one else, nor to secure those ready-made spiritual costumes which can be bought at any street corner. If economy is necessary somewhere, let it go in the direction of superfluous trimmings; for tawdry finery of ceremonial hung about cheap and worthless lives, is as obnoxious to the best taste, as flimsy decoration upon poor and vulgar dresses. Our chief expenditure should be on the side of our serious ambitions, our limitations and retrenchments on that of our trivial preferences. Emerson says—

> 'We should be rich to great purposes; poor only for selfish ones. . . . Profligacy consists not in spending years of time or chests of money, but in spending them off the line of your career. . . . . Nothing is beneath you, if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable, if it is off from that. . . . . It is a large stride to independence when a man, in the discovery of his proper talent, has sunk the necessity for false expenses. As the betrothed maiden, by one secure affection, is relieved from a system of slaveries—the daily inculcated necessity of pleasing all—so the man who has found what he can do, can spend on that, and leave all other spending.'

The majority of us act on quite another system. We spend, first, to be like others, and then to surpass them. Thus our ambitions are purely comparative, and we never even approach their satisfaction. The whole of society becomes more extravagant and unthrifty, that each individual may outshine the other; and meanwhile each individual keeps the same relationship to his neighbours, and so gains nothing in the general advance;—but the community is a step nearer ruin. The behaviour of society is like that of a crowd at a show, in which every man stands up in order to see over his neighbours' heads; whereas if every man sat down, all would see just as well.

The thrifty and thoughtful are heavily taxed by the thriftless and thoughtless in this matter. It is the bankrupt who raises the wages of servants beyond their value, who runs up the prices of goods to cover the losses caused by bad debts, so that we pay dearly for articles which half-starved workers have produced cheaply enough; it is he who, by his wasteful expenditure, makes life costly for the honest and careful, who originates, in every department of life, habits of extravagance against which the prudent must with difficulty contend. He finds encouragement to reckless expenditure in the general belief that the mere using up of material which has been produced with difficulty, must contribute to the common prosperity. Such a theory is exemplified in the proverb that it is good for the glazier when a pane of glass is broken. Yet expenditure, which is merely destruction, and which is altogether unconsidered and unbeneficial, cannot for long remain the support of any class of men, except by making that class a burden on the rest of the community. The repeated breaking of panes of glass could only, at the best, encourage the rise of an immoderate number of glaziers: and if a man breaks twice as many panes of glass in a year as he can afford to have replaced, and ends—as frequently happens—by paying only for half of them, the glazier has to do double work without increased profit, or else the neighbourhood must be indirectly taxed by the increased cost of panes of glass, to pay for the one consumer's waste.

It is important, then, to the general welfare, that individuals should not, by their personal habits, give encouragement to the theory that any waste can be harmless, or any extravagance beneficial. The efforts of all should be to produce rather than to spend. Much economy of social forms and brevity of ceremonial, will be pardoned in those who have proved that they are *doing* something in the world. It is only when the religion of work has little place in our lives, that our own consciences and that of our neighbours must be satisfied by a strict ritual of appearances. We shall find the highest freedom from trivial demands in a sufficient devotion to one good end.

'A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and

proper to him—an immunity from all the observances, yes, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members.'

We shall even discover that, in the end, society itself respects us for our withdrawal from its ranks, and is thankful to every man who dares to represent a fact, and is not content to be a mere reflection of the eddying superficialities of his time.

There is an old proverb to the effect that a bad workman finds fault with his tools, and so it is that a poor economist finds fault with all the circumstances of his life. Custom, position, his neighbours, his locality, his income, everything has been in his way and dictated to him what he must be instead of leaving him free to be what he would. Feeble persons always say that circumstances have been against them, and that all they wanted was opportunity. A wise man, however, makes his opportunity, and converts his hindrances into material.

'A master in each art is required, because the practice is never with still or dead subjects, but they change in your hands.'

In the art of life and in dealing with the weight of social customs, a master is especially required, a mere servant will not be sufficient; some one is needed who is capable of choice and decision, who can command as well as obey, reject as well as accept. Emerson's rule for our guidance in this matter is both simple and sufficient, namely, that we should conform to all harmless customs that are in the line of our own work, and will help it forward, and reject all that cross our appointed pathway, and would turn us aside from it. We should neither waste the strength needed for higher things in useless attacks upon custom nor in foolish devotion to it. We should rise above the trammels of fashion instead of beating against their boundaries.

We cannot all hope to bring the world round to our opinions twenty years later, nor yet to be rewarded by 'forests of laurel and the tears of mankind,' but we may compensate society for neglect of its minor observances by seriousness of purpose, and singleness of aim in more important concerns. In such moral contributions we shall bestow more benefit upon our contemporaries than by the correctest accumulation of household appliances, or the completest fulfilment of social etiquette.

'He can well afford not to conciliate, whose faithful work will answer for him.'

There may be writers of our time who have surpassed Emerson in their power of kindling enthusiasm, and appealing to the imagination, but he is without equal in his capacity for reducing the vague fervour of ardent aspiration to practical resolutions. Others provide us with the elements of well-doing, Emerson's teaching resolves them into a form convenient for daily use; it is the chemical agent which brings the latent power into serviceable action. And so wide are the principles from which he deduces his theories that these prove as universal in application as they are precise in detail. When he discourses to us of wealth, of morals, of work, or of manners, he speaks so completely from within outwards, that he seems to have wrapped up the whole philosophy of the subject in a few short sentences, and to have said the last word that need be said upon it. It is not wonderful that so practical a man as Professor Tyndall should tell us concerning him—'If anyone can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson; whatever I have done the world owes to him.' And the teaching which inspired the experimental scientist is equally helpful to the poet, the capitalist, the toiling workman, and the careful housewife. For Emerson tells us that it is not so much the kind of work as the quality of it which is of vital consequence.

'Is he anybody? does he stand for something? He must be good of his kind. That is all that Talleyrand, all that State Street asks. . . . . Able men do not care in what kind a man is able, so only that he is able. A master likes a master, and does not stipulate whether it be orator, artist, craftsman, or king.'

It is not towards careers which are closed to us, or opportunities which we never had, that Emerson bids us turn our eyes. *Here* and *now* is the golden occasion for the development of true manhood and true womanhood. 'The less opportunity the more necessity' may be said of all aspirations after a perfect life. At no moment is it impossible; under no circumstances is it out of place. We must find the essential elements for its realization in ourselves or we shall find them nowhere else.

'Out of love and hatred, out of earnings, and borrowings, and lendings,

and losses; out of sickness and pain; out of wooing and worshipping; out of travelling, and voting, and watching, and caring; out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slip his lesson: let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavour exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before *him*. And thus, by punctual action, and not by promises or dreams, believing, as in God, in the presence and favour of the grandest influences, let him deserve that favour, and learn how to receive and use it, by fidelity also to the lower observances.'

Emerson was as generous in his private judgments as he was genial in his public precepts. We are told, in Mr. Ireland's *Personal Recollections*, that he greeted every man 'as if he expected to hear from him a wiser word than had yet been spoken;' that he fascinated the young by his simple graciousness of manner, which implied his expectation of receiving as much as he gave in the coming interchange of thoughts. He was true to his own noble law of fine behaviour.

'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.'

If at the end of his long life he looked back at that description of himself which he had given nearly fifty years before, he must have felt that he had not altogether—to us it seems that he had not at all—failed to fulfil his own ideal. 'You express a desire to know something of myself,' he says in a letter which left Concord for Craigenputtock in 1834, 'Account me a drop in the ocean seeking another drop, or God-ward, striving to keep so true a sphericity as to receive the due ray from every point of the concave heaven.'

Clear and pure indeed he kept that crystal of his soul which was to give back to the world the rays of truth it waited to receive. Something cold there might be in his excellence, something of the chilly brightness of a frosty morning even in the geniality of his precepts; but fine and pure they were as the atmosphere of a starlit night; untainted by any mean thing and unpolluted by any coarse thing; healthy and invigorating as clear spring water. The reveller will not find therein the beverage which can intoxicate his imagination or delight his senses; the

ease-lover will not seek there the opium-draught which shall lull his nerves to drowsiness and deaden his intelligence to stupidity; the worn-out prodigal will not discover the pleasant prescription which can heal his injured self-satisfaction with a false and cynical philosophy; nor will persistent sinners thence elicit any counter-acting drug which may permit them to linger in the haunts of disease while it holds them securely in the kingdom of health and life. Emerson does not deal in quack nostrums such as these; he has no recipes for a safe continuance in the ways of sickness and death. In that pure thought-river which we call the writings of Emerson no moral disease will find its propagating medium, and no spiritual poison will ever be communicated by its means. The traveller who seeks the far heights of noble achievement, and the way-faring man who follows the paths of honest labour in the valleys of obscurity, may alike drink of this stream flowing unpolluted from the mountain tops, and pass onwards with a gladdened and invigorated heart.

Art. III.—SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—1707.

I.

SCOTLAND in 1707! Not so long ago, yet perhaps few of us have anything like a true image of the time before our minds. England, at least London, in 1707, we are all pretty familiar with; but how many of us have even so much as tried to realise the daily life and circumstances of the Scottish contemporaries of Sir Roger de Coverley? Do our readers start at the singularity of the question? We have long noticed that the period of Scottish history between the Revolution of 1688 and the Rebellion of 1745, and its chief and central event, the Union, has no place in the national memory. You hear often enough of the old heroic days when Presbytery and Prelacy were locked in the death grip, and how, after the long agony, rest came to the wearied but still defiant land; and of the stout-heartedness of Melville and our first Pilgrim fathers,

and of the way they braved and bore the wrath of King James; and of Knox, whom neither queen nor noble could cajole from his severe and splendid singleness of purpose: but you do not hear of the men who devised the measure which put an end to feud and dispeace between the two kingdoms, and who carried it in the teeth of all opposition, being assured of the truth of the prophecies of their own hearts that such a measure would be the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Scotland. You hear of Bannockburn, and how it turned the tide of conquest from King Robert's throne; but you never hear of the Union as being one of the great victories of Peace, and not less fruitful than it of lasting blessings. This ought not so to be. The sooner we see this period in its actual form and movement, and mark its relation to the periods which immediately come before and follow after it, the better. It has very great intrinsic interest. We shall not find the delight in its pictures which we find in the pages of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, and their pictures of contemporary English life. Indeed, no two things can be more unlike than 'merry England' and 'puir Scotland,' at the opening of the eighteenth century. Yet we shall not have to go away empty.

The Union was no revolution; yet it is one of the few conspicuous landmarks in Scottish history where we pass, and are sensible that we pass, from one region with its characteristic scenery and traditions into another region, like yet unlike, the same yet wonderfully changed. Not greater are the contrasts of Scottish landscape. The carse which broadens down from the hills in greenest haughs, and the dale and strath which stretch in upland and meadow and moor, when seen drenched by the pitiless mists so common to them, are pictures of grim cheerlessness and general hardness of lot. But the same scenes under a clear April or Autumnal sky present pictures of pastoral beauty and examples of energy and thrift unsurpassed in other lands. In like manner is it with her history. The first of May, 1707, was the morning of a new era. The Middle period of Scottish history then came to its close; its Modern period then began. In the hundred and eighty years which have since elapsed, a change almost fabulous has passed over Scot-

land. Steadily, if slowly, the nation rose to its opportunities as well as to its pledges, unhindered by Sentiment and its perpetual shadow Discontent. For the first half of the century, it is true, little progress was made. It was the raw day of early spring. But gradually the land smiled; the thorns and the thistles of Jacobitism were cleared from the ground; the surly political mood of an influential portion of the people passed; and, freed from the old impediments, the national vigour burst forth with irrepressible vitality, and in new forms of Industrial enterprise—in Philosophy, in Literature, in Science, in Politics—expressed itself in a way as original and influential as brilliant.

To describe this, to mark the first stirrings of the Modern spirit and its steady leavening influence, is not what is attempted in the following pages. Their object is to do what is preparatory to this, and necessary to its true comprehension—to describe *the general condition of Scotland when on the eve of this change:* in other words, to mark the relation of this period, 1688-1707, to the period which followed it. If we truly know what was the condition of Scotland at the opening of the eighteenth century, we should easily be able to mark wherein the Past differed from the Present, and in what, if in any, degree or circumstance we have made national progress. There is a considerable class who are always looking back to what they picturesquely and pathetically call 'the good old times.' To this class the period referred to has a charm which cannot be broken. The world they say was better then: life was truer and nobler: the hills that girdled the plains were the Delectable mountains: the Land of Beulah was never far off. But to speak in this way is to idealise, and although it always has been natural to man to do this, it ought to be remembered that some of the most extravagant and impossible conceptions of byegone times are due to this humour of blaming the present and admiring the past.* Let us not idealise; let us try to see what the facts of that period plainly show, and hear what they unanimously and distinctly tell.

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* *Hume's Essays:* On Populousness of Ancient Nations. *Macaulay's History of England*, opening and closing paragraphs of third chapter.

II.

It was not till towards the end of the eighteenth century that Scotland was really one, politically and territorially: it must always be borne in mind, therefore, that in 1707 Scotland was that part of Great Britain which lies between Dumbarton and Perth on the north, and the Tweed on the south, including the towns on the north-east coast, and a few baronies in the great straths. These collectively were the Lowlands. They had a population which numbered a little over one million. This body of people was pretty evenly distributed over the country, and was either immediately engaged in farming or in the small trades incident to home-consumption, as we still see in Peebles, Haddington, Selkirk. The villages and hamlets, each seldom more than a few turf or thatch-covered houses in double row, were mean and uncleanly, and unbrightened by the fresh and simple beauty of flower and tendril by porch or window, or bit of garden or greensward by the door. Some of these still survive in the remote districts, and enable us to see what the old Scottish village was, and to judge whether the author of *Waverley* and the authoress of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie* spoke falsely or truly in their very unsavoury descriptions of it.* The towns, with only one or two exceptions, were not so big as most modern mining or manufacturing or watering villages; and their uneven, grass-grown streets were fewer in number than the centuries which had passed since their charters had been granted. Whatever they had once been, or promised to be, in commercial enterprise, they were now stricken with the stillness and stupor of decay, and their burgesses, living in the pause which comes betwixt the close of one epoch and the dawn of another, could only live on the recollections of the past, grumble at the present, and forbode ill of the future. Scottish history from the War of Independence to the Revolution of 1688, is simply a succession of scenes which

* Everybody must know Scott's description of Tullyveolan, *Waverley*, ch. 8. Although Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie* is out of date now, it is a striking and faithful picture of old Scottish life. *Waverley*, ch. 72.

prove the existence of a state of things in which it was impossible to plough and sow, to weave and build, to extend trade, to introduce manufactures, to gather wealth, to find leisure to think, to observe, to adventure, to invent. The whirl of events drew in and swept on every man. For generations the deepest and the darkest passions of our nature were moved to their depths, either by political or religious questions. Households were rent in twain and lived apart in open, mutual hatred. Irresistibly compelled by the logic of their feelings, all men took sides. As the religious crisis deepened, they felt that the one thing to live for was the spread and success of the particular dogma in which they each believed. It was neither Trade nor Money which men then cared most for. The motive power of action was the hope of the triumph of ideas which seemed to them to be Absolute Truth, fixed in the nature of things. Grasping these with an uncompromising realism, all their energy and time were consumed in struggling for their general adoption and spread.

It would have been strange if a country in these circumstances, so poor in itself and so distant from the chief centres of commerce, had shown any greatness of Trade, and the refinement, the luxury, the art, which always follow in due time upon the possession of wealth. Many of these burghs owed their importance to other causes than trade. St. Andrews, Dunfermline, and Melrose, for instance, were dependent upon the Cathedral or great Abbey; Edinburgh, Stirling, and Linlithgow, upon the Royal Castle or desmesne; and towns like Elgin and Arbroath, where bishops had early fixed their sees, had a special means of income of their own. These are the towns which figure in the Middle Period of Scottish history, as centres of Religion, of Learning, of Political life; all the others, excepting Berwick-on-Tweed and Aberdeen, lived by a petty home trade.

The general character and the social and moral atmosphere ot the old Scottish burgh, we can fortunately realise to the life from the Burgh Records now in course of publication; and certainly they exhibit one of the most interesting, if also unattractive aspects of our history. Created by David I. the Alfred and the

Augustus of Early Scotland,* the laws he framed for them were after the law which regulated the trade of the larger European marts, and which he had seen in operation during his residence in England, where the State, for so long through the great London Companies, took a paternal care of the interests of the people.† These burghal laws and privileges fairly answered their primary objects; they encouraged both baron and bishop to gather their men and serfs for peaceful purposes into little lots, and when so gathered helped and protected them in their infant efforts and trade, and their rude beginnings in civilisation. But what was perhaps really necessary for the burghs in their first, that is, their feudal stage, was likely to prove to be both hindersome and harmful when the country passed beyond it. And this these laws had become previous to the eighteenth century. In the early part of it, and simultaneous with the rise of the mercantile spirit, serious complaints and definite objections were common.‡ Nor could it be otherwise. Monopoly was the one regulative principle of all production, which, with the privileges enjoyed and of course jealously held by the principal crafts, made extension of trade by the natural play of the laws of supply and demand an impossibility, and every craft a close, aristocratic body. No doubt the burgh laws sought to protect the buyer from the knavery of the maker, and to ensure honest and faithful dealing between man and man. But if they generally succeeded in ensuring, in that simple phase of commercial development, to every man that the article sold should be sound, it is certain that they succeeded in making it dear and scarce. The corn which was brought to the market might be extremely good, but as none was or could be imported, Monopoly, the parent of Scarcity, now and then slew its hundreds by Famine. The cloth which was declared to be of honest make, was after all no better than what could be shown by neighbouring 'unfreemen;' but, as a privileged article, was of course much higher priced.

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* *Robertson's Scotland Under Her Early Kings*, Vol. I. pp. 318-20.

† *Froude's History of England*, ch. i.

‡ *The Interest of Scotland Considered.* Edinburgh, 1733, pp. 50-58.

As we linger over the pages of the Burgh Records, a picture of the Trade and Finance of those byegone days, more vivid and accurate than we get anywhere else, rises distinctly before us. The old times live again. The exceeding smallness of the interests involved, and the absence of every sign of plenty and comfort and growing wealth, with their natural tendencies to expansiveness in new and more ambitious forms are visible on every page. Money is a mere name. The chill and dismal quiet of an extremely poor country, which has no resources or knows of none, are everywhere felt. The waggon and the warehouse are unknown; the bank and the exchange are not yet dreamt of. And as distinctly visible is this other proof of a primitive order of society, or a narrow range of interests—namely, the incessant interference of the authorities with the free current of trade and labour and general social life. Nothing indeed can be conceived so absurd as not to have been, under the pretence of promoting honesty of dealing, good order or religion, subject to this meddlesomeness. So unlike is this, and the laws which created and sanctioned it, to anything in the present day, that the illustrations of it in those pages may be referred to as exhibiting in the clearest light the chief points of difference between the Middle and the Modern periods of Scottish history.

We shall realise this difference when we descend into and dwell upon details. Fletcher of Saltoun, no favourer of the Union, speaks of Scotland having one-fifth of the population, but only one-thirtieth of the wealth of England.* And his statement agrees with all we know. The entire currency of Scotland at the time of the Union was little more than half a million sterling,† which is less than the private fortune of many living Englishmen; and gold coin was so seldom seen among the people that it is all but certain the word silver, or in Scots phrase 'siller,' became in consequence the national synonym for money.‡ A fraction of a farthing, as Mr. Burton

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* First Discourse.

† *Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland,* Vol. III., p. 332.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 212.

points out, was one of the coins of the realm![*] Like the 'cowrie' of the savage, this coin truly indicated the social condition of the nation it circulated among, and exactly measured its commercial dealings. The Scots laird estimated his income in bolls of meal and malt. The clergyman and schoolmaster were chiefly paid in kind, the latter sometimes altogether so. In 1707, the whole customs and excise only amounted to £65,000, and the total exports to England in cattle, linen, fish, &c., did not reach the sum of £500,000. The statement, therefore, that the Bank of Scotland could not circulate thirty thousand pounds a-year during the first thirty years of its existence—that is, until the first quarter of the eighteenth century had passed, however startling—will not seem at all unlikely.[†] No Signor Antonio, the great Venetian capitalist and trader,[‡] and no English banker like Sir Thomas Gresham, were possible in these circumstances.

As little possibility was there of a Blake or Anson being bred in any Scottish seaport. Berwick-on-Tweed, although no longer the place it was when the chroniclers likened it to Alexandria,[§] could now and then show a crowd of masts; Aberdeen had a good carrying trade; and there was a steady fishery carried on along the East coast from Buchanness to Eyemouth, in the villages which still dot the coast. But the vessels engaged in this trade were the same small craft, the luggers, wherries and cobles, which are at present employed in it, the biggest of which rarely exceeded an hundred tons burthen, or ventured further, and that not often, than France or Holland. The Clyde was a clear-flowing stream, from its native moorlands to Dumbarton, with its sunny shallows and its shady pools abounding in salmon; its magnificent firth, now one of the great highways of merchandise and colonisation, rarely crossed by a vessel of more than fifty tons; and its bays and lochs, now the luxurious haunts of wealth and leisure, unvisited but by an occasional

[*] *History of Scotland*, Vol. VIII. p. 171.

[†] *Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland*, Vol. III., Pp. 45, 339.

[‡] Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of Venice.'

[§] *Tytler's History of Scotland.* Note on the Ancient State of Scotland. *Burton*, Vol. II. p. 94.

herring boat. Greenock was a mean fishing village of a single row of thatched cottages.* Glasgow had no commerce, but happy in its situation and in its past progress, was great in the possibility of improvement. Favoured by King and Bishop and Rector, it had steadily grown up first around the Cathedral and then around the College to be a city of 15,000 inhabitants, the second city in the country; † and to experienced eyes 'the mercantile genius of the people' was sufficient to prove their ability to adapt themselves to whatever new development of trade might arise. The river Clyde only drew two or three feet of water at high tide at the quay—whatever that was; and was easily forded there at ebb; and although the number of her vessels at the end of the seventeenth century was sixty-six, their total tonnage did not equal the tonnage of one of that unrivalled fleet of clippers which now line her quays and crowd her docks. And Dundee, Kirkcaldy, Anstruther and Burntisland had still fewer.‡

These facts, taken along with the revenue returns of the respective ports, decisively forbid all illusion as to the greatness of Scottish shipping and commerce. The trade was a small coasting one, much the same as it was a hundred and fifty years before, as described in 'the oldest of actual merchants' books that has been preserved in Scotland,' § and consisted of the raw produce of the country, wool, skins, hides, salmon and

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* *Chalmers' Caledonia*, Vol. III. p. 806.

† *Gibson's History of Glasgow*, 1777. Pp. 102-106. *Burton*, Vol. II. p. 94.

‡ There is an almost contemporary account of the shipping, &c. of Scotland, which puts the whole case clearly before us. One Thomas Tucker was sent down by Cromwell in 1656, just after the ordinance of freedom of trade between the two countries had been established, to report upon the commerce of the northern kingdom; and this he did with a discernment which justified the confidence placed in him, and has made his account of lasting value. It is one of the Bannatyne Club publications.

Baillie's Letters and Journals, Vol. II. p. 411.

Chalmers' Caledonia, Vol. III. p. 606.

Strang's Glasgow and its Clubs.

§ That is, the ledger of Andrew Haliburton; See *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, by Cosmo Innes; pp. 240-250.

herring. If we add a very little linen and coarse cloth to these, the list of the exports of Scottish trade at the time of the Union will be complete. In exchange for these few commodities it was then as it had always been, and as it continued to be for yet two more generations, that nearly everything above the hodden gray cloth and brogues of the peasantry, the luxuries, comforts and almost necessaries of life, from the velvet and satin and rich cloths of Bruges to the pots and pans for the kitchen, were of foreign make and had to be imported.* Scotland was yet in the first stage of its industrial development, the stage when all that is grown or woven or made is merely for ordinary domestic supply.

We may easily and quite accurately comprehend the commercial condition of Scotland at this period, and for the next fifty years, by simply remembering that every one of the great existing industries were not then dreamt of; and that most of the towns whose names are now known over the civilised world, were but a few rows of huts, if even that.

Lanarkshire, with its three or four landward towns, each of a few hundred inhabitants, although rich in historic associations, was nothing but a series of sheep-walks, except in the haughs and hollows of the valley of the Clyde. The shepherds who wandered over the lonesome tracts from Cadder to Crawfordjohn, had perhaps many thoughts and visions of their native dales as they saw them stretching away southward, dappled by the sunshine and shadows of their western skies; but no Merlin foretold them of the immense fields of coal and iron and clay which lay underneath their bog and moorland—of the mighty furnaces which would by and bye lighten up the whole circle of the horizon—of the numberless collieries which would darken it—of the wildernesses where the curlew screamed and the heron fished undisturbed, being changed into busy hives of human toil. The Clyde was only

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* It would appear that up to 1703 there was no such thing in Scotland as a work for making earthenware; a want which occasioned 'the yearly export of large sums of money out of the kingdom.' *Domestic Annals*, Vol. III. p. 156. See also *Somerville's Life and Times*, ch. 9. Edin. 1861. *The Interest of Scotland Considered*, p. 101.

a mill-stream; the villagers who idly whiled away their superabundant time in its leafy murmur, little imagined our day when no wind can blow that does not waft from its shores the manufactures of the queenly city of the West, to lands which were to them a mystery or an eastern fable.

Glasgow, that city, had not yet started upon its wonderful career of prosperity. It had grown into importance, as we have seen, and took rank as the second city of the kingdom from its connexion with the Cathedral and the College; but slow had been that growth, and slight that importance as compared with what they were destined to be from its connection with commerce. Gibson, describing its trade in 1707 says:—'The number of people did not exceed 14,000, and they were in general poor; manufactures, the only certain means of diffusing wealth over a whole people, were almost unknown; and commerce, which, without manufactures, tends to the enriching of only a few, was carried to a very trifling extent.'* But ere another fifty years had passed the population had doubled itself. A new world was opened up by the Union, and its merchants were not slow to see it. In 1718 the first home-built vessel crossed the Atlantic. Seven years later, in 1725, they introduced the linen manufacture. The start then made has been maintained without a pause; and now, a hundred and sixty years after, the great city is still growing and looking as if only yet in its youth.

Renfrewshire, better divided into arable and waste land, had a larger rural population for its size; but the farmer who carried his few sacks of oats on horseback, the universal mode of conveyance in those days, to the 'very pleasant and well-built little town of Paisley,' which is further described by the chronicler† as being 'plentifully provided with all sorts of grain, fruits, coals, peats, fishes, and what else is proper for the comfortable use of man, or can be expected in any other place of the kingdom,' could hardly think that round the ancient Abbey of the Stewarts, ere two generations should pass, a

* *History of Glasgow*, p. 106.

† Hamilton of Wishaw. Maitland Club, p. 73.

manufacturing population would be gathered exceeding in number the collective population of all the towns in the shire. The sound of the shuttle was indeed heard in its half Arcadian streets—but there was nothing to prophesy the invention of Christian Shaw of Bargarran, and the looms of Humphrey Fulton and others, which speedily made the name of Paisley celebrated for muslins, gauzes, shawls and thread. Greenock was then what Tarbert on Lochfyne now is, the head-quarters of the summer herring-fishing, and Tarbert consisted of only a row or two of fishermen's huts. Its harbour was yet to dig, and its quays to build.*

Going southwards through the ancient Strathclyde, we see on either hand that the country is a wild pastoral one, thinly wooded and thinly peopled, and without a single indication of human power and comfort other than had existed for centuries. Hamlets of turf-built huts and occasionally a small burgh, whose very air is historic and whose name and annals are common to history and romance, we pass on our way to the Border dales, whose straggling forests and frequent ruins of abbey and castle and peel, recall the days of feudal foray and English harrying. No hill-sides are loud with the bleatings of innumerable sheep; we notice only a few black cattle and small sized weathers. No dairy farms, with their score of sleek milch-kine in the ample pastures and clover leas. No fair sweeps of clean and carefully tilled fields, which promise abundance to the husbandman, attract and delight. The truth is that the men and women were either in their cradle or unborn who made Cunningham famous for its butter and cheese, and Carrick for its cows; † who improved the breed of sheep until the Border fells became no mean rivals of the Southern downs;

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* *Crawfurd's History of Renfrewshire. Caledonia,* Vol. III. ch. 7. *Domestic Annals,* Vol. III. p. 510.

† As the local rhyme has it:

'Kyle for a man,
Carrick for a coo';
Cunningham for butter and cheese,
And Galloway for woo'.'

Fullarton's Gazetteer of Scotland, Vol. I. pp. 90, 401.

who made store-farming a possibility; who by drainage and the anxious and intelligent use of lime and marl and manure converted wildernesses into gardens; who made Dumfriesshire the land of tranquil prosperity and smiling pastoral quiet.

Turning northwards into the old Pictish land, we see, as we pass from Stirling to St. Andrews, and thence to Brechin and Aberdeen, that the condition of the country and the circumstances of the people are much the same as in the south. Ruins of solitary 'strengths' which once overawed the neighbouring valleys are not unfrequent, and here and there in suggestive proximity new mansions are rising, while evidently in every district chestnut and larch and fir are being thickly sown—to become those magnificent forests which now clothe the beautiful straths and slopes of the Ochils, the Lomonds and the eastern Grampians. But everything else continues as it has long been. The laird, if a little milder in his jurisdiction than his forefathers were, is as indifferent to agriculture and village economics. He cares for none of these things. From the Allan to the Dee the miserable black hut is the only dwelling for the peasant and the small farmer. There is no sound and no sign of change anywhere. And it will be a generation after this before these districts feel the first pulse of change, before they are touched by the spirit of improvement, and ere they see in Barclay of Ury one of the foremost of those landholders who set themselves to revolutionise agriculture in Scotland in the eighteenth century.*

If these facts, not hard to find nor hid in the ciphers of State papers, have not been sufficiently noticed, it is because we are still under the spell of famous names. Dunfermline, Perth, Linlithgow, Stirling and above all Edinburgh, are towns whose names are associated in our minds with every form of human passion, and hence have become imperishable in the national story and sacred to the national imagination. We dream of them; we doat upon them; our fancy fills the past with a golden haze which glorifies everything belonging to them: we

* A leisurely turning over of the pages of *Chalmers' Caledonia* will convince the most incredulous of the truth of the above paragraphs.

yield ourselves unwittingly and as a matter of course to the belief of their former power and populousness. This is one of the commonest of illusions, which all peoples delightedly live under as to some portion of their history. Yet few are more pernicious, few more treacherous; and certainly none more groundless than any which may exist respecting the considerable commerce and wealth of these famous towns. Leith, according to Tucker, had 14 vessels averaging 970 tons. Aberdeen had 9 vessels averaging 440 tons. St. Andrews, 'proud in the ruins of her former magnificence,' and with 'the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation' in her streets, had a solitary twenty tonner. Dundee, like Paisley, was not yet even dreaming of things to come. Dunfermline drew its fame altogether from the royal, hallowed pile which overshadowed the petty group of cottages that formed the burgh. Linlithgow, unusually rich in historic associations, was and long continued to be not only without trade, but in a state of irrecoverable bankruptcy. Edinburgh,

'Stately Edinborough throned on crags,'

had no court, no manufactures, no commerce—but then no one thinks, no one has ever thought of the haughty beauty of the north but as the home and haunt of mediæval romance.

III.

So much for the Commerce and Trade of Scotland. What was its rural condition?

The first feature of this condition which arrests us, and it may well arrest us, is the frequency of Dearths.* Hardly a decade passed in the seventeenth century without a period of severe local or general scarcity and pinching want, when 'the ancient monotonous story of starvation'† was repeated in village and glen with greater or less emphasis and bitterness of accent. The spring was 'unkindly' and 'wet;' the 'seed

* This has not escaped the compilers of *The Domestic Annals of Scotland.*

† *Hunter's Annals of Rural Bengal*, 1871, p. 51.

corn is being eaten up;' 'the cattle are dying in great numbers;' 'prices have risen;' are notices which meet us again and again in the brief and scanty domestic annals of the century, until the imagination instructed by experience what human agonies are represented by these words, is oppressed and sickened. And in the preceding century it was the same.

No lamentation was made about these calamities, and but slight mention of them is found in contemporary records, the Scottish, like other peoples who have been born into hardness of lot, having learned to bear them as 'the will of God.' It is only from the stray or incidental remark of some too brief chronicler, who shows no emotion in noting the event, that we hear of famine being sore in the land.

The historian of the century, occupied with its larger, constitutional questions, passes over these events as insignificant, if he sees them at all; while the nation bows itself to them as things common to the course of nature, and makes no sign. Like fire and pestilence, famine was a judgment of offended Heaven.

A melancholy if also a natural consequence of these famines was that the number of vagrant poor at the beginning of the eighteenth century was unusually large. It does not appear as if men were much shocked at the misery around them, as we find only one writer directly dealing with the subject. This writer was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, already referred to. In his *Second Discourse on Public Affairs*, published in 1698, he speaks of the dearth then in the land as a calamity which 'if drawn in proper colours and only according to the precise truth, must cast the minds of all honest men' into anxiety—and goes on to make the following statement:—'The particulars of this great distress are known to all. Though perhaps the evil be greater and more pressing than at any time in our days, yet there have always been in Scotland such numbers of poor as by no regulations could ever be ordinarily provided for; and this country has always swarmed with such numbers of idle vagabonds as no laws could ever restrain. There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by church boxes) 200,000 people

begging from door to door. Though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly by reason of this great distress, yet in all times there have been about 100,000 of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or even those of God and Nature. They are not only an unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood.'

We have been used, owing in some degree to Scott's 'Edie Ochiltree,' to think of the Gaberlunzie or the Bluegown as common, and indeed as picturesque figures, in bye-gone days, but not of a time when no fewer than one-fifth of the population were sturdy beggars, as this statement, which has never been contradicted or proven false, asserts. We have no means of testing its absolute accuracy, as there were no poor rates or system of parochial relief in existence then; but it is not so needful to know the precise numbers of the really indigent, as to notice that, speaking in round numbers, one out of every five of the peasantry were beggars simply because there was neither food nor employment in the country for them; because, in other words, the population of the country was much in excess of its corn-producing power and its means of industrial occupation. It introduces an element into this period of Scottish history, which gives a darker shading to it than it has been usual to think it possessed.

And yet nothing seems more probable than that there should have been such a body of vagrants in Scotland, which had no means of employing its population. Just as we see crowds of lazzaroni in those parts of Europe which have no great industries or public works, and just as multitudes of a like class existed in our Gaelic speaking districts and in Ireland, before emigration became so easy and attractive, it was natural that in the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries there should be very many of the wandering, miserably fed, miserably clad wretches in Scotland, whom Fletcher describes. But the proofs of the existence of such a class are conclusive. Ray, the itinerary, who was in Scotland in 1660, says: 'The country abounds with poor people and

beggars.'* Gibson, the historian, and a merchant of Glasgow, writes that in 1707 'the body of the people were but in a degree above want; the streets were crowded with beggars, both old and young, who were able and willing to work, could they have found employment.'† Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, describing his own neighbourhood as it was fifty years later, frankly owns that 'the country was over-run with vagrant beggars. They had access to every house, and received their alms in meal and bread, which was deposited in bags and wallets, as they were called, hung over their shoulders. Strolling beggars often travelled in companies, and used to take up their night quarters at the houses of the tenant farmers.'‡ And in that remarkable series of pictures of the manners and customs of the rural contemporaries of *The Gentle Shepherd*, *The Man of Feeling*, and *The Statistical Account*,§ there are many notices of this same class, long the chronic evil of Scotland. These statements taken along with Fletcher's, leave us in no doubt of the existence of a large number of idle, unemployed persons in town and country; some of whom wandered about homeless and lawless, following begging as a regular calling; while others wizened and wan, dragged out cheerless lives in still more cheerless homes, the misery of which was occasionally lightened but not lessened by such hours of wild animalism as Burns' 'Jolly Beggars' enjoyed in Poosie-Nansie's.‖

Our probable surprise at the frequency of dearths will cease when we know what was the state of agriculture at that time in Scotland. Scotch farming in the present day is the em-

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* *Select Remains*, 1760, p. 209. Scott, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. xxi., speaks of Scotland being 'a country where men were numerous beyond proportion to the means of employing them.'

† *History of Glasgow*, p. 106.

‡ *Life and Times*, p. 370.

§ *The Statistical Account of Scotland.* In 21 Vols. Drawn up from the communications of the ministers of the different parishes. By Sir Jno. Sinclair, Bart., 1793.

‖ The best description of the sturdy beggars that we have met is in Hunter's *Biggar and the House of Fleming*, chap. 19.

bodiment of intelligence, economy and skill; but at the time of the Union, agriculture, in any true sense of the word, had no existence.

The half of the land was cultivated in 'runrig,' that is, rig about, neighbour with neighbour working in common. No farms were enclosed. Hedgerows, fences and walls were all but unknown. They were divided into what was called 'infield' and 'outfield;' the former being those fields nearest the house and which were constantly under tillage; the latter being the further ones, on which the cattle grazed and which were left to nature. And hardly could any one be more ignorant of his craft and have ruder modes of wórking at it, not to be in a state of barbarism, than the tiller, whether tenant or proprietor, of their fields. He knew nothing of the rotation of crops; nothing of the fallowing system; nothing of manures. He had no green crops, no clovers, no artificial grasses, no potatoes, no field turnips. Oats succeeded bere, or bere oats, until the land was exhausted. His hay was the boggage of the marsh, and his pasture such weeds as chanced to infest and cover the ground. In winter his cows had scant supplies of miserable fodder; his horse was content with nettles. He had no pens or other shelter for his sheep—and these were further lessened in number and lowered in quality by severe and long continued milking. The plough he used was as curiously clumsy a thing as ever was held by the hand of man. A huge uncouth wooden implement, so rude in its build that two or three of them could be made in a day, or one before breakfast, it usually took a dozen oxen to pull it through. The twelve oxen Scots plough is as much beyond our modern conception as the system of runrig. Well might a writer on rural affairs of last century say that it was 'beyond description bad,' and as he declined to describe it, he probably felt that what Lord Kaimes said of the harrows of his day, could also be said of the ploughs, that they were better adapted to raise laughter than to raise soil! Everything else about the farm-yard was of the same rude, unskilled sort. The natural wind of heaven blowing between the open barn-doors, or else on the nearest hillock, was the only winnowing machine then known. Creels were generally used for carrying

dung to the fields. Carts were few in number, and those which did exist were clumsy and inconvenient, as in place of the wheels turning round on the axle, which was always of wood, the axle itself turned round. It completes this description of the old Scottish farm-yard, with which none of us has any poetical associations, when we add, that the traces used in the harnessing and draught equipments were mostly made either of dried rushes or of twisted fir-roots, hempen rope and iron chain being scarcely known.*

Ill-favoured and scant by nature as the lot of the farmers was, it was made a hard as well as a scant one by the feudal obligations and personal services which they were accustomed to come under as tenants, and to pay as part of their rent; arriage, carriage, bonnage, multures, kane, thirlage and other exactions, which were seldom either specified in the lease, or regulated by anything more precise than the use and wont of the manor or barony, and whose very names are now obsolete, and their meaning forgotten. Thirlage, the most unjust of these, was the right of the superior to oblige all his tenants to grind their corn at a certain mill, which in some cases was not the nearest, and failing to do this, to pay as if they had. Distance, delay, inferiority of work, all counted in this case for nothing. Bonnage, was the obligation of the tenant to assist at the corn-cutting; as carriage was the obligation to dig, dry, and fetch home so much peat for the winter's fuel; or to lead and lay manure; or otherwise to work a certain number of days in the laird's service.

But wretched as this condition was, a deeper wretchedness was common to those clusters of cottar farms, numerous in every county, called 'toons,' or 'towns.' These were either part of a large farm establishment and inhabited by the servants who worked on it, or a separate group of houses whose occupiers were shepherds or woodsmen or fishermen, as occasion offered, but who more frequently had no occupation but that

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* *Wight's Present State of Husbandry in Scotland:* 6 vols., 1784. Somerville, ch. 9; Pennicuik, p. 66; *Domestic Annals*, Vol. III. *Northern Rural Life*, chaps. 1-10. *Caledonia*, Vols. II. and III.

of tilling their share of the few acres of land attached to the 'town.' Composed of huts or rather of hovels built of sods (sometimes called divots) or of sods and stone, with a window no bigger than your hand, and a hole in the middle of the roof for the chimney, the door usually doing duty for both window and chimney, and always placed towards one another, as if they had dropped from the clouds into their place, they were the first remove in the path of civilisation from the bee-hive houses of the early settlers, and looked mere specks or mole-hills on the moorland and hillside. Tidy ways and trim borders were unknown to them, and as almost every dwelling, as 'Waverley' noticed in passing through one of them,* was fenced in front by a stack of peat on one side of the door, while on the other the dung-heap ascended in noble emulation, pure air and clean-footing were out of the question.

Such 'towns' still abound in Arran and other of the Western islands, and are an interesting curiosity to the student of social progress; to some they are one of the many attractions of that unique and unspoiled bit of mountain land. In most of them the communal mode of farming has been abandoned, al-thoguh there are two places in Arran where it still exists (above Imacher and Kildonan); but enough remains of the old style to show what sluggish and semi-savage spots these 'towns' must everywhere have been a hundred and eighty years ago. However fair 'the auld clay biggin'' of the Lowland peasant may appear in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' and however picturesque the huts of the Western crofters on the painters' canvas, they lead the reflecting mind back to a quite recent past, when they were always the haunts of dirt and disease, and too often the homes of idleness and indigence. Quotations

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* *Waverley*, ch. viii.

Cottagers of Glenburnie, ch. vi.; *Northern Rural Life*, p. 2. As to 'the bee-hive houses' which still exist, see Smith's *Lewsiana, or, Life in the Outer Hebrides*, London, 1875. 'In the Lews,' he says, 'there is an intelligent people still living in the most primitive of known dwellings—dwellings that carry us back to the earliest dawn of civilisation,' p. 28. See also *Mitchell's The Past in the Present*. The Rhind Lectures, 1876 and 1878, Edin. 1880.

enough might be given in proof of this statement; but no Scotsman, and no stranger who has travelled in Scotland so as to see its typical features of scenery and social life—who has not hurried on with the annual crowd but has, instead, lingered by the way and sauntered into Highland glen and Lowland dale, where the old fashions still continue, will need any written authorities to help him to the truth on this subject.

As to the Food, we see from the illustrations above, that Scotland was barely able to supply her children with the mere necessaries of life. Oats and barley were the only grains cultivated; and if we add colewort or 'lang kale,' the one pot herb in the cottagers' croft, or 'kale yaird,' the three articles of food have been named on which the Scottish people subsisted, and were almost entirely dependant. Oats, barley, kale! Not a varied stock of victual, truly. The oats, ground into meal, supplied the porridge and brose for breakfast and supper, and the griddle bread or oatcake. The kale made the chief article of the dinner; and was used either as a boiled mess without beef or mutton, or with the broth or water of it thickened with oat or pease meal, when it was called 'kale brose.' Neither potatoes nor wheat were grown. Barley and pease were also ground, and made into 'bannocks' or 'scones;' and these with the 'kebbuck' or cheese, which was of a poor quality, made the peasant's mid-day meal. Red fish or salmon in some parts, 'braxy' mutton and the 'mart' or Martinmas ox, which lasted through the winter and spring, were items of food used in the better class of cottages. The ordinary drink was a mild ale called 'two-penny;' claret and a little brandy were used by the gentry; tea and coffee were unknown, and usquebagh or whisky was as yet the special beverage of the Highlanders. Any other commodities, beyond the dairy produce, were only to be had for money; and as the greater part of the wages were then paid in kind, they were not within the reach of the majority of the people.

There had been no possibility of more than this. It has been said that it would have been infinitely better for Scotland if it had been conquered by Edward I. and become English territory, as it would have saved centuries of feud and oppres-

sion and a heavy inheritance of poverty, suspiciousness and prejudice; and instead of having to begin in the eighteenth century to undo the effects of those years, it would have been as fair and flourishing as Yorkshire and Kent, and with them would have been further advanced in the social art and in intellectual range and serenity. Whether these would have been the blessed results of conquest we do not know; nor does it matter now. The bulk of the Scottish people enthusiastically preferred a royal line and a Church of their own to an English king and an English hierarchy; and were willing—in the eyes of the philosopher were fanatically willing—to part with every comfort and present opportunity of progress, for the dear symbols of national independence. They secured them both; but although the character of the people must have acquired a distinctive, perhaps an imperishable quality in these struggles, their cost in a material aspect was incalculable. No matter. It was enough that peace was in the land, and that the oppressors could oppress no more. No scantiness of fare, no roughness of raiment, no meanness of dwelling weighed for a moment against these blessings. The Norman castle, with its fair broad desmesnes, and its nestling village homes hid in ivy and honeysuckle, had no existence north of the Tweed, and had not created the men and manners which were found everywhere, in strictly rural districts, south of the Palatine palace of Durham. Pastoral quiet, with kine knee deep in grass, every landscape with its ancient towers of learning, whither the tramp of armed men had seldom or never come; the rich fairs and richer guilds and companies which had for centuries been a bright and notable feature in English life, were all unknown to poor and barren Scotland. Her people knew nothing of these things, and did not care for them. Their desires had been whetted on less material objects; their traditions and fireside legends were of simple men and women whom persecution had changed into heroes and heroines, and whose names were sacred to the nation. For many weary generations they had been face to face with a declared and powerful enemy, and their wits had been constantly occupied either with the means

of defence or revenge. The priceless treasures of national independence and liberty of conscience only had been preserved to them. Every energy and every penny had been spent in securing these, the foundations of modern national greatness, —and so Scotland, in 1707, was alike without commercial spirit and industrial skill, the artist's creations and the philosopher's triumphs;—known only, like some other mountain-lands, as the nurse of rugged, uncompromising natures.

IV.

One other aspect of the Physical condition of Scotland at this time remains to be shown; an aspect, the special force of which the reader will feel as exhibiting the state of its agriculture and commerce, and as affecting the common weal of its people.

If the demands of the commerce of the country as to shipping were few, its demands as to roads were still fewer. Roads as we know them, and as the Romans knew them, had no existence either in fact, or in the imagination of the people in any portion of Great Britain in the eighteenth century. Nothing, in the altered state of things in which we live, would more astonish the men of those days than our roads, our bridges, and our modes of travelling; and nothing is more likely to escape us when trying to form a correct idea of olden times, than the fewness of roads then in existence and the frightful state in which they were always kept. They were roads only by courtesy. They were in no instance the work of the surveyor, the engineer, and the surfaceman. They had no regard to directness or to level. Marked out in most cases from the forest by the hoofs of the cattle that for generations had tramped over them, and worn in later times by the pack horses which journeyed painfully through them, and left to the drought of summer and the storms of winter, they were, as they could not but be, simply abominable either with dust or mire. Occasionally the bed of a river was the only road between two places; most of the roads, however, were cattle tracks and nothing else. A week's rain in summer made them miles of sloughs which no foot-passenger could wade through

and no horseman would long brave; while a wet winter all but put an end to trafficking and travelling. If such was the general condition of the roads and lanes in the south down till the middle of the century, and if even Kensington, as Lord Harvey tells us, was separated sometimes from London by an impassable gulf of mud, in Scotland they must have been a good deal worse, if that was possible. The roads in Perthshire, says Penny, 'were in a miserable state. Many were mere hilly tracts, on which carriages could not venture, and were totally unfit for foot-passengers.'* That is, they were no better than our worst field and farm roads, ruts and ditches through which no one could pass unless on horseback, and not even then without discomfort and danger. In Tweeddale it was the same. Somerville assures us that 'the parish roads even to the church and to the market towns were unfit for wheel carriages, and in bad weather were altogether unpracticable. There were few bridges over the rivers. The Tweed throughout its whole length was crossed by only two;'† and these, the one at Peebles and the other at Berwick, were sixty miles apart. There were no main, well-kept highways piercing the country from point to point and joining the cross lanes; there was not a single turnpike in 'broad Scotland.' There were no carriage-ways out of sight of the capital. The great post road between Edinburgh and London was little better than a track; and although it was the main communication between the two kingdoms, its northern half was notoriously unfit for carriages, for in 1746 while the Duke of Cumberland contrived to reach Durham in a coach and six, so bad were the roads north of it he was compelled to go forward on horseback.

Strange as it may appear, no one knew how to make roads; and mending those which did exist meant filling up the biggest ruts with stones of any size and shape, and the smaller ruts with mire or clay. Nor was there any right system of assuring even this amount of repair. Statute Labour was

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* *Traditions of Perth*, p. 131-2. See the whole passage.

† *Life and Times*, p. 355.

the legitimate mode of doing this, but Statute Labour was disliked by all and shirked by many. Each farmer was bound to give so many men, and each tenant so many days, to the repairing of the parish roads. But there was no uniform and convenient system of employing this; it was left to interest and caprice; and in many cases the peasant was required to contribute his share of labour when he could least afford to give it. At the best, Statute Labour like some other forms of direct taxation, was an objectionable arrangement, and amid the general indifference of town and country to the necessity for good roads, came to be looked upon as a vexation and a thing to be evaded. Road-making, in fact, like agriculture, was both unknown and unheeded. Turnpikes were nearly a century distant. Telford and Macadam, like Watt and Stephenson, belong to our own day.

How unhappily then was Scotland placed as to Agriculture, and how completely were its food supplies controlled by circumstances! The country was one in a geographical sense, but many of its parishes were quite isolated, and in winter almost inaccessible. Its rural population was a series of groups or families, many of which had only intercourse with one another in the open months of the year. It could not be otherwise. Twenty miles of moor, or an unbridged river, or a considerable range of hills were insurmountable natural barriers to intercourse. No means were at hand of overcoming them. Consequently there were towns in the same county far more widely sundered for all practical purposes than London and Aberdeen are at the present day. People knew little outside of the bounds of their own glen or parish, and the world beyond their narrow horizon was altogether unknown. From the same cause, namely, want of roads, the farmer had no means of improving his farm and had no motive to do so. Shut in upon himself and with no opportunity of enlarging his knowledge he could only be slovenly in his home, and slovenly and stationary in his mode of farming.

The inevitable result of this ignorance of national economics was Dearths and Famines. And so common were these, so often had they been experienced by the people, that they con-

cluded, as people in the same stage of knowledge have always concluded, that they belonged to an order of things in nature over which they had no control or influence, an order which could be changed, not by their improved agricultural practice and better roads, but by their prayers, and their prayers only. The land was not cultivated; the farming which did exist was simply a scratching of the surface of the ground; the climate was a wet, unkindly one, and therefore it was always very likely that the harvests would be late and light. Dearths did happen; the crops did occasionally fail, and famine in consequence paralysed and blighted the land. And why? Because, in the first place, all the conditions necessary to agricultural prosperity were wanting; and in the second place, because there was no free trade in corn. It was impossible to better the climate, but it was possible to improve the soil. It was impossible to prevent late and bad crops, but it was possible to prevent famines. And if, therefore, in times of scarcity the situation of Scotland was deplorable,* it was chiefly because there were no means of reaching the distressed districts, and no conveyances to carry food to the starving and dying.

This state of things did not begin to mend until 1750, in which year the first Turnpike Act for Scotland was passed. From that moment a happy change crept over the face of everything; the stirrings of a new life thrilled along the numbed frame of the nation. County after county looked to its roads, opened up hundreds of miles of permanent way, and spent tens of thousands of pounds on these and new bridges. Road reform, in fact, as the statute book abundantly shows, became the question of the day, and along with agriculture, then pushed on with much earnestness by the Society of Improvers, completely absorbed the attention of the landed gentry till the end of the century.†

* *Somerville*, p. 305, 384. This writer puts the matter very clearly; he sees the causes and also the remedies.

† As an example of what was done, see *Douglas's General View of the Agriculture in the Counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk*, 1798, pp. 198, 200. Also *Statistical Account*, Vol. IX. p. 530.

Such was the outward aspect of things in town and country in Scotland at the Union. If such homesteads and farmsteads —if such a mean and poor condition of life—are not what we have usually associated with the last heroic period of Scottish history, it may be owing to our looking at everything belonging to it with the exaltation of feeling not unnatural to the interested spectator. Touched by the spectacle of our enduring sires, we may never have felt any call to look closely into the commonplace of their lives, and the rude details of their daily circumstances. And we have in consequence been fooled by the enchantments of vagueness, and blinded by the glamour and fantasies of romance. An acquaintance with facts like those here given should do much to put us right. They ought to make certain to us the particulars in which the Present differs from the Past, and enable us to mark the immense, the almost fabulous change which has taken place since then. Nor can there be in any but a strangely prejudiced mind a doubt as to whether the Union has been fruitful of blessings, and whether the Scotland of to-day is not a fairer country, and life more pleasant now than in 'the good old times.' If we could add to the foregoing facts the characteristic traits of the inner life of the town and country—if we could supplement this picture of the Country with a companion picture of the political and intellectual condition of the People (and this we may attempt on another occasion), we should be tenfold more impressed with both the change and the progress which our Fatherland has made since the days of Queen Anne, and should heartily endorse the opinion of Mr. Lecky, that 'No period in the history of Scotland is more momentous than that between the Revolution and the middle of the eighteenth century—for in no other period did Scotland take so many steps in the path which leads from anarchy to civilisation.'*

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* *History of England in the 18th Century*, Vol. II. p. 22.

Art. IV.—'THE MEAN' IN POLITICS.

1. *Desultory Reflections of a Whig.* By the Right Hon. Earl Cowper. *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1883.
2. *What is a Whig?* By the Right Hon. Earl Percy, M.P. *The National Review*, June, 1883.
3. *A Protest against Whiggery.* By George W. E. Russel, M.P. *The Nineteenth Century*, June, 1883.
4. *The Whigs; A Rejoinder.* By the Right Hon. Earl Cowper. *The Nineteenth Century*, July, 1883.
5. *The Future of Whiggism.* By George Byron Curtis. *The National Review*, July, 1883.
6. *The Future of the Radical Party.* *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1883.

'Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig,' is one of the polite repartees attributed to Dr. Johnson; and to judge by the articles which have recently appeared in the current magazines, the Whigs of the present day deserve even greater censure than the great lexicographer bestowed upon them. In the month of May, Lord Cowper ventured upon some 'desultory' and not very brilliant, though, as one would have thought, perfectly inoffensive, 'reflections of a Whig.' The very mention of the hated word, however, seems to have been quite enough. 'What is a Whig?' sarcastically demands the Tory Lord Percy. Let me 'protest against Whiggery,' indignantly exclaims the Radical Mr. George Russel, M.P. 'The Future of Whiggism' is self-destruction says the *National Review*. 'The Future' is in the hands 'of the Radical Party alone,' cries the *Fortnightly*. It is our desire to defend a great and illustrious party against the bitter attacks of violent and extreme men on both sides of politics, that prompts us to approach this subject at the present time.

The well-known doctrine of Aristotle that in everything there may be an excess, a defect, and a just or 'mean' amount, and that virtue consists in attaining the mean between the two extremes, has always seemed to us fully more applicable to questions of politics than of ethics; though in the latter case also it is a

theory which contains much truth. Everyone for instance must admit with Aristotle that the virtue of courage consists in attaining the mean between rashness and cowardice, just as the virtue of liberality lies between the extremes of extravagance and meanness; but our business at present is with politics, and the proposition which we advance is that a Whig occupies, and has always occupied in the history of his country, the mean or just position between the extremes of Toryism and Radicalism. 'Whatever is, is right,' may be roughly described as the motto of the extreme Tory, 'whatever is, is wrong,' as that of the extreme Radical; while the Whig is neither unduly biassed in favour of antiquity, nor foolishly desirous of novelty for the mere sake of change. Surely political 'virtue' consists in arriving at the just mean between the old-fashioned Tory who regards every existing law, every uneducated child, even bad drains, with smiling complacency simply because he is used to them, and the noisy Radical who denounces the House of Lords, the Church, the landowners, in short every existing institution which is not fashioned exactly according to his own ideas? In truth this doctrine of the mean applies to most questions. Take such a matter as the use of alcohol. Is there not a right mean between the extreme teetotaller who thinks it wicked even to give alcohol as a medicine, and the 'fine old English gentleman' who drinks his bottle of wine at dinner daily, and whom the very name of total abstainer seems to throw into a passion? between the total prohibitionist who would have the sale of alcohol in any part of the United Kingdom made a penal offence, and the easygoing friend of the publicans, who would allow the most fertile cause of crime and misery in the world to be sold promiscuously, unchecked and unrestrained? Or on the land question, between the Tory landowner who regards his tenants very much as a superior class of serfs, and the Radical who preaches nothing less than a species of Communism?

To give an illustration of a good 'mean,' attained by the Whigs on a political question; it has always seemed to us that Lord Young in his Scottish Education Act of 1872 admirably struck the mean between the extremes of Tory bigotry and Radical intolerance. On the one side

he had a party eager for the absolute maintenance of religious teaching in schools, enforced by Act of Parliament, and without any opportunity of relief for those whose parents might conscientiously object to it. The parent was to be *forced* to send his child to school, and having got there, it was to be compelled to receive religious instruction which its parents might consider to contain grave error. On the other side stood the extreme Radical demanding, though an overwhelming majority of the Scottish people earnestly believed in the Christian religion, and were eagerly desirous of having their children instructed in the Presbyterian form of that belief, that this was the one subject which was to be absolutely forbidden from the school code. A parent was to be forced to send his child to school, and while there it might be instructed in every conceivable subject except in that one which its parent considered as far above all others in importance, and for the sake of which he might very possibly have been willing to sacrifice all the rest of the education given. In short, ninety-nine men who wanted religious teaching were to be deprived of it for the sake of one who didn't. Lord Young's 'mean' was as follows. First, an extraordinary power is given to minorities to elect a representative to School Boards by means of the cumulative vote; secondly, the Board have full power to decide in favour of no religious teaching, if they think proper; thirdly, no Government money is paid in respect of religious teaching, though it is given on account of all other subjects; fourthly, if religious teaching be given at all, it must be either at the beginning or end of the school hours, and every child must have perfect liberty to stay away from such instruction, if its parent desire it. Surely the most bitter sectarian or atheist has nothing to complain of here? He can, in the first place, use his influence to get his own representatives returned to the Board; if he fail in that object, he has only to direct his child to go to school half-an-hour later, or to leave half-an-hour sooner; and finally, if he chooses to set up a sectarian or non-religious school of his own, he will receive the Government grant for it, provided 'the Department are satisfied that no sufficient provision

exists for the children for whom it is intended, *regard being had to the religious belief of their parents.**

Yet all these safe-guards for liberty of conscience are, it appears, not enough. Some of the more extreme Radicals will be content with nothing short of absolute prohibition of religious teaching, which apparently they consider as pernicious as the sale of alcohol. To do them justice, however, this is not the case; they are, curiously enough, as a rule, neither atheists nor opponents of Protestantism, such as Roman Catholics; but are usually firm believers in that Presbyterian faith, the teaching of which they are so anxious to prohibit. This curious phenomenon proceeds, we think, from an absurd theory that in politics it is necessary invariably to follow certain 'fixed principles'—an idea which we purpose to notice presently. How completely those bitter partisans are at variance with the wishes of their countrymen, is proved conclusively by the fact, that not a single School Board in Scotland since the passing of the Act, has decided in favour of no religious teaching; nay, more, as though to protest against the very idea of such a thing, it is the almost universal custom of School Boards to open their meetings with prayer—a custom which is not followed by any other public body of the same kind, and which often appears slightly inappropriate to the proceedings which follow. It should also be remembered by these violent Presbyterian opponents of Presbyterian teaching, that if they succeeded in their object, not only would there be no religious instruction in schools, but it would be impossible for a teacher even to open his school with the simplest of prayers; and we would ask them if they really wish it enacted by Act of Parliament, that any teacher shall lose his Government Grant who dares say to teach his little scholars to commence their round of daily duty by repeating the Lord's Prayer? If so, what sort of conception will a child form of that extraordinary thing called religion, in which it is not only not instructed, but to which even the most indirect reference is absolutely forbidden.

There is, however, little danger of this noisy faction succeeding

* Scottish Code, 1. 7. 8.

in their attempt to carry the mean of religious liberty into the extreme of tyrannical intolerance, so long as an enormous majority of the Scottish people remain firm believers in the truths of the Protestant religion, and who therefore fail to see why the one subject on which their opinion is united, should be ignored in deference to the theories of an insignificant minority.

Of course this extreme section flatter themselves that they are the only truly Liberal party in their views on religious matters, but it is to be feared that in reality it springs in great measure from a narrow-minded and bigoted hatred of Roman Catholicism, and from a fear that the religion of an enormous proportion of the people of Ireland should obtain the same liberty and encouragement as the Presbyterianism of Scotland, or the Episcopacy of England. Rather than allow a branch of the Christian Church from which they differ, to receive even the most indirect assistance, they vote for no religion at all. There is no escape from this dilemma; either we must have Presbyterian teaching in the schools and training colleges of Scotland, and allow the same advantages to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, or we must have none at all in either. Which is it to be? Why, in the name of charity and common sense, cannot each country be allowed to do as it likes in the matter? Is Scotland prepared to give up the teaching of that faith which is so deeply rooted in the hearts of its people, for the charitable object of being able to prohibit the Irish from learning that other branch of Christian belief, to which they are as fondly and as devotedly attached? 'I believe in the truths of Christianity, I like and admire the Presbyterian form of Church Government, and I should much like to have my children instructed in it,' says this Liberal specimen of a political Christian, 'but sooner than allow you to have your child instructed as you wish, and as you think right, I will gladly sacrifice myself on the altar of Christian charity and love!'

We confess, however, that though in this case a strictly logical consistency in England, Scotland and Ireland is quite possible on the simple principle of letting each country do as it likes in the matter, such is not always the case; and it seems to us one of the faults of both the extreme parties, that they attempt to lay down certain fixed principles which are never to be deviated from, to

suit the changing circumstances of the time or the requirements of different localities, but which are to hold good for ever and aye. The want of 'fixed principles' indeed is one of Lord Percy's most bitter accusations against the Whigs. Lord Cowper (No. 1.) had remarked that it was 'absurd for a man to prophesy what his politics would be ten years hence,' and had quoted as illustrative of his position two lines from a well-known hymn—

> 'Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me.'

'This then is the result of Whig traditions reaching back 200 years,' exclaims Lord Percy (No. 2.). 'A sailor who knows nothing of navigation might with equal propriety quote these lines in defence of his ignorance.' Lord Cowper again (No. 4.) explains his position by saying, that 'there is very much in politics which cannot be decided by fixed principles, and principles ought not to be pushed too far, but this is very different from saying that there are no principles at all.'

It may be admitted that Lord Cowper's illustration of the position of a Whig, by comparing it to the child-like faith of an ideal christian, is not a very happy one; but we have only to read between the lines to find a great political truth. It simply means this:—that a Whig abstains from laying down absolutely any general theory as applicable to all circumstances, and all conditions of men, but reserves to himself the right to judge of every question on its own merits, and with reference to the ever varying conditions of human life. It simply means that what was applicable to the seventeenth or eighteenth century is not necessarily suitable to the nineteenth, and that in like manner the country may be by no means ready for a change at present which may be very desirable some years hence; or that some reform which may be very desirable say in Scotland, may be highly inexpedient in Ireland. The tendency of the extreme parties on the other hand is to lay down a theory, and then insist that it must be our bounden duty under all circumstances, and in spite of all difficulties, to put it instantly into practice.

Take for example such a question as Church Establishment. The Tory lays down the theory that a State should, under all

circumstances, and at whatever cost, maintain its connection with a Church. It is nothing to him that it be, as it was in Ireland, the Church of an alien and hated minority, and that its maintenance against the wishes of the nation only serves to perpetuate that animosity and rancour which it ought to be the first duty of a Church to allay. He thinks nothing of the cruel injustice of the State supporting a Church which the nation considers an heretical and even pernicious institution. He has laid down the 'fixed principle' that a State must have an Established Church, and that is sufficient, though it be kept up at the point of the bayonet, and though sinners be induced to follow the right path *only* with the assistance of loaded revolvers. The Radical, on the other hand, has made up his mind that any connection between Church and State is unjust to other sects, however small the minority may be, and even though a considerable proportion of that minority may have no desire for a change. It is nothing to him that, as in Scotland, the doctrinal difference between the Established and the other chief Churches is so small as to be imperceptible except to the specially-educated ecclesiastical mind, and that the advantages enjoyed by the Established over the other religious denominations, consist in little more than an annual dinner at Holyrood, the honour and glory of a Lord High Commissioner, and the privilege of perhaps occasionally going up higher than a dissenting brother. It is of no consequence to him that, instead of being a bone of contention as in Ireland, the healthy and not unfriendly rivalry between the Established and other Churches of the same creed has been distinctly beneficial to all of them, and that, so far from being the Church of an alien and hateful enemy—the direct result of conquest, and a lasting memorial of defeat—it is the Church which, by its simplicity and purity, has ever since the Reformation entwined itself in the hearts of the Scottish people, which until a few years ago was the Church of an enormous majority of the nation, and which is still a memorial of the successful resistance of the Covenanters, and a consequence of victory and triumph rather than of defeat and shame. But all these considerations go for nothing—'the fixed principle' has been laid down and must immediately be put in

force, whether a majority really want it or not, and let the consequences be what they may.

The position of the Whig is very different from either of these extremes. He lays down no 'fixed principles' on the subject of Church Establishments. He considers that whether such an institution is desirable or not, is a matter which must be decided entirely by the consideration of the past history of the country, by the present wants and wishes of the inhabitants, and by the question of how far the maintenance of the Church and State connection is likely to be beneficial or the reverse. He cordially approved of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church as being an institution both grossly unjust and positively injurious to the commonwealth. He is prepared to judge the question in England and Scotland calmly and dispassionately on its merits, but he is not likely to pay attention to it unless it is proved that a large majority of the Scottish or English nations wish it, and he must be satisfied that some real and substantial injustice is being inflicted before he agrees to sweep away so venerable an institution, and one which, until at least very recently, has been regarded with such deep affection by a large majority of the nation. He is not so foolish as to suppose, like the Tory, that if Disestablishment be accomplished, religion will immediately die out of the land, and the nations be wholly given to atheism; nor is he so ignorant of human nature as to imagine with some ecclesiastical Radicals, that a universal spirit of brotherly kindness and charity will pervade all sects, that the Bishop will lie down with the Baptist, and the High Churchman embrace the Methodist; but he apprehends that if religion be a Divine and hidden power, it will pursue its appointed way, little affected by what the State may either do or leave undone.

The position and views of a Whig upon Church Establishments has seemed to us a good illustration of that large class of questions in politics, in regard to which no fixed principle can be laid down, but which must be decided by the circumstances and requirements of the commonwealth at the time. The question of a Monarchy or of a Republic is another good example. The Tory lays down the 'fixed principle' that a Monarchy is invariably the best form of government, entirely irrespective of the circum-

stances of the country. He therefore regards the French and American Constitutions with intense dislike, and often carries it to the extent of disliking everything and every person in any way connected with America; while the Radical is frequently affected with an equally groundless admiration for that country, and every institution belonging to it. The Whig, on the other hand, has no 'fixed principle' in the matter, but considers that a Monarchy or a Republic may be either good or bad, according to the past history or present requirements of the State. He considers that in a new country like America, no sensible person would ever think of attempting to set up a throne which would be entirely destitute of that antiquity and prescriptive right which impart to it its greatest power, and make it an object of veneration and affection in a country such as ours. He sees that in France, though a country with a history reaching back as far as our own, it is an impossibility, both from the fact that there is no one person sufficiently far removed above all other competitors, to have a supreme and indisputable title, and also because the disposition of the people appears too easily excited against its rulers in times of misfortune, and too fond of change, to make that form of Government a suitable one for their more flexible temperaments. But he sees no reason why the French Republic should not hold its own amongst the Monarchies of other nations, and he will bear the permanent overthrow of the French throne with perfect equanimity, if such a result is likely, as seems probable, to conduce to the happiness and prosperity of the nation. In England he considers that a long series of victories over the unrestrained power of the Crown have resulted in the most perfect freedom and liberty enjoyed by any civilized country in the world, and finding such an institution deeply rooted in the respect and affection of the nation, and considering it a powerful ally for the maintenance of law and order, he would resolutely oppose any attempt to overthrow it. To do the Radicals justice, however, none of them, so far as we know, has attempted to bring forward any proposition of this kind as yet, but that is probably rather owing to the deep and universal affection inspired by the present occupant of the throne, by her pure and blameless

character, and by her long and illustrious reign, than by an belief in the advantages of the institution itself. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, when he gets the opportunity, cannot resist a offensive and entirely uncalled for sneer at 'the Representative of Royalty' attending at great ceremonials;* and whenever a application is made to Parliament for a suitable allowance to an of the Royal Family, there is a section of the Radicals wh appear to wish that the country should enjoy the advantages of throne without paying for them.

Another good illustration of Lord Cowper's meaning as 'fixed principles' might be found in the present condition Russia. The Whig, though he thoroughly appreciates the liber and power enjoyed by every citizen in this country, is not foolish as to advise that the same advantages should be at on conferred on a country in great measure uneducated, untraine in politics, and partly uncivilised. Much as he may wish th that nation should one day reach the same advanced politic position as England, he sees that it would be madness to acco such sudden power to men who have for years been under th iron rule of tyranny; and he is convinced that greatly as refor is needed, it must be most cautiously and most gradually effecte —in short, his 'principle' of liberty is not a 'fixed rule,' but tempered and restrained by the peculiar circumstances and diffi culties of the country he has to deal with. He therefore occupie a 'mean' position between the Tory despot who would keep th people in the miserable position of abject subordination they hav occupied for centuries, and the thoughtless Radical who woul hurry on his reform at the imminent danger of a bloody revolu tion. Of course the favourite taunt of the Radicals is that Whig will, ten years hence, agree to what they have opposed at present and the extreme party therefore assume that they were te years before their contemporaries in wisdom and fore-know ledge. Such a conclusion by no means follows. It is quit

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* Recent speech at the Bright Commemoration :—'There were no re presentatives of Royalty present (laughter), and they were not misse (laughter).'

as likely that the Whigs foresaw that the country was not ripe for the change at the time when it was advocated, and that since then circumstances have altered. Should it, for instance, happen in the future that the Church of Scotland decrease in number instead of increase—and at present it appears to be doing the latter—and should noisy agitators succeed in stirring up a bitter animosity against it on the part of an enormous majority of the Scottish nation, the Whig will reluctantly admit that it is useless and even pernicious to keep up an institution which can succeed only so long as it is loved, and which has become hopelessly out of accord with the sentiment of the people. But it will by no means follow that he was not perfectly right to oppose Disestablishment so long as he conceived that the Church occupied an entirely opposite position in the affections and estimation of his countrymen.

So with regard to reform of the land laws. The Tory is aghast at the bare suggestion of their requiring improvement, and indignantly asks if a man may not do what he likes with his own, if freedom of contract is to be ruthlessly broken through, and why a tenant who has been stupid enough to make a bad bargain is to be protected as if he were a helpless female, or a factory child; while the extreme Radical—perhaps because he does not usually own land himself—seems to think landlords can be made kind and charitable by legislation, that farmers and crofters should only pay as much as they feel inclined, and if unable to pay should be entitled to continue their occupation gratis; that landlords should be allowed only to hold a limited amount of land, and should be imperiously directed how to manage it; in short, he preaches doctrines, which, if carried into practice in mercantile life, would bring all commercial speculation and legitimate trade to an instant termination.

The Whig as usual stands mid-way between those extremes. He thinks that any unnatural restraints upon the sale of land, such as entail, and the law of primogeniture should be removed, and he would be glad to see the abolition of the elaborate legal forms at present required to constitute a valid conveyance, which seem to have been specially devised for the benefit of lawyers' pockets; and considering that cultivators of the soil are specially

exposed to unknown and uncertain risks from inclement weather he would be prepared to protect and assist them to a moderat extent; but he will view legislation of this nature with grea caution and considerable distaste, as a direct breach of freedoı of contract, and an interference with the principles of politic economy. He will be of opinion that a landlord will naturall and properly make that use of his land which will bring him mo money, and that if he, for instance, receives a much larger ren for it as a deer-forest than as a sheep-farm, he is doing best bot for himself and for his country, by directing it to that purpos which yields him the largest revenue. He believes that whethe land is to be held by one proprietor or by many, is a questio which must be left to be decided by the simple laws of supply ar demand, and he considers that if one man is rich enough to buy large quantity of land, it will be as impossible to prevent hi doing so, as to hinder his adding still further to his store wealth; and he sees no greater injustice in one man owning hundred thousand acres, than in possessing a hundred thousa pounds. He quite admits with Mr. Chamberlain that 'Land h its duties as well as its rights,' but he apprehends that landlor are not the only people in this world who occasionally fail to c their duty. He imagines that many capitalists for examp frequently act in a harsh and unkind manner towards the employees, but he would be very unwilling to see the State unde take the superhuman task of making every citizen do his duty, c attempt to act the part of universal moral policeman by forcir either landlords, or any other class to be kind and liberal by A of Parliament.

Perhaps the best proof that the Whigs hold the mea position between Tories and Radicals is the fine impartialit with which they are abused by both. Lord Salisbur for instance, recently defined a Whig as 'one who de nounces in private what he supports in public.' Lord Perc talks of the 'entire absence of political principle on the part c the Whigs,' while Mr. George Byron Curtis informs us tha 'Whiggism will have no place in the future. It is dying har but it is nevertheless dying.' This, however, is the Tory side o the question, and abuse from such a quarter is refreshing an

invigorating. It is the Radical abuse which will be more likely to discompose the Whig, if his feelings be at all tender; and as usual, the 'candid friend' is even more severe in his criticism than the acknowledged foe.

'During the last fifty years, Whiggery has fallen out of its old place in the political system,' says Mr. George W. E. Russel, M.P. 'It has dreaded and shrunk from the modern spirit, and as a penalty, it has lost its hold on the minds of those who decline to live exclusively on the worship of the past. . . . Since Whiggery abandoned its function of popular leadership, it has been the creed of a privileged and exclusive class; and as such it looked with misgiving on the growing vigour of a society which, more than any other institution, had exhibited before men's minds the full beauty and significance of the three sacred watchwords—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.'

Now we must protest against even a subordinate Member of the Government giving vent to such miserable 'clap-trap' as this. It is what the Americans would call 'tall' talk, and is admirably suited to mean either a great deal or nothing at all, according to the taste and fancy of the reader. What *are* the 'full beauty and significance of the three sacred watchwords, Liberty, Fraternity, Equality?' If they are quoted with reference to English History, they have never been 'watchwords' in any sense of the word; they recall no political associations either of triumph or defeat, and they mean absolutely nothing. But if they are quoted with reference to the only country in which they have any meaning, they suggest—bloody revolution, complete anarchy and wanton destruction. They are indelibly associated with perhaps the greatest horrors the world has ever seen, with the overthrow of all law and order, with simple communism, and with torrents of innocent blood. If on the other hand they are quoted without reference to past history, they cannot have any pretensions to be designated 'watchwords' at all; and if 'fraternity' merely means 'kindly feeling or charity,' and if 'equality' only signifies absolute justice between man and man, no sensible human being would object to them, and the enunciation of such an admirable moral precept might be safely placed at the top of a child's copy-book. Such an acknowledged truism, however, would hardly be likely to form a political 'watchword,' and if, therefore, the words are

to be taken in the only sense in which they would have any force, Fraternity and Equality can mean nothing but an equal division of property, and a full development of the 'equality and rights of man' principles of Mr. Midshipman Easy's father. It has always seemed to us most unfortunate that the French Republic should retain as its motto words of such vague meaning, and such dangerous significance, but the defence would doubtless be that the labour and even danger to the Constitution of altering them would be much greater than any advantage to be gained. This, however, is no reason why they should be held up to admiration in England, in whose history they fortunately have no place; and we would earnestly recommend Mr. Russel to be more careful in his language in future, even when irritated by the contemplation of such an unnatural political result as 'Whiggery.' Unfortunately it seems to be an irresistible temptation to a Radical at times to indulge in vague and meaningless language, which, nevertheless, is admirably fitted to stir up vague desires and animosities in the minds of those who listen to it. What, for instance, is the meaning or force of Mr. Chamberlain's recent sneer at a public meeting against Lord Salisbury, as belonging to that class 'who toil not, neither do they spin'? Mr. Chamberlain, when removed from the intoxicating influence of Radical cheers, will surely not deny that if a man is fortunate enough to have obtained an independence, whether by his own labours or by the accident of birth, he is under no obligation to continue to add to his means; nay, on the contrary, that he is leading a far higher and more useful life, by unselfishly devoting himself to the pursuit of politics, of science, or of philanthropy, rather than to the further accumulation of wealth. We have assuredly no love or admiration for Lord Salisbury, whom we regard as one of the most 'extreme,' violent, and bitter of politicians, yet we consider that to blame him for 'not toiling or spinning,' is to use language which has no meaning. He most certainly has 'toiled' both in Parliament and out of it, and we have little doubt he would have 'spun' very successfully, if he had been in any way called upon to engage in such an occupation. The fact is, if there is a large class in this country who 'spin' not, the number of those who 'toil' not is becoming daily

more limited. Increasing civilisation and more enlightened views of what constitutes true happiness, are more and more leading men of all ranks and conditions to take their part in the work of life. But even if it were not so, an orator of Mr. Chamberlain's position should surely be careful of increasing and stirring up the very natural feeling of hardship and injustice which lurks, and which will always lurk more or less in the heart of the poor man against the rich, of the 'toiler and spinner' against the peer, who is popularly supposed to do nothing but enjoy himself. However hard and unjust the inequality of human prosperity and happiness may seem, no sensible man denies that such inequality must always exist, so long as human beings are born into the world with unequal moral qualities and with unequal physical and mental powers.

Mr. Russel also informs us that he does not

> 'regard as Whigs those who belong to, or have cordially supported Mr. Gladstone's Government. They may or may not be Whigs at heart, but by their public acts they have associated themselves with the general body of modern Liberalism, and their small differences of individual opinion have found no opportunity of making themselves felt. With the 'permeated Whig' absorbed into the Liberal party, we have no quarrel, our business is with the Whigs as a separate section.'

In other words, it is only upon those Liberals who have dared to have a different opinion from the present Government, and who have had the courage of their convictions, that the phials of Mr. Russel's wrath descend. With the Liberal who puts his principles in his pocket for the sake of office, or in order to please his constituents, he has no quarrel. This is certainly a beautifully simple definition of a Whig—'Has he ever differed from the present Government?' 'Yes?' 'Then he is a Whig, and let him be anathema.' Under this category of condemnation, we must include the Duke of Argyll, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Brabourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cowper, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, and many other lesser lights.

These therefore are the men who 'live exclusively on the worship of the past,' who 'hold the creed of a privileged and exclusive class,' who have 'dreaded and shrunk from the modern spirit,' &c., &c. Now, at least, four of the politicians, for whom Mr. Russel

has such profound contempt, were distinguished members of the last Liberal Cabinet—a Cabinet which disestablished the Church of Ireland, which established an admirable system of national education both in England and Scotland, which abolished the unjust practice of purchasing commissions in the army, and which altogether effected more reforms, and did more hard work than any Government had achieved in the same space of time before, or than the present Government seems likely to accomplish in the future. It is too much that four illustrious members of such an illustrious Cabinet, are to be sneered at and ridiculed as 'Whigs,' by this, the most junior member of the Government, because they have dared to have an opinion of their own. Fortunately, other people of more judgment than Mr. Russel, refuse to be led blindfold and unresisting wherever even Mr. Gladstone may choose to lead them, however deeply they respect and admire that great statesman. We are convinced that, in one instance at least, the opinion of the country has been on the Whig, rather than on the Radical side. Since Mr. Forster resigned, the course of events has surely proved to every unprejudiced mind that he was right and the Government wrong. The chief point of difference between them was that he wished the Coercion Bill to precede the Arrears Bill, that he desired to have the means of preserving law and order before any concession was made in the way of releasing Mr. Parnell. He resigned, and within a fortnight the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, though not really worse than that of Mrs. Smyth, or of many others which had taken place before, forced the Government instantly to introduce the Bill which Mr. Forster had wanted. As if still further to show that the Chief Secretary realised the situation in Ireland in a manner that none of his colleagues did, the recent revelations in connection with the Phoenix Park trials, have proved that the country was at that time in a far more dangerous condition than was supposed, that repeated attempts had been made to assassinate Mr. Forster himself, and that Mr. Parnell, whom the Government had persisted in releasing, even at the cost of losing Mr. Forster's services, had been involved in the grave suspicion of assisting and encouraging the 'secret'—or in other words,

'murder'—societies of Ireland. We are convinced that the country endorsed Mr. Forster's views on the occasion of his resignation. There is not a more truly Liberal constituency in the kingdom than Glasgow, yet in the course of last winter Mr. Forster was accorded one of the most enthusiastic receptions when delivering a political address to an enormous audience in that city, which it has ever been the good fortune of a statesman to meet with. He was too generous to make any reference on that occasion to the recent unfortunate disagreement between the Government and himself, but his reception was undoubtedly intended as a mark of encouragement and approval of the line of action he had adopted. In truth, Mr. Forster on that occasion occupied the Whig or 'mean' position between the two extremes. He did not consider like the Tory that the existing state of the land laws was satisfactory in Ireland, that everything should remain *in statu quo*, and that all that was wanted was a firm and vigorous application of buckshot and martial law, but neither was he of opinion with the Radical, that immediate concession was the only cure, that everything was to be granted in response to murder and outrage, and that peace was to be purchased at any price. He was determined that submission should precede concession, that the law should be vindicated and obedience to it enforced before reform was thought of, and he resolutely refused to release from prison men 'steeped to the lips in treason,' unless they expressed contrition for the past, and promised amendment for the future.

Indeed, in our opinion, the Radical extreme on the Irish question is further removed from 'the mean' than the Tory. To 'keep things as they are' may be inexpedient and even unjust, but it is not so immoral and disastrous as to encourage in any way the idea that lawless outrage will be rewarded, and that the best and simplest method of getting the land laws reformed is to shoot the landlords. It must be admitted that Mr. Gladstone's remark in one of his speeches—though, doubtless only a slip of the tongue—that attention had been called to the state of Ireland and to the position of the Irish Church, by the Clerkenwell outrage, was most unfortunate. If it is to be supposed that the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was achieved by shoot-

ing policemen, it is not unnatural for an Irish tenant to try the same method of improving his position; and it cannot be denied by any unprejudiced critic that the Government have wandered from the 'mean' position not towards the extreme of severity but towards the extreme of leniency. It is to be hoped that in future the old theory and practice will prevail, and that reforms will be introduced solely because they have been proved to be just and necessary, and not even indirectly in response to lawless agitation and murderous outrage. The line of conduct followed by the Government as regards the Highland Crofters, for example, seems to us to have been eminently wise and judicious. In consideration of their illiterate and to a great extent helpless condition, they have issued a Royal Commission to inquire into their grievances, which, if found to exist, they will no doubt take steps to remedy, but in the meantime they insist upon, and have enforced, obedience to the law.

We are pleased to find our theory of 'the mean' in politics confirmed by one who had himself taken no small part in the government of his country, and whose opinion and reputation for sound judgment on such questions are second to none. The following passage is taken from Macaulay's *History of England*, Chap. I.:—

'From that day (Sept. 10th, 1641), dates the separate existence of the two great political parties, which have ever since alternately governed the country. In one sense indeed, the distinction which then became obvious had always existed, and always must exist. For it has its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit, and by the charm of novelty. Everywhere there is a class of men who cling with fondness to whatever is ancient, and who, even when convinced by overpowering reasons that innovation would be beneficial, consent to it with many forebodings and misgivings. We find also everywhere another class of men, sanguine in hope, bold in speculation, always pressing forward, quick to discern the imperfections of what exists, disposed to think lightly of the risks and inconveniences which attend improvements, and disposed to give every change credit for being an improvement. In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve. But of both, the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier. The *extreme* section of

the one consists of bigoted dotards; the *extreme* section of the other consists of shallow and reckless empirics.'

That is to say, the extremes in politics are bigoted dotards and shallow and reckless empirics, and the 'mean' or just position lies between them. And as it has been in past history, so it will be in time to come. Whether the question be reform of the Land Laws, the connection between Church and State, Local Option, or what not, there will be a mean or moderate position between two extremes. So on the question of war the Whig will steer between the 'Jingo' who 'swaggers down the High Street of Europe,' and Mr. Bright who seems willing literally to purchase peace at *any* price. And though a writer in the *Fortnightly* (No. 6) informs us that the 'future belongs to the Radicals alone,' and that 'there is not the faintest symptom of moderate Liberalism striking any responsive chord of sympathy and approval in the great constituencies,' we venture to predict that moderation will always 'strike a responsive chord' in the breasts of Englishmen, Scotsmen, and sensible Irishmen alike. Ever since England had a history, Moderation has been the leading characteristic of her politics. We have never been hurried into the terrible excesses of our neighbours across the Channel, and we have consequently not been afflicted with the violent reactions which inevitably follow. The history of the British Empire has been one of slow, steady, but constant progress, and has been, on the whole, but little affected either by the obstruction of 'bigoted dotards,' or by the experiments of 'shallow and reckless empirics.'

At the present time, certainly the position of 'moderate' Liberals is somewhat peculiar. They have at the head of their party one who holds a position of eminence such as has probably never been held by any politician since the days of Pitt. To the dignity and influence imparted by age and by half-a-century of Parliamentary experience, Mr. Gladstone unites an amount of physical energy and endurance to be envied even by one in the prime of life; an intense earnestness of character which seems to carry him through any quantity of physical or mental toil; a power of language which has seldom been equalled even in the glorious history of the British Parliament; a high and lofty moral character which

extorts respect even from his most bitter opponents; a keenly sensitive and appreciative temperament which cannot fail to attract all with whom he is thrown in contact; and last, but not least, a splendid genius which seems equally at home when translating the beauties of Homer, or when preparing a financial statement for the House of Commons. When we contemplate the marvellous versatility of the man, and reflect upon the enormous variety of subjects he has studied, and of occupations he has engaged in with the utmost success, we feel inclined to ask if such a rare combination of talent was ever bestowed upon any politician before.

> 'Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
> His infinite variety,'

were a description as applicable to him as to the Egyptian queen of ancient days.

No wonder, then, that such a man is practically the Government, that he alone holds the scales between the Radicals and the Whigs, and that whichever side he may happen to favour wins the day. Every one is liable to error, and in our opinion Mr. Gladstone has, on more than one occasion, but specially with reference to Ireland, placed the weight of his enormous influence on the extreme rather than on the moderate side of his followers; but whether that be so or not, there can be little doubt that the extreme men have power only when Mr. Gladstone thinks proper to support them, and were he removed from the sphere of active political life, the connecting link between the extreme and the moderate men would be weakened if not broken, and Liberal members of Parliament would not improbably have to take their choice between the Radicals and the Whigs or moderate Liberals. We have little doubt that the 'mean' will gain the day, and that however much 'bigoted dotards' and 'reckless empirics,' may sneer at 'Whiggery' and 'Whiggism,' that great and illustrious party will continue to be in the future as it has been in the past, the true support and backbone of the State, and the only safe pioneers of progress.

Note.—Since the above was written, we have had put into our hands another contribution to the subject in the shape of 'The Radical Programme I.'

from the *The Fortnightly Review* for August. The writer kindly refrains from abuse of the Whigs, and merely points out the three first reforms demanded by the Radicals, viz., Manhood Suffrage, Equal Electoral Districts, and Payment of Members. To the first the Whig would probably have little objection, as being almost the case already, but to a system which would completely swamp the country in favour of towns, which would for instance give Glasgow about ten members out of sixty for Scotland, he would certainly object; while the payment of members he would consider an entirely unnecessary waste of money, and a proceeding which would not add to the dignity of Parliament. One sentence of Radical 'clap-trap' may be noticed. We are told that it will be said that these reforms would give fewer 'fine gentlemen' to the House of Commons. Everyone knows well enough what constitutes a gentleman, and will admit that it is much pleasanter to have to deal with one who deserves that designation, but what is a '*fine* gentleman?' Is it not one of those meaningless expressions calculated to create a vague feeling of jealousy against people who have good clothes, and a clean shirt? If it means a lazy idle gentleman, let the writer say so, and no one will wish to see such a person in Parliament.

ART. V.—WALT WHITMAN.

1. *Leaves of Grass.* By WALT WHITMAN. Glasgow, 1883.
2. *Specimen Days and Collect.* Same author. Glasgow, 1883.
3. *Poems of Walt Whitman.* Selected and edited by W. M. ROSSETTI. London, 1868.
4. *Notes on Whitman as a Poet and Person.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. New York, 1871.
5. *Walt Whitman.* By R. M. BUCKE, M.D. Glasgow, 1883.

IN a letter dated Concord, 6th May, 1856, Emerson wrote to Carlyle:—'One book, last summer, came out in New York, a nondescript monster which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength, and was indisputably American, which I thought to send you, but the book throve so badly with the few to whom I shewed it, and wanted good morals so much, that I never did. Yet I believe now again I shall. It is called *Leaves of Grass*, was written and printed by a journeyman printer in

Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman; and afteı you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory, you can light your pipe with it.'

The book referred to was a copy of the singular looking thin quarto volume of little more than a hundred pages, in which the *Leaves of Grass* originally appeared, and which is now sc eagerly sought after by American book-collectors. What Carlyle's opinion of it was, whether, as Emerson thought he might, he used it for the purpose of lighting his pipe, or like Emerson, he held it in high esteem for its intrinsic excellence, we have no means of knowing. In the recently published Carlyle-Emerson correspondence there is no further reference to it, and so far as we can remember, no allusion is made to it in any o: Carlyle's published writings.

The reception which this strange 'nondescript monster with 'terrible eyes and buffalo strength' met with at the hands o the public and in literary circles was almost as disheartening as possible. Of the thousand copies printed, some, Dr. Bucke informs us, were given away, most of them were lost, abandoned, or destroyed.* According to Mr. Burroughs, some sixty copies were deposited for sale in a bookseller's shop in Brooklyn, and as many more in another in New York. Weeks elapsed and not a single copy was sold. Presently there came the request from both the booksellers that the unfortunate thin quarto should be removed. Subsequently the copies found refuge in the warehouse of a phrenological publishing establishment in Broadway, the proprietors of which advertised the work, and sent out copies for review and to distinguished persons. 'The journals,' continues Mr. Burroughs, 'remained silent, and of the copies sent to distinguished persons several were returned with insulting notes. The only reception heard of, was such, for instance, as the use of the volume by the *attaches* of a leading daily paper in New York—collected in a swarm Saturday afternoon, waiting to be paid off—as a butt and burlesque, whose perusal aloud by one of the party, the others lounging or standing around, was equivalent to peals

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* P. 138.

upon peals of ironical laughter from the whole assemblage.* Cold as its reception by the press was, it was scarcely so silent, however, as Mr. Burroughs' words might lead the reader to suppose. As we learn from Dr. Bucke's extremely useful and handy little volume, it was noticed, though certainly in no very complimentary terms, in the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, in the London *Critic*, and in the New York *Criterion*. Nor was it altogether ignored in higher quarters. It had the honour of being reviewed in *Putnam's Magazine*, then the most influential and best conducted of the American periodicals. The reception given to it there was probably under the circumstances the best possible. The reviewer filled three columns with extracts from its pages, selecting the most original and striking passages, and passing over those which were calculated to offend, and though he pronounced the new poems to be a 'mixture of Yankee transcendentalism and New York rowdyism,' which were here 'seen to combine in harmony,' and indulged in other pleasantries of a similar nature, he frankly acknowledged that there were to be found 'an original perception of nature, a manly temper, and an epic directness in the new poet, which belong to no other adept of the transcendental school.'

That any warmer or more encouraging reception should have been accorded to the book was scarcely to be expected. Its singular appearance, its peculiar lines, its utter want of conformity with most of the conventionalities of the poet's art, the obscurity of its author, and above all its seeming want of good morals were against it. Circumstances, however, soon conspired to lift both the volume and its author, if not out of derision, at least out of obscurity. The first and most weighty was the publication of a letter to Whitman from Emerson, in which he declared the *Leaves of Grass* a 'wonderful gift,' and pronounced it 'the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed.' 'I give you joy,' he wrote with his usual cheeriness, 'of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment

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* *Notes on Walt Whitman*, pp. 15-16.

which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. . . . The solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging.' Thoreau wrote of the book in a similar, if more guarded, strain. 'On the whole, it sounds to me,' were his words, 'very brave and American, after whatever deductions. I do not believe that all the sermons, so called, that have been preached in this land, put together, are equal to it for preaching. We ought to rejoice greatly in him. He sometimes suggests something a little more than human.' By these and other means public attention was gradually directed to the volume: and when at length a new and enlarged edition appeared in 1856, it awoke a perfect storm of derision and abuse. Indeed, so extreme were the feelings it excited, that, according to Dr. Bucke, a number of persons in New York seriously contemplated instituting proceedings against its author in the courts of law, and were only deterred by the consideration that, whatever might be the estimation in which his book deserved to be held, Whitman himself was so popular in New York and Brooklyn that it would be impossible to get a jury to find him guilty. But the best piece of good luck that befell Whitman was his dismissal in 1865, by Mr. Harlan, formerly a Wesleyan clergyman, but at the time secretary for the Interior, from a government clerkship he had obtained, on the ground of the alleged immorality of *Leaves of Grass*. This act at once put the climax to the discussion as to his merits and demerits, and aroused an intense curiosity respecting his volume, and not a little sympathy in his favour.

On Whitman himself the derision and abuse, which were heaped upon him in true Philistine fashion, had, and have had, little or no permanent effect. Least of all, have they induced him to modify the principles with which he started on his literary career, which, as Emerson rightly divined, 'had a long foreground.' Having carefully settled his principles at the beginning, Whitman has steadily adhered to them, never doubting, and never having the slightest misgivings as to their soundness. Respecting the manner in which he has applied them—a very different thing—he has now and again had serious doubts.

'Since I have been ill,' he writes in a note to the Preface of 1876, 'I have felt temporary depression more than once, for fear that in *Leaves of Grass* the *moral* parts were not sufficiently pronounced.' But in his clearest and calmest moods he has always realized, he tells us, that as the *Leaves* surely prepare the way for morals and necessitate them, and are adjusted to them just as nature does and is, so they are what, consistently with his plan, they must and should be. The scorn which he naturally felt towards his detractors was mainly of the silent sort. He neither sought to defend his reputation, nor to retaliate on those by whom it was so savagely assailed; nor did he care much whether he were understood or not. In a poem which does not seem to have been included in the earliest edition, and which is in some respects characteristic, he writes:—

'I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself, or to be understood;
I see that the elementary laws never apologise;
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by after all),

'I exist as I am—that is enough:
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content;
And if each and all be aware, I sit content;

'One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself;
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

'My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite;
I laugh at what you call dissolution;
And I know the amplitude of time.'

This bold and almost arrogant confidence is now apparently being justified. Though not popular in the sense that he is widely read, or that his works are to be found, as Whittier's are said to be, in almost every house in the United States, Whitman has on the American continent a large and increasing circle of readers. Outside of America his admirers are more numerous still. Like Fourier, he may be said to have his propagandists in many lands. On the continent of Europe some of his works have been translated into several languages, while in England, where his worth was early recognised, he has secured the warm, and on the whole judicious advocacy of poets and critics

like Swinburne, Buchanan, W. B. Bell, W. M. Rossetti, Symonds, and Professor Dowden, and of his popularity amongst ourselves not the least significant sign is the publication of the two handsome volumes, the titles of which we have placed first at the head of this paper.

In these volumes is contained, it would appear, all that Whitman desires to be preserved of his published writings. The one bearing the title *Specimen Days and Collect* is, with the exception of one or two juvenile pieces, in prose, and as the title indicates, is of very varied contents. First of all, we have a number of pages in which Whitman gives an account—an account, we may remark in passing, which is not without interest—of his ancestry and early days. Next, we have a number of memoranda written during the war of attempted secession, and here copied verbatim from a series of 'soil'd and creas'd livraisons, each composed of a sheet or two of paper, folded small to carry in the pocket,' and 'blotch'd here and there with more than one blood-stain,' having been 'hurriedly written, sometimes at the clinique, not seldom amid the excitement of uncertainty, or defeat, or of action, or getting ready for it, or a march.' The memoranda here given from these 'lurid and blood-smutch'd little note-books' bear all the marks of their origin. They are written in swift, vigorous, telling words; while the intense realism by which they are pervaded, and the terrible scenes which they depict, often make their reading exceedingly impressive. Following these, and forming the concluding part of the *Specimen Days*, is a number of memoranda written during and after the author's recovery from a serious and prolonged illness, brought on by his exertions during the war, and consisting, for the most part, of descriptions of natural and human scenes. They are full of fine thought and feeling, and are frequently not less poetical than some of the finer passages in his poems. In the *Collect* are included the remarkable essay entitled 'Democratic Vistas,' the prefaces to the various issues of his poems, and a paper on 'American Poetry.'

Whitman's prose is, in our opinion, not equal to his verse. Passages of great beauty and power occur; but taken as a

whole the style is less terse and vigorous. It is marred, too, by mannerisms, and particularly by the frequent occurrence of long and often clumsy parentheses. As a rule the shorter pieces are written in much sounder and healthier English than the longer, though some of these are admirably written, and lead one to suspect, as a not unfriendly critic has observed, 'that his every-day prose is distorted intentionally.' For a right understanding of Whitman's poetry, however, a careful study of his prose writings, and more especially of the section having the somewhat strange, though not altogether inappropriate, designation of 'Collect,' is indispensible. It is here that he explains himself, and unfolds the aims and principles by which he is guided and inspired.

Leaves of Grass, originally, as we have remarked, a thin quarto of about a hundred pages, has now grown into a goodly sized octavo of nearly four hundred closely printed pages, containing close upon three hundred separate poems. Whitman has given regular titles to comparatively few of them. Most of them are headed instead with their first line or phrase, as, *e.g.* 'As I pondered in silence,' 'I hear America singing,' 'When I heard at the close of the day.' The greater part of them are distributed under the headings—'Inscriptions,' 'Children of Adam,' 'Calamus,' 'Birds of Passage,' 'Sea-drift,' 'By the Roadside,' 'Drum-taps,' 'Autumn Rivulets,' 'Whispers of Heavenly Death,' 'From Noon to Starry Evç,' 'Songs of Parting.' Unconnected as they seem, however, it must not be supposed that they have no connection or are without arrangement. Though without formal connection, they have one which is real, and are intended to be read in the order in which they stand, as what may not unfitly be called an Epic of Life. On first reading, as most readers will probably acknowledge, they are somewhat repellent. There is so much in them we do not expect to find, so little respect is paid to our conventional ideas, and the author obtrudes himself so ostentatiously upon our attention, that after a few lines we are disposed to throw the book aside as a compound of egotism and nonsense. On further reading, however, the illusion is gradually dispelled. First the attention is arrested by single lines or isolated pas-

sages, and as we proceed we become aware of an intellectual wealth and suggestiveness, a subtle charm, a personal force, a rush and glow of overmastering passion which we have seldom met with elsewhere; and though there are passages from which we turn away with repugnance, we cease to wonder at the warm and extremely eulogistic terms in which the admirers of Whitman are in the habit of speaking of him.

But whatever our estimate of Whitman's writings may be, Whitman himself is unquestionably a notable figure, certainly one of the most notable America has produced. As Professor Dowden has remarked,—'What cannot be questioned after an hour's acquaintance with Walt Whitman and his *Leaves of Grass*, is that in him we meet a man not shaped out of old-word clay nor cast in any old-world mould, and hard to name by any old-world name. In his self-assertion there is a manner of powerful nonchalantness which is not assumed; he does not peep timidly from behind his work to glean our suffrages, but seems to say, "Take me or leave me, here I am, a solid and not inconsiderable fact of the universe." He disturbs our classifications; he attracts us; he repels us; he excites our curiosity, wonder, admiration, love: or our extreme repugnance. However we feel towards him we cannot despise him. He is a "summons and a challenge." He must be understood and so accepted, or must be got rid of. Passed by he cannot be.'* Nor are the sources of this singular power far to seek. They are to be found not so much in his art, for as an artist he is in some respects confessedly weak, but in the lofty purpose by which he is inspired, and in the ardent, and almost fierce enthusiasm with which he has from first to last devoted himself to it. This purpose, to put it in the fewest words, is nothing less than to inaugurate in America, by means of a genuinely native imaginative literature, a new era of intellectual and spiritual development. Or to put it differently, and to use the eloquent words of W. M. Rossetti, he 'occupies at the present moment a unique position on the globe, and one which, even in past time, can have been occupied by

* *Studies in Literature, 1789-1877*, p. 473.

only an infinitesimally small number of men. He is the one man who entertains and professes respecting himself the grave conviction that he is the actual and prospective founder of a new poetic literature, and a great one—a literature proportional to the material vastness and the unmeasured destinies of America; he believes that the Columbus of the continent, or the Washington of the States was not more truly than himself in the future a founder and upbuilder of this America.' This purpose is surely a noble one, and which, if at all seriously followed, cannot fail to be fruitful in extraordinary power. And that this is the purpose which Whitman has continually set before him he has frequently declared. 'Democratic Vistas,' his various Prefaces, and several other of his prose essays may be taken as a sort of apology justifying it. But, nowhere has he given more noble utterance to it, as Mr. Rossetti has also pointed out, than in the following lines:—

> 'Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
> I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
> I will make divine magnetic lands,
> With the love of comrades,
> With the life-long love of comrades,
> 'I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,
> I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,
> By the love of comrades
> By the manly love of comrades.
> 'For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you ma femme!
> For you, for you, I am trilling these songs.'

Besides an 'imperious conviction and the commands of his nature as total and as irresistible as those which make the sea flow, or the globe revolve,' Whitman's incentives to this great and unquestionably beneficent task are partly in the condition of American society, and partly in the character of American literature.

The spectacle presented by American society he describes as 'appalling.' Everywhere he sees hollowness, hypocrisy, deceit; in the business classes a depravity 'infinitely greater than has been supposed;' 'corruption, falsehood, and maladministration in all branches and departments of the official services, whether national, state, or municipal;' in 'fashionable life flippancy,

tepid amours, weak infidelism, small aims, or no aims at all, only to kill time;' 'in literature a scornful supercilliousness;' 'in the churches and sects the most dismal phantasms usurping the name of religion.' 'The best class we shew,' he writes, 'is but a mob of fashionably-dress'd speculators and vulgarians.' Though an unwavering believer in democracy, and joyfully recognising the 'immense success of the New World democracy in lifting the masses out of their sloughs, in materialistic development, products, and in a certain species of intellectual culture,' he is nevertheless painfully oppressed by the conviction that so far 'in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, esthetic results, it is an almost complete failure.' 'In vain,' he exclaims, 'do we march with unprecedented strides to empire so colossal, outvying the ântique, beyond Alexander's, beyond the proudest sway of Rome. In vain have we annexed Texas, California, Alaska, and reach north to Canada and south to Cuba. It is as if we were somehow being endowed with a vast and more thoroughly-appointed body, and then left with little or no soul.' Or take the following passage from the 'Democratic Vistas,' which, while it illustrates his style in prose writing, clearly indicates one at least of the reasons why he has devoted himself to his self-imposed task:—

'Let me illustrate further, as I write, with current observations, localities, &c. The subject is important, and will bear repetition. After an absence, I am now again (September, 1870) in New York city and Brooklyn, on a few weeks' vacation. The splendour, picturesqueness, and oceanic amplitude and rush of these great cities, the unsurpassed situation, rivers and bay, sparkling sea-tides, costly and lofty new buildings, facades of marble and iron, of original grandeur and elegance of design, with the masses of gay color, the preponderance of white and blue, the flags flying, the endless ships, the tumultuous streets, Broadway, the heavy, low, musical roar, hardly ever intermitted, even at night; the jobbers' houses, the rich shops, the wharves, the great Central Park, and the Brooklyn Park of hills, (as I wander among them this beautiful fall weather, musing, watching, absorbing)—the assemblages of the citizens in their groups, conversations, trades, evening amusements, or along the by-quarters—these, I say, and the like of these, completely satisfy my senses of power, fulness, motion, &c., and give me, through such senses and appetites, and through my esthetic conscience, a continued exaltation and absolute fulfilment. Always, and more and more, as I cross the east and north rivers, the ferries, or with the

pilots in their pilot-houses, or pass an hour in Wall Street, or the Gold Exchange, I realize (if we must admit such partialisms) that not Nature alone is great in her fields of freedom and the open air, in her storms, the shows of night and day, the mountains, forests, seas—but in the artificial, the work of man, too, is equally great—in this profusion of teeming humanity—in these ingenuities, streets, goods, houses, ships—these hurrying, feverish, electric crowds of men, their complicated business genius (not least among the geniuses), and all this mighty, many-threaded wealth and industry concentrated here.

'But sternly discarding, shutting our eyes to the glow and grandeur of the general superficial effect, coming down to what is of the only real importance, personalities, and examining minutely, we question, we ask—Are there, indeed, *men* here worthy the name? Are there athletes? Are there perfect women to match the generous material luxuriance? Is there a pervading atmosphere of beautiful manners? Are there crops of fine youths, and majestic old persons? Are their arts worthy freedom and a rich people? Is there a great moral and religious civilization—the only justification of a great material one? Confess that to severe eyes, using the moral microscope upon humanity, a sort of dry and flat Sahara appears, these cities, crowded with petty grotesques, malformations, phantoms, playing meaningless antics. Confess that everywhere, in shop, street, church, theatre, bar-room, official chair, are pervading flippancy and vulgarity, low cunning, infidelity—everywhere the youth puny, impudent, foppish, prematurely ripe—everywhere an abnormal libidinousness, unhealthy forms, male, female, painted, padded, dyed, chignon'd, muddy complexions, bad blood, the capacity for good motherhood deceasing or deceased, shallow notions of beauty, with a range of manners, or rather lack of manners (considering the advantages enjoy'd,) probably the meanest to be seen in the world.'

Turning to the literature of America, any 'breath recuperative of sane and heroic life' to breathe into these lamentable conditions, Whitman nowhere finds. That which he observes to be everywhere lacking is native or original power. Workers in a certain sort of literature he sees in abundance; but 'touched by the national test, or tried by the standards of democratic personality, they wither,' he affirms, 'to ashes.' 'I have not seen,' he remarks, 'a single writer, artist, lecturer, or what not, that has confronted the voiceless, but ever erect and active, pervading, underlying will and typic aspiration of the land, in a spirit kindred to itself.' And, again, 'considered with reference to purposes of patriotism, health, and noble personality, religion, and the democratic adjustments, all these swarms of

poems, literary magazines, dramatic plays, resultant so far from American intellect, and the formation of our best ideas, are useless and a mockery. They strengthen and nourish no one, express nothing characteristic, give decision and purpose to no one, and suffice only the lowest level of vacant minds.' Morally and artistically, he affirms, America has as yet originated nothing. 'We see the sons and daughters of the New World,' he observes, 'ignorant of its genius, not yet inaugurating the native, the universal, and the near, still importing the distant, the partial, and the dead. We see London, Paris, Italy—not original, superb, as where they belong, but secondhand here, where they do not belong. We see the shreds of Hebrews, Romans, Greeks; but where on her own soil do we see, in any faithful, highest, proud expression, America herself? I sometimes question whether she has a corner in her own house.' The central point of a nation, and that whence it is swayed and sways others, that which consolidates its various parts, shapes its character, and is the source at once of its inspiration and influence, is, he believes, its national literature, and more especially its archetypal poems, but any such literature or poems America, he maintains, does not possess.

What then is the literature he desires, and to what extent has he realised this desire in his own works? The answer to the first of these questions the foregoing paragraphs have already suggested. Those who wish for a fuller and more explicit answer we must refer to *Specimen Days and Collect*, and more especially to the 'Democratic Vistas,' the Prefaces of 1855 and 1876, and to the essay on 'Poetry To-day in America—Shakespere—The Future,' where Whitman has unfolded his ideas at considerable length, and frequently with great eloquence and power. In the space now remaining at our disposal we shall point out one or two of the features of the literature he has produced, premising, however, that many of the questions it suggests we shall be obliged to pass over in silence.

Whitman's principal defect, as a poet, lies, as it seems to us and as we have already said, in the direction of his artistic power. That which strikes the reader first on opening *Leaves of Grass* is the singular appearance of its pages. The ordinary

forms of versification Whitman has discarded, and adopted in their stead one which reminds us of Ossian, the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and the Vedas. By his thorough-paced admirers this is claimed as a sign of originality and strength. In our opinion it is a sign of weakness. A really great poet, one, that is, who is thoroughly perfect in all the branches of his art, is a master of expression. Whitman confessedly is not. After many trials he was forced, he tells us, to give up the attempt to express himself in the forms employed by the great poets of the principal literary nations, and to use the mode he has here adopted. There is running through his works, as Mr. Rossetti has very truly remarked, 'a very powerful and majestic rythmical sense,' and some of his poems are distinguished by a rythmical movement and a sustained melody which are admirable, as for example—'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,' 'O Captain, my Captain,' 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed.' These, however, are exceptions. Generally speaking, Whitman's lines are deficient in melody. Music of a certain kind they certainly have; but they want the measured cadence, the flowing melody, that exquisite rythmical charm which makes the words of the great poets take hold of the mind and live in the memory as the sweetest strain of a noble song. Nor can it be said that by adopting this peculiar mode of versification Whitman has secured any advantages superior to those afforded by the ordinary forms. That he has obtained a greater freedom may probably be admitted; but it is questionable whether it is not at the expense of effectiveness. To take but a single illustration. The thought of the following is admirable:—

'There was a child went forth every day:
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became;
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.

. . . .

The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt-marsh and shore-mud;
These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who now goes, and will always go forth every day.'

But compare with it Wordsworth's treatment of the same theme:—

> 'The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her: and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.'

Whatever may be said in favour of Whitman's treatment, the advantages, so far as general effectiveness is concerned, are plainly with Wordsworth. The last two lines, besides having a fulness and suggestiveness about them quite equal to all that Whitman has said, or has attempted to say, have a music and a charm of expression on which the ear delights to dwell. Whitman's neglect of the art of expression is calculated, we think, to tell greatly against him. That he is capable of great things in this way we do not doubt. The poems referred to above, and others we could name, are a proof of the consummate work he might have done, had he been less impatient of restraint and more devoted to the perfecting of his skill in what is in reality one of the main sources of the poet's power. It must not be supposed, however, that Whitman is indifferent to the charms of art, or that, in his revolt against conventionalism, he has no rules or principles of his own. To those who imagine so we commend the perusal of what follows from the Preface of 1855:—

'The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters, is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity—nothing can make up for excess, or for the lack of definiteness. To carry on the heave of impulse and pierce intellectual depths and give all subjects their articulations, are powers neither common nor very uncommon. But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insousciance of the movements of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the road-side, is the flawless triumph of art. If you have look'd on him who has achiev'd it you have look'd on one of the masters of the artists of all nations and times. You shall not contemplate the flight of the grey gull over the bay, or the mettlesome action of the blood-horse, or the tall leaning of some flowers on their stalk, or the appearance of the

sun journeying through heaven, or the appearance of the moon afterward, with any more satisfaction than you shall contemplate him. The great poet has less a marked style, and is more the channel of thoughts and things without increase or diminution, and is the free channel of himself. He swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome, I will not have in my writing any elegance, or effect, or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely for what it is. Let who may exalt or startle or fascinate or soothe, I will have purposes as health or heat or snow has, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me.'

In 'Children of Adam,' Whitman has sinned, we think, against good taste, common sense, and, in fact, as one of his critics has pointed out, against one of his own canons. True, he has probably violated no moral law, and has simply spoken of what nature permits. It is true also that according to Schiller, whatever nature permits, is permitted also to art. Still, there are some things on which men have agreed to be silent, and though we are by no means disposed to regard conventionality as the standard of morals, we cannot avoid the conviction that by speaking of the sexual relations in the way in which he has, Whitman has violated a natural instinct of the human mind. That he is an immoral writer, as some of his critics have maintained, we do not believe. His fault is one of manner rather than of spirit, and has its origin in an error of judgment rather than in a wrong bias of the mind. His deepest spirit and highest aim are, it seems to us, religious; and nothing, we imagine, but a strong sense of duty could have made him withstand so patiently and persistently the fierce storm of invective and abuse which some of his poems have aroused against him.

Whitman's faults, however, are greatly outweighed by his merits. First we may notice that in spirit he is intensely American. In the poets of other lands he is evidently well read; yet, he is an imitator of none. His manner, style, and spirit are entirely his own. Previous to him the poetry of America was, as has been justly observed, merely the

poetry of apt pupils, with an exuberance of gorgeous blossom, but no principle of reproduction. The poems of Bryant and Longfellow might have been written as easily on the banks of the Thames as on the banks of the Hudson. There is little in them that is distinctively American. Whitman's poems, on the other hand, are saturated through and through with the spirit of the New World. 'Starting from Paumanock,' 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry,' 'A Song of Joys,' 'Song of the Broad Axe,' 'A Song for Occupations,' 'Pioneers! O Pioneers!' 'By Blue Ontario's Shore,' 'Drum-Taps' and 'Sea Drift,' it may safely be said, could not have been written elsewhere than on the American Continent, or by one whose spiritual life had not been reared among its people, and nourished by a life-long communion with its magnificent natural phenomena. Whitman is American also in another sense. He is thoroughly democratic. The President is no more to him than a mason, or woodman, or western farmer. Any breath of a political aristocracy, of feudalism, or of caste, is not allowed to taint his pages. Their ideas and institutions are entirely alien to his spirit. He could no more have written the *Idylls of the King*, or a play of Shakespeare than he could have written the Illiad. The doctrine which he preaches on every page is the greatness of the individual soul. While Spenser writes 'to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline,' Whitman writes to build up a new and splendid race of average men. As a poet of Democracy, as Democracy exists in the New World, he stands alone.

'The messages of great poets to each man and woman,' he has remarked, 'are, Come to us on equal terms, only then can you understand us. We are no better than you. What we inclose you inclose, what we enjoy you may enjoy.' Of his own poems this is a marked feature. Their directness is unquestionable. They place the reader on a level with themselves, and make him feel that he is being addressed by one who is of the same flesh and blood as himself, by one whose thoughts and feelings are, or may be his own. And the reason is that, subjective as Whitman's poems are, and distinctively as they teach the doctrine of individualism, they always rest on that

which is universally human. Perhaps no other poet of the present has a larger vision of that 'great human heart by which we live,' or more persistently announces it. The 'self' of which he sings is not always his own individual self; as frequently, if not more so, it is the universal self, that universal being of which each individual is but a conscious manifestation. Of this any one can convince himself by a careful reading of the 'Song of Myself.' Take, for instance, the following lines:—

> 'I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the beginning
> and the end.
> But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.
> There was never any more inception than there is now,
> Nor any more youth or age than there is now,
> And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
> Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now;'

or take the lines with which the song opens:—

> 'I celebrate myself, and sing of myself,
> And what I assume you shall assume,
> For every atom belongs to me as good as belongs to you;'

or these:—

> 'The city sleeps and the country sleeps,
> The living sleep for their time, the dead sleep for their time,
> The old husband sleeps by his wife, and the young husband sleeps
> by his wife;
> And these tend inward to me, and I tend outward to them,
> And such as it is to be of these more or less I am,
> And of these one and all I weave the song of myself.'

This mysticism, indeed, forms the background of all Whitman's more important pieces, and is the key to their meaning. Without a clear apprehension of it it is impossible to understand the paradoxes in which his pages abound, or to reconcile his apparent contradictions. Were it not that we have Mr. Burroughs' assertion to the contrary, we should have attributed Whitman's mysticisms to a close study of Emerson. It seems, however, that before he published the first edition of the *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman had never read Emerson at all, and that he did not become acquainted with the *Essay* until the following summer. The similarity of their ideas is remarkable, and may

probably be taken as significant of the tendency of American thought.

Whitman is pre-eminently a poet of the modern world. No other has more thoroughly adopted the conclusions of science, or made a more splendid and impressive use of them in his writings. Not unseldom they give a vastness and grandeur to his thought, which is well-nigh overwhelming. At the same time he is very far from being in any sense or degree a materialist. The supremacy of the spiritual he always loyally, and sometimes ostentatiously, recognises. Though almost Greek in his sympathy with nature, and notwithstanding the manner in which he has sung of man's physical constitution, the position which he assigns to the soul is always incomparably higher, as the following from his Preface of 1876 clearly shows:—

'Only (for me, at anyrate, in all my prose and poetry), joyfully accepting modern science, and loyally following it without the slightest hesitation, there remains ever recognized still a higher flight, a higher fact, the eternal soul of man, (of all else too) the spiritual the religious—which it is to be the greatest office of scientism, in my opinion, and of future poetry also, to free from fables, crudities, and superstitions, and launch forth in renewed faith and scope a hundred-fold. To me, the worlds of religiousness, of the conception of the divine, and of the ideal, though mainly latent, are just as absolute in humanity and the universe as the world of chemistry, or anything in the objective worlds. . . . To me the crown of savantism is to be, that it surely opens the way for a more splendid theology, and for ampler and diviner songs.'

Still, notwithstanding his modern tone of thought, and the democratic spirit which pervades his writings, the past is by no means disdained by Whitman. Past, present, and future, he holds, are not disjoined but joined. The greatest poet forms the consistence of what is to be from what has been. The present, he affirms, is but a stage in the eternal process of creative thought, and is what it is through the past. At the same time, however, while admitting his indebtedness to the past, and claiming kinship with it, he asserts also his independence, and claims to stand in his own place with his own day about him:—

'I conn'd old times,
I sat studying at the feet of the great masters:

Now if eligible O that the great masters might return and study me.
In the name of These States shall I scorn the antique?
Why These are the children of the antique to justify it.

Dead poets, philosophs, priests,
Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since
Language-shapers on other shores,
Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn, or desolate,
I dare not proceed till I respectfully credit what you have left wafted hither
I have perused it, own it is admirable, (moving awhile among it)
Think nothing can ever be greater, nothing can ever deserve more than it deserves,
Regarding it all intensely a long while, then dismissing it,
I stand in my place with my own day here.'

We are warned, however, that our space is already exhausted, and can refer to but one other of the many remaining features of Whitman's poetry. After pointing out that formerly he was considered the best poet who composed the most perfect work, or the one which was most complete in every respect, Sainte-Beuve has remarked that for us in the present the greatest poet is he who in his works most stimulates the reader's imagination and reflection; not he who has done the best, but he who suggests the most; he, not all of whose meaning is at first obvious, who leaves you much to desire, to explain, to study, much to complete in your turn.' Judged by this standard Whitman deserves to take a place among the foremost. His works are preeminently suggestive. Any finished picture he seldom presents. His poems are rather suggestions, arousing the reader, and leading him on and on, till he feels the fresher air of a freer thought breathing around him, and sees spreading out before him the limitless and unknown.

'I but write one or two indicative words for the future,
I but advance a moment, only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness.
I am a man who, sauntering along, without fully stopping, turns a casual look upon you, and then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.'

To the religious spirit which breathes through Whitman's

writings we have already referred; and our assertions on this point have been borne out by several of the passages we have cited for other purposes. Did our space permit, numerous other passages might be cited as bearing directly upon it. But as a last word, and as indicating with considerable fulness the scope and spirit of all that he has written, we transcribe the following:—

'And thou America,
For the scheme's culmination, its thought and its reality
For these (not for thyself) thou hast arrived.

'Thou, too, surroundest all,
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou, too, by pathways broad and new,
To the ideal tendest.

'The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

'All for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

'Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation, universal.

'Is it a dream ?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream ?
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.'

Art. VI.—ZOLA'S PARISIAN MIDDLE CLASSES.

WHEN Emile Zola, in the course of his *Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second Empire*, had pourtrayed the labouring classes of Paris in a description which may or may not have been a calumny, he is said to have promised them their revenge, and his representation of commercial society has certainly been envenomed enough to gratify the most vindictive *prolétaire*. It may be questioned whether the author lays the greater stress upon the representation of foul animalism, or upon that of an almost utter absence of any sentiment of honour, honesty, or self-respect. By the inculpated class itself the work was greeted with screams of horror at its impropriety. It is certainly coarse almost beyond expression, and contains one description in particular which ought never to have been written by any man born of woman. But when one calls to remembrance the complacency with which the same people perused the sickening account of degradation among working men, in one volume of the series, and the equally revolting picture of aristocratic debaucheries in another, their qualms of delicacy are apt to remind one of the conscientious objections to Ritualism which suddenly developed themselves in some persons doing business in London when Brother Ignatius had delivered in a city church one or two of his course of sermons on the text 'Thou shalt not steal.'

Zola is certainly no instance of the Divine truth that 'Fools make a mock at sin.' The vice so nakedly described is painted in the blackest and most repulsive colours, and the vicious types who form nearly all his *dramatis personæ* are held up only to contempt and dislike. Of the few upright or moral characters, the old man Vabre, the secret gambler, is drawn chiefly for amusement; but the poor struggling and well-meaning father, M. Josserand, is evidently meant to excite pity and sympathy, if not actual respect; and the highest place is kept for the ecclesiastic, torn between the fear of condoning wickedness on the one hand and of rendering his ministry useless through too harsh a zeal, on the other. It is

not, however, with these features that we are here concerned, but merely with the curious and interesting pictures of modern Parisian middle-class life which the book contains, and of which we have culled a few for the entertainment of the reader, omitting the passages relating to other portions of the story.

The book can hardly be said to have a plot. It consists of the history of a large house let out in flats, during the residence in it of a certain Octave Mouret, a draper's assistant, who ends by marrying the proprietress of the shop where he is employed. The pretentious dignity of this mansion, and especially the solemnity of the common stair, with all its gilding and sham marble, and the whited-sepulchre respectability of the doors opening upon it, is made a subject of unceasing sarcasm. The proprietor of this house, who has built it as a speculation, is a small retired solicitor from Versailles, a M. Vabre; whose younger son Auguste keeps a large silk-mercery (where Octave is for some time foreman) on the ground-floor, and occupies the entresol. The first floor is divided into two dwellings, one of which is occupied by M. Vabre's married son Théophile and his wife Valérie; and the other by his daughter Clotilde, married to M. Duveyrier, a Counsellor to the Court of Appeal, whose extreme severity of public principle and debased profligacy in private are held up as a type of social hypocrisy; with these latter M. Vabre himself resides. The second floor is inhabited by a literary man and his family, who have no dealings with anybody in the house. On the third are a lady, Mdme. Juzeur, 'who has seen great misfortunes'; and the architect by whom the house had been built, M. Campardon, with his wife and daughter and a cousin. On the fourth floor there live, along with several other lodgers, a family named Josserand. The father is money-taker at a large glass shop. The eldest son lives away from home, and the younger, Saturnin, is half-witted. There are two daughters, Hortense and Berthe. The history of the Vabre and Josserand families takes up most part of the book. Mdme. Josserand has long been endeavouring to get her daughters off her hands, and especially urging on her brother, M. Bachelard, a wealthy but dissolute old

tradesman, a childless widower, the propriety of giving them marriage portions. Uncle Bachelard has a nephew by marriage named Gueulin, who, with a fast young man called Trublot, constitute Octave's principal male acquaintance.

The following description of a musical evening party has attained some renown:—

'A perfect play was being acted at the Josserands'. The musical party at the Duveyriers', to which they were just going, should settle, Mdme. Josserand was determined, the question of Berthe's marrying Auguste Vabre. Auguste himself, who had been the object of a violent siege for the last fortnight, was still hesitating, in evident doubts upon the subject of the dowry. Mdme. Josserand, determined to make a decisive stroke, had written to her brother, to announce to him the project of the marriage, and to remind him of his promises, in the hope that he would commit himself, in his answer, to something of which she could make use. The whole family were waiting for nine o'clock, before the fire-place in the dining-room, dressed, and ready to go down, when M. Gourd, the porter, brought up the letter from uncle Bachelard, which had lain forgotten under Mdme. Gourd's snuff-box ever since the last post.

'"At last," said Mdme Josserand, tearing it open.

'The father and two daughters watched her anxiously as she read it. The maid-of-all-work, who had had to dress the ladies, was moving clumsily about, clearing the table, on which the dinner dishes still remained. Mdme. Josserand turned pale.

'"Nothing," she burst out, "not a single word worth anything. He'll see later on, when the marriage takes place—and he adds how well he loves us. Wretched scoundrel!"

'M. Josserand, in his evening clothes, dropt into a chair. Hortense and Berthe sat down too, in a sort of exhaustion, one in pink and the other in blue, their old frocks done up once more.

'"I always said it," murmured the father. "Bachelard is simply doing us—he'll never give us a sou."

'Mdme. Josserand, in her flame-coloured gown, stood reading the letter over again, and then broke out afresh.

'"Men are always the same! Him, for instance, you'd think he was mad, the way he spends his life. Not a bit of it! He might be anything you like, but he wakes up quick enough when once you begin to talk to him about money, and" (turning to her daughters for their instruction), "I'll tell you what. I ask myself what on earth can make you want to marry. If you'd only had enough of it and to spare, like me! There's not one of them would ever care for you for your own sakes, or settle anything on you without a row. Uncles rolling in their millions, who've been fed for the last twenty years, and then won't give their nieces anything!

Husbands who are of no use whatsoever—no, sir—of no use whatsoever!"

'M. Josserand's head sank. The maid went on clearing the table, when Mdme. Josserand's wrath suddenly fell upon her.

'"What are you doing there, listening for? Be off to the kitchen, and stay there. And then, those brutes are to have everything! They're only fit to be treated as they treat us, keep that in mind!"

'Hortense and Berthe shook their heads gravely, as though thoroughly penetrated by these counsels. Their mother had long ago convinced them of the entire inferiority of men, whose only parts in life were to marry and to pay. Silence took possession of the smoky dining-room, which the remains of the dinner, left upon the table, filled with a close smell of eating. The Josserands themselves, in their evening clothes, sitting apart here and there, forgot for a while the Duveyriers' concert, in a mournful contemplation of the constant disenchantments of life. From a room hard by they could hear the snores of Saturnin, whom they had put to bed early.'

'"It's all up then—shall we undress?" said Berthe, at last.

'But Madame Josserand recovered her energy at once. "What? Undress? And why, if you please? Were they not respectable? Was not a marriage with them as good as a marriage with any one else?" Take place the marriage should, or she would die in the attempt. And then she distributed their parts to each. The two girls were to make themselves as agreeable as possible to Auguste, and not to let go of him until he had done it; the father was to make friends of old M. Vabre and Duveyrier by always saying whatever they said, if he had sense enough; as for herself, she would undertake the women, and knew well enough how to manage them. Then, after a moment's consideration, and a last glance round the dining room, as though to make sure of having left no weapon forgotten behind, she assumed the air of a commander leading his troops to the forlorn hope, and said—

'"Let us go down."

'They went down. M. Josserand, amid the solemnity of the staircase, feeling some very disagreeable anticipations as to his conscience.

'When they arrived, the crowd at the Duveyriers' was already dense. The enormous grand piano took up one whole side of the drawing-room. The women were seated in front of it upon rows of chairs, as at a public concert; and two black waves of evening-coats overflowed into the background from the open doors of the dining-room and of the back drawing-room. A chandelier from the ceiling and sconces on the walls, assisted by six lamps upon side-tables, shed a blinding light upon the whole room, which was painted entirely in white and gold, and furnished with violently red silk curtains and furniture covered to match. It was very hot, and the fans beat monotonously upon the richly-perfumed air.

'Mdme. Duveyrier had just seated herself at the piano. Mdme. Josserand, smiling, made her a gesture of entreaty not to move, left her daughters in the middle of the men, and accepted a chair for

herself between Valérie and Mdme. Juzeur. M. Josserand had got away comfortably into the back drawing-room, where the landlord, old M. Vabre, was slumbering in his usual place in the corner of a sofa. A group was already assembled in the same room, comprising Campardon the architect, Théophile and Auguste Vabre, Dr. Juillerat, and the Abbé Mauduit. Trublot and Octave had found one another, and gone to the end of the dining-room, out of the way of the music. Not far from them, but behind the sea of black coats, was Duveyrier, a tall, thin man, with his eyes fixed upon his wife at the piano, awaiting the making of silence. At his button-hole was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, arranged in an unexceptionable little bow.

'"Hush-sh, hush-sh," whispered friendly voices.

'Then Clotilde Duveyrier began to play a Noctum by Chopin, excessively difficult in execution. She was a tall, handsome woman, with very fine reddish hair, and a long face, as white and as cold as snow. Music was the only thing which had power to light up her grey eyes, and then it was with an exaggerated passion in which she lived, without any other craving, either of mind or body. Duveyrier continued to look at her; but, after the first few bars, he was seized by a nervous irritation, his lips worked and contracted, and he went off to the far end of the dining-room: the great red spots on his shaven face, with its pointed chin and slanting eyes, showed unhealthy blood, a kind of bitterness coming up on the skin.

'Trublot, who had been staring at him, said tranquilly—

'"He's not fond of music."

'"Neither am I," answered Octave.

'"Oh, you—it does'nt matter. He's a man, my dear boy, who's always been in luck. He's no better than anybody else, but everybody's always pushed him on. He comes of an old middle class family, and his father's a retired president. He's belonged to the Bar ever since he left school; then a judge substitute at Reims; from that, a judge at Paris, at the *tribunal de première instance;* decorated with the Legion of Honour; and now Counsellor of the Court—and all before he's forty-five. It's rather strong. But he don't like music. The piano is the bane of his life. One can't have absolutely everything."

'Clotilde, meanwhile, was dispersing the difficulties with an amazing calmness. She was at her piano like a circus-rider on her horse. Octave's only interest was in watching her hands.

'"Just look at her fingers,' he said, "it's enough to knock you down.* That sort of thing must hurt her after about a quarter of an hour."

'On the termination of the Nocturn, everyone offered Clotilde their congratulations; Mdme. Josserand, who ran to her with excitement, squeezed both her hands. The men began to talk again, with a sense of relief, and the women fanned themselves more freely. Duveyrier felt himself able to

* *épatant.*

return into the back drawing-room, whither he was followed by Octave and Trublot. As they pressed through among the petticoats, the latter whispered to the former—

'"Look to the right—the game's begun."

'Mdme. Josserand had just fired off Berthe at Auguste. He had had the rashness to come up to speak to the ladies. This evening, his neuralgia was allowing him a rest; indeed, he only felt it in one place, in the left eye, but he looked forward to the close of the evening with perturbation, for he knew that there was going to be singing, which was always bad for him.

'"Berthe," said her mother, "tell M. Auguste that prescription for neuralgia which you copied out of a book for him—Oh, I assure you, it is really a specific!"

'And as soon as she saw them talking together, near a window, she left them.

'"Just fancy doing it with medicines," whispered Trublot.

'M. Josserand, desirous to content his wife, had remained in the back drawing-room, standing in front of M. Vabre, but considerably embarrassed, as the old man continued to slumber peacefully, and he did not like to wake him up in order to ingratiate himself. But when the music stopped, M. Vabre opened his eyes. He was a little fat man, entirely bald except for two tufts of white hair above his ears, with a red face, thick lips, and round eyes which projected a good deal. M. Josserand got into conversation by enquiring civilly after his health. The retired solicitor, whose four or five ideas were always unfolded in the same order, began by talking about Versailles, where he had practised for forty years; next he spoke of his sons, and expressed his continued regret that neither the elder nor the younger had shown sufficient ability to carry on his business, which had been the reason that induced him to sell, and come to live in Paris; thirdly, came the history of his house, the building of which had formed the romance of his existence.

'"I sank three hundred thousand francs in it. My architect assured me that it would turn out a magnificent speculation; and now it's as much as I can do to keep my money, especially since my children have come to live with me on purpose not to have to pay rent; and I should never get anything if I didn't go myself every fifteenth. But I'm happy to say that I can comfort myself in my work."

'"You're a hard worker?" asked M. Josserand.

'"Always, always," answered the old man, with an air of worn and hopeless energy, "To me, to work is to live."

'And then he explained his great occupation. For the last ten years he had purchased regularly a copy of the official catalogue of the *Salon*, and carefully analysed it, writing out upon slips, with the name of each painter, the names of the pictures exhibited by him. He spoke of this undertaking with an air of weariness and pain; he found that the year

was hardly long enough to bring up the results to the actual moment, before the publication of a new catalogue necessitated the going over the whole thing afresh; sometimes, indeed, the task was so difficult that it fairly crushed him, and he dropped it in despair—for instance, some of the artists were ladies, and if they married, and after their marriage signed their pictures, not by their maiden names, but by their married names, how on earth was he to recognize them?

'"And my work can never be brought to an end," he groaned; "it's that that's killing me."

'"You take a great interest in art?" replied M. Josserand, with the intention of complimenting him.

'M. Vabre stared at him with an expression of amazement.

'"Not at all—it is not necessary for me to see the pictures. It's a work of statistics. Well, I think I'd better go to bed: my head'll be clearer to-morrow morning. Good night."

'He raised himself upon his stick, which he used even in the house, and retired with a stiff and painful gait, for his thighs were already getting touched by paralysis. M. Josserand stayed where he was, with a feeling of perplexity; he was afraid he had not understood very well, and had not talked about the slips with enough enthusiasm.

'Berthe had managed to edge Auguste into the recess of the window, and was making him giddy with her laughter. He forgot his fear of women, and became quite rosy. Mdme. Josserand, however, must have thought that things were going rather too slow, for she directed a fixed look at Hortense, who accordingly went to give her sister a helping hand.'

The men were talking politics, and a contest as to the unbending attitude of the Church was engaged between the doctor and the priest, the former a thin nervous man, and the latter plump and polished. They were in reality very old friends, as they met at every death-bed in the quarter, but they now appeared irreconcileable, while the priest preserved a courteous smile even in the act of making his most absolute assertions, in the character of a man of the world tolerant towards the evils of life, but a Catholic who had no idea of yielding a jot of dogma.

The women discussed their servants with mutual frankness. Valérie had sent away another maid that very morning, which made three within eight days. Mdme. Juzeur had made up her mind to go to the asylum of Infants-Assistés, and take some young thing of fifteen, whom she could train. Mdme. Josserand was voluble upon the subject of her own maid, a worthless slut, of whom she related some wonderful traits. The whole of them, lolling under the light of the candles, in the perfume of the flowers, plunged into stories of the back-stairs, talked over greasy account-books, and worked themselves into passions over the impertinence of coachmen and char-women. From this the conversation changed, and Mdme. Josserand described with overflowing admiration a very small piece of land which the Duveyriers possessed near Villeneuve Saint Georges,

and which she had never seen except once, out of the window of a railway carriage, as she was going one day to Fontainebleau. Clotilde Duveyrier was watching and listening to Octave with an undisguised interest. She had received him merely with a slight bow when Campardon had introduced him, but hearing him make a remark to her friend Mdme. Hédouin, could not restrain herself from saying—

'"Dear me, I beg your pardon—what voice have you?"

'At first he did not understand what she meant, but ended by saying that his voice was tenor. On this Clotilde became quite excited. Really, a tenor? What good luck, tenors were becoming so rare! At this very moment they were on the point of singing the scene of the *Blessing of the Daggers*, out of the opera of the *Huguenots*, and for this purpose she had not been able to find more than three tenors among the whole of her acquaintances, whereas she needed at least five. Her eyes sparkled, and she had to restrain herself from trying him at once with the piano. He had to promise that he would come and see her some evening. Trublot, who was behind him, gave him a nudge, and whispered, with ferocious exultation, as soon as Clotilde was away—

'"You're in for it! As for me, my dear boy, she first found that I was a baritone, but as that didn't do, she tried me as a tenor; however, that didn't do either, and she has settled to use me this evening as a bass. I'm going to do one of the Monks."

'But here he had to leave Octave, as Mdme. Duveyrier was calling him. The great event of the evening, the scene from the *Huguenots*, was about to come off. There was a considerable disturbance, to begin with. Fifteen men, all amateurs, and all recruited from among the guests, had to struggle through the mass of ladies in order to get to the piano, stopping and begging pardon for causing inconvenience, while their voices were drowned in the loud buzz of conversation, and the fans flapped faster than ever in the rising heat and closeness. At last Mdme. Duveyrier counted them over; they were all there; and she distributed to them their parts, which she had copied out herself. Campardon the architect was to do *Saint Bris*, a young auditor to the Council of State had entrusted to him some bars of the part of *Nevers*, and eight Lords of the Court, four Magistrates of Paris, and three Monks were represented by a group of advocates, clerks, and small house-owners. She was herself to accompany, and had also kept to herself the part of *Valentine*—passionate cries, which she uttered while giving an heavy pressure on the chords; for she was unwilling to mix a lady up among her submissive flock of fifteen gentlemen, whom she ruled with all the tyranny of the conductor of a band.

'The talk, however, went on, and above all, there was an insufferable noise from the back drawing-room, where the political discussion was getting rather excited. Clotilde thereupon took a key out of her pocket, and rapped sharply with it upon the piano. There was a low murmur of voices, the sound died away, and the two waves of black coats overflowed again into

the room. Silence had just been established when a loud peal of laughter was heard. This was from Berthe, at a joke of Auguste, whom she had succeeded in drawing out to such an extent that he was actually becoming sprightly. The whole room looked round ; mothers assumed a grave air ; and the members of the family exchanged glances. "What a wild creature," murmured Mdme. Josserand, in a tone of motherly tenderness—but audibly.

'But a cavernous voice now pealed forth, and every head was turned towards the piano. Campardon, with his mouth open in a complete round, and his beard dishevelled in lyric excitement, thundered—

"Oui, l'ordre de la Reine en ces lieux nous rassemble."

'Clotilde instantly ran up a scale, came down again, and then, with her eyes on the ceiling, shrieked—

'"Je tremble."

'And the scene began. The eight advocates, clerks, and house-owners, with their noses in their bits of manuscript, and the general appearance of school-boys stammering over a page of Greek, swore that they were ready to deliver France. The result of this was unexpected, for the voices were drowned under the lowness of the roof, and nothing could be heard but a general din, as of carts laden with paving stones, which made the windows tremble. But when the melody of *Saint Bris* "Pour cette cause sainte" opened the main theme, the ladies knew where they were again, and moved their heads with an air of intelligence. The room warmed. The Lords of the Court shouted "Nous le jurons ! . . . Nous vous suivrons !" and every time it was like a tempest giving a shock to every individual guest. The explanations of *Nevers* and *Valentine* began to bore Octave, and none the less because the auditor to the Council of State was a false baritone. He looked at Trublot who, as the Monks had not yet entered on the scene, directed his attention by a glance, to the window where Berthe still imprisoned Auguste. It was partly open, and they stood in the depth of the recess, breathing the fresh air. Hortense stood at the entrance of the recess, with her ears fully on the stretch, and playing mechanically with the tasselled cord which held back the curtain. No one was looking at them.

'Clotilde, with her hands upon the key-board, and no longer able to spare the distraction of a second, stretched forward, and addressed to the book-rest her oath to *Nevers*—

'"Ah ! d'aujourd' hui tout mon sang est à vous !"

'The four Magistrates of Paris then advanced, represented by one substitute, two advocates and a solicitor. This quartette made a great sensation, and the phrase "Pour cette cause sainte" returned swelled by half the chorus, with increasing vehemence. Campardon, his mouth even more round and his voice even more cavernous, issued his commands for the

massacre, with terrific rolls upon the syllables. Then suddenly out came the chant of the Monks, in which Trublot psalmodized from the depths of his stomach to get the bass notes. Octave, who was amusing himself by watching him sing, was much surprised when he turned his eyes again towards the window. Hortense, as though nervously excited by the music, had, by a movement which might have been unconscious, unfastened the cord; and the great red silk curtain had fallen forward and completely hidden Auguste and Berthe. Octave paid no more attention to Trublot, who was in the very act of blessing the daggers—

'"Poignards sacrés, par nous soyez bénits."

'What on earth could they be doing behind the curtain?

'The final fugue began. The Monks bellowed, and the chorus replied—

'"A mort! à mort! à mort!"

'Not a movement betrayed their presence. Perhaps they were only cooling themselves, and looking at the cabs passing in the street. The melody of *Saint Bris* was heard again, all the voices little by little took it up with all their strength, working up to a final crash which had the effect of a storm bursting inside the room, agitating the candles and stunning the guests, whose ears absolutely tingled. Clotilde, thumping furiously upon the keys, intimated to the singers by a look, that the scene was closing; the voices sank, and died away with the words, "A minuit! point de bruit!" and she continued alone, putting down the soft pedal, and sounding the cadenced and retreating footfalls of the patrol, retiring in the distance.

'As the music died away into restful silence, every one suddenly heard a voice say—

'"You're hurting me."

'Every head again turned to the window. Mdme. Dambreville, to make herself useful, went and pulled back the curtain, revealing to the whole room Auguste in much confusion, and Berthe very red, leaning against the sill.

'"What's the matter, my treasure?" cried Mdme Josserand, tenderly.

'"Nothing, mama; it was only M. Auguste struck the window against my arm. I was so hot."

'And so saying, she turned still redder. There were a good many subdued smiles. Some people looked shocked. Mdme. Duveyrier, who, for the last month, had been trying to turn her brother away from Berthe, had become quite white, being none the better pleased at the winding up effect of her piece of music having been spoilt. However, when the first movement of surprise was over, every one began to applaud the performance, to congratulate her, and to compliment her singers. How they had sung! What a vast deal of trouble she must have taken to attain such a result! Really, it was no better at the Opera! But while all this was being said,

she could not help hearing that some whispered conversation was going on all over the room; the girl's position had been put in too evident a light, and the marriage was an affair of certainty.

'"Bagged!" whispered Trublot to Octave. "What an idiot! I was wondering what he was at while we were howling. It's a great convenience of musical parties, you can do what you like without being heard."

'Berthe soon became perfectly calm, and was in the gayest and most laughing mood. Hortense now looked at Auguste with the dry expression of a successful diplomatist—and especially of an unmarried female diplomatist. In this moment of victory the lesson of the mother—the undisguised contempt for a man—showed itself. All the guests had begun to mingle in the drawing-room, ladies and gentlemen, and the tone of voices in conversation became louder.

M. Josserand felt keenly and very painfully the position in which his daughter had placed herself, and edged uneasily near to his wife. He sickened at heart when he heard her say to Mdme. Juzeur, but in a tone which was evidently meant to be overheard, especially by Valérie and Clotilde, who were standing quite close by,—"Yes, I assure you. Her uncle wrote to us again only this very day. Berthe will have fifty thousand francs. Of course, that is'nt very much, but still it's worth that when the money's there, and there's no doubt about it."

'This lie gave him such a qualm that he could not help touching her shoulder. She turned on him with a look only, but a look so resolute that his eyes fell mechanically. Immediately on seeing that Mdme. Duveyrier had moved, with a more pleasant expression she asked her with respectful interest, how her father was. Clotilde was evidently pleased by this attention, and said—

'"I think papa must have gone to bed; he works so hard."

'M. Josserand ventured to say that he knew that M. Vabre had in fact gone to bed, in order that he might have his thoughts clearer in the morning; and he stammered some observations about an exceedingly remarkable talent—faculties of an extraordinary kind—while he was thinking where the dowry was to come from, and what a position he might be in when the settlements came to be signed.

'Here all was interrupted by the commotion of moving chairs. The ladies were going into the dining-room. Mdme. Josserand moved thither in triumph, surrounded by her children, and by the members of the Vabre family. There was soon no one left in the disordered wilderness of empty chairs, except the little knot of serious men. Campardon had buttonholed the Abbé Manduit, and they were talking about the projected alteration in the Calvary-group in the church of St. Roch. The architect said that he was quite ready, as his work as diocesan architect in the diocese of Evreux left him free. He had nothing on hand there, at this moment, except one pulpit, an heating apparatus, and a new range in the Bishop's kitchen, any one of which could be perfectly superintended by the clerk of

the works. The Priest therefore promised to take the matter in hand definitively at the next meeting of the Church Session.* Having settled this they both rejoined the group, who were complimenting Duveyrier upon the composition of a judgment, which he did not deny was his composition; he only said that the president of the Court gave him, from motives of personal friendship, the writing of some judgments which presented little difficulty in law, though interesting to the public. He spoke of the ideal of the Christian family with an emotion which transfigured his face, and he warmly agreed with the Abbé Manduit's observations upon the necessity of religious faith for the perfection of the character of a wife and of a mother. This brought the conversation back again to politics and religion. Duveyrier had no wish to have his rooms used as a centre of political discussion, and he contented himself with saying in a lofty tone, as his eye wandered towards the dining-room, where Berthe and Hortense were stuffing Auguste with sandwiches, "There is one proved fact. Religion is the basis of happiness in marriage."

'Whereupon Trublot, who was sitting on a sofa beside Octave, was too much amused not to detail to the latter, to his vast astonishment, the habitual profligacy by which Duveyrier amused himself privately.

'But the gentlemen were now called into the dining-room. The priest remained behind for a moment alone, watching the crowd of guests in the next room. His features, astute though rounded, assumed an expression of intense sadness. His ministry made him know these women as well as the doctor knew them, and his experience had driven him to a despair, in which his effort was to maintain external decency, throwing a sort of mantle of religion over a rotten social class, and in constant expectation of the final crash, whenever the canker should be no longer capable of concealment. But as a Priest, perfectly sincere, and indeed ardent, in his religious faith, his stomach sometimes turned over his work. Yet, when Berthe came to offer him a cup of tea, he accepted it with his usual friendly smile, addressed a few kind and courteous words to her, so as to lessen, by his sacred character, the impression which the scene in the window had caused, and became again the polished man of the world, as if he could no longer hope to extort anything but respectability from penitents who were no longer under his control, and whose shame, if publicly known, might have cast a scandal upon religion.'

The marriage is settled. M. Josserand binds himself to give his daughter fifty thousand francs.

The marriage at the Register-office, required by French law in all cases, takes place on a Thursday. The religious ceremony is fixed for eleven o'clock on Saturday at the church of

*[Conseil de] fabrique.

St. Roch, and by a quarter past ten the wedding-party are assembling in the drawing-room of the Josserands.

'Angèle and Hortense opened both leaves of the [bed-room] door, to prevent the bride disarranging her veil; and Berthe appeared in a white silk dress all covered with white flowers, and a white wreath; her bouquet was white, and a white garland was drawn round the front of her gown, and left to die away upon the train in a wealth of little white buds. In this mass of whiteness she looked really charming, with her fresh colour, her golden hair, her merry eyes, and her frank mouth.

'They all cried out with one voice, "Lovely!"

'Then the women all kissed her with a sort of ecstasy.

'As a matter of fact, the Josserands had been at the end of their means, and did not know where to get the 2000 francs which the wedding was to cost them, 500 for dress, and 1500 for their share of the supper and the ball; and in the circumstances they had sent Berthe to Dr. Chassagne's, the private asylum where they had sent Saturnin, who had just had 3000 francs left him by an aunt; Berthe got leave to take her brother out for a drive, to amuse him, and spent all the time in the cab petting him and coaxing him, till she got him to come in for a moment into the office of a solicitor who did not know that the poor creature was half-witted, and was simply waiting for his signature. Hence the silk and the flowers, which astonished the women, who saw at a glance what it must have cost.

'"Quite perfect! what exquisite taste!"

'Mdme. Josserand was beaming, in a fierce-tinted mauve, which made her look taller and stouter than ever, with a sort of tower-like majesty. She stormed at M. Josserand, called Hortense to fetch her shawl, and vehemently forbade Berthe to sit down.

'"Take care! you'll crumple your flowers!"

'"There's no hurry," said Clotilde in her calm voice, "we've plenty of time. Auguste has to come to fetch us."

'They were waiting in the drawing-room when Théophile rushed in without his hat, his coat awry, and his white tie knotted round his neck like a cord. His face, with its few hairs and its bad teeth, was blue with rage, and his weak unhealthy limbs trembled with passion.

'"What's the matter with you?" said his sister, in amazement.

'"The matter with me—" but here he was stopped with a fit of coughing, and remained for a minute choking and spitting into his pocket-handkerchief, bursting with rage at not being able to give vent to his fury. Valérie looked at him with a vague terror. At last he shook his fist at her, without taking the least notice of the bride or the ladies who were gathered round her. His wife turned pale, and in the hope of avoiding the row, went into the bed-room out of which Berthe had just come, saying, "Well, I'd rather go if he's lost his head." His sister took him roughly by the arm and shook it authoritatively.

"Be quiet, don't you see where you are? This isn't a proper time, d' yc hear?" He burst out again, but in a lower tone, and threw himself into chair, quite worn out, and ready to cry. A considerable awkwardness w now felt among the company. Mdme. Dambreville and Mdme. Juzei drew civilly aside, pretending not to notice. Mdme. Josserand, who w excessively put out by an incident which threatened to throw a wet blank over the proceedings of the wedding, went into the bed-room to conso Valérie. Berthe was standing before the glass looking at her wreath, ai hadn't heard, so she questioned Hortense in a low voice, who looked Théophile and whispered, while she pretended to be arranging the veil.

'"Oh!" said the bride, with an air of innocence and amusement, loo ing at the husband with perfect tranquility, in her glory of white flowers

'Presently Auguste, irreproachably dressed in evening clothes, with l left eye half shut under the influence of a sick headache, which had be his dread for the last three days, arrived to claim his bride, accompani by his father and his brother-in-law, both in a state of the utmost solei nity. There was a little hustling, for they had ended by being rath behind time. Mdme. Duveyrier and Mdme. Dambreville had to he Mdme. Josserand to put on her shawl. This was a Lyons shawl of ma colours and vast size, with a yellow ground, which she still insisted wearing on great occasions, although no longer in the fashion, and whi tapestried her on a scale and with an effect that caused quite an exciteme in the streets. They had still to wait for M. Josserand, who was hunti under all the furniture for a sleeve-link which had been swept away in t dust-pan the evening before. At last he appeared, making a sort of co fused apology, and looking perfectly distracted, but happy; and he we down-stairs first, squeezing Berthe's arm tightly under his own. Aft them came Auguste with Mdme. Josserand; and then the ruck, anyho breaking the sepulchral silence of the landings with a murmur of tal Théophile had got hold of Duveyrier, whose solemnity he was disturbi by the details of his quarrels with his wife, whining in his ear and aski him what he thought, while Valérie herself walked before them in attitude of calm dignity, receiving the gentle sympathy of Mdme. Juzeu without seeming to notice her husband at all.

'"Where's your prayer-book?' cried Mdme. Josserand in despair.

'They had already taken their places in the carriages. Angèle had go up again to find the prayer-book, bound in white velvet. At last th set off. Every one in the house was there to see them start—the mai of all work, and the porter and his wife. Marie Pichon, the workma wife, had come down with her little girl Lilitte, dressed to go out, and t sight of the bride looking so pretty, and her beautiful dress, made her cı M. Gourd, the porter, observed that the second-floor lodgers were the on people who hadn't come out—a queer lot, who were always different frc everyone else. At the Church of St. Roch the great West-Door had be

thrown wide open. A red carpet was spread over the steps down to the street-walk. It was raining. The May morning was very cold.

'"Thirteen steps," said Mdme. Juzeur in a low voice to Valérie, as they passed under the doorway; "it's not a sign of good luck."

'As soon as the wedding party began to move two and two, arm and arm, towards the choir, up the path between the lines of chairs, the organ above their heads in the gallery at the west end, burst into joyous music. The lighted tapers shone like a galaxy of stars above the altar. It was a luxurious cheerful church, with great white windows bordered with yellow and pale blue, a dado of red marble round the walls and the pillars, and a gilded pulpit supported by the four Evangelists. The side-chapels glittered in the distance with goldsmith's work, the roof was painted in the style of an opera-house, and there were cut-glass chandeliers hanging from long strings. As they moved up they passed through gales of hot air from the gratings of the heating apparatus in the floor.

'"You're sure you've got the ring?" said Mdme. Josserand to Auguste, as he took his place beside Berthe at the faldstools before the altar.

'He took a panic, thought he had forgotten it, and then found it in his waist-coat pocket. But she had not waited for his answer. Since she came in she had been drawing herself up and looking about her at who was there; there were Trublot and Gueulin, both as best men; uncle Bachelard and Campardon, as witnesses for the bride; Duveyrier and Dr. Juillerat for the bridegroom; and a whole host of acquaintances who filled her with pride. The places set apart for the relations behind Berthe and Auguste, were occupied by M. Josserand, the Vabres, and the Duveyriers.

'And now the organ began to play little scales of sharp notes, alternated with loud bursts. Everyone settled themselves, the clergy took their places in the choir, the men formed groups in the side-aisles. The Abbé Mauduit had reserved to himself the happiness of blessing the union of one of his beloved flock. When he appeared in his surplice he exchanged a friendly glance with the assembly where he knew every face. Then the voices broke out into the *Veni Creator* and the organ resumed its triumphal music. Meanwhile Théophile was expatiating in the aisle upon his domestic wrongs, in spite of Duveyrier, who, in a state of intense irritation at the incident, was trying to make him understand the extreme impropriety of the occasion chosen.

'Before the altar, the ceremony commenced. The Priest addressed an impassioned exhortation to the bride and bridegroom, and then took the ring and blessed it; the piercing voice of a choir-boy replied *Amen.*

'The Bridegroom gave his assent with the solemn "yea" of a man who makes it a rule never to sign anything without reading it first, and the priest then turned to the bride—"Dost thou promise and swear to be faithful to Auguste Vabre in all things, according to the duty of a faithful wife to her husband, in obedience to the ordinance of God?"

'But Berthe, who had seen Théophile gesticulating and was hoping for a row, was watching through a corner of her veil, and did not hear him. There was an awkward pause. At last she saw that they were waiting for her, and hurriedly said "yea, yea."

'The Abbé Mauduit had followed her glance with amazement, and perceiving the singular scene which was going on in the aisle, became himself a prey to wandering thoughts, and when he ought to have made the sign of the cross over Berthe's left hand, made it over the right instead. The choir-boy, who was standing on tip-toe to look, shrieked *Amen* again; and Berthe and Auguste found themselves married, she as if she had not noticed what she was doing, he without having missed a single word of the Priest, entirely occupied in his act, and undisturbed save by the sick-headache which was closing his left eye.

'M. Josserand, deeply affected, said "Dear children!" in a trembling voice, to M. Vabre, who, since the beginning of the ceremony, had been occupied in counting the lighted candles, and was always getting them wrong, and having to begin again. The organ once more thundered through the nave; the Abbé Mauduit appeared again, in a chasuble; and the singers began the mass. It was a sung mass, of great pomp. While it was going on, Uncle Bachelard made a round of the chapels, reading the Latin epitaphs without understanding them; he was particularly struck by that of the Duc de Créquy. Trublot and Gueulin had sought out Octave, and they all three stood sneering behind the pulpit. The voices of the singers rose like gusts of a storm, the choir-boys swung the censers; and then the bells tinkled, and there were silences in which could be heard the whisper of the Priest at the altar.

'When they went into the vestry, after the mass, to sign the Register, the newly-married couple and the witnesses were to write first, but they had to wait for Campardon, who had taken some ladies to see the alterations in the Calvary, behind a hoarding beyond the choir. At last he arrived, begged pardon, and scrawled an enormous signature. The Abbé Mauduit, to do honour to both families, handed the pen himself to each, and pointed out with his finger the place where they were to sign, and he smiled, with his air of good-natured worldly indulgence, in the middle of the austere chamber where the woodwork exhaled for ever a smell of stale incense.

'There was a perfect march-past of friends, of mere acquaintances, of all the guests who had been asked to the church, passing in line through the vestry. The bride and bridegroom stood shaking hands continually, with the same air of mixed happiness and bewilderment. The Josserands and the Duveyriers did not suffice for the presentations. They looked at one another in astonishment every now and then, for Bachelard had brought people there whom nobody knew, and who talked too loud.

'"Just look," whispered Gueulin, "he's kissing the bride; how nice it must smell!"

'The crowd gradually melted away, and there remained only the family and their nearest friends. The Abbé Mauduit appeared to have received some confidence, for his curiosity seemed to be satisfied, and he showed more unction than usual in the midst of the hidden miseries of his flock. He managed to speak an instant to Théophile, a few gentle words on the forgiveness of injuries, and the inscrutable will of God.

'"That's good," said Théophile in a low voice; "he doesn't know what it is."

'Valérie, who clung to Mdme. Juzeur as a sort of protectress, listened with agitation to the words of peace which the Abbé thought it right to address to her also. At last, at the moment when they were leaving the church, she stopped before the two fathers to let Berthe pass by on her husband's arm, and wishing to show her self-possession, she said to M. Josserand—

'"You must be very happy. I congratulate you."

'"Yes," said M. Vabre, in his thick voice, "it is one great responsibility the less."

Trublot and Gueulin hurried about in all directions, seeing the ladies into the carriages, and Mdme. Josserand, whose shawl caused a crowd to assemble in the street, remained on the pavement to the last, to make the most of her maternal triumph.

'In the afternoon the whole party took the formal drive to the Bois de Boulogne, and in the evening the wedding dinner was held at the Hotel du Louvre. Only the nearest relations and friends of each family were present. The only gaiety was a toast by uncle Bachelard, whom the Josserands had not been able to help inviting, in spite of their terror of what he might do. He was, indeed, obviously the worse for drink by the time of the second course. He raised his glass and began—"I cannot but congratulate myself upon the happiness which I feel," which words he repeated, but could not get beyond. The company smiled politely. Auguste and Berthe, who were by this time thoroughly knocked up, looked at one another every now and then with an air of surprise at finding themselves face to face, and then remembered, and stared awkwardly at their plates.

'Nearly two hundred invitations had been sent out for the ball. The company had begun to arrive by half-past nine. The great red room was lighted with three chandeliers, and cleared of furniture with the exception of seats along the walls, with a place for a little orchestra at one end, before the chimney-piece. There was a refreshment table at the end of an adjoining room, and the family had kept one room for themselves, to withdraw to.

'Just as Mdme. Duveyrier and Mdme. Josserand were receiving the first guests, Théophile yielded to an unfortunate outburst of temper. Campardon had asked Valérie to give him the first valse; she laughed, and this was more than her husband could stand.

'"You're laughing, are you?" cried he, and as she turned from him

without speaking, he seized her by the arm and gave it a spiteful wrench. In terror she repressed a scream of pain, and turned perfectly white. Campardon felt her sinking against his shoulder in one of the fits of hysterics which she remained in for hours. He had just time to take her into the room kept for the family, and put her on a sofa. Mdme. Juzeur and Mdme. Dambreville followed them in, and he withdrew delicately while they proceeded to unlace her. Only some three or four persons in the room had noticed the scene of violence. Mdme. Duveyrier and Mdme. Josserand continued to receive the guests, who gradually filled the room with a mass of gay ball-dresses and black coats. A buzz of civil speeches arose, the bride was surrounded with an atmosphere of smiling faces, the heavy countenances of fathers and mothers, the thin traits of girls, the sympathetic heads of young wives. A fiddler at the end was tuning his instrument, which emitted isolated piercing notes.

'Théophile, hungry for a confidant, button-holed Octave, and took him on one side.

'"Oh, if I were to tell you—" and on he went at length about his wife. She had been delicate as a child; she did not get enough fresh air in her parent's shop, where he had seen her every evening for three months, so nice, so obedient, rather melancholy, but charming. "Well, sir, at the end of a few weeks she was horrible, we could not get on at all. She quarelled with me about perfect nothings. Her whims changed every minute, laughing and crying when one couldn't tell what for—the most ludicrous ideas—ideas that you can't imagine—an unceasing itching to drive every one mad. The long and short of it is, that my home has been turned into a hell."

'"It's very odd, very odd," said Octave, who felt very awkward under these confidences, and wanted to get free; and noticing Mdme. Juzeur come out to whisper in the ear of Mdme. Josserand, who was greeting with a deep bow the entry of an eminent dealer in sham jewellery from the Palais Royal, he said—

'"I am afraid that your wife is really ill."

'"Let her be," burst out the husband, who felt a passionate desire to be ill too, that he might excite some sympathy, "she's only too happy to be taken bad; it puts everyone on her side."

'While the whisper circulated that Valérie was in strong hysterics, the orchestra played a quadrille, and Berthe opened the ball with Duveyrier, who danced with the proper gravity of a magistrate, while Auguste and Hortense, in the absence of Mdme. Josserand, made their vis-à-vis. The ball became lively, and peals of laughter were heard under the bright light of the chandeliers. Then a polka, with the cadence strongly marked by the fiddles, set a whole procession of long trains twirling round the room. Next came a valse, which Berthe danced with a little cousin of her husband's, on the principle of working off all the members of the family. Mdme. Duveyrier had been unable to escape dancing with Bachelard, who inconvenienced

her very much by breathing in her face. The heat got greater; the refreshment-room was already full of men mopping their faces. Little girls were jumping about together in the corner; while mothers, in abstraction, seated out of the way, thought over the perpetual failure of their attempts to get their daughters married. The two fathers, M. Vabre and M. Josserand, who remained constantly together, without exchanging a single word, received numerous congratulations. Everybody seemed to be amusing themselves, and complimented them gaily on the liveliness of the ball. As the night advanced, the heat increased. Servants handed about refreshments. Two little girls, thoroughly tired out, went to sleep in each other's arms on a sofa, cheek to cheek. M. Vabre, under cover of the groans of a double-bass, decided to consult M. Josserand upon his great work; he had been tormented for the last fortnight by a doubt as to which were the respective works of two painters who both had the same name. Duveyrier denounced to an admiring group the conduct of the Emperor in permitting the Comédie Française to perform a play which was an attack upon society. But at every fresh valse or polka the men had to give place, the dance was crowded with couples, and the petticoats sweeping over the floor raised in the heat of the candles a fine dust and a smell of musk.

'At the end, the united efforts of both families, clinched by a threat of Mdme. Duveyrier not to speak to him again, induced Théophile to go and throw himself upon the neck of his wife. This touching act deeply affected Mdme. Josserand. It was so much better, she said, to understand one another, and the day would end well at last. When the reconciled couple appeared arm-in-arm in the ball-room, a fresh wave of happiness seemed to spread. It was three o'clock already, and some of the guests were beginning to go; but the orchestra carried on quadrilles with a concluding fever of excitement. Berthe, who was at last dancing with her husband, whispered something to him, seemingly upon the reconciliation, for he turned, without losing the measure of the dance, and looked at Théophile with the astonishment and superiority of a man to whom such things could not possibly happen. There was a final galop, and then everyone sank down to rest in the lurid light of the candles, whose now flickering flames were cracking the save-alls. The last moments were troubled by the gross intoxication of Uncle Bachelard, who had formed the idea of dressing himself up in a grotesque manner with napkins and executing a comic dance before Gueulin. There was an universal protest, and M. Josserand, in shame and despair, had to induce his brother-in-law to retire. Duveyrier displayed the greatest disgust.

'At four o'clock the bride and bridegroom returned to the Rue de Choiseul, taking Théophile and Valérie in their carriage. A set of rooms had been got ready for them on the second floor, and thither the family betook themselves. Auguste's left eye was now completely shut and he was perfectly stupified by the sick-headache which had racked him all day.

As Valerie took leave of Berthe, some sudden emotion made her give her an embrace (which completed the ruin of the white gown), kiss her, and say in a low voice—

'"My dear, I hope you may be more lucky than me."

Berthe, received into the Vabre family, proves a worthy disciple of her mother, with the addition of a moral depravity which is for a time successfully concealed. The paralysis which, before her marriage, had already touched her future father-in-law, completes its work. The terribly incisive chapter which claims to show us a Parisian death opens with one of the most characteristic pictures, the dinner-party in the Café.

'Uncle Bachelard had asked Duveyrier to dine with him at the Café Anglais—no one knew why, unless it was for the pleasure of entertaining a magistrate, and showing him how a tradesman can spend his money. He had also asked Trublot and Gueulin, but no ladies, for women do not know how to eat; truffles are thrown away upon them, and they spoil one's digestion. Uncle Bachelard was known all along the Boulevards for his famous dinners, when he got a correspondent from the depths of India or Brazil, dinners at 300 francs a head, which nobly sustained the honour of French trade. A sort of fury to spend seized upon him, he insisted upon all sorts of curiosities in the way of dishes, even when they were uneatable, sterlet from the Volga, eels from the Tiber, grouse from Scotland, bustard from Sweden, bears' paws from the Black Forest, bisons' humps from America, turnips from Teltow, gourds from Greece; and then, to get everything out of season, peaches in December, and partridges in July; after which he required flowers, plate, and chrystal, till the establishment was quite upset; without mentioning the wines, for which he turned the whole cellar upside down, asking for brands no one had ever heard of, nothing old enough or rare enough, and indulging dreams of single bottles of their kind, at forty francs the glass.

'Now, however, as it was summer, when everything is abundant, he had had some trouble to swell up the bill. Still, the *menu*, arranged the day before, was interesting.—*Potage, crème d'asperges*, followed by *petites timbales à la Pompadour;* two *relevés*, viz.: a trout *à la genevoise*, and a *filet de bœuf à la Chateaubriand;* two *entrées*, viz.: ortolans *à la Lucullus*, and a salad of crayfish; at the end, as second course, an haunch of roe-buck, and for vegetables, *fonds d'artichaut à la jardinière*, followed by a *soufflé au chocolat* and a *sicilienne de fruits*. This arrangement was at once dignified and simple, and was combined with a selection of wines truly royal—old Madeira with the soup, Chateau-Filhot of '58 with the *hors-d'œuvre*, Johannisberg and Pichon-Longueville with the *relevés*, Chateau-Lafitte of '48 with the *entrées*, sparkling Moselle with the roe, and iced Rœderer Cham-

pagne with the dessert. Uncle Bachelard was much vexed at having missed a bottle of Johannisberg, 105 years old, which had been sold to a Turk, only three days before, for 200 francs.

'"Drink, my dear sir," he said unceasingly to Duveyrier, "when wine's good, it doesn't go to the head. It's like food, as long as it's good, it doesn't make one ill."

'For himself, however, he was a little careful. He wished to appear on this occasion as the worthy and generous merchant; he had a rose in his button-hole, was carefully trimmed and shaved, and abstained from his usual habit of smashing the plates and glasses. Trublot and Gueulin ate of everything. The uncle's theory seemed to be really true, for Duveyrier, who had a weak stomach, drank pretty heavily, and had a second helping of the crayfish, without discomfort, or other symptom, except the red spots on his face turning purple with blood.

They were still eating at nine o'clock. The lighted candles, guttering in the draught from an open window, shone on the silver and the glass, and four baskets of magnificent flowers were dying among the mess on the table. Besides the two head waiters, there was a separate waiter for each person, whose special duty it was to see to his bread, to supply him with wine, and to change his plate. It was hot, in spite of the fresh air coming in from the street, and there was a sort of breath of fulness rising from the steaming spiced sauces of the dishes, and the vanille-like perfume of the noble wines.

'After the coffee had been served, (with liqueurs and cigars) and the servants had left the room, uncle Bachelard fell back suddenly in his chair, and heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

'"Ah," said he, "we're comfortable."

'Trublot and Gueulin also were both lying back, with their arms hanging at their sides.

'"Complete," said the one.

'"Up to the eyes," said the other.

'Duveyrier, who was breathing heavily, shook his head and murmured—

'"The crayfish were particularly good."

'The whole four looked at one another with a chuckle of satisfied self-indulgence away from the bothers of family. They unbuttoned their waistcoats, and, with eyes half shut, at first did not even speak, each concentrated in his own enjoyment. Then, congratulating themselves on their freedom from the presence of ladies, they rested their elbows on the table, drew their brightening faces nearer together, and talked vice.'

Octave is having his voice tried by Mdme. Duveyrier, when a sudden stroke of paralysis fells M. Vabre among his masses of slips. He is put to bed, and his daughter sends for the doctor and for her husband (from an house of which she has

hitherto pretended to ignore the existence), but abstains from informing any more of the family that night.

'When Octave came down from his room at eight o'clock the next morning, he was amazed to find that the whole house knew everything about the fit, and what a hopeless state the landlord was in; for him, however, nobody cared; they were discussing who was to succeed.

'When he went into the shop, the first person he saw was Mdme. Josserand, sitting in front of the till, already washed, brushed, and tight-laced, as it were under arms. Berthe, who seemed to have come down in an hurry, and was charmingly undressed in a dressing-gown, was beside her, looking very much alive. They became silent when they saw him, and the mother greeted him with a look of fury.

'"So, sir," she said, "this is your feeling for the house? You plot with my daughter's enemies!"

'He wanted to excuse himself, and explain what had happened. But she shut his mouth. She accused him of having passed the night with the Duveyriers looking for the will, in order to put things into it. He laughed at her; and when he asked what interest he could have in doing that, she replied—

'"What interest, what interest? I'll tell you what, sir,—it was your duty to tell us at once, since God let you see the accident. Only to think that if it wasn't for me, my daughter wouldn't know anything yet. Yes; they'd have plundered her, if I hadn't rushed down stairs at the very first intimation. Your interest, sir, your interest? Who knows what that might be?"

'"Oh, mama," said Berthe.

'But Mdme. Josserand shrugged her shoulders with contempt.

'"People will do anything for money."

'Octave had to tell them the whole history of the fit. They exchanged glances; evidently, as the mother expressed it, some one had been up to something. How very kind, how really too kind, of Clotilde, to wish to postpone the shock to the family! At last they let the young man begin his work, though still without acquitting him of some curious part in the matter; and on they talked.

'"And who," said Mdme. Josserand, "who is to pay the fifty thousand francs secured in your settlements? When he's under ground, I suppose we're to whistle for it."

'"The fifty thousand francs!" said Berthe, in a low voice, with some hesitation. "You know he was only to pay ten thousand francs every six months, like you—it's not six months yet; we'd better wait."

'"Wait! wait till he comes back to give it you, I suppose? What a fool you are! you want to be robbed! No, thank you. You'll insist upon the whole thing at once, out of the estate. Thank God, we're alive, we

are. Nobody knows whether we're going to pay or not; but he's dead, and pay, he must."

'And she made her daughter swear not to give in, for she'd never yet given anybody the right to call her an ass. Every now and then, as she stormed, she turned her ear towards the cieling, as if she wanted to listen (through the entresol) to what was going on in the Duveyriers', on the first floor. Auguste had gone up to his father, as soon as he had heard what had happened. But this was no comfort to her; she yearned to be there herself; she was sure there was some deep plot. She ended by screaming—

'"Go you there! Auguste's too weak. They're doing him now!"

'So Berthe went up. Octave had been putting out the things in the window, while he listened to them. When he found himself alone with Mdme. Josserand, and that she was going out, he asked her, in hopes of a day's holiday, whether it would not be more proper, in the circumstances, to close the shop.

'"Why?" said she, wait till he's dead at any rate, before you throw away the day's custom." But, as he was arranging a piece of poppy-red silk, she added, as though to soften the expression—

'"Only, I don't think you need put red in the window."

'On the first floor, Berthe found Auguste with his father. The room was unchanged since the night before; it was still chilly and silent, and filled with the same painful sound of breathing. The old man still lay stiff on the bed, insensible and motionless. The table was still incumbered with the oak box full of paper slips. No drawer or cabinet seemed to have been moved or opened. The only change seemed to be that the Duveyriers appeared to be more knocked up, worn out with want of sleep all night, and their eye-lids shaky, twitching with a perpetual pre-occupation. They had sent Hippolyte at seven o'clock to fetch their son Gustave from the Lycée Bonaparte, and the lad was there, a puny over-precocious boy of sixteen, still quite bewildered at this unhoped for holiday, to be passed beside a death-bed.

'"Oh, my dear, what a dreadful blow," said Clotilde, coming forward to kiss Berthe.

'"Why didn't you let us know?" answered Berthe, making one of her mother's wry faces; "we were there to help you to bear it."

'Auguste gave her an imploring look to be silent. The moment for quarrelling had not come. They could wait. Dr. Juillerat had been once already, and was coming again, but he held out no hope that the patient would last out the day. Auguste was telling this to his wife, when Théophile and Valérie came in. Clotilde instantly went to meet her, and said again, as she kissed her—

'"Oh, my dear, what a dreadful blow."

'But Théophile, in a furious passion, cried out, without even caring to lower his voice—

'"So the coal-heaver's the proper person to tell one that one's father's dying! I suppose you wanted the time for looking into his pockets?"

'Duveyrier sprang up in indignation, but Clotilde thrust him aside, and whispered to her brother—

'"Scoundrel! you have no respect even for our poor father's agony. Look at him—look at your work. It's you that gave him the turn by refusing to pay your back rent."

'Valérie began to laugh.

'"What a joke," she said.

'"What a joke," repeated Clotilde with horror. "You know thoroughly well how much he liked to get his rents paid. If you'd wanted to kill him, you'd have done what you did."

'And then they got to words higher still. They accused each other of wishing to have their inheritances. Till at last Auguste, who was sulky and composed, called them back to decency—

'"Hold your tongues. You'll have plenty of time to do that. It's not decent, now."

'The family felt this, and took their places round the bed. A dead silence set in, and you could hear the painful breathing again in the chilly room. Berthe and Auguste were at the dying man's feet; Valérie and Théophile, having come last, had to go farther off, near the table; while Clotilde sat at the bed's head, with her husband behind her, and pushed forward her son Gustave, of whom the old man was very fond, against the side of the mattresses. They all looked at one another now, without speaking, but the bright eyes and the pinched lips showed the silent thoughts and the troubled and angry calculations which were passing through the pale heads of these legatees with red eyelids. The sight of the school-boy so near the bed exasperated the two younger couples above everything, for the Duveyriers were counting on the sight of Gustave to touch his grandfather's heart if he should happen to recover his consciousness. At the same time, this trick was a proof that there was no will; and the looks of the whole family wandered towards an old strong-box, in which their father used to keep money when he was in practice as a solicitor, and which he had brought from Versailles, and ensconsed in a corner of his room. He used to put in it, with a sort of infatuation, all manner of objects. No doubt the Duveyriers had been rummaging this box during the night. Théophile wanted to lay a trap for them.

'At last he whispered to the councillor—

'"Tell me; wouldn't it be a good thing to let the solicitors know—papa might want to change something."

'Duveyrier did not hear him at first. He was intensely wearied in this room, and had amused himself all night with building castles in the air about his own profligacies, with his eyes fixed upon the dying man. Théophile had to repeat his question; and then he answered with a start—

'"I've asked M. Renaudin. There's no will."

'"Here?"

'"Either here or at the solicitors'."

'Théophile looked at Auguste. Wasn't it clear? The Duveyriers must have been rummaging. Clotilde saw this exchange of glances, and became furious with her husband. What was the matter with him? Had his grief made him an idiot? And she said—

'"You may be sure papa has done whatever he ought. We shall know soon enough. Oh, God!"

'She cried, and, Valérie and Berthe, from a sort of sympathy, began to sob quietly. Theophile walked back to his chair on the points of his toes. He knew now what he had wanted to know. Most certainly, if his father came to his senses again, he was not going to allow the Duveyriers to use their ragamuffin in order to benefit themselves. But, as he sat down, he saw his brother Auguste wipe his eyes, and this affected him so much that he felt quite choking; the thought came into his mind that he would have to die himself, and perhaps of this same malady; it was too bad. So the whole family went into tears, except Gustave, who could not cry. He was frightened, and looked at the ground, occupying himself, for want of something to do, in regulating his own breathing by the respiration of his grandfather, in the same way as they made them mark time at the gymnastic lessons."

'The hours were passing away. At eleven o'clock, there was a mild excitement; Dr. Juillerat came again. The patient was decidedly worse; and it was now very doubtful whether he would be able to recognise his children, before his death. The sobbing was beginning afresh, when Clémence came to announce the Abbé Mauduit. Clotilde, who rose to go and meet him, was the first to receive his words of sympathy. He seemed himself to feel all the sorrow of the family, and found some word of comfort for each and all. And then, with great skill and tenderness, he began to speak of the rights of religion, and suggested that it was a duty not to let the soul pass away without the succour of the Church.

'"I thought of it," whispered Clotilde.

'But Théophile objected. He said their father did not practise any kind of religion; that, as a matter of fact, he must have had rather advanced ideas at one time, for he used to read Voltaire; and that, in short, it was much better not to do anything, as long as they could not hear from himself what he wished. He wound up by saying warmly—

'"You might as well bring the Almighty* to this chair."

'The three women made him be quiet. They were all melted, said that the Priest was quite right, and made excuses for not having sent for him before, in the confusion and excitement of their sudden grief. If M. Vabre

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* *Le bon Dieu.* As this is the term generally used by Frenchmen, in speaking of the Creator, the above expression (which is adhered to throughout) seems the only way to render it.

had been able to speak, they were sure he would have consented, for he disliked appearing singular in anything. In every case, the ladies were ready to assume the whole responsibility.

'"If it were only for the neighbours," added Clotilde.

'"No doubt," said the Abbé Mauduit, who entirely concurred. 'A man who occupies such a position as your father's, owes a good example."

'Auguste remained without expressing any opinion. But Duveyrier, awakened from his castles-in-the-air, vehemently insisted upon the Sacraments. It was absolutely necessary; no member of his family ever died without them. Dr. Juillerat, who had stood aside from tact, and did not even allow his contempt as a free-thinker to appear, thereupon came near the Priest, and said to him in a very low voice, and with the familiarity of one comrade towards another whom he often met on the same sort of occasion—

'"You'd better be quick."

'The Priest hastened to go. He told them he would bring the Communion and the oil for Extreme Unction, so as to be ready for whatever might happen. Théophile, in a temper, muttered, "All right. The thing now evidently is to make people communicate when they're dead, whether they want to or not."

'But now came a great excitement. When Clotilde went back to her place, she found that the dying man had his eyes wide open. She could not help giving a little cry. They all pressed round, and the old man's eyes slowly moved round the circle, without his head altering. Dr. Juillerat, with a look of astonishment, bent over the pillow to observe this last crisis.

'"Father, it's us—do you know us?" asked Clotilde.

'M. Vabre stared at her fixedly; then his lips moved, but without giving out any sound. They all crowded round him, to catch his last words. Valérie, who was behind the rest, and had to stand on tip-toe, said bitterly—

'"You're choking him. Stand away. If he wanted anything one couldn't find out what it was."

'The others had to stand away. It was true enough that M. Vabre's eyes were ranging all over the room.

'"He wants something, evidently," said Berthe.

'"Here's Gustave," cried Clotilde, "you see him, don't you? He's come from school to give you a kiss. Kiss your grandfather, my love."

'The boy was frightened, and shrank back, but she held him forward firmly with one arm, while she looked eagerly for a smile upon the dying man's changing features. Auguste, who was following the direction of his eyes, declared that he was looking at the table; no doubt he wanted to write something. This idea gave them all a paroxysm. They rushed. They brought the table, they hunted for paper, ink, pens. They then dragged him up, and propped him against three pillows. The doctor allowed all this, by a mere movement of the eyebrows.

'"Give him the pen," said Clotilde, trembling with excitement, keeping a firm grip of Gustave, and still pushing him forward.

'It was a solemn moment. The family were all crowded round the bed in expectation. M. Vabre did not seem to recognise any one, and had let the pen tumble out of his hand. For one instant his eyes wandered over the table where stood the oak box, full of paper slips. Then he slid down the pillows and doubled up like a rag-doll, but managed, by a last effort, to stretch out his arm; he got his hand among the slips, and revelled in them, just like a dirty child who is joyously kneading some bit of filth. His whole face lit up; he wanted to talk, but he could only utter one syllable, and always the same; one of those mysterious syllables in which children in long clothes express and veil all their feelings—

'"Ga—ga—ga—ga—."

'"The truth was that he was saying good-bye for ever to his life's work, to his great statistical compilation. Then his head rolled over. He was dead.

'"Just what I thought," muttered the doctor, who was so good as to stretch out the body and shut the eyes, seeing that the relations were fit for nothing.

'Well, to be sure! . . . . Auguste took away the table. They all remained quite silent and stiff. Then they began to cry again. If they had nothing more to hope for, now, from a will, at any rate they would have equal shares. Clotilde's first idea was to send Gustave out of the room, to spare him the wretched sight, and then she became utterly useless, crying with her head upon the shoulder of Berthe, who was sobbing convulsively, like Valérie. Théophile and Auguste stood looking out of the windows, rubbing their eyes awkwardly. Duveyrier above all showed a despair quite extraordinary, and sobbed violently into his pocket-handkerchief. The fact was that the circumstances combined in his mind with the frustration of one of his schemes [for the indulgence of his lewdness] and really caused him great nervous irritation.

'Clémence opened the door—

'"Madame, the Sacraments are here—"

'The Abbé Mauduit appeared upon the threshold, with a choir-boy peering in over his shoulder. The priest saw the sobbing, and looked questioningly at the doctor? The doctor made a kind of protesting movement with his hands, as much as to say that it was not his fault. And so the Abbé muttered some prayers, and then went away again, with an air of being baffled, and took away the Almighty with him. Clémence was standing at the vestibule door with a lot of the other servants, as he passed by, and said gloomily—

'"It's a bad sign. You don't trouble the Almighty for nothing. You'll see He'll be back again before the year is out."

'The funeral took place the next day but one. Duveyrier had the

intimations* printed with the words "fortified by the Sacraments of the Church." The shop was shut, and Octave had a holiday, to put his room to rights, and arrange his few books, bought second-hand,† in his little book-case. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he went down. They had not been able to bring the corpse down to lie in state in the entrance, owing to the undertaker's men having forgotten themselves at a neighbouring public, so that they were only now finishing putting up the hangings. Octave watched them out of curiosity. The arch was already covered with a large black cloth, but the men had still to fasten up the curtains at the door. Hippolyte, in deep mourning, was urging them on.

'"Drunken brute," he shouted, "you're putting it upside down."

'This was the shield with the deceased's cypher, which the workman was in fact hanging upside down.

'The Josserands' maid-of-all-work arrived with four sous' worth of butter under her apron, as Mdme. Josserand had told her never to show the food she was carrying, and joined a group of the other maids in the house, who were waiting about the door. She broke off a bit of butter with her finger, and ate it before the others.

'"Shall we go up?" she asked.

'"No," said another. "I want to see him come down. I've got to fetch something, and I've kept it for that."

'"And me, too," added a third; "they say he weighs eight hundred, and if they let him slip on the stair, there'll be a fine smash."

'"I'm going up," said the first; "I'd rather not see him. No, thank you,—not to dream another night that he's come to pull my feet and talk folly."

'And up she went, pursued by the jokes of the others. The fact was, her nightmares had been the joke of the servants' attics all night. The maids, for fear of being alone, had left their doors open, and a coachman with a lively sense of fun had acted a ghost, so that squeals and stifled laughter had been heard in the passage till daylight.

'All of a sudden, they heard that the body was come down, and, in fact, out of the door it came, carried by four men, who stood still to gasp at the foot of the staircase, the gilding and false marble of which looked quite solemn in the dead light of the ground-glass windows.

'"So off he goes without his rents," whispered one of the maids, with all a Parisian girl's abusive hatred for a landlord. Then Mdme. Gourd, the porter's wife, whose bad legs kept her always nailed to her chair, struggled up painfully. She was not able to go to the church, and her husband had told her she ought not to allow the landlord to pass by without making him a bow. This was very proper. She went to the door-way, attired in a mourning cap, and as the landlord passed by she made him a bow.

'At St. Roch, Dr. Juillerat ostentatiously declined to go into the church

* *Lettres de faire-part.* † *d'occasion.*

for the religious ceremony,* and a large group of other men remained outside with him upon the steps. The great doors stood open. Within, the whole church was hung with black, against which the lighted tapers shone like fiery stars. The high-pitched voice of the Abbé Mauduit alternated with the wailing of the singers, and at intervals the swelling notes of the organ made themselves heard without. There, outside, it was very warm, a splendid June morning; and the men, as they could not smoke, talked politics, until at last a loud doleful cry, sounding from the vaulted depths within, announced that the service was over, and put them to silence—

'*Requiescat in pace!*

'*Amen.*

'The family returned from the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, silent and saddened. But from that night onwards, the rows began. They had to face a defeat. M. Vabre, with that sceptical indifference which in this matter sometimes distinguishes solicitors, had left no Will at all. They hunted for one everywhere, in vain. But the worst of it was, that they could not find a sou of the six or seven hundred thousand francs that they were in hopes of—no money, no title-deeds, and no shares. The only sum they did find was 734 francs, all in ten-sou pieces, an horde of second childhood. There were, however, some proofs which defied suspicion—a note-book stuffed with calculations, and letters from agents on 'Change,—which revealed to the heirs, (who turned blue with rage) the dear old man's secret vice, viz: an unbridled passion for gambling, a singularly imbecile but persevering lust after stock-jobbing, which was what he really hid under his harmless work of statistics. To this passion everything had been sacrificed—all his savings at Versailles, all the rents he got from his house, even the few pence out of which he cheated his children. But it was more than that. In his last years, he had mortgaged the house for an hundred and fifty thousand francs, payable at three terms. As for the famous strong-box, where they had imagined that there was a fortune locked up under key, the family, when once it was opened, sank down before it all-of-a-heap. It was found to contain a variety of very curious objects—all sorts of things picked up here and there in the rooms, old bits of iron-work, old bits of glass and crockery, mixed up with broken toys, secretly stolen from little Gustave.

'Then broke out the torrents of abuse. They called the old man a mere swindler, whose shameful career had consisted in gambling away his money and all the time acting an infamous part of deception in order to cheat his heirs into conferring advantages upon himself, while he was robbing them in secret. The Duveyriers grew rabid at the recollection of how they had afforded him board and lodging for twelve years on the stretch, without ever asking him once for the eighty thousand francs which he had bound

* This is a favourite demonstration of French freethinkers. Why they draw a distinction between a funeral and a marriage, is hard to guess.

himself to give Clotilde for her dowry, and of which they had never had more than ten. Théophile recriminated violently that ten thousand francs was ten thousand francs anyway, but that he himself had not yet touched a single sou of the fifty thousand which had been promised to himself as soon as he married. Auguste complained more bitterly, that his brother had at least managed to pocket the interest of the sum for three months, while he would never get anything out of the equal sum promised to himself as well as to him, in his marriage settlement. Berthe, at the instigation of her mother, used a variety of expressions, sufficiently cutting, as to having married into a dishonest family. Valérie railed about the rents which she had been fool enough to pay the old man for so long, under the fear of being left out of his will, and which she now reproached herself with having thrown away to subsidize vice.

'The whole house rang with these discussions for a fortnight. The upshot was that there was nothing left but the real property, valued at three hundred thousand francs; and, when the mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand had been paid off, there would be still another hundred and fifty thousand to divide among M. Vabre's three children. It was fifty thousand a piece—not much to bless themselves with, but it was everything they could get. Théophile and Auguste determined at once to dispose of their shares; and it was agreed that there should be a public sale. Duveyrier undertook, as acting for his wife, to manage the whole thing. He began by persuading his brothers-in-law to consent that the sale should not be a forced one, by order of the Court; with their concurrence it could take place before his own solicitor, Maître Renaudin, for whose uprightness he was ready to stake his own word. After this, he suggested to them, by the advice (he told them) of the solicitor himself, to offer the house at the low reserve price of only one hundred and forty thousand francs, this being a very astute stroke, which would cause a competition, of speculators, and raise the ultimate biddings beyond all their hopes. Théophile and Auguste chuckled in anticipation. However, on the day of the sale, after five or six bids, Maître Renaudin suddenly adjudged the house to Duveyrier, for the sum of one hundred and forty-nine thousand francs. Thus, there was not even enough to pay off the mortgage. This was the last straw on the camel's back.

'No one ever really knew what were the details of the terrific scene which took place that same evening, at the Duveyriers'. The echoes of it were drowned in the solemn walls of the house. Théophile must have plainly designated his brother-in-law a low scoundrel, who had bought the solicitor by a promise to get him nominated a justice of the peace. Auguste talked of nothing but the criminal court, whither he would bring Maître Renaudin, whose rogueries were already the talk of the whole quarter. But if no one ever learnt precisely the details of the steps through which the family, as was commonly reported, ended by coming to blows, the last

words which were exchanged upon the threshold were heard, as they resounded brutally up the dignified and highly respectable staircase—

'"Dirty blackguard!" cried Auguste, "sending people to the hulks who've done nothing equal to it."

'Théophile came out the last. He held the door ajar, and gasped in a voice half choked by passion and cough—

'"Thief! thief! thief!—and you, Mrs. Thief! d'you hear? Mrs. Thief!!"

At last, the ruin of Berthe is known. The shame completes the misery of her father, who dies heart-broken, uttering only the name of his younger son, Saturnin. Uncle Bachelard is now forced to promise the fifty-thousand francs, and it is proposed to negotiate on this basis with Auguste, with a view to his taking back his wife. The Abbé Mauduit is requested to be the intermediary. He undergoes the usual struggle; he is the preacher of pardon and of reconciliation, the teacher charged with the command of forgiveness,—but is it not a degradation to his sacred office to mix himself up, even for such an end, in the conclusion of a bargain so base? The usual argument of avoiding a public scandal is added; moreover, Berthe's restored position is almost her only chance of a better future. He consents. The quasi-condonement is effected, but with an amount of foul recrimination and shameless cynicism that gives a far keener point than we dare here convey to the extract with which we conclude.

'The Abbe Mauduit and Dr. Juillerat went slowly down stairs. An absolute peace reigned; the court was empty; the staircase deserted; the doors looked as if they had been walled up, and the flats manifested only a dignified silence.

'When they had entered the porch, the Priest stopped, as if his strength had utterly failed him, and said in a tone of despair, as though to himself—

'"Misery."

'The doctor made a little movement of the head, and answered—

'"Life."

'They sometimes exchanged these mutual avowals, when they were coming out side by side from a death or a birth. Contradictory as their respective beliefs were, they sometimes found a common ground in the wretchedness of mankind. They both knew the same secrets, for, the Priest heard these women's confessions, and the doctor looked after their health.

'"God is giving them up," said the Priest.

'"No," said the doctor, "you needn't count any God in the matter at all. They're unhealthy or badly brought up; that's all."

'And then he proceeded to spoil the point of his own words, by dragging in his political ideas. He declared the Empire guilty; if the government was once a Republic, no doubt things would be much better. But in the midst of these pettinesses, there were some very true observations of an old practitioner who knew his own range of patients thoroughly. He denounced the women—creatures who had been made perverse or idiotic by being brought up like dolls, or were born with inherited physical tendencies which distorted their natural feeling and passion; but he was no gentler for the men—fellows who made a mess of their existence, under a mask of respectability; and then, with his Jacobin vehemence, he proceeded to sound the death-knell of a whole class, the decay and collapse of a professional and mercantile society, whose rotten props were giving way of themselves. Then he got out of his depth again, talked about savages, prophesied the approaching universal happiness of man, and wound up by saying—

'"I am more religious than you."

'The Priest had the air of listening to him in silence. But he did not really hear what he said. He was alone with his sorrowful thoughts. There was a silence, and then he said in a low tone—

'"If they know not what they do, may God forgive them."

'They left the house, and walked slowly down the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin. They were both silent under the fear of having said too much, for both of them, in their respective positions, had to be very prudent. When they got to the end of the street, they looked up, and saw Mdme. Hedouin smiling at the door of her shop, with Octave, as cheerful as she, standing behind her. That very morning, after a business-like conversation, they had agreed that they had better marry each other. They had decided to wait till the autumn, but they were both in a state of pleasure at having brought the matter to a conclusion.

'"Good morning, sir," said Mdme. Hedouin, gaily, to the Priest, and then to the doctor, "always hard at work, sir?"

'He congratulated her upon how well she was looking.

'"Oh," she said, "if there was nobody but me, it would never do for you."

'They stopped to talk a little. He told them of the birth of Marie Pichon's third daughter. They exchanged some pleasantries. The Priest alone remained mute, and looking at the ground. Mdme. Hedouin asked him if he wasn't feeling well? Yes, he said, but he was very tired, and was going to lie down for a little. They exchanged some civil phrases very warmly, and he went down the Rue Saint-Roch. The doctor stil accompanied him, and when they got to the church, said to him sharply—

'"No business doing there—eh?"

'"What?" said the Priest, in astonishment.

'"The lady who sells the calico—she snaps her fingers at both you and

me. She does'nt want the Almighty any more than a black-draught. Never mind, when a case goes on so well as that, there's no interest about it."

'He passed on, and the Priest entered the church.

'The great windows of white glass, with borders of yellow and pale blue, filled the interior with clear daylight. There was not a sound. There was perfect stillness in the empty nave, where the marble panelling, the cut-glass chandeliers and the gilded pulpit all stood out in the clear light. It had all the respectability, the luxurious comfort of a middle-class drawing-room, where the covers have been taken off the furniture preparatory to an evening party. The only exception was one woman, in front of the chapel of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, who was watching the votive candles as they burnt away upon their stand, emitting the while a faint smell of melted wax.

'The Abbé Mauduit was going up to his room. But a strong perturbation, a strange feeling of need for something, had made him turn in there and kept him there. It was as if God was calling him, but with a voice so far-off and so indistinct that he could not catch the exact commands. He passed slowly through the church, trying to understand what was going on in himself, and to argue away his feeling of fear, when, in an instant, as he was passing round behind the choir, he saw something which is more than man, and his whole being reeled and shook, down to its depths.

'This is what it was. Beyond the chapel of the Virgin, with all its marble and its great white masses of lilies—beyond the chapel of the perpetual adoration of the Sacrament, with all its splendid plate, with its seven golden lamps, with its golden candlesticks, with its golden altar, all lying in the yellow light of its golden-tinted windows—beyond these mysterious shadows, far away beyond even the perspective of the Tabernacle —a terrible apparition, one group perfectly simple—Christ nailed to the cross with Mary and Magdalen weeping beside Him. The light came from an unseen window above, and threw the whole forward on an enlarged scale, against the bare wall behind. The bleeding humanity of that death and of those tears, seemed like the divine emblem of a perpetual sorrow.

'The Priest sank involuntarily upon his knees. It was he himself who had thought of the white plaster, invented the peculiar light, devised this striking effect, and now as soon as the hoarding was down and the architect and workmen gone, he was himself the first person to be struck. From the naked self-sacrifice of Calvary there seemed to come forth a still small voice, which felled him to the earth. He seemed to himself as if he felt that the Lord was passing before him, he grovelled before the voice, torn by doubt, tortured by the thought that perhaps he was a bad Priest.

'Oh, Lord God! was the hour striking when he ought no more to spread the covering of religion over the wounds of a putrid society? Was he no longer to abet the hypocrisy of his flock, no longer to intervene

like a master of ceremonies, to marshal in a semblance of propriety their folly and their sin? Ought he rather to let the whole thing go, at the risk that the Church herself might suffer in the cataclasm? Yea, this he felt was the Command, for the strength was gone from him to wade any farther through human pollution, he sickened hopelessly under the sense of powerlessness and repulsion. The vileness in which he had been working since the morning seemed to rise and choke him. He stretched out his hands beseechingly, and asked for pardon, pardon for his falsehoods, his cowardly politenesses, his base associations. The fear of God seized full possession of him, the fear of God Who refused to sanction his acts, Who forbade him any longer to abuse His name, the fear of the God of vengeance determined no longer to spare the guilty. All his smiling tolerances as a man of the world disappeared before the scruples of his terrified conscience, and there remained only one feeling—the strong faith of a believing Christian, thrown into alarm, and agonised with the uncertainty of salvation. Oh, Lord God! In what path was it his duty to walk? What was it he was behoven to do in the midst of a society which was rotting away, and whose corruption tainted even its Priests?

'And the Abbé Mauduit, gazing upon Calvary, wept bitterly. He wept, like Mary and Magdalen, because the Truth was dead, and heaven a blank. Away beyond the marbles and the goldsmith's work, the great plaster Christ had not a drop of Blood left."

Art. VII.—Three Representative Poets:—Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Browning.

Many of us have recently been reading with considerable interest the latest works of two eminent living poets—Mr. Browning's *Jocoseria* and Mr. Swinburne's *Century of Roundels*. Though we do not here intend to indulge in a special criticism of these volumes, but reserve our remarks upon them for another page, their appearance among the books of the season seems to provide both an opportunity and apology for a general survey of the nature and scope of the entire mass of their authors' work; and it seems fitting that such a survey should include as well the works of Mr. Tennyson, which, to say the least, are of equal significance and importance. Of poetry even more than of playing it may now be said that it shows 'the very age and body of the

time, his form and pressure.' There is no really vital tendency of our generation which does not find expression in the verse of one or more of these poets; and therefore an account of their work which is in any degree comprehensive and veracious, must serve in its measure as a record of the thoughts, emotions, and impulses which have uttered themselves in the English song of the Victorian age.

Of late years, criticism—once the most uninspired and uninspiring of all literary products—has won for itself a wider interest and an intenser vitality. It is not difficult to see how this has come to pass. Criticism is an art, but as Professor Tyndall suggested in his speech at the banquet given to Mr. Henry Irving, even art wins its brightest successes when it instinctively adopts some of the methods of science; and critics had availed themselves beforehand of the Professor's hint. We know that a very ordinary looking piece of stone in which the careless observer sees nothing noteworthy, gains significance when it is surveyed in its relation to the life of the world, and is perceived to be a record of its past, a part of its present, a prophecy of its future; and, in like manner, a work of fancy or imagination even if poor and imitative, becomes rich in fertile suggestion the moment it is made to tell the tale of its ancestry and environment. We may, without blame, say that we do not care for it as it is, but if we go on to say that we do not care to know how it came to be what it is, we are really confessing indifference to the life of humanity of which it is a fragment—a life in which every interval between dawn and sunset is charged with the interest of a remembered yesterday and an anticipated to-morrow. The true criticism of a poem, a painting, or a piece of sculpture, which is not merely entertaining for the moment, but permanently instructive and illuminating, is a contribution not to æsthetics alone but to history and psychology—to every study, indeed, which takes for its province the works and ways of men under the sun.

Much of all kinds of criticism, and not a little of this best kind, has been devoted to the work of the three distinguished poets whose names stand at the head of this page; and to say

of them anything absolutely new, which should be at the same time true, would probably prove an all but impossible critical feat. It is certainly one which we shall not attempt; but we are consoled for foregoing it by the thought that a writer who aims at nothing but simple veracity, may in the modest attempt achieve something of freshness as well, because even if his vision be less clear, his perceptions less keen, than those of his predecessors, he at any rate observes his object from a new standpoint, reflects it in a virgin mirror. The often-quoted saying that the eye sees nothing but what it brings with it the power of seeing, is one which should never be forgotten by either critics or their readers. No criticism can exhaustively represent the work with which it deals: the critic cannot escape from the limitations of his individuality; but then the very things which when viewed from one side we call limitations, appear from another side as special sensibilities, and a person's feeling may soon blunt in one direction simply because it is intensely acute in another. Probably no living man, howsoever catholic-minded, feels sufficient all-round sympathy with three poetic artists so different from each other in every way as Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Browning to do equal and full justice to each and all of them; but if he write with simplicity and honesty he will not lead us seriously astray, for we shall readily note the point at which he fails in full fellowship of feeling, and therefore in clear apprehension of intellect.

It has been said that modern history began with the French Revolution. This may be an accentuation, if not an exaggeration of truth, for the march of events is more regular and unbroken than we are sometimes wont to suppose it; but there can be no doubt that the great upheaval of the last century has changed the world's moral and intellectual atmosphere by altering the proportions and the distribution of its constant elements. Of such a change poetry, indeed all art, is the first and most noteworthy because the most sensitive indicator. Imagination is not a conscious effort of the intellect but its instinctive and unconscious play, and the artist without knowing is a musical instrument made variously melodious by

the slightest breezes which blow around him. Mr. Tennyson's immediate poetical ancestors were Wordsworth and Keats, and both these poets were largely though very differently influenced by the great movement. We know how it was with Wordsworth. Thrilled at first by quick sympathy with the mighty rising of a great nation, Wordsworth was speedily and permanently repelled by the excesses which substituted a tyranny of lawlessness for a tyranny of law; and thenceforward the voice from the mountains was a voice raised in solemn pleading for obedience, for order, for reverence, for stable truths and firmly based tranquilities. Keats was a spirit cast in another mould. Born later than Wordsworth he was not a witness of the great catastrophe, but the years of his early manhood—and his latest manhood was early—were full of the turbulence which took long to subside, and which has not even now perhaps wholly subsided. There were, to use a now historic phrase, 'three courses' open to him. He might like Shelley throw in his lot with the party of revolution, he might with Wordsworth set himself in opposition to it, or he might quietly ignore the conflict and in a far-away world of imagination find the undisturbed calm of spirit which was denied him in the world of fact. Keats chose wisely, as all men choose when they elect to walk along the lines of their own individuality. He refused to be either a revolutionist or a reactionary, and as his present neutrality was inconsistent with the keen and eager life for which he panted, he turned his back upon the present and found his home in an ideal past, his mission in peopling that past with new shapes of beauty. Keats became not a prophet but an artist, and as the artistic element in poetry is ever the most attractive to young men of poetic sensibilities, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Tennyson's earliest independent volume should bear obvious traces of Keats's influence. The later poet, like the earlier one, was an artist by nature, his gift of feeling things and expressing his feeling in an artistic fashion has always been and is still by far his most prominent endowment, though other endowments have been added to it; and one noteworthy poem, 'The Palace of Art,' seems to indicate that he has felt the prompting to which Keats

yielded, the prompting which comes to every artist nature in an age of agitating turmoil, to fly from the crowd—seen but as 'darkening droves of swine'—and to find a 'God-like isolation' in some 'lordly pleasure-house' of imaginative sensation. In his case the prompting has been resisted, and the resistance has its outcome in numerous poems and portions of poems bearing directly or indirectly on the thought and life of his time. Even here, however, it is the art rather than the message which is the thing of main interest; we recognise and are drawn to the sayer rather than the seer; and yet both substance and form are characteristic of the man and of the tendencies which he represents.

Mr. Tennyson's most important hero is described as the blameless king; and, the epithet being used in an artistic sense, Mr. Tennyson himself might be described as the blameless poet. Were he not a master of that most difficult of arts, the *ars celare artem*, he would impress us as being like his own Maud, or rather like Maud's face—'faultily faultless;' we should praise him as Pope was praised in the last century, for his correctness; and though correctness is an admirable quality in a world where there is so much that is incorrect, it has the disadvantage of inducing a feeling of monotony. Now Mr. Tennyson is never monotonous, because his blamelessness or correctness—call it what we will—consists simply in the exquisite adaptation of fitting means to varied ends, in the definiteness with which he conceives the object he has to describe, the thought he has to express, the emotion he has to render, and the satisfying perfection of the description, expression, or rendering. He is not afraid of rhetorical exuberance which might strike us as florid were it not clearly demanded by the main intention, nor does he shrink from a direct simplicity which would seem bald were it not so imaginatively adequate. He is, in short, a craftsman with an absolute control over his implements; but the thing to be taken note of is that it is not an irresponsible control. In every poem, in every line, the poet seems to be saying 'I also am a man under authority'—pledged to obey every law of beauty, of harmony, and fitness.

These qualities of manner are reflections and manifestations of qualities of matter. In one of the most profound and penetrative of recent critical studies Professor Dowden has shown that in the worlds of thought and fact, as well as in the world of art, Mr. Tennyson's natural instincts or acquired habits of emotion are all on the side of law, order, obedience, and are sternly set against license, disorder, and revolt. He regards the life of the world not as a speculative thinker who craves for logical consistency between ideas and facts, or as a practical worker who fixes his gaze on certain definite evils to be removed or definite advantages to be achieved, but as an artist who demands that it shall justify itself to the receptive imagination—the faculty which craves for restful harmony, and is disconcerted by breaks and discords because they result in a confusing disintegration. There is, of course, a higher imagination which is not thus daunted—which can delight itself even in confusion and chaos when it can find therein the material out of which it can construct a new order which shall be at once fairer and more stable than the old—but the imagination of Mr. Tennyson is not of this creative kind. It is rather the faculty which enables him to accept the present as satisfying for the present because it is discovered to be quick with the life of a richer future, and which forbids him to sacrifice the dignity of an ordered progress even for the sake of the most precious gains of a convulsive and disturbing upheaval. He is as truly an anti-revolutionary as ever Wordsworth was; but he treats the spirit of revolution as it might be treated by a politician trained in the traditions of Whiggism, while Wordsworth was driven by violent re-action into Toryism of the most rigid type. Mr. Tennyson might indeed be described as the Whig of the modern imaginative world, and he is such not only in the sphere of politics alone, but in every realm of thought and activity. Professor Dowden quotes and makes a very just comment upon the stanza in which Mr. Tennyson declares it to be the special praise of England that she is

> 'A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,

> Whose freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent,'—

and the lines are certainly very characteristic and splendidly Whiggish; but the distinguished critic passes with a mere mention the poem 'Love thou thy land,' which is even more interesting as an exposition of the poet's habit of thought. From it we learn that the true wisdom is to 'pamper not a hasty time;' to keep the word free from 'crude imaginings;' to see that reverence is not merely the companion but the 'herald' of knowledge; to escape from the dominion both of the 'ancient saw' and the 'modern term,' in order that the fitting season may bring the fitting law; above all, to 'regard gradation,' and to entertain a proper horror of 'raw haste, half-sister to delay.'

We speak of 'the judicious Hooker,' but we might with even a finer appropriateness speak of the judicious Tennyson. A poet of this order speaks so accurately and adequately the sentiments of people of comfort and culture, living amid embryonic influences which threaten the one and offend the other, that we cannot wonder at the wide acceptance of his utterances. We who are at ease in our respectable Zion are so satisfied to hasten slowly that we may not care much for the low but by no means inaudible voice of 'the herd,' who have become rather tired of gradation, and who do not feel repelled from 'raw Haste,' even by her alleged objectionable relationship to Delay; but, comfortable as we are, the herd is there; and its voice is something more than a *vox et prœterea nihil.* For a time the Whiggish optimism which proclaims that the golden year 'is ever at the doors,' and is content with the somewhat dilatory march of freedom 'from precedent to precedent,' may be accepted without too curious questioning; but if Mr. Tennyson were the only spokesman of the people, some of us would certainly feel that the last word of progress has yet to be said.

It is natural that a poet whose attitude is one of firm trust in the all-sufficing beneficence of the law of ordered advance, who believes that whatever is, is best for to-day, because the

life of to-day is a nidus protecting and nourishing the germ of the higher life of to-morrow, should be repelled equally by the chilly scepticism which denies the law of progressive development, and by the heated enthusiasm which seeks to override it. He pleads for faith and for patience, finding justification for each in the conviction that there is 'a Hand that guides,' or, as Mr. Arnold would say, 'a something, not ourselves, making for righteousness.' To deny the guidance is profanity; to attempt to hurry or forestall it is presumption; and both are impiety. In 'The Vision of Sin' we are brought face to face, not with overt iniquity, but with that blank denial of a soul of goodness at the core of things which renders all iniquity possible, and indeed inevitable. The key to the moral decomposition of the lotos-eaters, is found in their thought of the gods as careless of mankind, lying idle beside their nectar, and finding music in the doleful song of human lamentation. The nature of Lucretius becomes a ruin when he looses his hold of an order in his own life and the life of the universe. To the lover of Maud the same loss brings the same catastrophe; but he finds recovery in the stroke of war which hurls him once more into the current of human progress. In the more recently published 'Despair,' and in the luckless drama, 'The Promise of May' the poet less successfully, perhaps, but even more strenuously, insists on the mental and moral overthrow resulting from a want of this apprehension of the something which gives life its ethical meaning; and though, in an often quoted passage, Mr. Tennyson says—

> 'There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds,'

he seems inclined to question the honesty of all doubt which is final—which is anything else than the shadow cast on faith by a passing cloud.

Nor is Mr. Tennyson one whit more tolerant to the enthusiasm which is faith's excess, than to the scepticism which is faith's defect. Illustrations of this intolerance are numerous, but two must suffice. In 'Locksley Hall' the poet celebrates with unwonted exuberance of rhetoric the rich boons which

the unborn years have in store for mankind ; and tells how, in his vision of the future, he beheld the thoughts of men widening with the process of the suns,

> 'Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World ;'

but the vision must keep its fixed place in the future to which it belongs ; the appointed seasons must not be hurried ; and he has nothing but scorn for the fervid enthusiasm which would rob the wealthy millenium to enrich the starving present. Hear him as he speaks in 'Maud :'

> 'Last week came one to the country town,
> To preach our poor little army down,
> And play the game of the despot kings,
> Though the State has done it and thrice as well :
> This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things,
> Whose ear is crammed with his cotton, and rings
> Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
> This huckster put down war ! Can he tell
> Whether war be a cause or a consequence.'

It is difficult at first sight to realise that these passages were written by the same pen, but if our view of Mr. Tennyson's attitude be the true one, the difficulty vanishes.

Equally characteristic is the episode of the 'Holy Grail' in the 'Idylls of the King.' In the hands of most poets the sacred quest would have been the part of the story at which the interest would have found its climax, and the spiritual impulse of the knights of the Round Table its fullest manifestation. To Tennyson, who here as elsewhere in the poem, looks through the eyes of Arthur, it is a fatal fanaticism, drawing men away from the paths of appointed service in search of wandering fires which beckon them to a quagmire, and leave them with a 'dying fire of madness' in their eyes. The king must sadly tolerate the weakness of his knights who have seen the vision and vowed the vow ; but he himself, the strong among the weak,

> 'Must guard
> That which he rules, and is but as the hind

> To whom a space of land is given to plough,
> Who may not wander from the allotted field
> Before his work is done ; but, being done,
> Let visions of the night or day
> Come as they will.'

'Keep to the allotted field':—this is Mr. Tennyson's first and last word. 'Be not drawn away by lusts of the flesh, or even by phantasies of the spirit; be obedient: learn the great lesson of "self knowledge, self reverence, self control;"' and if the command to you is but to stand and wait, then only in standing and waiting do you enter into true relations with the great order of things—with

> 'That God who ever lives and loves.
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.'

For various reasons it seems most convenient to pass directly from the work of Mr. Tennyson to that of Mr. Swinburne. It will be seen that we are not attempting an adequate estimate of the total outcome of the three poets under consideration, but simply endeavouring to show the attitude of their art and mind with relation to various prominent manifestations of contemporary thought and feeling. Keeping this purpose in view, the one remark to be made concerning Mr. Swinburne is, that the spirit of his poetry is the spirit of revolution which found an earlier voice in Shelley, just as that of Mr. Tennyson's poetry is the spirit of protest against revolution which found an earlier voice in Wordsworth. And as in the mere style of the Laureate there are various indications of his mental and emotional temper and habit, so in the work of Mr. Swinburne do we find the form of his thought suggested by its vesture, and we feel the burden of the song in the melody of its music. Both singers have the ardour and the restraint of the poet-artist, but in the elder poet we are impressed by the restraint even more than by the ardour, in the younger we are carried away by the ardour and are hardly conscious of the restraint. When Mr. Tennyson expresses himself most characteristically, it is in metres which are somewhat slow, and

always graceful and dignified, quickening sometimes to an airy gaiety, but seldom to passionate impetuousness. His epithets are always imaginative, but we are struck mainly by their exquisite fitness, or it may be that we are not struck at all, but simply satisfied. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, finds his truest voice in swift bounding measures, which hurry us along as the foam-bell is hurried along the smooth surface of the rapids; and even when the movement grows more deliberate, it is the deliberateness of passion, not of calm. When the impulse of utterance is strongest, words and images invest the thought in a driving mist, and instead of having command of language, one might say that language has command of him. His epithets and his figures may and do fascinate us at last, but at first they arrest and startle. His verse is full of fire and foam, of the red of blood and of roses and poppies, of the voice of the wind and the hunger of the sea, of hot embraces in which love is fierce as hate, of desire which is cruel, and delight which is vain.

It is not thus that men sing of reverence for the past of contentment in the present or of calm hope for the future; and none of these things inspires Mr. Swinburne's muse. Instead of reverence we have revolt; instead of contentment, protest, instead of calm hope, a fiery impatient yearning and aspiration;—everywhere the cry of unrest, of protest, of rebellion. To call a man a rebel is not to condemn him. In the world as we know it, and as our fathers have known it, there is room for the rebel, nay, there is need for him; for what is the history of progress but the record of his successes? We dread the fever of anarchy, but we have reason also to dread the paralysis of custom, not of evil custom merely, but of good which may equally, as Mr. Tennyson himself reminds us, 'corrupt the world.' There is, however, always the danger—and it is a danger which is most pressing in times of ferment—that a noble rebellion for the sake of health, life, and progress, may degenerate into that ignoble thing, rebellion for its own sake: and the danger is one from which a typical rebel such as Shelley or Mr. Swinburne hardly ever entirely escapes. Custom is defied not because it is seen to be corrupting or

false, but because it is assumed that it must necessarily be so; and the custom based upon universal instinct is likely to be attacked even more savagely than that founded on general conviction, for this is the custom which is most firmly established. Shelley, in his 'Laon and Cythna' represented the lovers as brother and sister; not that he had become a convert to incest, but that the thought of any closed question irritated him into contradiction. In the first volume of Mr. Swinburne's which attracted general notice, he showed himself to be in this respect a true follower of Shelley. In the pamphlet entitled, *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, which was written in answer to some of the criticisms upon the *Poems and Ballads*, Mr. Swinburne professed to feel not only indignant but surprised at the reprobation which the volume had evoked. The indignation may have been sincere; the surprise could not possibly have been other than affected. No man, save one utterly insensitive to the ordered rhythm of the life around him, could have printed such performances as 'The Leper,' and 'Les Noyades,' two elaborate studies of the revolting delirium of erotic fever, which are not so much immoral or indecent as simply loathsome, without knowing that he was throwing a gage of defiance not at the feet of opinion or of custom, but in the teeth of all wholesome human sensibilities. When these were assailed, the most sacred faiths and the most elementary moralities were not likely to be spared. Bitter mockery—which a decent reverence almost shrinks from quoting—of the 'ghastly glories of saints, and dead limbs of gibbetted gods' found a fitting place beside renderings for modern Englishmen and women of the unnatural lusts which the genius of Sappho has unhappily immortalised. For believers in God there were words like these:—

'O earth, thou art fair; O dust, thou art great;
O laughing lips and lips that mourn,
Pray, till ye feel the exceeding weight
Of God's intolerable scorn,
Not to be borne.

'Behold, there is no grief like this;
The barren blossom of thy prayer,
Thou shalt find out how sweet it is.
O fools and blind, what seek ye there
High up in the air?'

Those who hoped in immortality were met by the assurance that—

'The grave's mouth laughs into derision,
Desire and dread and dream and vision,
Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell;'

while those who even if all else were gone, held fast by the virtue which their souls knew to be good, were startled by the song, 'Before Dawn,'

'Ah, one thing worth beginning,
One thread in life worth spinning,
Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning
With all the whole soul's will,—'

and the question and invocation of the address to 'Dolores,'

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
With lithe and lascivious regret.
What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain.'

We have no wish to forget what Mr. Swinburne in his own person said of all this. In the pamphlet to which reference has been made, and which is valuable as a presentation of the poet's attitude as seen by himself, he says,—'With regard to any opinion implied or expressed throughout my book, I desire that one thing should be remembered: the book is dramatic, many-faced, multifarious; and no utterance of enjoyment or despair, belief or unbelief, can properly be assumed as the assertion of its author's personal feeling or faith. Were each poem to be accepted as the deliberate outcome and result of the author's conviction, not mine alone, but most other men's verses would leave nothing behind them but a sense of cloudy

chaos and suicidal contradiction. Byron and Shelley, speaking in their own persons, and with what sublime effect we know, openly and insultingly mocked and reviled what the English of their day held most sacred. I have not done this. *I do not say that, if I chose, I would not do so to the best of my power;* I do say that hitherto I have seen fit to do nothing of the kind.' The words which we have printed in italics suffice to show that in regarding Mr. Swinburne as a defier of current instincts and convictions, the critics were right in their conclusion, even if their premises were insufficient to support it. But were the premises insufficient? We have too much respect for Mr. Swinburne's genius and too much regard and admiration for many beautiful and blameless embodiments of it to allow us to be consciously unfair to him; but this question is one which it is impossible honestly to answer in the affirmative. In the dramatic form of utterance, the personality of the utterer is certainly to some extent disguised, but the disguise can never be so perfect as to hide him from recognition. There is something to be gathered from the mere choice of the character to be dramatically represented, something from its pose and attitude, and still something more from the manner of expression which gives even to a dramatic utterance the personal quality of a lyric. By this note of individuality we track the man Shakespeare through the maze of purely objective comedy and tragedy, find hints of him in Romeo, in Hamlet, in Prince Henry, in Prospero, and never think of doubting the power of our vision to pierce the dramatic veil. No sensible critic ever thought of identifying Mr. Swinburne completely with those dramatic beings, the men or women who are supposed to speak in such poems as 'Anactoria,' 'The Leper,' 'Dolores,' 'The Hymn to Proserpine,' and half a dozen others that we could name, any more than Shakespeare can be completely identified with any one of the characters just named, but there is no mistaking the sympathetic touch wherever it is found in either set of portraits; and in Mr. Swinburne's case we can verify inferences drawn from the purely dramatic utterances by finding their parallels in poems which are to all appearance not in the least dramatic, but

purely lyrical and personal. As dramatist and as lyrist alike the poet presents himself to us as a revolutionary, or, as we have called him, a rebel; engaged sometimes in noble rebellions against the tyrannies of force or custom which cripple the free energies of the human spirit, and sometimes, particularly in these early poems, in rebellions which are less noble or even positively ignoble, against the necessary and wholesome laws by which those energies are guided into channels of fruitful service. We have dwelt at perhaps too great length upon the latter tendency, but it has been convenient to emphasise the points in which Mr. Swinburne's message differs from that of Mr. Tennyson. The elder poet calls his contemporaries to a wise acquiescence and content, the younger is full of questioning and discontent which may at times be unwise, and which must always *seem* more unwise than their opposites, but which may be at other times a divine madness which is the highest wisdom. Mr. Tennyson found rest for the spirit in the contemplation of his England, where Freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent; Mr. Swinburne has dreamed the dream of Mazzini for his Italy, a dream of conquest over precedents of bondage, and turning to look at home is mournful rather than jubilant.

> 'England, what of the night?
> Night is for slumber and sleep,
> Warm, no season to weep.
> Let me alone till the day.
> Sleep would I still if I might,
> Who have slept for two hundred years.
> Once I had honour, they say:
> But slumber is sweeter than tears.'

There may be, nay, there is, exaggeration in this; but even in the face of exaggeration it may not unsuccessfully be pleaded that there is more of the breath of eager life, more of the element that is sanative and stimulating, in the shrill chant which emphasises the distance between what is and what might be—between the 'petty done' and the 'undone vast'—than in the sweeter more soothing song of fulfilled satisfaction in the achievements of a thousand yesterdays. Each word

has its season: one is the poetry of youth, the other of maturity; and while youth has its extravagances which maturity corrects, youth has its vitalising enthusiasms and quick insights which maturity too often cools and dims.

With Mr. Swinburne the years are dealing kindly. So far, there is no sign that they have impaired the swift potency of his passion, but they have led it into calmer ways than those in which it once loved to wander. The wine of genius has been clarified without losing strength or flavour; has gained a delicacy and aroma far better worth having than the first fiery stimulation. The second series of the *Poems and Ballads*, published in 1878, showed what the poet had gained in sanity of outlook and breadth of comprehension in the seven years which had passed since the appearance of its startling predecessor; the *Songs of the Spring-tides* told the same story; and it the *Century of Roundels*, while there is still the old fervour, it is chastened and sweetened into an attractive calm. He has found other promptings to song than the impulse of protest and defiance, and can delight himself fully in singing graciously of gracious things,—of the love of friends, of noble painting and music, of little children in life and death, of the gladness rather than the passion of air and sea. Of pure thought or of suggestion of thought, there is less in the work of Mr. Swinburne than in that of either of his great contemporaries; he is a poet of simple emotion, rather than of that interpenetration of thought and emotion which gives to poetry its highest interest; and the element of permanence in his work is found less in its substance than its form,—in his comprehension and command of the uttermost possibilities of rhythmic speech, in the wealth and splendour of his varied music, in the quick sympathy which has enabled him to give penetrating expression to the inarticulate restlessness of an age of transition.

In both quantity and quality of purely intellectual interest, the poems of Mr. Browning are beyond doubt much richer than those of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne. So much so that certain critics, astute rather than profound, seem inclined to regard him as a thinker *par excellence*, and a poet *par hasard*.

This is, of course, a superficial view, founded on a vague notion that poetry and thought are somehow mutually exclusive, and that a poem is the expression, not of the intellect, but of the emotions. This notion is the more influential because it is not wholly false, but half-true. Neither naked thought nor naked emotion is the material of poetry, but either becomes such when clothed in the vesture of imagination; and emotion lends itself more readily than thought to such investment, because only when thought is touched and warmed by emotion, does it become susceptible of imaginative conception and expression. The thought, 'all men are mortal,' has not in itself any more of the nature of poetry than the thought, 'parallel lines can never meet,' but the former has been made poetical by a thousand poets, because it appeals to the emotions, and through them to the imagination, while the latter which is or seems destitute of emotional value, must always belong to the region of prose. Mr. Browning's poems are undoubtedly packed with thought, but he has interfused the thought with the poetical quality: and the reason why this interfusion has been missed by some critics is found in the facts that Mr. Browning has not sung of the old themes in the old way, that he has deserted the beaten highways and the familiar fields, that he has broken and annihilated recognised frontiers, and has widened the region of imaginative apprehension by wholesale annexation of new territory. His gamut of emotional sensibility is so wide that he can strike notes unstruck before; and because his is a new music—a veritable addition to the world's store of harmonies—it is declared by those who are accustomed to the old chords and the familiar harmonies to be no music at all.

When we understand all that is meant and implied by this enlargement of the world of imagination, we see that it is Mr. Browning's special gift to the men of his time. Moods, situations, and crises in life which have seemed to most of his predecessors—if indeed they have noticed them at all—mere isolated and therefore barren facts, appealing only to the perceptive intellect and belonging to the realm of prose, are discerned by his imaginative vision to be symbolic presenta-

tions—*avatars* and embodiments—of universal facts, coming home to universal interests, united in marriage to other moods, situations, and crises, which we had thought altogether unrelated to them, and abundantly fertile in all kinds of new and helpful suggestions. Mr. Browning never touched a deeper or more inexhaustible thought than when he sung—

> 'Flowers in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all.
> I should know what God and man is.'

This is a parabolic description of Mr. Browning's method, but his flower in the crannied wall is some obscure life, some foiled aspiration, some perplexing incompleteness, some moment in a history which stands apart from other moments, something which, like the weed among the stones, tempts him to question it in the hope that it may have some secret to tell concerning the great whole of things,—a hope which gains a certain painful keenness from what seems its isolation from the whole, its perplexing apartness, and there its want of apparent significance.

For an example of this imaginative habit, a single poem will serve as well as many. In 'A Grammarian's Funeral' the poet contemplates a life which would strike the ordinary observer as pitifully incomplete, because lived apart from the main current of the life of the race. The dead man who is being carried to his grave has lived not with things or with thoughts, but with dead words. Through all his allotted years he has been what we call a mere Dryasdust; an accent or an etymology has been more to him than a revolution; and still when the end comes,

> 'So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife,
>   Ground he at grammar ;
> Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife :
>   While he could stammer
> He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be !—
>   Properly based *Oun*—

> Gave us the doctrine of the enclytic *De*
> Dead from the waist down.'

Here it will be seen is a miniature embodiment of a great human problem, or rather of two human problems—the problem of the inevitable incompleteness and fragmentariness of some lives, and of the same incompleteness and fragmentariness which in other lives is not inevitable but is voluntarily chosen, as it was by the dead grammarian. What is the explanation of the first, what is the justification of the second? To both questions one answer can be returned. The earthly life is to be seen and understood and lived in the light cast on it by another and a larger life. Were earth all, even the completeness of earth whenever realised would be torturing to the hunger of the spirit that can only be satisfied by the illimitable. The speaker in 'The Last Ride Together,' says—

> 'Who knows what's fit for us. Had fate
> Proposed bliss here should sublimate
> My being—had I signed the bond—
> Still one must lead some life beyond,
> Have a bliss to die with, dim descried.
> This foot once planted on the goal,
> This glory-garland round my soul,
> Could I descry such? Try and test!
> I sink back shuddering from the quest.
> Earth being so good, would Heaven seem best?
> Now, Heaven and she are beyond this ride.'

And on the other hand there is a certain satisfaction even in the incompleteness which compels us to look beyond it,—which testifies to a completeness of which it is a hint and a prophecy. The dying patriot on his way to the scaffold can rejoice over what man would call his failure, for its promise is larger, surer, and more glorious than the fulfilment of apparent success.

> 'Thus I entered and thus I go!
> In triumphs people have dropped down dead.
> Paid by the world,—what dost thou owe
> Me? God might question: now instead
> 'Tis God shall repay! I am safer so.'

This, too, was the inspiring thought of the dead grammarian, as interpreted by the singers of his rugged funeral hymn. They recognised this in him as his 'peculiar grace,'

> 'That before living he'd learn how to live;
>   No end to learning:
> Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
>   Use for our earning.
> Others mistrust and say, 'But time escapes!
>   Live now or never!'
> He said, 'What's time? leave now for dogs and apes!
>   Man has Forever.'
>
> . . . .
>
> 'Was it not great? Did not he throw on God,
>   (He loves the burthen)—
> God's task to make the heavenly period
>   Perfect the earthen?
> Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
>   Just what it all meant?
> He would not discount life, as fools do here,
>   Paid by instalment.
>
> . . . .
>
> 'That low man goes on adding one to one,
>   His hundred's soon hit.
> This high man, aiming at a million,
>   Misses an unit.
> That has the world here—should he need the next,
>   Let the world mind him!
> This throws himself on God, and unperplext
>   Seeking shall find him.'

We have dwelt at some length upon Mr. Browning's attitude in this poem, because it is a specially characteristic one. It is also an attitude which differentiates his work very sharply from that of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne. The latter, in all his more important volumes seems to doubt if not to deny the doctrine of a larger life beyond the present, and while the former implicitly accepts and in 'In Memoriam' explicitly affirms it, it can hardly be said that the apprehension of immortality is so vivid and vital as to mould and colour his work in the same way that it moulds and colours the work of Mr. Browning. For both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne life answers its own questions; supplies the premises for all

necessary conclusions; and their calculations are not complicated by the presence of an unknown quantity. Their position is more easily definable and their method more readily comprehensible than those of their contemporary, because their standard of values is more ordinary and therefore more understandable than his. When Mr. Tennyson pleads for order, the general reader knows what he means, and can appreciate the force of his plea; and when Mr. Swinburne pleads for liberty, he is in the same position: but Mr. Browning seems to render simple questions puzzling by introducing new and confusing elements. He is neither reactionary nor revolutionary; he cares neither for order nor for liberty as such, only as indications of a great reality of which they are but modes and conditions. Not to obey, not to disobey, but to live, to find somehow, either by obedience or rebellion, what life's meaning is—this, according to Mr. Browning is the great call to us.

But how are we to live? how is life's true meaning to become known to us? Not, Mr. Browning seems to say, by observation, by curious analysis, by taking much thought, but rather by heeding and following the sudden impulse which we recognize as a true word from the unseen. This life is a sphere of twilight, and the twilight is more misleading than the darkness; but every now and then comes a gleam from the surrounding light, which at least shows us the new few steps of the true track. As he says in 'Cristina,'—

> 'Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
>   But not quite so sunk that moments,
> Sure, tho' seldom, are denied us,
>   When the spirit's true endowments
> Stand out plainly from the false ones,
>   And apprise it if pursuing
> Or the right way or the wrong way,
>   To its triumph or undoing.
> There are flashes struck from midnights,
>   There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
> Whereby piled-up honours perish,
>   Whereby swoln ambitions dwindle,
> While just this or that poor impulse
>   Which for once had play unstifled,

> Seems the whole work of a life-time
> That away the rest have trifled.'

These moments, these flashes, these fire-flames are the revelations in this life of the true laws of the other life; the things which for the instant give us the vision of a higher and more enduring order than that of custom and convention:—higher even than that of what we may have been taught to call duty. In at least one poem, 'The Statue and the Bust,' the foregone impulse was an impulse to what would be called a sin, but the lesson of the poem is that even a sin of instinctive ardour, of selfless passion may be less damning and deadening than the self-regarding virtue which narrows the soul and chills the heart. In the greater number of instances, however, the call of the supreme moment is to something which the world condemns much more bitterly than it ever condemns mere sin—to a splendid recklessness, an heroic imprudence, a divine disdain for the vulgar success of fame or pounds, shillings, and pence. The soul asserts itself,—it may be in a great love which calls into life all the possibilities both of rapture and of nobleness,—but in the same instant the world arrays herself against the soul, and whatsoever the issue may be, this at any rate is clear to the poet, that the world's success is the man's, the woman's failure.

Thus, when Mr. Browning strives after an answer to the enigma of the age and the ages, he seeks it not in some wide generalisation concerning law or order or progress or liberty; but rather follows the example of the scientific experimentalist, taking his 'men and women' one by one, hearing what each has to say, believing firmly that no crisis in any human life is of private interpretation, but that the one Spirit speaks to every human soul, and that any authentic message from the Heavens is a message not only to the individual but to the race. As the husband says in 'By the Fireside,'—

> 'How the world is made for each of us;
> How all we perceive and know in it
> Tends to some moment's product thus,
> When a soul declares itself—to wit,
> By its fruit, the thing it does!

Be hate that fruit or love that fruit,
 It forwards the general Deed of Man,
And each of the many helps to recruit
 The life of the race by a general plan ;
Each loving his own, to boot.

I am named and known by that moment's feat ;
 There took my station and degree.
So grew my own small life complete,
 As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, Sweet !

* * * *

So the earth has gained by one man more,
 And the gain of earth must be Heaven's gain too ;
And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
 When autumn comes : which I mean to do
One day, as I said before.'

This man has in the largest sense of the word sowed his soul alive by knowing the day of his visitation; by recognising before it was too late the golden thread let down from Heaven, to be a clue through the labyrinth of earth;—just as the two in 'Youth and Art' lose the soul by letting the day pass, and leaving the thread untouched. She marries—a rich lord; he is a knight and an R.A.; and surely this is success and completeness of life. Perhaps they try to think it so; but all the time they are well aware that the angel of opportunity once offered them a better gift, and that they 'missed it, lost it for ever.'

What we said concerning a new standard of values being introduced by the apprehension of an upper breaking in upon the lower darkness is best elucidated in the noteworthy poem entitled 'An Epistle,' containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician.' Karshish in his travels in Palestine comes upon the resuscitated Lazarus, and studies him keenly. To Lazarus the great revelation has come not in the blinding flash which dazes a man so that perhaps he doubts the thing he has seen, but in four days of steady illumination. And what is the result?

'The man is witless of the size, the sum,
The value in proportion of all things,

Or whether it be little or be much.
Discourse to him and prodigious armaments
Assembled to besiege his city now,
And of the passing of a mule with gourds—
'Tis one! Then take it on the other side,
Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt
With stupor at its very littleness,
(Far as I see) as if in that indeed
He caught prodigious import, whole results;
And so will turn to us the bystanders
In ever the same stupor (note this point)
That we too see not with his opened eyes!
Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,
Preposterously, at cross purposes.
Should his child sicken unto death—why, look
For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,
Or pretermission of his daily craft—
While a word, gesture, glance, from that same child
At play or in the school or laid asleep,
Will startle him to an agony of fear.'

It will be seen that the life of Lazarus has been thrown out of balance, as it were, by the fullness of knowledge, too great to be fruitfully utilised in the cramped conditions of earth. The thought, 'It should be,' is backed by the other thought, 'Here it cannot be'; and there is little for him but to wait

'For that same death which shall restore his being
To equilibrium, body loosening soul,
Divorced even now by premature full growth.'

He has sight in a world where it is appointed to us to walk not by sight, but by faith—where we may not know, but only realise that there is something to be known. As Rabbi Ben Ezra says—

'For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.'

But even these glimpses of the Master's working, these hints of the heavenly craft will in their measure change our

estimate of the comparative worth of things. We shall not, like Lazarus, be thrown out of harmony with our human environment; we shall still feel the throbbing of every human emotion; we shall recognise with calm delight the order which is the earthly correspondence of divine law; we shall exult in the impulse towards freedom which is, at its best, the stirring within us of that life of God which is a union of perfect liberty with perfect righteousness;—but it will be with the purged eyes of those who have beheld things transfigured by that upper sunshine which reveals their true nature, their real significance, those who—perhaps on a mad journey to some Damascus of mistaken duty—have seen a light and heard a voice, and been thenceforward 'not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.'

ART. VIII.—SCOTTISH PATRIOTISM AND SCOTTISH POLITICS.

1. *The Local Government Board (Scotland) Bill*, 1883.
2. *A Rectorial Address*, delivered before the Students of the University of Edinburgh, Nov. 4, 1882. By LORD ROSEBERY. Edinburgh, 1882.
3. *Address by Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh*, July 21, 1883, on being presented with the freedom of that city.
4. *Scotland's Version of Home Rule.* By W. SCOTT DALGLEISH. *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1883.

ON the 21st of August, the Local Government Board (Scotland) Bill was rejected on the Second Reading in the House of Lords, by a majority of forty-seven votes to thirty-one. Before this decision was come to, the leading advocate of the measure, both in the Upper Chamber and on Scottish platforms, gave the members of his own Order this warning, 'If you think fit to reject this Bill—and I am far from saying that the Bill is perfect—I can only say that those who support it must appeal from the judgment of this House to the judgment of those

whom this Bill chiefly affects. It is in the interest of Scotland that it should be passed. It is the desire of Scotland that it should be passed, and I venture to say that the expression of opinion in Scotland as to the fate of this measure, if your Lordships think fit to reject it, the expression of opinion not as to the measure itself, but as to the principle it represents, will convince your Lordships that you make a great mistake, in judging public opinion in Scotland by the opinion of this House, if you think that it is hostile to this Bill.' The same day the House of Lords rejected the Irish Registration Bill, and, on the following forenoon, the Premier was asked by Mr. Parnell what were the intentions of the Government in respect of that measure. Mr. Gladstone at once replied that the Bill would be brought forward early next session and pressed upon the consideration of Parliament. Sir George Campbell then put a similar question as to the Scottish Bill. Mr. Gladstone's reply was significant:—'My hon. friend will see, I am sure, that the Local Government Board (Scotland) Bill is a measure of general political expediency. The other measure, besides being a measure of general political expediency, is a Bill to supply an obvious demand of justice.' This remark has been taken, and no doubt correctly taken, to mean that while Government are resolved to press forward the Irish Registration Bill next session, they have not come to any such resolution in respect of the Scottish Local Government Board Bill, because they do not consider it of equal importance.

It will be well to take the statements of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Gladstone together, for, between them, they throw some light on the prospects of the defeated measure. Speaking distinctly and emphatically in the name of its champions in Scotland, the late Under-Secretary for the Home Department said that it was 'the desire of Scotland,' that is, of course, of the people of Scotland in the wide, constitutional and only proper sense, that the measure should pass, that there would be an appeal to the public opinion of Scotland from the House of Lords in the event of its rejection, and that the expression of that opinion would prove such rejection, so far as it professed to reflect the Scottish mind, to

be a mistake. In other words, there is to be an agitation in Scotland during the Recess in favour of the Bill, or at all events of what Lord Rosebery calls its 'principle.' Unless there is some such agitation, and unless it indicates 'the desire of Scotland' to be unmistakeably to the effect that this or an equivalent 'measure of general political expediency' should pass, the Government, as Mr Gladstone's statement clearly indicates, do not pledge themselves to urge it on the consideration of Parliament.

A word or two as to 'the desire of Scotland' in regard to the defunct measure, and 'the expression of opinion in Scotland as to its fate,' by way of clearing the ground for argumentation upon its 'principle.' It will be admitted that 'the desire of Scotland' in respect of matters affecting its national well-being—take, for example, political reform, the abolition of the corn laws, the establishment of a national system of education, the overthrow of the late Beaconsfield Government—has hitherto expressed itself by large, influential, and enthusiastic public meetings. It will further be admitted by the advocates of the Scottish Local Government Board Bill, that between the introduction of the measure and the discussion on the second reading in either the House of Commons or the House of Lords, 'the desire of Scotland' might have been, but was not, indicated in this unimpeachable and convincing way. Lord Rosebery said 'every great municipality in Scotland has petitioned in favour of this Bill,' but he did not say that a majority of the Scottish municipalities had so petitioned, or that even the 'great' municipalities had shown enthusiasm for the measure. It may further be said that when the members of the petitioning Town Councils were elected, this question was not before their constituencies, which have consequently not had an opportunity of letting their 'desire' be made known. It is a commonplace with observers of the socio-political signs of the times, that Town Councils do not reflect what is best in the nation in respect of 'desire' or of anything else. Thus, Mr. Herbert Spencer, than whom it will probably be allowed there is no greater living expert in Sociology, says, 'Town Councils are not conspicuous for either intelligence or high character.

On the contrary, they consist of a very large proportion of ciphers, interspersed with a few superior men.' Whether this dictum be correct or not—and upon it no opinion whatever is here expressed—opinions practically identical with it have, times without number, been given, and by the leading journalistic advocates of the Local Government Board Bill, of the constitution of that 'great municipality' the value of whose petition Lord Rosebery endeavoured to impress upon Lord Salisbury. 'I do not believe,' Lord Rosebery further observed, 'there are six members returned by Scottish constituencies who are hostile to the Bill.' Only twenty-three Scottish representatives were present when the Bill was fully discussed. Four Conservative members—Mr. Dalrymple, Sir John Hay, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and Mr. J. A. Campbell—and three Liberals—Sir Alexander Gordon, Sir George Balfour, and Sir T. E. Colebrooke—expressed views essentially unfavourable to it. A fourth Liberal—Mr. Arthur Elliot—so spoke of it before it went into Committee in the House of Commons, that the Home Secretary said that if he thought Mr. Elliot's sentiments were those of the Scottish members generally, he should abandon the measure at once. Besides, of the Scottish members absent during the discussion in Committee, Mr. Craig Sellar spoke disparagingly of it on its introduction. How many more of the absentees may have taken the same view? It is, at all events, permissible to argue that the majority of the Scottish members felt no great enthusiasm for the measure; as for their constituencies, the question involved in it was not before them when they returned their representatives, and, since it has been raised, they have not been at any pains to make their wishes known.

We come now to 'the expression of opinion in Scotland as to the fate of the measure' after its rejection, which Lord Rosebery said would convince his brother Peers that they had made a mistake. Lord Rosebery will certainly not object to newspapers being cited as containing an 'expression of opinion in Scotland,' for, when he was advocating the Bill, on the occasion of his returning thanks to the Town Council of Edinburgh for conferring its fran-

chise upon him, he said that every organ in the Press was in its favour. It will be allowed that Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dundee are the leading cities and the 'greatest municipalities' of Scotland, and that it is perfectly fair to quote the opinions of the leading daily newspapers in these cities. There are three newspapers published every morning in Edinburgh; two of them on the day after the rejection of the Scottish Local Government Board Bill, expressed regret at that event; the third expressed satisfaction. There are three such in Glasgow. One expressed regret, and a second satisfaction. The third said 'we are certainly not prepared to agitate the country in favour of a Scotch office which is only to relieve the Home Secretary of duties which, as Sir William Harcourt has declared, do not appreciably add to his labours—an office, the powers of which are wholly undefined, and which, although tenable by a member of the House of Commons, is apparently only to be filled by one when the supply of Scotch Peers runs short, or when the law officers are unable to find seats in Parliament.' An evening paper in the same city, totally distinct from any morning journal, also wrote—'We do not fancy that the disappearance of the Local Government Bill will arouse a feeling of very pronounced indignation over the length and breadth of Scotland. There will be the tribulation which comes of disappointed hopes and ambitions, but outside the knot of dreamers and schemers the fact of rejection will be accepted without perturbation, and even with an equanimity bordering upon satisfaction.' Of the two daily morning papers in Aberdeen, the one expressed regret and the other satisfaction. Of the two in Dundee, the one expressed satisfaction, the other wrote:—'The Lords' rejection of the Scotch Bill will disappoint many public bodies in Scotland, and all but one or two of the Scotch members of Parliament, but the constituencies will not be deeply grieved by it.' Of eleven daily newspapers, therefore, which may reasonably be supposed to know something of the constituencies of the 'great municipalities' of Scotland, four have expressed regret at the rejection of the Local Government Board Bill, and seven

have expressed either satisfaction or an indifference which is nearer satisfaction than regret.

In spite of these facts and of others of the same kind, it may still prove to be 'the desire of Scotland' that the Local Government Board Bill, or some measure like it, should pass during the next session of Parliament; the methods of proof are not far to seek, and attempts will no doubt, and with perfect propriety, be made to apply them. On the other hand, there is no reliable evidence that the mind of the Scottish people is so irrevocably made up on this subject, that fresh considerations may not be presented to it. The discussion during the Recess, will probably have this advantage over the discussion that took place before it, that it will not be hampered by reference to any individual Scotsman. The 'personal aspersions' that characterised the discussion of the defunct Bill in the House of Commons, are to be regretted. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that these personal aspersions wree but the violent expression of a reaction against the personal panegyrics, approaching almost to sycophancy, which played such a portentous part before the introduction of the measure, and which have been quietly, but effectually resented, in Scotland.

But little need be said now of the late Local Government Board Bill as distinguished from its 'principle.' It did not propose to give Scotland Local Government in the true and representative sense; that she will obtain, as she has obtained political and social, educational and economical, reforms in the past, along with her English partner. It did not propose to give Scotland such a Local Government Board as that of which Sir Charles Dilke is the President. It did not propose to interfere with the proper duties, or to reduce the dignity, of the Lord Advocate. What it did propose was substantially, as explained by Lord Rosebery, to transfer certain powers and duties vested in the Home Office, the Privy Council, and the Local Government Board, so far as these refer to Scotland, to a Scottish Board. The Board, even by the contention of those in favour of its creation, was to be but a phantom. Sir William Harcourt allowed that the

duties of which it was to relieve him were slight. The President and the 'principle' involved in his appointment were to be everything. While nominally taking duties off the Home Office, the Privy Council, and the Local Government Board, and, above all things, receiving the annual reports of the existing Edinburgh Boards in place of the Home Secretary, the President was really to attend, if he happened to be a member of either House of Parliament, to the civil as distinguished from the legal business of Scotland. 'At present Scottish Members and those who are interested in Scottish public affairs,' we have been told every second day for more than a year, 'find innumerable difficulties in their way. They are bandied from this official to the other, without getting what is desired. The Minister in authority has no knowledge of Scottish affairs. The Minister with knowledge of Scottish affairs has no authority. The result is a practical denial of necessary administrative attention in all but purely formal matters, and neglect of pressing Scottish requirements.' The 'principle' of the rejected measure, the 'principle' of the measure that is apparently to be demanded next session is the establishment of a responsible official who shall attend to the requests of 'Scottish members and those who are interested in Scottish public affairs.'

All parties to this controversy are probably agreed upon two points. It will be allowed, in the first place that, in matters of really great legislative importance, Scotland fares quite as well as England. When, to refer to matters that will be easily remembered, England obtained a Household Franchise Act, Scotland obtained one also. The Elementary Education for England was followed by a similar measure for Scotland, in one respect, of a more advanced character. During the late session the subject of Agricultural Holdings in the two countries was dealt with in two measures substantially identical. It will be allowed, with equal unanimity, that, in matters of minor legislation and administration, Scotland deserves and requires, in the opinion of the majority of her representatives, more attention than she obtains. It is not necessary to go back to what Lord Cockburn thought of and

wrote in 1836, to Mr. Baxter's motion in the House of Commons in 1858, or to the Camperdown Commission which resulted from it, for historical proofs of the truth of the familiar assertion that the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who, since the abolition of the Scottish, or Third Secretaryship of State, in 1746, has acted as Minister for Scotland, is unable to overtake all the work of such an office, without neglecting his private professional business. More recent events—the introduction by the last Conservative Government of a Bill to give Scotland a special Parliamentary Under Secretary, and the presentation to Mr. Gladstone in January, 1881, of a memorial signed by thirty-three of the Scottish members, to the effect 'that it would be greatly to the public advantage, as well as for the convenience of the members for Scotland, to have in the Government a special representative of the political as distinguished from the legal business,'—prove the state of feeling expressed by the familiar phrase that 'something must be done.' The practical question is how much that 'something' should be.

The extreme demand preferred in the name of Scotland, is that she should have a Secretary of State, or Minister with a seat in the Cabinet, that she should be placed on a footing of administrative equality with Ireland, which, as a rule, has either her Lord Lieutenant or her Chief Secretary in the Cabinet. But this proposal for an addition to the Cabinet ought to be considered in connection with other suggestions for the appointment of other Ministers, either in addition to or in room of those who have already places in the Cabinet, or places of high position outside of it. Of such a character are the proposals to create Ministries of Agriculture, Commerce, and Education. The two first have received the sanction of a vote in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone has so far tried to give effect to them, that he has recently made, as an administrative experiment, a redistribution of and additions to the duties of the President of the Council and of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The question of the reorganization of the work of the Vice-President of the Council, so as to make him Minister of Education, as been referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons; but there

can be no question that necessities similar to those which have led to the creation of the Board of Trade and of the Local Government Board will lead in the long run to the creation of Ministries of Education, Agriculture and Commerce. The reason is obvious. Education, Agriculture, and Commerce, are genuine national interests, in the modern, as distinguished from the old and class sense. They are, further, interests common to England and Scotland, and we may surely say, to Ireland also. At all events, it is one of the undoubted political tendencies of the time, so to reconstitute the various Cabinet offices and so to redistribute the work in them as to make them bureaus for the supervision of special interests common to the Three Kingdoms. The question for Scotland is, will she or can she resist this tendency to unite the Three Kingdoms by a firmer bond than the existing one, or will she elect to have all her interests, her Education, her Commerce, her Agriculture and the like, attended to by one official with a seat in the Cabinet? That is a question which Scotland has never considered formally or fully. But, in the meantime, two things may be said. The one is that already an experiment has been made, in the unification, or at least in the combination, under one roof, of English and Scottish interests. Scottish Education, 'public' or 'national,' is, like English, administered from Whitehall, and there has been no loud or general outcry on this side of the Border, that it has been neglected in consequence. The most important educational measure that has been passed affecting Scotland since Lord Young's Act, the Educational Endowments Bill of 1883, was conducted through the House of Commons not by the Home Secretary or by the Lord Advocate but by Mr. Mundella, in his capacity as Vice-President of the Council or virtual Minister of Education. Another and equally obvious remark is, that, should this tendency of the time be given effect to, as it has already been given effect to in every country on the Continent that is in possession of an organised government, and Ministries of Agriculture, Commerce, and Education for the two (if not three) Kingdoms be established, the Home Office would be relieved of a large number of

its present duties, and the Law Officers of the Crown for Scotland would not be burdened with non-legal work. Thus, to take illustrations from the Parliamentary session of the present year, neither the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill, which passed, nor the Scotch Universities Bill, which had to be abandoned, would have been in charge of the Lord Advocate. The one would have been piloted by the Minister of Agriculture, and the other by the Minister of Education, the Lord Advocate and Solicitor General discharging their proper and professional duty of keeping these Ministers right as to the peculiarities of Scottish Law and Custom as regards both agriculture and education.

Until it is seen whether this political tendency, now at work, is to prevail or not, it would seem inexpedient to create a separate Scottish Department under either a Cabinet Minister or the President of a phantom Board. For, if it did prevail, the Department would ultimately have to be disestablished, from all its work of real importance being distributed over the new Ministries. Scottish administration should not suffer, in the meantime, however, and no serious objection has been offered to the creation by statute of a special Under Home Secretary for Scotland. Such an official would be accessible to the Scottish Members, and would see that Scottish administrative and other business received its fair share of attention—an unfair share should not be expected, and could not be given—from the chiefs of the various Government Departments. The functions of the Scottish Under Secretary could further be so defined—much as the functions of the President of the proposed phantom Local Government Board were defined in the late Bill—that while he would relieve and assist, he would not overshadow, the Lord Advocate. That official, indeed, being set free to attend to his own proper work, would stand a much better chance of 'building himself an everlasting name,' by effecting long-deferred and much needed reforms in Scottish Law, than he has now, when he is the Scottish Parliamentary man-of-all-work. What is of still more importance, the appointment of an Under Secretary for Scotland, instead of running counter to, would be quite in the line of, the administrative tendency, already

referred to, towards fusing, instead of separating the real interests of the Three Kingdoms. The ideal Home Office or Ministry of the Interior is one presided over by a Minister responsible to Parliament, and having under him three Under Secretaries, one for each of the Three Kingdoms.

A common argument in favour of giving Scotland a Cabinet Minister was very frankly stated by Mr. George Anderson, in the course of the recent discussions in the House of Commons on the Local Government Board Bill, and it may be alluded to here both on account of the fallacy that underlies it, and because it leads up to a suggestion which, if adopted, might facilitate the despatch of Scottish public business. 'There was a feeling,' said Mr. Anderson, 'that members of the Cabinet had measures of their own to push forward; that there was a strong rivalship in the Cabinet, each one anxious to get his own measure pushed forward to the sacrifice of others, and that under these circumstances, Scotland, being entirely unrepresented in the Cabinet, always went to the wall. That was the feeling under which Scottish Members desired to have a Secretary of State.' If this competitive theory of the Cabinet were sound, then the measures which figure in the Queen's speech, delivered at the close of a Parliamentary session, would be there, not in virtue of their intrinsic importance, or of the national necessity for them, but in virtue of the pushing energy displayed by the Ministers in charge of them. Yet, as a matter of fact, when the annual 'massacre of innocents' takes place, it is the weaker measures, not the weaker men, that go to the wall. Is it not the case that the Corrupt Practices and Bankruptcy Bills passed this year, because it was felt that their passing could no longer be delayed? Will Mr. Anderson maintain that if Scotland had had a Cabinet Minister, either of these measures—or, indeed any measure that passed—would have been sacrificed for the Scottish Police or Universities Bill? The Corrupt Practices and Bankruptcy Bills failed to pass in 1882, and the Educational Endowments Bill did pass; yet, no one ventures to say that this result was due to the successful rivalry of Mr. Mundella over Sir Henry James and Mr. Chamberlain. The truth is,—and it is well that it should

be so in the interests of good and especially of popular government,—that the passing of measures depends less on the comparative influence of members of the Government, than on the feeling of the country in regard to them, as reflected in Parliament. The feeling in the country inspires the Ministerial programme in the first place, and selects which must pass in the second; it does so none the less really that it does it informally.

And who are the accredited exponents of the feeling of the country, but Members of Parliament? Leaving out of consideration the small minority of Conservative representatives, the Scottish membership is a solid phalanx, whereas the Irish membership is as yet divided into mutually hostile sections. Yet Ireland, as compared with the sister Kingdoms, has had, during the last three years, the lion's share of legislation, mainly, if not wholly, because one of these sections has incessantly kept the feelings and 'grievances' of the people of Ireland before Parliament and the country. Mr. Scott Dalgleish, in his article on Home Rule for Scotland in the *Nineteenth Century*, mentions, and no doubt correctly mentions, among the benefits of the now abandoned arrangement for the management of Scottish public business, whereby the Lord Advocate and Lord Rosebery as Under Home Secretary, attended to it between them, that 'Difficulties in the way of constructing harbours of refuge at Wick and elsewhere have been removed. There is reason to believe that the long delay which has retarded the completion of the great Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh has at last come to an end.' Yet what would a member of Mr. Parnell's party do, on reading such a statement as this, but ask what can the members for Wick and Edinburgh have been about? Had these gentlemen been Irish instead of Scottish members, who will doubt but that, by means of persistent questioning and by taking full advantage of the constitutional doctrine which places Grievance before Supply, they would have compelled the Home Secretary of the time to remove these Harbour and Museum 'difficulties.' Mr. Chamberlain, referring to the claims of Scotland in a speech he delivered at Swansea sometime before the

late Session began, said, 'I have no doubt that the Scottish members, with that shrewdness and practical business aptitude which we all so much admire, will settle among themselves what are the immediate requirements of their country, and will get what they want without much assistance or interference from their English colleagues.' Mr. Chamberlain's prediction has not been justified by events, but his doctrine is sound. If the constituencies of Scotland have special political or administrative grievances, they have the removal of them largely in their own hands. Let them declare that their representatives shall insist on their interests being attended to, or let them return other representatives specially commissioned to perform this duty. Was a Minister for Scotland needed to secure the appointment of the Crofters' Commission? It requires no Mr. Herbert Spencer to prove, from the experience of the United States, that one of the chief dangers that lie in wait for popular government in a democratic and self-governing country, is the delegation to State officials by its representatives of duties they ought to perform themselves.

We now come to what may be termed the statistical argument in favour of the appointment of a Secretary of State for Scotland. It could not be more clearly stated than it was in a recent speech of Mr. Duncan McLaren in Edinburgh. 'If,' he said, 'a Secretary of State was needed from 1707, the date of the Union, to 1746, much more was one needed now. At the Union, Scotland was a miserably poor country. The total revenue was £160,000, its population 800,000, and the total rental some thirty years before—for there was no exact date for that time—£319,000. The national revenue now exceeded seven millions, which was an immensely greater proportion than the increase of revenue in England, which was returned at between five or six millions at the time of the Union. The population, in place of 800,000, was now 3,800,000. The Income Tax returns showed a rental of 19½ millions in place of £319,000.' Mr. Scott Dalgleish writes in a similar strain—'The Income Tax returns show that the annual increase in Schedule D in Scotland is much greater than in England and Wales, excluding London. They show further,

from the abatements claimed on account of life assurance, that fully twice as many persons, in proportion to population, insure their lives in Scotland as do so in England. During the last fifteen years the amount of capital invested in railways in Scotland has been nearly doubled. The number of ordinary passengers by rail has been almost exactly doubled; while the gross traffic receipts have increased by more than one-half.'

Let it be at once allowed that these facts, indicative of the increase of the population and material prosperity of the country, may be properly brought forward in support of an increase in her representative or self-governing power—provided always Liberal Scotland does not seek to aid the very Liberal Mr. Chamberlain in enacting equal electoral districts. Mr. John Noble, the well-known political statistician, shows in his *Parliamentary Reformers' Manual*, just published, that of the 658 Members of the House of Commons, Scotland is entitled to 69·88 if they were allotted according to population, and to 77·51, if they were allotted according to revenue derived from taxation; and that if the mean between population and taxation were taken as the basis of representation, the number of Members of Parliament would be for England and Wales, 500; Scotland, 74; and Ireland, 84. An agitation in favour of an increase in the representation of Scotland proportionate to her population and her contributions to the Imperial revenue is quite intelligible. But why these facts should be made the basis for an argument in favour of the appointment of a high officer of State to 'govern' or 'look after' Scotland, is not explained. Lord Rosebery, indeed, asked at Edinburgh in July, 'Can any one doubt that if we had a Secretary of State for Scotland as zealous, as willing, and as able, as, for instance, the present Secretary for Ireland, our march of prosperity would have been much quicker?' But he showed no connection between the march of a nation's prosperity and the fact of its possessing a Secretary of State. His reference to Ireland and its Secretary is, indeed, not remarkably fortunate. Those Irish members whom the Prime Minister now looks to as expressing more adequately than others the sentiments of the people of

Ireland, might retort that the march of prosperity in Ireland has been slow because it has had a Secretary, and rapid in Scotland because it has had none. In any case it may be fairly argued that people who insure their lives for large sums, make a creditable figure in the Income Tax returns, and can afford such luxuries as railway travelling and railway investments, are precisely of the prudent, energetic, self-reliant, orderly kind that need little or no government or supervision. An individual of this character, when increase of prosperity brings increase of business communications, may take into his service a private secretary, amanuensis, or clerk, to answer his letters. Or, if his wife is socially ambitious, he may surround himself with the depressing magnificence of 'an establishment in town,' and subject himself and it to the tyranny of a major domo. Or if his desires are healthy, he may buy a 'place in the country,'—there would be nothing surprising in the present energy and wealth of the Scottish Commonalty seeking to assert themselves by effecting a readjustment of the relations between the people and the soil of Scotland. But he does not submit himself to a governor or a director; any person he may take into his pay is conspicuous for his utility, not for his dignity or his power. Scotland may need a Parliamentary Under Secretary to be a medium of communication between her representatives and the various Government Departments and Offices, but a Cabinet Minister or Secretary of State for Scotland would have no work commensurate with his influence and dignity. There would be a danger—a danger to which communities that are only on the way to perfect self-government, and still have in their midst a privileged or governing class, are specially prone—that the personage appointed to it might not have sufficient good sense, highmindedness, or patriotism, to balance his ambition. He might be less the Minister for Scotland than a Minister by Scotland. 'The principles of Lord Melville's Government,' says Lord Rosebery, 'were wholly bad.' No truer thing was ever said; and Scotland must beware lest her efforts to secure adequate attention for her public business should, owing to her self-government being imperfect, result in her being saddled with a second Melville.

A municipality does not boast of the number of policemen it needs for the maintenance of order within its bounds. Similarly a country that has attained partial, and is aiming at complete, self-government, should plume itself, not on the great number and importance, but on the paucity and plainness of its officers of state. There is none of our Scottish 'national institutions,' in the legal as well as in the real sense, that is so democratic as the Church; yet are not the processions and levées of the Lord High Commissioner becoming every year of less consequence? Lord Rosebery says the history of Scottish salaries is unique, as a history of paring, of reductions, of annihilations. Nothing can be more creditable to Scottish public feeling or more indicative of Scottish progress, than this history. The salaries have been taken away, because the officials have not been needed. 'I believe,' says Lord Rosebery, 'that the sword of judgment is hanging in doom over the Secretary of the Bible Board.' It is to be hoped so. Does any sensible Scotsman pretend that his country now needs a Bible Board, or that the Secretaryship is anything but a sinecure? What Scotland should at the present moment beware of is the creation of a fresh Board, with undefined functions, as little needed as the Bible Board, and whose President might ultimately, if not immediately, be as much of a sinecurist as that secretary over whose office the sword of doom seems to be hanging. The demoralising system of 'spoils' and 'patronage' is the bane of American political life, and well-meant but ill-sustained efforts are frequently made to get rid of it. The progress towards enlightened democracy in this country, which though slow is sure, has been marked by the steady reduction of 'patronage,' and the steady disappearance of 'spoils.' What a self-governing people requires, is responsible servants, not practically irresponsible sinecurists; as its salaries and pensions prove, it can be generous enough to persons who render it genuine service. May we not at least dream with Burke that some day 'all the jargon of influence, and party, and patronage shall be swept into oblivion,' and may we not work towards the realisation of the dream? Happy is the nation whose annals are so dull, and which stands so little in need of govern-

ment, that all she requires to satisfy her administrative wants is an Under Secretary.

But we are told by Mr. Dalgleish that 'the importance of the Scottish nationality should be adequately respected.' How could it be more adequately respected, than by the Imperial Parliament giving Scottish members, when they are united, and when it is absolutely certain that they express the desire of the people of Scotland, all that they ask for? But 'if Scotland had been mutinous and disloyal, she would have had her Viceroy and her Cabinet Minister long ago.' Mr. Dalgleish can scarcely be serious in the representation he here gives of Irish history by implication. As if the classes in Ireland whom he describes as 'mutinous' and 'disloyal,' had acted in the outrageous and illegal way attributed to them, that they might have such political luxuries as a Viceroy and a Cabinet Minister! As if these very classes had not been the loudest in calling out for the abolition of 'the Castle,' in Dublin, as being the cause of all Irish discontent, the centre of all Irish mis-government! As if British politicians were not even now looking forward to the day, when, after the establishment of that efficient system of Local Government which Mr. Parnell now so significantly advocates, 'the Castle' will be abolished, and an Under Secretary prove to be the sole administrative official that Ireland will need!

The 'patriotism' which, in Mr. Dalgleish's words, calls on Scotsmen to rally round such 'national institutions' as 'the law, the school, the university, and the Presbyterian Church, whether established or non-established,' is surely 'patriotism' on a false scent. It might be asked, parenthetically, how both 'the established' and the 'non-established' Presbyterian churches can be considered 'national institutions,' and if they are, whether they may not be allowed to preserve—unless indeed they prefer to destroy—each other. But are these 'institutions' being attacked? No doubt occasionally a decision of the Court of Session has been overturned by the House of Lords; but are Scottish litigants not occasionally grateful for this rather than the reverse? When Lord Westbury described a certain Court of Session judgment as

'a melancholy collection of erroneous sentences,' many Scotsmen believed he was quite right. As for 'the university,' if the patrons of Scottish chairs sometimes go to Oxford for experts in Greek, and to Cambridge for experts in mathematics, does any reasonable Scotsman deny that such are to be found there, in greater numbers and more perfectly trained than at home? It is difficult to understand how 'the school' is in danger. 'The school,' in any national sense, in any sense of which Scotsmen are proud, means the public parochial school, open to and attended by Scottish children belonging to all classes. Yet what has been the tendency of educational legislation on a national scale since the days of Mr. Forster's Vice-Presidency but to Scotticise the English, not to Anglicise the Scottish 'School?' Finally, that has been reckoned the wisest Scottish patriotism in the past which has jealously safeguarded what is truly good in 'national institutions,' not because it is Scottish, but because it is good.

Mr. Dalgleish makes a rather suggestive comparison. 'The institutions of a country,' he says, 'are like the features in the human face; they are at once an expression of character, and the marks by which individuality is recognised.' Is it so? Out of Scotland high cheek bones are commonly declared to be the typical Scottish features; yet, do high cheek bones invariably indicate high Scottish character, and would Scottish individuality be lost if, say, owing to Anglo-Scottish intermarriages, they were in time to disappear? Surely it is not the angularities of national any more than of individual character that constitute its abiding excellence. Individual Scotsmen have been eminent in the past in spite, not in virtue, of their angularities. Thus some of their number have been noted for not possessing or for despising a nail-brush. But they have not been the more admired for that. The just Scotsman made perfect—if he is ever made perfect on earth—will be *perfectus ad unguem.* A Scottish 'patriotism' which aims at the formation of a 'High Cheek Bones,'—or even a 'National Institutions'—Preservation Society deserves and is doomed, to ultimate failure, even if it obtain a temporary success.

Scottish patriotism, in the truest sense, has, at least since the legislative Union of 1707, been essentially subjective

not objective, a patriotism not of cheek bones but of character, not of 'national institutions'—the bulk of which were originally borrowed or copied—but of national spirit, of freedom, of intelligence, of enthusiasm, of tenacity of purpose, of religion, in the sense of the force that makes the life of action but the complement or realisation of the life of motive. Content with substance, contemptuous of show, it has striven for solid national progress; it has not courted theatrical 'national recognition'; it has not even begged for 'national respect.' It has not been ashamed to open its mind to English ideas, no longer thrust by violence upon an unwilling people. It has not been afraid to let them play upon 'national institutions,' because it has known that what cannot stand discussion, or resents suggestions for improvement, can hardly be worth preserving. Above all, it has thrown itself heartily and ungrudgingly into the work of drawing ever closer the bonds that unite Scottish with English interests. It is too late now to try to force back the tide of genuine Scottish patriotism, much less to make it flow permanently in the channels of political romanticism.

Lord Rosebery's view of Scottish 'patriotism,' which he defines as 'the self-respect of race,' seems at first sight identical with Mr. Dalgleish's. He says 'it would be perilous for any statesman dealing with Scotland to tamper with the 'fundamentals,' and these 'fundamentals' he affirms to be 'her Church, her Law, and her Teaching.' We have already contended that the 'fundamentals' of Scotland in the present day, and from what Lord Rosebery himself styles the 'international' point of view, are not her 'national institutions,' but her racial characteristics, just as the 'fundamentals' of an individual are not his reserves at the bank, his professional position, or the esteem in which he is held in his church, but his heart, his head, his character. Besides, when Lord Rosebery speaks of 'Scotland' he, of course, means by the word the whole of the Scottish people, every class and every grade in it. It is not to be supposed that he excludes what Mr. Dalgleish styles the 'governing class' of Scotland from the privileges and responsibilities of Scottish patriotism. That class was perhaps never more influential in Scotland than it is at the

present moment. It monopolises the soil of the country to an extent probably without a parallel in the world; every book on Land-Tenure Reform tells how 70 persons own Scotland, as against the 4,500 who own England. It dominates the politics of Scotland. There is probably not an important political association in the country, whether Liberal or Conservative, that is not officered by Peers. While the fate of the Local Government Board Bill was in suspense, and speculation was indulged in as to who the first President of the new Board was likely to be, it was the name of some Peer—Lord Rosebery, or Lord Dalhousie, or Lord Camperdown—that was most frequently heard of; the name of a Commoner—Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, or Mr. Baxter, or Mr Ramsay—was scarcely, if ever, mentioned. To attribute this patrician supremacy in Scottish politics to snobbishness, or a 'sneaking love for lords,' would be an insult to the intelligence and the spirit of the Scottish Commonalty. If the people of Scotland really desire the services of Scottish Peers in preference to Scottish Commoners, it must be because they are convinced that the Peers would do the necessary work better. But, to nine out of ten, rather to nineteen out of twenty, members of the 'governing class,' two of Lord Rosebery's 'fundamentals' are not 'fundamentals' at all. They accept neither the Teaching nor the Church of Scotland, and yet one of their number is to be trusted with special powers to preserve both against English or some other mysterious encroachment!

In the same address, however, in which he states his views as to 'the fundamentals' of Scotland, Lord Rosebery says, 'Let us win in the competition of international well-being and prosperity. Let us have a finer, better-educated, better-lodged, and better-nourished race than exists elsewhere; better schools, better universities, better tribunals, ay, and better churches. In one phrase, let our standard be higher, not in the jargon of the Education Department, but in the acknowledgment of mankind.' Scottish patriots of every school will heartily say Amen to these words. Yet how can 'better schools,' 'better universities, better tribunals,'* be obtained for

* *Apropos* of 'better churches,' two recent statements, by well-known

Scotland, but by legislation on the part of some 'statesman,' which certain 'patriots' will be certain to denounce as a 'tampering with the fundamentals'? Lord Rosebery's desire that the Scottish race should be 'better-lodged' than any other, acquires a special significance in the light of what Mr. Bright said subsequently to the students of Glasgow, as to the number of one-roomed and two-roomed houses in Scotland, and of the important and rival declarations of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, in favour of legislation which shall provide better dwellings for the members of the working class at the expense of the State. It is of far greater and far more immediate importance that the scandal to Scottish civilization which Mr. Bright spoke of, and which ought to make 'patriotism' of the ornamental or vain-glorious kind hide its head in shame, should be removed, than that Scotland should have a Cabinet Minister or even an Under Secretary. Yet this scandal will not be completely removed without legislation of a social, if not of a 'socialistic' kind, and calculated to 'tamper' with those 'rights of property' which it is evident that the 'governing class' in Scotland considers to have much more of the character of a national 'fundamental,' than a Teaching which it does not

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Scottish professors, may here be quoted. Professor Flint of Edinburgh, says, 'There must be something professionally far wrong in any body of clergy which manifests little theological activity. How do our Scottish clergy stand this test? Very badly. The amount of their theological work of any scientific value is but small.' Professor Donaldson of Aberdeen, says, 'There is a general impression that we have fallen behind in the study of theology, and that our country does not exercise that influence on theological thought and inquiry that it would be desirable it should. One symptom of this consciousness of weakness showed itself in an earnest desire to establish lectureships, and several important lectureships have been established. But the lectures have not attracted much attention even in Scotland. Most of them have added almost nothing of permanent value or permanent suggestion to theological thought. . . . . These then seem to me to be the three conditions of an original theological literature,—adequate preparation for the work, freedom of inquiry, and a considerable body of competent judges of the investigations. I am afraid Scotland falls short in each of these requisites.' Such writing as this seems to point in the direction of the establishment and endowment of free theological research in Scotland. But would this step towards making the Scottish churches "better," even supposing it to be desirable, not involve legislation?

consider good enough for its sons, or a Church which it does not consider good enough for itself.

In his commendable desire to give a cosmopolitan or international turn to Scottish patriotism, Lord Rosebery also says, 'Let the Scottish ploughman make it clear that he is better than the ploughmen of other countries.' This means that Scottish ploughmen should set about comparing themselves with the ploughmen of other countries. If they do so they will infallibly learn something of the condition of their rivals. In that case is there not a possibility of their contrasting their condition and their relationship to the land they plough, with those of the ploughmen of every great or even thriving Continental State? What if they come to the conclusion that since they are better than the ploughmen of other countries, they ought also to be better off, and that they would sing, 'Scotia, my dear, my native soil,' with more patriotic zest, if they had some proprietary interest in that soil? It should be remembered that of the two 'inspired peasants' who played so distinguished a part in the Scottish history of the last hundred years, the one, Burns, was a Jacobin, a believer in Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and the other, Carlyle, when St. Simonism led him to meditate on the condition of *la classe la plus pauvre*, wrote in his diary, 'In time it is likely the world will be better divided, and he that has the toil of ploughing will have the first cut at the reaping; a man with £200,000 a year eats the whole fruit of 6666 men's labour through a year!' When he was in Scotland some time ago, Mr. Forster rather happily described the proposal for assimilating the County and Burgh franchises, as one to give votes to Burns's 'virtuous peasants.' But when these obtain votes and realise the political power involved in them, what will they do with it? Is it quite certain that they will 'arise a wall of fire around' the landlords* and the land laws of

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* Professor Æneas Mackay of Edinburgh, in a recent letter to a newspaper, gives fifteen examples of 'the unfortunate tendency' of the time to make Scotland 'a suburb of London,' and among them, 'the absence of Scottish land-owners from the capital, and, except in the shooting season, from their estates in Scotland, with the result that many of them know more about the clubs and

Scotland? One thing however seems certain, and is unquestionably predicted by the majority of those who read the signs of the times, that the first truly great question that will be taken up by the enfranchised Democracy of England and Scotland, when it has discovered its own strength—one, too, that is likely to be taken up even before that Democracy attains Mr. Chamberlain's ideal of Manhood Suffrage—will be the Land Question, the mere fringe of which is touched by such measures as the Agricultural Holdings Acts. Scotland, owing to its peculiar position in regard to this question, owing both to the small number of its landed proprietors, and to the intelligence of its landless citizens, may well become the battle-ground of peaceful but serious and fruitful controversy between agrarian reformers of all shades of opinion—Mr. Henry George and Mr. A. R. Wallace with their Land Nationalisation schemes, the Free Traders in Land, the Peasant Proprietary Theorists, and the believers in Mr. Mallock and 'the natural craving for inequality.'

Politics has been defined as at once the science and the art of the national well-being; and the best Scottish patriotism is synonymous with the best Scottish politics. In this connection, a quotation may here be appropriately made from a letter recently sent by Mr. J. Boyd Kinnear, a well-known disputant on Scottish and general politics, to an Edinburgh newspaper: 'What Scotsmen have to complain of is that on great vital questions of policy she has obtained no hearing, because it was not for the interests of party politicians that any such questions should be heard. Scotland has been ripe for extension of the

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streets of London, than the affairs of Scotland.' A writer on 'The Closing of the Scottish Highlands,' in such an influential English journal as the *Spectator*, says, (Aug. 25), 'If the holders of privilege do not make timely concessions, the results will be far from agreeable. At present, they may buy the Sybilline leaves at a low price. Liberty to stroll through the forests, to climb the mountains, freedom to roam over barren moors, without being checked and bullied by the underlings of the shooting tenant, will give contentment. But let the encroachment go on for a little more, and the right of exclusive solitude on the part of the few will be ruthlessly taken away.' See also what *emeritus*-Professor Blackie has been saying and writing on similar subjects at intervals for the last quarter of a century.

Franchise in counties for the last thirty years. She has been ready to enter into consideration of the relations between State and Church for certainly the last ten years. On the Licensing Question, the Land Question, the Game Question, she has been equally ready to come to a clear decision, and desirous to have a definite reform. But all these questions have been stifled at the instance of party managers. Is it to be supposed that the President of a Local Government Board will take them up? Is it likely that Lord Rosebery or Lord Dalhousie or any rising young commoner, who may be promoted to the new office, will take Mr. Gladstone by the throat, and say in the name of Scotland, I demand that these questions shall be taken up? On the contrary, we know perfectly well that any such official will use his whole influence with Members of Parliament to get them to abstain from pressing any of these questions.' The ripeness of Scotland for the solution of the questions Mr. Kinnear mentions is a matter of opinion. It may be doubted, too, if his suggestion for the formation of a specially Scottish Party to demand reforms—the Church and State problem is an exceptional one, requiring exceptional treatment—which are as much needed by England as by Scotland, could be given effect to, and in any case it savours of separatism in feeling if in nothing more serious. But Mr. Kinnear is probably quite correct in the view he takes as to the tendency of the appointment of such an official as the President of a Local Government Board to retard genuine reforms. It would result in the supersession of truly national and practical by cliquish and sentimental politics.

The best Scottish politics of the future will proceed on substantially the same lines as the best Scottish politics of the past. British statesmen of eminence, whose mission it has been to head great movements, such as the Free Trade agitation and the Midlothian Campaign, have frequently complimented Scotsmen on their openness to new ideas, and the heartiness and unanimity of the support given to public men who try to give effect to them in legislation. There is not self-conceit, but only self-respect, of race in accepting such compliments thus voluntarily given. English politicians have never

been slow to appreciate aid given them by their Scottish colleagues, for that has been rendered no less quietly than efficiently—and why not? Surely the golden Goethean rule—

> 'Give other's work just share of praise;
> Not of thine own the merits raise,'

holds true of nations no less than of individuals that are united in partnership. Surely Scotsmen are better engaged in doing justice to the love of order, the independence, the passion for justice that undoubtedly characterise Englishmen in their capacity as citizens, than in posing before the glass of national vanity. Scotland is frequently styled the knuckle-end of England. But it is still open to her to be in the future as in the past, the advance-guard of British progress, and if politics must be looked at from the party point of view, the Macedonian Phalanx of British Liberalism. In acting such a part she will be more worthily employed, while at the same time she will more effectually promote her special well-being than in playing at Home Rule or dallying with separatism.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

Revelation and Modern Theology Contrasted; or, The Simplicity of the Apostolic Gospel Demonstrated. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A. London: F. Norgate, 1883.

The object of this volume is to develope the position which was assumed by its author as the foundation of his excellent Bampton Lectures, the position, viz. : that Christianity, as distinct from the theological systems of the different communities into which Christendom is divided, consists of a few simple principles which constitute its essence as a revelation ; and to inquire what is really essential to it, and what are merely human additions. A clearer, more candid, or more timely volume we have seldom read. Its great merit is that it brings the reader face to face with the principles of Christianity as actually taught by our Lord and His Apostles, and enables him to escape from the meshes of whatever theological system he may be involved in, and to attain to that liberty of thought and action which the first teachers of Christianity inaugurated and proclaimed. Mr. Row has said little or nothing that is new. His book, in fact, is thoroughly conservative. His conservatism, however, is of the best and most enlightened kind. What he pleads for is a reversion to the actual facts of our Lord's teaching and life. This he has done in the most admirable spirit, and has thus earned the thanks of all who have the interests of Christianity at heart. There is nothing more certain, we take it, than that if Christianity is to make any way in the present, the niceties of theological speculations must be set aside, and the simple but pregnant principles inculcated in the New Testament set forth again with Apostolical plainness and sincerity. Nor is this all. As Mr. Row remarks, 'if Christianity is to retain its hold on thoughtful men, theologians must cease to propound as Christian verities, to be accepted under penalty of exclusion from the fold of Jesus Christ, a mass of dogmas, which are nothing more than the deductions of human reason from the facts of revelation, or super-additions to these facts, introduced into the records of revelation by the aid of the imagination, and then announced as verities resting on the authority of God.' And hence, as he further remarks, 'in the interest both of the believer and of the unbeliever, it is necessary to exhibit Christianity, not as a system elaborated to meet the requirements of the logical intellect, but as a moral and spiritual power, mighty to energise on the heart, and to influence the life.' 'To effect this,' he continues, 'it must be set forth in the simplicity in which our Lord presented it to His fellow-citizens in Nazareth, viz. : as a veritable "message of good tidings to the poor," as a

proclamation of "release to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind; a setting at liberty of them that are bruised, and a proclamation of the acceptable year of the Lord."' As might be expected, Mr. Row draws a sharp distinction between Christianity as a revelation and Christianity as a theology. His opinion as to what it is as a theology, the sentences we have already cited sufficiently indicate. As a divine revelation, it consists, he tells us, of two factors, viz.: the portraiture of our Lord's person and the record of His teaching, as they are presented to us in the Gospels, and the various communications of truth made to Apostolic men, of which the remaining books of the New Testament constitute our sole existing record. The central idea of our Lord's teaching is, as Mr. Row justly maintains, the Kingdom of God. It may be doubted, however, whether he has fully realized the significance which this phrase bore in the mouth of our Lord. According to Mr. Row, 'the kingdom of heaven is the Church of Jesus Christ, from the time of its first erection as a visible community, until it has fully realized the purpose of its institution.' That this often was our Lord's idea there can be no question; but it seems to us that both He and His disciples had often a much larger idea of the divine kingdom, the idea, viz.: of a great divine order working in men and at the heart of society, and of which the Church is but one of the outward forms and manifestations. The proof of this lies in several of our Lord's parables, in the general drift of His teaching, and in many of the sayings of the writers of the Epistles. We point to this, however, not as invalidating Mr. Row's argument, but as confirming it. His volume is a really masterly one, and to those who wish to understand the genuine nature of Christianity, or to be in a position to expound it to their fellow-men, we cordially commend it. Our regret is that we cannot here deal with it at greater length, and show our readers how admirably the argument is carried on, and with what wealth of illustration.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By N. DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E.; F.G.S. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

Mr. Drummond's volume marks a decided advance in scientific and theological studies. Were it widely read and pondered, it would prove one of those books which the Germans have called epoch-making. The idea it expounds is not exactly new; but to Mr. Drummond belongs the no small credit of being the first who has ventured to apply it and to work it out in terms of modern thought; and this he has done with great skill and ability. His idea cannot be better described than in the following words from his introductory chapter.

'The position we have taken up, is not that the Spiritual Laws are analogous to the Natural Laws, but that *they are the same Laws*. It is not a question of analogy, but of *Identity*. The Natural Laws are not the shadows or images of the Spiritual in the same sense as autumn is emblematical of Decay, or the falling leaf of Death. The Natural Laws, as the Law of Continuity might well warn us, do not stop with the visible and then give place to a new set of

Laws bearing a strong similitude to them. The Laws of the invisible are the same Laws, projections of the natural not supernatural. Analogous Phenomena are not the fruit of parallel Laws, but of the same Laws—Laws which at one end, as it were, may be dealing with Matter, at the other end with Spirit.'

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the doctrine which is here so clearly enunciated, or to foresee the immense influence it is likely to have on the progress of theological studies. Nor is it possible within the compass of a short notice to show how admirably Mr. Drummond here develops it in connection with some of the principal facts of the religious life. Perhaps we cannot do better than cite one or two short passages. The first we take is from the exceedingly able chapter on Biogenesis, or as it is termed in theology Regeneration. Having argued that just as there is no such thing in the Physical world as spontaneous generation, so there is not in the Spiritual, Mr. Drummond goes on to say—

'The words of Scripture contain an explicit and original statement of the Law of Biogenesis for the Spiritual Life, "He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son hath not Life." Life, that is to say, depends upon contact with Life. It cannot spring up of itself. It cannot develop out of anything that is not Life. There is no Spontaneous Generation in religion any more than in Nature. Christ is the source of Life in the Spiritual World; and he that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son, whatever else he may have, hath not Life. Here, in short, is the categorical denial of Abiogenesis and the establishment in this high field of the classical formula *Omne vivum ex vivo*—no Life without antecedent Life. In this mystical theory of the Origin of Life the whole of the New Testament writers are agreed. And, as we have already seen, Christ Himself founds Christianity upon Biogenesis stated in its most literal form, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit, Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again."' And again: 'It is clear that a remarkable harmony exists here between the Organic World as arranged by Science and the Spiritual World as arranged by Scripture. We find one great Law guarding the thresholds of both worlds, securing that entrance from a lower sphere shall only take place by a direct regenerating act, and that emanating from the world next in order above. There are not two Laws of Biogenesis, one for the natural, the other for the spiritual; one law is for both. Wherever there is life, life of any kind, this same law holds. The analogy is only among the phenomena: between laws there is no analogy—there is Continuity.'

In the chapter on Death, again, we have a singular justification of the Pauline anthropology, all the more remarkable as it is based on thoroughly scientific grounds. In the same chapter also Mr. Drummond reads both the Christian apologist and the Agnostic a pretty sharp, and, as many will think, a merited lesson.

'The Christian apologist,' he remarks, 'never further misses the mark than when he refuses the testimony of the Agnostic to himself. When the Agnostic tells me he is blind and deaf, dumb, torpid and dead to the spiritual world, I must believe him. Jesus tells me that. Paul tells me that. Science tells me that. He knows nothing of the

outermost circle ; and we are compelled to trust his sincerity as readily when he deplores it as if, being a man without an ear, he professes to know nothing of a musical world, or being without taste, of a world of art. The nescience of the Agnostic philosophy is the proof from experience that to be carnally minded is Death. Let the theological value of the concession be duly recognised. It brings no solace to the unspiritual man to be told he is mistaken. To say he is self-deceived is neither to compliment him or Christianity. He builds in all sincerity who raises his altar to the *Unknown* God. He does not know God. With all his marvellous and complex correspondences, he is still one correspondence short.'

In conclusion we may add that, though approaching his subject from the standpoint of science by speaking of the laws of the spiritual world as prolongations of the laws of the natural, Mr. Drummond regards the spiritual as the foundation of the natural, and the material as simply the realised form and manifestation of the things which are not seen and eternal.

Christ's Authority, and Other Sermons. By the late Rev. ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D., Minister of the Parish of Dundee, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. With a Preface by JOHN CAIRD, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh : Blackwood and Sons, 1883.

There are many to whom he was personally unknown who will welcome this memorial of Dr. Watson. Before he passed away he had come to be an acknowledged representative of all that is best and most hopeful in the Church of Scotland. He was one of the men in whom, in these days of controversy, her strength lay. As a teacher he combined an unwavering loyalty to the great spiritual truths of Christianity with an intelligent recognition of the facts of human nature and of science. His intellectual and spiritual history is traced by Principal Caird with rare insight and sympathy, in the prefatory sketch with which the volume opens. We there learn how he became the man he was—how the breath of the new time gradually modified his thought—emancipating him from the fetters of a conventional orthodoxy, and giving free scope to his native shrewdness and native sympathy in dealing with spiritual things. Dr. Caird says :—

'In reading the MS. sermons from which this volume has been selected, I have been able to trace in them a mental history such as that which I have just indicated. Even the earliest of these sermons contain at least the germs of something beyond the conventional type of orthodoxy. But there is in them a large admixture of unassimilated matter—of the formulas and phraseology of so-called "evangelical" doctrine, which authority and early associations had rendered sacred to a devout and earnest mind—and the strongly marked individuality which breathes through every sermon of his later years, is as yet all but suppressed. It would be easy, guided by MSS. before me, to trace from this point the steps of the writer's intellectual and spiritual progress ; but I cannot expect that the general reader should follow this process of development with the minute interest it has

had for my own mind. It is enough to say that in almost every successive year of his ministry I can discern the indications of a gradually widening intellectual horizon, of a constant endeavour to infuse a spiritual meaning into doctrines hitherto taken on trust, and of the modification and final rejection or ignoring of theological abstractions in which he had ceased to find food for spiritual thought and life. As the years come and go, the sermons become richer in ideas, the movement of thought in them is more spontaneous and independent, and the style simpler and less formal; but they also become characterised by a deeper insight into the human heart, a tenderer sympathy with the sorrows and struggles of human life, and a more far-seeing practical sagacity in dealing with its manifold difficulties and perplexities.'

With an enlarged outlook and wider sympathy, Dr. Watson never lost the fervent piety of his younger days. 'The ever-deepening religious element of his nature . . . . infused into his varied intellectual qualities a new inspiration and power.' All that Dr. Caird tells us of his friend's preaching is amply borne out in the sermons selected for publication. These sermons reveal a mind in habitual communion with the Unseen, and yet in sympathy with the manifold struggles and temptations of daily life. They are more practical than speculative. They are characterised by remarkable fairness, and by strong common sense. When we have read them we can understand how it was that though Dr. Watson did not seek the position of a leader, and was never brilliant in debate, he had yet attained the position of a trusted counsellor. The moderation and wisdom of the counsel he gave are well illustrated in his closing address as Moderator of the General Assembly, which is included in this volume. We heartily commend the book to our readers not only for the worth of its teaching, but because it is a fitting monument of one who, if he did not make, yet most conspicuously represented, an epoch in the theological thought of Scotland.

Does Science Aid Faith in Regard to Creation? By the Right Rev. H. COTTERILL, D.D., F.R.S.E., Bishop of Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

The purpose of this volume is, to use the language of its author, to discuss the momentous question how the Christian faith on the subject of creation is affected by the progress of physical science. While not professing to be a work on the evidences of Christianity, it is written from the Christian or theological stand-point, not from the scientific. 'It is intended for those that believe, not for those that believe not. Its purpose is to quicken and strengthen the faith of those who have found the spiritual truth which is revealed in Christ to be the Light and Life of their souls, by assisting them to recognise more distinctly what is the relation of revealed truth to such other truths as the enlightened reason of man can discover in nature.' So far good; but why, we are disposed to ask, is not a book like this written for those who do not believe as well as for those who do? If any such book is wanted, it is wanted, we should say, more

by 'those who believe not,' than it is by those who believe; and is precisely the book which in these days of bewilderment and doubt a bishop in his learned leisure might be supposed to write. But taking Bishop Cotterill's book as it stands, though we cannot help regarding the defect we have pointed out as a somewhat serious one, we are far from regarding it as a volume without merit. It has very considerable merits, and marks a very commendable advance in theological thought. It is not so long since the opinion that Science is opposed to faith, was widely prevalent in the Church. There are not a few who still adhere to it. Bishop Cotterill has too much good sense and too large a conception of what Christian faith is, to entertain any such opinion. In science he sees a very valuable auxiliary to faith, and maintains that 'if science expounds nature truly to human reason, the result must be that the voice which testifies of God becomes more distinct and more emphatic, in proportion as it is more intelligible.' And that such is and has been the result there can be no doubt. Bishop Cotterill may claim many chapters both in ancient and in modern history as the proof. Along the many lines of his well-sustained argument we cannot here follow him. We can simply add that he writes not only as a thoroughly accomplished theologian, but also with a very competent knowledge of the modern theories of science bearing on his subject, and that his volume amply bears out the prospectus of the series to which it belongs (The Theological Library), being 'condensed in expression, biblical in doctrine, and thoroughly catholic in spirit.'

La Genèse, traduction d'après l'hebreu avec distinction des éléments constitutifs du texte, suivi d'un essai de restitution des livres primitifs, dont s'est servi le dernier redacteur. Par FRANCOIS LENORMANT. Paris: 1883.

This is the first instalment of a work on the Pentateuch, which will be welcomed by all who are interested in the discussions that are going on in the critical and religious world as to the origin, authorship, and age of that part of the Old Testament Scriptures. That the Pentateuch is a compilation from various sources, and that its component parts differ very much from each other in style, phraseology, and spirit, and that from these differences the respective ages of each can be with more or less certainty determined, is often asserted. The general mass of readers, however, are unable, with our ordinary versions of the Bible in their hands, to feel the force of these assertions, or to judge of their correctness. They do not know what belongs, or is said to belong, to this or to that primitive source, and the tabulated lists of passages given in learned works on the subject as belonging to one or other, if they come under their notice at all, put too heavy a tax on their time and patience for them to profit much by them. They have to be constantly referring to these tables, and if they mark, as advised, the margins of their Bibles with varied coloured leads, they find the mere mechanical labour absorbing all their attention, and

leaving them no eyes to observe the specific differences that are alleged to exist between the passages they mark in black, and those they mark in red or blue. A version of the whole text, in which the constituent (or so-called constituent) parts are set forth in some clear and distinct form so as to be readily caught by the eye, would certainly be an invaluable help towards putting the general public in a position to see these differences, if they exist, and to judge for themselves as to their extent and importance. It is this *desideratum* which M. Lenormant has proposed to himself to supply, for at least the public of France. He is a zealous upholder of the composite nature of the Pentateuch, though, as was to be expected of so zealous and orthodox a Roman Catholic, a somewhat late convert to this opinion ; but he is so impressed with the evidences which a comparison of the various texts presents, that he thinks that nothing keeps intelligent readers of scripture from yielding to them but the want of a version in which the constituent parts are readily distinguishable. With such a version before them they can hardly fail, in his opinion, after reading all that belongs to one primitive source, and all that belongs to another, to be struck with the special and distinguishing features of each,—to mark their differences of style, their peculiar and characteristic phraseology, the favourite and ever-recurring formulae of this or of that writer, the consistency of each in the name he gives to the Deity, or by which he designates a country or district, or describes a certain direction, as east or west, north or south, and the spirit, aristocratic or democratic, priestly or prophetic, that animates him,—and so become impressed with an irresistible sense of the individuality of each part, of its unity and harmony with itself throughout. Nothing certainly could be better fitted to produce this result than such an edition of the Pentateuch, on the supposition, of course, that such differences exist, or show the baselessness of the assertion as to its composite character, if they do not. Such an edition, therefore, ought to be welcomed by all parties, provided the time has come when it can be given in a form that can be relied on. Has that time come ? Has criticism so far advanced in its work,—have critics come to a sufficient agreement as to what is this writer's, and what is that's, to justify the publication of such a version ? M. Lenormant thinks it has. But whether or not, even as a tentative work, it must be of the greatest service, and especially when the product of one so well qualified to give it as M. Lenormant. His scholarship is such as to guarantee at once the accuracy of his translation of the Hebrew text ; and his erudition, his acquaintance with eastern literature and modes of thought, his well-known soberness of judgment and sound common-sense, render him a safe guide in discriminating between writing and writing, while his religious convictions and feelings as a sincere and ardent Catholic save him everywhere from presumptuous rashness, and make him lean rather to the side of over-cautiousness and conservatism. We are glad to see that he has had the wisdom not to encumber his version of the Pentateuch with any commentary whatever, but has contented himself with giving a

translation from the Hebrew original, putting all he has to say about its component parts, their origin, their respective dates, the criteria by which they are distinguished, &c., into a short preface of sixteen pages, and only here and there adding a foot-note to explain any little matter in the text that otherwise might be perplexing to the general reader.

The method he adopts to distinguish the different narratives employed by the compiler is a model of simplicity. 'Two great works,' he says, 'are now universally admitted to form the basis of the Pentateuch, which the final redacteur incorporated, limiting himself very much to establishing by slight changes and additions a kind of harmony between them. These are known as the Elohistic and the Jehovistic narratives.' He admits, as every critic now does, the inadequacy of these names, but continues to employ them because of their general currency, while intimating his preference for those recently given to them by Professor Reuss, to wit, 'the Law' and 'the Sacred History.' The Sacred History, or Jehovistic narrative, is admitted to be itself a compilation, and to have undergone changes and additions to a very considerable extent before it assumed the form it had acquired when it lay before the writer who combined it with the work of the Elohist—Reuss's 'Law.' In his preface M. Lenormant states the general consensus of critical opinion as to the constituent elements of this earlier compilation and the transformations it had undergone during the course of its separate existence. In his version of the Pentateuch as it is, however, our author takes the Jehovistic narrative as a whole, and prints all that he regards as belonging to it in the form the final redacteur possessed it, in smaller type than he uses for the Elohistic, while what he considers to be from other sources is printed in italics. Comparing what he attributes to each of the two principal sources with the various tabulated lists of passages given as belonging to them by Nöldeke, Knobel, Kuenen, Wellhausen, and others, we find that, as they differ from each other as to certain verses and clauses of an undecided and unimportant character, so he differs now from one of them and now from another. The consensus of agreement is, however, very great, and the passages, as to which differences of opinions exist, are more formidable when they are tabulated than when they are read. They are seen then to be only such as have nothing very distinctive about them, and which may be attributed to one or other of the primitive sources without in any way damaging the general conclusion that has been come to. It is of more importance perhaps to notice that M. Lenormant accepts the Work of the Elôhist as being the latest or youngest of the component parts of the Pentateuch, an opinion that is rapidly making way in all critical circles. He carries his translation in this volume only to the end of the book of Genesis. He then gives us the Jehovistic Work by itself, as the one that forms the largest element of this part of the Pentateuch. We rather think that this is a mistake, and must interfere, however slightly, with the success of the author's purpose. Would it not have been better to have

given us the united text of all the books first up to the close of Deuteronomy, (if he intends to trace the two component works no further), and then have given us these works in their separate form if he still thought it necessary? We think it a pity, too, that he prints the text in the absurd style of the customary verse and chapter divisions, instead of in paragraphs. We notice also one or two instances of what seems at least carelessness in revision, as *e.g.*, at the close of chap. xvi. in the version of the united text, where three verses are actually omitted. This must have been an oversight on the part of the printer, but it should have been noticed and corrected previous to publication. These, however, are minor matters and do very little to impair either the excellence or usefulness of the work. We trust some enterprising publisher will soon arrange to have it translated into English, and secure permission to give the whole text by itself first without interrupting it by the insertion of the separated parts here and there. Meanwhile we cordially commend this volume to all interested in the criticism of the Pentateuch who can read it.

Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle. Compiled by EDWIN WALLACE, M.A. Third and enlarged edition. Cambridge University Press (Pitt Series), 1883.

This is an admirable little work, and in its present shape will be heartily welcomed by all students of Aristotle and of Philosophy. The merits of the two previous editions are already well known. Mr. Wallace has here added a considerable amount of fresh matter, making the outlines fuller and still more serviceable, and also a brief but very valuable introductory chapter on the way in which Aristotle sought to meet the difficulties of preceding thinkers and on the general drift of his philosophy. To this and the following chapter we would call special attention, as containing for their length—and they occupy only some twenty-three pages—one of the best introductions to the philosophy of Aristotle's writings that we have seen. We are glad to see that Mr. Wallace does not admit the justice of all Mr. Benn's objections, as in some of these, and especially in respect to Aristotle's 'creative reason,' we must confess ourselves disposed to side with him rather than with Mr. Benn. We can only add that this volume of Mr. Wallace's is an excellent specimen of a type of book which is greatly needed both for the classroom and for the private student. We should be glad to see the same done for other, both modern and ancient, philosophers as Mr. Wallace has here done for the Stagyrite.

The Church History of Scotland from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Time. By JOHN CUNNINGHAM, D.D. *Second Edition*, 2 Vols. Edinburgh: J. Thin.

To students of Scottish History and to that large class of readers, who, though not students, are now having their attention directed to the past

life of the Scottish people, a new edition of Dr. Cunningham's admirable History of the Church of Scotland, carefully revised and brought down to the present time, cannot but prove extremely acceptable, and more especially as the work has for several years been out of print. Among Scottish Church Histories Dr. Cunningham's stands alone as covering the whole period of the Christian Era. It has other merits, however, of a higher order. Its strict impartiality, the honesty of purpose with which it is written, its careful accuracy and the transparent clearness of its style place its author in the front rank of Church historians. It is much more, however, than a mere history of the Church. It is a history of the Scottish people. A clearer insight may be gained in its pages into the life and thought of Scotland since the introduction of the Christian faith than can be obtained in the larger, though not more scholarly, works of Tytler and Burton. Among no people of the modern world has religion played so large a part, or contributed so much to the formation of the national character as in Scotland. Whoever therefore would understand the Scottish race must study it first and chiefly on the side of its religion: and for this purpose he can obtain and desire no more impartial or trustworthy guide than the volume now before us. While endeavouring to be fair to others Dr. Cunningham is fair to himself, and though the reader may differ from him on some points, he cannot fail to admire the candour with which he states his opinion.

The Free Church Principle: its Character and History. By Sir H. W. MONCRIEFF, Bart., D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, 1883.

This is the first series of the 'Chalmers Lectures' and deals, as according to the deed of its institution it could alone deal, with 'the Headship of Christ over His Church and its independent Spiritual Jurisdiction.' That Sir Henry Moncrieff has done his work well we need hardly say. In fact from the Free Church point of view he seems to us to have left very little to be said by his successors in the lectureship; and we cannot help thinking that it would have been better for the Free Church and better for the cause of Theology, and better indeed for the Church at large, if before signing the deed instituting the lectureship Mr. Macfie could have been induced to allow the lecturer a few more subjects to choose from, and not to confine him for all time coming to the one which in the volume before us has for all practical purposes been pretty well exhausted. The subject is doubtless of great importance, and to the Free Church as the Free Church vital. Yet a volume upon it every fourth year in all time coming is calculated to make it a weariness both to the flesh and the spirit. As introductory to the discussion of the doctrine which forms the main subject of his lectures, Sir Henry Moncrieff traces in four lectures the origin and growth of Dr. Chalmers' views on Spiritual Independence, and shows how that great church leader clung to the principle with unswerving fidelity

from the first up to the last days of his ministerial life. Next, we have six lectures dealing with the doctrine itself and also with its history. Besides being doctrinal and historical, these lectures are largely controversial, the reverend author dealing at considerable length with the to him obnoxious doctrines of Dean Stanley and Drs. Story and Charteris. The obtuseness, or unwillingness of British Statesmen to admit the principle for which the Free Church contended at the Disruption is throughout the whole of the lectures complained of and condemned. As defined by Sir Henry Moncrieff the real meaning of that principle is this:—'the entire subjection of all Church action to the revealed mind of Christ as her living Head, and the absolute authority of his inspired Word as understood and applied by her own conscientious judgment. It means that the mind of Christ thus apprehended must be followed out at all hazards by members and office-bearers of a church, and that no earthly power must be allowed to interfere with her practical adherence to the conclusions thereby reached.' 'This,' continues Sir Henry, 'is the most general description of it—a description which includes the obligation, under Christ's guidance, to obey civil rulers in all secular matters. But it also includes what requires a more particular description, the obligation to carry out the intimations of Christ's Word in spiritual matters, without regard to the commands or prohibitions of secular authorities.' Criticism of this principle we must leave to the theologian and ecclesiastic. Statesmen and politicians and lawyers we are afraid will remain as unwilling to recognize or to admit its validity as they were in 1843. Sir Henry Moncrieff, however, has here dealt with it in a most interesting way; and whatever may be thought of the idea for which he contends, there can be no doubt that his lectures form a very valuable contribution to the history of religious parties in Scotland, and that they will be generally accepted as an authoritative statement of the principle to which the Free Church owes its origin and for the maintenance of which it exists.

Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by the VISCOUNTESS ENFIELD. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1883.

Though much less voluminous than that of his brother, Henry Greville's Diary is in every way worthy of publication. If it cannot aspire to the depth of thought or pungency of satire which characterised the journals brought out under the editorship of Mr. Reeve, there is much in it to amuse and to interest, with little or nothing to wound the most sensitive feelings. While Charles Greville was attending to his duties at the Privy Council, Henry was attached to the British Embassy in Paris. There, and in England he moved in the highest circles of society, and met with most of the leading spirits of the last generation and with not a few of those who are still living. A sharp and shrewd observer and with no inconsiderable amount of literary ability, in the 'Leaves' before us, which begin abruptly

with the 25th of June, 1882, and end without a note of warning with the 15th of September, 1852, he has recorded many extremely interesting reminiscences of the men and events of that somewhat stirring period. One of the principal figures in his pages is Talleyrand, into whose company he was frequently thrown, and of whom he has much to tell. For instance, under the date October 23, 1834, we have the following :—

'The Prince gave us a curious account of his first interview with Barras. The meeting had been arranged by Madame de Staël, and on a certain day he received an invitation from Barras to dine with him at Suresne at four o'clock. He had expected Madame de Staël would have met him, but she did not come. Being anxious to have some conversation with Barras before dinner, Talleyrand arrived there at three o'clock, and finding Barras had not come home, he established himself with a book in the salon until he should return. Whilst sitting there two young men, with whom Talleyrand was not acquainted, but to one of whom he afterwards learnt, Barras was greatly attached, came into the room, and looking at the clock said they thought they should have time to bathe before Barras returned, and left the room. Almost half an hour afterwards, and just before Barras came home, some person came to the house to say that one of the young men was drowned ; and Talleyrand heard Barras, in an agony of grief, rush upstairs to his room. Shortly afterwards he received a message from him to say he was too much distressed to join him, but begged Talleyrand would dine without him. After he had partaken of his solitary repast, Talleyrand sent up a message to Barras to ask if he would see him ; and, upon his agreeing to do so, Talleyrand found Barras in an agony of grief. When this had in a measure subsided, Barras asked Talleyrand to take him to Paris ; and, starting immediately, they landed at the Luxembourg, where the sittings of the Directoire were then held. Barras took him upstairs and they had a long conversation, and Talleyrand said it was evident Barras had taken a fancy to him. After this they separated, and Talleyrand heard no more of him for some time, until one day when, sitting in a gaming-house, there arrived a *gendarme* with a letter from Barras offering him the appointment of Foreign Secretary. He put the letter in his pocket and *finished his game.* The first time he attended the sitting of the Directoire, Barras and Carnot had a violent scene, Carnot having irritated Barras by something he said to him. Barras said : "Tu ments, tu sçais que tu ments." The other replied : "Je te réponds, c'est toi qui ments, et pour te donner le démenti, je lève ma main." . . . . "Ne lève pas ta main," interrupted the other, "car il en dégoûteroit du sang."

' "Ah, mon Dieu ! je me disois," said Talleyrand, "dans quelle jolie compagnie je me trouve ! Car alors je n' avais rien vu de pareil." '

Among those whom Mr. Greville met were many whose names are now well known in literature and art. Bellini, Mignet, Balzac, Guizot, Rogers, Moore, Lord Houghton and others figure in his pages. In fact open the book where we may one is sure to meet with something of interest. It is one of the most readable books which have appeared for a long time. We could go on filling page after page with stories always genial and well-told of men and women whose memory is in most instances fading away.

Life of Alexander Fleming, D.D., Minister of the Parish of Neilston. By JOHN FLEMING, M.A. Paisley: Alex. Gardner, 1883.

It is not often that the life of a minister of a country parish in Scotland is the centre of so much interest as that of Dr. Fleming seems to have been. Nor is it often that a country clergyman finds so laborious and enthusiastic a biographer as he has found in his nephew, Mr. John Fleming. We have here a large octavo volume of over five hundred closely printed pages, all of which have more or less of local interest, and some of which have an interest for the general reader. Dr. Fleming was born as far back as the year 1769, in the town of Kilmarnock, where his father, following the occupation of his ancestors for some generations back, was a miller. For his education he was indebted to his native town and subsequently to Glasgow in the University of which he seems to have made a considerable figure. Of great strength of mind and thoroughly conscientious, Mr. Fleming hesitated for some time as to joining the church, but having overcome his doubts and having succeeded in arranging matters between his conscience and the standards of the church, he offered himself for license to the Presbytery of Glasgow, and obtaining license waited an appointment. At the time ten or twelve years was no unusual period for a probationer to wait before he obtained a living. Mr. Fleming had scarcely so long to wait, for in September, 1804, he was ordained minister of Neilston, and inducted to all the rights and privileges belonging to the office. These he soon found were no sinecures. In fact, from the moment he entered Neilston Manse on to his latest days he lived a busy, and at times a very stormy life. Into the numerous controversies in which he was engaged we cannot of course here enter. The curious reader must turn to Mr. Fleming's pages where he will find them all minutely discussed together with a great deal of valuable information respecting the ecclesiastical life of Scotland during the first half of the present century. An active and devoted minister of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Fleming took part in all its more important affairs. At the period of the Disruption he appears to have done zealous and faithful work; while in several of the reforms he advocated he was in advance of his times. His biography will be of service to the future historian; and though Mr. Fleming is not without serious faults as a biographer, he may be congratulated on having written a large and useful, and, in the main, interesting book.

Italian Byways. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1883.

Mr. Symonds is so well acquainted with Italy and the Italians, and in such thorough sympathy with them that it is almost impossible for him to touch upon either the one or the other without commanding the attention of his readers and communicating to them something of his own enthu-

siasm. The sketches which he has here collected and completed are well worthy of republication, and deserve to be carefully read both by the traveller who wishes to know the country through which the byways here spoken of run, and by the student of the Italian Renaissance. They are full of interest and instruction. We scarcely know which to admire most, their charming descriptions of natural scenery, or Mr. Symonds' skill as a critic dealing with the remains of Italian art, or as an historian recounting the vicissitudes of fortune or the terrible tragedies which more than one of the places he visited recall. As a piece of word painting, nothing can be more exquisite than 'Italiam Petimus,' or 'La Spezzia.' In 'Monte Oliveto' we have a thoroughly appreciative account of the works of Bazzi and Luca Signorelli; while in 'Montepulciano' we have the story of Aragazzi, who so 'thirsted for diuturnity in monuments,' retold, as well as a masterly critique of the 'sculpture for which he spent his thousands of crowns, which Donatello touched with his immortalising chisel, over which the contractors vented their curses, and Bruni eased his bile.' Perhaps the most interesting of the sketches is the 'Folgore da San Gemignano,' in which, besides a translation of Folgore's sonnets not already translated by Mr. D. E. Rossetti, we have a lively picture of Italian manners in the middle ages, and an account of some curious customs of the time in connection with the order of knighthood in Italy.

A Visit to Ceylon. By ERNST HAECKEL. Translated by Clara Bell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.

The contents of this volume originally appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, under the title 'Indische Reisebriefe,' and in our summaries of that excellent periodical have already been referred to. For the naturalist Ceylon has innumerable attractions and judging by his book Professor Haeckel seems to have spent there some of the happiest months of his life. Everything seems to have charmed him, and the account he has written of his visit is one of the most delightful books of travel we have seen. Unlike many German Professors Dr. Haeckel can make himself perfectly intelligible. He writes with both simplicity and elegance, and the charming scenes with which his pages are filled together with the large amount of information they convey respecting the fauna and flora of that wonderful island make the journal of his visit specially attractive. His scientific observations he has reserved, we presume, for publication by themselves. Here we have just as much science as is requisite to convey an accurate conception of the physical phenomena of the island; and to those who wish to learn what Ceylon and its people are and to those also who desire to read a really enjoyable book we strongly commend this of Professor Haeckel's.

Scottish Characteristics. By PAXTON HOOD. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1883.

Mr Paxton Hood has, with great industry and adroitness, compiled a

very interesting and amusing book. His knowledge of the Scottish language cannot be said to be great ; nor can he claim to have much acquaintance with his subject, except, so far as it is to be met with in books. The distinction between the Highlands and the Lowlands he scarcely seems to appreciate ; nor does he seem to be aware that in the Scottish language there are various dialects, and that it is as little surprising that some Scotsmen do not understand Dr. George Macdonald's Aberdonian Scotch, as it is that a Cornishman does not understand the dialect of Cheshire or Yorkshire. On the other hand, he understands the Scottish language sufficiently to appreciate much of its wit and humour, and without touching the *Laird of Logan*, or Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, he has brought and cleverly strung together a large number of stories illustrative of the humourous side of the Scottish character, which, even if old acquaintances will be read by most Scotsmen with pleasure, and by Englishmen with, we should say, a real sense of enjoyment. Before another edition is issued, Mr Hood might do worse than get some Scotsman well-versed in his 'mither' tongue to revise his Scotch. The errors are not many, but their correction would be an improvement, at least in the eyes of Scotsmen.

Jocoseria. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.

This latest little volume from the pen of Mr. Browning will appeal mainly not to the profane vulgar of the reading world, but to the smaller—though growing—circle of Browning-lovers and students ; and even they are hardly likely to regard it as one of his most noteworthy and characteristic performances. In it he abandons the direct narrative style of the *Dramatic Idylls,* and returns to the elaborate analysis, edged with the thinnest narrative framework, which is to be found in such poems as *The Inn Album* and *Fifine at the Fair*, the only exception to this criticism being the poem entitled 'Donald' which is a simple story very forcibly told of an act of treachery so callously inhuman that one almost regrets having read it. There is, however, one very remarkable and suggestive study—the poem entitled 'Jochonan Hakkadosh,' which tells the story of how a dying Jewish sage had his life miraculously prolonged for a year by the self-sacrifice of four disciples, each of whom gives up three months of his own life in order that the sage may live three months as a lover, three as a poet, three as a warrior, and three as a statesman. Great results in the way of teaching are expected from this great experiment, but the result is altogether disappointing. The new wine gains no marvellous quality by being poured into the old bottle ; it is simply flattened and soured ; and the poem is a remarkable embodiment, from a different standpoint of the teaching of 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,'—

> 'As it was better, youth
> Should strive, through acts uncouth,

Toward making, than repose on aught found made ;
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be afraid !'

Of the remaining contents we are touched most keenly by two lyrics—'Wanting is—What' and 'Never the Time and the Place'—both inspired by an imaginative motive of which Mr. Browning never wearies and never treats otherwise than freshly. These are in the poet's finest lyrical manner; but we think on the whole that no volume of Mr. Browning's contains less really memorable work. That it is Mr. Browning's work is, however, sufficient to give it interest.

A Century of Roundels. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Chatto & Windus, 1883.

We do not know whether Mr. Swinburne, like Wordsworth, has felt 'the weight of too much liberty ;' but in this volume he has for the time given up his unchartered freedom and voluntarily subjected himself to the trammels of an arbitrary form. The result is so charming that were it not for the remembrance of certain mighty choruses, unfettered lyrics, and passages of masculine dramatic blank verse, we might wish that Mr. Swinburne would go on writing 'roundels' for ever. In previous works Mr. Swinburne has provided material for such fierce ethical controversies that it may be well to say at once that this volume is, from its first page to its last, absolutely 'void of offence ;' but it is something more than mere blameless work for it is full of high imagination, of noble emotion, of varied and exquisite music. The work may be roughly but not inclusively divided into poems treating of nature, of friendship, and of little children ; and while those in the first class are perhaps the strongest and most sustained, those in the last have such captivating grace and tenderness, such homely universality of emotional interest that they will probably linger longest in the ear of the human, as distinguished from the merely critical, world. There is a series of seven poems on 'A Baby's Death' which we would transcribe entire did space allow ; as it is, we must content ourselves with taking one from its fair companionship.

'The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
What gift has death, God's servant, brought
The little hands ?

'We ask : but love's self silent stands,
Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought
To search where death's dim heaven expands.

'Ere this, perchance, though love know nought,
Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
Where hands of guiding angels caught
The little hands.'

For just another quotation we must find room. It is one of a roundel sequence written in Guernsey and dedicated to that poet and friend of poets, Mr. Theodore Watts.

> 'Across and along, as the bay's breadth opens, and o'er us
> Wild autumn exults in the wind, swift rapture and strong
> Impels us, and broader the wide waves brighten before us
> Across and along.
>
> 'The whole world's heart is uplifted, and knows not wrong;
> The whole world's life is a chant to the sea-tide's chorus;
> Are we not as waves of the water, as notes of the song?
>
> 'Like children unworn of the passions and toils that wore us,
> We breast for a season the breadth of the seas that throng,
> Rejoicing as they, to be borne as of old they bore us
> Across and along.'

North Country Folk Poems. By WALTER C. SMITH. Glasgow: J. Maclehose & Sons, 1883.

This latest volume of Dr. Smith's lacks the largeness of grasp and the sustained interest which distinguish some of his earlier works. This is due mainly to the subjects he has chosen to treat of. We have here some six-and-twenty poems with no other connection with each other than that which they receive from the title page and the binder. Still, taken separately, they all bear ample evidence of the author's peculiar power. The same acquaintance with human nature, the same fine perception of the higher reaches of its experience, and the same artistic skill which belong to his larger works belong in a measure to these. Of the series 'Wee Curly Pow' is probably the best and most characteristic. In 'Dick Dalgleish' we have Dr. Smith's typical workman, whose confession is—

> 'The Dord did not seek His own honour and glory,
> But stood by His craftsmen and fishers all through;
> He held to His class that their ills he might cure,
> And lift up the head of the needy and poor.
> Well, that is our gospel too, that is our Ark,
> Not to rise from our class, but to raise the class higher,
> Not to take the nice ways of lawyer and clerk,
> Not to turn from the hammer, the file and the fire;
> But to stand by our order, and stick to our tools,
> And still win our bread by the sweat of our brow,
> And to organise labour by Christian-like rules.'

'Provost Chivas' and 'The Mad Earl' have considerable merit, and are written in a strain of keen and biting irony. One of the best is 'Deacon Dorat's Story.' There is something extremely weird-like about it. The picture of the three gipsy children standing at the foot of the gallows on which their father hangs, and quietly remarking—

> 'Mother will soon be here,
> She is coming to curse the Law and the Judge'

is particularly good. The whole poem however should be read. Another noteworthy poem is 'Parish Pastors.' In each poem the main interest is in the story. The ideas are for the most part such as readers of Dr. Smith's poems are familiar with.

The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT. Introduction by J. H. SHORTHOUSE. (First Edition, 1633. Facsimile Reprint.) London: T. FISHER UNWIN, 1883.

The value of this excellent facsimile reprint of good old George Herbert's *Temple* is greatly enhanced by a charmingly and sympathetically written introduction by the author of *John Inglesant.* Mr. Shorthouse tells us that the invitation to write the introduction reached him 'with a surprising appropriateness upon Easter Day,' and we cannot but think that the selection of one so well fitted by tastes and studies as the author of *John Inglesant*, to write the introduction, was an extremely happy thought on the part of the publishers, and equally appropriate. That he has performed his task almost to perfection, we need hardly say. We are inclined to think, however, that Herbert has many more admirers than Mr. Shorthouse seems to believe. But whether he has or not, we do not think we are far wrong in saying that, notwithstanding his quaintness and frequent obscurities, Herbert will continue to have a goodly company of readers as long as the English language is spoken. Henry Vaughan has given us several poems which, in our opinion, are much finer than anything Herbert has written. Yet his hold on the popular religious mind is scarcely so deep or enduring. There is tenderness and a breadth of Christian simplicity running through all that Herbert has written, which give both to his poetry and prose a perennial charm.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (June).—It would perhaps be difficult to mention an historical, character in modern times, who has been the subject of such contradictory judgments as those which have been passed on the Galician peasant Jacob—or James—Szela, landed proprietor in Smarzowa, in the district of Tarnower. Whilst some consider him a leader, others look upon him as a seducer of the people. The former behold in him 'a model of admirable loyalty,' the latter a robber and an incendiary. Even his age at the time of his appearance in 1846—a year so important and so unfortunate for Galicia--is the subject of controversy. This remarkable man is the subject of a sketch by Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach.—On the 22nd of March, the anniversary of the Emperor of Germany's birthday, Professor Ernst Curtius was appointed to deliver the obligatory loyal discourse in the hall of the Friederich-Wilhelm University, in Berlin. It is reproduced as an article on 'The Greeks as Master of Colonization.' That an essay by such a master of the subject is eminently interesting and instructive needs no mention. Whether the subject and the occasion were quite fitted for each other, and whether the reference to Germany is quite apt is a question which we are not called upon to consider.—The substance of Herr Karl Theodor von Inama-Sternegg's paper on 'National Riches' is contained in his own conclusion: 'That which mercantilism had only a vague idea of, which physiocracy recognized with reference to the soil merely, and which Adam Smith himself gave expression to in a general and indefinite way only, we are now able to formulate with perfect precision: No people will ever become rich except through the accomplishment of something special, through the progress which it makes in the service of the community of nations.' The double, or even treble application of what follows is not obscure: 'No commercial policy, be it ever so cunning, no natural advantages, be they ever so great, can create such sources of wealth as an energetic and pushing, a mentally fresh and educated, an economical and strictly moral people bears within itself.'—Baron von Richthofen closes the sketch of his official career, and 'A German Officer' gives us the last instalment but one of his somewhat long-winded but not uninteresting narrative.—Translations seem in favour. 'Poison,' —the slightly sensational title of a story which, however, shows no sign of sensationalism, so far as it has yet gone—is a translation from the Norwegian, the author being Alexander L. Kielland.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (July).—After the continuation of the running tale, 'Gift,' Professor G. Hirschfeld relates his travelling experiences during an 'Excursion into the North of Asia Minor.'—The closing chapters of 'Aus zwei annectirten Ländern'—the narrative of which we have so frequently made mention—contains an excellent and striking account of the fatal victory or victorious defeat of Langensalza.—The age of stone was followed by the age of bronze, the age of bronze was succeeded by the age of iron, and now the age of iron is about to make place to an age of steel. On the strength of this metallurgic prophecy Herr Hermann Kranichfeld contributes a technical article on the history, the manufacture, and the advantages of steel.—Madagascar supplies materials for a geographical, historical and even slightly political article, by Herr Gerhard Rohlfs, the occasion for it being, of course, the late embassy to Berlin. As interesting scraps of information we may note that in Madagascar 60,000 of the population are able to read, that there are two periodicals, *Teny Soa*, or Good Words, with 1200 subscribers, and *The Children's Friend* with a circulation of 800. The political organs are *The Madagascar Times* published in three languages, and *La Cloche*, published in French, and boasting of 70 readers.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (Viertes Heft), 1883.—The approaching celebration, for which all Protestant Europe, all Protestant Christendom, is preparing, of the fourth centenary of Luther's birth, is giving already to all questions bearing on the Reformation a very prominent and special interest.

more particularly, of course, in Germany. Almost every periodical there is now appearing with, and giving the place of honour to, articles dealing with some aspect or another of that great event in the religious and political history of the country, and the printing presses everywhere are busy at work with brochures and books of both moderate and immoderate size and pretension on the Monk of Wittemberg, or some of his associates in the work of reform, or on the work itself, its causes and results. Under the circumstances this is just what might have been expected, and it is well that advantage should be taken of the fourth centenary of the great leader's birth to remind the present generation of what great things were done for us in those days, for, in the pressure of modern life, and in the marvel and pride of modern discovery, we are apt to forget the debt we owe to our fathers through whose brave deeds and heroic sufferings it is, to a very large extent at least, due that we are what we are and can accomplish what now we do. The *Studien und Kritiken* is not behind in this timely and laudable effort to revive the interest of its readers in the Reformation, and minister subject matter to them for profitable reflection in connection with it. The chief place in this number is given to Professor H. Hering of the University of Halle, who gives us here the first section of what promises to be a very exhaustive and valuable essay on the charitable institutions of the church,—on the part played by those of the pre-reformed church in preparing that condition of things which led to the Reformation, and the effect which the Reformation had on the charitable activity of the churches in Germany after it. This first paper is taken up with the ecclesiastical organizations in the German towns and provinces prior to the sixteenth century, especially those originating after the preaching of the first crusade. They are treated pretty much in their historical order, the circumstances under which they severally took their rise being incidentally pointed out and the general nature of their constitution or governing rules described. The good they did is gratefully recorded while the evil effects of their ever increasing number and eventual general maladministration are set forth with an unsparing hand. The influences of these alms-houses, convent-gate charities, leper hospitals, foundling, orphan and widow refuges, begging licences, and so forth, in sapping the moral strength of the industrial, social, political and religious life of the people, and so preparing a state of matters that loudly called for reform, and ensured its success when undertaken, are exhibited here with masterly force and graphic power. The article betrays wide and accurate acquaintance with a somewhat obscure chapter of social and religious history, and will be read with pleasure and profit by historical students of all shades of opinion. It cannot but contribute, we think, to the right estimation of a too-much overlooked factor in the work of reform in the 16th century. Pfarrer Usteri follows up his previous contributions to *S.u.K.* on the Reformers' opinions as to the sacraments, especially Baptism, by an account of Bullinger's teaching on the subject, as taken from his commentaries on Scripture and his letters. Professor Kleinart of Berlin discusses the question, 'Are extra hebraic influences to be recognized in Koheleth?' His paper is more or less of a review of recent publications on Ecclesiastes, especially the works of Tyler, Plumptre and Renan. He endeavours to show how these writers have exaggerated the supposed influences of Greek and Alexandrian philosophy, and have mistaken seeming coincidences of expression for substantial unity of conception and identity of source. He does not deny, however, that the writer was to some extent affected by his Alexandrian surroundings, but claims for his work a truly Jewish authorship, and maintains that in thought, and especially in its religious philosophy, it is almost entirely Hebraic. Professor Kleinart still adheres to his view, published in 1864, that the place of its composition was Alexandria. Dr. W. Schmidt of Cürtow has here an interesting little monograph on the significance of the Talents in the Parable, Matthew xxv., 14-30. Two reviews follow, first a review of Dr. Orelli's fifth volume on Old Testament Prophecy, and, second, a review of Professor Reuss' recent work on the history of the Old Testament Scriptures. The first work is of a thoroughly orthodox character, the second belongs to the 'advanced' order of modern critical works, and is yet pretty generally regarded as heterodox. That *Studien und Kritiken* should open its pages to so appreciative an estimate of the venerable Strasburg profes-

sor's views (and not merely of the literary merits of his book) is one of the signs of the times, and may be taken as auguring well for their future progress in critical circles, even the most cautious.

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (June).—The inhabitants of Europe in pre-historic times form the subject of a paper which Herr Moritz Alsberg contributes, and the materials for which he has drawn from Geikie's 'Pre-historic Europe.' It has no pretensions to independent research, but it describes in attractive form the mode of life of palæolithic man, and reconstructs the landscape in which he moved. It explains from what data we are able to judge of the conditions of climate to which he was subject, and from what remains we deduce our knowledge of the other animals which inhabited the earth during the long centuries of the quaternary age.—The relations between Prussia and France from 1795 to 1807 are pretty well known to those who have any acquaintance with the history of Europe during this eventful period. Those who have not will read with benefit Herr Christian Meyer's essay on the subject.—It is the fashion to give great men an 'apprenticeship.' Not to speak of others, we lately had to do with Bismarck's, now we have Cavour's. Apart from the title, to which, after all, there can be no serious objection, Herr Lang's biographical sketch of the great Italian statesman, founded on the letters published within the last few months, is excellent reading. The extracts from Cavour's correspondence are judiciously chosen and seldom introduced without effect. Indeed, this applies no less truly to those passages which record the opinions of Cavour's contemporaries. As an orator, for example, he is thus described in a quotation from Angelo Brosserio: 'His stoutness, his common appearance, his unrefined manner, his disagreeable voice were prejudicial to him. He had no trace of a liberal education, philosophy and the arts were perfect strangers to him, there was no atom of poetry in his heart, his knowledge was very slight, the words that rose to his lips were those of a rude dialect, so great and so numerous were the mistakes which he made that it would have been a hopeless undertaking to put him on good terms with the Italian dictionary.'—The erection of the statues of Alexander and William von Humboldt in front of the Royal University of Berlin has given Herr Herman Grimm a favourable opportunity of recalling their high merits and of making them the subjects of a well-deserved eulogy.—The editor's political article deals with 'The Church-law on the 5th of June.'

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (July).—In a review of Herr Max Lehmann's publication of State Papers, Herr Fechner traces the history of the connection between Prussia and the Catholic Church since 1640. After Holland, Prussia was the first State which not only tolerated the three christian sects to which its subjects belonged, the Catholic, the Reformed and the Lutheran, but also recognised them as possessing equal rights. With the exception of the difficulties to which the annexation of Silesia gave rise, Prussia had enjoyed some two hundred years of religious peace when the present troubles came upon her. From this it may be judged that this chapter of politico-ecclesiastical history may be read with profit at the present day.—In a paper on 'The Revolt of the Netherlands and Ultramontane Historians,' Herr Wenzelburger exposes the manner in which history is written to suit sectarian purposes. For us, who can fall back upon Motley's famous work, the prejudice and the inaccuracies of Nuyens or Holzwarth are of comparatively slight importance.—A paper, chiefly statistical, on 'German Settlements in Countries out of Europe,' shows the importance numerically and commercially of the German population in America, Australia, and various parts of the East. It is stated that in the United States alone the German element is represented by over eight millions.—Besides the political correspondence and the usual notices, there is an article by Herr von Lüdinghausen Wolff: 'Drei Stufen in der Welterkenntniss.'

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (June 1st).—The first place is given to an article by Signor Antonio Gandolfi, on 'Garibaldi, considered as a Soldier,' in which the author mentions the difference of opinion on the subject existing in Germany and France. Signor Gandolfi, by careful argument, and review of the facts of

Garibaldi's military career, proves that Garibaldi's personality is a subject worthy of study both by philosophers and military men; and that a first place among the noblest of the earth should be given to Garibaldi by Italians, because of the almost exclusive preference which he gave to the moral element in his mode of making war, a preference which gives special importance to his military genius at a time when the spiritual side of the moral life is evidently suffocated by elements and sentiments of a totally opposite kind. Signor Bonghi writes on the Duc de Broglie's *Frédéric et Marie Thérese*, and, without much previous criticism, closes by saying that the author in his book shows that the work of Frederick, in all the period described, was commenced with violence, prosecuted with duplicity, and ended with deceit. 'In fact,' says Bonghi, 'it seems impossible to judge Frederick's policy otherwise, from the documents laid before us, and specially from the King's political correspondence, were it not that, according to Frederick himself, who had written the *Anti-Machiavelli*, violence, duplicity, and deceit become necessities when no other means are left to accomplish what seems politically, just and legitimate. The fact that Frederick 'saw into the heart of the things' was sufficient to justify his actions in the eyes of his defender Carlyle, just as it will suffice to absolve from all political guilt other heroes, for example, Mahomet, Luther or Cromwell. The work of which Frederick II. laid the first stone is now completed. If there was something odious and immoral in the commencement of this great work, so much the worse for the history which allowed it to be performed. Continuing his articles on 'Polar Ice,' Father Stoppani masses together many interesting arguments in favour of the hypothesis in which he firmly believes, that is, the existence of an open sea, or at least an archipelago of small islands, at the North Pole, and of a large continent, twice the size of Australia at the South Pole; a continent which, as has been the case till now, will perhaps remain a mystery for ever. The story 'Tornato al Secolo' ends without having been able to excite much interest. Signor C. Baer closes his articles on 'Reform of the Commercial and Provincial Laws' with a long paper on the 'Provincial Administrative Commissions.' The Musical Review notices the performance in Italy of Wagner's great work, and the proceedings of the Roman Musical Society. The Political Review speaks of the ministerial crisis in Italy, Count Moltke's journey—ridiculing the suspicions of the French, the French in Tonquin and the Czar's coronation.—The second number for this month (June 15), opens with the first part of a tardy but discriminative critical article on 'The Life and Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The writer mentions the 'Skeleton in Armour' as one of the best ballads ever written, not so perfect as Goethe's *Erl-König*, but quite equal to Burger's *Leonora*. Incidentally we learn that two translations in Italian have been made of 'Evangeline.' The author considers that everything is wanting to make 'The Golden Legend' a drama, except the dialogue and division into scenes. 'Hiawatha,' which has been compared to the Edda, cannot claim to be a national poem; though the poem is deliciously melodious, the characters therein are too fantastic and unhuman for their actions to move our feelings. It is an Indian and Pagan world animated with Anglo-Saxon and Christian thoughts and sentiments, and is therefore not true, and does not attract. The next article, 'Raphael at Rome under Pope Julius II.,' is a sequel to other articles published in 1880, 1881, and describes the twelve most glorious years of Raphael's life, correcting some mistakes in other biographies of the great painter. Signor E. Galloni gives a detailed account of the inundations in Italy, in 1882. A new story, 'The Regaldina,' by Neera, attracts attention at once by its clever delineation of character, and local colouring, which places the scenes mentioned vividly before the imagination.—A long statistical article on Italy's commerce and colonies, by Signor A. Gallenga, argues that it is no evil for Italy that she has few or no colonies.—The Scientific Review speaks of the proposed sea in the interior of Africa, etc., etc. The Review of Foreign Literature notices only French works; the Political Record notices home affairs, the ecclesiastical law in Prussia, the expedition to Tonquin, and the new magisterial laws in France. The Financial and Bibliographical Bulletins close the number.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (July 1st).—Opens with 'Thomas Henry Buckle and his 'History of Civilization' by P. Villari. The writer distributes praise and blame impartially. He concludes that Buckle's book, though an admirable sample of perseverance, labour and eloquence, can never be the basis of any solid edifice. 'It is almost a permanent protest against the error of trying to exalt intelligence at the expense of the moral character, which constituted the best part of its author, as it is the best part of the whole human race.'—G. Boglietti writes an article on 'Ugo Bassville in Rome,' who, he says, would be forgotten but for Monte's 'canticles.' Bassville was the representative in Rome of Jacobite policy, which, in turn, was one of the most curious manifestations of the great Revolution. Signora Pigorini-Beri communicates very interesting 'Walks in Calabria.' Father Stoppani, continuing his articles on 'Polar Ice,' articles which later may form a book, speaks of the probable equalizing of the mean temperature of the two hemispheres; the excesses of the boreal and uniformity of the austral climates; the circumpolar regions; why the austral sea does not freeze; the disproportion between the northern and southern ice; the supposed influence of marine currents; the decided greater warmth of the Arctic ocean; and the minimum value of such an influence on the problem of disproportion. The tale 'The Rigaldina' continues interesting, and is well-written. Signor Bonghi writes a long article on the ecclesiastical policy of Prussia, undisguisedly approving of Bismarck, and his choice of another path, when he found that the first he had taken only led him away from, instead of towards his object.—Signor Marucchi writes on the 'Temple of Isis and Recent Discoveries.' The Political Review, among other things, speaks of the French in Tonquin. The Financial and Bibliographical Bulletins close the number.

July 15th. This number opens with a second article on Longfellow, drawing an interesting comparison, among other things, between the American poet and Manzoni, in which the author says that the former undoubtedly wrote poetry with more spontaneity than the latter, but that Manzoni was a much more acute and patient observer, so that he became more popular in prose, while Longfellow's popularity was founded entirely on his poetry. After a careful criticism of the poems of Longfellow, the writer says that, although the Americans regret that the poet did not become their national poet, *par excellence*, his very cosmopolitanism and large-heartedness gained for him the universal fame that is reflected back on his whole nation. An excellent translation of 'Excelsior' is given, and the curious fact is mentioned that nowhere in Europe did the word 'Excelsior' become so much the fashion as in Italy, where it was dragged from its high estate and mixed with the commonest things, being used by persons who had never read 'Excelsior' either in English or Italian, among whom was a certain inn-keeper who put it as a sign over his door at Verese. Signor A. Borgognoni gives a very interesting sketch of a book just published from an old manuscript of the fifteenth century. It is the life of a certain Sister Felice, written by a nun who was her affectionate and devoted companion, and contains much that is important and instructive. There are strange pictures of the nuns, 'foolish, with evidently truthful details of life in that century as to render the book extremely bad manners, drunken, gluttonous, inconsiderate, blasphemous, and full of faults and vices!' But Sister Felice herself was full of goodness; a poetess and musician. she was courted by many lovers both before she became a nun and after—indeed there is a great deal of love-making in the convent—but she never gave her heart away until, when past forty years of age, a noble gentleman, happening to see some of her letters fell desperately in love with them and her, and gained her affections, though they never met for eight months, and then only rarely and separated by the bars of the *parlatorio*. For three years the lover remained faithful, then he began to tire, and poor Sister Felice, who could not forget him, fell ill, and never entirely recovered her health. She was twice made abbess, and died soon after reaching her sixtieth year. Signor Errera writes on 'Insurances on Life and Property.' The story, 'La Rigaldina,' closes in a very sad way; it is written with great truth to nature, and the heroine and

hero, after sacrificing their whole lives to their families, are *not* united, but have indeed to learn that virtue is its own reward. Signor Boratini writes a long article on the military condition of China, and concludes that everything induces the observer to believe that China is seriously preparing for war. Signor Erculei gives a short description of the mural paintings discovered in the palace of the *Conservatori* in the Capitol. The literary notice criticises Fornaciari's edited and inedited *Studies of Dante*. The Political and Bibliographical Reviews speak of the usual topics of the day, and Italian works.

RIVISTA EUROPEA (June).—The first number for this month contains a lecture on 'Poor Girls,' delivered last April at Trieste; an article by A. Medin; the conclusion of the story 'Guancibella;' and more chapters of 'Akbah.' The Literary review besides French and German works, notices Andrew Wilson's *Chapters on Evolution*, saying that the author has undertaken one of the most difficult tasks, and that it seems he has not sufficiently developed the geological part, though it was demanded by the plan of the book.—The second part, June 16th, commences with an article on 'Witches, Sorceresses and Wizards in Rome in the 16th Century,' by A. Barloletti, containing an account of the supposed witch, Bellezza Orsini Fallucchiera and giving many curious facts. Thereafter follow the continuation of the 'List of Unusual Gifts and Donations made by Sovereigns from 1729 to 1816,' and a short article in French by N. Plaffaine, on a 'Passage in the Divine Comedy,' supposed to allude injuriously to St. Louis, King of France.' The next paper is the first part of a comparative study of the 'Universities of England and America.' More chapters of 'Akbah' are given, and an historical sketch called 'On the Slopes of Etna,' being an incident of 1860, and the story of a spy named Gambacorta. In the Review of Foreign Books we find noticed Murphy's *Cromwell in Ireland*, and Haweis's *American Humourists*.

THE RASSEGNA NAZIONALE.—The May number opens with an article by G. B. on the Records of the Parisian Communists, describing their origin and proceedings. The author closes by saying that rather than being a political party, the communists are nothing but a handful of unhappy persons perverted in heart and mind by vice, pride, presumption, and half education. Signor Pietro Pasello writes on the 'Government of Sardinia after the close of the Dominion of the Byzantine Emperors.' The 'Glances at the Political and Literary Papers of Marchese Luigi Dragonetti' is continued. Signor Tarra writes a memorial of Father Tommaso Pendola, who introduced the oral intuitive method of instructing deaf mutes. A little society tale by Signor Checchi occupies a short half hour not very pleasantly. Signor A. Vezzani concludes his careful and valuable papers on 'Agriculture and the Agricultural Classes in the Province of Emilia.' Signor G. Talorsi writes a short article on Raphael, for the fourth centenary of the great painter's birth. Signor Norsa writes on 'The Reform of Communal and Provincial Laws,' and Signora Malaspina on 'The Fine Arts in Rome.' Professor de Johannis has another article on the abolition of the forced currency in Italy. The Political Review speaks of home affairs; of the finances of France, Italy, and England; of the colonial jealousy between France and England—saying that though the latter has proved that she possesses a peculiar talent for the difficult science of colonization almost unknown to the other states, it requires great boldness on her part to accuse France of being over-ambitious for colonies, while she herself accomplishes such facts as the recent annexation of a large part of the West Coast of Africa, and all New Guinea.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE.—The June number contains the conclusion of preceding articles on 'Rome and the French-Italian Government from 1796 to 1855.' There are also articles on 'True Democracy' by Signor Brunialti, and on Taine's *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, by Signor Boglietti. Signora Malaspina writes a story entitled the 'Marriage of Maria;' and then follows the first of a series of articles on 'The Principles of Exegetical Criticism,' by Professor Stoppani. Signor Ricci has a discourse on Ercole Ricotti; Signor Mazzei, an article on the labour question; Signor Alfiere, some 'Notes on Italian Affairs;'

Signor Fontanelli, a paper on 'The School of Social Science,' and the number closes with a letter in French from Eugéne Rendu to Ruggero Bonghi on the Pope and the Italian government. The Literary Review notices exclusively Italian books, and the Political Review the topics of the day.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE.—The number for July commences with an article by Signor Grabinski on 'Religious Interests and Italian Interests in Palestine and Syria.' A translation is given of A. Franck's article, published in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, on the 'Moral Situation of the Israelites.' The descriptive articles entitled 'From Salerno to Cilento' are continued, as is also the paper on the Principles of Exegetical Criticism. The first five chapters of Miss Montgomery's *Misunderstood* are well translated. C. F. Bardi writes an article called 'What is the Mediterranean?' and answers the question by saying that it is the 'peaceful messenger of true civilization.' Signor Catapano gives his readers 'A Little Philology;' and we are favoured with more glances at the literary papers of Marchese Dragonetti. Professor de Johannis criticises Martello's book on 'Money;' and Signor Bonghi replies to Rendu's letter. The Bibliographical Review notices Italian books, and the Political Summary, besides home affairs, talks of Prince Bismarck and the end of the *Kultur-Kampf.*

CIVILTA CATTOLICA (July).—The first number commences with the third part of the paper on 'The Decline of Literature in Italian Schools.' It would occupy too much space to follow the writer's arguments against the government, the monopoly of which in the matter of education he says 'has now-a-days become as ridiculous as it was always unjust,' but the following, the last sentence of the paper, will give some idea of the tenor of the whole. 'The education which prepares 23,000 minors annually for crime and the galleys; which gives Italy 116,000 admonished persons in nine months; which raises the number of actual prisoners to about 80,000, and presses out of the people more than 32,000,000 francs annually for the maintenance of the prisons; which involves all Italy in a thick net of houses of correction, and multiplies vice everywhere; this education, which excites the youth of Italy to give the name of republican league to such facts as that of the Borgo-Nuovo at the Vatican, and that of Piazza Sciarra in Rome, and spurs those youths to celebrate the apotheosis of Overbeck;—this education, as all liberals may be persuaded, is very differently pernicious to their aims and idolized *institutions*, than could ever be the liberty so much feared of the priests being permitted to teach the catechism and the decalogue as well as classic literature. In our opinion, a liberal, who, from hatred to the christian teaching of the decalogue, is eager to fasten a chain on the teaching of Italian, Greek and Latin literature, and prefers rather the barbarizing of his country than its moral dignity, is, without doubt, either a mere animal, or a great rascal.' Then comes an article on the last Babylonian King, and the continuation of the papers on 'The Cell and Life.' More chapters of the journey in India and China, and the usual literary notices and chronicle close the number. The second number for this month contains an article on 'The Reports of an Agreement between the Vatican and the Quirinal;' the continuation of the paper on the state of linguistic study; an article on 'A Golden Work by Cardinal Pecci;' 'The Journey to India and China;' reviews of Italian books, and the contemporary chronicle.

LE LIVRE (May).—In this number bibliophiles will find a highly interesting and valuable notice of a work, lately published by M. Clouard, on the 'Bibliography of the Works of Alfred de Musset.' M. L. Derôme, the writer of the article reproduces, as a *rarissimum*, a song of which M. Clouard seeems to have known only two verses. It is the song of Stenio, which appeared in the second edition of George Sand's Lélia, but which has dropped out of later reprints, probably owing to the rupture which occurred, about 1834, between the novelist and the poet. As a literary curiosity the 'Inno Ebbrioso' may be worth preserving, but even its force and undoubted poetical merit can scarcely reconcile us to a production absolutely reeking with drunkenness and sensuality. At the age of eighteen Alfred de Musset wrote a translation of de Quincey's *Con-*

fessions of an Opium Eater. Translation is perhaps scarcely the right name, for Musset translates only when he thinks fit. Most of the time he comments, expands, or improvises. As a specimen of these interpolations M. Derôme gives us what has been called the 'Anatomical Dream,' a production in which the morbid imagination of later years already begins to make itself felt.—The studies on 'The Illustrators of Books in the Nineteenth Century' are continued by M. Eug. Forgues who makes Gustave Doré the subject of an article illustrated with several unpublished sketches by the great master. Not the least interesting parts of the article are those where the writer avails himself of the autobiographical notes put at his disposal by a near relative of Doré's. From this we reproduce the passage in which the artist relates his first visit to Paris, and his first steps in the career which was destined to become so brilliant. 'In September 1847,' writes Doré, 'my parents having been called to Paris on urgent business, took me with them. Our stay was intended to last only three weeks, and the idea of going down again into the country, after having seen this centre of light and learning, made me feel very disconsolate. I at once set my mind to the discovery of some means or other of remaining behind, for I had no other wish but that of following the career of an artist, though in this I met with the greatest opposition on the part of my parents. Their intention was that, like my two brothers, I should join the École polytechnique. One day, I happened to pass by Auber and Philippon's shop, in the Place de la Bourse, and, on returning to the hotel, it occurred to me to pencil a few caricatures in the style of those which I had noticed in the window. Taking advantage of my parents' absence, I went and presented these few attempts to the editor. M. Philippon looked at my sketches with attention and kindness, questioned me as to my position, and sent me back to my parents with a letter in which he requested them to call upon him. They did so, and M. Philippon, making use of the most pressing language, and calling to his aid all the arguments that he could think of, overcame my parents' opposition and the dread which they felt at the idea of my becoming an artist. He then persuaded them to leave me in Paris, assuring them that he could make use of my works and remunerate me for them. From that day it was decided that I should follow my taste. But for M. Philippon's kindly initiative (I say kindly, for, at that time, what I turned out was very incorrect and very childish), I should have had to go back and lose several years in the depths of my provincial home.' And so, at the age of fourteen, Doré found a publisher, and one of the first in Paris, the maker of Gavarni, Grandville, and of so many others, the king of caricature, the purveyor of fun and laughter to the capital and the provinces.—The London Letter, which is intended to give French readers correct notions—indeed the notions of an Englishman—on the subject of contemporary literature, is written by Mr. J. Knight. Amongst the works noticed by the reviewer we find: *American Literature: an Historical Sketch.* Mr. Knight concludes it with a hope that his judgment may not become known 'on the other side of the Tweed.' We are happy in being able to frustrate his hope, and we think it but right that Scotsmen in general, and Professor Nichol in particular, should know how greatly they are indebted to Mr. J. Knight. We are the better able to help them to this knowledge, as Mr. Knight's French is edifyingly free from any but English idioms. After introducing the Professor of English at the University of Glasgow as 'a distinguished scholar, an original thinker, and a man of talent,' and allowing that many of his judgments are 'admirable,' the reviewer continues:—Nevertheless, he has two defects. Although brought up in England he has never made himself completely master of our language, and, for poetry, he has the ear of a Scotchman. I know that Professor Nichol is spoken of as a brilliant writer. But in literature, as in the other branches of art, we are beginning to require a care, a perfection of work, not dreamt of before our time. For my part, I can not accept as a master of the English tongue a writer who, in speaking of two objects, uses, for example, *the one* in opposition to *the other*, without knowing to which of the two, according to the genius of the language, each of these terms is applicable. There are other analogous delicate points concerning which Professor Nichol falls into similar errors. If I were to say that a Scotchman is rarely a good judge of the music of English verse, and that he rarely has an ear capable

of feeling high poetry, I should, probably, draw a whole nestful of hornets about my own ears. I shall, therefore, content myself, dear reader, with whispering to you in confidence that such is my conviction, and I hope that no report of my heresy may reach the other side of the Tweed.'

LE LIVRE (June).—In its sitting of the 12th of March, the municipal Council of the city of Paris authorized the erection of a statue of Alexander Dumas. Two full page engravings representing, respectively, the statue which is to adorn the Place Malesherbes, and the group in basso relievo intended for the pedestal, are the chief attractions in this number. They are doubly interesting, for, as is well known, this monument is the last work undertaken by Gustave Doré.—'Les Protecteurs des Lettres au XIXe Siècle' opens with a first instalment for the subject of which M. Champfleury has selected an eccentric publisher who, on his visiting card, styled himself Eug. Pick de l' Isère, and emphasized the appellation by the double motto: 'Dieu et l'Empereur,' and 'Je dois tout à Dieu, Rien aux Hommes.'—The labours of the 'Société des Bibliophiles Bretons,' the youngest, but by no means the least important of the associations formed with the view of preserving and publishing literary monuments of local interest, are recorded in an interesting article by M. Olivier de Gourcoff.—This is followed by a translation of a chapter from Petrarch's philosophical work: 'Remedies for Good and Evil Fortune.' This fragment, which the translator, M. Victor Develay gives under the title 'The Love of Books,' contains curious particulars concerning books before the invention of printing.—M. Emile Colombey's paper 'On the Abuse of Retrospective Love in the Books of a Philosopher' is directed, we presume, against Victor Cousin, the biographer of the celebrated heroine of the Fronde, Madame de Longueville. As the work was published some thirty years ago, it is difficult to understand what called for this rather spiteful and not very witty criticism.

LE LIVRE (July).—Mr. Ashbee contributes a short notice of the 'Index Society.' The titles of the eleven volumes published by this society since its foundation in 1879, with a few introductory remarks of a very general character, and a brief explanation, sometimes contained in less than two lines, of the object of each index, can scarcely be said to constitute a very interesting article.—The curator of the National Library of Florence, Dr. Guido Biagi, communicates a number of letters written by members of the Bonaparte family, and ranging from 1580 to 1834. This 'Bonapartiana' contains a fac-simile of Jérome's handwriting. Many of the letters are written in Italian, and no special interest or historical value attaches to any of them. Not the least curious is that which shows us Lœtitia, the Corsican Niobe, signing herself *Madame*, in the old imperial style, long years after death had deprived her of her eagle-eyed son,' as the writer of the article styles him.—M. Achille Duvan has discovered 'une petite épave d'un grand poète.' This great poet is Racine, the waif is a copy of very loose verses written as an answer to a still more indecent song composed by Mme de Longuval.—In the London Letter, Mr. J. Knight, who lately communicated to the readers of *Le Livre* such valuable information concerning Scotsmen, now takes the opportunity afforded him by the publication of the 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle' to edify them with this judgment: 'One of the most delightful and charming of women was sacrificed to the vanity and self-love of one of the most selfish men that ever existed.' The whole question may now be considered settled beyond the possibility of further controversy.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (May).—M. Ch. Bénard opens the number with an article in which he examines and analyzes Herr Karl Köstlin's work on Æsthetics. The question to which he gives special consideration is whether there is an æsthetic life in the same manner as there is a scientific, a moral, a political, a religious, or an industrial life, that is, a life existing distinctly and independently, and such that it may be looked upon as a special organ in the total organism of individual and general human life. On this point M. Bénard differs from Herr Köstlin, and is of opinion that the German philosopher has failed to establish a new system of æsthetics on the experimental basis of

æsthetic life.—The causes which have given rise to the sentiment of duty are extremely complex and varied. Some are to be looked for in the passions, others belong to the intellectual order, whilst a third group takes up an intermediate position, and seems to stand in equal relation to both intellect and passion. In an article on 'Moral Obligation from the Intellectual Point of View,' M. Paulham deals with the second of these three categories. He does not, indeed, pretend to lay down a complete theory of the formation of the idea of moral obligation. His object is to point out the very important part which is borne by a purely intellectual element, expectation. His principal proposition may be resumed as follows:—1st. Moral obligation, at its origin, is confusedly mixed up, in the human mind, with the determination of phenomena in a vague idea of what a being will do under certain given circumstances. The expectation of a phenomenon, determined by certain associations of ideas, is the intellectual foundation of a belief in moral obligation. It becomes associated with the idea that this phenomenon may possibly not take place. The combination of these two ideas constitutes a kind of inferior phase of the idea of duty. 2d. This obligation was first imposed by man on other beings; it was applied to the objective before it was brought to bear upon the subjective world. 3rd. Moral obligation was applied variously according to the various ideas which men formed of other men, or other spiritual beings, being always determined in its form by the ideal, whatever it may be, coarse or refined, moral or immoral, which is imposed on man by the medium in which he lives, but consisting, in substance, of the influence which the conception of the ideal exercises on the actions of man, and being always finally reducible to the expectation or the vivid representation of certain acts. 4th. Moral law tends to become a natural law.—In this and the following number M. Fonsegrive sets himself the task of proving that 'The Alleged Contradictions of Descartes' are merely apparent, that there is no begging of the question in his famous 'Cogito ergo sum,' and no vicious circle in the argument which he uses to demonstrate the existence of God.—The works of which summaries are given are:—CH. RICHET: *Physiologie des nerfs et des muscles;* VALLIER: *De l'intention morale;* WALLACE: *Aristotle's Psychology.*

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (June).—M. Alfred Fouilée is again to the fore with a lengthy paper on 'Free Will,' which he now considers in connection with 'future contingencies.' The sub-divisions of the study are:—1st, 'Genesis of the Idea of Contingency and of Liberty in the Individual and the Species;' 2nd, 'Future Contingency and its Alleged Verification in the Equal Chances of Games of Hazard;' 3rd, 'Future Contingency and its Alleged Conciliation with the Laws of Statistics;' 4th, 'Conclusion: The Reaction of the Idea upon the Foreseen Future.'—A short but interesting paper by M. Beaunis, Professor of Physiology at the Medical Faculty of Nancy, examines how far the various sensations may be compared with regard to the time of reaction. He lays down, as the result of his investigation, that if a comparison of the time of reaction of the various sensations is justified as regards sight, hearing, and touch, it cannot be so as regards taste and smell. The essentially variable duration of the first of the eight stages into which he resolves the time of reaction, that is of the period of the excitation of the sensitive apparatus by the exterior agent, precludes, he says, the comparison of taste and smell not only with the other sensations, but also with each other.—In a former essay on 'The History of the Conception of Infinity in the Sixth Century B.C.,' M. Tannery omitted the second Milesian physiologist, Anaximenes. He now devotes an article to him, in which he, in the first place, endeavours to fix the philosopher's *floruit*, and then discusses his system of cosmology, and the influences of which it bears traces as well as the influence which it may have exercised upon Heraclitus and other thinkers.—The 'Revue générale' started in this number is a very acceptable innovation. The present review deals with 'Some Italian Criminalists of the New School.'—Two works by G. H. Schneider, the one on 'The Human Will,' the other on 'The Will of Animals,' and the 'Correspondence between Condorcet and Turgot,' are given in the Analyses et Comptes rendus.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (July).—After having shown, in a former paper, that symphonic music possesses a real power of psychological expression, and that,

when a piece has a certain expression it is impossible to attribute to it a contrary one without changing one or more elements essential to the composition, that is to say, without making it another piece of music, M. Lévêque now endeavours to determine methodically the extent and the limits of this power of expression. He defines the various states of psychic sensitiveness and activity which the composer expresses, which the performer translates, and which the hearer is able to recognize and appreciate. This is the fourth article on 'Musical Æsthetics in France,' and the writer does not appear to have exhausted his subject yet.—M. Fouillée takes up once again 'The Metaphysical Arguments in Favour of Free Will' and, in the present article treats of 'Causality and Liberty.' Empirical causality, causality and quantitative infinity, the attempts to conciliate scientific causality and the conservation of energy with metaphysical contingency, and, lastly, intelligible liberty and intelligible causality, are the points which the writer successively develops.—M. Souriau follows with the first instalment of a study on 'Sensations and Perceptions.'—Steinthal's System of the Science of Language is the subject of a careful and detailed analysis. The Bibliographical Notices treat of two histories of Greek philosophy, Dr. Schwegler's and Ed. Zeller's more important and complete work.—Professor Park, of Queen's College, Belfast, having communicated to the Revue Philosophique the examination papers set in Logic and Metaphysics from 1879 to 1883, has called forth the following opinion, which accompanies a few typical examples of the kind of questions given to candidates: 'The questions which we set in France, for the various examinations are usually much more vague than the questions set by Professor Park. It must be allowed that the English system possesses very great advantages. It allows of a more easy appreciation of the knowledge acquired by the candidates, as well as of their grasp and accuracy of mind. Looked at from this point of view our system is inferior to the English system. But it has, at least in our eyes, one advantage, which, perhaps, compensates all its short-comings. It is more favourable to originality. There is, doubtless, great merit in being able to answer a question, but, in philosophy more particularly, the greatest merit consists in knowing how to set questions. When the subject which is to be treated is indicated in a somewhat vague formula, each one takes it after his own fashion, and, thus, often indicates very clearly by his very choice, the philosophical power of his mind. There are certainly things which we might borrow from our neighbours, but we should be wrong in abandoning our system altogether.—A paragraph informs us that Mr. Herbert Spencer, having already refused, on principle, the title of corresponding member of three foreign Academies, has also declined the title bestowed upon him by the 'Académie des sciences morales et politiques.'

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS. Janvier-Février, 1883. The first article in this number is by M. H. Gaidoz, and bears the somewhat enigmatical title—'Two Parallels—Rome and Congo.' The two 'parallels' turn out, on examination, to be two ceremonies connected with the religious faith and life of Ancient Rome, which, he says, are found existing, with only some slight differences of detail, among the natives in the district of the Congo. The two rites referred to were in full force prior to the Portugese settlements at the Congo, and at a time therefore when, so far as is known at least, no intercourse had ever taken place between these native races and those of Latin origin, or those likely to be at all acquainted with ancient Latin usages. They have every appearance, M. Gaidoz thinks, of being independent, but yet are so strikingly similar as to provoke inquiry as to whether they may be both derived from one common, and very ancient source, or are the independent creations of the human mind in the presence of problems or circumstances of a like nature. M. Gaidoz does not attempt to decide this question, but contents himself in this short essay with calling the attention of scholars interested in such matters to the striking resemblance there is between the rites in question. One of them is the practice in Lower Guinea of driving nails into the fetish gods when an individual or a tribe wishes to avert some threatened calamity, be delivered from some existing disease or pestilence, bring to a successful issue some undertaking, or gain some great good, anxiously desired. The custom as it exists in the Congo district is

here described and contrasted with the similar practice existing in the south provinces of Europe under the old Roman religion, traces of which, survivals in fact, are found in these provinces yet in the superstitious rites of the peasantry. M. Gaidoz gives a very short but interesting account of this custom of driving nails and pins into sacred trees, walls, and images under the old Pagan régime, and details the instances where it is still found existing. He connects with this ancient religious practice, the *clavus annalis*, the nail which was driven into the wall of the temple of Jupiter Olympus Maximus every year, with much religious pomp, on the Ides of September, correcting Livy's idea as to its origin, which writers of Roman Antiquities have, until recently, unhesitatingly adopted. The other 'parallel' is not so clear or striking as the one just treated of. It seems that among the native tribes of the Congo their high priest or chief fetish-man, who is regarded as the sole possessor of power over the forces of nature, and the dispenser, consequently, of all earthly blessings, enters on office in a very peculiar way. When old age, or disease which threatens to prove fatal, afflicts the existing fetish-man, he selects one of his disciples or ministers to succeed him. This nominee then proceeds, in the presence of the tribe summoned for the occasion, and with much pomp of ceremony, to strangle or club to death the aged or infirm priest, receiving his last breath into his own mouth or nostrils, which last breath conveys to him the power possessed by his predecessor, and therefore enables him to continue to his tribe all the blessings hitherto enjoyed by them. This mode of priestly succession is compared by M. Gaidoz to that followed in the case of the priests of the Temple of *Diana Nemorensis*, at the foot of the Alban Hill near Rome. The high priest here also killed his predecessor, and entered on office by virtue of the deed; but the differences here are greater, we think, than the resemblance is. The priest here was not chosen by his predecessor, nor was the murder of the existing priest a public and legitimate act. The priest was himself in this case a refugee from justice, and lived daily and hourly in fear of some other refugee falling on him treacherously, and by his murder succeeding to his unenviable and perilous post. M. Gaidoz' paper is, however, full of valuable information on a subject which, though obscure, is interesting and attractive. A further instalment of the French translation of Professor H. Kern's recent work on Buddhism is here given, which carries us to the end of Book I. The editor, M. Maurice Vernes, continues and completes his sketch of the Political and Religious 'Origins' of the Israelitic people, discussing here at considerable length the question as to the original form and substance of the Decalogue, as also the origin and nature of Prophecy. He defends the idea, much debated in critical circles at present, that the original decalogue is to be found *in substance*, not in Exodus xx. and Deuteronomy v., but in Exodus xxxiv., and belongs to the early years of the Monarchy. In the brief space at our disposal here, it would be impossible for us to summarise his argument, and we must therefore simply refer the curious reader to the article itself. It will be found, we think, to contain about all that can be said for the notion advocated, and may be commended for its thoroughness, terseness, and logical precision. The other articles are a brief and not very appreciative notice of a 'Buddhist Catechism,' the work of an American, Mr. Henry Alcott; and a chapter from a book on the Prehistoric Antiquity of Man, by M. Gabriel de Martillet, which is in the press. The chapter given (only in substance, however, and with comments) is that on the Prehistoric Religion of Man. The usual summaries follow of Transactions of Learned Societies, and of note-worthy articles in French *Revues*, bearing on Religious History; and the Chronique for the two months.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (Mars-Avril, 1883).—This number contains nothing that calls for elaborate notice here. Like too many of its predecessors of late, it has 'been long in coming to the birth,' but, unlike most of its predecessors, it brings little to reward its readers for their patient waiting and cherished expectations. It opens with a short paper from the pen of M. Michel Nicolas, a continuation of his 'Studies on Philo of Alexandria.' He treats here of Philo's ideas of Inspiration and his manner of accounting for the anthropomorphic and anthropopathic representations of Deity in the books of

the Old Testament. This is followed by another of Professor A. Kuenen's 'Hibbert Lectures,' the fourth lecture, and it occupies most of this number. The whole work has been translated, however, into French, and issued by the publisher of the *Revue* in Paris. It looks here therefore somewhat like 'padding.' 'The Evangelic Legends among the Mussulmans' consists of a series of extracts from the Koran and other Islamic sources, bringing together and exhibiting the references made in these works to the Gospel narratives, and to some of the personages appearing there. This is contributed by M. J. A. Decourdemanche. M. A. Bouché-Leclercq follows with the first part of a translation of the 'Sibylline Oracles' into French prose. This translation embraces Introduction and Book I. The 'Chronique' for the two months consists of a few notes about recent publications of an antiquarian interest, and large extracts from them.

REVUE DES DEUX-MONDES (June 1 and 15).—M. le Comte d'Haussonville opens the first number with an article on 'Official Colonization in Algeria.' He does not pretend to solve the varied and complex difficulties which the subject presents. His aim is merely to recall the successive attempts at colonization which have been made with a view to utilizing the incomparable resources of the magnificent province which France possesses in North Africa. His hope is that, guided by the experience of former years, the ministers, who are preparing expeditions for the purpose of constructing a railway in Congo, of civilizing the Hovas, of bringing the Annamites to their right senses, and protecting French interests in Tonquin, and who, it is said, are also about to make another attempt at official colonization in Algeria, may understand, not merely what it is expedient to do, but also, and more particularly, what it is important to leave undone.—In a former essay on 'Social Psychology,' M. Caro examined what is styled psychological heredity. He endeavoured to prove that the action of heredity, though plainly discernible both in merely organic and in mixed phenomena, decreases as we rise in the hierarchy of the faculties, and tends to disappear altogether in the functions which are characteristics of man, such as pure thought, art, and morality. In a second study the author takes in hand the various phenomena of individual and social life, and shows to what extent they are influenced and modified by human personality, without which heredity could neither surely produce its happiest results, nor transmit them with impunity. The conclusions to which he is led are, that, in the psychological order, heredity is an influence, not a fatality. It penetrates to the very core of our interior life by means of our instincts, by the habits of our race, as well as by physiological impulses and inclinations, but save in morbid cases, it does not sway the moral personality to the extent of depriving it of all power over itself and of creating irresponsibility.—This year's 'Salon' has no great reason to be proud of the judgment which M. Henry Houssaye passes on it. There are, he says, but few first-rate productions, in either painting or sculpture, the masters do not surpass their former efforts, indeed, a few fall short of them; as for the artists of the younger generation, they are clearly becoming weaker and weaker.—For the prosecution of classical and archæological studies France has three establishments one in Cairo, another in Athens, and a third in Rome. The work done by the last of these is set forth, by M. A. Geffray in an article, which no classical student can read without interest, and, we may add, without envy.—M. G. Valbert has drawn a very readable article from two narratives of arctic exploration, 'Schwatka's Search, Sledging in the Arctic in Quest of the Franklin Records,' and 'Als Eskimo, unter den Eskimos,' by Lieutenant Schwatka's fellow-traveller, Herr Heinrich Klutschak.—There is an article on 'The American Vine,' contributed by Mdme. la duchesse de Fitz-James, and the beginning of a tale, 'Tête Folle,' of which M. Th. Bentzon is the author, in addition to the usual political, financial, and bibliographical matter.—After the continuation of 'Tête Folle,' which heads the second number, M. Gaston Boissier contributes the first of a series of 'Archæological Rambles.' Whoever has read Horace must have experienced a wish to become better acquainted with the celebrated country-house where the poet was so happy. Is it possible to determine where it stood? If we are unable to discover any traces of his villa itself, can we not, at least, determine the charm-

ing site which he has so often described, the high mountains which sheltered his goats from the summer heat, the fountain near which he loved to recline, sheltered from the noon-day sun, the woods, the streams, the valleys, the whole landscape on which his eyes delighted to rest during the greater and best part of his life? All for whom these questions have any interest will find them answered in M. Boissier's scholarly and interesting article.—The presidency of General Jackson marks an epoch in the history of the United States. Of his many biographies, the best known and the most authoritative is T. Parton's 'Life of A. Jackson.' Within the last few months it has been supplemented by W. G. Sumner's, 'Andrew Jackson as a Public Man.' From these two works M. Albert Gigot has drawn materials for a sketch of the American President's 'Youth and Military Life.'—To what extent adulteration is carried on in Paris, and how far the lately established 'Municipal Laboratory' is able to cope with it may be learned from M. Denys Cochin, whose revelations are of a nature to inspire terror to any but the most resolute stomachs.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (July 1 and 15).—In the first of the two numbers for this month we have no less than five continuations. Ouida's 'Les Fresques' is concluded, and M. Th. Bentzon's 'Tête Folle' advances another stage. Another instalment of M. Maxime Die Camp's, 'La Charité privée à Paris' acquaints us with the self-denying labours of the Hospitalers of Saint John of God, brethren of an order founded by John Ciudad, whom his church honours as a saint and whom alienists look upon as a madman, but who, whether saint or madman, is one of those heroes of whom humanity may justly be proud.—After M. le comte d'Haussonville, who is still busy with 'Official Colonization in Algeria,' and M. A. Geffray, who considers the French school in Rome in connection with mediæval archæology, M. Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé recalls the dramatic incidents which marked the death of the Empress Catherine II., and the accession of Paul I.—The article to which, under present circumstances, we turn to with most interest, is that in which M. G. Valbert treats of 'Madagascar and the English Missionaries.' Here is a specimen of what the writer has to say concerning the latter and their influence: 'The government of the Hovas is, at present, an absolute monarchy tempered by the omnipotence of a prime minister, who obliges his sovereign to do and say nothing but what he wishes her to do and say, but in his turn, this prime minister does not take the liberty of formulating a wish until he has consulted those who have converted him. His queen is the prisoner of a prisoner. . . . The English missionaries have persuaded Queen Ranavalona's prime minister that since the disasters which it has experienced France is no longer France, that, like the lion burthened with years, it is reduced to bewailing its former power, that, in its weakness it no longer feels insults, and that if it did take it into its head to get angry, England and Germany would lend its opponent a helping hand.' The Hovas themselves are described as being no fools.' 'We shall do well,' concludes the writer, 'to be moderate in our terms, but also to be very attentive. The diplomatist whose duty it will be to negotiate peace with the Hovas, will be bound to examine very closely the text of the treaty proposed by them, to weigh the meaning of every expression, to turn each word over and over, as he would turn one of their mats, to make sure that there is nothing rotten beneath.'

DE GIDS (*June.*)—In an article on the present tendency of Dutch literature, Mr. Max Rooses deplores the small scale of literary effort in that country. The writers of poetry do not attempt considerable poems, but produce trifles in large quantities; they polish small objects rather than handle great ones. The writers of fiction also content themselves mostly with short tales, they deal with fragments of life, and take great pains to write in dialect and to render costumes and manners with accuracy. The *Gids* generally contains a story, which is frequently in dialect, scarcely accessible to the reader in another country. These tales are often very slight, and some of the writers are capable of better work. The strictures of Mr. Rooses are true not only of Holland: the whole circumstances of the age seem to favour photographic reproduction rather than large works of imagination; and examples of this might be cited from the modern literature of every country.

The July and August GIDS contain a study of Shakespeare's Othello, by Mr.

M. P de Haan, which some of our Shakespeare societies would do well to get translated. Some students consider, with Brabantio and Iago, that the union of Othello and Desdemona is physically unnatural and could not be lasting : others that their characters could not match, Desdemona's nature being too slight and butterfly-like to pair with Othello's force and fire. On either of these views the marriage was fated from the first to end in tragedy. Mr. de Haan holds that the marriage was a true one, and would have been happy but for the intervention of Iago. Iago, not Othello, is the impersonation of jealousy. Othello's fault is too great confidence in his friend, too great simplicity. The case is one of moral poisoning, the hero's noble nature being quite perverted from its own instincts.

The August GIDS contains a fine article by Von Hamel on François Villon, student, housebreaker, and poet, as Mr. R. W. Stevenson calls him. The paper is by way of notice of a critical essay on the works of Villon, by Dr. W. Bijvanck, a Dutch scholar, who writes in French. This is the first critical edition of Villon, though a complete critical edition of the poems is also promised by Auguste Longnon, who wrote the biography noticed by Mr. Stevenson. Von Hamel has much more respect for his subject than our own lively essayist, who sneers alike at his studies, his love, and his remorse, and makes him out so thorough a blackguard that he becomes quite uninteresting, and his possession of genius incomprehensible. With the Dutch writer he appears a much more human and intelligible personage, the root of his genius is said to be his frankness and and straightforwardness, and he receives credit for studies which were not quite a sham, and for affection which were not disreputable.

In the June and July VRAGEN, Dr. F. A. C. Von Hoff, writes on over-pressure in the upper schools of Holland. The difficulty arising from the multiplication of subjects in modern education, is felt not only in Holland : modern culture is so many-sided, there are so many branches of knowledge which must be at least touched upon in a good education ; and the powers of children to assimilate are so limited. The cause of the evil must be looked for mainly in better, that is, simpler and clearer teaching. Latin must be taught—it is essential to a liberal education ; but instead of teaching the Greek language an attempt is to be made to give those children who are not destined for a learned profession some acquaintance with the Greek spirit and Greek life and art by oral communication merely. The suggestion appears to us a very sensible one.

The THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT for May contains an essay by Dr. Blom on the Apocalypse. He holds the unity of its authorship against some recent critics, and sees in the John, who is said to be the writer, so great a resemblance to the Apostle John in the synoptic gospel, that the work ought to be ascribed to the Apostle, there being no conclusive argument to shew that this was impossible. The Island of Patmos is a literary fiction. The writer was in Patmos as a watch-tower to receive his visions, as Daniel received his at Susa or on the Hiddekel, places he had not really visited. Dr. Blom thinks the polemic against Paul unmistakable, and finds it not only in the Epistles to the Churches, as most modern critics do, but in other parts of the book as well. The false prophet of chapter xiii., 7, is St. Paul, his concessions to the Gentiles being a flattering of the ungodly world-power.

In the July TIJDSCHRIFT, Dr. Bruining has an elaborate article on Von Hartmann's new philosophy of religion, 'The Religion of the Spirit.' The criticism is for the most part unfavourable. 'In spite of Von Hartmann's merits as a philosopher,' it concludes, 'and his conspicuous services to the science of religion, I can see in this work nothing but an attempt to fuse two things into one, Hegelianism and the views on religion and science which have come to the front since Hegel's day. The attempt has not been sufficiently considered and prepared, and is in plain terms a failure. Into Hegel's theory there has been imported a foreign element, which destroys its unity without supplying what it wanted.' Professor Robertson Smith's lectures on the Bible in the Jewish Church have been translated into Dutch, not at Leiden by one of the moderns, but at Utrecht under the auspices of the Evangelical School there, who see in the work a pillar of orthodoxy. A notice of the translation, by Dr. Oort, expresses high appreciation of Prof. Smith as an able and independent critic, but fails to understand,

as many in this country find it hard to understand, the curious combination of strict scientific criticism and belief in the Bible as a supernatural, and therefore miraculous, revelation. Scientific criticism proceeds on the assumption, Dr O. holds, that the Bible is to be explored and treated in the same way as any other book. But Professor Smith holds that the Bible is not like any other book: that it is a supernatural revelation. There is an interesting notice of two prize essays on the Christian idea of marriage and its modern assailants, who appear to be more numerous than we could have conceived. But we notice that Darwin and Sir J. Lubbock figure in their ranks, and we feel somewhat reassured.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by the Viscountess Enfield. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By H. Drummond, F.R.S.E., &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

The Bible: Its Revelation, Inspiration, and Evidence. By the Rev. J. Robson, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

The Church History of Scotland. By John Cunningham, D.D., 2 vols. Edinburgh: J. Thin, 1882.

Loÿs, Lord Beresford, and other tales. By the author of 'Molly Bawn,' &c., 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1883.

Does Science Aid Faith? By the Right Rev. H. Cotterill, D.D., &c., Bishop of Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1883.

Sunday for our Little Ones. By the Rev. E. M. Geldart, M.A. London: W. Swan & Sonnenschein & Co., 1883.

The York Buildings Company. By David Murray, M.A., &c. Glasgow: J. Maclehose & Sons, 1883.

North Country Folk Poems. By W. C. Smith. Same Publishers.

Creed and Conduct. By R. H. Story, D.D. Same Publishers.

Lectures on Medical Nursing. By J. W. Anderson, M.D. Same Publishers.

Spero and Celestus: an Allegory. By W. Naismith. Paisley: A. Gardner.

Mine own People. By Louisa M. Gray. Edin.: Macniven & Wallace, 1883.

Dynamic Sociology. By Lester F. Ward, A.M., 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1883.

Lorenz Oken. A biographical sketch. By Alex. Ecker; translated with notes by Alf. Tulk. London. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.

Selections from Wordsworth. By J. S. Fletcher. London: A. Gardner.

Journey to Parnassus: by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, translated by Jas. Y. Gibson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883.

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Life of Alexander Fleming, D.D. By J. Fleming, M.A. Paisley: A. Gardner.

Inchbracken. By Robert Cleland. Glasgow: Wilson & M'Cormick, 1883.

The Relation of Christianity to Civil Society. By S. S. Harris, D.D., &c. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 1883. (Bohlen Lecture, 1882).

The Westminster Assembly: Its History and Standards. By A. F. Mitchell, D.D., &c. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 1883. (Baird Lecture, 1882).

Scottish Characteristics. By Paxton Hood. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Principles of Logic. By F. H. Bradley, L.L.D., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1883.

Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton. Edited with Memoir and Notes. By W. Blair, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, 1883.

The Temptation of Christ. By G. S. Barrett, B.A. Same Publishers.

Scottish Divines, 1505-1872. St. Giles' Lectures; 3rd series. Same Publishers.

The Yetholm History of the Gipsies. By J. Lucas. Kelso: J. & J. H. Rutherford, 1882.

David Blythe, the Gipsy King. By Charles Stuart, M.D. Same Publishers.

The Life of John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist. By W. Jolly, F.R.S.E., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co, 1883.

IMMEDIATE
PROVISION
FOR DEATH AND
OLD AGE MADE EASY
SPECIAL ATTENTION
REQUESTED TO THE
ANNEXED TABLES
OF THE
ROYAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
WHICH PROVIDE FOR AN AMOUNT
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	Half-Yearly Premium			Yearly Premium.			Half-Yearly Premium.			Yearly Premium.			Half-Yearly Premium.			Yearly Premium.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
20	0	19	5	1	18	2	1	2	7	2	4	4	1	9	6	2	17	9
21	1	0	0	1	19	3	1	3	4	2	5	9	1	10	9	3	0	2
22	1	0	7	2	0	4	1	4	1	2	7	3	1	12	1	3	2	10
23	1	1	1	2	1	5	1	4	11	2	8	10	1	13	6	3	5	7
24	1	1	9	2	2	7	1	5	9	2	10	7	1	15	0	3	8	7
25	1	2	4	2	3	10	1	6	8	2	12	4	1	16	9	3	11	10
26	1	3	0	2	5	2	1	7	8	2	14	3	1	18	6	3	15	4
27	1	3	8	2	6	6	1	8	8	2	16	2	2	0	5	3	19	1
28	1	4	5	2	7	10	1	9	9	2	18	3	2	2	7	4	3	3
29	1	5	1	2	9	3	1	10	9	3	0	4	2	4	10	4	7	8
30	1	5	10	2	10	8	1	12	0	3	2	8	2	7	5	4	12	7
31	1	6	8	2	12	3	1	13	3	3	5	1	2	10	3	4	18	0
32	1	7	6	2	13	10	1	14	7	3	7	8	2	13	4	5	4	0
33	1	8	4	2	15	6	1	16	0	3	10	5	2	16	10	5	10	8
34	1	9	3	2	17	3	1	17	6	3	13	5	3	0	8	5	18	1
35	1	10	2	2	19	1	1	19	2	3	16	8	3	5	2	6	6	8
36	1	11	2	3	1	1	2	1	0	4	0	2	3	10	2	6	16	4
37	1	12	3	3	3	2	2	3	0	4	4	0	3	16	1	7	7	7
38	1	13	4	3	5	4	2	5	1	4	8	0	4	3	0	8	0	8
39	1	14	7	3	7	8	2	7	5	4	12	7	4	11	1	8	16	1
40	1	15	10	3	10	2	2	9	11	4	17	5	5	0	11	9	14	8
41	1	17	3	3	12	11	2	12	10	5	3	1		...			...	
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are, that it overcomes the great difficulty ordinarily found in

and that in other respects it has been specially framed to render

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Age	At Age 70 or Death.		At Age 60 or Death.		At Age 50 or Death.	
	Half-Yearly Premium.	Yearly Premium.	Half-Yearly Premium.	Yearly Premium.	Half-Yearly Premium.	Yearly Premium.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	0 19 5	1 18 2	1 2 7	2 4 4	1 9 6	2 17 9
21	1 0 0	1 19 3	1 3 4	2 5 9	1 10 9	3 0 2
22	1 0 7	2 0 4	1 4 1	2 7 3	1 12 1	3 2 10
23	1 1 1	2 1 5	1 4 11	2 8 10	1 13 6	3 5 7
24	1 1 9	2 2 7	1 5 9	2 10 7	1 15 0	3 8 7
25	1 2 4	2 3 10	1 6 8	2 12 4	1 16 9	3 11 10
26	1 3 0	2 5 2	1 7 8	2 14 3	1 18 6	3 15 4
27	1 3 8	2 6 6	1 8 8	2 16 2	2 0 5	3 19 1
28	1 4 5	2 7 10	1 9 9	2 18 3	2 2 7	4 3 3
29	1 5 1	2 9 3	1 10 9	3 0 4	2 4 10	4 7 8
30	1 5 10	2 10 8	1 12 0	3 2 8	2 7 5	4 12 7
31	1 6 8	2 12 3	1 13 3	3 5 1	2 10 3	4 18 0
32	1 7 6	2 13 10	1 14 7	3 7 8	2 13 4	5 4 0
33	1 8 4	2 15 6	1 16 0	3 10 5	2 16 10	5 10 8
34	1 9 3	2 17 3	1 17 6	3 13 5	3 0 8	5 18 1
35	1 10 2	2 19 1	1 19 2	3 16 8	3 5 2	6 6 8
36	1 11 2	3 1 1	2 1 0	4 0 2	3 10 2	6 16 4
37	1 12 3	3 3 2	2 3 0	4 4 0	3 16 1	7 7 7
38	1 13 4	3 5 4	2 5 1	4 8 0	4 3 0	8 0 8
39	1 14 7	3 7 8	2 7 5	4 12 7	4 11 1	8 16 1
40	1 15 10	3 10 2	2 9 11	4 17 5	5 0 11	9 14 8
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48	2 10 10	4 19 2	...	...	...	...
49	2 13 6	5 4 4	...	...	...	...
50	2 16 5	5 9 11	...	...	...	...

The amounts to be saved are at the discretion of every one; the times for payment are fixed; the difficulty of investing small sums, and the danger of keeping them *uninvested*, are both removed; and the additional advantage is offered that, in case of death, the FULL SUM intended for *Old Age* is available at once as a PROVISION FOR FAMILY or otherwise, *even if only One Payment of Premium has been made.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS SCHEME

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16	6	18	0	3	17	2	2	17	6	2	7	5
17	7	0	10	3	18	10	2	18	8	2	8	6
18	7	3	8	4	0	6	3	0	0	2	9	6
19	7	6	7	4	2	3	3	1	3	2	10	6
20	7	9	6	4	3	11	3	2	6	2	11	8
21	7	12	4	4	5	6	3	3	9	2	12	9
22	7	15	0	4	7	2	3	5	0	2	13	10
23	7	17	10	4	8	9	3	6	4	2	14	11
24	8	0	10	4	10	6	3	7	8	2	16	0
25	8	3	10	4	12	3	3	9	0	2	17	2
26	8	7	0	4	14	0	3	10	4	2	18	4
27	8	10	3	4	15	10	3	11	8	2	19	6
28	8	13	7	4	17	8	3	13	0	3	0	8
29	8	16	10	4	19	7	3	14	6	3	1	10
30	9	0	0	5	1	6	3	15	11	3	3	0
31	9	3	3	5	3	5	3	17	4	3	4	3
32	9	6	6	5	5	4	3	18	9	3	5	6
33	9	9	9	5	7	2	4	0	2	3	6	9
34	9	13	0	5	9	0	4	1	8	3	8	0
35	9	16	4	5	11	0	4	3	2	3	9	5
36	9	19	9	5	13	0	4	4	8	3	10	10
37	10	3	3	5	15	0	4	6	3	3	12	3
38	10	6	10	5	17	0	4	8	0	3	13	9
39	10	10	7	5	19	2	4	9	9	3	15	3
40	10	14	6	6	1	5	4	11	6	3	16	10
41	10	18	5	6	3	9	4	13	3	3	18	6
42	11	2	5	6	6	2	4	15	2	4	0	3
43	11	6	8	6	8	9	4	17	4	4	2	2
44	11	11	2	6	11	6	4	19	6	4	4	2
45	11	15	10	6	14	4	5	1	9	4	6	4
46	12	0	7	6	17	4	5	4	2	4	8	7
47	12	5	6	7	0	5	5	6	8	4	10	10
48	12	10	5	7	3	6	5	9	3	4	13	3
49	12	15	4	7	6	8	5	12	0	4	15	10
50	13	0	3	7	9	10	5	14	11	4	18	7
51	13	5	5	7	13	2	5	18	0	5	1	5
52	13	10	8	7	16	9	6	1	2	5	4	4
53	13	16	0	8	0	5	6	4	5	5	7	5
54	14	1	5	8	4	0	6	7	10	5	10	8
55	14	7	0	8	7	8	6	11	5	5	14	2
56	14	12	9	8	11	8	6	15	2	5	18	0
57	14	18	10	8	16	0	6	19	2	6	2	0
58	15	5	3	9	0	8	7	3	5	6	6	3
59	15	12	0	9	5	10	7	7	10	6	10	9
60	15	19	0	9	11	6	7	12	5	6	15	6

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