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ART. I.—PRINCE BISMARCK.

1. *Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman: Being the Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto Prince von Bismarck written and dictated by himself after his Retirement from Office.* Translated from the German under the supervision of A. J. BUTLER. With Portraits and Facsimile of Handwriting. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1898.
2. *Bismarck: Some Secret Pages in his History: Being a Diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch during Twenty-five Years' Official and Private Intercourse with the Great Chancellor.* 3 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

THE memoirs of a great statesman are usually of great interest. In proportion as they supplement what is already known, or throw additional light upon the affairs in which he has played a part, they furnish materials for the writing of history which next to the official records are of the greatest value. In this way the two posthumous volumes of *Reflections and Reminiscences*, written and dictated by Prince von Bismarck, whatever their importance may be on other grounds, cannot be said to possess a value which is altogether exceptional. The revelations they contain have to a large extent been anticipated

by the publication of Dr. Busch's three volumes of *Secret Pages*, and excepting the reflections, it is surprising how little there really is in the Autobiography which may not be found in the earlier volumes. In many instances the reflections also may be met with, though of course in a cruder form.

The two books, however, are widely different. Dr. Busch's is the fuller, and from the nature of its contents will probably prove the more popular. There is more of the narrative and anecdotal about it, while in the Autobiography the reflections predominate. Dr. Busch has nothing to conceal; his aim is to tell all he knows, or has heard, respecting his subject, and he tells it with the most child-like faith, in the plainest way, and without reserve. In the *Reflections and Reminiscences* the tone of restraint and reserve is evident. Evident too is the aim of the writer to tell no more than will serve his purpose. In the *Secret Pages* we have the record of a diarist, jotted down from day to day, hastily and roughly, and with not a few repetitions; but in the Autobiography we have a statesman on his defence, delivering his *apologia*, choosing his words and writing in the stately and dignified style of a great diplomatist. And to go no further in the way of contrasts, the picture given in the one is different from that given in the other. One is all light; the other is all shade. The Bismarck of the *Secret Pages* is Bismarck in undress, in the smoking-room or the camp, letting himself go, not entirely but as far as he cares, cynical in thought, speaking with brutal frankness, apparently heedless of conventionalities, ambitious, self-centred, querulous, and taking an evident pleasure in revealing the seamiest side of his nature. In the *Reflections*, he is the polished, well-bred man of the world, restrained, cool and dispassionate, the courtier and statesman, fertile in resource, prompt to act, inspired by one great idea and pursuing it with a skill and splendour of success, which, though not undimmed by unscrupulousness, raised him to the highest rank among the statesmen of Europe, and made him the idol of his countrymen. The individual portrayed, however, is not different. The two books do but show the different sides of one and the same nature, and beneath the polished and dispassionate surface of the diplomatist it is not difficult to discern the man of flesh and

blood whom Dr. Busch describes in his *Secret Pages* with a frankness and plainness of speech scarcely anticipated.

Questions of taste apart, it must be admitted that Dr. Busch has used his note-book to some purpose, and done his work with considerable skill. He has a tendency to be garrulous, but is entitled to be regarded as a faithful chronicler. If he has not equalled the incomparable and immortal 'Bozzy' it has certainly not been from any lack of devotion, but rather, assuming that he has the requisite skill, which will probably be doubted, from lack of opportunity. During his three years service in the Press Department of the Foreign Office at Berlin, or while on the staff of that Office in the Prussian capital, or at the seat of war in France, he had opportunities enough, being some times constantly with his Chief, and at others in daily or hourly communication with him. But afterwards, during the remaining twenty-two years of his intercourse with him, he saw him only occasionally, and then chiefly on business connected with the press—a subject on which the *Autobiography* is discreetly silent, but on which the *Secret Pages* are full to overflowing. The relations between the two were from the first of the most confidential character, Busch being employed by Bismarck in connection with some of his most delicate transactions with the press. Usually he would give him instructions as to what to write, but occasionally he would dictate an article in the terms in which he wished it to appear. Though always reliable and serving his Chief with the utmost loyalty, Busch was not, on his own showing, always sufficiently expert to please him, and here and there we have a pretty scene between the two—Bismarck angry or simulating anger with the Pressman, complaining that his language has not been diplomatic enough, or that he has shown his hand too much, or that he has been too precipitate, and then rating him soundly; Busch all the while listening to the object of his adoration in fear and trembling, and giving assurances for the future. The scene usually winds up with the Chancellor becoming communicative, and Busch asking as he closes his note-book if there is not something more. One fault Bismarck found with him as his biographer was that he always took him too seriously. 'According to you,' he once said to him, 'I am always in deadly earnest, as if I were

on oath.' 'You want to divine and picture my inner man,' he also said to him, 'from fragmentary observations.' And practically that was the case. Insight into character is not one of the Doctor's gifts, at least in connection with Bismarck. Perhaps he was too much of a worshipper, or, it may be, he was too intent upon filling his note-book with 'material for future use,' to take sufficient notice of the mood or temper in which the words he set down were uttered, or to observe the play of feeling behind them. There can be no doubt, however, that by piecing his 'fragmentary observations' together, the 'little Saxon' has presented us with a picture of the great statesman which, to say the least, is extremely vivid. That his picture is an exact portrait of Bismarck can scarcely be maintained. There were lines and features in his character which he has failed to observe, or at least to place in their proper relief, and in order to realise what Bismarck really was one requires to read in addition to the *Secret Pages* of Busch the *Reflections and Reminiscences* written by the statesman himself.

The preparations for the Autobiography, which were begun shortly after Bismarck's withdrawal from public life, and chiefly on the insistence of his physician, appear to have been of the most elaborate and tedious kind. Lothar Bucher, who did most of the preparatory work, used to complain of the slow progress they made. At the time of his death in 1892, all that they had to show for their joint labours was 'a mass of disconnected notes' which Bismarck had dictated to Bucher, and which the latter had transcribed. According to Busch, Bucher died in the belief that nothing would ever come of the 'Memoirs.' Bucher has been charged with misleading Busch as to the progress Bismarck and he had made. But the charge is groundless. Busch says that he saw at Friedrichsruh, in March 1891, the very time when Bucher was complaining 'that the work of the Memoirs stood exactly where it did before,' 'a huge pile of dictated notes' which 'he' [Bucher] 'calculated' would fill 'some sixty printed sheets.' As a matter of fact there was no deception on the part of Bucher. He was impatient with the slow movements of Bismarck and apparently, as was the case with others, not altogether in his plans. The 'huge pile of

dictated notes' which Busch saw and which Bucher had transcribed, became according to Kohl, the groundwork of the first draft of the *Reflections and Reminiscences*, upon which the Prince zealously worked, 'constantly revising the notes as divided into chapters and systematically arranged, and supplementing them with his own hand.' In 1893 the first draft with its alterations and additions was set up in type, and was revised more than once, whole chapters having been entirely recast as recently as within the last two years.

Dr. Busch entered the service of Bismarck on the 24th February, 1870, and, though he occasionally refers to incidents which took place before that date, it is from that date that his diary and *Secret Pages* practically begins. Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, carries us back to the time when he left school.

'I left school,' he says, 'at Easter 1832, a normal product of our state system of education; a Pantheist, and, if not a Republican, at least with the persuasion that the Republic was the most rational form of government; reflecting too upon the causes which could decide millions of men permanently to obey *one man*, when all the while I was hearing from grown up people much bitter or contemptuous criticism of their rulers. Moreover, I had brought away with me "German-National" impressions from Plamann's preparatory school, conducted on Jahn's drill-system, in which I lived from my sixth to my twelfth year. These impressions remained in the stage of theoretical reflections, and were not strong enough to extirpate my innate Prussian monarchical sentiments. My historical sympathies remained on the side of authority.'

Even in these early years—he was still in his teens—he seems to have been possessed by the ideas both in respect to Germany and in respect to France which he afterwards carried out. 'I retained,' he says, 'my own private National sentiments, and my belief that in the near future events would lead to German unity; in fact, I made a bet with my American friend, Coffin, that this aim would be attained in twenty years.' 'Upon foreign politics, with which the public at that time occupied itself but little, my views were, as regards the War of Liberation, taken from the standpoint of a Prussian officer. On looking at the map, the possession of Strasburg by France exasperated me, and a visit to Heidelberg, Spires, and the Palatinate, made me feel revengeful and militant.' Probably with a

view to realising these ideas he selected a diplomatic career, but a short trial was sufficient to abate his ardour. Dissatisfied with the work he had to perform, and with the way in which the business was carried on, he renounced his ambition for an official career, and, in compliance with the wishes of his parents, took up 'the humdrum management of our Pomeranian estates.' 'I had made up my mind,' he says, 'to live and die in the country, after attaining successes in agriculture—perhaps in war also, if war should come. So far as my country life left me any ambition at all, it was that of a lieutenant in the Landwehr.'

A quiet country life, however, was the last thing possible for him. The rising in March, 1848, gave him an opportunity of showing the decision and energy with which he was capable of acting. His proposals came to nothing, owing to the weakness and folly of those in authority, but they served to call attention to him and to indicate his capacity for action. On receiving the news of the outbreak, he immediately armed his own people, and then hastened to Potsdam and Berlin, where he tried to get the King to make use of the army, and when before Paris related the following:—

'I remember after the March rising, when the King and the troops were at Potsdam, I went there too. A Council was being held as to what was to be done. Möllendorff was present, and sat not far from me. He seemed to be in pain, and could scarcely sit down for the beating he had received. All kinds of suggestions were made, but no one knew exactly what was to be done. I sat near the piano, and said nothing, but played a few bars' (he hummed the opening of the infantry march for the charge). 'Old Möllendorff suddenly stood up, his face beaming with pleasure, and, hobbling over, threw his arms round my neck, and said: "That's right. I know what you mean. March on Berlin!" There was nothing to be done with the King, however, and the others had not the pluck.'*

The following refers to the same event:—

'General von Prittwitz, too, who commanded the troops round the palace, called on me and thus explained the particulars of their retreat. After he had been notified of the proclamation "to my beloved Berliners," he had stopped the fighting, but occupied the palace square, the arsenal, and all the streets leading to them, in order to protect the palace. Then Bodelschwingh came to him with the demand that he should evacuate the

* Busch, I., 315.

palace square. "That is impossible," he answered; "by doing so I should give up the King." Whereupon Bodelschwingh said: "The King has commanded in his proclamation that all 'public places' be evacuated. Is the palace square a public place or is it not? Besides, I am a Minister of State, and I have learnt by heart my duty as such. I command you to evacuate the palace square."

"What else could I do but march off!" concluded Prittwitz. I replied: I should have considered it best to give a sergeant the order, "Arrest that civilian!" Prittwitz rejoined: "It is easy to prophecy when you know. You judge as a politician. I acted exclusively as a soldier at the direction of a minister actually in power, who relied upon a proclamation subscribed by the sovereign." From another quarter I heard that Prittwitz, purple in the face with rage, had interrupted this, his last open-air conversation with Bodelschwingh, by ramming his sword into its sheath, and muttering the challenge that Götze von Berlichingen shouted through the window to the imperial commissioner. Then he had turned his horse to the left and ridden silently at a foot's pace through the precincts of the palace. On being asked by an officer sent from the palace as to the whereabouts of the troops, he had given the biting reply: "They have slipped through my hands, and gone where everyone has a finger in the pie."*

Forty-five years later, when reviewing the whole affair of March, 1848, the Prince wrote:—

'March 18 was an instance how mischievous the encroachment of crude force may be even to the objects which are to be attained thereby. Nevertheless, on the morning of the 19th nothing was yet lost. The insurrection was overthrown. Its leaders . . . who had fled to Dessau, took the first tidings of the retreat of the troops for a trap laid by the police, and only returned to Berlin after receiving the newspapers. I believe had the victory (the only victory won over insurrection at that time by any Government in Europe) been more resolutely and more wisely turned to account, German unity was attainable in a stricter form than ultimately came to pass at the time I had a share in the Government. Whether it would have been more serviceable and durable I will not attempt to decide.'

Further on he adds:—

'The softness of Frederick William IV. under the pressure of uninvited and perhaps treacherous advisers, and the stress of women's tears, in attempting to terminate the bloody event in Berlin, after it had been carried through, by commanding his troops to renounce the victory they had won, exercised on the further development of our policy in the first

* *Prince Bismarck, I., 32.*

place all the mischief of a neglected opportunity. Whether the progress would have been lasting if the King had maintained the victory of his troops, and made the most of it, is another question. At anyrate, the King would not have been in the crushed mood in which I found him during the second United Diet, but in that soaring flight of eloquence, invigorated by victory, which he had displayed on the occasion of the homage in 1840, at Cologne in 1842, and elsewhere. I venture upon no conjecture as to what effect upon the King's attitude, upon his romantic mediæval reminiscences of the Empire, as regarded Austria and the Princes, and upon the previous and subsequent strong royalist sentiment of the country, would have been produced by a consciousness that he had definitely overcome the insurrection which elsewhere on the continent outside of Russia remained face to face with him as the sole victor.

'A victory won on the pavement would have been of a different sort and of less range than that afterwards won on the battlefield. It has, perhaps, proved better for our future that we had to stray plodding through the wilderness of intestine conflicts from 1848 to 1866, like the Jews before they entered the Promised Land. We should hardly have been spared the wars of 1866 and 1870 even if our neighbours, who collapsed in 1848, had regained strength and courage by means of support from Paris, Vienna, and other quarters. It is a question whether the operation of historical events upon the Germans by the shorter and quicker path of a victory in March 1848, would have been the same as that which we see to-day, and which gives the impression that the dynasties, and more especially those which were formerly prominently "particularistic," are more friendly disposed towards the Empire than are the political groups and parties.'*

In the following June Bismarck was summoned to Sans-Souci. At first he excused himself, being in no mood to go in consequence of his dissatisfaction with the way in which things had been managed, but the invitation was repeated, and he was forced to go, when the following scene occurred.

'After dinner,' he writes, 'the King took me on to the terrace, and asked me in a friendly sort of way, "How are you getting on?" In the irritable state I had been in ever since the March days, I replied, "Badly." The King said: "I think the feeling is good in your parts." Thereupon, under the impression made by some regulations, the contents of which I do not remember, I replied: "The feeling was very good, but since we have been inoculated with revolution by the King's officials under the royal sign-manual, it has become bad. What we lack is confidence in the support of the King." At that moment the Queen stepped

* *Prince Bismarck, I., 45-47.*

out from a shrubbery and said : "How can you speak so to the King!" "Let me alone, Elise," replied the King, "I shall soon settle his business," and turning to me he said : "What do you really reproach me with, then?" "The evacuation of Berlin." "I did not want it done," replied the King; and the Queen, who had remained within hearing, added : "Of that the King is quite innocent. He had not slept for three days." "A King ought to be able to sleep," I replied. Unmoved by this blunt remark, the King said : "It is always easier to prophesy when you know. What would be gained if I admitted that I had behaved like a donkey? Something more than reproaches is wanted to set an overturned throne up again. For that I need assistance and active devotion, not criticism." The kindness with which he said all this, and much more to the same effect, overpowered me. I had come in the spirit of a *frondeur*, who would not have cared if he had been dismissed ungraciously; I went away completely disarmed and won over.*

During his intercourse with Sans-Souci Bismarck became acquainted with the persons who then possessed the confidence of the King, and sometimes met them in the King's cabinet. They were, in particular, Generals von Gerlach and von Rauch, and subsequently Niebuhr, the Private Secretary. Gerlach he describes as having a 'weakness for clever aphorisms,' but as possessing 'a noble nature with high ideals;' 'in private life modest and as helpless as a child, courageous and high-flying in politics, but somewhat hindered by physical indolence.' Rauch he declares to have been the more practical, and, in illustration of the fact, relates the following, which serves also to show the indecision of the King:—

'On one occasion he [Rauch] appeared at Sans-Souci from Berlin with a verbal message from the Minister-President, Count Brandenburg, to beg the King to decide an important question. As the King, who found a decision difficult, could not make up his mind, Rauch at last drew his watch from his pocket and said, with a look at the dial : "My train starts in twenty minutes, so your Majesty will have to give your command as to whether I am to say 'yes' or 'no' to Count Brandenburg, or whether I am to tell him that your Majesty will say neither 'yes' nor 'no.'" This remark came from him in a tone of irritability only tempered by military discipline, an expression of the ill-humour which the clear-sighted, resolute general, already wearied by a long, fruitless discussion, naturally felt. The King said : "Oh, well, 'yes' if you like," whereupon Rauch immediately withdrew, to hurry as fast as he could through the town to the

* *Prince Bismarck*, I., 48.

railway station. The King stood in silence for some time, as if weighing the consequences of the decision to which he had unwillingly come, after which he turned towards Gerlach and me, and said, "Oh! that Rauch! He can't speak German correctly, but he has more common sense than we all." Then as he left the room, he turned to Gerlach and added: "He has always been cleverer than you." Whether the King was right on this point' the Prince adds, 'I will not decide; Gerlach was the wittier; Rauch the more practical.'

In 1851 Bismarck was appointed Prussian Envoy to the Bund, and in the year following the King sent him with a very flattering note of introduction to 'the diplomatic high school at Vienna.' The 'monosyllabic' ministry—Buol, Bach, Bruck, etc.—were then in office at the Austrian capital. Bismarck had already at Frankfort come into collision with the Austrian representative in the matter of the fleet, wherein an attempt was being made, as Bismarck believed, to curtail Prussia in authority and finance, and to cripple her for the future. The consequence was that though received with every mark of honour, he was a *persona ingrata* in Vienna, and his mission, which had reference to the customs, bore no fruit. It was not his intention that it should. 'Austria,' he writes, 'already had in view a customs-union with us, and neither then nor later did I consider it advisable to meet their efforts in that direction.' The Austrian ministry had no difficulty in making out his attitude towards them, and intrigues were soon set on foot against him. The consequence was that when the King desired to appoint him ambassador at Vienna, he declined the post, afraid that the Austrian statesmen would continue to treat him as a hostile element, make his service difficult, and discredit him at the Court of Berlin.

'I remember,' he writes, 'conversations on the subject of Vienna at a later period during long journeys when I was alone with the King. At those times I took the line of saying: "If your Majesty commands, I will go thither, but not willingly. I incurred the dislike of the Austrian Court in the service of your Majesty at Frankfort, and shall have the feeling of being delivered over to my adversaries if I have to be ambassador at Vienna. Any government can injure any ambassador accredited to it, and his position may be ruined by such means as are employed by the Austrian policy in Germany." The King's reply used to be: "I will not command you; you must go of your own free will, and beg me to let you

go ; it is a finishing school of diplomatic education, and you ought to thank me for taking charge of your education in this direction, for it is worth your while.”’

Neither then nor at any time was Bismarck a docile pupil. At the period referred to he had plans of his own. ‘Even to be a minister of state,’ he writes, ‘was beyond my wishes at this time.’ It was his wish, so he told Count Adolf Platen, the Hanoverian Ambassador at Vienna, ‘for ten years more or so to see the world as Envoy at Frankfort or at various Courts, and then for some ten years more to be minister of state, if possible with distinction ; finally to settle down in the country and reflect on my past experience, and like my uncle at Templin near Potsdam, to graft fruit-trees.’ It is not unlikely, however, that by this time he had realized that the King would not allow him a free enough hand, and that on some points of importance their views were widely different ; for he writes : ‘I was persuaded that the King being what he was, I could not attain any position as minister that I should feel tenable. He looked upon me as an egg which he had laid and hatched out himself ; and in cases of difference of opinion would have always had the feeling that the egg wanted to be cleverer than the hen.’ Besides, his ideas respecting the aims of Prussia’s foreign policy did not altogether coincide with the King’s, and he saw ‘the difficulties which a responsible minister of that master would have to overcome during his fits of autocracy, with his often abrupt changes of view, his irregularity in matters of business, and his accessibility to uninvited back-stair influences on the part of political intrigues, such as have found entrance to the royal house from the time of our electors’ adepts down to later days—even in the days of the austere and homely Frederick William I.—“*pharmacopolæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne.*”’ ‘The difficulty of being at the same time an obedient and a responsible minister,’ he adds, ‘was greater in these days than it was under William I.’

Six years later, when the Crimean war broke out, his proposals with respect to the policy of Prussia towards Austria were good-naturedly set aside by the King. War was declared by Great Britain and France against Russia on March 28th, 1854, and on the 20th of the following month an offensive and defensive

alliance was entered into by Prussia with Austria whereby the former pledged herself, if circumstances required, to concentrate within thirty-six days, 100,000 men; one-third in East Prussia and two-thirds in Posen or Breslau; and again if circumstances demanded it, to augment her army to 200,000 men, and to come to an understanding with Austria on all these points. While the discussion of the treaty was going on Bismarck proposed to utilise the occasion for the humiliation of Austria and for acquiring for Prussia the ascendancy among the German States which had hitherto been in the hands of her neighbour.

'I considered this practicable,' he writes,* 'if, when Austria should call upon us to bring up our troops, we should at once acquiesce in a friendly and willing manner; but should station 66,000, and in point of fact more men, and not at Lissa, but in Upper Silesia, so that our troops should be in a position whence they could with equal facility step over the frontier of either Russia or Austria, especially if we did not trouble ourselves about overstepping, without saying anything about it, the figure of 100,000. With 200,000 men his Majesty would instantly become the master of the entire European situation, would be able to dictate peace, and to gain in Germany a place worthy of Prussia. France, owing to her absorption in the Crimean conflict, was not in a position seriously to threaten our western frontier. Austria had her available forces stationed in East Galicia, where they were losing more men through illness than they would have done on the battle-field. They were nailed fast there by the Russian army in Poland, on paper at least 200,000 strong, whose march into the Crimea would have decided the situation there had the dispositions on the Austrian frontier allowed it to appear feasible. There were even diplomats at that time who made the restoration of Poland under Austrian patronage one of the items of their programme. Both those armies stood fixed opposite to one another; and it lay in the power of Prussia, by her assistance, to secure supremacy to one of them.'

The proposals were skilful and ambitious, and had the contingency they contemplated arisen, would in all probability have been successful. The King, however, was not disposed to adopt them. He 'was not insensible,' Prince Bismarck writes, 'to the mood of conviction in which I represented to him the facts and eventualities of the case. He smiled well pleased, but said in the Berlin dialect: "My dear boy, that is all very fine, but it is too

* I., p. 106-107.

expensive for me. A man of Napoleon's kind can afford to make such masterful strokes, but not I." The King had probably other reasons for declining the proposals, such as the very questionable morality they involved.

After the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark, Bismarck strongly urged upon the King a policy of conquest. 'I reminded the King,' he writes, 'that every one of his immediate ancestors, not even excepting his brother, had won increment of territory for the State; Frederick William IV. had acquired Hohenzollern and the Jahde district; Frederick William III., the Rhine province; Frederick William II., Poland; Frederick II., Silesia; Frederick William I., Old Hither Pomerania; the Great Elector, Further Pomerania and Madgeburg, Minden, etc., and I encouraged him to do likewise.' He then adds, 'This pronouncement of mine did not appear in the protocol, as Geheimrath Costenoble, who had drawn up the protocol, explained to me, when I asked him the reason of this, the King had opined that I should prefer what I had blurted out not to be embedded in protocols. His Majesty seems to have imagined that I had spoken under the Bacchic influences of a *déjeuner*, and would be glad to hear no more of it. I insisted, however, on the words being put in, and they were. While I was speaking the Crown Prince raised his hands to heaven as if he doubted my sanity; my colleagues remained silent.'

During the war of 1866, after Königgrätz, the King was anxious to follow the advice Bismarck had tendered him and sketched out the conditions of peace as follows:

'A reform of the Federation under the headship of Prussia, the acquisition of Schleswig-Holstein, Austrian Silesia, a strip on the frontier of Bohemia, and East Friesland; the substitution of the respective heirs-apparent for the hostile sovereigns of Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Meinungen, and Nassau. Subsequently other demands were advanced, which partly originated with the King himself, and were partly due to external influences. The King wished to annex parts of Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and especially to bring Anspach and Baireuth again into possession of his house. The re-acquisition of the Franconian principalities touched his strong and justifiable family sentiment very nearly.' *

* II., 42.

It was now Bismarck's business, as Foreign Minister, to undo what he had done, and to preach, under the circumstances, a doctrine exactly the contrary. To gain his point was not easy, for on the side of the King were the military authorities, and it was accomplished only after a breakdown on the part of the man of 'blood and iron,' one would scarcely have expected. It will be seen, however, from the following extract that he was actuated by no desire to spare Austria, his object being simply and solely to protect Prussia and to establish her securely at the head of the German Confederation. Austria, it will be remembered, had proposed, as terms of peace, to withdraw from the German confederation, and to recognise all the arrangements that Prussia might make in North Germany, reserving, however, the integrity of Saxony—conditions which 'contained all we wanted,' the Prince remarks; 'that is to say, a free hand in Germany.'

'A triumphant entry of the Prussian army into the hostile capital would naturally have been a gratifying recollection for our soldiers, but it was not necessary to our policy. It would have left behind it, as also any surrender of ancient possessions to us must have done, a wound to the pride of Austria, which, without being a pressing necessity for us, would have unnecessarily increased the difficulty of our future mutual relations. It was already quite clear to me that we should have to defend the conquests of the campaign in further wars, just as Frederick the Great had to defend the results of his two first Silesian wars in the fiercer fire of the Seven Years' war. That a war with France would succeed that with Austria, lay in the logic of history, even had we been able to allow the Emperor Napoleon the petty expenses which he looked for from us as a reward for his neutrality. As regards Russia, too, it is doubtful what would happen if it then were made clear to her what accession of strength the national development of Germany would bring to us. We could not foresee how far the later wars would make for the maintenance of what had already been won; but in any case it would be of great importance whether the feelings we left behind in our opponents were implacable, or the wounds we had inflicted upon them and their self-respect were incurable. Moved by this consideration, I had a political motive for avoiding rather than bringing about a triumphal entry into Vienna in the Napoleonic style. In positions such as ours was then, it is a political maxim after a victory not to enquire how much you can squeeze out of your opponent, but only to consider what is politically necessary.

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‘On July 23, under the presidency of the King,’ the Prince writes, ‘a council of war was held, in which the question to be decided, whether we should make peace under the conditions offered or continue the war. A painful illness from which I was suffering made it necessary that the council should be held in my room. On this occasion I was the only civilian in uniform. I declared it to be my conviction that peace must be concluded on the Austrian terms, but remained alone in my opinion; the King supported the military majority. My nerves could not stand the strain which had been put upon them day and night; I got up in silence, walked into my adjoining bed-chamber, and was there overcome by a violent paroxysm of tears. Meanwhile I heard the council dispersing in the next room. I therefore set to work to commit to paper the reasons which in my opinion spoke for the conclusion of peace, and begged the King, in the event of his not accepting the advice for which I was responsible, to relieve me of my functions as minister if the war was continued.’*

With this document he hurried to the King, who stoutly combated all his arguments.

‘What seemed to be paramount with his Majesty,’ the Prince remarks,† ‘was the aversion of the military party to interrupt the victorious course of the army. The resistance which I was obliged, in accordance with my convictions, to offer to the King’s views with regard to following up the military successes, and to his inclination to continue the victorious advance, excited him to such a degree that a prolongation of the discussion became impossible; and, under the impression that my opinion was rejected, I left the room with the idea of begging the King to allow me, in my capacity of officer, to join my regiment. On returning to my room I was in the mood that the thought occurred to me whether it would not be better to fall out of the open window, which was four storeys high; and I did not look round when I heard the door open, although I suspected that the person entering was the Crown Prince, whose room, in the same corridor, I had just passed. I felt his hand on my shoulder, while he said: “You know that I was against this war. You considered it necessary, and the responsibility for it lies on you. If you are not persuaded that our end is attained, and peace must now be concluded, I am ready to support you and defend your opinion with my father.” He then repaired to the King, and came back after a short half-hour, in the same calm, friendly mood, but with the words: “It has been a very difficult business, but my father has consented.” This consent found expression in a note written with lead pencil on the margin of one of my last memoranda, something to this effect: “Inasmuch as my Minister-President has left me in the lurch in the face of the enemy, and here I am not in a position to supply his place, I have discussed the question with my son, and as he

* II., 41-47.

† II., 51-52.

has associated himself with the Minister-President's opinion, I find myself reluctantly compelled, after such brilliant victories on the part of the army, to bite this sour apple and accept so disgraceful a peace." I do not think I am mistaken as to the exact words, although the document is not accessible to me at present. In any case, I have given the sense of it; and, despite its bitterness of expression, it was to me a joyful release from a tension that was becoming unbearable. I gladly accepted the royal assent to what I regarded as politically necessary without taking offence at its ungracious form. At this time military impressions were dominant in the King's mind; and the strong need he felt of pursuing the hitherto dazzling course of victory, perhaps influenced him more than political and diplomatic considerations.'

He then adds :—

'The only residuum that the above note of the King's, which the Crown Prince brought me, left in my mind was the recollection of the violent agitation into which I had been obliged to put my old master, in order to obtain what I considered essential to the interests of the country if I were to remain responsible. To this day these and similar occurrences have left no other impression upon me than the painful recollection that I had been obliged to vex a master whom, personally, I loved as I did him.'

As may be inferred from the foregoing, Bismarck was not altogether a *persona grata* among the military authorities. All through the war of 1866, indeed, he was looked upon with considerable suspicion. When within reach, he attended the councils of war, and on the question of the proposed advance on Vienna, carried his point with the King against the Generals. In the war of 1870 this was not forgotten, and he complained bitterly, in his conversations with Busch at the time, of his exclusion from the councils, as well as of the way in which he and his staff were accommodated. In much the same strain he writes in the *Reflections and Reminiscences* :—

'The ill-feeling towards me, which had survived in the higher military circles from the Austrian war, lasted throughout the French war; fostered not indeed by Moltke and Roon, but by the "demigods," as the higher staff-officers were then called. It made itself perceptible to me and my staff during the campaign, even down to the matter of rations and quartering. It would have gone still further if it had not found a correction in the unvarying tactful courtesy of Count Moltke. Roon was not in a position in the field to support me as a friend and colleague; on the contrary, he needed my support at last at Versailles to make good his military convictions in the King's circle.

'As early as the journey to Cologne, I learnt by accident that, at the outbreak of war, the plan of excluding me from the military consultations had been settled. Thus much I was able to gather from a conversation between General von Podbielski and Roon, which I unwillingly overheard as it took place in an adjoining compartment with a broad opening in the partition just over me. The former expressed his satisfaction loudly somewhat in this strain: "So arrangements have been made this time that the same thing does not happen to us again." Before the train started I heard enough to understand what "then," as opposed to this time the General had in his mind, my participation in the military councils during the Bohemian campaign, and especially the alteration in the line of march to Pressbui instead of to Vienna.'*

Great Britain and France shared almost equally with Austria the Prussian Chancellor's dislike. The reason in each case was the same. Each he believed, perhaps with good reason, was opposed to his policy of suppressing Austria, and raising Prussia at her expense. When in Paris in 1855 he saw the Queen and Prince Albert. In the following he gives his impressions of the latter, and a description of himself as he believed he appeared in the Prince's eyes:—

'The Prince, handsome and cool in his black uniform, conversed with me courteously, but in his manner there was a kind of malevolent curiosity, from which I concluded that my anti-occidental influence upon the King was not unknown to him. In accordance with the mode of thought peculiar to him, he sought for the motives of my conduct not where they really lay, that is, in the anxiety to keep my country independent of foreign influences—influences which found a fertile soil in our narrow-minded reverence for England and fear of France—and in the desire to hold ourselves aloof from a war which we should not have carried on in our own interests, but in dependence upon Austrian and English policy.

'In the eyes of the Prince—though I, of course, did not gather this from the momentary impression made during my presentation, but from ulterior acquaintance with facts and documents—I was a reactionary party man who took up sides for Russia in order to further an Absolutist and "Juncker" policy. It was not to be wondered at that this view of the Prince's and of the then partisans of the Duke of Coburg, had descended to the Prince's daughter, who shortly afterwards became our Crown Princess.'

Of the Queen he writes:—

'At the ball at Versailles Queen Victoria spoke to me in German. She gave me the impression of beholding in me a noteworthy but unsympa-

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 103-4.

thetic personality, but still her tone of voice was without that touch of ironical superiority that I thought I detected in Prince Albert's. She continued to be amiable and courteous, like one unwilling to treat an eccentric fellow in an unfriendly way.'

It was during this same visit to Paris that he saw Louis Napoleon for the first time. When asked by the King, in the following winter, what his opinion of him was, he replied, he says:—

'It is my impression that the Emperor Napoleon is a discreet and amiable man, but that he is not so clever as the world esteems him. The world places to his account everything that happens, and if it rains in Eastern Asia at an unseasonable moment, chooses to attribute it to some malevolent machination of the Emperor. Here, especially, we have been accustomed to regard him as a kind of *génie du mal*, who is for ever only meditating how to do mischief in the world. I believe he is happy when he is able to enjoy anything good at his ease; his understanding is over-rated at the expense of his heart; he is at bottom good natured, and has an unusual measure of gratitude for every service rendered him.

'The King laughed at this in a manner that vexed me, and led to ask whether I might be permitted to guess his Majesty's present thoughts. The King consented, and I said: General von Canitz used to lecture to the young officers in the military school on the campaigns of Napoleon. An assiduous listener asked him how Napoleon could have omitted to make this or that movement. Canitz replied: "Well, you see just what this Napoleon was—a real good-hearted fellow, but so stupid!" which naturally excited great mirth among the military scholars. I fear that your Majesty is thinking of me much as General von Canitz thought of his pupils.

'The King laughed and said: "You may be right, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the present Napoleon to be able to impugn your impression that his heart is better than his head."'

The origin of the war of 1870 is laid by the Prince entirely at the door of the French. 'It was hard to find in the law of nations,' he observes, 'a pretext for France to interfere with the freedom of Spain to choose a king; after people in Paris had made up their minds to war with Prussia, this was sought for artificially in the name Hohenzollern, which in itself had nothing more menacing to France than any other German name.' He regarded the whole question, he writes, 'as a

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 168-9.

Spanish and not as a German one,' and his thought concerning it was 'more of the economic than of the political relations in which a Spanish King of German extraction could be serviceable.' 'Politically,' he says, 'I was tolerably indifferent to the entire question.'

'Prince Anthony,' he continues, 'was more inclined than myself to carry it peacefully to the desired goal. The memoirs of his Majesty the King of Roumania are not accurately informed as regards details of the ministerial co-operation in the question. . . . If the Duke of Grammont labours to adduce proof that I did not stand aloof from and averse to the Spanish proposal, I find no reason to contradict him. I can no longer recall the text of my letter to Marshal Prim, which the Duke has heard mentioned; if I drew it up myself, about which I am equally uncertain, I should hardly have called the Hohenzollern candidature "une excellente chose;" the expression is not natural to me. That I regarded it as "opportune," not "à un moment donné," but in principle and in time of peace, is correct. I had not the slightest doubt in the matter that the grandson of the Murats, a favourite at the French Court, would secure the goodwill of France towards his country.'

'The intervention of France at its beginning concerned Spanish and not Prussian affairs; the garbling of the matter in Napoleonic policy, by virtue of which the question was to become a Prussian one, was internationally unjustifiable and exasperating, and proved to me that the moment had arrived when France sought a quarrel against us, and was ready to seize any pretext that seemed available.'*

Lothar Bucher had a large hand in the matter during its initial stages, and here are Busch's reports on the matter, which give the affair a different complexion:—

'April 25th [1888].—This evening at Knoop's, Bucher described the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern, in which he himself had taken a part, as a "trap for Napoleon." He added that neither the Emperor William nor the Crown Prince had the least idea of this feature of Bismarck's manoeuvre, of which he, Bucher, also gave particulars to the Crown Prince after his journey. They both regarded the candidature as a means of exalting the glory of their House.'†

On January 5, 1892, Busch reports Bucher, who was just home from Friedrichsruh, as saying to him:—

'"Thank your stars that you are not in my place with these 'Memoirs.' One's work is in every respect void of profit or pleasure. One exhausts himself on an utterly hopeless task, which will yield nothing for history.'

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 86-90.

† *Secret Papers*, III., 187.

It is not alone that his [Bismarck's] memory is defective, and he has little interest in what we have done . . . but he begins also intentionally to misrepresent even plain and well-established matters of fact and occurrences. . . . Even in cases where his policy was brilliantly successful, he will not hear of acknowledging anything, as, for instance, the trap which he set for Napoleon in the Spanish affair. He denied the letter to Prim, until I reminded him that I myself handed it to the General in Madrid, and that the world is now well aware of it through Rothan." (So I understood the name, but perhaps he meant Grammont). On this occasion Bucher also referred once more to his zig-zag journey with Salazar, and his audience with King Wilhelm at Ems. "The whole candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern," said Bucher, "is now represented by Bismarck as having been a purely private affair of the Court, a mere family matter, although he was obliged to confess that it was discussed at a sitting of the entire Ministry." I also added some reminiscences, but observed in conclusion that, in spite of all that, the Chief remained the great political genius and saviour of Germans. But he was not qualified to be a historian.*

The *Reflections and Reminiscences* do not seem to have been materially altered on this topic since Bucher saw them, and the whole story of the causes which led to the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has evidently still to be written.

Much more is said both in the *Reflections and Reminiscences* and in the *Secret Pages* respecting the French war. In the former the famous Ems telegram has a whole chapter devoted to it. In its original form, as sent by Abeken to Bismarck, it must have contained about two hundred words. When Bismarck read it over to Moltke and Roon, who were dining with him, 'They were both actually terrified, and Moltke's whole being suddenly changed. He seemed to be quite old and infirm.' † Bismarck then 'boiled down these two hundred words to about twenty, but without otherwise altering or adding anything,' read it over to the two Generals, and explained that the effect of its publication would be an immediate declaration of war on the part of France.

'This explanation,' he writes, 'brought about in the two Generals a revulsion to a more joyous mood, the liveliness of which surprised me. They had suddenly recovered their pleasure in eating and drinking, and spoke in a more cheerful vein. Roon said: "Our God of old lives still,

* *Ibid.*, 377-8.

† *Secret Pages*, I., 205.

and will not let us perish in disgrace." Moltke so far relinquished his passive equanimity that, glancing up joyously towards the ceiling, and abandoning his usual punctiliousness of speech, he smote his hand upon his breast, and said: "If I may but live to lead our armies in such a war, then the devil may come directly afterwards and fetch away the old 'carcass.'" He was less robust at that time than afterwards, and doubted whether he would survive the hardships of the campaign.*

Bismarck chafed incessantly at the delay of the bombardment of Paris, was tormented during sleepless nights by the apprehension that the political interests of Prussia might be seriously injured, and believed 'that a decision, memorable in the world's history, of thesecular struggle between two neighbouring peoples was at stake, and in danger of being ruined, through personal and predominantly feminine influences, with no historical justification, influences which 'owed their efficacy, not to political considerations but to feelings which the terms humanity and civilisation imported to us from England, still rouse in German nations.'* Later on, in 1888, he employed Busch to denounce in the press the entire foreign policy of Great Britain;† but his own opinions respecting her influence both through the Foreign Office and through individuals during the strife around Paris may be gathered from the following:—

'The notion that Paris, although fortified and the strongest bulwark of our opponents, might not be attacked in the same way as any other fortress, had been imported into our camp from England by the roundabout route of Berlin together with the phrase about the "Mecca of civilisation" and other expressions of humanitarian feeling rife and effective in the *cant* of English public opinion—a feeling which England expects other Powers to respect, though she does not always allow her opponents to have the benefit of it. From London representatives were received in our most influential circles, to the effect that the capitulation of Paris ought not to be brought about by bombardment, but only by hunger. Whether the latter method was the more humane is a debatable point, as is also the question whether the horrors of the Commune would have broken out, had not the famine prepared the way for the liberation of anarchist savagery. Another question that may be left unanswered is whether sentiment alone, unaccompanied by political calculation, played a part in the propagation by England of the humanitarian idea of starving that

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 100.

† *Ibid.*, II., 120-21.

‡ *Secret Pages*, III., 177-80.

city. England was under no practical necessity either economical or political, of protecting France or ourselves from loss or weakness caused by the war.' *

His antipathy towards Great Britain is manifest on almost every page of his two volumes, and seems to have been carefully fostered in the Foreign Office at Berlin during the whole of his ministry. In Dr. Busch's volumes the indications of this are numerous. Busch, whose opinions and sentiments were formed on those of his master, says of himself and Bucher, 'The inhuman pair of us rejoiced at England's misfortunes in the Soudan, and I expressed a hope that Wolseley's head would soon arrive in Cairo nicely pickled and packed.' † The only country with which Bismarck seems to have been inclined to live on terms of amity was Russia. But then in Russian Court circles he was a *persona grata*, and before he became a member of the Prussian Ministry had been asked to take service there. While the representative of Prussia at the Court of St. Petersburg, Gortchakoff, he tells us, showed him many favours, but from the way in which he speaks of him in a subsequent passage of his Autobiography one would scarcely infer this.

Among the other statesmen of Germany Prince Bismarck seems to have stood very much alone. This may have been because of his superior abilities, but it is quite as probable that it was owing to his autocratic temper. Indications are not wanting that he was one of those men to whom a rival is intolerable. He could brook no opposition, and whoever ventured upon anything of the kind, no matter how exalted their station, was sure to evoke his bitterest feelings. Among those who did venture to oppose him were the Empress Augusta and the Crown Princess. Of the former he said to Busch, 'She does what she can against me,' and in the *Reflections and Reminiscences* he writes:—

'During the reign of Frederick William IV. the Princess Augusta generally was in opposition to the policy of the Government; she regarded the new era of the regency as *her* ministry, at least until the retirement of Herr von Schleinitz. Before and after that it was a necessity for her to be in opposition to the attitude of the Government, whatever it might be,

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 123-4.

† *Secret Pages*, III., 131.

both to that of her brother-in-law and afterwards of her husband. Her influence changed, and in such a way that to the very last years of her life it always fell into the scale against the ministers. . . .

‘All the opponents belonging to the most different regions, whom during my political struggles I had been compelled to make in the interest of the public service, found in their common hatred of me a bond of union which sometimes was stronger than their mutual antipathies. They made a truce in their feuds in order for the time to serve the stronger hostility to me. The Empress Augusta formed the point about which their agreement crystallised; her temperament when it was a matter of getting her way did not always observe the limits required by regard for the age and health of her husband.’*

After all, however, it would appear that the Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick, was a personage with whom the Prince had to reckon much more seriously even than with the Empress Augusta. When speaking about her to Busch he almost loses his temper, and used to designate her ‘this Englishwoman.’ After the accession of Frederick he said to Busch—

‘It is true that in Charlottenburg they are most anxious to retain me—she also. They wrap me up in cotton wool and velvet. That also found expression in the rescript; but as the recognition was of too generous a character it aroused in my mind less pleasure and hope than doubt as to its sincerity, and as to whether something was not concealed behind it. If I can merely postpone and not prevent these English influences upon our policy, if my remonstrances are no longer successful, and my voice not listened to, why should I continue to torment and overwork myself? I will not be a mere cloak for the follies of other people. If it were still the old Emperor with whom I was called upon to blunder along in this way—but to allow myself to be made use of by this Englishwoman, for her whims, for foreign interests, with danger and detriment to ourselves!’ †

In his Autobiography he writes:—

‘When the state of William I’s health in 1885 gave occasion to serious anxiety, the Crown Prince summoned me to Potsdam and asked whether, in case of a change on the throne, I would remain in office. I declared that I was ready to do so under two conditions: no parliamentary government and no foreign influence in politics. The Crown Prince, with a corresponding gesture answered, “Not a thought of that.”

‘I could not assume that his wife had the same kindly feeling for me; her natural innate sympathy for her home had, from the beginning, shown

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 309-11.

† *Secret Pages*, III., 175-76.

itself in the attempt to turn the weight of Prusso-German influence in the groupings of the European power into the scale of her native land ; and she never ceased to regard England as her country. In the differences of interests between the two Asiatic Powers, England and Russia, she wished to see the German power applied in the interests of England if it came to a breach. This difference of opinion, which rested on the difference of nationality, caused many a discussion between her Royal Highness and me on the Eastern question, including the Battenberg question. Her influence on her husband was at all times great, and it increased with years to culminate at the time when he was Emperor. She also, however, shared with him the conviction that in the interests of the dynasty it was necessary that I should be maintained in office at the change of reign.*

Of her husband, the Prince speaks with less generosity than one might expect. At least at Nikolsburg, when Crown Prince, he rendered him considerable service. But one has always to remember that both as Crown Prince and as Emperor he was subject to the 'feminine' and 'English' influences, and that these were the two things which the Great Minister could scarcely abide.

The 'old Emperor' William I. is almost the only one in the two volumes of *Reflections and Reminiscences* of whom the Prince speaks in terms of personal attachment. There were often scenes between them. The old Emperor had a temper, and was not always careful to restrain it ; but Bismarck served him with unflinching devotion. On one occasion, perhaps the greatest historical event in his reign, and certainly the most impressive, the old Emperor was unable to control his temper and publicly slighted Bismarck in a way in which any one less devoted to his person could hardly have refrained from resenting. The old King wished to be proclaimed Emperor of Germany. For reasons of State Bismarck desired that the imperial title should be German Emperor. He was supported by the Crown Prince and others ; but there was no bending the King. He would hear of no other title than Emperor of Germany, and gave commands that there should be no mention of the German Emperor but of the Emperor of Germany. Bismarck brought it about that in the Galerie des Glaces he was

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 329-330.

proclaimed neither as the one nor as the other, but as the Emperor William. And this was what happened. 'His Majesty was so offended at the course I had adopted, that on descending from the raised dais of the princes he ignored me as I stood alone upon the free space before it, and passed me by in order to shake hands with the generals standing behind me. He maintained that attitude for several days, until our mutual relations returned to their old form.' The King's temper, however, as the Prince is careful to remark in a passage of some dignity was not infectious.

'I had thought it out for myself in this way,' he writes. 'Any irregularities in a ruler who showed me confidence and good-will to such a degree as did William I. should be for one of the nature of *vis major*, which it was not for me to resist; I must look on it as the weather or the sea, or any natural event to which I must accommodate myself. This impression rested on very personal love for the Emperor William I., not on my general conception of the relation of a king, by the grace of God, to his servants. Towards him I was not personally sensitive; he could treat me with much injustice without creating feelings of indignation in me. The feeling that I had been insulted was one which I had towards him as little as I should have had in my father's house. This did not prevent me from being led into a passive opposition to him by the nervous excitement which was engendered by uninterrupted struggles, when I found him without understanding for political matters and interests, or prejudiced against them by her Majesty or by the religious or masonic Court intrigues. Now, in thinking over this quietly, I disapprove of this feeling and regret it, as in remembering points of disagreement one has similar feelings after the death of one's father.'*

One other passage we must cite. It is in a different vein from many we have transferred to our pages, but there is certainly a genuine ring about it, and the feeling by which it is pervaded is corroborated by incidental remarks in some of the passages above.

'On the 8th [March, 1888] I had my last interview with the Emperor, at which he was still conscious, and I obtained from him the authorisation to publish the order, which had been drawn up as long ago as November 17, 1887, in which Prince William was commissioned to act as the Emperor's representative in cases where his Majesty should believe that he required one. The Emperor said he expected me to remain in my position

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 315.

and stand at the side of his successors ; at first there seemed to be in his mind chiefly the anxiety that I should not be able to get on with the Emperor Frederick. I expressed myself so as to calm his apprehensions, so far as it seemed fitting to speak to a dying man of that which his successors and I would do after his death. Then, thinking of his son's illness, he required from me the promise that I would allow his grandson to have the benefit of my experience and remain at his side, if, as seemed probable, he should soon come to the government. I gave expression to my readiness to serve his successor with the same zeal as himself. His only answer was a slightly more noticeable pressure of my hand ; then his mind began to wander, and the occupation with his grandson came so much into the front, that he thought the Prince, who in September 1886 had paid a visit to the Czar at Brest Litewsk, was sitting in my place at his bedside, and suddenly addressing me with "Du," he said, "Thou must always keep touch with the Russian Emperor ; there no conflict is necessary." After a long interval of silence the hallucination had disappeared ; he dismissed me with the words, "I still see you." He saw me once more when I came in the afternoon, and again at four o'clock in the night on the 9th, but he can scarcely have recognised me among the many who were present ; there had been a return of full clearness and consciousness late in the evening of the 8th, and he was able to speak with those who were standing around his deathbed in the narrow bedroom in clear and connected words. It was the last flicker of that strong and brave spirit. At half-past eight he drew his last breath.*

In the *Reflections and Reminiscences* the Emperor William II is barely mentioned ; in the *Secret Pages* the references to him, however, are numerous.

We have cited freely from the works before us because it seems to us that the citations we have made place the character and policy of the Great Chancellor in the clearest light, and render further comment on our part unnecessary. But numerous as our quotations have been, we have by no means exhausted the points of interest which the volumes of either these two singular and memorable works present. Had space permitted we should have liked among other things to have called attention to the Alsace and Lorraine question and the passages in which it is referred to. From these it is evident that the idea of the cession of the two provinces to France is perfectly utopian, and that for reasons of self-defence, if for no other, Germany is likely to

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 300.

retain them as long as she possibly can. But our space is exhausted, and we can only add that the two works of which we have made such liberal use, are likely to remain as attractive as they are permanently valuable.

ART. II.—THE ABBÉ PRÉVOST IN ENGLAND.

L'Abbé Prévost. HENRI HARRISSE. 1 vol. in 12. Paris: Calmann Levy.

FEW men have been more unmercifully calumniated than the author of *Manon Lescaut*. He raised the venomous jealousy and bitter hatred of a host of unscrupulous pamphleteers, and was handed down to posterity labelled as a renegade, a bigamist, a forger, and even as a murderer. However, in this century, three great critics of French thought have, without entirely vindicating his character, tried to drag him out of the mire under which he has been buried for more than a hundred years; and lately Mr. HARRISSE, in a very interesting little volume, brought to light documents proving how undeniably false were the assertions of his numerous detractors.

It is doubtless satisfactory to know that Antoine Prévost did not cause his father's death, nor commit forgery; that he never led a debauched life, and that the report of his end being caused by the scalpel of a blundering Esculapius, is but a legend. All these are interesting facts to us who are so fond of re-writing history, and of redressing wrongs, but the study of his works (which, with the exception of *Manon Lescaut*, have been generally neglected) would have revealed to the earnest reader the inner nature of our author, and would, at each page, have given the key to his philosophy and mode of life.

Antoine-François Prévost was born in April, 1697, at Hesdin in Artois, and belonged to a respectable 'famille de robe' that numbered among their ancestors as many 'Procureurs' and

'Avocats' as it counted 'Abbés' and 'Chanoines.' He was early destined for the Church, and passed his first noviciate with the Jesuits in Paris, when only sixteen; he disappeared two years after to enlist as a volunteer, and in these words related the event: 'I have served in the army in different grades; first as a simple volunteer at a time when promotions were rare (it was at the close of a war).' Later he wrote: 'I returned to the Jesuit Fathers, whom I left some time after to rejoin the army, this time with more honours and enjoyment.' Anxious to evade his father's wrath he passed to Holland, accompanied by a friend, where he was well received and appreciated by many.

From 1717 to 1720, the drama of love must have been acted in his life, but there remain no documents relative to that period, and *Manon Lescaut* must be considered as a sort of autobiography of Prévost's romance and sincere repentance. He depicted in that immortal novel the passions he had so keenly felt; he acquired, through experience, the knowledge of psychology, and he found in his own broken heart the key with which to open the hearts of others. We come now to the alleged brutality of Prévost towards his father, which was supposed to have caused the latter's death. It arose from an apocryphal anecdote that circulated at the time, and which was handed down to M. A. F. Didot, who related it in the *Encyclopédie Moderne*, as having been told him by his uncle Pierre Didot, who knew Prévost.

It ran thus: Prévost, at the age of thirty, in a fit of intoxication, had thrown his father down the stairs, as the latter surprised him at supper with his mistress. The anecdote has no foundation whatever, as the dates are incorrect. Prévost was thirty in 1727, and at that period was a priest in the congregation of St. Maur, the most severe of the Benedictine Order, and was then residing in the monastery of the Blancs Manteaux in Paris; besides, the crushing fact of Prévost's father living twenty-six years after the alleged accident was supposed to have killed him on the spot, ought to speak for itself.

Having spent two years in the army he re-entered the Church in 1720, after a short but stormy experience of life, and in 1721 took his vows in the community of the Benedictines of St. Maur. From that time he belonged to this Order, which he was accused

of having deserted; for his flight to London in 1728, from the Abbaye de St. Germain des Prés was not the act of a renegade, but only a deed of insubordination, and was always judged as such, as he remained in after life good friends with the Fathers, and died a Benedictine. From London he passed to Holland, and in both places, 'nouvellistes à la main' manufactured scandalous reports about him, which were as equally groundless as the anecdote above quoted. In his journal, *Le pour et contre*, started and edited in London, our Abbé took the trouble to answer his numerous accusers. Both in England and Holland he met with warm friends and staunch admirers amongst highly placed personages; and many of his personal friends in France recognized his worth and spoke flatteringly of him. Meusnier de Querlon, a literary colleague of his, said: 'It was difficult to see him without wishing to know him, to know him was to love him, and when you loved him, you found every reason to esteem him.' Dom Dupuis, a Benedictine, and biographer of Prévost, said, that when his friends advised him to benefit by his influential acquaintances and reap some worldly good, our Abbé was known to answer, that 'a garden, a cow, and one or two fowls were sufficient for his happiness.' His whole life was one of hard work in England, Holland and France. He translated the ponderous *Histoire* of the Président de Thou; edited the *Pour et contre*; wrote his numerous novels; undertook the voluminous translation of the *Histoire générale des voyages*, of the letters of Cicero, and gave an abridged rendering to France of Richardson's works, besides writing many minor treatises. Where was the time for debauchery in all this rush for daily bread? He led an active social life in the countries he visited, but always turned back to solitude and reflection with ardour.

Later he was accused of having had suddenly to leave London after disgracing himself in an 'aventure galante;' whether the assertion is justified we have no proofs to bring forward either one way or the other, but the adventure, if such there was, did not injure him, nor did it prevent his friends and admirers from seeking him and loading him with letters of introduction for Holland, whither he went and published a good many of his books, among them *Manon Lescaut*. 'In spite of his religious

vows,' says M. HARRISSE, 'he loved, and he was no doubt loved in return; sympathy and affection were a craving of that nature, described by Voltaire as "*ardent and tender*."' After reading the numerous encomiums of his personal friends, and the vindications of his character as a *débauché*, we are justified in agreeing with M. HARRISSE when he says of l'Abbé Prévost, 'He sinned, but he never degraded himself.'*

After visiting England and Holland, he settled in Paris, and became almoner to the Prince de Conti, where he was not compelled to say Mass too often, but where he mixed in the best and most cultivated society, and the last act of his stormy existence was played in the forest of Chantilly, where, some years before, he had rented a small house, and from whence he visited Paris at times. He was found dead, from the rupture of an aneurism, on November 25, 1763, on his way home to St. Firmin, returning from a dinner with the Benedictine Fathers near Senlis. An extract from the Senlis Archives, and a letter from l'Abbé Blanchelaude, brother of Prévost, announcing the event to a relation, are published by M. HARRISSE, to whom we refer the reader for further facts and details, having in these few paragraphs only drawn up a short synopsis of Prévost's life.

The letters and documents compiled in the small volume of M. HARRISSE were unknown to the three masters of French criticism mentioned in our first page, but in their studies they put aside the public and private life of our author, with its alleged vices, and hit straight at the true inner life of the man, though acknowledging the errors and follies of which he was justly accused. M. Villemain was one of the first critics—I believe the first—who, in a very few words, drew up the psychology of that dual nature and much besmirched character in his lectures on the eighteenth century. M. Sainte Beuve followed in his *Causeries du Lundi*, and M. Brunetière, in his remarkable study in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of 1885, described Prévost's genius in these pungent words:—'(Prévost) gives himself entirely to his fictions. For that heart full of weakness, ardour,

* Il pécha, mais il ne s'encanailla pas.'

and passion, fiction is not a game, because Life is not a comedy.' And M. Brunetière adds that we owe a debt of gratitude to the Abbé Prévost for emancipating the career of the man of letters, by preferring the paltry 'wages' of publishers to the subsidies of princes and foreign courts; paving the way for the man of letters to be solely dependent on the public, and making the publishers only the intermediary between writer and reader. However humiliating it was for the man capable of writing *Manon* to have to translate from the English and Dutch, or to draw up the prospectuses of charlatans for a petty sum, still it was less offensive than to owe 'a livelihood to the generosity of M. Helvetius, and his daily meals to the kindness of M. Leriche de la Popelinière.' Lastly, Prévost himself often revealed in his letters the contemplative side of his nature, which is so interesting to us. To M. Boucher de l'Étang he wrote when he was about forty:—'Sooner or later sensible people develop the taste for solitude; they lose too much in living outside of themselves.'

Wherever we follow him—throughout the hardships of his wandering life, in the turmoil of passion, working for a precarious livelihood, begging one day a small sum from Voltaire (who, by the way, refused it), and giving the next day the few spare coins he possessed to a friend in need, we find him independent and true to himself. He described thus the *Etat d'âme* which motivated his departure from St. Germain des Prés:—'Feeling came back to me, and I found that this throbbing heart was still burning under the smouldering cinders. The loss of freedom saddened me to tears. It was too late. I found some consolation during five or six years in the charm of study. My books were my faithful friends; but, like me, they were dead. At last I seized the opportunity of some unpleasantness and I left.'

He had sought this religious refuge at a time when his heart was lacerated by human love, and he left it when that same heart was healed, and when the exiguity of the cell became intolerable to the man so richly endowed with imagination and the love of life. Had Prévost submitted to the Benedictine rule, and curbed his fiery spirit, the world would never have known *Cleveland*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Le Doyen de Killerine*, the journal *Le pour et contre*, etc., etc., and History would have lost one of her epoch-

makers. Life is well lost to become the author of immortal *Manon*, and it certainly is more worthy a laurel crown to have handed down the literary heirloom of a Prévost, than to have lived the crushed, though consistent, life of a monk.

These inconsistencies of the Abbé Prévost's career do not concern us, and whether a man remains true to his vows or sincere to his surroundings is a matter to be judged only after learning and weighing all the circumstances; but the point of interest to us is whether he has remained true to himself and earnestly played his part in life. *Passion* and *Reflection* seem at first sight to contradict, shock, and annihilate each other, but they were the real means of transforming the man. He always acted on impulse, and soon after realised the vanity of human passion and the utter mistake men made in ever living 'outside of themselves.' He was swayed from action to thought, from passion back to contemplation, to and fro, and in this way developed to reach at last a mental pinnacle from which he viewed the whole of erring humanity, with its lights and shades. The inconsistency of his life was, in a sense, the cause of his consistency of growth, and however inharmonious his mode of life may have appeared to his contemporaries who watched closely, the *ensemble* of his work and the ego of the man who created it, is more in unity to us who gaze at a distance.

From his first short novel, the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité qui s'est retiré du monde*, to his last unfinished attempt at a novel, *Le Monde Moral*, Prévost is imbued with that human philosophy that later Sainte Beuve summed up in these words: '*Il faut vivre, parcequ'alors on voit tout, et le contraire de tout.*' In that embryonic novel *Le Monde Moral* he drew out a sort of human dictionary where each one labelled with his vices, virtues, crimes or noble deeds, is launched into the arena of life to play his pantomimic tricks: The coward is one day a hero, the martyr stoops to villainy in a weak moment, the rake is capable of enthusiasm, and even the fool has spare hours of deep philosophy. Prévost was not a French philosopher with an ironical sneer at the corners of his mouth; his imagination was '*mélancolique*,' 'une imagination presque noire,' M. Brunetière tells us; he never trifled with life, and was utterly devoid of the

Beaumarchais and Marivaux wit, though perhaps inclined to have a certain sense of humour, for his pathos is first cousin to Hogarth's. In reading of the cruel exportation of women to the Mississippi in *Manon*, one is reminded of the picture of 'women beating hemp in Bridewell,' and after perusing the incidents of the Marquis de X. with Lady Z. in the *Mémoires*, one turns an hour later into the National Gallery to look once more at the *Mariage à la mode*. Whence did l'Abbé Prévost inherit that tragic view of life so inherent in northern races, where human hearts are the mortars in which is pounded that strange composite of cruelty and pity, animal spirits and morbidity? Latin races ignore 'the pity of it,' nor do they ever weep inwardly; they pass from a sunny smile to a dark frown, from a kiss to a stab; their actions being simultaneous with their thoughts; they do not know the transitory stage of melancholy and grim humour so peculiar to northerners.

Prévost alone, amongst the numerous French thinkers who visited England, acclimatized himself in this country, understood its strange inconsistencies, deciphered the psychology of the race and found himself in harmony with the melancholy of the climate. M. Brunetière in his study, says that l'Abbé Prévost was the first to proclaim love 'to be a "divine right,"' and in that name calls him the precursor of Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, A. Dumas, and of all the 'Romantique' school. But to what sources had Prévost gone for inspiration and tragic power; if not to the English sixteenth century? And he only handed down to our modern literature what he had received from the country of Webster, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Heywood; for in England self-analysis dates from far back. May not the influence of such a stage have come to bear on the fiery imagination of a Prévost? and cannot we assign to him one link in that long chain which closely connected individual despair with social problems and sexual questions? The human heart began to sigh, discuss, revolt at that time, in the land of humour and passion, and Flaubert, Hugo, Sand, Tolstoi, all modern fictionists claim descent from that great epoch when man began to *think* in artistic excellence and to put questions to the Sphinx.

France awoke late from her nightmare of despotism, and she had to wade in human blood before she could learn how to think freely and wrestle with life's problems. Her centres of thought had been the alcove of a Madame de Rambouillet, the convent parlor of an Angélique Arnault, the suppers of a Duchesse du Maine, the 'Bureaux d'esprits' of the Du Deffand, Lespinasse, Geoffrin and 'tutti quanti,' where the true pulse of France was felt, and each one sang his *caratina* to the distant accompaniment of a howling mob. In France, public opinion marched handcuffed, and even the Revolution did not change the old order of 'Salons,' as Madame Recamier, de Staël, and a new galaxy of hostesses flourished during the first Empire and the Restoration, and led diverse party-factions. In England drawing-room plat-forms were unknown; the theatre and the tavern were sufficient to show men what men were, and it must have been a revelation to the Abbé Prévost to touch the heart of England at every step he took along London streets; entering the 'White Hart' or the 'Tabard,' mixing with all sorts and conditions of men, from the peer to the prize-fighter; perhaps one day attending the meeting of Antiquaries at the 'Mitre,' where next day he would see T. Topham, the strong man twisting pewter dishes between his fingers. Everywhere he went, whatever he saw, be it the spirit of Jack Cade in Southwark, of Tarleton at the 'Castle;' or when sitting over a bowl of punch with booksellers and lawyers at the Chapter Coffee House, the Abbé of the eighteenth century must have soon found out, with his keen observant mind, that the great power that swayed this country, had been and was, Public Opinion. The business of the country belongs to the country, and the throb of England's pulse is felt at the 'Derby' as distinctly as it is in the lobby of the House of Commons. 'The business of the Government occupies the mind of the people, as well as it does that of the great. It has a right to speak freely; it condemns, approves, criticizes, is carried away to abuse, both in speech and in writing, without any superior power ever attempting to control it. The King himself is not spared the censure of the public.' This must have been one of his first impressions as he alighted from the Dover coach and mixed with the London crowd. He says

further, concerning the laws of the country: 'You will not find one that is not for the public good; and in this country the public welfare is not a vain word, nor a mask hiding the injustice and violence of those at the head of Power.'

Later, when he had seen more of the different classes of society, he entered more deeply into the psychology of the race and was better able to study the contradictions of the English nature, which at first astonished him, as they do every foreigner, but which he afterwards acknowledged to be the basis of their individual freedom. 'It is the perpetual contrast of Principle and Sentiment which makes the English nation a very difficult one to describe. There is no definite vice or virtue that can be properly ascribed to this race, and on every subject, one can number as many partisans on the one side as there are on the other. The English praise this trait of their character, and look upon it as one of the foundations of their happiness. . . . Strange to say, with them discord is the cement which strengthens their union and peace. Even morals benefit by this spirit of contradiction, for every vice that becomes predominant in the race will help to develop an opposite virtue which will combat, and, in the end, uproot the evil.'

From this general observation of the race, Prévost comes to the keen analysis of persons. In one of his periodical numbers he quotes the case of an Englishman who made himself generally objectionable to his fellow-creatures owing to his irascible temper. 'Being English, he had all his life enjoyed the privilege of being abusive and satirical, without anyone compelling him to silence. As long as the sting of his satire did not touch their body or their property, he was free to give vent to his humour.'

Le Pour et Contre, published in Paris by the Didots, contained information about everybody and everything. Sometimes one or several numbers were filled with the translation of a new English play; in another he criticised the philosophical works of Locke, Tyndal, Toland, Hume, and many other numbers only gave stage news, society gossip, and descriptions of the life at Tunbridge and Bath. Everything that came to his knowledge was sent over to his Parisian public; all the scientific discoveries, the

expeditions of bold adventurers to unexplored lands, were dexterously expedited across the Channel, but he never forgot he was catering for a nation who always had detested earnest praise of another country; he wrote, therefore, more *en dilettante* in this journal than in any of his works, and M. Brunetière could scarcely say that in his periodical Prévost gave himself *tout entier*. At times he lets his countrymen hear the truth, and what English critics think of French plays; but it is lightly touched, without any malice, and he does not put his readers into the secret of what his own thoughts are on the matter. 'What will appear strange to Frenchmen is that their literature is as much criticized here as it is in France. The knowledge of our language is so common in London that those who cannot speak it can at least understand it. . . There is no literary work of note in Paris that does not at once cross the Channel. I have seen many books die sadly at the landing of the steamer. *Zaïre* itself, that had crossed the sea on the wings of hope, and for which the author's* renown had opened the way, *Zaïre* foundered in London after having raised the applause of a Parisian audience.'

We have already said that l'Abbé Prévost, in his journal, sent translations of English plays unaccompanied by comments or criticisms, but in his novels we feel the keen appreciation and warm enthusiasm in every word. The *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité* contains a page on the English stage that reveals what the author thought, and did not always say, to the Parisian readers of his journal: 'For beauty of sentiment, tender or sublime, for that tragical power which moves the heart and excites passions in the most lethargic soul, for that directness of expression and the art of working out events, I have never read, either in Greek or in French, anything superior to the English drama.' And his remark on Shakespeare is no less worthy of attention: 'Who knows Shakespeare well, knows the English brain most thoroughly; his genius is the genius of the whole island, and if all the English brains were pounded in one mortar, the result would be another Shakespeare.'

* Voltaire.

Prévost's most inspired works were conceived on the banks of the Thames, and he himself, in the following words, acknowledged the influence of climate in the moulding of thought.—‘An Italian who comes to London does not *think* in England as he did in Florence or Rome. Let us say the same of a Frenchman, although the passage from Calais to Dover is but short.’ At the same time, when we read his novels, we are curiously struck by these contrasts; his *thought* and *feeling* were modified by the country of ‘*Individualism*,’ but his style still retained the pomposity of the *Grand Siècle Académique*, which carries us back in its swing to the *Quinconces de Marly*. The humour and pathos in his novels are not therefore as forcible as they would be were his style less emphatic, or his expressions more direct. As long as he limits himself to the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*, the style suits the man, and although the heart of the Marquis de X. has suffered severe wounds, and his views of life have been tinged with scepticism, still the man of the world lives under the *blasé* courtier, and the dignity and redundancy of the language adapts itself to ruffles and red heels. The *Mémoires* do not contain a consecutive plot; they are choked with adventures and tragical incidents. His heroes commit suicide, murder their rivals and mistresses in paroxysms of jealousy; passion runs riot throughout the book, while the Miss advises, conciliates, consoles the miserable victims of fate and instinct. Prévost launches *con amore* into his favourite theme, the waywardness of man and the supreme power of passion over human hearts. The travels of the Marquis end in Paris, and here Prévost produces a new element in fiction—politics. The Regent of France is brought to the front, and during several audiences with the Marquis de X., acquires the knowledge of foreign countries in general, and of English politics in particular. Before we take leave of the *Mémoires* we will quote a passage, as it is a curious one from the pen of a man so newly acquainted with the machinery of English government:

‘As to the Parliament, your Royal Highness must well understand that however prejudicial their contentions and divisions may be to the laws of the country, to the Church and commerce, they never are to the safety of the country. I mean by this that the genius of the English consists in dividing into factions, tearing each other ruthlessly between themselves,

while they are at peace abroad, but never letting their neighbour benefit by their domestic hatreds. Like the dog in the fable, it is the interest near at heart that occupies them solely. They suspend their personal animosities to ensure the public safety. They all work to get rid of the common enemy, that they may again acquire the privilege of fighting among themselves uninterruptedly.'

Richardson was still an unknown *bourgeois*, and Fielding's genius was yet tottering on the stage when our Abbé first landed in London. To Defoe he owes a great deal of his manner of handling fiction, and Captain Carleton's adventures must have been fresh in his mind when he wrote the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*. Like Defoe he takes his heroes to Spain, to the wilderness of America; he brings the man of civilization in contact with the man of nature, but, more than Defoe, he gives life to his historical characters and surrounds them with an atmosphere; endowing fiction with a new power, and thus laying down the first landmark of that 'science du milieu' which has become the groundwork of the naturalistic school of our day. Defoe's observation is anatomic, and though he analyses the fibres, muscles, arteries, lays bare the heart of his personage, it is only on a dead body he is experimenting: the heart is there, but the beat has stopped. Prévost is less surgical in his analysis, but the heart under the buff doublet beats as wildly as the author's own heart. From Daniel Defoe he equally borrowed the formula of giving to his fictions the likelihood of authenticity, and in his prefaces and title-pages gave his readers a foretaste of the highly-flavoured dish under the cover. His imagination crosses the seas, discovers unexplored countries; studies the psychology of a savage with the same amount of sacred fire with which he analyses the '*Etat d'âme*' of a historical character; and ten years before Montesquieu he brings the geographical position of countries to bear on the genius of the inhabitants and subordinates morality to climate. While Prévost was taking from Defoe his formulas, and many of his themes, his eclecticism saved him from following his precursor's inartistic developments, and although, in Cleveland, he approached closely to Robinson Crusoe, he very soon went beyond, and soared high above the *chef d'œuvre* of Defoe, which may be summed up as the apotheosis

of Individualism. Robinson, who in the first part of the book, possesses the fortitude of a Job, unfortunately develops into a Philistine at his first contact with comfort; but Cleveland alone or amongst men, be they civilized or wild, remains an altruist; he receives as many impressions from the outward world as he gives of himself to his surroundings, and when he comes back to organized society, it is to become one of the axles of the grand wheel-work of humanity.

The story is this :

Cleveland's mother, one of Oliver Cromwell's victims, is obliged to flee from her persecutor and seducer, after in vain imploring his help for herself and her child. They hide in a cave situated in the remotest part of Somersetshire, and there Cleveland develops in harmony with nature, ignorant of all doctrines except those principles of virtue and wisdom implanted in his youthful heart by his mother. Even when he loses that companion of his existence, revolt does not stir his heart, as nature is around to soothe his grief and the sense of injustice is yet unknown to him. From the solitude of the grotto he passes to the dense forests of America, accompanied by another victim of the Dictator's tyranny, Lord Axminster, who with his family had found a refuge in another part of the cave. They visit savage tribes, the Abaquis, where they pitch their tent for some time and enjoy a tranquil life among a humane race; from thence they fall into the clutches of cannibals, witness the most sanguinary scenes, and after narrow escapes of being massacred, are rescued, but only to fall again into dangers, of which the five volumes are full. Cleveland's sufferings are but material hardships at present; his love for the daughter of Lord Axminster is returned, and, united to her they both share the same adventures; brutality and fanaticism appear to them to rise only from a misconceived idea of right and wrong, and cruelty and injustice have not yet crossed their path, as civilized society is still the unexplored land to them. On contact with a relatively luxurious existence, they meet complicated passions and subtlety of thought, and the two lovers are ultimately dis-united through the heinous jealousy of a Iago. Betrayed and abandoned, Cleveland approaches nearer to the European coun-

tries, and his heart grows more isolated as he enters the thronged cities, forsaken by those he loved and betrayed by his friends. He suffers then from what he calls an 'invincible horror of life,' and very soon the new revealed feeling, that man has no duty towards life, overpowers his shattered soul; he seeks within himself the cause of his despair, and questions the God of Harmony and Wisdom that had in his youth supported him and consoled his solitary wanderings; then, he believed himself to have reached the goal, when the truth of his existence lay in the hope of a future, for which he believed himself destined, and towards which this imperfect life was but a transitory passage. This philosophy had cradled his youth; why did it abandon him now that passion and despair were wringing his heart? No answer came, no argument presented itself to fix his wayward mind; the wreckage was complete; there was no alleviation to sorrow, no escape from passion, the remedies being either contemptible or futile, and suicide appeared to him as the act of a sage. In these five or six pages of Cleveland's soliloquy, Prévost, in the style of Pascal, laid bare the yearnings of souls in turmoil, enveloped in that 'melancholia' he is supposed to have bequeathed to the Renés, Obermanns, Rollas.

Some trivial incident prevents Cleveland from achieving his homicidal attempt, and soon after he is brought in contact with different doctrines of Belief, and for the first time he hears of a God besides the one of Nature and Reason, to whom he had till then been kneeling. He turns from the Roman Catholic priest to the Protestant minister, each of whom endeavours to bring him to his altar, but our hero listens to the controversy and, within his heart, concludes that man ought to be free, at least 'in the mode of worship,' and declares to his instructors that 'the injustice in compelling consciences.' Prévost intro-

Cleveland his new effect of history and politics more even than in the *Mémoires*. At Rouen, Lord Clarendon, driven from his country, abandoned by his King, meets Cleveland, and the duel fought between the man of nature and the man of religion is very effective; it is the starting-point in Cleveland's re-birth, as Christianity is revealed to him by the old duties of man towards society are preached by

the bitterly disappointed sceptic, who, notwithstanding the disillusion of his career, could not admit of any other mode of life than the one linked to public work and social duties. He strongly advises Cleveland not to leave the society of men, and to return to active life. Prévost brings back his hero to the world; at the French court he is in daily intercourse with Madame Henriette d'Angleterre and Louis XIV.; in England with Charles II. and all the leading men of his time, and when the mystery of his wife's desertion is cleared up, and his enemies scattered, Cleveland re-enters the arena of life to grasp the full meaning of human co-operation.

Prévost was accused by his co-religionists of Deistic tendencies, and although he repudiated publicly the accusation, and brought back Cleveland to a Christian view of life, still we are inclined to believe that Prévost did not escape their influence. Locke's letter on 'Toleration' inspired a great many of our Abbé's pages; Middleton's *Letters from Rome* appeared in 1729, and Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the World* in 1730. There is no doubt that Shaftesbury's optimistic view of the universe, modified by Butler's acceptance of life as a probation, strongly influenced our author in the development of Cleveland, and throughout the whole of his work we can safely affirm that, like Mandeville, he felt the hopelessness of judging morality from any fixed standpoint, assuming, with more pity than the sarcastic Swift, at times a Lilliput's point of view, at another a Brodningnag's. It is therefore most probable that the English school of Deism impressed the open-minded man and sincere thinker, who had said of the *Président de Thou*, in his translation of the latter's *Histoire*, 'He doubted when things appeared to him doubtful.'

L'Abbé Prévost had not yet looked into his own heart to search there for artistic effect; Cleveland was only a rhapsody on philosophical treatises and geographical report, to be more fully embodied later by the Abbé Raynal in his *History of the Indies*. When Prévost did look into his own heart, he brought forth a masterpiece—*Manon Lescaut*. To condense this immortal work in a few pages would be a sacrilege; besides, that tragic love-story lives for ever present to the memory of all readers, and

Prévost himself gave the key to this view of life in which we recognise the philosophy of Mandeville: 'This contradiction in the frame of man is the reason that the theory of virtue is so well understood, and the practice of it so rarely to be met with.'*

For love of Manon Des Grieux will commit any dishonourable action; for love of comfort, no, more truly through fear of misery, Manon will stoop to any degradation; without either of them imperilling the supremacy of the divine right of love which kindles within their two erring hearts. After exhausting that sum of evil given to every human being, our two lovers see that vice and folly are not the source of happiness, and alone in the deserts of America they turn to the God within them, and long for righteousness and peace. But fate wills it otherwise in cutting the Gordian-knot of their complicated lives at the very time when they begin to decipher life's hieroglyphics. It is the inevitable 'too late,' in which the much blamed destiny has less to do than our own impulses. Human beings are pushed heedlessly onwards by the inward force of passion, until one day Death, in front of them, hiding the future, holds a mirror which reflects the road behind, over which they have been rushing. There is no time for any more; one flash illumines all the past, one thought embraces the whole mass of mistakes, and darkness once more covers the scene.

Prévost remained more introspective in his work after this *chef d'œuvre*. The human heart offered him a wider scope for analysis, a more curious study of humourous incongruities: 'I have never known Passion from experience, and without that key one can never enter perfectly into the human heart.' †

The *Doyen de Killerine*, published in 1736, tells us from the beginning what we have to think of him, and, above all, what we have *not* to expect from him.

The Dean, a sort of Caliban, is left an orphan at the head of his family, and his prerogative of birthright and priesthood endow him with full command over their welfare, of which he certainly avails himself in shaping their existences as he thinks proper within his narrow ken. He marries off one of his brothers

* *The Fable of the Bees*. Mandeville.

† *Le Doyen de Killerine*.

against his will, prevents the other from wedding the object of his choice, and carries away from temptation his sister, who falls into worse predicaments than before, and he ultimately makes a complete muddle of all their destinies through his utter want of tact and his incompetence in worldly matters, besides frequently placing himself in situations most unfitted to his priestly gown. Human inconsistencies are, to his prejudiced mind, but the results of perversity, and when the rational arguments he opposes do not always stem the tide of passion, he briefly concludes it is futile to discuss with human beings. His eyes, wide open from astonishment, are never so for observation, and he passes human hieroglyphics without the slightest curiosity to read them ; his poor, deformed being is burning with indignation and intolerance, while a timid, tender heart, hiding under that uncouth apparel, will in time help to develop the man. For a long time the Dean does not learn anything from his contact with the world and intercourse with individuals ; and though he travels in several countries and mixes with all classes, he still retains his cherished prejudices, gauging men and women with the same unbendable rule, never once taking any other standpoint than his own. Herein lies principally the profoundness of Prévost's study, which anticipated by a few years the art of Richardson so unknown to France as yet, and to whom it came as a revelation, revolutionizing fiction by replacing 'galanterie' by sentiment, and shifting the scene of interest from the outward world to the heart, making all action develop there by means of inner conflicts.

Prévost's art in the *Doyen de Killerine* chiefly consisted in never allowing his narrator to step out of his frame and sit amongst the public ; the Dean remains subjective to the end, and his actions are their own commentaries ; his development is not marked by sign-posts on the road. As his mental growth is thoroughly unconscious, and one hardly notices when a prejudice crumbles away or when a new faith begins to wedge itself in ; so it is only when the reader has closed the last volume he is conscious of the struggle between what the Dean *believed* and what he was brought to accept. Prévost felt indubitably 'the pity' of that isolated heart that hid treasures of loving-kindness behind a

bulwark of intolerance and pitiless principles; he felt the Dean was doomed to loneliness in the midst of conflicting passions and mundane ambitions, because he lacked one thing that Cleveland possessed: Altruism. The soul and mind of another were the *Unknown* to that man whose ignorant callousness to human thrills had reduced him to a solitary unit; and as he did not possess any of the attributes which constitute a philosopher, peace of mind cannot have followed the discoveries he made throughout his life. He brought humanity to him to judge them from his levelling standard, placing all human beings in the foreground and condemning them for the want of proportion, which struck him as he looked so closely on them; he could not yet, and never did, step out of his circle, view the world and its inhabitants with their atmosphere round them, and in perspective to him and to each other.

An interesting study of feminine psychology is one of the Dean's sisters-in-law; the analysis does not come from our narrator, as he was utterly unable to read her enigmatic nature; but she lives through the book by her actions, and is brought into relief to make us recognize at once in a creation of the eighteenth century, a near relation to the Madame Bovary of the nineteenth.

Prévost possessed the realistic art of Fielding and Smollett, only in the construction of scenes and the grouping of his personages, for the Louis XIV. 'perruque' still sat uncomfortably on those Hogarthian heads and hampered their unclassical movements. The Dean's want of demonstrative sympathy is as great as his lack of humour, and these, together with his intense subjectivity, help to enhance the humour of scenes in which he is actor. Particularly in one scene is this anomaly most striking. The Dean decides to convert Madame de S., a thorough coquette, whose dominion over Patrice has lately been very pernicious. The lady, on her side, confides to a friend the Dean's request for an interview, and her own plan to receive him and make the 'naïf' priest fall into her snares. The scene is delightful, and by its intensity of purpose, reminds us of the English humourists, though the language remains more in keeping with the author's nationality. His humour consists in the incongruities of the

situations, not in the manner in which his personages express themselves, and Prévost brought into fiction that grim drollery, quite unknown to sunnier climes, and which even M. Taine failed to quite understand, as he fell into the mistake of judging Hogarth from the standpoint of a Michael Angelo or a Coreggio, denying him any artistic value on the plea that Beauty was not his sole aim.

Prévost admired Hogarth, and he must have studied his plates and paintings minutely, and have discovered that the effect was produced by two agents: the intensity of feeling in each individual, and the conflict of passions over each other, giving birth to that mongrel feeling, humour, child of tragedy and fun which gains life and power from contrasts, while wit only exists by homogenous qualities and objective purpose; the latter raises the laugh, where the former sways by a complex force, half terror, half buffoonery, wherein laughter has no place, but where pity plays one of the principal parts.

Prévost had developed that pity among the fogs of London, those fogs that Mazzini loved so much, and which helped him to concentrate his thoughts more deeply; it was not that pity of Diderot and of all the French humanitarians which united to that 'noble sin, Prodigality,' came from the fulness of the heart; but which arose from an inward seeking for commiseration for the sufferings of others.

L'Abbé Prévost read the heart of England as Samuel Johnson picked out the kernel of a book; assimilating greedily and nourishing his mind only with the vital element, leaving the husks to superficial observers. Our Abbé's genius found its impetus in this un-academic land, and whilst he took from his contemporaries their themes, he went for inspiration to the literature of the Elizabethan stage to find there that *Humanity* which struggled with itself and was not pleased with men—'no, nor women neither.' He had a prescience of the woman of modern fiction in *Manon Lescaut*; of that neurotic enigma, whose furbelows and patches do not hide entirely a soul capable of energy and even of idealism; in Fanny, the wife of Cleveland, we see a woman whose mission is not exclusively the rearing of children, but who shares with her husband the responsibility of

government over the tribe of Abaquis ; in the Dean of Killerrain we have already noted that Prévost had introduced to us an elder sister of Flaubert's celebrated creation, and in Dona Figuiérrez,* who puzzled him so much by her complex nature, did he not draw up the woman of the sixteenth century ? As learned as she was voluptuous, as brave as she was deceitful, and as cunning as she was *honnête homme*. L'Abbé Prévost was partial to these dual natures, and if modern philosophy has been modulating, *ad infinitum*, on two chords—Hamlet and Dr. Faustus—so the heroines of Sand, Flaubert, Hardy (we could not name them all from the self-dependent to the neuro-maniac), descend from Lady Anne, Rosalind, Portia, Duchess of Malfi, Ophelia. For Prévost, follies and even crimes were stages of development, and were to the soul what clouds are to the moon ; they pass and re-pass, rush and quicken over the luminous disc ; they may hide it for a time, but when they go they leave the orb as pure as ever. The mind has its lesion, the heart its wrinkles, but the soul lives eternally, and can shine as a diamond in the dull waters of the gutters, in the dark corner of a jail, under the rags of a tramp, and, who knows, beneath the tiara of a courtesan. In every one of his fictions he went straight to the individual, and only took into account the *sursum corda* of souls though their bodies may have grovelled in the mire. The *sursum corda* of Marguerite Gautier, Raskolnikof, and, in fact, of all complex natures who desire to achieve good, but who so often unconsciously do wrong.

Prévost reached the climax of feminine psychology in his last novel, *Histoire d'une Grecque Moderne*, written long after he had returned to France, and about the same time that he began to translate *Pamela*. This last novel of our author's is the one in which the art and complexity of character approach more closely to our modern fiction.

It is the study of a young slave in a harem, whose soul remains as unsullied as her mode of life is degrading. One day the narrator of the *Histoire* (a European on some mission to Turkey), invited by the Pacha to visit his seraglio, is attracted by the

* *The Dean of Killerrain.*

beauty of Théopbé, with whom he converses a short time, telling her the position held by women in Europe, the respect with which they are surrounded, and the liberty they enjoy. From that short interview a new life is revealed to Théopbé, who implores our hero to free her from the infamous life she has been leading. He buys her, and after many incidents, in which their lives are often risked, she passes from slavery to freedom. Théopbé had never yet loved; her subjection had been as unconscious of evil as it had been without inclination, and now that the awakening was complete, there remained within her heart but a profound horror of her past life, and the constant fear of seeing in others the contempt her degradation must inspire in them. Prévost is master in such psychological subtleties, and the whole interest of the book is centred in the minute analysis of a woman's character, without ever leaving the reader uninterested a moment.

One day Théopbé learnt a great truth; the dignity of womanhood was announced to her; for the first time she heard that no one had moral right of life or death over herself; from that day she was not only free but virtuous, and inspired her friend with a daily growing love fully justified in his eyes by her lofty mind and pure heart. He confesses his love to her, and, acting in accord with human contradiction, involuntarily insults the woman he raised and freed from depravity, entirely oblivious of his own inconsistency in asking her to sacrifice for him what she had reconquered, stifling his scruples with the fallacious excuse that her past absolved him from paying her the tribute exacted by an unimpeachable life. He reasoned that what had been so easily accepted by her when her heart remained unmoved ought to be natural now that by her free will she had chosen her master. Théopbé's refusal exasperates him, and tossed from one paroxysm of jealousy to another, he accuses and suspects her of every conceivable deceit; unable to understand a woman's enthusiasm at finding for the first time that redeeming power, self-respect, which makes her future pure and holy, and obliterates her past disgraces, as if they had never been.

‘What have I ever taught her that inspires her with so

fierce a virtue ?' exclaims the disappointed lover unschooled in feminine riddles. For a long time he is tortured by doubts, jealousy, suspicions, notwithstanding his admiration for her who daily gives him lessons in honour ; and in the end they come to an understanding, and shape their lives into a sentimental Platonic union, undisturbed for a certain lapse of time, but one day destroyed by Théopbé falling in love with a young seigneur she occasionally meets. Love comes into her life for the first time, the other affection was but friendship enhanced by gratitude ; and she has to face the conflict and make her choice. The course of love runs smoothly for a time, as our narrator accepts the position and gives Théopbé's hand to his happy rival who believes her to be the other's daughter ; but very soon events change the aspect of things, and our young lover hearing that she is not the daughter of the man she lives with, he naturally forms his own conclusion about their strange liaison, and abandons Théopbé. The latter, though broken-hearted, bears the shock bravely, and the two friends resume their former existence. From time to time the man indulges in excesses of rage and doubt, from which he inevitably returns humbled and undeceived, but only to fall again into fresh suspicions. At Théopbé's death, the book closes on an unsatisfactory query to destiny ; but perhaps a very human question put by a man whose opinion was never quite formed about Théopbé, and whose jealousy naturally incited him to suspect the woman who loved another, although she never had lied to him. Her only fault had been to live up to the standard of virtue he had taught her ; still he doubted her word, and at the last page committed his curious adventure and the solving of its intricate problem to the public's judgment, as to whether he had been right or wrong in placing ' his affection and esteem on that charming stranger ?'

Had Prévost read ' Roxana ' and learned from Defoe to employ those misty conclusions to fiction ? Had he lost in the nebulous atmosphere of this island that clear outline of French thought and mathematical reasoning, enveloping his mind in a *chiaroscuro* through which events appeared less defined, and

the muffled wail of human hearts seemed to ask questions that were never to be answered?

With the *Grecque Moderne*, we close the list of the Abbé Prévost's novels, at least those worth reading, for the *Mémoires d'un honnête homme*, the *Mémoires pour l'histoire de Malte*, and the *Campagnes philosophiques de Montcal*, do not commend themselves to our analysis, and will for ever remain buried in oblivion.

We have endeavoured to trace in Prévost's works the influence of the country he chose as a refuge, and we hope to have sufficiently proved that the two potent factors he left behind him to vivify future literature, were the English stage and literature. From Defoe he had borrowed the mode of placing the man of nature in his *milieu*, thus giving the cue to 'Atala,' '*Le dernier des Abencerages*;' and from the sixteenth century he took the intense subjectivity and tragic view of life, nurtured in that country in which spleen was a pathological study. Prévost's emotional nature lent itself to receive impressions, and while his tenderness developed into morbidity, his pathos was intensified, and he introduced a new power into fiction, Pity: the *leit-motiv* that is heard moaning throughout his work. Not from France had he imported his introspective faculty, nor the sorrowful pity from that country where humanity swayed from 'Berquinades' to 'Sans-culotisme.'

Prévost, as he grew older and his heart's hunger was appeased, must have realized that though by *Living*, '*on voit tout, et le contraire de tout*,' it does not help to understand life better, and that love, psychology, philosophy, are not in turn the key to open all hearts, that there always remains a secret closet to which the solver of all problems alone holds the key, and which the owner is utterly incapable of opening to anyone; hence the inexplicable riddles of a woman who sells herself for comfort, while she loves another, for whom she is ultimately capable of dying; of a man whose soul burns with the sacred fire of honour and enthusiasm for virtue, and all the time is working for the destruction of that honour, and accuses the

woman he has saved from degradation, suspecting her in the very name of the virtue he has taught her to practise.

Latterly the Abbé left human beings to discuss ideas; he translated Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, and all the works of that great Roman orator; translated the voluminous *History of Travels*, and finally wrote *Les Lettres de Mentor*, published in 1764, a year after his death. For a long time the book passed for the translation of an English work; M. Grimm thought so; even M. Brunetière thus speaks of it; but M. Harrisse is the first who tells us that the *Lettres* are Prévost's own, which makes this last study of his on England more vitally interesting to us, from the point of view of Prévost's time and the ignorance of his contemporaries about this country. From Voltaire to d'Holbach, and even to those who visited the island later, we can say that no one ever studied the *mœurs* but he either exalted the constitution, like Montesquieu, or panegyricized the system of Newton, like Voltaire, while he averted his nostrils from the 'enormous dung-heap of Shakespeare's work'; but no one viewed England and its customs from the inside like our Abbé who had written in the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*:—'It is to England that you must come to have the right of judging English people.' He judged from what he saw here, not, like the others, who condemned it for what they did *not* find; as they passed genius jauntily by because it was indecorous, scorned humour on the plea that it had no wit or *finesse*, and contemned pathos on account of its coarseness and want of false sentimentality. 'It is quite incontestable that this island has produced sublime geniuses, capable, with due encouragement, of reaching the highest that is attainable by human power. . . . But not only in philosophical sciences has England produced great examples. In Art also, which depends on the powers of imagination and the gift of taste, has England shown to what excellence she can reach. . . . Has she not writers of great distinction in the comic style? and can one refuse her the honour of possessing actually in that same style a painter whose talents are inimitable? (It is needless to name M. Hogarth to acquaint the public with this genius full of originality).'

He dared to mention the word genius in connection with Hogarth; a proof that he admired what was next to impossible for his countrymen even to understand, and appreciated in those immortal pictures the same humour and pity as are found in the plays of Heywood, Webster, Marlowe, etc. He could see that same humour in his daily strolls: philosophy meeting him at the corner of Fleet Street, pathos jostling him in a back lane of the Borough, and laughing fun everywhere.

He often regretted that a 'Literary Tribunal' did not direct English thought, and attributed to the loss of it the want of taste and frequent licence in the English poets; but he owned that freedom and boldness were the two causes of English genius. 'Let us conclude that it is owing to the national genius, to its freedom, its boldness, and to the richness of the language that we owe the power and loftiness of English poetry.'

And he summed up his letters on England by wishing that London were more permanently visited by the great of the kingdom, and that frequent Art exhibitions would bring to the fore English artists, and give impetus to Art by competition. Could the Abbé Prévost see the city he knew as it now is, he would smile gratefully at the posterity who treasures up every human effort, whatever it may be, and gives even to the smallest footnote in a book, its prophetic mission! 'It is easy to remark that the aim of all these observations is to incite English people to embellish London. It is lucky for England that the voice of a single citizen sometimes evokes useful reforms, but more fortunate still that that voice always possesses the freedom of utterance.'

At Chantilly, Prévost was able to philosophise at his leisure, and there death surprised him as he was pursuing his studies far away from the social throng. His end was in harmony with his first contemplative life in the Abbeys and Monasteries he visited; and if passion and folly disturbed his existence at various periods, they also helped to develop his genius and enlarge his store of experience; and were to his better self but as the twilight to the glory of day, or the dawn to the radiant sunrise; fugitive clouds that never obscured the

serenity of thought in the man to whom we can justly apply what Washington Irving said of Roscoe :—‘ The solitude of such a mind is its state of highest enjoyment; it is then visited by those elevated meditations which are the proper aliment of noble souls, and are like manna sent from Heaven in the wilderness of this world.’

FERNANDE BLAZE DE BURY.

ART. III.—KILMACOLM AND THE GLENCAIRNS.

Kilmacolm: A Parish History, 1100-1898. By JAMES MURRAY, M.A., Minister of the Parish. Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1898.

HISTORICALLY, Kilmacolm is not a great parish. Within its limits, ancient or modern, no great battle has been fought, no great council held, no great historical incident happened. Its inhabitants seem to have been born, to have eaten, fought, slept, done, or left undone, their daily duties, with one or two exceptions whom we shall have to notice, like most other people in any other parish in Scotland, who have done nothing to give their parish any more importance than the least known among the ecclesiastical districts in the kingdom. The parish, indeed, is almost in the enviable, or unenviable, position of being without a history. And yet, with the aid of the Register of the Abbey of Paisley, the manuscript Records of the Presbytery of Paisley, Pitcairn's *Trials*, Chalmers' *Caledonia*, the *Origines Parochiales*, a number of volumes issued under the authority of the Lord Clerk Register, a few well-known local books and histories of Scotland, and, without going very deeply into the subject, Mr. Murray has managed to write a very readable, attractive, and praiseworthy history of the parish, even though much that he has here and there written in it is inferential rather than historical, and sometimes just a little irrelevant to the history of the parish of Kilmacolm.

The Parish of Kilmacolm, which down to 1694 included the burgh of barony of Port-Glasgow and the Bay of Newark, touches the Clyde on the north, and runs southward, with the Parish of Erskine on the one hand, and the ancient Parish of Inverkip, which included Greenock, on the other, till it marches with the parishes of Kilbarchan and Lochwinnoch. It stands high and is fairly dry, considering its neighbourhood, upon the heights which separate Renfrew from Ayrshire, and which were known to the monks of Paisley as 'the moors,' and has long been known for the bracing and salubrious nature of its climate. The village is delightfully situated, and, until about twenty years ago, was a sort of sleepy hollow, a mere agricultural hamlet, with its smithy and carpenter's shop, but since then it has become a centre of villadom, being much resorted to by merchants and others from Glasgow for summer quarters or as a place of permanent residence. On this account, perhaps, but as likely as not on some other, within recent years an attempt has been made to change the name of the place from Kilmacolm to Kilmalcolm. To this foolish and ignorant attempt the Minister of the Parish lends no countenance. Practically, he gives the correct derivation and significance of the name and settles its pronunciation when he derives it from *kil*, a cell, the particle of endearment *ma* or *mo*, *my* or *dear*, and *Colm*, or *Columba*—the church of my dear or beloved Columba.

In early times the parish formed part of the kingdom of Strathclyde, which had its capital at Alcluith, or Dumbarton, and stretched southward to the Derwent, and included within its limits Cumberland and Westmoreland, with the exception of the baronies of Allerdale or Copeland in the former, and Kendal in the latter, and the counties of Dumfries, Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, and Peebles, in Scotland.* That Strathclyde was inhabited by the Cymric or Welsh Celts, as Mr. Murray says, is in the main true, but it is more likely that what has come to be known as the parish of Kilmacolm had for its early inhabitants Celts more akin to those who were dwelling in Cornwall and in the Highlands of Scotland than to the Cymri.

* Skene, *Celtic Scot.*, I., 235.

That the Damnonii, who belonged to the earlier Celts or Goidels, and were of the same race as the Dumnonii of Cornwall, dwelt along the southern shores of the estuary of the Clyde, seems to be generally admitted,* and the probability is that in the parish of Kilmacolm they preceded the Welsh, and were themselves in all likelihood preceded by that mysterious race, the Ivernians. But whether the Goidels or Brythons were first in the parish, few remains of its Celtic inhabitants have been found. Certain mounds remain, and one of them has been examined by archæologists, but apparently with no very definite result as to the people by whom it was raised. Of the place-names which survive, the majority indicate a Gaelic rather than a Welsh population.† Whether the place was ever visited by the Scots of Irish Dalriada does not appear, but it is not at all unlikely that in one or more of their many piratic expeditions up the Clyde, they landed in Newark Bay or on some other part of the Kilmacolm shore and carried away their captives, just as they carried away the future Patron Saint of their country from the shore on the opposite side of the Clyde. For the interesting statement, which occurs at the bottom of page 4, respecting the presence in the district of Kilmacolm of the greatest of all the Scots of Dalriada, one would like to have some other assurance than is vouchsafed by Mr. Murray. His words are: 'The visit of Columba to St. Mungo at Glasgow is historical, and as, on that occasion, he passed up the southern bank of the Clyde, he necessarily traversed a portion of Kilmacolm Parish.' Apparently the visit of St. Columba to St. Mungo is historical, but so far as we know there is no authority for the assertion that St. Columba journeyed on foot along the southern banks of the Clyde. Assuming, however, that he approached the Molindénar Burn from the direction indicated, though that may be questioned, he may have gone by the northern just as readily as by the southern bank, or he may have sailed up the river and landed at the mouth of the burn. Of the three, considering the

* *Ibid.*, I., 236; Rhys, *Celtic Britain*, 44, 152, 219, 291.

† See the lists given by Mr. Murray, pp. 3 and 258-60. Some of the names occurring in the latter list are of course English.

habits of the Saint and its comparative ease, one would say, in the absence of definite information, that the last mentioned is the one the Saint was most likely to take. But it is quite possible that he travelled overland, and took the opportunity as he journeyed to visit some of his missions. Mr. Murray is much nearer the truth, we imagine, when he conjectures that among those who visited his parish, at a somewhat later period, were the Norsemen.

When we come down to the year A.D. 946, we reach solid ground. In that year, according to the Saxon Chronicle, 'King Edmund harried all Cumbraland and gave it to Malcolm, King of Scots.' In the following century Duncan Canmore is styled rex Cumbrorum, and Malcolm filius regis Cumbrorum, and on his accession as Malcolm III. the latter doubtless ruled over all that his father had ruled, *i.e.*, over the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde as well as over Scotland, though, towards the close of his reign, Cumbria, to the south of the Solway, was wrested from him by William Rufus, who erected it into an earldom. On the death of Edgar, Cumbria, to the north of the Solway, was bequeathed to David, his younger brother, with the title of Comes, who, on his accession as David I. in 1124, finally united Kilmacolm with the rest of the northern part of Cumbria to the Scottish Crown.

So far it is impossible to discover anything of any great importance in the history of the parish, and it is impossible to discover anything of the kind in its subsequent history. As has been already said, much of what has transpired within its limits is similar to what has happened in most parishes in Scotland. Still, there are many incidents of much importance in connection with its history which are extremely interesting, and help to throw light upon the less known portions of the history of the country.

That there was a church in Kilmacolm in the twelfth century is known, but how long it had been there is not. Probably the original church of the district was built or founded, as Mr. Murray conjectures, by a disciple of St. Columba. It is doubtful, however, whether what is now known as the 'Old Church' was the original church. It may

almost certainly be said it was not. The first church may have been built of wood and wattles, after what was known as the Scots manner, or it may have been a rude stone building of an oval form, similar to some noticed by Mr. Muir in the Western Islands, or it may have been built of rough stones in a quadrilateral shape: but all that is mere conjecture. So also is Mr. Murray's idea that 'The first rudimentary conception of an ecclesiastical parish was the boundaries of a clan.' It is much more likely that the limits were determined by the conditions of population, and, where the Roman Government extended, by the divisions established by the civil power. The church in Kilmacolm may have felt the reforming hand of Queen Margaret or it may not, though it is likely that in one way or another it did. At any rate, by the year 1169 the Culdees, who had at first served the church, were gone. In that year it was under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Glasgow, and along with the other churches in Strathgryfe and their pertinents, with the exception of Inchinnan, which belonged to the Knights Templars, had been given by Walter the High Steward to his newly founded Benedictine Monastery at Paisley. Another church existed in the district, the Chapel of Syde, built and endowed by Lord Lyle of Duchal. Apparently it was what would now be termed a private chapel, being designed for the use of the lord of the manor and his retainers. It seems to have been served by the domestic chaplain of the Lyles. As was usual, the parish church was served by a vicar appointed by the monastery, and doing duty there in place of the brethren. Mr. Murray has discovered the names of a few of these vicars, but none of them is of any particular fame. Nothing is known of their characters or of the influence they had. After the fashion of the times, they were entitled to the prefix 'Sir' *—a prefix

* Mr. Murray's explanation of this term is in some respects correct, but the explanation Nares given in his *Glossary* is worth quoting:—'A title formerly applied to priests and curates in general; for this reason: *dominus*, the academical title of a bachelor of arts, was usually rendered by *sir* in English at the universities. So that a bachelor who in the books stood *Dominus* Brown, was in conversation called *Sir* Brown. . . . Therefore as most clerical persons had taken that first degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*.'

which continued to be used in England long after the time of Henry VIII., and does not seem to have been dropped there until it was supplanted by the modern 'Reverend.' Whether the vicars were appointed regularly, and whether when appointed they served the parish with fidelity, there is nothing to show. Mr. Murray fears that it is almost certain that there were long intervals in which there would be no stated minister, but only occasional visits from one of the monks of Paisley. Judging from what happened in other parishes, Mr. Murray's fears are probably well grounded, but as a matter of fact, there are no records, with the exception of a note here and there as to the value of the teinds and their collection, and the annual rental of certain fishings belonging to the charge, all of which go to show that the living was of no great value, and that in all probability it was not one that was much sought after or that would be easily filled when vacant.

As to the industrial and social condition of the parish during the Catholic period of its history, there is little information. The feudal lord was, of course, the High Steward. Under him were the Lyles of Duchal and the Dennistouns of Dennistoun, whose chief seat was at Finlaystone. The lands of the former lay on the left bank of the Gryfe, and those of the latter on the right. For the most part the superiors kept them in their own hands, and had them tilled by their men and slaves. The rest were let to tenants and cottars. All would require to follow their chiefs and take part in their wars and quarrels, of which both the Lyles and the Dennistouns had usually quite enough on their hands. As to their life at home or their occupations, when not engaged in fighting, or their general social condition, it was in all likelihood the same as that of the inhabitants of other lowland parishes, and the following may be taken as a fairly accurate description :—

'The houses were of the poorest and rudest description. Sometimes they were of wood or of wattles filled in with clay or "dry stane" without mortar, and usually roofed in with "divots." Glass was unknown, and the openings for windows were either wanting altogether, or exceedingly small. Let us take a glance into the kitchen of a tolerably well-to-do Kilmacolm farmer of the period. Along one side was arranged the "dresser," and on it stood the "mawne" or basket for bread, and the "boisie" or

meat trencher. Above it, was the "haik" or the rack on which was arranged the family plate of pewter, or more commonly, of wood. In the corner stood the "awmrie," in which were kept the household stores, and the "boyne" or "bowie" for liquor. Perhaps there might also sometimes be seen—the guid wife's pride—the "buisst" or napery chest, though usually, the store of napery would be scanty enough. There was not lacking a certain amount of rough comfort. When, after the day's work was over, the family gathered around the fire of peat or heather, seated on the long settle, or "bink," and tales of saints or fairies, or other "ferlies," were told, and songs sung, doubtless there was much simple mirth and enjoyment. The glow of the fire served them for light, but if more illumination was needed there were resinous fire-spills dug out of the bogs, or the oil "crusie." The rich imported from abroad "long candles," but these were to be found only in the hall or castle. In good times food would be plentiful, though for the most part the poor crofter lived through the winter on "drummock" and water kale.'

They had their out-door amusements as well as the rich. 'Sunday,' as Mr. Murray remarks, 'was the poor mau's holiday.' After Mass, when the weather was fine, there was dancing and merry-making on the village green, and though in the fourteenth century it was forbidden to spend the 'haill' Sunday in playing golf and football, there was no legal reason why part of the day should not be so spent, and the likelihood is it was so spent, just as in Lancashire part of the Sunday was spent in playing at skittles as late as the times of the Puritans. Later on, when, in 1457, the playing of either of the two games on Sunday was entirely forbidden, shooting was practised, every grown man being compelled under penalty to shoot at least six arrows at the butts. In summer, too, there would be bowling and the 'penny-stanes' or quoits; in winter curling, and at all time throwing the hammer.

With the Reformation a change came over the parish, and for a moment or two it flashes out into public notice. In the spring of 1556 Knox preached and celebrated the Communion of the Lord's Supper in Kilmacolm at Finlaystone House with Glencairn, his Countess and two sons, and 'certane of his freindis.' A tree in the Finlaystone grounds is sometimes pointed out as the place where it was celebrated, and Mr. Murray adds the tradition that the Communion cups used on this occasion were silver candlesticks reversed, the hollow

foot forming the cup. 'These cups,' he further adds, 'were regularly lent to the Parish Church for each Communion up to 1796, when they were finally delivered to the Countess of Glencairn at her request. That Knox celebrated the Communion at Finlaystone in the spring of 1556 according to the Genevan or Protestant rite need not be doubted. We have his own word for it. But that candlesticks were used, as Mr. Murray's tradition describes, is scarcely credible. If they were, it was certainly not creditable. The truth of the story, however, may be questioned. In the Kirk Session Records quoted by Mr. Murray only 'cups' are spoken of; the members of the Kirk Session speak of 'Communion cups,' and the Countess, when requesting their delivery, uses the same words; and it is extremely unlikely that either the one or the other would commit so violent a blunder as to confuse cups with candlesticks, much more Communion cups. But true or false, Knox's worst enemy could scarcely invent a story more to his prejudice.

The tradition, we imagine, is just about as credible as Mr. Murray's second 'source' or cause of the spread of the Reformation movement. He is no believer in the saying that every Scotsman is a born theologian, or that 'Scotsmen have ever, except for a brief and exceptional period in their history, been given to theology.' 'Their *perfervidum ingenium*, that has made them religious,' has preserved them, he believes, 'from becoming theological,' and says: 'The chief popular sources of the Reformation I take to be these two: first, the universal sense of oppression that appealed directly to all, and, second, that which is, as it has always been, characteristic of the Scottish people, the sense of humour.' One scarcely knows whether to take Mr. Murray seriously. Beyond a reference to Lyndsay's Satires he adduces no proof whatever of his singular discovery. Satire is not humour, even when it raises a laugh. It may be admitted, however, that Lyndsay and his satires had much to do with spreading the Reformation in Scotland; but so also had the satirical writings of Erasmus with its spread in England and on the continent; and if humour is to be credited with being one of the sources of the movement in Scotland,

the same must be true of it in regard to the movement in other Protestant countries as well. And if so, what becomes of Mr. Murray's claim for humour as a peculiar characteristic of the Scottish people? A good deal more might be said on the subject if space permitted, but with all deference to Mr. Murray we will venture to say that his first 'source' is to a certain extent right, and that his second is wrong. The causes of the Reformation and its spread in Scotland were in reality more numerous and diverse than he seems to suspect. Chief among them were the unfaithfulness and scandalous lives of many of the clergy, and the fierce and intolerant and interested activity of a comparatively small minority among their opponents. That the movement was so universal and spontaneous, or that it had its roots so deeply set in the mind of the people, as Mr. Murray seems to assume, and as Dr. M'Crie and others would have their readers believe, can now, with the facts which are continually coming to light, scarcely be maintained. When the first excitement was over, symptoms of a strong tendency in the direction of a return to the old Church were not infrequent. If the old Church was unpopular, so also, after a short trial, was the Reformed, and it required all the vigilance, all the dourness, and all the intolerant zeal of the Presbyteries, backed up by the secular arm, to secure the attendance of many of the people at the long sermons and bare services with which Knox had supplanted the ancient forms of worship. This is brought out again and again in the material which Mr. Murray has happily borrowed from the Records of the Presbytery of Paisley. There is much more to the same effect in the same Records in connection with other parishes in the Presbytery. As Glencairn and his Countess, Lady Duchal, Marion Cunninghame, and Robert Algeo were 'delaited,' prayed for, and persecuted in the one part of the Presbytery, so the Earl and Countess of Abercorn, Lady Cathcart and others were subjected to similar treatment elsewhere. A poor piper, who had ventured to enliven Yuletide by playing upon his pipes in Kilmacolm, was so terrified by a citation to appear before the Presbytery, that rather than face that intolerant body he fled

the country. Similar facts may be gleaned from the records of other Presbyteries. Whether the elders in Kilmacolm acted as ecclesiastical policemen, Mr. Murray does not say. Probably his Kirk Session Records contain no intimation that they did; probably there was no need for them acting in that capacity, the eye of the minister alone being quite sufficient to detect the absentees in his small congregation on Sundays. In more populous places, however, the towns or parishes were divided into districts, as, for instance, in Glasgow, and the elders sent out during the celebration of divine service to spy out who were staying at home, and to report those they found to the Kirk Session for punishment. The fact is that for many years Presbyterianism, whether with or without bishops, had in Scotland a hard struggle to exist, while its influence upon the morality of the people, which after all is the backbone of religion, was but slight.

Anyhow, with the Reformation there came in Kilmacolm, as there came in almost all parts of the country, a change, but chiefly a change in the modes of worship, perhaps to some extent in modes of thought, though it can scarcely be said in morals or in the essentials of religion. Some superstitions were laid, and the spirit of rationalism was sent abroad. Over-shadowing all was the minister and the Presbytery. And much that Mr. Murray has to relate of his parish from 1560 down to comparatively recent times is in connection with the efforts of the Presbytery to stamp out that which they deemed to be heresy, to compel conformity, and to find out witches; and the pages in which these efforts and their results are described are among the most interesting in his volume; and as drawn from authentic and official and hitherto unpublished records, among the most valuable.

So far as we know the most ancient family said to have been connected with Renfrewshire is that of Caw, commonly called Caw Cawlwydd or Caw Prydyn, one of whose sons was Gildas. In the life of St. Cadoc a curious legend is preserved in connection with this family. After visiting Jerusalem and travelling in Ireland St. Cadoc set out for Scotland, reached St. Andrews, and then returning on his steps, began

to build a monastery, apparently in the parish of Cambuslang on the Clyde, the parish Church of which is dedicated to him. While busy digging for the foundations near the 'montem Bannauc,' identified by Dr. Skene with the Cathkin hills, which run through the adjoining parish of Carmunnock (formerly Carmannock), and separating Ayrshire from Renfrewshire, in which they terminate, there appeared to the Saint a giant who informed him that his name was Caw Prydyn, and that he had formerly been a king who reigned beyond the mountain Bannauc. Dr. Skene finds the name Bannauc in Carmannock, B passing into M in Welsh in combination, and points out that Caw is thus represented in the legend as reigning in Strathgryfe or Renfrewshire. Whether he made the parish of Kilmacolm his residence or what happened during his reign is not known. The only other fact given in connection with him is that he was the progenitor of a numerous race of Welsh saints.*

The most conspicuous if not historically the oldest of the families of the parish is the Dennistons, afterwards merged in the Cunninghams. They are first mentioned in the original charter of the barony of Houston, granted in the reign of Malcolm IV. (1153-1165), in which the barony is described as bounded by the 'lands of Danziel,' which, as Mr. Murray remarks, 'are manifestly Denuiston.' This Danziel or Daniel was one of the knights of the High Steward, who bestowed on him the lands of Dennistoun about the same time as Ralph received the lands of Duchal. Hugh Dalneston, Knight, swore the oath of fealty to Edward I. in 1296, as appears from the Ragman Roll. In 1367 Sir John de Danvelston was keeper of the castle of Dumbarton, and sat as one of the barons in the Parliament of 1371. In 1361 he witnessed a charter of Robert, Earl of Strathearn, conveying certain grants to the monks of Paisley. His son, also Sir Robert, received, in 1370, from King Robert the Bruce, most likely for services rendered in the War of Independence, the barony of Glencairn in Dumfriesshire. On

* Skene, *Ancient Books of Wales*, 173; Rees, *Cambro-British Saints*, 56, 349.

his succession, three years later, Robert II. confirmed to him by charter the lands of Dennistoun, described as a £40 land, and Finlaystone 'in the Barony of Renfrew and Shire of Lanark,' to be held in free barony; and in the following year he received another charter from the same monarch conferring upon him the lands of Mauldsly and Kilcadyow, and in 1391 his estates were still further increased by a grant of King Robert III. of the lands of Stanely, near Paisley. In a charter granted by Malcolm Fleming, Knight, lord of Biger and Leigne, in favour of his grandson, William Boyd, lord of Galvane, and confirmed by the King at Rothesay, 7th June, 1397, he appears as a witness, under the style of Sir Robert of Danyelstoun, lord of that ilk.* He died about 1400-5, leaving two daughters. One of them, Margaret, married, in 1405, Sir William Cunningham of Kilmaurs, and conveyed to him as her dowry the baronies of Dennistoun and Finlaystone in Renfrewshire, the lands of Kilmaronock in Dumbartonshire, and Glencairn in Dumfriesshire. The other, Elizabeth, married Sir Robert Maxwell of Calderwood, and had for her portion the lands of Mauldsly, Kilcadyow, Stanely, etc., and the barony of Nether Finlaystone or Newark. Walter Dennistoun, a younger brother of Sir Robert, entered the Church, and after a somewhat restless and stormy career was consecrated bishop of St. Andrews in 1402, in return for the castle of Dumbarton, which he had seized and refused to surrender to Albany on any other terms. In 1544 a Mr. John Dennystoun witnessed a bond of manrent by William Montgomery of Langschaw, Knight, to James, Earl of Arran, etc., at Linlithgow. Among the other witnesses is John, Abbot of Paisley. †

Sir William Cunningham of Kilmaurs, who in right of his wife succeeded to the lands of Denniston and the barony of Finlaystone, belonged to one of the oldest families in Scotland. He traced his descent back to Warmbaldus de Cunningham, who is heard of about the year 1100. A man of considerable wealth and ability, Sir William took a prominent

* *Hist. MSS. Report*, X., i. 8.

† *Hist. MSS. Com. Report*, XI., vii. 36.

part in public affairs. He also founded the Church of Kilmaurs in 1403, enriched the Abbey of Kilwinning with the lands of Grange, witnessed a confirmation of grants to the Abbey of Paisley by Robert II. in 1393, and another in 1404, and took part in the battle of Harlaw in 1411. He died in 1418, and was succeeded by his son Sir Robert, who married Anna, not Janet, as Mr. Murray says, eldest daughter of Lord Montgomery. Sir Robert sat as a baron of Parliament on the trial of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and his sons, and in 1434, two years before the murder of King James, in the monastery of the Black Friars at Perth, was appointed to the command of Kintyre and Knapdale.

One important matter in which this Sir Robert had a large hand, and which had serious consequences, Mr. Murray altogether omits. Some of the incidents connected with it he narrates, but does not appear, so far as we can gather, to have appreciated their significance. We may therefore supplement his story.

In 1366 Robert, Steward of Scotland, Earl of Strathern, granted to Sir Hugh Eglinton the office of the bailiery of Cunningham, and in 1370 appointed him chamberlain of Irvine. The office seems to have descended to his grandson, Sir John Montgomery, Lord of Ardrossan. As already said, Anna, the eldest daughter of Sir John, was married to Sir Robert Cunningham, Lord of Kilmaurs, in 1425. In the marriage contract between the parties it was stipulated that 'the said Schir Robert sal joyse and browk the Balzery of Conyngham, with al the profytis pertenande til it, for the terme of his lyfe; and the said Schir Robert is oblist at he sal not mak na ger mak the said Balzery sekirar til him, na til his ayris, in the mentyme na he was in to the entra of the Balzery; the said Schir Jone Mungumry and his ayris hafand recourse to the said Balzery efter the dede of the said Schir Robert, in the same forme and effect as it was in the tyme of the makyng of thir enidentys.'

Some of the other stipulations in the contract are very curious, but the above is all that we need to concern ourselves with here. The point to be observed is that the bailiery was

given to Sir Robert only for the remainder of his life, and not to his heirs and successors. The Cunninghams, however, on his death sought to ignore this limitation, and claimed the bailiery for the family. The consequence was a long and bitter feud.

In 1448, the office was again formally bestowed by the Crown upon Alexander, the eldest son of the first Lord Montgomery. His son, the second Lord, succeeded him in the office, and in 1482 procured a transumpt of the chief documents relating to it. Six years later a stronghold of the Cunninghams, the house of Kerriellaw, was pulled down and destroyed by Hugh, Lord Montgomery, probably as a retaliation, and in October of the same year, 1488, for good and grateful service done to the King, the offence was remitted. On June 4, 1498, the King, James IV., granted to Hugh, Lord Montgomery, another charter of the office, and two days later issued letters to his subjects in the bailiery of Cunningham and burgh of Irvine commanding them to obey Lord Montgomery. In the same year Lord Kilmaurs was required to find security to keep the peace.

The feud, however, still went on. At last a stop was apparently put to it in 1509, when a Decree Arbitral was pronounced by consent of both parties declaring that Hew, Earl of Eglintoun, had full and heritable right to the office of bailiery of Cunningham, enjoining both parties to 'hertfully forgiff vthers all rancour and malice betwix thame,' and fixing certain sums to be paid as amends for hurt and damage. The quarrel soon broke out again, and in 1523 another Decree Arbitral, which enumerated no fewer than twenty-two raids or 'spulzeis' made by the Cunninghams, was pronounced by consent of both parties. In this Decree the arbiters again find for the Earl of Eglinton. As to the 'spulzeis, heirschippis, damnagis and skaithis' done by the Earl of Glencairn and his son to the Earl of Eglinton and his friends, the former were adjudged to pay £1,218 14s. 3d. Scots, in full contentment of all such, less certain sums to be paid for 'spulzeis' done by the Montgomeries on the Cunninghams, which reduced the

sum actually paid to £418 Scot. The parties were further bound to keep the peace under a penalty of £3000 Scots.

Decrees Arbitral, however, seem to have been powerless to quell the strife. In 1528, only five years after the last Decree Arbitral, Eglinton Castle was burned down, and all the charters of the family destroyed, by William Cunningham, son of Cuthbert, Earl of Glencairn, and certain accomplices, and the feud may be said to have culminated on 18th April, 1586, when Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglinton, was murdered by the Cunninghams. That this murder was deliberately planned by the Cunninghams is put beyond doubt by the certain bonds recently published, in which James, the seventh Earl of Glencairn, agrees to shelter the perpetrator of the crime, Cunningham of Robertland, whom he undertakes to maintain at the hazard of his life, and refers to the conspiracy as one for revenge.*

Sir Robert, who may be said to have induced this long and sanguinary quarrel, or at anyrate to have helped to lay its beginnings, unintentionally, of course, by his marriage with Anna, the daughter of Lord Montgomery, was succeeded by his son Alexander, who, for his services to James II., was in 1455 created a peer of the realm under the title of Lord of Kilmaurs. He stood by James III. during his minority, and in 1488, just before the insurrection broke out, was made Earl of Glencairn. He fell at Sauchie. The family's new title was revoked by James IV., and Robert, who succeeded the first Earl, was known only as Lord of Kilmaurs. He died in 1490, and was succeeded by his son Cuthbert, against whom the arbiters found in 1509. He was allowed to resume the earldom, and married Marjory Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Angus, who was one of the arbiters just referred to. In 1527 he erected Kilmaurs into a burgh of barony. Most of his time, however, seems to have been taken up with the feud about the bailiery. In this he was energetically supported by his son William, who succeeded him in the earldom, in or about 1540.

* *Hist. MSS. Com. Rep.*, X., i. 2, 11, 16, 18, 21, 23, 24, 29.

William, the fourth Earl, distinguished himself in other ways, though not to his credit. For many years before he succeeded his father he had been in the pay of the English. In 1516 Dacre, the English Ambassador, wrote to Wolsey that he was doing his best to separate the Regent and his nobles, and that for that purpose 'I have the Master of Kilmaurs kept in my house secretly, which is one of the greatest parties in Scotland.' Mr. Murray does not put the matter a bit too strongly when he says, 'we find the young lord in the thick of every conspiracy of the period.' He was one of the 400 who, in 1525, scaled the walls of Edinburgh, where Parliament was sitting, and demanded a change of government. Along with Lennox he supported Arran against the Regent Albany, and from first to last was a consistent traitor to his Sovereign. Taken prisoner at Solway Moss, where his presence is somewhat suspicious, he signed, along with Cassilis and others, a compact in which an undertaking was solemnly given to sustain the pretensions of Henry VIII. against Scotland, and to admit English garrisons into its fortresses. In March, 1543-4, Henry VIII. wrote to him and Angus that they had written very obscurely without stating in what they require to know his Majesty's pleasure, but that in case they conduct themselves towards his Majesty like men of honour and courage, as he has no doubt they will, they shall not want the aid at his hands that they can reasonably demand.* A subsequent letter shows that they were anxious that a 'main army' should be sent into Scotland for their relief.† In the following year a commission was issued to the Earl of Argyll and others which sets forth that 'Williame, Erll of Glencairne, being continualie in company with Mathew, Erll of Lennox . . . in all his tressonabill dedis, havand intelligence wyth owre auld innemyis of Inglande, now in tyme of weir, to the gret apperand dampnage and skaith of this our realme and liegis therof, wythout haisty remeid be put therto.' For which reasons the Earl of Argyll and others named were empowered to charge the keepers of the House of Finlaystone to deliver

* *Salisbury Papers*, I., 23.

† *Ibid.*, I., 32.

it up to be kept in name of the Queen, and authorised to 'raise fire gif neid be,' etc.* Three years later (1547), the Earl was in constant correspondence with the Protector Somerset, sending him all the news he or his spies could gather of the Governor's forces and intentions, up to the eve of Pinkie, and among other things proposed to raise a rebellion in the west, and to fortify Ardmore on the Clyde. Mr. Murray avoids the mistake of making him meet his death on the field of Pinkie. Though sometimes said to have been slain there, as a matter of fact he was not, the Governor having prohibited him from going.† The exact date of his death is unknown. He was in Council with the Queen Dowager at Stirling on January 12th, 1547-8. The following month he was engaged with Angus and others trying to raise the West,‡ and was dead by 22nd April following.§ Needless to say he was on the side of the Reforming party.

He was succeeded by his son Alexander, the fifth earl, who had been in France, and on his return had been detained in England as security for his father's good behaviour. He was the author of the *Epistle of the Holye Armitie of Allarit*, and though suspected of Protestant tendencies, was in 1542 appointed Governor of Kintyre. Subsequently he openly joined the Protestant party. It was to him and his countess and children that Knox administered the Sacrament at Finlaystone in the spring of 1556, and it was on his invitation that Knox returned from Geneva to head the Protestant party. After this he became a sort of right-hand man to Knox, and was in constant communication with the English Government. In 1560 he received a commission to destroy all 'monuments of idolatry,' and some of the most magnificent of the ecclesiastical buildings in the West still bear the marks of his vandalism and fiery zeal. He carried the sword at the coronation of James VI., and was conspicuous in hunting down the adherents of Mary. He died in 1574. Mr. Murray is of opinion that he was 'the noblest of the Glencairns.' He is also of opinion that

* *Hist. MSS. Com.*, IV., 488.

† Bain, *Calendar of Scottish Papers*, I., 16.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 62, 79.

§ *Ibid.*, p. xi.

the zeal of the 'Good Earl,' as he was called, for Protestantism was 'perhaps tainted by bigotry,' but thinks that he 'was at any rate sincere and conscientious.' The apology is weak. Sincerity and conscientiousness are not always lovely, and unmixed with tolerance and charity are apt to become a cloak for maliciousness.

William, the sixth Earl, was one of the Council of Regency. His connection with the Raid of Ruthven brought him under the displeasure of the king. He died about the year 1582.

It was under his successor, James, the seventh earl, that the feud in connection with the bailiery of Cunningham culminated in the murder of Hugh, fourth Earl of Eglinton. Among the Eglinton papers are certain memoranda and letters which show the part he had in it, and as they have been entirely overlooked by Mr. Murray, we may as well set down the report upon them:—

'These papers are six in number, two bonds by the Earl of Glencairn, three letters, writers not known, and a memorandum giving a clue to the somewhat mysterious tenor of the letters. The first bond by the Earl is dated 8th March, 1585-6, about six weeks before the death of the Earl of Eglinton, and binds the granter to keep unhurt and unpursued Alexander Cuninghame of Craigans [Craigends], and that until the settling of matters "succeidand vpoun the said interprys," and the Earl specially binds himself to "mantene the said Laird of Craganis, as vtheris my freindis interprysaris of the said caus, to the hasart of my lyiff, landis, and the lyiffis of all that will do for me." Signed at Fynlastoun; witnesses, David Conynghame of Robertland, Alexander Conyngham of Rois, the Earl's brother-german, Alexander, Commendater of Kilwinning, and John Conyngham in Corsall, whom the Earl describes as "my freindis foirsaid, quhome vnto I have communicat my mind heirin." The nature of the "interprys" is not stated, but may be inferred from a bond, dated two months later, in which the Earl states "vpoun the commoun iniureis done to me and my freindis be vmquhill Hew Erle of Eglyntoun it wes concludit befoir me be certane of my freindis, sic as Alexander Abbot of Kilwinning, David Conynghame of Robertland, Alexander Conynghame of Aitkett, and Johnne Conynghame in Corsall, with the consent of sindrie vther my freindis, that rewengment soud be socht of the saidis iniuries; quhairvpoun it is fallen out that the said Erle of Eglyntoun is slane." The Earl then binds himself to maintain the said David and the others to the hazard of his life, etc. Dated at Kilmarnock, 6th May, 1586. The memorandum states that the Earl of Eglinton's intended murder was referred to among the conspirators as "the lytill particulare," and they

themselves were called "commowneris," which terms are intended to explain unintelligible sentences in the letters.*

Of the many accusations which were brought against the Earl, and of their consequences, Mr. Murray gives some interesting particulars from Pitcairn, and then adds the somewhat amusing remark: 'On the whole, the Earl seems to have filled the place in public affairs to which his high rank called him!' No doubt he did, but in a very queer fashion. The Earl and his Countess were much troubled by the Paisley Presbytery on the score of religion, but Mr. Murray thinks that notwithstanding the suspicions of that grave body, 'Glencairn continued faithful to Protestantism.' We doubt very much whether any one, knowing the Earl's character, or after reading what we have said above, will give the said Earl so good a character. The Earl died in 1627, and was succeeded by his son, William, who married Janet, daughter of the Earl of Lothian.

William, the ninth Earl, distinguished himself by the services he rendered to Charles I. and Charles II. Though a leading Covenanter, his sympathies were always with the king. By the Kirk he was regarded as one of her most devoted sons, and in 1642 the Presbytery of Paisley appointed him one of their representatives to the General Assembly. He commanded one of the regiments of the Scots Covenanting army, and more than once earnestly entreated his Presbytery 'to supply his regiment with preaching.' He fought against Montrose at Kilsyth in 1646, and, as a supporter of the Engagement for the rescue of Charles I., was in 1649 deprived of his earldom by Argyll and his followers. In 1651 he was one of the Royalists admitted to the reformed Committee of Estates, and, having announced his readiness to again do service on behalf of the king, in March, 1653, Charles sent him a commission appointing him Commander-in-Chief in Scotland until Middleton should arrive from the Hague. In the Highlands he raised a considerable following, and was promptly, on the production of the king's commission, chosen commander. But

* *Com. His. MSS.*, X., i. 29.

jealousies soon broke out, and before the year ended, Balcarres, between whom and Glencairn there was much bad blood, proposed that the command should be transferred to a committee, a proposal which the king's commission at once set aside. While Lorne and Kenmure went to Argyllshire, Glencairn made a raid on Falkland, where he took an officer and several men prisoners, for whose release Lilburne, who was then in command of Cromwell's troops, and who found Glencairn too nimble for him, had to pay. Middleton landed at Tarbatness towards the end of February, 1654, and took over the command of the forces. To this Glencairn made no objection, but when he learned that Monro was to be second in command, while they were being entertained to dinner by Middleton, a quarrel broke out between them. A duel was arranged. Glencairn slashed Monro over the left hand and forehead, and, but for the intervention of his own body-servant, would have slain him. A fortnight later Glencairn left the army in high dudgeon. At the surrender of Dumbarton he was sent a prisoner to Edinburgh, where, through his name being accidentally omitted from the general amnesty proclaimed by the Government, he nearly lost his life. While incarcerated in Edinburgh, commissioners arrived from the Presbytery of Paisley to 'deal' with him for certain irregularities in his moral conduct. With the Restoration, in 1660, his fortunes revived, and, as a reward for his services, he was made Chancellor of Scotland. Though compelled to take measures against the Presbyterians, he is said to have done what he could to protect them, and one not much inclined, as Mr. Murray remarks, to be friendly towards him, testified that he died much regretted by them. His death took place, May 30, 1644.

His son, and successor, had the reputation of being a man of 'exemplary piety,' or of being a sound Presbyterian. He held the earldom for six years, and at his death in 1670 was succeeded by his brother, Alexander, who married Mary, daughter of the Earl of Mar. A strong partisan of the Government, he assisted in the persecution of the Covenanters, though, as was the case with his father, he is said to have pro-

tected some of them. He kept up considerable state, and one of the three wonders of Renfrewshire in his day was 'how Glencairn lived so handsomely on such an estate.' He died in 1703, and was succeeded by his son, William, who took an active part in connection with the Treaty of Union, and, besides being a member of the Privy Council, held the post of Governor of Dumbarton Castle. He died in 1734, and was succeeded by his son William, the thirteenth Earl, who, by a wealthy marriage with Betty M'Guire, added the estate of Ochiltree, which her father had purchased for £25,000, to the Glencairn estates, which by this time had become greatly impoverished. In addition to Ochiltree, Betty brought diamonds to the value of £45,000 to the Earl. Her marriage is said to have been not happy. The fourteenth Earl, who succeeded his father in 1775, was elected one of the Scottish Representative Peers in Parliament. Hard pressed for money, he sold to the Marchioness of Titchfield in 1786 the estate of Kilmaurs. He knew Burns the poet, and entertained him at Finlaystone House. He died in 1791, and was succeeded by his brother John, the fifteenth Earl, who died without issue, in 1796, when the title became extinct, and the estate passed to Robert Graham, whose father, Nicol Graham of Gartmore, had in 1732, married Margaret, daughter of William, the twelfth Earl.

Mr. Murray has also several interesting chapters on the Cunninghams of Cairncurran, descended from William, younger son of the first Earl of Glencairn; the Maxwells of Calderwood, the Lyles and the Porterfields of Duchal, who go back to the year 1170, and claim as high an antiquity for their family as the Cunninghams or the Lyles. They are at present represented by Sir M. R. Shaw Stewart, the fourth baronet of Ardgowan, who owns in the parish of Kilmacolm not only the greater part of the old barony of Duchal, but also a large portion of the original lands of Dennistoun.

ART. IV.—THE MOROCCO PIRATES.

MOROCCO has been left so far behind of late, that it is very difficult to realise the awe which it was able to inspire in Europe even to the beginning of the present century. The consequence is that when something akin to piracy takes place upon its coast, European statesmen altogether underestimate the importance of the matter. And since international jealousies prevent any one of the Powers from annexing the country, they are content to accept what they can obtain by way of compensation, and say no more, oblivious of the moral effect which such unsatisfactory arrangements have on the Moorish nation, and of the danger to which Europeans and their interests are thereby exposed. The Moors, like all other Orientals, fully respect one thing only, and that is a strong and just hand, but they must feel it to appreciate it. While, notwithstanding their real lack of strength, by reason of their daring, and the ignorance of their foes as to their condition, they remained the terror of the western seas, the way in which they treated Europeans was disdainful beyond measure. Those who had the misfortune to reach their shores were subjected to every possible indignity, and, if slaves, to most inhuman cruelty. So soon as piracy was put an end to, and they were compelled to recognise their own inferiority, the lot of Europeans in Morocco steadily improved, till, within a century their position has developed from one of sufferance to one which the Moors may well envy—one which affords the best of object lessons on the benefits which even a leaven of Christian principle confers upon a nation.

Concerning the origin of Moorish piracy, reliable data are unfortunately scarce. Some have attributed it to the vengeance of the Moors expelled from Spain, but there is evidence that long before their expulsion the rovers of Salli, ever the foremost port in this business, had swept the sea, and as the people who were driven out of the Peninsula had never been sailors, they could not have at once become pirates. Naval

expeditions were indeed sent forth against Spain, but that was rather the work of allies in Morocco who already possessed the art and means, though they were no doubt reinforced by the homeless arrivals. And since to the Moor all who are not Jews or Muslims, are Christians—common enemies supposed to be allied—the dividing line between naval warfare and piracy was not of the most distinct, and it is doubtful whether the Moors ever attempted a distinction. In this they were not, however, very different from European nations in those days, for privateering was then part of orthodox tactics, and every Mediterranean seaport had its own buccaneers who served themselves or the State according to which paid best, being one day fêted as defending heroes, and the next day hung at the yard-arm as thieves, for in turn they were both. The distinguishing feature of the Morocco and other Barbary pirates was their continued existence after their like had been abolished in Europe; all that can be said against them could probably also be said against each State of southern Europe at an earlier date. Beyond a doubt the Moors originally owed nearly all they knew of sea-warfare to Europeans, from whom at a later period they almost exclusively obtained not only their arms but also their vessels.

It has even been asserted, and that by a most competent contemporaneous authority—Captain John Smith, the President and planter of Virginia, who was as much mixed up with that class of sailors as any one, and who visited Morocco himself in 1604—that the Moorish pirates were taught their trade by the pirates of our own land, of whom the same writer declares it to have been in his time ‘Incredible how many great and rich prizes the little barques of the West Country daily brought home, in regard of their small charge.’* Of these he records that, under the peaceful reign of James I., ‘Because they grew hateful to all Christian princes, they

* ‘Nulli melius piraticam exercent quam Angli.’—Scaliger. Another interesting fact revealed by Captain Smith is that Macaulay’s ‘gallant merchantman’ which sighted the Armada, and brought news ‘full sail to Plymouth Bay,’ was none other than the vessel of a well-known pirate who received a pardon for the service rendered.

retired to Barbary, where, though there be not many good harbours, but Tunis, Argier, Sally, Marmora, and Tituane, there are many convenient rodes, for their best harbours are possessed by the Spaniards. . . . Ward, a poore English sailor, and Dansker, a Dutchman, made first here their marts, when the Moores knew scarce how to saile a ship: Bishop was ancient, and did little hurt, but Easton got so much as made himselfe a marquesse in Savoy, and Ward lived like a Bashaw in Barbary; they were the first that taught the Moores to be men of warre . . . till they became so disjoynted, disordered, debawched, and miserable, that the Turks and Moores began to command them as slaves, and force them to instruct them in their best skill, which many an accursed runnagado, or Christian turned Turk, did, till they have made those Sally men or Moores of Barbary so powerful as they be, to the terror of all the Straights: and many times they take purchase (prizes) even in the main ocean, yea, sometimes even in the narrow seas in England; and these are the most cruell villaines in Turkie or Barbarie, whose natives are very noble and of good nature in comparison of them.'

But although there is no reason for impeaching the Captain's facts, there is for suspecting his ignorance of history, since, though doubtless the men who had sailed with Frobisher, Drake, and Raleigh, were well able to teach the Moors 'a thing or two' with regard to their craft, especially as to the 'narrow seas in England,' they had long had equally able instructors drawn from the scum of the Mediterranean. Genoese, Sicilians, Greeks, Provençals, Catalans, and Pisans, all had had their share of piracy, for, as the Virginian Admiral remarks of his time, 'As in all lands where there are many people there are some theeves, so in all seas much frequented there are some pyrats.' Indeed, there appears to have been a time when it was the Moors who were in fear of Europe in this matter, to judge from some of their early treaties. That with Pisa of 1186, for instance, provides that any Pisan pirate attacking Muslimen, should be punished by the Pisans themselves, as stipulated also with Genoa in 1236, and with Majorca in 1339. It is nevertheless fairly certain that the

Moors did all they could in this way, though it was not till the thirteenth century that their share assumed alarming proportions, when their power in Spain was at its height, and communication across the Straits of Gibraltar demanded adequate supplies of boats. These, when not required for transport, could not be more naturally employed than in holding to ransom vessels becalmed in the passage they knew so well, or, eventually, in going out of their way to seek and capture inoffensive merchantmen of other nationalities. More than this, it is on record that the Moors of those days even pirated their co-religionists in Spain, with whom they were as often at war as not. It is probable that Europeans only suffered more because they were the owners of the commerce, and more peaceably disposed. Those were the days of the galleys, before they had been taught to manœuvre the vessels captured from the foreigners, which, after all, were little bigger than the fishing-smacks of present times. It is possible that but for the establishment of the Turks in Central Barbary in the sixteenth century this scourge might have died down, though for the Moors the fiercest period—partly, perhaps, induced by the example and the rivalry of their new neighbours—followed in the seventeenth. The Turks, however, never managed to do more than set foot in Morocco; they were kept back in Algeria by the kings of Tlemçen and of Fez, and the Moors were thus permitted to develop a piracy quite their own.

Various authors have enabled us to form an estimate of what the Moorish naval power consisted from time to time, though what its effective force was is not so easy to say, the sizes and descriptions being usually difficult to identify. The earliest reference is of a two-fold interest, first, as relating to a period in which there was no question of the Moors having received European instruction, and second, as the testimony of a Moorish writer, the author of *Raod el Kartas*, who wrote about 1326, and states that in 1162 Abd el Moomin, first of the Muwahhedis Dynasty (Almohades), had 400 vessels put upon the stocks—at Mamora 120, at Tangier, Ceuta, Bádís, and other Reef ports, 100, and 180 elsewhere. These must, of course,

have been galleys, long, low rowing-boats of ancient pattern, needing little mechanism, and propelled by oars or sweeps, each worked by several pairs of arms, by preference those of slaves. To a vessel encumbered with cargo, carrying only sufficient hands for navigation, such a craft was always formidable, and besides, while the merchantman was always at the mercy of the wind, the well-armed galley was almost as independent of it as the steamers of to-day.

A long gap in the available data ensues, for the next belongs to the year 1629, when Razilly found seventeen vessels in the river at Salli, and about a score entered later, a formidable fleet for the period, though not of much consequence in the present, probably not more formidable than an equal number of Spanish and Portuguese sailing-vessels, such as may be seen each season loading grain and oranges for Seville in the river at Laraiche. That galleys continued to be built a century later, is shown by the captain of the English privateer, *Inspector*, having been set to work on one at Tetuan in 1750. It had a keel, he tells us, of 90 feet, and a breadth of 20, and carried 40 oars, 9 carriage guns, 20 swivel guns, and 230 hands. These details are of special value as those of a practical man, and the only ones I have been able to discover making any pretence at exactness.

Forty years later Sidi Mohammed was possessed of twenty corsairs with from 18 to 50 guns apiece, eleven of which were described as frigates. One of these latter, country built, carried 330 men and 45 guns, which had to be taken over the bar in barges and shipped in the offing, but most of the Moorish rovers were only of from thirty to sixty tons. About the same time Lemprière reported the navy to consist of 'fifteen small frigates, a few xebecks, and twenty to thirty row-gallies,' manned by about six thousand seamen under one admiral. Three years later, in 1793, the figures are given as 10 frigates, 4 brigs, 14 galiotes, and 19 shaloups, the number of seamen remaining the same, but then one knows how vague are Moorish statistics.

Passing to the present century, Riley could only hear in 1815 of a frigate of 700 tons with 32 guns, a coppered brig of

18 guns presented by a Mogador Jew—one Makneen—and a new frigate of 500 tons and 32 guns, besides occasional captured vessels. But if the numbers had decreased, it had been more than counterbalanced by the increase in size. Yet after five years only three brigs, mounting 40 cannon, and 13 gun-boats remained. In 1834 Grâberg made the same returns, evidently a quotation. Hay gives the fleet in 1839 as consisting of a corvette, two brigs (once merchantmen, but bought from the Christians), a schooner and a few gun-boats, all unfit for sea. But the days of Moorish piracy were ended, and in 1860 all that remained of the fleet that had once been the terror of Europe were a schooner of 4 guns, a brig of 12, four gun-boats or two-masted xebecks, rotting in the Wâd El Koos.

What the Moors lacked in tonnage they always knew how to make up in boasting, as witness the letter of Mulai Ismâïl to Captain—afterwards Sir Cloudesley—Shovel, in 1684, when the Portuguese handed Tangier to the English: ‘Henceforward,’ he wrote, ‘I shall have ships built as big as yours, if not bigger, hoping to take some of your ships and captains, and cruise for you in your English seas as you do for us in these. . . . As for the captives you have taken, you may do with them as you please, heaving them into the sea or destroying them in other ways.’ To which the captain made answer as befitted an Englishman. Yet the very next year Captain Phelps, who had himself been captured and had escaped, asserted that ‘No Salliman will fight a ship of ten guns.’ The rovers appear to have relied more on deceit and strategy than on force, though when things did come to blows, no one could accuse them of faint-heartedness. Often they would approach under false colours, or invent some pretext for demanding to see the ship’s papers while they got to windward, or induced some one to come on board in a friendly way. But the real secret of their success appears to have been the defenceless condition of the majority of the little trading vessels of those days, and the unreasonable dread their very name inspired. From time to time expeditions were fitted out against them, in addition to the European privateers and regular convoys afloat, chiefly by France, Holland, England and Spain, but all

they accomplished was taken as part of the game, and had an inciting rather than a deterrent effect.

April was the piracy month, presumably on account of the greater number of vessels then venturing into the Mediterranean, and perhaps also on account of the prevailing winds, which then begin to blow from the east, but all the year round some prizes were coming in, to be used in their turn as pirate vessels if suitable, while before their crews, who sometimes totalled up to thousands at a time, there lay the direst of prospects.

It is probable that all along the presence of paid mercenaries, renegades and captives in Morocco was accountable for much of the success the rovers met with, some of the ports being specially favoured in this respect, as Mehedeeah (or Mamora), for instance—now a port no longer—which, when taken by the Spaniards, early in the seventeenth century, could be described as ‘a perfect kennel of European outlaws, English, French, Dutch, but few Italians or Spanish, the offscourings of every port, who, like the “squaw-men” of the West, and the “beach-combers” of the Pacific, led a congenial existence among the Barbarians.’ Moreover, it is more than hinted at by writers of the times that some of those who passed as respectable merchants were not above an interest in the nefarious traffic in slaves which was the result, even when enjoying consular appointments, just as in later years, the game having been reversed, some of their successors have not been above playing into the hands of conscienceless native officials who professionally prey upon their fellow countrymen. Many of these willing intermediaries brought the arms and gunpowder from Europe which the pirates needed, and instead of taking cash, took European slaves, money for whose redemption was raised abroad.

The possession by Portugal and Spain of most of the other Moorish ports rendered that of the Boo Ragrag, with the two towns of Slá and Reebát at its mouth—which always remained in the hands of the Moors—their principal pirate stronghold, the European corruption of the former name being lent to the much dreaded Salli rovers, whose fame is even preserved by

the popular title bestowed on the *Medusa Velella*, known as the 'Sallee-man,' companion to the *Phrysalia Pelagica*, known as the 'Portuguese Man-of-war.' And our highest naval title is but a corruption of the Arabic 'Amir-al-bahr, chief of the sea.' *

For a considerable period during the chaos which preceded the establishment of the reigning dynasty in the middle of the seventeenth century, Salli was almost independent, and virtually formed a little republic after the style of the Berber tribes in the hills behind, from whom without doubt its best recruits were obtained. When convenient the sultans could repudiate their deeds, and one of them even went so far as to obtain assistance from our Charles the First to subdue them, not however with a view to the extermination of their piracy, but that he might control it on his own account. This was what his more powerful successors accomplished, first demanding a tenth of the booty, and afterwards claiming the whole, rewarding the captors at so much a head. From that time forward the government assumed entire responsibility for the raids of its 'navy,' and it was with the sultans in person that all bargains had to be struck for their redemption. Soon after, the recovery of all the Atlantic ports from the Europeans gave much freer scope for their vessels, and Moorish piracy was never more brisk than for the century which followed. Its wane may be dated from about 1750. Not that any point could be fixed for its cessation, for though in 1817 the sultan was willing to agree to disarm his vessels when they had degenerated from terrors into nuisances, in 1831 we find Sir Arthur Brooke reporting that the Moorish 'brigs of war' still sailed 'in hopes of pouncing upon some unfortunate Bremen or Hamburg merchantmen.' The fact is that Moorish piracy ceased at the latest moment that it could gracefully do so before the introduction of steam, and this is perhaps the last record of actual piracy, which to-day is so entirely a thing of the past that in the country itself I

* Spelt 'Ammiral' by Milton. Cf. Arsenal, from *Dár es-sanâa*='house of industry.'

never met a Moor, who did not derive his information from foreign sources, who could tell me more about it than that in the days when his forefathers were good Muslimeen, they were a match for all the Christians together, and made them pay tribute all round. And pay tribute they did, as still they do in the eyes of the Moors, whenever a foreign ambassador goes up to Court with his presents. But the tribute in those days was real, and it is to the New World that the honour belongs of having first refused to submit to such a disgraceful blackmail, for it was the government of the United States which set the European nations the example of declining to continue it.

From that time so-called piracy has been confined to plundering stranded vessels, as in the many cases on the coast of Soos, the *Ann Lucy* at Mazagan in 1823, and several cases on the Reef coast to which Sir John Drummoud Hay administered a check by personal expostulations on the spot in 1856. The Spanish war which soon followed helped to keep things quiet for some time, till in 1889 a Spanish smuggler was raided, since which there have been several cases, culminating in the series of the summer of 1897.

These recent events on the Moorish coast are no more than the practice on the sea of the general custom in those parts of plundering every weaker party that comes along, a custom by which a large proportion of the mountain Berbers live, regarding it as a quite respectable calling. If by the Divine decree the wind drives small vessels on to their coast, and Allah gives them victory over their unarmed crews, why hesitate to plunder? And as long as the governments of the victims are content to ransom their subjects, or to accept pecuniary compensation which comes largely out of the pockets of innocent neighbours, this sort of thing will continue. All the good excuses in the world about upsetting the balance of power, or fear of embroiling Europe in war, will not, in the eyes of the Moors, explain the supine policy adopted with this 'sick man of the west.' Morocco only knows that the bark of the 'Christian dog' is far worse than the chance of his biting, although the government knows that he can

bite. As for the Berber population, they know nothing of Europe, and less of its Powers: even the sultan is to them little more than a name. In individual cases he can proceed against this tribe or that to obtain redress or the punishment of offenders, always relying on the support of their neighbouring foes, but to lay his hand on the whole of their district would cost him his throne, if unsupported by an overwhelming army such as he does not at present possess. No ordinary force, and certainly no Moorish force, could march through those hilly regions without terrible risk of famine as well as of foe, for there are no towns of any importance where they could quarter, and as they approached the natives would destroy all before them, by that means clearing an intervening space just as the traveller on the prairie sends forth fire to meet approaching flames.

It has been suggested that the Powers should, jointly, or by delegation to one of their number, employ on this coast an anti-piratical gunboat, but that could do nothing. It could not convoy every sailing vessel becalmed there, and by way of retribution it could do no more than a vessel specially sent as occasion arose. Even that is little enough with no ports to bombard, and no forts to hold if a force were to land. The natives would only retire, awaiting their chance to swoop down on the commissariat or other unwieldy detachment which promised booty. Allowing no rest, they would but tempt the enemy into a trap. If Er-Reef is to be subdued from abroad at all—and this has never yet become a necessary step—it can only be by entire occupation, but then the question comes, as with Turkey—whose the task? As long ago as 1771 a British envoy to the Moorish Court suggested that any Power wishing to deal with these Barbary pirates should borrow a Russian general, as the only one who knew how to deal with such people, but although to oblige France the Tsar has added a Russian Legation to the number already established in Tangier, it would hardly do to seriously make that proposal to-day. Of other Powers, Spain holds the keys in her 'presidios' along the coast, and considers that she inherits a preferential claim, to which the French make graceful and

soothing allusion when they put forward their own designs. France holds the back door in her Algerian frontier, which she is always careful to keep ajar, as commanding the passage to Fez. Great Britain would object as strongly to see either assume control, though unwilling to step in herself, and so things remain as they were; for how long who can say?

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

ART. V.—FURTHER ANNALS OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE.

John Blackwood. By His Daughter, Mrs. GERALD PORTER.
The Third Volume of William Blackwood and His Sons.
Their *Magazine* and Friends. William Blackwood &
Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1898.

THE *Annals of a Publishing House*, so admirably begun by Mrs. Oliphant, and upon which she was engaged when overtaken by death, are here continued and completed, though scarcely upon the same lines or with the same breadth of purpose and variety of interest. The volume contains less of the annals of a publishing house, and is avowedly a biography of Mr. John Blackwood, who was for many years at the head of the firm, and the editor of its *Magazine*. The biography of Mr. John Blackwood was certainly worth writing, and so, judging from the list of works it has issued, were the further Annals of the Publishing House over which he presided. Whether the work as originally designed has gained by the change alluded to, or has lost in bibliographical and literary interest and value, are questions to which a variety of answers will probably be given. But, taking Mrs. Gerald Porter's volume apart, and judging of it according to what it professes to be, there can be no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a very brilliant piece of biographical writing. It

is written with just the right amount of reserve, in admirably crisp English, and in that clear and vigorous style which may almost be said to belong to the family.

Many particulars in connection with the early life of Mr. John Blackwood were given by Mrs. Oliphant. They are here briefly recapitulated with additions, and when this is done, Mrs. Porter leads us to new scenes and shows us the relations in which Mr. Blackwood stood to many of the literary men of his time, the way in which he discharged his duties as the editor of *Blackwood*, and the interest he took in the work of those who were contributing to it. There were few of the contributors with whom he did not stand on the best and most intimate terms, and the letters which passed between him and them form one of the most charming features of the volume. Most of the contributors, too, certainly the more important, were personally known to Mrs. Porter, and her notes respecting them while supplementing the letters, add not a little to the attractiveness of her pages.

As might be expected, a number of the names which appeared in Mrs. Oliphant's volumes appear here also. Among the first we meet is that of Delane. Blackwood had become acquainted with him in London, and used to describe him rushing into his rooms one night, and throwing himself upon a chair, with the startling announcement, 'I am Editor of the *Times*!' Another is Thackeray's, who was also one of the friends made by Blackwood in London. The great novelist used to give Blackwood the credit of having inspired him to depict 'Lord Crewe.' Besides these are Samuel Warren, Lord Lytton, Landor, and the Rev. James White from the Isle of Wight, a contributor to the *Magazine*, and a friend of Dickens and Tennyson. Writing of White, Mrs. Porter says:—

'His nationality was always impressed upon our memories by a speech of the old gardener at Torwood, who professed a strong belief in his own and his nation's superiority. One day my father happened to be walking round the garden with Mr. White, when they came across this old worthy, to whom he introduced Mr. White, remarking that he was a fellow-countryman although a clergyman of the Church of England. "Ou, aye," said the old man, looking at him complacently, "gairdners or meenisters, ony kind o' heid wark, they maun aye come tae us."'

In 1845, after the death of his brother Alexander, and when about twenty-seven years of age, John Blackwood took up his quarters in Edinburgh and assumed the editorship of the *Magazine*. Here he at once became acquainted with Aytoun, and the two were soon on the most intimate terms. Aytoun was then 'in the heyday of his powers,' and Mrs. Porter gives the following description of his remarkable gifts and character :—

' Writing on almost every conceivable subject, and winning success in very widely different fields of literature—poems, novels, magazine articles—he exhibited a versatility that constituted him a veritable mine of talent, invaluable to the editor of a magazine. His mind had been stored in early youth by his mother (a devoted adherent of the White Rose) with the old picturesque stories of Scottish history and Border romance. Devotion to the Stuarts, and admiration for their gallant adherents, were bound up in his mind with the love of his country, which was one of his strongest characteristics. The patriotism which inspired him with a love deep and passionate for the mountains and glens of Scotland, turned his sympathies to the chivalrous spirits who espoused the cause of the Stuarts ; and perhaps no finer expression has been given to that picturesque period of Scottish history than Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," of which "The Execution of Montrose" and "The Burial March of Dundee" would alone have made a reputation. In his earlier writings we have the more mirthful side of his nature, as in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," many of which were written in conjunction with his friend, Theodore Martin, while others were exclusively his own. "The Queen in France" is a wonderful imitation of the old Scottish ballad. Others we could name are easily recognisable as clever parodies of Macaulay's "Lays," Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. The ring of the different cadences it unmistakeable, and the popularity the collection obtained surprised the authors themselves, who had dashed off the verses without any serious intentions, but with such an admirable fidelity to the spirit of the originals as in itself to convey a compliment to the characteristics parodied. John Blackwood, writing to Aytoun, and sending to him and Martin a further instalment of the fruits of their labours, describes the volume as a "lively little bit of property," which no doubt it was.

' Nor were Aytoun's prose writings less diversified in character than his poetry. His lively humour and versatility never seemed at a loss, and he appeared to have a way of regarding everything with a view to a possible Magazine article. Reviews of books, plays, poems, and papers on the political questions of the day, besides short stories (the grand test of a good all-round writer) frequently appeared from his pen, and there can be few readers of the "Tales from Blackwood," who have not laughed over his "Glenmutchkin Railway," and the story of "How I became a Yeoman."

Some passages in his letters to Blackwood are extremely amusing. Here is one, as a sample, written from what he calls the 'Island of Peat-mos,' after he had been appointed Sheriff of Orkney, and while he was on a visit to his sheriffdom :—

'I have not yet got out any kind of tackle or visited my favourite "lies," so that I cannot gratify you by the recital of any astonishing feats, but there is a good time coming. We have got two ponies—a very pretty chestnut one for Mrs. Aytoun, which we have not yet named—and a bay horse, which formerly carried a deceased minister of the Establishment. His trot is of the hard Calvinistic kind, distressing to the bones, and jolting like the divisions of a fast-day discourse. I have to rise perpendicularly in the stirrups at his fifteenthly. But I have purveyed me a strong Episcopal whip, and in the course of a few days I hope to teach Ecclesiastes some prelatial paces.'

It was while going to visit Aytoun in his northern sheriffdom that Blackwood met with the lady who afterwards became his wife. She was the daughter of the Rev. Joseph Blandford, rector of Kirton, Notts. The marriage took place in the winter of 1854.

The story of the introduction of George Eliot, or rather of her works, to the Blackwoods, has been told in the second volume. It is here retold with additions, and the story of her relations with the House is continued down to the death of Mr. G. H. Lewes. The narrative of these contributes some of the most attractive passages in the volume, and contains many interesting particulars. It is told, for the most part, in the numerous letters which passed between Blackwood on the one hand and Lewes and George Eliot on the other. While her identity was still a matter of speculation, Lewes wrote to Blackwood :—

'George Eliot was both greatly amused and greatly gratified by the cabinetmaker's verdict. Having already been a clergyman of Puseyite tendencies and large family, he is now a carpenter, and doubtless will soon be a farmer and Methodist. It is a great compliment when a writer's dramatic presentation is accepted as actual experience.'

Dickens, however, held from the first that the *Scenes of Clerical Life* was written by a woman, and in a letter to John Blackwood, in which he characterises 'Mr. Eliot' as 'that admirable and charming writer,' goes on to say :—

'The portions of the narrative to which you refer had not escaped my notice. But their weight is very light in *my* scale, against all the references to children, and against such marvels of description as Mrs. Barton sitting up in bed to mend the children's clothes. The selfish young fellow with the heart-disease, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," is plainly taken from a woman's point of view. Indeed, I observe all the women in the book are more alive than the men, and more informed from within. As to Janet, in the last tale, I know nothing in literature done by a man like the frequent references to her grand form, and her eyes and her height and so forth; whereas I do know innumerable things of that kind in books of imagination by women. And I have not the faintest doubt that a woman described her being shut out into the street by her husband, and conceived and executed the whole idea of her following the clergyman. If I be wrong in this, then I protest that a woman's mind has got into some man's body by a mistake that ought immediately to be corrected.'

Mr. Blackwood himself was not at the time this was written personally acquainted with George Eliot, and it says not a little for the acumen of Dickens that he was able to detect in the particulars to which he points, the sex of the author of the *Scenes*.

After the *Scenes* came *Adam Bede*. While reading the MS. of it, Blackwood was thrown into an ecstasy of admiration, and wrote: 'I never saw such wonderful effects worked out by such a succession of simple and yet delicate and minute touches. Hetty's night in the fields is marvellous. I positively shuddered for her, poor creature, and I do not think the most thoughtless lad could read that terrible picture of her feelings and hopeless sufferings without being deeply moved. Adam going to support her at the trial is a noble touch. You really make him a gentleman by that act. It is like giving him his spurs.' As those whose memories carry them back to the time of its publication will remember, the appearance of *Adam Bede* caused quite a sensation. For a while little else was talked about. The sale of it was immense, and, within a few days from its publication, Blackwood wrote to the author: 'We may now consider the "Bedesman" fairly round the corner, and coming in a winner at a slapping pace.' Shortly after he informs her that he is preparing a second edition, and tells her that she is now a 'popular' as well as a 'great' author. *Adam Bede* was followed by the *Mill on the Floss* in February, 1860, and by *Silas Marner* in 1861. With the first Blackwood was perfectly delighted, and

wished it to appear in the *Magazine*. This idea, however, was dropped, and when the book appeared in the old three-volume form at 31s. 6d., some 6000 copies were sold in little more than a couple of months. *Romola* went to Smith, Elder & Co., and first appeared in the pages of *Cornhill*, but the rest of George Eliot's works were issued by 'her first friend.' Her diffidence and depreciation of her own work continued, and, if anything, increased as time went on, and Blackwood's letters, always glowing with enthusiastic admiration, did not a little to encourage her. The following paragraph by Mrs. Porter brings out several sides of her character:—

'On one occasion,' she writes, 'when we were calling on her that summer (1876) she said she was very anxious about the safety of the MS. of *Deronda*, and wanted to have it back, but dared not trust it to the Post Office. My father said he could not bring it himself next day, but could send it by a trusty messenger (the footman). At this she quailed. "Oh, he might stop at a public-house and forget it." We assured her such a lapse had never been known to occur. "Then might he not, if he were the sort of high-minded Bayard we described, be very likely to stop and help at a fire?" This was a contingency we had never contemplated, and finally, after much laughter, we promised her that some member of the family should place the MS. in her hands, and as a matter of fact I think my mother drove over with it to her the next morning. On this, as on all occasions when I saw her, the impression was that of a person beyond all things kindly and sympathetic, ever ready to be amused and interested in all that concerned her friends. Her sense of humour, too, was extremely keen, and my father, I remember, always made her laugh. The ponderosity of her conversation and the difficulty of making any way with her, of which some visitors have complained, must, we think, have been caused by their selecting topics not really congenial to themselves simply because they were talking to George Eliot. Scaling heights that were beyond them, and as a result getting crushed by a solid avalanche of learning. But if one talked with her upon music, which she loved, pictures, the play, a flower-show, or equally a horse-show, she was with you—we were all talking upon what we equally understood. But the views of the novice on the latest metaphysical puzzles of the day, or an uncertain dive into scientific research, might have involved disaster. A mind so quick as hers could not fail to see when her companion was out of his depth, and then no doubt she felt contempt for what was mere pretension. Large numbers of people used to invade her Sunday receptions who had often small claim upon her forbearance. We remember one ridiculous incident of two enterprising young men who sat down opposite her with the intention of eliciting her opinions on the Turko-Russian war. They were nothing if

not simple and direct, and without any preamble whatever they fired off their first shot at their gentle-mannered hostess, startling the whole room with, "Are you a Russian or a Turk?" "Neither," came the grave reply in that deep musical voice, which we may well imagine gave them their quietus for the rest of the afternoon.'

During the summer months Mr. Blackwood used to retire to Strathtyrum, Mr. Cheape's beautifully situated house in Fife, overlooking the links of St. Andrews. Here he entertained his friends, indulged in golf, and carried on his extensive correspondence and business as editor. It was here, too, that, in 1863, Speke, the famous African traveller, wrestled in the throes of composition. He was a brilliant explorer, and a keen sportsman, but he had no idea of writing, and the account given of his heroic efforts to put into book form the narrative of his journey on foot through Africa is highly amusing.

'The herculean task this was to the gallant traveller,' Mrs. Porter writes, 'who was more accustomed to handle a gun than a pen, and the labour it entailed on my father and his nephew, and the whole staff at George Street, are most quaintly described in my father's letters. The material was all there, and right good interesting matter, but how to reduce the heterogeneous mass into an intelligible narrative was a puzzle. Poor Speke was taken over to Strathtyrum, shut up in a room, and told to write his book. The room, which was always known as "Speke's room," had a balcony over the front door, and my father describes in a letter to Charles Lever that when he smelt Speke's cigar on the balcony he used to say, "There goes Speke's flag of distress," and going up would find that he had got inextricably entangled in a sentence. This we imagined happened very often, as in a letter to William Blackwood my father writes, "I have been sweating over Speke's MS. this morning, and what is to be done I know not. Will you and Simpson think of something." And again, to the same, referring to Speke's notes, he says: "They are written in such an unintelligible way, it is impossible to say what anybody could make of them, and yet he is full of matter, and when he talks and explains, all is right. He is eager to get what he has written into type, and is working like any galley-slave."'

Eventually, with the assistance of Dr. Hill Burton, the book was got into shape. When it was published Blackwood wrote to Speke:—

'It is a pleasure to look at the book in its finished state, especially when I think of you and myself in the room at Strathtyrum sitting staring at

your first corrected proof. It was enough to funk a literary Tom Sayers. If D. B. had seen it in the first instance, I think he would have fled in terror.'

Speke's ideas of grammar, it appears, were of the most original description. Still the book was all his own. 'We have done nothing to his text,' writes Blackwood to Delane, 'except by questioning him, and correcting him where he was likely to prove unintelligible. So the book is entirely in his own quaint language, and a more genuine one never was published.'

Of a quite different character was Kinglake, whose connection with the house of Blackwood dates back to the year 1862. Kinglake was a literary artist, and capable of infinite pains. Writing to him with reference to the first volume of the *Crimea*, Blackwood said:—

'It is delightful reading, and in all these complicated transactions back and forwards, which in ordinary hands must have been tedious, you evolve your theory of motives and acts so clearly that you not only carry the reader along with you, but make him enter into it with hearty enjoyment. Your picture of the brothers of the Elysée will live. It is very perfect, and realises what one had imagined of the gang of swindlers suddenly in full swing of power, such as the wildest Leicester Square dreams had never reached. I did not know Louis Nap. had faltered at the crisis, but you have obviously good ground for your statement. Who had the pistol presented at his head? Mr. Boucicault will seize hold of the incident for a sensation drama. . . . I see nothing to comment upon or suggest to you.'

Blackwood was always alive and usually full of suggestions, sometimes, indeed frequently, of great value. A little later he seems to have made some to Kinglake, which Kinglake apparently did not care about, and held out a warning to Blackwood, which, though lightly told, was quite as menacing as ingenious.

'I am almost alarmed, as it were,' he replied, 'at the notion of receiving suggestions. I feel that hints from you might be so valuable and so important it might be madness to ask you beforehand to abstain from giving me any, but I am anxious for you to know what the dangers in the way of long delay might be, the result of even a few slight and possibly most useful suggestions. . . . You will perhaps (after what I have said) think it best not to set my mind moving in a new path lest I should take to re-writing.'

‘This was a contingency,’ as Mrs. Porter remarks, ‘enough to strike terror into the publisher, who he probably knew was already chafing at the delays entailed by his elaborate and conscientious methods of writing.’ Evidently Kinglake was, as Blackwood had at first divined, ‘quite able to fight his own ship.’

Among the most interesting and amusing and even pathetic pages in the volume are those devoted to Charles Lever’s connection with the Blackwoods, a connection which appears to have begun in the sixties. Lever was then British Consul at Spezia, sick of the dull routine he was compelled to, and longing for promotion to something more congenial. *Charles O’Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, *Harry Lorrequer* and the rest of the wild stories with which his first brilliant success was gained, were written, and he was desirous of trying fresh developments. Blackwood at first fought shy of them. Lever, however, knew something of Italy, and after contributing a few papers on the political and social condition of that country to the *Magazine*, Blackwood threw whatever scruples he had to the wind, and ‘decided,’ as Mrs. Porter phrases it, ‘to go “nap.”’ The first result was the appearance of *Tony Butler* in the *Magazine*, and afterwards the racy series of essays purporting to be written by Cornelius O’Dowd. A very tender friendship sprung up between Lever and the editor, and many amusing letters are given as passing between them. To those who were once turned to browse upon those terribly arid pastures known as Whately’s *Logic* and Whately’s *Rhetoric*, much in the following will be decidedly refreshing. It is from Lever to Blackwood.

‘I only knew by your nephew’s letter that you were about to have a paper on old Whately, who said more stupid things and got the credit of more good ones (that were not his own) than any man of his day. He had not a grain of either wit or humour in his whole composition, and his jokes were mere *conceits*—conceits—worked out by great labour and at much cost of time and ingenuity. The last time I saw him was at Killarney, and I had the pleasure of giving him a “set down,” for which I was long in his debt. It happened thus. He was there with his chaplain, West, the present Dean of St. Patrick’s, and Radcliffe, his Vicar-General, and we went on a ramble through some shrubberies before dinner, when Whately, discovering a large fungus under a tree, said: “This is the bread fungus; it has properties precisely like bread, and would sup-

port life for days : West, taste it." "I declare, your Grace, it is exactly like bread." "Radcliffe, eat a bit of this." "Really, your Grace, it is like wheaten bread." "Now, Mr. Lever, try it—I insist." "Excuse me, I'd rather not." "Come, come, Mr. Lever, you really must taste." "I cannot, indeed, your Grace." "But why not?" "It would be perfectly useless." "Useless—useless; what do you mean by useless?" "My brother, my lord, is in the diocese of Meath, otherwise I'd eat the whole of it."

Lever was just the man to puzzle an editor, and most tantalising. He wrote from hand to mouth, and never knew what was going to happen in his stories, or how his characters would turn out. 'Developments of character,' Mrs. Porter says, 'appear to have turned out as unexpected as events in the story, and over these the author had equally no control. He describes this in answer to some editorial remonstrance. "If I can tone down M'C. I will, but Skeff's courage is, I fear, incorrigible. Oh! Blackwood, it is not *I* that have made him, but *he* himself. Not but he is a good creature, as good as any can be that has no *bone* in his *back*, and take my word for it, there is a large section of humanity that are not vertebrated animals.'" The story referred to is, of course, *Tony Butler*, and what is true of it is true of the rest.

Quite the opposite, as we all know, was the case with Anthony Trollope, who also appears in the volume. Trollope was always beforehand with his writings, was method itself, and used to lay out the number of lines he was to write each day, and—happy man!—contrived in some way to write them. In his *Autobiography* Trollope has told us how he made a present of his little work on *Cæsar* to Blackwood. Here is the letter Blackwood sent in acknowledgment of the graceful compliment paid to him.

'I am truly grateful and touched by the very handsome manner in which you have presented me with the copyright of the *Cæsar*. It affects me as a great personal compliment and mark of regard never to be forgotten. I did look this gift-horse most carefully in the mouth, and I can speak to its merits. My anxiety about it was double, as I felt that if I did not think your venture into this new field not only a success but a decided one. I was bound to tell you my opinion. I carried your letter home to my wife, and I need not say how warmly she enters into my feelings of gratification. She has been rather low owing to the death of her favourite horse "Sunbeam," and your letter was quite a fillip to her.'

The 'Military Staff' of Blackwood was very strong. Chief among them was Sir Richard Hamley, who had been a contributor from of old, and was good for most things in the shape of a magazine article. Then there were his two brothers, General William and Captain Charles Hamley. Besides these, there were Colonel L. W. M. Lockhart, author of *Doubles and Quits*, Sir Archibald Alison, son of the historian, the Chesneys, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Colonel Conder, the Sirdar, and the Commander-in-Chief, then Sir Garnet Wolseley. Sir Garnet contributed to the *Magazine* a narrative of the Red River Expedition. It was necessarily anonymous, and 'occasioned,' Mrs. Porter tells us, 'one of those innocent criticisms from a weekly newspaper which have often been the cause of much mirth among the inner circle of Blackwood. The editor remarks in a letter to William Blackwood: "I never felt more inclined to discard the anonymous than on reading the calm assertion that the 'writer of the Red River Expedition in *Blackwood* knew nothing about the subject.'"

Laurence Oliphant and Mrs. Oliphant, as might be expected, appear frequently in the volume. Much is said about the strange career of the first, of the wonderful way he had of turning up at unexpected moments, and of the remarkable acquaintance he had with all sorts of people and with what was going on in the different Courts of Europe. Much is also said respecting his charm of manner and remarkable gifts. To Mrs. Oliphant and her life-long devotion to the Blackwoods a graceful tribute is paid, and a description given of the banquet she provided in honour of John Blackwood as editor of *Maga*, and to celebrate her own twenty-five years authorship under his banner. It was held on the historical island of Runnymede, where, along with the chief guest, as many as possible of the old contributors were assembled. It was a remarkable gathering, and eloquent of the feelings with which the editor was regarded by those who were there to do him honour. Playfully referring to the island upon which they were, he remarked, in an impromptu speech, 'that he hoped the Barons of Blackwood had not met under the trees to dictate terms to him, but that, on the contrary, they would always rally round for his support.'

Besides those we have named many others whose names figure in the literary history of the century are mentioned in the pages of this volume, such as Sir Theodore Martin, 'Owen Meredith,' Count de Montalembert, Lord Neaves, Charles Reade, David Wingate, and Mr. Blackmore. But the character which dominates all, and gives life to the book, is that of John Blackwood. It is exquisitely drawn, with a succession, as he somewhere says of one of the characters in *Adam Bede*, of simple yet delicate and minute touches. The volume is one that will doubtless live, and Mrs. Porter is to be congratulated upon the production of a biography which, while a perfect model of taste, is charmingly instructive.

ART. VI.—MENDELSSOHN, MOSCHELES, AND CHOPIN
IN SCOTLAND.

THREE musical travellers, to represent practically all that has been said about Scotland by the great continental composers. No other musical genius of the first rank ever crossed the Border; some of the geniuses indeed never set foot in England at all. Handel went to Dublin and produced his *Messiah* there for the first time, but we do not hear that he ever thought of coming to Scotland. Sebastian Bach, his great contemporary, was never outside his own country. Beethoven declared that if it had not been for his deafness he would have travelled all over the world, and there is a suggestion of a visit to Edinburgh in one of his letters to George Thomson; but, as it was, he too, like Sebastian Bach, remained at home. Mozart was once in London, a little prodigy of eight, playing before George III. and his Consort for a fee of twenty-four guineas. Haydn came frequently to England, and was quite a 'lion' in London society. He attended at Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, no less than twenty-six times. Not only did he play before the King and other royalties, but he sang, although he was then sixty-

two years old. Moreover, he says, 'the princess sang with me.' But Haydn never came to Scotland. Wagner was several times in London, and Weber died there. Schumann and Schubert did not cross the Channel at all. And so the list is exhausted. A host of minor musical celebrities have visited our country at one time or other, but they have come mostly in search of coin and have left no record of their impressions. The trio named at the head of this article must therefore satisfy us.

Mendelssohn came to Scotland in the course of his first visit to England in 1829. He was then only twenty years old, and although the Scottish tour was of the nature of a pleasure trip, the London visit was made with something like a serious purpose. The composer's father had long hesitated as to the choice of a career for his eldest son, but he had now made up his mind to allow the young man to devote himself to music as a profession, and London was to be asked to give its verdict on his capabilities. It was on the 21st of April that the composer reached the metropolis—'the grandest and the most complicated monster on the face of the earth,' as he calls it. On the 25th of May he made his *début* at a Philharmonic concert, when Cramer led him to the piano, 'like a young lady.' The success, he says himself in a letter, was 'beyond anything that I could ever have dreamed. I was received with immense applause.' Other public appearances followed, and when the season ended Mendelssohn put in execution his long-cherished scheme of making a tour in Scotland. The *Waverley* novels were undoubtedly the chief cause of the visit. The series had just been completed, and he had read them all. It may easily be imagined that they 'exerted a powerful influence on a cultured mind like his, and made him desirous of seeing for himself scenes of mountain and flood, such as he had only hitherto read of.' He wished also to meet Scott face to face, 'chiefly to escape a scolding from you, dear mother, if I return without having seen the lion,' he wrote. It appears that he carried a letter of introduction to Scott from one of Scott's intimate friends in London.

For companion on his excursion Mendelssohn had with him

his friend Carl Klingemann, who was then Secretary to the Hanoverian Embassy in London. Klingemann, German though he was, had a considerable vein of humour in his composition, and the letters which he sent to Berlin in the course of the tour are full of a rough boisterous kind of fun. The travellers arrived in Edinburgh about the 28th of July, having come north by stage coach, with stoppages—as we gather from Mendelssohn's drawings—at York and Durham. It was Sunday, and the first thing the vivacious pair did was to climb 'two desperately steep rocks, which are called Arthur's Seat.' Mendelssohn goes into raptures over the view to be obtained from the top, declaring that few of his Switzerland reminiscences can compare with it; and at last winding up with the remark that 'when God himself takes to panorama-painting it turns out strangely beautiful.' In the town itself, certain Highlanders, soldiers apparently, coming from church specially attracted his attention. He describes them as 'victoriously leading their sweethearts in their Sunday attire, and casting magnificent and important looks over the world; with long red beards, tartan plaids, bonnets and feathers, naked knees, and their bagpipes in their hands.' How they all came to be leading their sweethearts, how it happened that all had red beards and carried bagpipes, Mendelssohn does not explain. The national instrument seems to have taken his fancy. It so happened that on the Monday there was a competition of Highland pipers in the Theatre Royal, and Mendelssohn was present. Unfortunately there is no record of how he enjoyed the affair; but Dr. Donald Macleod not long ago told a story which would seem to indicate that he thought more highly of the pipe than the ill-natured people who refuse to recognise it as an instrument of music. It appears that a near relative of Dr. Macleod was a piper. The gentleman chanced to be staying in the same hotel at which our travellers had put up; and according to the story it was his custom to take an occasional 'quiet' practice in his own room. Mendelssohn, hearing the 'distant strains,' sent his card to the player, and begged to be allowed to listen at close quarters. He became, as we are told, greatly interested in both music and instrument, and paid

several visits to the piper's room during his stay. If the story is true, the composer, clearly enough, did not suffer from weak nerves. But where is the Edinburgh hotel-keeper who would now-a-days allow a piper to practice in his room? No wonder Mendelssohn exclaimed, when he thought of leaving, 'How kind the people are in Edinburgh, and how generous is the good God!' Something else made him think of his last day in Edinburgh with regret. Chopin, not perhaps in his haste, but in his weakness, declared that the Scotch ladies were ugly; Mendelssohn was more gallant as well as more truthful. 'The Scotch ladies,' he says, 'also deserve notice; and if Mahmud follows his father's advice and turns Christian, I shall in his place become a Turk, and settle in this neighbourhood.' Mendelssohn, remember, was only twenty! The last evening was spent in a visit to Holyrood Palace, 'where Queen Mary lived and loved. The chapel close to it is now roofless, grass and ivy grow there, and at that broken altar Mary was crowned Queen of Scotland. Everything around is broken and mouldering, and the bright sky shines in. I believe I found to-day in that old chapel the beginning of my Scotch symphony.' He was to find the beginning of something else later on, as we shall see.

After Edinburgh came the visit to Abbotsford, and alas! it turned out a failure. It was one of Klingemann's jokes to write a long account about the meeting with Scott, about Abbotsford, about the 'most delicious marmalade' in Miss Scott's cupboard, and about other exhausting experiences which made the writer for the moment 'look down very much on Europe.' But the important part of the letter was reserved, after the fashion of lady correspondents, for the postscript. This was written by Mendelssohn, and ran prosaically as follows: 'The foregoing is all Klingemann's invention. We found Sir Walter in the act of leaving Abbotsford, stared at him like fools, drove eighty miles and lost a day, all for the sake of at best one half-hour of superficial conversation. Melrose compensated us but little; we were out of humour with great men, with ourselves, with the world, with everything.' This was only the beginning of the travellers' ill-luck.

Going by way of Stirling and Perth, they proceeded at once to the Highlands, and Highland weather followed them about until they returned to civilisation. We hear of them first at Blair-Athole, where they had 'a most dismal, melancholy, rainy day.' Earth and sky, in Mendelssohn's expressive phrase, were wet through. Presently they got housed in a typical Highland inn at Bridge of Tummel, where they had 'Scotch wooden shoes' for slippers, 'tea, with honey and potato cakes,' and—whisky. The little boys, 'with their kilts and bare knees, and gay-coloured bonnets, the waiter in his tartan, old people with pig-tails, all talk helter-skelter in their unintelligible Gaelic.' Everything around was stern, dark, very lonely. Next morning the travellers again set out on their journey, taking the bad weather with them. The original intention had been to walk over the hills from Blair-Athole to Inveraray, to Glencoe, the isle of Staffa, and the isle of Ilay, where they meant to stay for some days; then they were to proceed up the Clyde to Glasgow, then to Ben Lomond, Loch Earn, Ben Voirlich, Loch Katrine, and home by Cumberland. But this plan took no account of Scotch weather, and it had to be abandoned. From Blair-Athole the tourists proceeded to Fort-William, Klingemann making uncomplimentary notes all the way, in a thick drizzling rain. 'Smoky huts were stuck on cliffs, ugly women looked through the window-holes, cattle-herds with Rob Roys now and then blocked up the way, and mighty mountains were sticking up to their knees in the clouds.' No wonder Klingemann thought he had 'stumbled upon a bit of culture' when he unexpectedly found himself on 'the one street of which Fort-William consists.'

From Fort-William they went on by sea to Tobermory, where Klingemann, strange to say, found everything 'perfectly charming.' From his earliest days he had somehow confounded the Hebrides with the Hesperides; and though he did not find the oranges on the trees at Tobermory, he found them in the toddy. Such is his little joke. Evidently both the Germans had by this time got used to 'good Scots drink.' A visit to Staffa and Iona proved that they had not

got used to Atlantic weather. Mendelssohn, like Wagner, was a desperately bad sailor, and he had not been long on board when he was most unpoetically sea-sick. To make matters worse, it rained most of the time, until Klingemann exclaimed in despair that the Highlands and the sea appeared to brew nothing but whisky and bad weather. It was a constant matter of dispute between him and Mendelssohn whether the wet should be called rain or mist; but, so long at anyrate as he was sick, Mendelssohn would not listen to the suggestion of mist. Of course the party took to the boats to see Staffa, but Mendelssohn seems to have been too ill to bother himself much about the famous cave. It is Klingemann who gives the description. 'A greener roar of waves,' says he, 'surely never rushed into a stranger cavern; its many pillars making it look like the inside of an immense organ, black and resounding, and absolutely without purpose, and quite alone, the wide grey sea within and without.' By the time Iona was reached, Mendelssohn had somewhat recovered himself, though even now he has nothing to say. However, he has avowedly expressed his feelings—so far as music can go in that direction—in one of his best-known compositions, the *Hebrides* overture, completed the following year at Berlin. It has been said that after he returned home his sister Fanny asked him to tell her something about the Hebrides. 'It cannot be told, only played,' he said, and forthwith seated himself at the piano and played the theme which was afterwards developed in the overture.

The party seem to have had rather a rough time on the way back to Tobermory. Night came on, and there being no beds on board, the passengers lay about like herrings. Klingemann tells that at times, when half-asleep, he tried to drive away flies from his face, and found that he was tearing at the grizzly locks of an old Scotsman! 'If the Pope had been amongst us,' he says, 'some Protestant might unawares have kissed his slipper, for we often chanced to make unknown boots act as pillows. It was a wild night's revel, without the merry cup, and with rain and wind for the boisterous songsters.' At half-past six on Sunday morning they landed at

Oban, still in the rain. Not wishing to hear a Gaelic sermon, they drove on to Inveraray, and ultimately landed at Glasgow, driven thither by a longing for letters. A visit to Lochlomond, and 'the rest of the scenery which ought to be published and packed up as supplements to Sir Walter Scott's works,' completed the Scottish tour, and a few days later Mendelssohn was writing to his friends from Llangollen. On the whole he seems to have enjoyed himself fairly well, in spite of the weather—weather, as he puts it, to 'make the trees and rocks crash.' His experiences and opinions are well summed up in the following letter, which he wrote from Glasgow just before leaving. He says:

'To describe the wretchedness and the comfortless, inhospitable solitude of the country, time and space do not allow; we wandered ten days without meeting a single traveller; what are marked on the map as towns, or at least villages, are a few sheds huddled together, with one hole for door, window, and chimney, for the entrance and exit of men, beasts, light, and smoke, in which to all questions you get a dry "No;" in which brandy is the only beverage known, without church, without street, without gardens, the rooms pitch-dark in broad daylight, children and fowls lying in the same straw, many huts without roofs, many unfinished, with crumbling walls, many ruins of burnt houses; and even these inhabited spots are but sparingly scattered over the country. Now and then you find beautiful parks, but deserted; and broad lakes, but without boats; the roads a solitude. Fancy in all that the rich glowing sunshine, which paints the heath in a thousand divinely warm colours, and then the clouds chasing hither and thither! It is no wonder that the Highlands have been called melancholy. But two fellows have wandered merrily about them, laughed at every opportunity, rhymed and sketched together, growled at one another and at the world when they happened to be vexed or did not find anything to eat, devoured everything eatable when they did find it, and slept twelve hours every night; these two were we, who will not forget it as long as we live.'

As for Klingemann, he had acquired a new faculty by the tour. He could now tell, though his eyes were shut, whenever a Highlander came near him. A certain 'smoky atmosphere' was the guiding medium!

It is peculiarly fitting that Moscheles should come next to Mendelssohn in connection with our subject. But, first of all, who was Moscheles? The question is easily answered. Ignaz Moscheles was the foremost pianist of his day, after Hummel,

and before Chopin. He showed his talents early enough to be counted a prodigy, and after he had practically choked off his musical inspiration by a course of counterpoint under Albrechtsberger, he settled down to the life of a professor of music in Vienna. By and by he developed into a pianoforte virtuoso, and travelled as such for many years. In 1824 he met with Mendelssohn, then a youth of fourteen, and, giving him lessons on the pianoforte, he has come to be remembered as much on that account as for anything else that he did during his long career. Mendelssohn and he became bosom friends, and when the former started the Leipzig Conservatoire, it was Moscheles whom he invited to take the post of first professor of the pianoforte at the institution. He was, by all accounts, a most brilliant executant, and those who remember him extol him as one of the last pianists who excelled in the now almost forgotten art of extemporizing. In his own day he was very popular as a composer—regarded, indeed, as almost a classic—but although his music is often clever and brilliant, it is somewhat dry and old-fashioned for modern tastes. Sir Charles Hallé declares that many of his compositions will remain as standard works for all time, but Hallé had a peculiar partiality—founded on an early friendship—for Moscheles. The pair often met in Paris when Moscheles was engaged on the composition of his second pianoforte sonata for four hands. Whenever he added twenty or thirty bars to the work, he went off for Hallé to try them over; and Hallé tells that in order to give the new portion its proper effect, the piece had always to be taken from the beginning. ‘Often I was fetched from my house even as late as midnight,’ says Hallé, ‘by the amiable and charming Madame Moscheles, because they had a few friends with them, and were anxious to hear the new sonata’—at midnight! Moscheles lived on till 1870. To-day his son Felix, Mendelssohn’s god-child, is well known in the artistic world as a painter of considerable attainments.

It was in 1828, while people were still wishing each other ‘a happy new year,’ that this noted pianist of the olden time arrived in Edinburgh. Some one had secured lodgings for him in Frederick Street, and he was so much struck by the

'curious specimens of architecture' which he found there, that he enlarged upon the point in his diary. As a matter of fact it was the 'flat' system that puzzled him. One peculiarity, he says, consisted in a 'raised ground floor that ran under the neighbouring house, but disconnected with any staircase leading to the upper stories.' The next house to that, on the other hand, 'had no rooms on the ground floor, and the visitor, after mounting a staircase, found a bell, which secured his admission to the first story.' House-doors and steps were 'quite open; many other houses were constructed on this curious principle.' Such is the entry in the musician's diary. Having got over his surprise at this very common 'peculiarity,' Moscheles sallied forth to examine the town. Here he met with what he calls 'a series of surprises.' Princes Street he describes as unique in its way: there is 'a long row of houses on one side, intersected by sloping streets, from which you get a view of the Firth of Forth, whilst the opposite side opens to your view Edinburgh Castle on its rock, to which you ascend by a terrace garden.' And this is how the old town struck him: 'As I looked at the old houses, consisting in some instances of sixteen stories, inhabited by the poorest families, renting single rooms each, with its dimly-lighted windows, I seemed to look at a feeble attempt at illumination.' On the evening of the same day he encountered a party of Highlanders, kilt and all, coming off guard. 'They marched down from the Castle and passed close by me regaling my ears with genuine Scottish music of drum and fife.' No mention of the bagpipe; that was to come later.

Moscheles' first concert was given on the evening of Tuesday, January 7. There was a poor audience, but this was in a manner accounted for by the fact that an Italian Opera Company was drawing crowded houses at the time. The pianist tells that he had the utmost difficulty in securing a good band, and in the end was obliged to put up with a third-rate orchestra got together from the regimental bands—'the Highlanders, with their bare legs and kilt, being the poor substitutes for a well-trained orchestra.' The principal items played at this concert were the performer's celebrated variations on the Fall of Paris,

and his so-called *Anticipations of Scotland*. Of his rendering of the latter a critic said: 'The Scottish airs are treated with great elegance and richness of fancy, and we doubt whether any vocal performer ever sang "Auld Robin Gray" with more touching effect than M. Moscheles played it.' An extemporaneous performance was described by the critics as 'marvellous.' The press rated the people of Edinburgh soundly for the scanty support given to Moscheles. 'It must have proceeded,' said one writer, 'from accident, or from a want of sufficient announcement, otherwise it would be deeply discreditable to Edinburgh. It is an effect without an assignable cause, for no musical man ever came to Edinburgh preceded by so brilliant a reputation, and yet the result was an empty room.'

But these things have only a mild interest for us now; another matter is more worthy of attention. It was on this occasion that Moscheles made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. To his intense delight Sir Walter invited him and his wife to breakfast. Next morning at ten, they called at 6 Shandwick Place, where Scott was staying for the winter with his second and unmarried daughter. 'He opened the door himself,' says Moscheles, 'and welcomed us heartily; he was suffering from gout, and walked with a stick. Before we had taken off our things we felt completely at home, and my wife's anticipated awe of the great man had entirely vanished. We sat down to breakfast forthwith, and a genuine good Scotch breakfast we had, served on handsome silver plate, by two servants in powder and livery.' Scott's conversation, says Moscheles, 'was extremely animated and delightful. He understands German, and is thoroughly versed in our literature, and an enthusiastic worshipper of Goethe. He told us many anecdotes, but when he said to me—"How do you like my cousin, the piper? You know, we Scotchmen are all cousins," I am afraid my answer must have done violence to his sense of music, which by nature was very limited.'

Of course it was impossible for Moscheles to pretend to any enthusiasm for the bagpipe. Dr. Johnson, who hated most things Scotch, could stand the 'great drone' close to his ear; but on that matter Moscheles probably shared the opinion of Leigh Hunt, whose idea of martyrdom was to be tied to a post within a few

yards of a stout-lunged piper. Nay, he would doubtless have gone so far as to agree with Sydney Smith that one might as well speak of playing on an iron foundry as of playing on the bagpipe. But there are occasions when etiquette involves the acutest form of martyrdom, and this proved one of them. Scott was not to be argued out of his partiality for the national instrument. Why, he declared to the astonished Moscheles, a wandering piper would attract crowds in the streets of Edinburgh; and every one knew that in battle the sound of the pipe inspired the Scotch soldier with 'a desperate valour.' From this he started on a disquisition regarding the wonderful effects of the national music on the Highlander. In speaking on the music of the Highlands generally, he quoted the fine old 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu' as being one of the most spirited of the martial class of melody, 'but with the Gaelic words,' said he; 'these words are the only appropriate ones to convey spirit and animation, though the melody itself carries one away.' He began to hum the tune and beat time on the carpet with his stick, which was always by his side, 'but,' he presently remarked, 'the whole thing is wrong, I sing so badly; my cousin, who has just come in, must play the tune for us upstairs in the drawing-room.' An adjournment having been made, and Moscheles having heard the theme of the melody—no doubt in some agony, though he was too polite to say so—sat down to the pianoforte, and after a few preparatory movements, the company were astonished when the stirring Highland air burst forth in all its wild force. It was perhaps never played at the head of the clan before battle with more passionate energy. Moscheles evidently felt inspired by the presence of his 'ever youthful-minded and genial host,' and from all accounts he never before exerted himself with more devoted skill. In the course of further talk, Sir Walter chanced to allude to the effects of the various martial sounds which reached his ears when the evening watch was set of the allied troops in Paris after the battle of Waterloo. This led to a disquisition upon military music in general, and that, again, to a request from Scott that Moscheles would favour the company with some of the martial airs of the continent. He immediately assented, modestly saying that he knew very many of them.

Several of the airs his listeners were also acquainted with, many they heard for the first time; but the wonderful facility and grace with which the pianist combined them excited the most profound admiration. 'At last,' says Moscheles, 'we parted after a delightful visit, ever memorable to us. The amiability and sweetness of Scott's manner are never to be forgotten. Kindness indeed is written in every gesture, and speaks in every word that falls from him. He treated my wife like a pet daughter, kissed her on the cheek when we went away, and promised he would come and see the children and bring them a book. This he did, and his gift was *Tales of a Grandfather*. He had written on the title-page, "To Adolphus and Emily Moscheles, from the Grandfather."'

After this visit Scott was confined to his bed with a fresh attack of gout, but he was somewhat better by the time of Moscheles' third concert—a *matinée*—and the 'crowded and fashionable audience' (the appeal made by the press had proved effective), were surprised to see him step into the room just before the music began. 'My wife,' says Moscheles, 'sat, as usual, in a remote corner of the room; Scott, however, found her out instantly and sat down by her side, drawing upon her the envious eyes of many a fair beholder. His hearty bravoes and cheers, when I played, stimulated the audience to redouble their applause, which reached a climax when I gave them the Scotch airs.' Moscheles' extemporaneous performance on this occasion was founded on the 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' no doubt out of compliment to Scott. The latter, by all accounts, had taken quite a fancy to Madame Moscheles. And not without some reason. Mendelssohn's London landlord, a German named Heincke, declared that no one could carve a fowl like Madame Moscheles. But the lady had other claims to attention. Mr. Kuhe, the veteran Brighton musician, describes her as 'one of the most charming, gifted, and remarkable women it has ever been my good fortune to know. Singularly prepossessing even in middle life, she was in later years one of the most interesting-looking old ladies imaginable.' Scott, let us remember, met her at the 'singularly prepossessing' age. At this concert he appears to have indulged in something very like a flirtation. It is recorded

that between the parts he asked the lady if she knew Bürger's poem, 'Der Dichter liebt den guten Wein,' and on her replying that she did, he told her how he admired it, and had translated it into English. 'Would you like to have it? I will send it you.' Being asked to recite the song in the original, he willingly assented, 'whilst all around listened eagerly.' The pianist and his wife were leaving Edinburgh almost immediately, and next day, after they had been 'amused to see our kind friend sitting in the Court of Justice with a wilderness of official papers before him,' Mrs. Moscheles received the following note: 'My dear Mrs. Moscheles,—As you are determined to have me murder the pretty song twice, first by repeating it in bad German, and then by turning it into little better English, I send the promised version. My best wishes attend your journey, and with best compliments to Mr. Moscheles, I am truly and respectfully yours, WALTER SCOTT.' Moscheles, it appears, kept one of those 'modern nuisances' (the phrase is Lamb's), called an album—

'A medley of scraps, half verse and half prose,
And some things not very like either, God knows.'

Of course it was sent to Scott with the usual request that he would contribute something. Looking over the volume, Scott found a set of verses by Grillparzer, and a few hours afterwards he was telling Moscheles that he feared his 'valuable album' would only be disgraced by 'the following rude attempt at translation.' The attempt is of course anything but rude; Scott was really too modest altogether.

Later on Moscheles met Sir Walter in London. The pianist had been engaged for the season as Sontag's accompanist at the Italian opera, and Sontag was a constant visitor at his house, where her beauty and fascinating gifts were a source of delight to his friends. She was just about to appear in the *Donna del Lago* ('The Lady of the Lake'), and when Moscheles heard that Scott was in town he at once arranged a large party that vocalist and poet might meet. Madame Moscheles records that in the presence of Sontag 'the great man was all ears—and eyes, too, I think.' When Sontag questioned him about her costume as the Lady of the Lake, he described to her, with the utmost

minuteness, every fold of the plaid, and was greatly pleased when Madame Moscheles offered to lend Sontag a genuine clan-plaid, which she had received from Lady Sinclair while in Edinburgh. Scott 'showed her the particular way the brooch should be fastened at the shoulder, and would not allow any alteration.' Sontag had, in fact, two worshippers that evening, the second being the once-celebrated pianist Clementi, who, we are told, seemed as much fascinated as Scott. 'You should have seen the ecstasy of the two old men,' says the hostess; 'they shook each other by the hand, took it in turns to flirt with Sontag, without seeming jealous of one another. It was a pretty duet of joint admiration, and of course the poet, musician, and songstress were the observed of all observers.' Scott afterwards refers to 'the fine old gentleman, Mr. Clementi,' and asks to be remembered to him, but there is no reference to Sontag. One wonders how Scott contrived to listen patiently to so much classical music as he must have heard from first to last in his connection with Moscheles. When some young ladies give him pretty music of this kind he has nothing to say for it, except to declare that he does not know and cannot utter a note, and that complicated harmonies are to him but a battle of confused sounds. He admits that, whenever detected, in spite of his snuff-box, with closed eyes during some piece of abstruse harmony, he renounced his former apologies, and boldly avowed, with Congreve's Jeremy, that although he had a reasonable ear for a jig, your cantatas gave him the spleen. Like Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*, Scott was a conservative in music. He 'stuck to the good old tunes,' and it was not without some appropriateness that Moscheles dedicated to him his pianoforte fantasia known as 'Strains of the Scotch Bards.' Before returning to Moscheles' Edinburgh visit, it may be interesting to note that, amongst a number of commonplace and tedious *soirées* mentioned in his diary under the year 1833, he makes an exception in favour of one at the Lockharts. He met Moore there for the first time, and describes him as 'A little, lively, sparkling Irishman who, on the strength of his passion for music, immediately made acquaintance with us.' The poet sang his own songs, adapted to certain Irish melodies, harmonized and accompanied

by himself on the guitar. 'Le genre est petit,' thought Moscheles, but the novelty made it interesting to him. Coleridge was there too, but beyond remarking that he is 'still bright and cheerful, although looking an old man,' the musician has nothing to tell us regarding him.

Going back now to Moscheles' Edinburgh experiences, we may note first some things in connection with his sight-seeing. He went to the Calton Hill and had 'a glorious view,' though he had nothing better to say for Nelson's monument than to call it an unwieldy mass. He drove to Roslin, taking Salisbury Crags on the way home, but 'the weather was so cold we could not enjoy ourselves.' Holyrood he found 'very interesting,' with its memories of 'the fair, possibly guilty, but ill-fated Queen.' He looked incredulously at the alleged stains of Rizzio's blood, but his scepticism vanished when Ballantyne, Scott's printer, showed him a note in which Scott declared that he had 'no doubt of Rizzio's blood being genuine.' Another day Moscheles went to see the High Court of Justice. The din was 'fearful,' but 'the judges continued to follow the speeches of the opposing counsel, although the mere effort of listening in the midst of such a buzz seemed a mystery to me.' Spurzheim, the phrenologist, was in Edinburgh at this time, and Moscheles thought he would test his powers. He gave him no name, but asked him to examine his skull. Spurzheim merely uttered a few unmeaning common-places, such as a 'disposition for fine art,' and the like, but when at length Moscheles disclosed his identity, he 'explained in a learned manner how Nature had stamped him for a musician.'

Moscheles seems to have had some difficulty in putting in his Sunday in Edinburgh. He tried the Kirk, but naturally found that little to his liking. 'The church service, from which the organ is banished, struck me as peculiar. The psalms are intoned by a four-part choir, in which the congregation joins. But the basses are usually in unison with the sopranos [he cannot mean the basses in the choir], instead of forming the support of the other voices. Dr. Thomson's sermon was very good in itself, but the nasal twang and Scotch accent, coupled with the vehement gesticulation of the preacher, made it more singular than elevating.' This was pretty hard on the musical clergyman of St.

George's, to say nothing of the fact that the singing thus summarily dealt with was under the direction of that noted psalmodic enthusiast and reformer, Robert Archibald Smith. Moscheles reminds one of the story told of the first Italian professor of music who settled in Edinburgh. Of course he was a Roman Catholic, and having no place of worship to go to, he wandered sadly about the streets on Sundays. One day he was passing the Tron Church, just as the last psalm was being sung. The beadle came to open the doors; the Italian drew near, and was startled. 'What is that horrible noise I hear?' said he to the beadle. Much scandalised, the beadle made reply, 'That's the people praising God.' 'Do the people think God likes to hear that awful noise?' 'To be sure, of course He does.' The alien thought for a moment, then sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked off with the remark: 'Well, your God must have no ear for music.' Moscheles was not quite so irreverent, but there is no saying what he *thought*. As for his view of the Scotch Sunday, it will be well to let him speak for himself. 'I must say it is wearisome to a degree. Twice or three times at church [there were no half-day hearers then], more prayers at home, or sitting twirling one's thumbs; no music, no work, no visiting—a perfect blank. I have had to endure all this. It's a difficult matter to steal quietly off to one's own room and write letters, or clandestinely to read books of a secular kind. If I didn't do this I should not survive.' Clearly, Moscheles was not cut out for what Stevenson calls a 'stiff, ungodly Protestant.'

During the whole time of his stay in Edinburgh, the eminent virtuoso was obliged to give lessons, in spite of the almost prohibitory fee of two guineas an hour. 'Some ladies,' he says, 'are bent on galloping through my compositions with me at their side, no matter how difficult the music is, or how short the time.' But he soon became weary even of gathering in the guineas. 'I shall be off as fast as I can,' he writes, 'and be proof against the numerous offers they make me; I can't be plagued with endless concerts.' He was true to his word, and was soon spending his Sunday as he pleased on the other side of the Tweed.

And now let us see about Chopin. The visit of the eminent Polish composer was both pathetic and interesting, for when

he came here he was in a dying condition, and with the exception of one appearance in London on his way home, he was not once heard in public after he re-crossed the Border. The Revolution of 1848 had just broken out in Paris, and Chopin no doubt thought it expedient to get out of danger. Moreover, there could be very little for the musician to do while the military were in the streets, and when money was so scarce that people were exchanging their silver valuables at the mint for ready cash. Chopin was entirely dependent upon his concerts and his teaching, and for the present both were out of the question. A professional visit to England and Scotland was therefore decided upon.

The composer arrived in London towards the end of April 1848. This was his second visit to the metropolis, his first visit, curiously enough, having been paid *incognito*, in 1837. After trying another lodging, he now settled down at 48 Dover Street, Piccadilly, where he spoke of having a fine large room in which he would be able to breathe and play and have a due share of such sunshine as might be agoing. The sunshine was a matter of some consequence, for Chopin had carried the seeds of consumption in his breast from childhood, and he was now in the last stages of the disease. Those who saw him at this time were painfully struck by his emaciated appearance, and there are touching records of his being carried upstairs in various London houses because he was too weak for even that little exertion. One who heard him when he played at Lord Falmouth's speaks of him as 'bent double, and with a distressing cough. He looked like a revived corpse. It seemed almost impossible that such a man had the physique to play.' Nor did Chopin himself think any better of his condition. Writing in July to a friend, he remarks that he cannot become sadder than he is. A real joy he has not felt for a long time. In fact, he feels nothing at all; he only vegetates, waiting patiently for the end.

Such was Chopin's physical state when he came north to brave the bite of the keen winds that blow around Edinburgh. He had made the acquaintance of a certain Miss Stirling, and he was now the guest of her brother-in-law, Lord Torphichen,

at Calder House, some twelve miles from the capital. Writing from there a few days after his arrival, he intimates that his health is not 'altogether bad,' but adds: 'I have become more feeble, and the air here does not yet agree with me.' On the other hand, the people were kind, although they were not comely; and there were 'charming, apparently mischievous cattle, perfect milk, butter, eggs, and *tout ce qui s'en suit*, cheese and chickens.' There was a beautiful park, with hundred year old trees; the lord of the manor was 'excellent;' and as for the house—well, it was here (and fancy Chopin making a point of the circumstance!) it was here that John Knox dispensed the Sacrament for the first time. The only thing that vexed the visitor was that he could not compose. He had two fine pianos at his disposal, paper and pens too in plenty, and a 'perfect tranquillity,' but not one musical idea could he find in his head. 'The fact is, he was thoroughly out of his element, and he knew it. He had said before that he detested the 'vagabond life' of the strolling musician, wandering from place to place; now he remarks that he feels as much out of his groove as an ass might do at a masked ball. And yet he does so much wish that he could compose a little, 'were it only to please these good ladies, Madame Erskine and Mdlle. Stirling.'

The good ladies whom Chopin was thus anxious to please belonged to the noted family of which Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was a member. Their father was John Stirling of Kippendavie. Madame Erskine, the elder of the two sisters, had married James Erskine in 1811, but had been for many years a widow when Chopin made her acquaintance. It was the younger sister, Jane, who was the composer's particular friend. She had been a good deal in Paris, and apparently was one of Chopin's pupils there. At anyrate, he had no sooner met her than he 'began to like her,' and of this liking he made public avowal by dedicating to her a couple of his best-known compositions. The lady was the elder of the two by some years, but according to the tattle of the time, she fell deeply in love with Chopin, and—the Georges Sand connection notwithstanding—it was even rumoured that he was to

marry her. 'She might as well marry death,' was Chopin's remark when the rumour reached his ears. Very likely there was nothing more than friendship between the pair; certainly during the Scotch visit no stronger feeling seems to have been suggested by any one.

From Calder House, Chopin presently moved to Edinburgh itself. There was a Polish doctor named Lyschinski in the capital at this time, and the composer became his guest at No. 10 Warriston Crescent. Many interesting reminiscences of the visit have been recorded, mainly on the authority of Lyschinski's wife. Chopin appears to have been something of a dandy. He had his hair curled every morning, and his shirts, boots, and other things showed him to be 'more vain in dress than any woman.' He went to bed late and rose late, and always had soup in his room the first thing. He was not once able to walk upstairs without assistance. Usually he sat over the fire, shivering with cold, though sometimes he would play himself warm at the piano. He had all the caprices and contradictions of the man of genius. If it were suggested to him that he should go to the fire, he would go as far away from it as possible. To dictate to him or deny him anything was out of the question. One day Mrs. Lyschinski declined to sing at his request, when he flew into a passion, and asked the doctor if he would take it amiss should he force the lady to sing! Miss Stirling, it may perhaps be remarked, came much about him at the Lyschinskis, but Chopin would not hear of her being called even a 'particular friend.' He had no particular lady friend, so he declared; he 'gave to all an equal share of his attention.' Unfortunately, as we shall see, the Stirling ladies appear to have given him rather *too* much attention.

Chopin was due in Glasgow for a recital on the 27th of September, but he had first to appear at Manchester. Here he had a good audience, everything passed off well, and a sum of £60, the same which he made in Glasgow, was the net result. The Glasgow concert was also a success, notwithstanding that it was a morning one, and that the tickets were priced at half-a-guinea. Two of the audience on the occasion still survive, but the most interesting reminiscence of the concert is that set

down by the late Dr. James Hedderwick in his *Backward Glances*. Dr. Hedderwick begins by telling us how, seeing a carriage-and-four at the entrance to the Merchants' Hall in Hutcheson Street at two o'clock in the day, he asked a policeman what was up, and was informed that a Mr. 'Choppin' (the pronunciation suggesting a quart measure) was giving a concert. He then proceeds—

'On entering the hall I found it about one-third full. The audience was aristocratic. Prince Czartoryski, a man whose name was patriotically associated with the Polish struggle for independence, was present; so likewise were some representatives of the ducal house of Hamilton; while sitting near were Lord and Lady Blantyre, the latter a perfectly beautiful woman, and worthy of her lineage as one of the daughters of the Queen's favourite Duchess of Sutherland. Others of the neighbouring nobility and gentry were observable; and I fancied that many of the ladies might have had finishing lessons in music from the great and fashionable pianist in Paris. It was obvious, indeed, that a number of the audience were personal friends of M. Chopin. No portrait of that gentleman had I ever seen; no description of him had I ever read or heard; but my attention was soon attracted to a little fragile-looking man, in pale grey suit, including frock-coat of identical tint and texture, moving about among the company, conversing with different groups, and occasionally consulting his watch, which seemed to be

"In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman."

In the small, grey individual I did not hesitate to recognise the musical genius we had all come to see. Whiskerless, beardless, fair of hair, and pale and thin of face, his appearance was interesting and conspicuous; and when, after a final glance at his miniature horologe, he ascended the platform and placed himself at the instrument of which he was so renowned a master, he at once commanded attention.'

Dr. Hedderwick then goes on to speak of Chopin's playing, which, he says, was different from that of all the great pianists—Liszt, Thalberg, and others—whom he had heard. He emphasises the fact that on the whole it was less fitted for the concert hall than for the drawing-room. There were indeed 'occasional episodes of both strength and grandeur,' but generally speaking the *piano* was more pronounced than the *forte*. 'It was clear to me,' he remarks, 'that Chopin was early marked for doom.' Such appears to have been the general

impression—that Chopin's playing was far too delicate for the ordinary concert platform, an impression which was, in fact, supported by the composer himself when he said that the public intimidated him: their breath stifled him. Clearly he was not cut out for a virtuoso.

Soon after the date of his concert in Glasgow, we find Chopin writing from Keir, in Perthshire, the residence of his friends, the Stirlings. He seems to have found things pretty dull here. The Sundays, in particular, tried him, tried him as much as they had tried Moscheles in Edinburgh. 'No post, no railway, no carriage (not even for taking the air), no boat, not a dog to be seen; all desolate, desolate'—such is his complaint. The trouble was, however, from within. Chopin felt himself to be getting worse and worse. He wanted to compose, but the mood would not come. 'I am all the morning,' he says, 'unable to do anything, and when I have dressed myself I feel again so fatigued that I must rest. After dinner I must sit two hours with the gentlemen, hear what they say, and see how much they drink. Meanwhile, I feel bored to death.' This, let us remember, was in the society of the woman to whom the gossips had married him by anticipation! The Stirling ladies had indeed 'the best intentions in the world,' but they made themselves a burden to the composer nevertheless. 'They fetch me,' said he, 'to introduce me to all their relations: they will at last kill me with their kindness, and I must bear it out of pure amiability.' Poor Chopin! Too weak to mount the stairs to his bedroom, he was yet expected to shine in the company at Keir.

On the 4th of October came the Edinburgh concert. It was an evening recital, and was given in the Hopetoun Rooms, Queen Street, the tickets being again half-a-guinea. The price was unheard of at that time in Edinburgh; and Miss Stirling, fearing that there might be a poor audience, bought £50 worth of tickets for distribution amongst her friends. After this, the composer ought surely to have taken a more charitable view of the irksome attentions of his 'particular friend.' As for the concert, he remarks simply: 'I have played in Edinburgh. The nobility of the neighbourhood

came to hear me ; people say the thing went off well—a little success and a little money.' But even the money would not tempt him to remain longer in 'the beautiful country of Walter Scott, with its memories of Mary Stuart.' The people were very kind, but the 'interminable dinners, and cellars of which I avail myself less,' were becoming too much for him, to say nothing of his being 'every week in a different place,' and he now made for the South with all speed. The Stirlings apparently went with him to London, for we find him writing in desperation from there: 'A day longer here and I shall go mad or die. My Scotch ladies are good, but so tedious that—God have mercy on us! They have so attached themselves to me that I cannot easily get rid of them.' In less than a twelvemonth Chopin was beyond the reach of the bores, at rest in Père-la Chaise.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

ART. VII.—THE CHRONICLE OF THE SIEUR DE JOINVILLE.

IT is one of the pleasant delusions of middle life that sometime —next summer when the idle days come, or this winter when the nights are long—we shall have time to read all the great leisurely books that the world has found delight in. We picture ourselves old and sagacious, indifferent to modern epigram, calmly enjoying the mellow wisdom of Montaigne, or we dream that some day we shall neglect our newspaper and magazine, and read ourselves into Froissart, till all the brave old life, with its passionate love of honour and of gallant deeds, becomes alive again to our imagination.

But we hesitate and delay, partly from lack of time and opportunity, but more from a secret misgiving that our middle-aged imagination may find itself halting and slow amid the brilliance and vain glory of court and camp. We dare not put our taste

to the proof lest, too practical and serious, it fail to catch the sunny charm of that old tale; lest, true to the indictment of our nation, we be found to take our Froissart 'sadly.'

We need not fear lest our national temperament—our humour, tender rather than gay, our instinct for going to the inward core of things—should stand in our way in understanding and loving the earlier, simpler, more personal chronicle of the Sieur de Joinville. It is the life of a saint written by a soldier, the intimate history of a man written by his friend. St. Louis was, perhaps, of all men who have sat upon a throne the most single-mindedly good; de Joinville was one of the clearest-eyed, honestest, quickest-witted courtiers who ever wrote and told the truth. The book is written in beautiful flexible old French, of all forms of human speech the sweetest and the gallantest. If the narrative is full and garrulous, like the tale an old man tells of his youth, there is no looseness in the texture of it; the reported sayings are pointed, the numberless incidents are vivid and picturesque. There is no vagueness in the drawing of the characters. Louis, whether we see him, with shrewdness and infinite care, administering justice at Vincennes, or with rapt face and shining helmet waging ill-starred battle on God's enemies, remains the same man—sweet, grave, sincere, and filled with passionate devoutness. Equally firmly, and with delightful *naïveté*, the Seneschal has drawn his own portrait—the portrait of a high-spirited, humorous soldier, reasonably pious, unfalteringly loyal and affectionate to his master, but with good, sound critical judgment.

De Joinville's is not the only biography we have of St. Louis. In the year 1297 the Court of Rome held the canonization of the French king in consideration. His own confessor, the confessor of the Queen, and another ecclesiastic, immediately produced convincing proofs of the holiness of his life. These biographies suffer under the disadvantages common to all books written obviously for edification. Saints are for the most part endowed with humour, their biographers but rarely. A fine sagacity in mundane affairs, and a curiously direct knowledge of life, are often the paradoxical reward for a total renunciation of the world, but ecclesiastical biographers pass by

such normal fruits of the Spirit, to emphasise miraculous, or at best exaggerated gifts of abstinence or benevolence. Had we only the three ecclesiastical lives of St. Louis, we might gather that he had been indeed what the angry bourgeoisie of Paris called him on the steps of the Palais Royal, a '*papillard*'—Pope ridden.

It was possibly a feeling of disappointment with the authorised biographies that produced de Joinville's *Life of St. Louis*. He tells us that it was written at the request of Jehane, Queen of Navarre, grand-daughter of St. Louis. It is dedicated to her son, afterwards Louis le Hutin. To him de Joinville presented the manuscript, adorned with those rich illuminations for which, Dante tells us, Paris was already famous. The priceless thing has long been lost through royal ingratitude and stupidity.

If de Joinville's *Life of St. Louis* differs from all other lives of saints, and excels them in freshness and human interest, this is largely due to the fact that the author was a man of the world and a soldier. 'Never yet,' says Cervantes, 'has the sword dulled the pen nor the pen the sword.' It owes still more of its distinctive charm to the fact that it was the work of an old man. In 1242 de Joinville talks of himself as a young squire—'I had not yet assumed a helmet.' He must then have been either twenty or twenty-one years old. In 1248, when he accompanied St. Louis to the East, he must have been either twenty-six or twenty-seven. Now the memoir was finished in 1309, when the Seneschal must have been about eighty-eight.

Sitting through sunny summer mornings or long, fire-lit hours of winter in his castle of de Joinville, the old man lived over the keen sensations and active deeds of youth, wove them into a continuous narrative, and dictated to the patient scribe. Old conversations are retold as if they had occurred yesterday, old feats of arms still stir the pulses, only the frequent ejaculation 'Whom God assoil!' after the name of some comrade in arms shows that the story-teller has out-lived his fellows. Of the feebler grasp of age there is not the smallest sign. All the impressions of youth are retained by a mind of singular force and clearness. The traveller's marvels that once excited curiosity are retold with every circumstance, the humorous incidents excite the

old laughter, only certain aspects of life are mellowed and changed by time and experience. De Joinville details the hideous sufferings of the crusaders as placidly as if he had had no concern in them. Intervening years had dulled the remembrance, as fortunately for human nature, time always does when the pain is merely physical. The admonitions and pointed anecdotes of St. Louis are told with the piety men keep for the good and wise of their youth. But it is chiefly in the expression of certain convictions on life and duty that we recognise that de Joinville's book is the work of a man of age and experience. Of all duties he places highest the responsibility of the great for the lives and fortunes of the lesser people committed to them. This sense of obligation was the saving spirit of feudalism far more than the blind docility of the vassal, the decay of which one sometimes hears lamented sentimentally. This generous sense of responsibility finds its highest expression in de Joinville. It was alike the motive of his own actions and his standard for judging other men.

The story of de Joinville extends over 22 years, during which he lived in the most affectionate intimacy with the king. It was the period when the French monarch was beginning to rise supreme among the great feudatories who were almost his peers. No rigid etiquette separated the king from the great nobles. It happened in the curious complications of feudal ties that de Joinville was not the vassal of the French King but of the King of Navarre. It was characteristic of the Seneschal to hold tenaciously to this point. Writing at the age of ninety to the great-grandson of St. Louis he says, 'Sire, let it not displease you that I call you merely "my good Lord," not otherwise did I address the Kings y' ancestors, whom God assoil.'

Even when de Joinville stood in the King's pay and served him during the four years at Acre, he kept the same frank independence, though never failing in the courtesy a well-bred spirit owes a king, nor in the reverence no well-born soul refuses to a saint. Even saints may become exasperated when the public exchequer is low and calls for money clamorous. De Joinville and his knights were the strength of Louis' sadly dwindling force. In reviewing the yearly contract the King bade him name his

terms. The Seneschal answered bluntly that he required no increase of pay, 'But, Sire, I w^d make this condition with you. Seeing that you are easily moved to anger if any request is made to you, I w^d have you promise not to be wrath with me whatever I may chance to ask, and I will promise not to be wrath whatever you may see fit to deny.' The King laughed that 'clear laugh' that belongs to all children and to some 'children of the second birth,' and taking the Seneschal by the hand ratified the bargain before the Legate and Council. The same 'clear laugh' greeted a jest that de Joinville made at the expense of the King's saintliness. A party of Armenian pilgrims passing through Acre on their way to Jerusalem desired de Joinville to bring them into the presence of the royal saint. The Seneschal found the King sitting on the sand in front of his tent door. 'Sire,' he said, 'a number of Armenian pilgrims are eager to see the royal saint, but, for my own part, I have no desire to kiss your bones yet.'

It is a nice question whether a jest or a just and serious rebuke are most trying not only to saints and kings but to all the children of men who take themselves seriously. The very moment Louis landed in France after his six years absence in the East, he was surrounded by those who had special interests to serve. One of these, the Abbot of Cluny, very astutely met the King's urgent needs by the gift of two fine horses. The clear-eyed Seneschal, who had no particular love of priests, noticed the King's patience and geniality in the Abbot's business. When the churchman had left he asked the King, 'Sir, let me ask you, an it please you, did you hear the Abbot the more graciously because of the two palfreys he gave you yesterday?' And with grave, sweet candour the King replied, 'Truly I think I did.'

This magnanimity is all the more beautiful because the usual attitude of Louis to de Joinville was that of a wise and tender elder yearning over the soul of the younger man. The actual difference between their ages was less than twelve years, but the cares of an unstable kingdom and the haunting passion for righteousness had left the King but a short season of youth. He seems to have regarded with anxiety the hot blood, blunt speech,

and quick understanding of the young Seneschal. The following story is so beautiful that one cannot shorten it :—

‘Once he called me to him, and said : “ I dare not speak with you concerning the things of God because of the subtle wit I know to be in you, so I have brought these two friars with me, and I w^d. ask you one question—Seneschal, what is the Nature of God ? ” And I answered, “ God is of such excellent Nature that better may not be. ” “ Verily, ” he answered, “ that is well said. Now, ” he added, “ I w^d. ask you which you w^d. rather choose, to be a leper or to have committed a mortal sin ? ” And I, who never lied to him, answered “ that rather than be a leper I w^d. have committed thirty mortal sins. ” And when the friars were gone he called me to him quite alone, and making me sit at his feet, said, “ How came you to say that to me yesterday ? ” I answered that I still held to the same opinion. “ It is hastily and rashly said, for you sh^d. know that no leprosy is so hideous as mortal sin, for when a man dies he is cured of his bodily disease, but if he have committed mortal sin, he may die without repentance and the pardon of God, and great is the fear that this disease may remain with him as long as God is in Heaven ; therefore, with all my heart I beseech you for the love of God, and for the love of me also, that you set y^r. heart to choose whatever evil may befall the body rather than mortal sin which destroys the soul. ’

Though de Joinville proves clearly the independent attitude of the king to priests and bishops in matters of public justice, in all matters of the Faith, Louis was the obedient son of the Church. Many were the pointed stories he told to enforce the duty of blind submission to the orthodox Faith. None is so touching as that of the large-hearted Bishop William of Paris, who comforted a Doctor of Divinity, distracted by doubt, by the fine parable that they who held the Faith against the temptations of doubt, deserved as well of God as a Frenchman who held the border fortress of La Rochelle against the English would deserve of the French king. Quainter and more direct in moral application is the story of the Jew and the old knight, which the King quoted with unqualified approval—

‘At a disputation between some learned Jews and the monks of Cluny, a lame old knight, a pensioner of the Abbey, begged to be allowed to open the controversy. The Jew having denied that Mary was the Mother of God, his opponent replied, “What art thou but a fool who, neither loving Christ nor believing in Him, hast ventured into His house? And now truly thou shalt pay for it.” And he lifted up his staff and struck the Jew in the eye, and bore him to the ground. “Now,” said the King, “no one unless he be a learned clerk sh^d. dispute with them, but a layman sh^d. only defend the Faith with his sword, and with that let him strike home.” We sh^d. draw another moral from the tale.’

To have held his kingdom together against arrogant feudatories, to have made peace among his vassals and neighbours, to have established law and administered equal justice in his own domains, to have studded his estates with noble charities, to have lived the life of a saint in the midst of a Court—all this was nothing to Louis IX. as long as the holy places were still in the hands of God’s enemies. The words he said in dying, ‘*Jérusalem, Jérusalem, nous irons à Jérusalem,*’ may be said to have been the refrain of his secret thoughts since boyhood. In 1246 deliverance from the very threshold of death gave him the ardently desired occasion to assume the cross. The strong-willed, pious mother might break her heart to part with her son, but her high spirit accepted the task of ruling the kingdom in the absence of her three sons, for the king’s brothers as well as all the more important nobles had caught the enthusiasm. While Italy and Germany were distracted by the ignoble strife of Pope and Emperor, while England was harassed by the falseness of the feeble king and the greed of foreign churchmen, a wave of real religious enthusiasm passed over chivalrous France. De Joinville, like the rest, raised every available penny, armed ten knights at his own cost, feasted his friends, kissed wife and infant son, and rode away from the castle of Joinville, not daring to look back lest the sight of his old towers should weaken his heart. One piece of advice given by an old kinsman stuck in his conscience. ‘You are going beyond seas,’ he said, ‘now, I warn you, take heed of your return, for no knight, whether rich

or poor, may return without shame if he leave in the hands of the Saracens the poor folk of our Lord who have gone thither in his company.'

One of the main difficulties of the crusade was the transport. It was in the hands of Pisan, Genoese or Venetian master-marines who sold their services dear. When money was exhausted, and men were sick of the profitless warfare of the Holy Land, the richer men paid their passage home, but each Crusade left a residuum of the poorer sort to swell the population of the feeble Latin kingdoms, besides others, more wretched, renegades and unransomed prisoners in the hands of the Saracens.

St. Louis' first campaign was directed to Egypt. It cannot be said that he had any plan either military or political. The crusades, we must remember, were pilgrimages as much as campaigns. Every Saracen killed was another of God's enemies cast into Hell, if a crusader fell he was another blessed martyr gathered home to Heaven. So men fought for honour or salvation, and left the issue to God, who, like a faithful over-lord, was bound to stand by His men. 'God did us such courtesy,' is de Joinville's acknowledgement of some unlooked for deliverance in battle. Men hazarded the fate of an army that they might be first in the field. In the thick of the fight they stopped to decide nice points of honour. Once when de Joinville, unhorsed and wounded, was surrounded by Saracens, a friend, himself with a grisly wound in the face, said to him, 'Now if you think that it w^d never be counted as dishonour to me or my heirs I w^d go and bring you aid from the Count of Anjou.' Men jested on the battle-field as at a tourney. 'Seneschal,' cried the Count de Soissons in the excitement of battle, 'let us drive off this mob. By God's head you and I will yet speak of this day in our ladies' bower!'

It is pathetic to read with what exactness religious duties were observed through the terror of night attacks and lost battles as well as through the settled gloom of pestilence and famine. The rigours of the Lenten fast weakened those struck down by the hideous camp sickness. De Joinville was himself grievously sick. As he lay in his tent his chaplain fainted from weakness in the middle of the Mass. The Seneschal standing bare foot

and in his shirt supported him in his arms; he celebrated the Sacrament, sang his Mass, and 'thereafter never sang again.' When de Joinville and his comrades were captured on the Nile boat and looked for nothing but instant death, one of the knights knelt before him, and in default of a priest, made his confession to him. 'I absolve you with the power given me of God,' said de Joinville, adding with characteristic frankness, 'when we got up I c^d not remember a word he had said.'

Men had need alike of light-hearted gallantry and of religion to carry them through the disaster of the expedition. Battles were succeeded by famine, by pestilence, and finally by captivity in the hands of a capricious and treacherous enemy. It cost St. Louis 400,000 livres tournois of ransom before he delivered himself and the remnant of his host out of Egypt. How small that remnant was, one can judge by the fact that of the 2,700 knights who had sailed with him from Cyprus hardly more than 100 accompanied him to Acre. Some remained prisoners in Egypt, and with them many of the lesser people.

The Latin principalities in the Holy Land could only drag on their existence through the new blood brought by each fresh expedition. Their hopes were fixed on St. Louis, the champion of Christendom. But the force with which he arrived at Acre could effect nothing, and there was undeniable good sense in the advice urged by his brothers, the Legate and other responsible men, that he should return to his own kingdom. The King put the case plainly before the Council; on the one hand his mother urged his return, as France was being threatened by England, on the other his departure would mean the destruction of the Latin power in the Holy Land; all who could would accompany him, the remnant would be left defenceless.

The next Sunday, sitting in Council, the great nobles, one after the other, urged his return home. De Joinville was the fourteenth. The warning of his kinsman had never gone out of his heart. Now with passionate bluntness he urged that the King should spend money liberally, bringing fresh adventurers from over seas. Otherwise those who had been made captive in the service of God and of the King could hope for no deliverance. Then all present thinking of their kinsmen in captivity

in Egypt began to weep, but none the less were they incensed at de Joinville's boldness. During dinner the King kept looking at him, but did not speak to him, and the Seneschal thought that he too was angry. His heart was full, and after the meal he retired into the little recess where the King's bed stood. Leaning his arms against the iron bars he stared idly into vacancy and sadly considered his own plans. He would take service with his own kinsman the Prince of Antioch, till means should be found to ransom the captives in Egypt. As he stood there, lost in thought, some one came behind him and laid his hands lightly over his eyes. He, thinking it was Master Philip d'Anemos, one of the most vexing of his adversaries, said irritably, 'Leave me alone Master Philip.' As he turned his head the hands dropped from his eyes, and he recognised an emerald that the King wore on his finger. 'How came you to be so bold,' asked the King, 'to counsel me differently from all the others, you who are so young a man?' But de Joinville in his indignant honesty can only repeat the same advice. 'Now be of good cheer,' said the King, 'for I am much pleased with the advice you have given, but you must tell no one of this for another week.'

The towns on the Syrian seaboard have always been meeting-places for men of the most varied races and religions and habits. Never was this more the case than during the last Crusade. Daily strangers arrived at Acre from the sea or across the Lebanons from Damascus and the further East. Ambassadors—probably impostors—arrived from the Tartars, those vast and savage hordes that hung like a black cloud on the confines of Christendom. They flattered the king by holding out hopes of the conversion of the Great Khan. Strange, fierce-looking men brought gifts from the Old Man of the Mountain. One Christian knight, who joined the French forces, had come on his ship straight from Norway. He and his Norsemen found congenial sport galloping after lions in the desert, slaying them with spears. Under hot Syrian skies he told the fascinating, incredible tale of his own far North, its cold and darkness, and its midnight sun. To all these tales de Joinville lent a greedy ear.

The most remarkable story he tells is all the more striking because it is told without a word of comment—

‘A certain friar, Brother Ives, was sent to Damascus on an embassy from the King. Going from his hostel to the palace of the Sultan, he met an old woman in the street, carrying in her hand a pan of burning embers, and in the left a pitcher of water. ‘The friar asked her what she would do with these. She answered that with the fire she would burn Paradise till it was utterly consumed, and with the water she would quench Hell. ‘“Why would you do this?” asked the friar. ‘“That from henceforward no one should do good for the reward of Heaven nor from the fear of Hell, but solely for the love of God, which is worth all beside and can supply everything else to us.”’ ‘We do not know if this bold and magnanimous soul was Christian or Mohamedan, we only know that she was a woman and old.’

The finest feat of arms told of this crusade was that of Walter, Count of Jaffa. He had fallen into the hands of the Saracens, who were besieging his town. His enemies, in their cruel, Eastern fashion, tied him to a high forked stake, and held him up close to the walls that the sight of his sufferings might persuade his followers to surrender. But he cried with a loud voice forbidding them to give up the place whatever pains they might see him endure; if they did, he would kill them with his own hand.

It was during the four heroic, profitless years at Acre that de Joinville was so intimate with the king. When the heavy news came from France of Queen Blanche’s death, the king sent for the Seneschal. Holding out his arms, he cried like a warm-hearted boy, ‘Seneschal, I have lost my mother.’ The Seneschal was more sincere than sympathetic on this occasion. It is apparent that he disliked the good, masterful, jealous, devoted mother of his master. He probably never forgave her treatment of her daughter-in-law, Queen Margaret. Indeed, his warm heart and natural good sense took exception to the austere self-control of the King. ‘I had been five years about his person,’ he writes, ‘before I heard him mention the Queen or his children; it did

not seem to me right to be so distant to one's wife and children.' When the Seneschal found the young queen weeping over her mother-in-law's death, he cleared the air of cant by asking why she made such lamentation for the woman she hated most in the world.

They were full enough of disappointment and tribulation those four years in the Holy Land, but they seem to have been free from those mutual jealousies and suspicions that mostly embitter unsuccessful public enterprizes. The camp at Acre had its own sins and follies to answer for; at least it compared favourably with the Court of Rome. When, in 1253, return was finally decided on, the Legate, holding both de Joinville's hands, said, with bitter weeping, 'It grieves me to the heart to know that I must leave your holy society and return to that faithless crew at Rome.'

By the men of that day the unfamiliar dangers of the sea were more dreaded than the too familiar dangers of war and pestilence. On the coast of Cyprus the king's ship ran on a sandbank. The very sailors were in despair. While they all stood on deck expecting to be drowned, one of de Joinville's knights threw over him a furred cloak. "What should I do with this cloak, seeing I am about to be drowned?" cried the ungrateful Seneschal. 'Upon my soul, sir,' answered the knight, 'I would rather that we were all drowned than that you should catch your death of cold.'

The damage, though not fatal, was serious enough, and even the master-mariner urged the King to land in Cyprus and take another ship. But the tender care of the 'poor folk of our Lord' (*le menu peuple notre seigneur*), which had made him risk death and imprisonment in Egypt, and had kept him four years in the Holy Land, would not allow the King to leave the ship. 'Every man on board loves his life as I do mine; if I go none will dare to remain on this ship, yet with great difficulty will they obtain a passage on any other.' So with damaged keel but unbroken courage the voyage was continued. Another night-alarm during a storm gives us the quaintest little picture of the domestic relations of St. Louis and his wife. The King's cabin has been injured, and he had been accommodated with

another elsewhere, leaving de Joinville and another in his place. In the middle of the night the Queen groped her way into the cabin. She had come to beg the King to vow a pilgrimage to God and to the saints that they might deliver the ship from danger. De Joinville with soothing confidence advised her to vow a pilgrimage to St. Nicholas of the Port—the sailor's saint—and he, the Seneschal, would be surety for her safe return. 'Seneschal,' she answered, 'I would do it willingly, but the King is so contradictory that if he knew that I had made such a vow without consulting him he would never let me go.' De Joinville found a way out of the difficulty by advising a gift to the saint of a silver ship, one of those delicate pieces of the silversmith's craft that are the joy of collectors.

One would be inclined to attribute de Joinville's advice to the mere masculine desire to quiet feminine perturbations if he did not tell us further that he himself carried the little ship—with King, Queen, and royal children all in silver—when he went on pilgrimage to the shrine of the saint.

If it were an age of abject superstition and oppressive orthodoxy, even then, as at all other periods, there were spirits who speculated freely and spoke out fearlessly. At Hyère, where they landed, a famous Franciscan preached before Louis of the duties of kings. He had read much, he said, in the Bible and in other books, and neither in sacred history nor in secular had he found king or kingdom come to destruction except through lack of justice. 'Therefore,' he added, 'let the King of France see to it that he do prompt justice to his people.' It was Louis' earnest desire to attach this truth-teller to his person, but Brother Hugo had preached against the monks who left their cloisters to follow the Court. 'I will not go,' he answered, 'I will go where I shall be more pleasing to God than in the King's company.'

De Joinville tells us very briefly of his return to his castle in Champagne, 'on foot, shoeless, and in rags.' For the next sixteen years he had enough to do to recover his land from encroaching neighbours and to renew prosperity among his vassals.

St. Louis returned to the old life of incessant labour and prayer with an added intensity of devotion. He wore now only

plain, sad-coloured suits, and lived sparingly, subduing that innocent flesh that was already half spirit. But the old passion burned in his heart. In 1270 he called all his barons to Paris. De Joinville, suspecting the cause, pleaded a tertian fever as an excuse for his absence, but the King insisted, saying he had good physicians who would cure the fever. At his coming de Joinville found Queen and courtiers equally unwitting of the King's purpose. But two days later the King and his two sons assumed the Cross, standing before the high altar of the Sainte Chapelle. Many of the great nobles joined them, but the Seneschal stood firm. He had stood almost alone in requiring the King to remain in the Holy Land, he was among the few who strongly resisted the King in the matter of the second Crusade. His motive was the same in both cases, the lives and fortunes of the 'menu people' for whom he was answerable to God. 'For if I risked my body in this Crusade when I saw clearly that it would be for the hurt and loss of my people I should anger God who gave His body to save His people.' De Joinville went the length of accusing of mortal sin those who persuaded the King to leave his natural duties. The sight of his master so frail and so determined filled the Seneschal with helpless, indignant pity. 'His weakness was so great that he let me carry him from the house of the Count of Auxerre, where I bade him farewell, to the convent of the Franciscans.' That is the last sight we have of the two together; the Seneschal strong, affectionate, disapproving, the King with worn white face and passionate heart still looking towards Jerusalem.

ART. VIII.—TRAVELS IN TIBET.

1. *In the Forbidden Land: An Account of a Journey in Tibet, Capture by the Tibetan Authorities, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release.* By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations. London: William Heinemann. 1898.
2. *Through Asia.* By SVEN HEDIN. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1898.

LHASSA, the capital of Tibet, and the residence of the Dalai Lama, the head of Tibetan Buddhism, has long closed its gates against the prying curiosity of the European traveller. From time to time one or more adventurous spirits have managed to get within its walls, or to obtain a sight of its monasteries; but now, it would appear, the whole country, or, at least, so much of it as lies beneath the effective control of the Government or of the Lamas, has the whole of its approaches jealously guarded, and Europeans are strictly forbidden to cross its sacred limits. Contrary to expectation, the Sikhim Trade Convention of 1894 has had no effect in the direction of opening up the country, and the experiences of the last Englishman who has had the rashness to set the prejudices of the Lamas at defiance, have not been such as to tempt others to follow in his steps. How long this state of matters will continue, and the many important problems in physical geography which await their solution in Tibet will have to remain unsolved, it is impossible to say; but at the present moment the country is one of the least known regions of the globe, and as Dr. Hedin observes, even the maps of Africa cannot show a white patch of such vast extent as occurs under the name of Tibet on our maps of Central Asia.

The first European to reach Lhassa was apparently the monk Ordorico di Pordenone, who travelled from China to Tibet in the first half of the fourteenth century. His visit to Lhassa is put down at in or about the year 1330. Three centuries

later, in 1624, the Spanish Jesuit, Antoninus de Andrade, went from India to Tibet, and thirty-seven years later, in 1661, the two Jesuit missionaries, Grueber and D'Orville, reached Lhasa from Pekin by way of Koko-nor, Tsaidam, and the country of the Tanguts. They remained in the capital two months, and then returned to Europe by way of Nepal and Agra. In 1706 two Capuchin fathers, Josepho de Asculi and Francisco Marie de Toun, penetrated to the same mysterious city from Bengal. Ten years later the Jesuit Desideri reached it from Kashmir and Ladak, and spent thirteen years in it. He was joined in 1719 by the Capuchin Horacio de la Penna, who remained there till 1735, but was there again from 1740 to 1746 at the head of a mission. Between the years 1729 to 1737 the Dutchman, Van der Putte, was twice in Lhasa, passing through it on his way from India to Pekin, and again on his return. Manning, the friend of Charles Lamb, and the first Englishman to reach the city, was there in 1811. According to M. Huc, Moorcroft reached Lhasa from Ladak, and spent twelve years there, gathering information and making drawings and charts of the country; but according to others he was never there. MM. Huc and Gabet, two Lazarite missionaries, were fortunate enough to reach the city in 1845, but were expelled after a stay of two months.

MM. Huc and Gabet were the last Europeans who obtained an entrance into the capital of Tibet. Since then the country has been penetrated in several directions, but only to a short distance towards the interior. The extreme west was explored in 1856-7 by the brothers Schlagintweit, in 1865 by Johnson, in 1868-70 by Shaw and by Hayward, in 1870 and 1873-4 by Forsyth, in 1885-7 by Carey and Dalgleish, and in 1889-90 by Grombtchevsky. Among the explorations carried on in the eastern part of the country, those of the Russian General, Prjevalsky, are the most important. Though he failed to reach Lhasa, he discovered the new Lop-nor, an immense fresh water lake, where only a salt water lake was deemed possible, the great chain of mountains known as the Altyn-tagh, and the existence of the wild camel, a discovery which has since been confirmed by Carey, Younghusband and others. Since its dis-

covery by General Prjevalsky, the Lop-nor has been visited by the three expeditions of Carey, Dalgleish, Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans. The last got as far as two days journey south of the Tengri-nor, and were in hopes of reaching Lhassa, but here they were stopped, and in spite of negotiations, which lasted nearly seven weeks, the intrepid travellers were obliged to make a considerable circuit, and direct their course to Tongking.

Among those who have contributed much to our knowledge of the country several Indian pundits deserve to be reckoned. Kishen Singh, who was a member of the Forsyth expedition, succeeded in penetrating somewhat further into the country than the others, and one of the most remarkable journeys ever made into Tibet was that of Nain Singh, who was sent in July 1874 by Captain Trotter from Leh in Ladak to Lhassa. But still more remarkable, both as to results and as to the extent of country covered, were the journeys of the intrepid pundit Krishna, commonly known as A-K, who was sent by the Indian Government to explore the country west of a line drawn through Lhassa and Lop-nor, to the south of Prjevalsky's journeys, and to the north of the Brahmaputra and the Himalayas, a region since crossed by Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans. Dr. Hedin thus summarises the pundit's journeys:—

‘Disguised as a merchant, and provided with plenty of money and instruments, A-K went, by way of Sikhim, to Lhasa, reaching that city in September, 1878. There he stopped for a whole year, waiting to find a large and well armed caravan with which he might travel northwards, as the Tangut robbers made the roads in that direction very unsafe. On September 17th, 1879, a Mongol caravan arrived. A hundred of its members, Mongols, with a few Tibetans, were going back at once. All were mounted, and all armed with spears, swords, and firearms. A-K seized the opportunity. Great caution was observed during the march; patrols were sent on ahead, and a watch kept at night. The route which was followed at first coincided with that of Nain Singh in 1875, when he journeyed from Tengri-nor to Lhasa. South of Tan-la A-K touched the route taken by Prjevalsky on his third journey. The highest pass in the Tan-la, 16,300 feet, marked the water-shed between the upper Mekong and the Yang-tse-kiang. After five months on the plateau he reached the Anghirtakshia Mountains over a pass 15,750 feet in altitude. A halt was made at Tenghelik in Tsaidam; but just as the caravan was on the point of starting again it was attacked by two hundred robbers, who relieved

A-K of all his goods and baggage animals. He managed, however, to retain his notes and instruments, and in spite of his reverses determined to persevere with the solution of the problems which had been set him. He wintered on the western shore of the Kurlyk-nor until March, 1880. Thence he intended to steer his course towards Lop-nor; but his Indian servant deserted him, carrying off most of his possessions. He himself was obliged to take service with a Mongol, who was going to Sa-chow. There he was well treated by a lama, but was compelled by the Chinese Governor to turn back. This turning-point is of importance. It was from that region Prjevalsky made his journey towards Tsaidam and Tan-la in 1879-80; and in the same quarter Count Széchenyi's expedition through China came to an end. With one faithful follower A-K started on his return journey; but was again compelled to take service with "Chinese Tartars." Finally, however, he reached Darchendo (Tatsien-lu) in safety, and at the mission-station there received every help from the bishop; and thence returned by way of Batang and Darjiling to India.*

The Swedish traveller, Dr. Hedin, from whose splendid volumes we have just quoted, is the most recent of European travellers who have visited the northern parts of Tibet. He approached the country from Kashgar, Yarkhand, Khotan, Niya, and Kopa. At the last-named place he turned south, crossed the pass of Yafpkaklik at an altitude of 15,680 feet, and descended into a country which was absolutely barren and inhospitable. 'The landscape,' he says, 'was monotonous in the extreme, a uniform grey, and absolutely barren, not a vestige of life, not a trace of even a khulan (wild ass). But then there was not a blade of vegetation anywhere. I saw no living creature except a light-green lizard, which scuttled in amongst the gravel.' Proceeding in a southerly and then in an easterly direction, the expedition was pursued by sand-storms and snow-storms, most of the men, though chiefly Taghliks or mountaineers, were seized with mountain-sickness, and on the 11th of August, when at an elevation of 16,300 feet above the level of the sea, a halt had to be called and the tents pitched. The air was dry enough, but the place was scarcely a sanatorium. Snow fell throughout the day with but slight interruptions; a 'full-blooded west-wind was racing past.' Walking, or the slightest prolonged physical exertion, brought

* Vol. I., 10-11.

on shortness of breath, and accelerated the action of the heart, and, owing to the great altitude, it was impossible to obtain water sufficiently hot to cook the mutton or to soften the rice. Even the appetite of the men became affected, and Dr. Hedin writes, 'There was nothing for us but the everlasting thin mutton-broth, with tea, and bread as hard as a stone. Our fare was the same at every meal, twice a day, and at last I became so tired of it that the approach of meal-times made me almost shudder.' For thirteen days the party wandered about among the spurs of the Arka-tagh range searching for a pass leading over to the Tibetan plateau. At last, after much searching and much trouble from the Taghliks, who one night bolted in a body, carrying with them ten donkeys, two horses, and stores of bread and flour, and had to be bound every night to prevent them from running away again, a pass, a few miles to the east of that used by Littledale, was lighted upon, and, on August 24, successfully crossed at an absolute altitude of 18,180 feet.

The first view which Dr. Hedin obtained of Northern Tibet was of vast extent and magnificent :—

'From the south-east round to the south-west we had an uninterrupted view of almost boundless extent, only interrupted on the east and west by outliers of the main range. The southern face of the Arka-tagh was much steeper than the northern. We descended through a winding glen shut in on both sides by subsidiary chains, which projected at right angles from the side of the pass. Both chains were shorter than the corresponding spurs on the north, their altitudes decreasing rather abruptly, until they merged in an undulating level, and finally in an extensive tableland. As I gazed southwards across that vast high plain, I observed here and there what looked like minor irregularities of the surface, intermingled with low hills, but in reality they were disconnected portions of surviving mountain-chains. The southern horizon was edged as far as I could see, both east and west, by an imposing range of dark-blue mountains, which, however, owing to the contrast with the broad plain, appeared to be relatively low. Towards the south-east and south-west the range was overtopped by peaks and crests, covered with perpetual snow. To the south-south-west, and nearer, there was a small lake, apparently the gathering-basin for the drainage-waters of the greater portion of the region which lay spread out before us. We had thus reached the first basin on the Tibetan plateau not provided with an outflow.'

On descending the pass, Dr. Hedin made for the small lake they had seen in the distance. The country was far from inviting, its surface being everywhere covered with fine sand and dust, soft and moist, and consequently very tiring to the caravan animals. Nor did the weather improve. Storms were frequent, and of the most violent kind. A description of one that occurred during the first night Dr. Hedin was on Tibetan ground may be taken as a sample of what was frequently experienced :—

‘As I walked back to my tent, Yoldash at my heels, the sun was already setting in a sky as pure and blue as turquoise, save that a few snow-white fleecy clouds (cirri-cumuli) floated along in isolated groups. But hardly had the upper edge of the sun disappeared below the horizon, when its place in the west was taken by a black, threatening mass of cloud. Close down upon the earth the atmosphere was perfectly calm, but in the higher regions it was blowing hard, as we saw from the dark steel-grey clouds, whose edges were tinted various shades of blood red, vivid yellow, and violet by the setting sun. Some portions of the clouds were entirely black; others reluctantly allowed the sheaf of the sun’s rays to penetrate through them. It was a sublime and yet fantastic and awe-inspiring spectacle. I could not tear my eyes away from it. Then came the first puffs of the wind, ruffling the calmness of the atmosphere, at first feeble and in intermittent gusts, but soon more violently as well as more frequently. The squall swooped down upon the camp. The wind blew with indescribable fury. The men ran to the tent-ropes, and held on like grim death, else the tent would have gone over. Down swished the hail, so fiercely that it actually whistled past our ears. The horses and other animals were alarmed and stopped grazing, and in five minutes the squall was past, driving east at a terrific pace. No fresh clouds appeared in the west. The atmosphere again became still and calm, and a splendid, bright starry evening followed. But it was not destined to last, for all the early part of the night everything was shrouded in a thick mist, so thick that we could not even see the little hill at the foot of which we were encamped. During the squall, and frequently afterwards too, it seemed to me that the clouds swept along in actual contact with the surface of the earth. When the black storms drove past, with their hanging fringes of cloud, the glittering white snow-fields on the mountain-sides became dark and gloomy, but in the morning, when the air was again clear and bright, the eternal snows dazzled us with, if it were possible, an even more glorious brilliancy’ (1007).

The lake, which proved to be larger than it at first sight appeared, was reached on the evening of August 25. Keeping

to the north of it, and with the Arka-tagh on the left, the caravan then took an easterly direction and travelled along the shores of what appeared to be an endless series of lakes running in a general direction of from west to east, and with an altitude of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the sea level. For the most part the journey was made upon level ground, but the country was uninhabited and without vegetation, except along the margin of the lakes and of the streams running into them, where here and there a scanty patch of grass was found. Animal life, however, was abundant. In some places the khulan or wild ass literally swarmed; wild yaks, singly and in herds, were frequently met with; antelopes and hares abounded, and occasionally a bear was seen. Overhead were gulls, and floating upon the bosom of some of the lakes, were the beautiful forms of snow-white swans; but of one place, Dr. Hedin observes, 'the only living creatures we observed were wagtails and flies.' Neither Dr. Hedin nor his caravan men can claim excellence as sportsmen, or at any rate as marksmen. At the third shot they managed to wound a wild ass, the only one they appear to have hunted, and then, after a 'chase of full two hours,' and considerable delay, they were able to despatch him 'with a well-directed thrust of a knife.' A wild yak they hunted had to receive no fewer than eleven bullets before an end was put to its torment. Kuhlant-hunting is a comparatively simple affair, and apparently unattended by much danger; yak-hunting is different, and, as the following incident will show, not without its risks:—

'At length we reached the amphitheatre . . . in which the herbage, such as it was, was not scanty. An exceptionally large herd of yaks were grazing at the foot of the rocks on our right. Islam rode towards them, and took a shot at them. Thereupon the herd divided, the greater part fleeing up the mountains, whilst the others, nearly fifty of them, in a tightly packed drove, made straight towards me and Emin Mirza. We were alone and without weapons, and felt we were in a pretty tight fix, for the animals seemed to be charging right down upon us. The leader of the herd was a well-shaped bull; after him a little calf and five old bulls walloped along as hard as they could put feet to ground, whilst the rear was brought up by Islam on horseback. The yaks were enveloped in a perfect cloud of dust. We could distinctly hear the cracking of their hoofs, and were blindly conscious that in another second or two we should

be crushed under the avalanche of their irresistible onrush. It appeared, however, that they had not yet observed us, for no sooner did the leader become aware of us, which he did at about a hundred paces' distance, than he swerved aside, and was instantly followed by the whole battalion. This gave Islam his opportunity. He hastily dismounted, and placed himself in ambush, and fired at a venture in the middle of the troop. The bullet struck a bull in the foreleg; then the animal, mad with fury, charged straight upon the sportsman. Islam flung himself into the saddle, and set off as fast as his enfeebled horse was able to gallop. The yak, however, though running on only three legs, caught up with him after two or three minutes' chase, but, just as he was on the point of tossing horse and rider on his horns, Islam, who saw the danger he was in, turned in his saddle, and took aim. But he was so excited he could not aim with the cool deliberation that so perilous a moment demanded. However, the yak was so close to him that it was scarcely possible to miss; luckily the bullet penetrated the region of the heart, and this put an end to the contest. The yak was a bull about eight years old. . . . If Islam's last shot had failed he would infallibly have been lost. The chase of the wild yak is perilous, and it does not always have such a happy ending as this' (1072).

After travelling over six weeks through the remarkable lake basin just alluded to, and passing no fewer than twenty-three lakes, some of which were of considerable size, the caravan descended into a spacious cauldron-shaped valley, richly supplied with grass, and intersected by several small brooks. Here were seen troops of wild asses numbering from 80 to 200 each 'moving like squadrons of cavalry along the mountain slopes.' Here, too, for the first time since entering Tibet the party came across traces of human beings. The 'tracks of three camels and half a dozen horses, that is to say, of an entire caravan,' going in a north-westerly direction, were met with; but it was not until two days later (October 1st), that a human habitation was lighted upon. The discovery of this was quite unexpected, and not a little sensational. 'Islam Bai, having caught sight of some yaks grazing at the foot of the mountains at the opposite side of the valley [through which we were travelling], crept cautiously within range, fired three shots without killing anything, then—imagine our surprise! an old woman came running forward, shouting and gesticulating, so that we at once understood the animals were tame yaks, and that we had at length reached the farthest

outpost of an inhabited region, after travelling fifty-five days through the wilds of northern Tibet.'

The tent in which the old woman lived was soon reached, and 'was constructed of an old and very ragged felt carpet, held up by two poles. Each of the long sides was kept back by three horizontal poles fastened by means of ropes passed through holes in the tent-covering to upright stakes driven into the ground outside. This made the tent more rounded at the top, and consequently more roomy. In the middle of the roof there was a long narrow smoke-vent. The poles which supported the tent were of tamarisk wood, and had grown at Hajar in Tsaidam.' Dr. Hedin, accompanied by two of his men, Parpi Bai and Emin Mirza, took shelter within it from a violent snowstorm, and inspected its furnishings.

'The most important object was a small cubiform box standing against the short side immediately opposite the entrance. As Parpi Bai justly remarked, it was a *budkhaneh* or shrine to Buddha. After some hesitancy the old woman opened the shrine; it contained Tibetan books, written on long, narrow loose sheets, and each book, or bundle of such sheets, was wrapped in a piece of cloth. The old woman dusted the holy shrine with a yak's tail which lay on the box lid; and beside the box were a few basins of brass and wood, evidently sacred vessels. The rest of the furniture consisted of a Chinese porcelain bowl, a leather pail, a jug of the same material, an iron cooking pot, a copper saucepan with a lid, a brass teapot, a bag full of a certain dried plant, which was thrown upon the fire to give a fragrant smell, together with knives, bellows, steel (for striking fire), saddles and bridles, ragged clothes, a sheep's bladder filled with yak fat, and a bag of "tsamba." The greater part of the space was taken up with hams, legs, and chins of wild yak beef; others lay piled up in a heap outside the tent; so that we were obliged to keep our dogs tied up. The flesh is left in the air till it shrinks and turns dry and black, and hard as wood. The old woman took a knife, and cut off a few slices, and roasted them over the fire, and then offered them to us to eat. We subsequently learned, that the family dwelt in the same place all the year round, for the purpose of supplying their fellow-tribesmen in Tsaidam with yak meat.

'Three large stones in the middle of the tent supported the cooking-pot, and yak dung, for feeding the fire, was packed up in a circle all round them. When the old woman wanted to make a fire, she caught sparks from the steel on a handful of vegetable wool or down, which she then placed on the hearth amongst dry, powdered horse dung, and after blow-

ing it alight with the bellows, heaped yak dung upon it. The Mongols do not eat the flesh of the khulan. They milk their mares; and the milk tasted like the *ayran* (boiled milk diluted with water, and left to cool and sour) of the Kirghiz. A hollow stone, supported by a low tripod, and filled with yak fat, served for a lamp.' (1081-2.)

Dorcheh, the owner of this tent, was engaged by Dr. Hedin to guide the caravan to Togdeh-gol, and after a day's stay at Mössöto, as his place was called, the party set off once more, and made their way into the salt depression of Tsaidam, passing through the valley of Koko-bureh, where they met with a party of mounted Mongols, all armed to the teeth. They turned out to be yak-hunters on their way to the mountains in the north to lay in a supply of yak-beef for the winter. Though of formidable appearance, they were peaceably disposed, and as for some distance they were going in the same direction, they agreed to accompany our travellers. On the following day they turned off to the north, and the caravan pressed on under the leadership of Dorcheh across Tsaidam. Here the aspect of the country gradually changed, and settlements of Mongols were from time to time stumbled upon. 'Though not a little amazed, the Mongols were invariably friendly. At Yikeh-tsohan-gol, where he stayed several days, dismissing his Taghliks and re-organising his caravan, Dr. Hedin was soon on terms of cordial intimacy with the inhabitants. Whenever he entered their tents they offered him tea and tsamba, and he 'failed to discern a trace of either shyness or alarm among them, of either prejudice or superstition.' Unlike the inhabitants of Southern Tibet, they are all monogamists, he tells us, and their women enjoy incomparably more freedom than do the women among the Mahommedan tribes of Central Asia. They go about unveiled, but 'are very inadequately clothed.' The sheepskin with which the upper part of the body is clad, is worn in the same way as in the South of Tibet, both by men and women, being merely held together at the waist and left shoulder so as to leave the whole of the right side down to the waist uncovered.

From Yikeh-tsohan-gol travelling became pleasanter.

'The caravan of about a score of horses,' Dr. Hedin writes, 'made a fine show as we travelled at a rapid pace towards the east under the ex-

perienced guidance of Dorcheh. I congratulated myself upon having a string of fresh, well-conditioned horses. It was quite a relief after the wretched team with which I struggled among the lake-basins of Northern Tibet. And what a change there was, too, in the outward appearance of the country! We now rode across a level steppe, covered with luxuriant verdure, and along a well-trodden path in easy curves. But on the left we had the boundless ocean of the desert of Tsaidam. The only mountains we could see were the far distant Tsohan-ula, away to the right. The alternations and changes and surprises which kept me busy amongst the mountains now of course ceased, so that I had next to nothing to do. The country was extremely uniform, the ravines and dry beds of the streams being the only diversities of the surface.'

As the party entered the eastern part of Tsaidam a sharp look-out began to be kept for marauding bands of Tanguts. Prjevalsky and Roborovsky had been attacked in this region by them, and Loppsen, who had by this time taken the place of Dorcheh, and his companions began to be in mortal terror of any of them. From only one of these bands, however, did the expedition experience any trouble, and that not of a very serious kind. On the last day of October, when near the southern shores of Khara-nor, a body of about a dozen mounted Tanguts was seen to be rapidly bearing down upon the caravan, but when the Tanguts saw three men armed with rifles waiting to receive them, they suddenly pulled up at the distance of about a hundred and fifty paces, held a hurried consultation with much shouting and gesticulation, and then wheeled away at right angles to the foot of a mountain range on the south, where one-half of them disappeared in a ravine, while the rest moved along in a line parallel with the caravan, but always at the distance of a couple of rifle shots. For two or three nights they hovered about the camp; but a strict watch being kept, they never ventured to approach, and finally disappeared.

Dulan-kitt, which he reached on the 5th of November, was the first walled town Dr. Hedin had seen since leaving Kopa on July 30th. Crossing the Yak river he went on to the Koko-nor, and thence on to Ten-kar, on the way to which he came across an enormous caravan of Dsun-sassak Mongols returning from Ten-kar with supplies for the winter. At Ten-

kar Dr. Hedin was welcomed by the wife of the Dutch missionary, Mr. Reinhard, and fell in with the ambassador whom the Dalai Lama sends every third year from Lhasa to the Emperor of China, carrying presents, the only tribute the Tibetans pay to their imperial suzerain.

'The presents,' Dr. Hedin writes, 'generally consist of different kinds of cloth, burkhans (images of Buddha), weapons, dried fruits, objects possessing a religious significance, sandalwood, and so forth, to the aggregate value of 5000 *liang* (about £780). The principal lama in the *cortège*, Garbuin Losang Ghindun, told me that the embassy embraced no fewer than three hundred mounted men, and that the presents for the Emperor were carried by the same number of camels. It takes them three months to travel from Lhasa to Ten-kar; there they make a stay of an entire year, and after that resume the journey to Peking, which they accomplish in two months. In Peking they stay three months, and rest again four months at Ten-kar on their way home. Garbuin took me to his house and showed me the Imperial presents; and even sold me some of the cloth, idols, silver vessels, and so forth, so that this time the Emperor would not get all that was intended for him. Whilst the bargaining was in progress we drank tea brought from Lhasa near a temporarily arranged temple, that was illumined by flickering oil-lamps, and in front of which two men intoned prayers and beat gongs' (1173).

Leaving Ten-kar, Dr. Hedin made his way through a number of villages, for the most part protected by walls and towers, to To-ba, and thence through the country devastated by the Dungsans in 1895, to Si-ning-fu, Luser, and Kum-bum, where, in 1845, MM. Huc and Gabet resided for three months waiting for the return of Tibetan embassy in order to accompany it to Lhasa. Here Dr. Hedin visited the 'Living Buddha,' and was allowed, without let or hindrance, to inspect the curiosities of this 'monkish city,' or rather, huge monastery. Among other things, he saw the famous Tree of Ten Thousand Images—a tree on whose every leaf Nature herself is supposed to write the holy words, 'On maneh padmeh hum.' Father Huc affirms that he saw the tree, and writes, 'We examined the leaves with very careful and exact attention, and were in the highest degree surprised and amazed to perceive that each separate leaf did bear the Tibetan letters of prayer, and extremely well formed too.' Unfortunately, at the time of Dr. Hedin's visit, the tree was not in leaf, and he was unable to

see a single specimen of this marvellous nature-writing. Loppsen, however, who was a devout Lamist, when asked if he could account for the lettering on the leaves, replied that the Lamas themselves printed them, and Loppsen, Dr. Hedin remarks, 'was a shrewd fellow.' There can be no doubt, however, that the Lamas make a considerable income by selling the leaves of this wonderful tree to pilgrims.

Dr. Hedin appears to have had no intention of attempting to follow in the steps of the two Lazarist missionaries. At any rate he made none, for instead of turning in the direction of Lhasa from Tum-bum, he set his face towards Peking, which he entered on March 2, and was received there by M. Paoloff, whose doings in the Far East have recently attracted not a little attention. Great credit is due to Dr. Hedin for the patience and skill with which he executed his commission. He has added largely to our knowledge of Northern Tibet and of the countries through which he approached it, though he does not appear to have made any marked discovery. On the whole, his journey was quiet and unromantic. In Northern Tibet he was everywhere well received, met with no opposition on the part of the authorities, was only on one occasion in peril of robbers, and may be said to have performed his journey in comparative comfort.

Very different was the case with Mr. Savage Landor in Southern Tibet. His aim was to reach Lhasa, and the story of his travels in what he calls 'The Forbidden Land,' reads like a romance of the Middle Ages. Leaving Naini Tal, the summer-seat of the Government of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, with a small but well-equipped expedition, he marched to Almera, the last hill-station towards the Tibetan frontier. Here he engaged the services of Chandan Sing, an ex-policeman, who 'Turned out to be the one plucky man among all my followers, and he stood by me through thick and thin.' He then climbed up to Askote, where he turned aside to visit the Raots, or 'wild men of the forest,' a thoroughly wild and untamed race, dwelling in the recesses of the mountains, who claim to be the descendants of kings, and refuse allegiance to anyone. As he left them, an old grey-haired man approached

him and said—'You have seen the home of the Raots. You are the first stranger who has done so, and you will suffer much. The gods are angry with you.' Subsequent events proved the old man's prediction true, and here is Mr. Landor's comment on his parting with these strange people:— 'I felt that they looked upon me as a man whose fate was settled. They did not acknowledge my farewell, and, had I been in the least superstitious, might have made me thoroughly uncomfortable with their solemn, stolid gravity. But it all came back to me with horrible intensity later on, when I was suffering the agonies of hell, and when I seemed to re-live in every moment the experiences of my whole former life.' From Askote, Mr. Landor went on through the Shoka country to Shosha and Sirka. At the latter place he was entertained by two doctors of the Methodist-Episcopal Mission, Miss Sheddon and Miss Brown, and received the unwelcome news that the Lippu Pass, by which he proposed to enter Tibet, was impassable, that the Jong Pen of Taklakot, who had attacked Lieutenant Gaussen, and was still unpunished, was waiting with a guard of three hundred men to prevent foreigners entering the country, and that the brigands around the Mansarowar Lake were apparently more numerous than ever. The prospect was by no means encouraging, still our traveller pressed on up along the renowned Nerpani or waterless track and over the Chai Pass to Garbyang. Here he learnt that the secret of his intention to penetrate to Lhasa was well known, and that the Tibetan authorities were on the watch to turn him back. The Jong Pen of Taklakot was particularly active, and sent spies daily into Garbyang in order to keep himself informed of the traveller's movements. 'One of these emissaries,' Mr. Landor writes, 'a stalwart Tibetan, more daring than the rest, actually had the impudence to enter my room, and to address me in a boisterous tone of voice. At first I treated him kindly, but he became more and more arrogant, and informed me, before several frightened Shokas, to whom he was showing off, that the British soil I was standing on was Tibetan property. The British, he said, were usurpers, and only there on sufferance. He declared that the English were

cowards, and afraid of the Tibetans, even if they oppressed the Shokas.' The reply to this was a good thrashing, which the Tibetan received with yells of terror. Like the rest of the Southern Tibetans, he was an utter coward. All the same, in his boastings he was simply expressing the opinions of his countrymen, among whom there is a thorough contempt for the power of the Indian Government, and who, 'On the slightest pretext, arrest, torture mercilessly, fine and confiscate the property of British subjects on British territory.'

At Garbyang Mr. Landor remained some days, and found the Shokas exceedingly hospitable and communicative. He learned much about their folk-lore and domestic and social life, and gives a graphic description of their marriage customs and funeral rites, both of which are curious, and the latter extremely elaborate. From Garbyang, too, he made several excursions into the surrounding mountains, and had one or two hazardous adventures. At last a start was made, in the company of Dr. Wilson, the Medical Missionary at Garbyang, for Lhasa. On account of the Tibetan authorities, it had to be made at night. The first point was to cross the Kali river, but here the Tibetans had been before our traveller, and had cut the bridge, the discovery of which was made just in time to prevent a catastrophe. The only other way was a narrow ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough to afford standing-room, running along the face of a precipice for miles, and kept constantly wet and slippery by the moisture falling from the heights above. In one place the narrow ledge ceased, and the face of the precipice, which jutted out for some forty or fifty feet, had to be passed by placing the fingers and toes in holes cut out of the rock in two parallel lines about six feet apart, till the ledge was reached on the other side, where it was not more than five or six inches wide. Here and there, too, the natural ledge ceased, and an artificial one had been made by driving crowbars into the face of the rock, which were shaky and sagged beneath the weight of the travellers. At one point the rugged formation of the cliff forced them to ascend to its very top and cross, on all fours, a rude kind of bridge made of branches of trees spanned out, not horizontally, but

at an angle of sixty degrees, over a precipice of several hundred feet. Here Mr. Landor came across a trace of a not uncommon belief. 'I found,' he writes, 'a white thread of wool laid over this primitive structure, in accordance with the custom of the Shokas at the death of relatives or friends away from their native village. The soul is supposed to migrate during the dark hours of the night and to return to the birth-place of the deceased, these white threads showing the way at dangerous places on the road.'

On his way Mr. Landor visited Kuti Castle, apparently of Tibetan workmanship, and similar to many seen in Tibet, and then crossed the Lebung Pass, and, after wading through several rapidly flowing streams of ice-cold water, pitched his camp in a sheltered valley at the height of 15,400 feet above the sea. Here the party met in with the first Tibetans they had seen since leaving Garbyang. They were shepherds, driving a flock of some six hundred sheep, and having seen Mr. Landor's Tibetan tent, and supposing it contained some of their own countrymen, they came on towards it, and were greatly embarrassed at finding themselves face to face with a couple of Englishmen.

'Hurriedly removing their fur caps,' Mr. Landor writes, 'they [the Tibetans] laid them upon the ground and made a comical jerky curtsey, as if their heads and knees moved by means of a spring. They put out their tongues full length, and kept them so until I made signs that they could draw them back. . . This unexpected meeting with us frightened them greatly ; they were trembling all over with fear, and after getting as much information out of them as they seemed to possess, I took advantage of the opportunity to buy some of their fattest sheep. When the money was paid, there was a further display of furred tongues and more grand salaams ere they departed.'

In order to get behind the Jong Pen of Taklakot, who had concentrated his forces and was waiting to intercept him at the Lippu Pass, Mr. Landor made an attempt to cross by the Mangshan Pass, but after passing the glacier of that name, with its magnificent pale green ice-terraces, and reaching the altitude of 22,000 feet, where he and his companions were within an ace of perishing from the extreme cold and the difficulty of breathing, he made for the Lumpiya Pass, and, at the

altitude of 18,750 feet, obtained his first sight of the Tibetan plateau. No sooner had he landed with his coolies on Tibetan soil than he discovered that his movements were being watched, and after crossing the Luway Pass, two Tibetans, disguised as beggars, entered the camp, who, on being cross-examined, confessed that they were spies sent by the officer at Gyanema to ascertain whether a Sahib had crossed the frontier, and whether our travellers had seen anything of him. 'We were sunburnt,' Mr. Landor writes, 'and we wore turbans and snow-glasses, so the Tibetans departed under the impression that our party consisted of a Hindoo doctor, his brother, and a caravan of servants (none of whom had seen a sahib coming), and that we were now on a pilgrimage to the sacred Mansarowar Lake and Kelas Mount.' At the next pass they found a Tibetan guard, who quickly turned out, matchlock in hand, as they approached, but offered no resistance. They asked the same question as the spies, and added the pleasant information that if the sahib came their way they would have to cut his head off. A small present of food and money, which they begged, allayed whatever suspicions they had, and the party was allowed to pass.

At Gyanema Fort Mr. Landor came in contact with the first Tibetan guard he met with of any consequence. At the first appearance of his party the soldiers were seized with apprehension, and hastily sought shelter within the walls of the fort. After a while, when they had apparently convinced themselves that

'We had no evil intentions, some of the Tibetan officers, followed by their men, came trembling to meet us. . . . Rugs were spread on the grass, and eventually we all sat down. An hour's trying parley with the Tibetan officers . . . led to nothing. They said they could on no account allow any one from India, whether native or sahib, to proceed, and we must go back. We on our side stated that we were doing no harm. We were pilgrims to the sacred Lake of Mansarowar, only a few miles farther. We had gone to much expense and trouble. How could we now turn back when so near our goal. We would not go back, and trusted they would allow us to succeed.'

The courtesy with which they were treated the Tibetans mistook for fear, and was promptly taken advantage of,

especially by the Magbun or chief officer of the fort, who suddenly assumed an air of arrogance, when the following scene occurred:—

““You will have to cut off my head,” said he, with a vicious countenance, “or rather I will cut off yours, before I let you go another step.”

““Cut off my head?” cried I, jumping on my feet and shoving a cartridge into my rifle.

““Cut off my head?” repeated my bearer, pointing with his Martini-Henry at the official.

““Cut off our heads?” queried angrily the Brahmin and the two Christian servants of Dr. Wilson, handling a Winchester and a couple of Gourkha *kukris* (large knives).

““No, no, no, no! Salaam, salaam, salaam!” poured forth the Magbun with the celerity of speech only possessed by a panic-stricken man. “Salaam, salaam,” repeated he again, bowing down to the ground, tongue out, and depositing his hat at our feet in a disgustingly servile manner. “Let us talk like friends.”

‘The Magbun’s men, no braver than their master, shifted their positions in a nonchalant manner so as to be screened by their superiors in case of our firing, and on second thoughts, judging even such a precaution to ensure them but scanty safety, they one after the other got up, walked steadily away for half a dozen steps, to show it was not fear that made them leave, and then took to their heels.’

The Magbun and his officers became more and more civil, and a long parley ensued, the upshot of which was that the Magbun swore by the Sun and Kuju Sun (Trinity) to do the travellers no harm, and requested them to stay over night. His object, however, was simply to gain time. Reinforcements were sent for in every direction, and in the morning they arrived. Among them was the Barca Tarjum, practically a potentate equal in rank to a king under a protectorate. Another parley took place; this time with the Barca Tarjum, from whom, after many ponderous speeches and much delay for consideration, or as it turned out for laying his plans, permission was received for the party to visit the Mansarowar Lake and the great Kelas Mountain.

From this point the most serious of Mr. Landor’s troubles may be said to have begun. His coolies, already in terror, were tampered with, and he was watched and dogged at every step. Attempts were made to throw the Tibetans off

the scent; but word had evidently been sent on before him in every direction he was likely to take. A retreat was made as far nearly as the Lumpiya Pass; but here Mr. Landor resolved to retreat no further. Dr. Wilson entreated him to return with him to Garbyang, but he refused, and taking with him Chanden Sing and eight others, he set off at midnight in a fierce snowstorm across the mountains, leaving part of his tents standing, in order to outwit the Tibetan horsemen who were watching him, and to gain time. As soon as his departure was discovered, search parties were sent out in pursuit of him, but after many and almost incredible adventures and escapes both from dacoits and the soldiery, as well as from cold and starvation, he succeeded in reaching the shores of the Mansarowar Lake in a tremendous torrent of rain, and found shelter in a *serai*, or shelter-house for pilgrims, which was in the charge of a young, half-demented lama. The lamas of the neighbouring lamasery visited him, and invited him to visit their house and temple, which he did, but not without his rifle, and not exactly sure while he was there that he had not fallen into a trap. But the lamas seem to have taken him for a Hindoo doctor on a pilgrimage to their sacred Lake, and asked him about the 'young sahib,' who, they said, had crossed the border with a large army which the Jong Pen of Taklakot had defeated, beheading the sahib and the principal members of his expedition.

From Lake Mansarowar Mr. Landor set out for the Maium Pass, hoping, if possible, to get through it and then on to Lhasa. The five shokas who had come thus far refused to go further, and the expedition all told consisted of five—Mr. Landor, Chanden Sing, the ex-policeman, Mansing, a leper, Bijering, a Johari, and Bura Nattoo, a Kutial. The last two were to return at the Maium Pass, but deserted soon after the start was made. With but two men Mr. Landor now made his way towards Lhasa; but it was not long before he found that he was being closely followed. There was no fighting, the Tibetan soldiery had no stomach for it, but they showed infinite patience. Their aim was evidently to surprise the three travellers, and night and day they were on the alert to

do so. At the end of a hard day's climb, camp had been pitched at an altitude of 20,000 feet. Mansing and Chandan Sing, having eaten some food, slept soundly, 'but,' writes Mr. Landor, 'I felt very depressed.

'I had a peculiar sense of unrest, and of some evil coming to us during the night. We were all three under our little tent when I began to fancy there was some one outside. I do not know why the thought entered my head, for I heard no noise, but all the same I felt I must see and satisfy my curiosity. I peeped out of the tent with my rifle in hand, and saw a number of black figures cautiously crawling towards us. In a moment I was outside on my bare feet, running towards them, and shouting at the top of my voice, "*Pila tedan ledang*" ("Look out, look out"), which caused a stampede amongst our ghost-like visitors. There were, apparently, numbers of them hidden behind rocks, for when the panic seized them, the number of runaways was double or even treble that of the phantoms I had at first seen appearing. At one moment there seemed to be black ghosts springing out everywhere, only, more solid than ghosts, they made a dreadful noise with their heavy boots as they ran in confusion down the steep descent and through the gorge. They turned sharply round the hill at the bottom and disappeared.'

As the Maium Pass was approached, a party of soldiers rode up to the three travellers, and, pointing to the valley beyond, the leader cried, 'yonder is the Lhassa territory, and we forbid you to enter.' No notice was taken of his protest, and 'I stepped,' Mr. Landor says, 'into the most sacred of all the sacred provinces, "the ground of God."' On descending from the pass he made one of the chief discoveries of his journey, one of the two sources (the other he discovered on his return journey) of the Brahmaputra. The party was now travelling at a slightly lower elevation, but progress was neither easy nor pleasant; food was scarce, and signs were not wanting that they were not only being followed, but that extensive preparations had been made to receive them, and that they were marching directly into a carefully prepared trap. Coming out of his tent one morning, Mr. Landor found they were surrounded by a couple of hundreds of soldiers. They managed to get past them, and reached an encampment called by some Toxern, and by others Taddju, some four or five days journey from Lhassa, but here, though treated at first with the utmost civility, which, however, was simply a cloak for

treachery, they were thrown off their guard. Decoyed, under the pretence of being shown some ponies, and not suspecting foul play, Mr. Landor and his companions were suddenly set upon.

'I had just stooped to look at the pony's forelegs,' Mr. Landor writes, 'when I was suddenly seized from behind by several persons, who grabbed me by the neck, wrists, and legs, and threw me down on my face. I struggled and fought until I shook off some of my assailants, and regained my feet; but others rushed up, and I was surrounded by some thirty men, who attacked me from every side, and clinging to me with all their might, succeeded in grabbing my arms, legs, and head. Weak as I was, they knocked me down three more times, and three more times I regained my feet. I fought to the bitter end with my fists, feet, head, and teeth each time that I got one hand or leg free from their clutches, hitting right and left at any part where I could disable my opponents. Their timidity, even when in such overwhelming numbers, was indeed beyond description, and it was entirely due to it and not to my strength (for I had hardly any), that I was able to hold my own against them for some twenty minutes. My clothes were torn to bits in the fight. Long ropes were thrown at me from every side, and I became so entangled in them that my movements were impeded. One rope which they flung and successfully twisted round my neck, completed their victory. They pulled hard at it from the two ends, and while I panted and gasped with the exertion of fighting, they tugged and tugged to strangle me, till I felt as if my eyes would shoot out of their sockets. I was suffocating. My sight became dim, and I was in their power. Dragged down to the ground, they stamped and kicked, and trampled upon me with their heavy nailed boots until I was stunned. Then they tied my wrists tightly behind my back; they bound my elbows, my chest, my neck, and my hands. I was a prisoner!'

It had taken five hundred Tibetans, and these picked soldiers from Lhassa and Sigatz, to entrap and arrest a starved Englishman and his two half-dying servants, and when they had got them securely bound, they were still for some time in mortal terror of their prisoners. But when at last they had overcome their fears, they began to treat them with the most fiendish cruelty. The Rupun, or officer in charge of the soldiers, tried to intervene on behalf of the captives, or at least on behalf of Mr. Landor, and even undid his bonds in order that he might escape. But refusing to leave his servants—a thing the Rupun was unable to understand—his bonds were re-fastened, and, the lamas returning, he was subjected to almost incredi-

ble tortures. To recount these we have no intention. The reader must consult the volumes to which we are referring, where he will find a story of suffering which one would have thought it impossible for any set of human beings, not absolutely savages, to inflict upon another. When at last Mr. Landor and his two heroic servants reached Mansarowar Lake on their way back, they were almost more dead than alive. The Jong Pen of Taklakot wanted to send them over the Lumpiya Pass, which meant certain death to the travellers in their then condition, and over or into the Lumpiya Pass they would have been obliged to go, had it not been for a force coming from Gyanema with strict orders that they were on no account to be sent across it. Then a strange thing happened. The soldiers of the Jong Pen of Taklakot, who acted as prisoners' guard, fraternized with the Gyanema force, and the two asked Mr. Landor to be their captain, and to lead them against the Jong Pen, and he led them. An army was sent against him, and the two armies met, but the Tibetans apparently always carefully avoid fighting. Each laid down their arms, a conference was held, and, while it was still proceeding, a messenger arrived from the Jong Pen with the requisite permission to travel by Taklakot and the Lippu Pass. The travellers accordingly pushed on, and on crossing the Gakkon they were received by Dr. Wilson and the Political Peshkar, who having heard of the treatment to which they were being subjected, were on their way to effect their release.

A great part of the country through which Mr. Landor passed was quite unknown, and no Englishman, and, indeed, no European, is known to have penetrated so far into Tibetan territory from the South. He discovered the two principal sources, never before visited by Europeans, of the great river Brahmaputra, and has solved the uncertainty regarding the division between the Mansarowar and Rakstal Lakes, besides adding many other particulars to our geographical knowledge of this little known land. His journeys lay for a great way over inhospitable mountains and through passes at great elevations, but also through much of the most densely populated part of the country, and he has much to tell which is

of interest respecting the manners and customs of the people, their clothes, arms, superstitions, folk-lore, surgery, and medicines. Of the lamas and lamaseries we have a full account. The former are professed celibates, but immoral, and cannibals, eating the flesh of the dead, and having a great craving for human blood, which, they say, gives them strength, vigour, and genius. The lamaseries are rich, and in possession of the greater part of the wealth of the country. Praying-wheels and prayer flags Mr. Landor, of course, met with in abundance. He gives an elaborate account of the funeral rites practised, and describes the polyandry which prevails, the marriage ceremonies, and the way in which the plurality of husbands operates on property and domestic life. Altogether, for those who have not read M. Huc's account, and, indeed, for those who have, this book is full of surprises, and, notwithstanding the horrible barbarities it relates, is one of the most fascinating records of travel and adventure written.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 1, 1899).—Dr. Rothstein, Professor of Old Testament Exegesis in the University of Halle, leads the way in this number with a critical and exegetical study of Isaiah, xl. 3-11. These verses, which form the prelude to the series of prophecies of the Restoration, have exercised critics very much, owing chiefly to the difference in the metre of vv. 5 to 8, as well as the difference in their contents from those which precede and follow them. Duhm, and in this Cheyne agrees with him, regards these verses as misplaced, if they are not a later interpolation. They interrupt the sequence of the prophet's thought. They contain in brief what is elaborated in vv. 12 to 31, and so if any place can be found for them it must be immediately after v. 11. Duhm's arrangement, therefore, would be vv. 1-3, 9-2, (5) 6-8. Verse 5 he regards as having been inserted by a late redactor. Dr. Rothstein cannot accept this view, which he considers to be arbitrary and unfounded. The difference in their metrical form is granted, of course, but finds, in Dr. Rothstein's opinion, its justification and explanation in the emotion which dictated the thought expressed in vv. 6 to 8. The author of these prophecies was admittedly a man of keen feelings, and was a perfect master of literary expression. Nothing would be more natural than that he, with his temperament, should vary the metrical forms he employed in accordance with the sentiment he was uttering or the mood that inspired it. As to these verses being out of place where they now stand, Dr. Rothstein thinks there is not the slightest ground for such an opinion. None but an incomparably stupid bungler would have altered the prophet's original order here. There is nothing whatever to justify anyone's meddling with it; no difficulty in the sequence of the text to even suggest such an alteration to anyone. Our author proceeds to examine the reasons which have led Duhm and others to come to the conclusions they have reached. Do vv. 6 to 8 interrupt the unity of the prophet's thoughts—the unity of the prelude? What was it that occupied his mind while penning it? Not merely the comforting message he had now to deliver. What more likely than that the state of mind of his hearers should engage

his thought? Their sad experiences during all these past years of their exile might well have been thought by the prophet as likely to have imbued their souls with distrust of God's power, or of His willingness to interfere in their behalf now. So the prophet thinks it a primary duty to disabuse their minds of any such doubt or fear. This he seeks to do by his eloquent description of God's unique divinity, His omnipotent power and goodness. Of that description, given in vv. 12 to 31, vv. 6 to 8 are the anticipation. The thought in these verses is this: Everything of a fleshly nature lacks stability. Before the breath of God's mouth it perishes as quickly as dry grass, as a frail flower. Jahve's word, however, stands fast for ever, not the word of threatening only but equally the word of promise and consolation; both are fulfilled in Jahve's own time. Verse 5, which Duhm rejects as a late interpolation, finds now its justification where it stands. For the full expression is this: Everything's thought it is indispensable. Dr. Rothstein proceeds then to discuss more fully the difference in the metrical form adopted in these verses.—The next article is also an exegetical study. It is on the Parable of the Ten Virgins. It is by Herr Pastor Wiesen of Hattorf. It is a parable, he says, without parallel in the Gospel narratives. In some of its details it has parallels in others, but its form is different. The one feature it has in common with those touching on the *parousia* is the unexpectedness of the coming of the Lord. All the details of the parable are passed under review here, and their bearing on Christ in His relation to His people is brought out with praiseworthy sanity of judgment. Herr Wiesen mentions some of the extravagant interpretations that have been given to some of the unimportant details of the parable, but they are mentioned merely as curiosities of exegesis. To v. 13 he devotes special attention because of its seeming contradiction to v. 5. In v. 5 all the virgins are represented as sleeping when the bridegroom appeared, but in v. 13 the warning is not to sleep but be ever on the watch.—A large number of smaller papers follow, several of them dealing with matters interesting to students of Luther and his times.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (November, 1998).—'Adam und Eva,' the first part of a story by Helene Böhlau al Raschid Bey.—Professor Haeckel's 'Essay on the present state of our knowledge of the origin of Man,' read at Cambridge last August.—Rudolf Lindan concludes his interesting notes of a yachting trip among the Aegean Islands.—'Nahrheit und Lüge,' by Prof. W. Jerusalem.—An appreciative account of Eugène Delacroix and his work, by Walther Gensel.—A mili-

tary criticism, unfavourable, of the Czar's disarmament rescript, by A. von Boguslawski.—'Theodore Fontane.'—'Di Vier Geschwister,' one of Paul Heyse's fantasies.—Short notices deal with the recently published Bülow letters, books on Asia, etc.—(December).—Contains chapters III. to V. of Madame Böhlau al Raschid Bey's novel, begun in last number.—Herr August Fournier gives a highly appreciative narrative of the Emperor of Austria's rule in Austria, beginning with a sympathetic reference to his recent loss in the death of the Empress by the hand of her assassin in Geneva.—Professor F. Max Müller furnishes a very interesting paper on the reasonableness of religion—'Die Vernünftigkeit Religion.' It is in continuation of some articles on this same subject which have appeared in the pages of the *Rundschau* by writers who use the *noms de plumes* 'Pferdebürla' and 'Ignotus Agnosticus.'—Herr Eduard Strasburger discourses on the 'Dauer des Lebens,' basing his reflections on the words of a sick friend who, in a room in a hostelry, lighted for the most part by a wood fire in the hearth, contrasted the brief life of man with that of a stately tree. The comparison forms the text of Herr Strasburger's meditations here.—Herr H. Grimm has a suggestive paper on Goethe—'Goethe aus nächster Nähe.'—Herr Otto Seeck describes the Exhibition of Rembrandt's paintings which formed in Amsterdam a feature of the celebrations of the young Queen of Holland's coronation.—A considerable number of recent works are reviewed, and the political and literary *Rundschau*en are comprehensive and informing.—(January).—'Adam und Eva'—Madame Böhlau al Raschid Bey's story is advanced a further stage in this number.—Herr Ludwig Stein discusses society here as a philosophical problem—'Die menschliche Gesellschaft als philosophisches Problem.'—Herr Seeck continues his description of the Rembrandt Exhibition in Amsterdam.—Herr J. C. von Eckhardt furnishes an instructive paper on 'Panislamismus und Islamitische Mission.' New vitality, he notes, has been infused into Islam centres by the victories gained in Thessaly over Greece by the Turks. The tidings of these victories spread with lightning-like rapidity, and gave rise to the wildest hopes of universal supremacy for the Mohammedan Faith among its adherents. Various revolts were attempted, but were speedily suppressed. These are briefly noted, and the recent history of Moslem unrest is sketched, and the objects cherished by its leaders described.—'Johannisnacht' is the title of a little Märchen that connects itself with the Eve of St. John.—Herr E. Strasburger continues and concludes his paper on 'Die Dauer des Lebens.'—

Herr Hans Hoffmann commences here a series of what he calls 'Skizzen,' under the title of *Tante Fritzchen*. The first is entitled 'Die unversicherte Brigg.'—The other papers are, 'Conrad Ferdinand zum Gedächtniss,' and 'Zum Avesta,' the latter by Herr Albrecht Weber.

RUSSIA.

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii*).—Questions Philosophical and Psychological, begins its 43rd number with an article on 'Bichat's views on Natural History,' by M. T. Ph. Ogneff, which opens with a discussion, in regard to the important questions of Biology and Histology, as represented by the discoveries and doctrines of Bichat, who was associated at the close of the previous century with Desault, and who did great things in his short life in diffusing sound views on these subjects. He was the son of a physician, was born in Thoirette, 11th September, 1771. At 20 he entered the school of medicine at Lyons, where he heard the lectures of the well-known surgeon A. Petit. After the frightful siege of Lyons in 1793, he left for Paris, whither he came after a short stay at Bourges, and where he desired to complete his studies in surgery, with the view of becoming an army surgeon. It so happened, however, that he was induced to attend the lectures of the celebrated surgeon Desault, which were written out by selected pupils, and read on the following day to the whole class in the presence of the assistant of Desault. One day it happened that the pupil whose turn it was to write and read was absent, and Bichat took his place. His reading made so great an impression, and showed moreover such skill and accuracy in the *résumé* of the lecture, that it was evident he was born to be a professor. Bichat was heard in deep silence, and the lecture was followed by clapping of hands and applause. All this was carried to Desault by his assistant, and he made himself acquainted with Bichat. Scarcely had he made himself acquainted, when he took the young man home with him, and treated him as a member of his own family. This naturally made the young Bichat do his very best to make his work a great success. He did all possible to justify the confidence of Desault and his fellow-pupils, while on the other hand, Desault treated him as a son. Bichat took his place in the hospital, and assisted Desault in every possible way. He was sent all over France to take Desault's place in medical consultations, made various medical researches, occupied himself in dissections to supplement his own knowledge; assisted in operations, and aided

his fellow students in their researches in anatomy and surgery. In 1797, he read his first course of lectures; two years later, after severe preparation, his first course of anatomy, in the course of which he dealt with various questions in physiology, and often experimented in vivisections. He consulted frequently with the most talented of his pupils, and took part in their experiments and researches, and often gave them the benefit of his judgments on exact science and breadth of view. The bursting of a blood-vessel interrupted his course of lectures, but he scarcely allowed himself time to recover from his illness, before he returned to his labours. He spent the night as well as day in work, and took up the editing of Desault's works—the latter having passed away from his labours by death. Continued work such as we have recounted told upon Bichat's health, and on the 6th of July, after two week's illness, he passed away. Corvisar, who attended Bichat in his last illness, sent a tribute to him, to Napoleon I., then First Consul, commending him and saying that no one had done so many great and good things in such a short time. The First Consul replied by ordering a monument to be raised in the Hospital of the Hôtel Dieu in honour of Desault and his great pupil. In conclusion, it may be well to extract some few of the principles and conclusions to which the great medical man came. The main question with which Bichat occupied himself much in his researches was as to what constituted life. Life is the union of functions opposed to death, was one of the *mots* to which he gave utterance. All surrounding a living body tends to its destruction; inorganic objects are often hurtful to it; even within itself there are evil influences which, if there were not found side by side with them elements which react in its favour, would tend to its destruction. In the infant there is abundance of life; action is followed by reaction. In the *adult* the action and reaction are equal. The reactive principle gradually diminishes in old age. It is curious to note the two views of life. It is easy to-day to criticise the ideas and observations of Bichat, and to find in them mistakes and imperfections. M. Ogneff points out what is imperfect in his views and what holds its validity to our own day. The author ends with some remarks upon the importance of following historically the views of the preceding age.—The article which follows upon this is on 'The Trustworthiness of the Reason,' by M. Solovieff. The author treats of the subject in eight chapters, and then postpones his further treatment of it to the next issue of the journal.—The article which follows upon this is on a subject which has recurred pretty frequently of late in the

pages of the *Voprosi*, viz., Auguste Comte. This article is on 'Auguste Comte and his Significance in Historical Science.' The article is divided into chapters, of which the present forms the second, and is on the Positivism of Comte, as a ground for the Philosophy of History. The former chapter having been occupied with the great man's life, we come to his philosophy, and the author, V. J. Gerye, says justly that the doctrines of but few authors so reflect their age and epoch as completely as Comte's. This familiar doctrine is here expounded, and emphasis laid upon the doctrine that we can know only phenomena, and that we need not trouble ourselves about causes productive or final.—Prince Serge Trubetskoi continues the general columns of the journal with an article on 'The Messianic Ideal of the Hebrew People in its relation to the Doctrine of the Logos.' The Logos of the Greeks, it is said, is the final revelation of God, the Messiah of the Jews. This conception is developed through seven chapters.—Hereupon follow special articles on 'Unconscious Psychical Activity, and its Place in the Life of Man;' a review of Lutoslavski's book on *The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic*, with an account of Plato's style, and of the chronology of his writings, and on the question of self-culture by reading-unions.—The usual notices of books and bibliography conclude the number.

ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (October).—In this number Carlo Segre reviews Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, of which he gives a complete summary, and calls it the 'perhaps' best English romance that has appeared during the last five years. After praising the robustness and nobility of the style, the critic takes objection to the secondary characters of the story, whom he calls 'beings deprived of warmth and colour.' Even the two principal personages he finds rather exaggerated and excessive, and without the fascination imparted by naturalness. He thinks the book is far from being an attack on the Roman Church, but rather a warning not to lose sight of old religious traditions.—A. Calenda concludes his paper on 'Ministerial Designs of Reform.'—E. dal Seno, a survivor of the first expedition of Prince Ruspoli in Africa, gives some interesting details of that exploration.—O. Z. Bianco writes on 'Shooting Stars,' quoting passages from Milton and other poets on those erratic phenomena. He publishes a letter from Schiaparelli, written in 1893, in which that learned astronomer, while agreeing that the earth will enter the thickest swarm of meteorites this year and next, declares

that Professor Falb has no sound grounds for his prophecy of the collision of the earth with Temple's comet in 1899.—C. Treves writes on 'German Women-Poets.'—C. Sforza contributes an interesting paper on 'The Application of Anthropometry in International Criminal Examination.'—'Spain and the Philippines' occupies some pages by L. Nocentini.—In the section 'Books and Reviews,' Macmillan's edition of *Bismarck*, by Dr. Busch, and G. H. Perris's *Leo Tolstoi* are noticed at length.—(October 16th).—Here the deputy L. Pullé commences some patriotic reminiscences under the title of 'Pen and Sword.' In this first part he describes the patriotic publications at the beginning of the present century; goes on to the events of the 'Five days' in 1848; the acts of the 'legion of the 400;' and events from 1850-1853; the movement for unity in 1855; the events under Garibaldi, and the death of De Cristoforis, who plays a great part.—L. Capuana, one of the best of contemporary Italian novelists, contributes a short story entitled 'The New Artemis.'—R. Barbiera describes and criticises some rare sonnets by Parini.—L. dal Verme relates the defeat of the dervishes, claiming for many Italian officers who died for the cause of civilisation during the years from the fall of Khartoum up to the present day, their share in the weakening of Mahdism, which has contributed to the great victory just gained by the Anglo-Egyptian army. During the years mentioned, the Italian forces faced the dervishes six times, and were six times victorious. The Italians left on the various fields of combat, 8 officers and 273 men.—P. Orsini describes a recent excursion to Candia.—E. Mancini discusses the scientific application of the liquification of gas and air to industrial works.—An 'ex-deputy' writes on 'The Navy and Finance.'—(November 1st).—The second part of Pullé's patriotic recollections here passes in review the chief journals and their editors in Milan during the years 1832 to 1859. It contains many interesting particulars also about composers and dramatists of the period, and an account of the career of Carlotta Marcheroni, the celebrated performer in Alfieri's dramas. Her career closed in an enthusiastic festival at the D'Augeunes Theatre in Turin, after which she retired from the boards.—E. De Amicis publishes a portion of his new work *Caroza di Tutti*, describing his own experiences in Turin.—A. Mosso contributes a chapter on 'The Physical Education of the Romans and Italian Youth,' with copious references to various foreign works on the subject.—E. dal Seno continues his recollections of a survivor of the Ruspoli expedition in Africa, describing the crossing of the Yubi

Thabeh, and the return to the coast.—‘X’ discusses the important question of an aqueduct for the province of Puglia, and of the concession of water-power for electric motor-power.—U. Osetti has some notes on America during the war.—M. Ferraris discusses the rise in exchange.—(November 16th).—‘Alpine Idylls’ is an important contribution from the poet, Giosué Carducci, inspired by his recent stay on the Alps.—The third part of ‘Pen and Sword,’ by L. Pullé, contains much of interest concerning Adelaide Reston, the Romanis, Rosa Romagnoli, Santoni, Cerito, Rubini, and other notable personages.—Countess Lovatell contributes one of her interesting archæological papers; this time on ‘Nero’s Golden House.’—Follows a lecture on ‘Dante,’ given by Professor Villari at the Philological Club in Turin last September.—E. Checchi contributes a long critique and study of Mascagni’s new opera ‘Iris.’ What the composer himself says about his work is the most interesting portion of the paper. ‘I know my public,’ he told the writer, ‘well enough, and I think I have a moderate dose of what you critics call “theatricality.” I could easily, by a cadence, a flight, an orchestral effect, procure loud applause, two or three calls before the curtain, and cries for an *encore*. But I wished to abstain from such vulgarity in “Iris.” I desired the opera to be judged as a quietly conceived work of art, written in accordance with my own judgment, and containing ideas that budded in my own fancy. Where it would have been easy for the tenor, soprano, or baritone to display their *virtuosità*, I blunted, I attenuated effects. There are moments when the interruption caused by applause spoils the aesthetic continuity of an opera; and so I forced myself to render impossible any applause that would damage the work. How much stronger and finer and nobler is the artistic emotion which is concentrated in silence! To one standing behind the scenes, the difference in the silence of a crowded house is very great; and we understand its significance as well as if we actually saw the intent faces, the movement of the heads, the absorbed attention increasing from moment to moment.’ Mascagni also said, ‘A composer who has under his hands the terrible situation of a father forced to risk his son’s life would now-a-days use that dramatic situation to impress the public. If the writer of the libretto had placed words in the mouth of the father telling his son to think of his absent mother, the composer, sure of the effect, would content himself with making him sing the words in an accent of breathless trepidation, without a thought of enriching the words by a large passionate melody. But see

what Rossini did with such words in "William Tell!" The music sublimely emphasized the thought, and the composer triumphed over the writer of the libretto. I have tried," continued Mascagni, 'to make the music more than the words. I had the fixed intention not to be judged by the drama, the story, but by the music. Music should not be a dry comment on the drama; it must itself be the drama, and develop the story with its own inexorable force. In "Iris" I wished, above all, to reinvigorate melodramatic opera while still maintaining the balance between the vocal parts and the orchestra. I foresee that some critic will tell me that the melodious development of "Iris" is fixed beyond discretion. I have always thought that counterpoint, being of a scholastic nature, is little adapted to melodrama, having something icy that does not lend itself well to the warm artistic manifestation of the stage. But one can obtain everything from melody. In my "Iris" there is a great deal of melody. I have not been content with twisting about two or three motives, reproducing and reforming them, so as to hide that they are always the same. Instead I have sought for melody, and I hope I may say I found almost too much. "Seeking" for melody, you understand, is only a mode of speech, for when I did not feel it rise spontaneously in my brain, fancy, and soul, I gave over writing, and waited till it came. The serenade sung by the tenor in the first act, which gives the hearer the idea of much learned elaboration, was written just as it is at the very first, and afterwards I did not alter a note. Above all, I wanted to be sincere in my music.'—F. Nobile-Vitelleschi, writing on State-Socialism, says that it is not astonishing that a proposal to diminish armaments has come from the absolute monarch of an essentially military power; but what merits serious consideration is the more or less voluntary applause given to the proposition by the world. That is because the note touched by the northern nation caused a sensitive cord to vibrate among all nations and all classes. It is not only the immense expense of armies that weighs on the budgets of the great nations, it is the entire system which begins to alarm Europe. Socialism should not be fought by repression, as is done by one of the most interesting of European states, but by improvement in political economy and civil order. When repression is used by a unanimous majority against a few rebels, it is efficacious, but when it is used by a few—even if these few constitute the government—against a large discontented majority, it will sooner or later result to the damage of those who adopted it. For this reason it has been said that 'one

can do everything with the bayonet except repose upon it.'—Professor De Gubernatis, writing from Jerusalem, shows up the peril to the Catholic Church in the Orient if the Catholics of the West do not find a mode of agreement.—Signor Golajanni writes on protection and agrarian crises.—Signora Pierantoni-Mancini contributes an interesting paper on 'Saviniano di Cyrano de Bergerac,' poet and philosopher, giving the story of the man whom M. Rostand, by his splendid dramatic poem, has torn from oblivion.—T. Canovai publishes here a portion of his forthcoming volume on 'Modern Italy: her moral patriotic energy and financial problems,' the portion given here treats of the latter subject.—(Dec. 1).—In an article entitled, 'Why was Venice Great?' Professor Lombroso enters into the ethnical and physical antecedents of Venice; describes the influence of the climate and surroundings, the struggle for life, the growing commerce and wealth, the political liberty of the republic, and the brutality of that period, when, out of fifty-six doges, up to the year 1172, five abdicated, five were murdered, five were beheaded, and nine were banished. He describes the decadence and its cause, and compares Venice with the Holland, Geneva, Florence, Naples, and Amalfi of those days. At the close of his article Professor Lombroso inveighs against the present growing suppression of liberty, and the more and more military government, which may for a time repress popular tumults, but only at the expense of Italy's vitality and greatness.—L. Pullé concludes his reminiscences entitled 'Pen and Sword.'—E. Mancini writes on the 'Food of the Future,' founding his remarks on Professor Crooke's discourse at Bristol.—A. Celli writes on 'The Improvement of Land.'—'A Catholic' discourses on the abstention from voting on the part of the Italian clergy.—A. Bianca writes on 'International Equilibrium,' warmly advocating support of the Czar's proposal for restricting armaments, and urging Italy to co-operate vigorously in the work of peace and progress.—Signora Mancini concludes her interesting biography of Saviniano di Cyrano di Bergerac, whose poem, 'The Journey to the Moon,' she says would have attained a very different rank in the literature of its author's country but for the general ignorance and superstition. Bergerac had a loyal and courageous character, a liberal mind, high ideals; he lived a life full of adventure, and died a sad death, and Signora Mancini writes her story to make known to the world the real man whom Rostand has made the hero of a great work of art.—M. Ferraris discusses the treaty of commerce with France.—'***'

reviews the *Thoughts and Recollections of Otto von Bismarck*.—‘The Musical Review’ is devoted to a criticism of ‘Iris.’—(December 16).—Professor Panzacchi writes on ‘Manzoni and Tolstoi, and their Ethnical Idea of Art.’—L. Beltrami writes on ‘The Rembrandt Exhibition in Amsterdam.’—G. Boglietti describes the ‘Evolution of Socialistic Democracy in Germany,’ having gone to Berlin to study the matter. He opines that the hostility of the Government and police to working-men’s associations, though prejudicial to the latter, is, on the other hand, indirectly and by re-action, advantageous to Socialistic democracy as a political party. Should there arise in Prussia a statesman who would initiate a truly liberal working-men’s policy, he would wrest much footing from Socialistic agitation. But at present, under the threat of penal servitude against all exciters of strikes or other movement, this eventually cannot be thought of.—Signora Deledda contributes a sad but very interesting Sardinian story called ‘Temptations.’—C. D. Lollis criticises Hauptmann’s *Fuhrmann Henschel* with great appreciation.—Valetta describes Siberia in notes from a recent journey.—Professor Mosso writes on the ‘International Conference for the Catalogue of Scientific Literature,’ prefacing his remarks with a letter he received from the secretary of the Royal Society. Mosso opines that all the scientific societies of Italy should discuss the difficult question, and institute local committees in different parts of Italy, and that the Ministry should charge the three Italian members of the London Royal Society to collect the opinions of Italian academies, and that one of them represent Italy at the approaching conference.—P. Liroy speaks of ‘The Mystery of Malaria,’ recording the results of the recent studies on that malady, and the manner of its propagation.—D. Primerand has something to say on ‘Navies and Fortresses.’

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (October 1).—A. Zardo, writing on Maffer’s tragedy, *Merope*, says that no argument has ever inspired so many poets as the argument of that play, giving examples and comparisons.—G. Rondini contributes a paper on ‘Father Tosti,’ and Irma Rios concludes her review of *Jude the Obscure*.—G. E. Saltini’s monograph on ‘Bianca Capello’ runs on.—G. Faluella publishes his speech on ‘The First Centenary of the Birth of Charles Albert.’—(October 15).—P. Bellezza writes an argumentative paper on ‘Manzoni and the New Psychiatric Doctrine.’—Dr. Cortesi describes an 18th century Jesuit, the father Saverio Bettinelli.—N. Malvezzi reviews Machiavelli’s *History of Florence*.—Signora Fortini-Cantarelli sends a translation from the English, *The*

Mystery of the Torrent.—G. Secretant describes the life and works of the Venetian actor and dramatist, Gracinto Gallina, recently deceased.—G. Paravicini tells of the ‘Society for Increasing the Number of Tourists in Italy.’—O. Bacci contributes ‘Thoughts and Figures’ in prose and verse.—(November 1).—P. V. Maumus gives a translation of a portion of his work, *Les catholiques et la liberté politique.*—Colonel Grannitrapane writes on ‘The Diffusion of Geographic Knowledge.’—Gemma Zambler contributes an enthusiastic monograph on ‘Father Tosti.’—D. Molinari writes on ‘Cotton-fabrics in Imitation of Silk;’ and G. Falorsi on ‘The Navy.’—R. Mazzi reviews Monsignor Valdameri’s *The Present Hour in Italy.*—T. Roberti writes on the ‘Contradictions in Modern Society.’—(November 16).—Y. reviews the events in China, June, 1895, and the action of the Italian Government in sending the *Marco Polo* into those waters. She was the first vessel of similar proportions which ventured on the Yang-tsi-Kiang, and as far as Han-chow.—G. P. Assirelli discusses ‘Railway Companies in France and England.’—A. Lusignoli here publishes a lecture on ‘The Rights of Man over Woman,’ and, coming to recent times, makes man responsible for the greater portion of social and domestic evils.—E. Paoletti relates in detail the experiences of a pedestrian tour from the plain of the Po to the Lake of Lucerne.—R. Mocchi sends a paper on ‘Recruiting for the Navy.’—(December 1).—C. Falorsi gives reasons ‘Why the Italians are Monarchists,’ the chief being that they are all for unity.—Signora Barsanti writes an enthusiastic paper entitled ‘Upwards,’ urging the cultivation of faith in God.—G. Fortebracci, under the title of ‘Lion-heart,’ reviews Signor Salvatore’s studies of the youthful poetry of Guido Cavalcanti.—Captain Navarro contributes a translation from the Spanish of an article by Lieutenant Salaris on ‘The Straits of Gibraltar from a Military Point of View.’—G. Vitali discusses ‘The Moral Heredity Theory of Hecker.’—(December 16th).—Professor De Giorgi contributes a study of the proposed aqueduct for Puglia, and an account of the water-springs of Terra d’Otranto.—Lieutenant Salaris writes an interesting paper on ‘Albania,’ describing the topography, climate, ethnography, the government of the various tribes, the different estates, the gipsy population, the political condition of the country, etc., and concludes by saying that Italy ought to support the aspirations of the Albanians to unite in one, the three *vilayets.*—A. G. Corrieri writes on ‘The Conversion to the Roman Catholic Faith of I. K. Huysmans and François Coppée.’—G. Grabinski reviews the *Journal du Maréchal de Castellane.*—L.

Grottanelli commences a series of 'historic recollections' founded on the correspondence of Tuscan ambassadors, entitling his paper 'The Reform and the Thirty Years' War.'—E. Pistelli lectures on 'Charity Schools.'—P. Bologna contributes 'Notes and Impressions of Old and New Florence,' describing the city in 1840, and the improvements carried out since. Though much that was picturesque has disappeared, Florence has gained in elegance and beauty.

EMPORIUM (October).—This number's 'Contemporary Artist' is Giacomo Grosso, a unique character, who is much discussed in his native land. The writer of the article, Mara Antellino, describes Grosso's career. He was born of poor parents, and, at first, destined for the Church, but while he was still at school he declared his vocation for art, and obtained a pension from his native town, which enabled him to study at the Turin 'Albertine Academy,' where he soon won all prizes. On the ending of the pension he lived by his art, at first producing portraits, copied from photographs, at 200 francs each, to 'make the pot boil.' He advanced rapidly in his art, and became celebrated as a portrait-painter. He married when very young, in 1884, and exhibited his first great canvas, 'The Convent-cell of Mad Women.' Ten years later he gained the prize at Milan with his 'Grey Figure.' Subsequent paintings won prizes at home and abroad. This year the distinguished artist has been busy on a Saint Jerome, in imitation of Ribera, but he avoids the gloom of that painter. Grosso is especially eminent in his treatment of the nude.—Follows a biographical sketch of 'Von Bismarck,' by Gino Ribajoli.—Mara Antellino also contributes a paper on the 'Terra-cottas of Signi.'—F. Ferreri describes the ceramic factory of C. Novelli at Rome.—(November).—This month's article, by V. Pica, on 'Contemporary Artists,' tells us of Telemaco Signorini, who was born at Florence in 1835, was a friend of Sir Frederick Leighton, and enlisted in 1859 to fight for his country. He returned to his profession of painter after the peace of Villafranca, and painted a series of military subjects which, though mediocre, sold well to the patriotic Italians. He rose in his art, and painted landscape and *genre* pictures of great vigour and originality, gaining prizes at the art exhibitions. Signorini was one of the few Italian artists who cultivated the art of *aquaforte*. He travelled much and made studies in Scotland. Besides his established fame as a painter, he is noted as an art-critic and poet. His studio in Piazza Santacroce, in Florence, is celebrated for its precious collection

of studies made in Italy, France, and England.—L. Beltrami, writing in the section 'Ancient Art,' gives an account of Vincenzo Poppa, and his paintings in the chapel of St. Peter the Martyr at Milan.—A. G. describes the Isle of Cyprus, and the Metropolitan Museum at New York.—A. Demeure de Beaumont gives an account of the performance of 'Dejanira' at Béziers, and illustrates his paper with numerous photographs of the place and actors.—G. Antonini writes on the help given by psycho-pathology in the teaching of artistic anatomy. The article is illustrated by numerous portraits of epileptics, idiots, and lunatics.

ARCHIVIO STORICO DELLE PROVINCE NAPOLETANE (Year 23, No. 3).—F. Cerasoli's paper from inedited documents in the Vatican concerning Gregory IX. and Queen Joanna of Naples is continued.—N. F. Faraglia describes the Naples parishes formed in 1598, to the number of fifty-seven.—M. d'Ayala continues his essay on 'The Free Masons of Naples in the Eighteenth Century.'—B. Croce commences 'Researches and Observations: the Neapolitan Pulcinella.' The writer says it is impossible to define Pulcinella, for that personage is a name including a quantity of types, and impregnated with all the artistic representations in which it has been adopted, it is a symbolical figure which is a source of artistic effect that cannot be despised. The well-known figure is so suggestive that one smiles on seeing it exposed in the popular shops of Naples. A Neapolitan wit, seeing a dozen small plaster figures of Pulcinella on the board of a plaster-cast vendor, asked him 'How many of these *cabinet ministers* must you have?' It was one Silvio Fiorelli, a Neapolitan actor, who first introduced the figure of Pulcinella at the end of the sixteenth century; and the first mention of Pulcinella is found in plays of 1621. The name was spelt in all kinds of ways. In one comedy by the above-named Fiorelli Pulcinella's numerous surnames are displayed, reminding one of those of the Gascons in 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' Here is Pulcinella's full title: 'Policinella de Gamaro de Tamaro Coccumato de Napole;' and in another comedy of the sixteenth century he is called Pascharello Citrolo. Pulcinella's sweetheart is sometimes called Colombina, but in most old comedies she bears the name of Rosetta, Pimpinella, or Paparella. It would occupy too much space to follow Professor Croce into the precedents of Pulcinella, and into the question of the derivation from classic antiquity. This first instalment is interesting, and gives a complete history of the popular theatre in Italy.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 4, 1898).—‘Les Rites de la Moisson, et les commencements de l'Agriculture,’ is the title of the first article here. The article is by Count Goblet d'Alviella, Professor of the History of Religions at the University of Brussels, and has been suggested by, and is partly a review of, Mr. Grant Allen's recent work *The Evolution of the Idea of God*. It is with Mr. Allen's views as to the part religion plays in the origin of agricultural rites that Count D'Alviella concerns himself chiefly here. The larger questions dealt with by Mr. Allen are touched upon in the first section of his article, but the *raison d'être* of his paper is to discuss the religious aspects of the rites and ceremonies connected in all primitive races with the sowing and reaping of cereals, etc. All such races trace agricultural labour back to a fabulous antiquity, and attribute its origin to the inspiration or teaching of some divine being. The function of seeds was not grasped by primitive man for ages. Anthropology tends to establish ever more surely the truth that men were first frugivorous. Under the pressure of climatic necessities their food came to vary, but it was long before observation led them to the conclusion that sowing seed and preparing the soil were conditions of a bountiful harvest. The idea ruled that the harvest was the gift of the gods, and depended on their good-will. That good-will again depended of course on the due performance of certain rites pleasing to them. When the causal connection between sowing and reaping was grasped, it did not destroy the feeling of dependence on the gods for the bounty of the harvest. It was none the less, in their eyes, conditioned by the gods and dependent on their good pleasure. Victims to appease their anger or secure their good-will were therefore offered, and, by the offerers participating in the flesh or blood of the victims, or in the cakes made of the first fruits of the harvest, or the wine of the vintage, they became sacramentally united with the gods themselves. By so doing they still further ensured their benevolent regards, and therefore the fertilizing of the grains and plants. All these rites and ceremonies are discussed here, and Mr. Allen's views as to their import are examined and corrected where his critic thinks he has fallen into error. The qualities of the victims offered in such ceremonies are detailed, and the lines of thought which led primitive man to the conclusions he came to as to these are traced by a master hand. Count Goblet D'Alviella is an acknowledged expert in this department of science.—The next article begins a series of

studies on 'The Religious History of Iran.' It is by M. E. Blochet. For long ages, he says, the history of Central Asia is summed up in that of the antagonism of the Chinese and Iranian civilisations. India played but a small part in the intellectual colonising of that region. The complicated rites and artificial doctrines of Brahminism were not of a kind to attract these races. Buddhism attracted them more (at first at least), but in the end Iranism gained the supremacy. The prince who represents Buddhism's influence best, Kanishka, was as much Mazdean as Buddhist. Buddhism was more successful in China. Mazdeism prevailed in Persia, but the persistent struggle against it on the part of the Turks, who formed the most important ethnic element in these regions, was long and fierce. The legend of Afrasyab in the Avesta proves that by this time, however, the Turanian element had been so Iranized that it fought to defend Persia against Semitic invasion. The Persians by and by succeeded in overmastering and expelling the Turanians. China remained stationary, locked in, as it were, from external influences. But Persia was touched on every side, and was affected, by other civilisations, and affected these civilisations in turn, and so became linked in a kind of parental relationship with Zoroastrianism, Christianity, and Islam. The monument of Cyrus at Murghab is of a style which is pure Egyptian, while Assyrian art is manifest in the bas-reliefs of Persepolis, and in the winged bulls of Artaxerxes' palaces. Nestorianism, too, deeply affected it later on, in the middle of the seventh century A.D., and it was finally absorbed by Islam. Yet the conquest of Persia by Islam was perhaps less complete than that of Islam by the Iranian spirit. M. Blochet in this way traces the history of Mazdean influence in the evolution of religious thought and customs in eastern civilisations generally, the *data* on which he bases his opinions being drawn from the narratives of ambassadors and travellers, and legends transmitted in various ways to us. Some of these legends he here gives.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 5, 1898).—M. E. Leger has the first place here with another of his 'Etudes de Mythologie Slave.' It is devoted to the inferior divinities of the Slav Pantheon. He deals first with the divinities of destiny. According to Procopius the Slavs did not acknowledge Destiny. M. Leger disputes this, for, he says, they paid homage to personages who presided over the birth and fate of mortals—*Rodjenice* or *Rojanitse*, from *rod*=birth, and *Sudjenice*, from *sud*=judgment, destiny. They

honoured also river-deities, or nymphs—*Vilas*. The nature of these, however, is doubtful, and different opinions have been entertained as to them. The legends regarding them are numerous and varied. In these they appear as the spirits of betrothed maidens, and again as the *manes* of dead ancestors; there are *vilas* of the forest and of the mountains, etc. They espouse mortals, and have children, are kind or revengeful. The sacrifices that were made to them are described, and the transformations they underwent on the adoption of Christianity are noted. The *Rusalkas* play in Russian folk-lore a rôle similar to the *Vilas* with the southern Slavs. The great festival in their honour was really the Christian festival of Easter.—M. G. Dottin follows with an article on 'The Religion of the Gauls,' the Gaels or Celts. It is based on a work recently published by M. A. Bertrand, *La Religion des Gaulois, les Druides et le Druidisme*. The religion of the ancient Gauls has been the subject of several monographs. M. Gaidoz has devoted a large amount of time to the elucidation of the subject, and M. Bertrand, in the volume mentioned, has given the texts of the sources on which our knowledge of their religion is based. These are not very numerous, and not very definite. The three subjects here reviewed are the gods, the cult offered them, and Druidism. The information furnished us as to their gods by early writers is not very interesting. These writers identify the Celtic deities with one or other of the Greek and Latin pantheons, and then treat them as if they were almost identical. M. Dottin, however, summarizes what is known of them. He describes the religious ceremonies, also, in so far as they have been noted by these same writers. Then the larger question is discussed as to the Druids. Were they priests? and what was their organisation and doctrines? He states the result as follows: We are still ignorant of the names and attributes of most of the Celtic deities, and we have no positive data to speak of as to the worship the Celts practised; but, thanks to the recent studies of such scholars as MM. Gaidoz and Bertrand, we know much now about the beliefs the ancient Celts cherished. We cannot yet, however, from all that we know, say if these were truly original to the Celts, or whence they may have been derived, if they have been so.—M. L. Couve furnishes the 'Bulletin archeologique de la religion grecque (1896-1897).' He gives an account here of the more interesting (so far as religious history is concerned) discoveries made by the several archæological societies which are busy excavating on Greek soil, and of the studies these discoveries have led to, and whose results have appeared in

the publications of these societies, or in monographs from individual students. The details are numerous, and we can only refer our readers to the article itself. It is impossible to convey any idea of the wealth of information it contains.—M. A. Leclere gives a version of the 'Judgment of Solomon' from a Cambodian *Jataka*, which, he says, has never yet been translated or published. The Solomon in this instance was a son of a rich merchant, and was gifted from early youth with rare judicial wisdom. The proofs of that wisdom form the burden of the *Jataka*. That given here runs that a mother, after bathing her child in a river, went down herself to bathe. While she was in the river, an ogress snatched up the child and ran off with it. The mother pursued her, overtook her, and tried to recover her child from her. The two were taken before Mohosoth, who ordered them to pull the child, the one by the head, the other by the feet, and see which was the strongest. The mother gave way so soon as the child screamed, and Mohosoth at once awarded the child to her.—The books reviewed in both of these numbers are numerous and important.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 3, 1898).—M. J. Lehmann opens this number with an elaborate article on 'Some Important Dates in the Chronology of the Second Temple,' *à propos* of a page of the Talmud (Aboda Zara, 8 b.). The dates referred to are those of the Syrian and Roman supremacy over Judæa, or the relation of the Romans to, and interference with, its affairs; the duration of the Asmonean and Herodian dynasties; the decay of Judaism in Judæa, etc. After reviewing the history of the Jewish struggles for independence, and the intrigues of parties among the Jews themselves, he formulates the following conclusions: Rome's relations with Judæa of amity or protection extended over a period of two hundred and six years, from 140 B.C. to 66 A.D.; the dynasty of the Asmoneans was officially recognised by Rome in 140, and was deposed by Sosius in 37, and therefore lasted one hundred and three years; the Herodian dynasty, enthroned by Sosius that same year, preserved its authority, with certain modifications, and with two interruptions, up to 66 A.D., lasting also, *i.e.*, 103 years; in the year 110 B.C. the Asmonean monarchy, after having subjected the Idumæans, overthrown the Syrians and conquered Samaria, extended its power over all the country, thus introducing the most brilliant period of Jewish history during the second Temple. Immediately thereafter commenced a period of rapid decay. Civil wars exhausted Judæa.

Rome intervened; Gentiles ruled everywhere in the land. Herod did everything he dared to win their favour. It was then that the rabbins, in order to protect Judaism against the influence of Hellenism, decreed that Gentile countries were impure and everything made by Gentiles. In the year 30 the Sanhedrin exiled themselves from the Temple, and ceased to pronounce capital sentences. The law as to the Sabbatic year is declared by M. Lehmann as having been actually observed in the land, and to have been therefore no mere pious theory, as so many modern critics maintain, placed in the statute book for appearance sake, but never intended to be put into practice.—M. S. Krauss continues next his examination of the Talmudic Tractate, the *Deréç Erec*. He has already dealt with the character and divisions of the treatise, and here he enters into critical details as to the text, and the verbiage employed in it, and next with its origin and time of composition.—M. J. Fuerst furnishes the first instalment of a series of lexicographical notes on words found in the Talmud, the Midraschim, and the Targums.—M. B. Heller contributes a learned essay on ‘The Arabic Version and Commentary of the Gaon Saadia on the Book of Proverbs.’ Joseph Derenbourg devoted the closing years of his long and fruitful life to the editing and publication of Saadia’s voluminous writings, but did not live to see his project completed. The commentary on the Proverbs was regarded by him as one of the most important of these writings, and to it he devoted very special care. M. Heller gives a minute description of the work in question, and especially of the peculiarities of the Arabic version of it. He gives emphasis to Saadia’s veneration of the Massora, and calls attention to his lack of appreciation of the poetical forms of the Proverbs. The article is not finished in this number.—M. S. Eppenstein gives the text of a fragment of Joseph Kimbi’s ‘Commentary on the Book of Job’.—M. Danan some of the ‘Documents and Traditions regarding Sabbatai Zevi and his Sect.’ This is supplementary to an article which he contributed in an early number last year on this same sect, and which was noticed by us at the time.—M. Kaufmann gives the text of an ‘Elegy by Moses Zacout on Saul Morteira,’ and an ‘Elegy on the Sufferings of the Jews in Morocco in 1790,’ which was written by David b. Aron.—M. Schwab describes some of the more important MSS. which have been added to the *Bibliothèque Nationale* recently.—Several short notes follow also on historical and grammatical points, and the ‘*Bibliographie*’ is furnished by M. Salfeld and Professor A. Kautsch.

· REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 4, 1898).—M. J. Halévy continues his series of papers, under the usual rubric, 'Recherches Bibliques,' in which he is seeking to prove that the prophets of Israel, whose writings have come down to us, were acquainted with all the documents which, according to the modern critical school, go to make up our present Hexateuch. If that be so, then their assertion that the so-called Priestly Code is of exilic and post exilic origin would be refuted. Here he sets himself to examine the prophecies of Jeremiah. He first deals with the questions as to the integrity of the text as we have it, and as to how far it represents the real work of Jeremiah's dictation, to Baruch. The representative of the critical school, whom he here takes as voicing the opinions of that school, is Cornill. Cornill's reasons for distrusting the text, as it now lies before us, are given by M. Halévy in Cornill's own words, and these are then individually examined. It is, of course, admitted that the first recension of Jeremiah's prophecies was destroyed, but it does not, M. Halévy thinks, follow that Jeremiah modified them when re-dictating them. There may have been other exemplars of them, or extensive notes on which the prophet could have fallen back if that had been necessary. The differences in arrangement and in fulness, observed when we compare the Massoretic and the Septuagint text, does not prove that the former is untrustworthy, or that it has been tampered with in the interests of later redactors. It may only prove, as the recovered text of part of Ecclesiasticus proves, that the recension in the hands of the Greek translators was a faulty one. After repelling the objections to the trustworthiness of the text, or showing their inconclusiveness, M. Halévy takes here those parts of it that are admitted to be genuine, and sets himself from these to show that they establish the fact that that prophet was familiar with the priestly and other documents. We can only note one or two of his proofs to indicate to our readers the nature of them, referring them to the article itself for the full demonstration it gives of Halévy's position. He appeals first to Jer. ii. 2 and 3. Although Jeremiah was a pessimist of the most pronounced kind, yet here we find him in a most optimistic mood. Jahve is depicted as remembering Israel's early adherence to Him even in times of her sore distress, namely, in the wilderness. This refers of course to the times of the Exodus. Strip this, says M. Halévy, of its poetic form, and we have a picture of Israel following her God with youthful ardour and trust in spite of much suffering that might have depressed her. The prophet com-

pares her to a bride clinging faithfully and trustfully to her husband. The details of Israel's thus clinging to Jahve are only found in the representations of the Exodus journeys that are given in J and E, which are accredited by the critical school to the middle of the seventh century. Jeremiah then clearly regarded these writings as already ancient history. Had they been of modern composition or tampered with in their being then combined, Jeremiah would certainly not have put the confidence in them which we find him here doing. But v. 3 as clearly establishes, he says, the prophet's acquaintance with Lev. xx. 14-16. The idea there expressed of holiness as separatedness to Jahve is precisely that which the prophet has here in his thought, and he has no need to explain it, showing us that it was perfectly familiar to his readers as well as to himself. Jer. ii. 7 forms another indication, according to M. Halévy, of the prophet's acquaintance with the priestly document as well as with J and E. The reference is to Ex. xxxii., and Lev. xviii. 27, 28. Another proof is found on comparing Jer. ii. 34, with Ex. xxii. 1.—In a second paper M. Halévy deals with the ancient history of India. He vindicates earlier views of his as to the relative modernity of the committal to writing of the Vedas. Indian scholars have assigned their earliest written form to various periods from 2000 to 1000 B.C. M. Halévy fixed the date years ago as about the fourth century B.C. He here restates the reasons given by him for adopting that date, and subjects the opposite opinions to a searching criticism.—M. A. Boisser continues his 'Notes d'Assyriologie;' M. Perruchon his 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie;' and M. Halévy his 'Notes Sumeriennes,' a new series. He contributes also the *Bibliographie*.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (November).—M. E. Murisier begins this number with the first of two articles on 'The Religious Sentiment in Ecstasy.' Both articles show a considerable acquaintance with the writings of the Christian and other Mystics, and deal with Mysticism from the psychological point of view. They are as interesting as the treatment of the subject is fresh.—Under the title, 'Philosophy and Mathematics,' M. F. Evellin and Z. treat of the 'New Infinite.'—M. E. Goblot writes on the 'Physiological Theory of Association.'—In the 'Revue générale' we have, besides a notice of a number of volumes on the Pedologic and Pedagogic Movement, an article on 'The Exegesis of Plato,' consisting of a criticism of Lutoslawski's work on *The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic*, and Mr. Nettleship's posthumous *Philosophical Lectures and Remains*. The author of the paper is M. Tannery.—Among

the works of which an account is given are Brunschwig's *La Modalité du Jugement*, Titchener's *Primer of Psychology*, and Arréat's *Les Croyances de Demain*.—(December).—Besides the final instalment of M. Murisier's essay on 'The Religious Sentiment in Ecstasy,' we have in this number a long and interesting paper by M. F. Paulhan on 'The Development of Invention.'—In an article based upon the correspondence which passed between John Stuart Mill and A. Comte, M. Levy-Bruhl discusses the influence which these philosophers had upon each other.—M. Gaston Richard writes on the 'Philosophy of Law in Relation to Sociology,' and in the course of his article notices various French, Spanish, and Italian works which have recently appeared, and in particular that on the *Object and Limits of Philosophy and Law*, by the Italian philosopher, S. Fragapane.—The 'Analyses,' etc., contains a number of notices of books in the various departments of philosophy.—(January, 1899).—M. Le Dantec reviews the doctrines of the Neo-Darwinian school of writers, with special reference to the heredity of character.—M. Levy-Bruhl's article, which appeared in the November number, on John Stuart Mill and Auguste Comte, is here followed up by M. A. Schinz with an article on Comte, in which he endeavours to show that Positivism is a method and not a system of Philosophy.—M. Ossip Lourié criticises Tolstoi's ideas on Art.—In the 'Analyses,' etc., Grot the Russian philosopher's work on 'The Idea of the Soul and of Psychical Energy in Psychology,' is noticed. So also are Claparède's *Muscular Sense* and Scripture's *Studies from the Yale Psychological Laboratory*.—Each of the numbers has the usual notices of Periodicals.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October, November, December).—The article which M. Alfred Fouillée, of the Academy of Moral Sciences, contributes to the first of these numbers, and which he entitles *L'Individualisme et le Sentiment Social en Angleterre*, is a kind of counterblast against works, such as those of M. Demolins, of which the authors, in their enthusiastic admiration of the Anglo-Saxon race, advise a servile imitation of Anglo-Saxon methods as the only means of obtaining similar results. He shows the unreasonableness of setting up for imitation precisely those qualities which are due to hereditary temperament, and which cannot, therefore, be assumed or put aside at will. It would be hardly more ridiculous, in his opinion, to say, 'Let us all be six feet in height;' and he concludes with this advice: 'What we should imitate is England's constant effort to better herself without abruptly breaking with her past. Instead of exclaiming, "Let us be

Anglo-Saxons," it would be wiser to say—"Let us develop the qualities peculiar to ourselves, and let us combat our own vices. Let us combat voluntary sterility, alcoholism, increasing criminality, the licentious and libellous press, scepticism under all its forms, materialism in thought and conduct; let us oppose the sentiment of social duty to an ill-understood individualism. In short, let us raise private and public morality, which is the same for Latins, Celts, and Anglo-Saxons."—'Juana la Loca'—Mad Jane—is the name which history has given to the unfortunate princess who was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the mother of Charles V. Up to quite recent times, no writer ventured to question the tradition of centuries; but, about thirty years ago, a German scholar, Herr Bergenroth, in the course of researches connected with the compilation of the English 'Calendar of State Papers,' discovered documents which seemed to him to suggest that Doña Juana had been a victim to the ambitious views both of her parents and her son. In a long essay, which runs through two numbers, M. le comte Charles de Moüe submits the question to a close examination, and shows that Bergenroth's doubts and suspicions were wholly unfounded. Not only does he adduce convincing contemporary evidence as to Juana's mental condition, but he also points to the mental peculiarities of her descendants in support of his view—to the melancholy that drove Charles V. to a cloister, to the ferocious bigotry that made a tyrant of Philip II., to the insanity of Don Carlos, to the weakness of both mind and body that characterised Philip III. and Philip IV. This *Jeanne le Folle* is not only a valuable contribution to Spanish history, it is also a most interesting narrative of a career hardly less tragic than that about which the genius of Schiller has thrown such a halo of romance.—*Qu'est-ce que la Caricature?* It is M. Robert de la Sizeranne, the well-known art critic, who asks the question, connecting it more particularly with the sketches of M. Forain and of M. Caran d'Ache. His answer, ably developed in an essay of nearly forty pages, is, that caricature is not necessarily a means of exciting laughter; that it is but an inferior political weapon; and that its value for ethical purposes is not particularly great. But he considers it a marvellous process for giving concrete form to abstract ideas, and for presenting to the eyes a picture of that which it is difficult to realise as an idea.—In the same number M. Arthus Desjardins devotes an article to the question of disarmament. He approves of it to this limited extent, that he thinks there ought to be a conference. If, he says, the Powers

do not succeed in drawing up the code of disarmament, they might, at least, write the preface to it.—Another political paper is contributed by M. Rouire, whose subject is sufficiently indicated by the title, *La France et l'Angleterre dans la Vallée du Niger*. The tone of the whole article may be understood from his concluding advice. 'Far from seeking to extend our power in those distant deserts, wisdom commands us to reduce, as much as possible, the posts which we have multiplied beyond measure in the whole valley of the Niger and along the shore. Of those posts, all that are a source of expense not compensated by some kind of profit should be suppressed. Let us not forget, either, that the Soudan is not a colony that can be peopled; that it is one of the hottest countries in the world, situated in a latitude which does not allow of the acclimatising of Europeans; that in it the mortality amongst our troops amounts to 11 per cent.; and that there is no necessity for sacrificing such hecatombs of human lives to the climate. That is what the English, on their side, have not failed to understand; and up till quite recently they have carried on their administration throughout the whole valley of the Niger with a staff of seventy-one Europeans only—that is, with fewer officials than we maintain in the single town of Saint Louis of Senegal.'—The first of the November numbers devotes a long article on the Egyptian occupation of the Upper Nile. The writer, M. Henri Dehérain, asks three questions—'To what extent has Egypt occupied the Upper Nile?' 'How has she understood her part as a colonising power?' 'In what respect have the inhabitants to congratulate themselves on her presence?' His answer is summed up in very few words, 'Every material trace of Egyptian occupation has disappeared. Egypt has left no deeper impression on the country than on its inhabitants.'—In *Le Catholicisme aux Etats-Unis* M. Bruetière traces the progress of Catholicism in the United States during the present century, and, after showing to what extent France has been instrumental in its expansion, he challenges the truth of Mr. Bryce's assertion that France has contributed nothing to the intellectual and moral life of America.—In its historical, or, perhaps more accurately, narrative part, M. A. de Foville's article, *L'Or du Klondyke*, does not contain anything but what is fairly well known already to most English readers. But it has an economic bearing as well, and is intended to prove that whatever the yield of the precious metal may be, it is not in the least likely to bring about the crisis of over-production which some have thought possible.—The numbers for December contain a number of

articles, for the most part very readable, though rather of academic than topical interest. Thus, M. Pierre de Ségur writes concerning Marie Catherine de Brignolle, Princesse of Monaco, M. Louis Tiercelin gives a sketch of the early years of Leconte de Lisle; and M. G. Valbert discusses Chinese morality in connection with the teaching of Confucius. Again, M. Gabriel Hanotaux has two articles on Richelieu—'Richelieu et Marie de Medicis à Blois,' and 'Richelieu dans sons Diocèse;' M. Brunetière examines the language of Molière; and M. René Doumic criticises a work on the 'New Comedy.' A notable contribution is M. François Coppée's poem on the Nativity—a poetical recantation of earlier scepticism.

LE MUSEON ET LA REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 5, 1898).—This number has come to hand too late for our giving any descriptive summary of the articles in it. We can only give their titles, and indicate their authors. (1) 'Les Huttes de Cham,' by M. E. Lefébure; (2) 'L'historien Sahagun et les migrations mexicaines,' by M. le Comte H. de Charencey; (3) 'Les diverses recensions de la vie de S. Pakhôme et leur dépendance mutuelle,' by M. P. Ladeuze; (4) 'Sadjarah Malayou;' (5) 'Traité sur le fétiche groenlandais-Esquiman Tupi-lak;' (6) 'L'Epistula Eucherii et le martyre de la légion Thébéenne.' There follow the 'Comptes Rendus' and the 'Chronique.'

SPAIN.

LA ESPAÑA MODERNA (November).—Vladimir Korolenko's novel, 'The Deserter of Saghalien,' which began to appear some numbers back, is here concluded.—The regeneration of Spain is discussed in two articles, the one by Sr. P. Dorado, and the other by Sr. Miguel de Unamuno.—Sr. Juan Pérez de Guzmán writes on 'The New Confederations of Spanish America, with Special Reference to the Recent Address of President Caro.'—The 'Review of Reviews' is chiefly occupied with sociological and psychological topics.—In the 'Literary Chronicle' attention is called to the position of the Spanish Universities and the necessity for their reform.—As usual, the 'Literary Chronicle' is under the charge of Sr. E. Gómez de Bagnera.—'Job' discusses the position of Spanish America.—The Emperor of Russia's Disarmament Proposals, the recent war, the German Emperor and his character, and Chinese affairs, are the principal topics to which Sr. Emilio Castelar directs attention in the 'International Chronicle.'—(December).—'The Sleep of Makar' takes the place of 'The Deserter of Saghalien'

in this number, and is by the same author.—‘Sociology in 1897’ is an address delivered by Sr. A. Posada before the University of Oviedo.—R. A. de los Rios discourses on ‘Some Beliefs and Superstitions of Mahommedans,’ and Joaquin Olmedilla y Puig on ‘The History of La Plata.’—In the ‘Review of Reviews’ attention is again directed mainly to sociological and psychological questions. Several political, educational, and military topics, however, are also touched upon.—‘The Literary Chronicle’ is again from the pen of Sr. Gómez de Baquero. This time he takes for his subject a lecture recently delivered by Sr. Echegaray with the title, ‘Wherein does the Strength of Nations Consist?’—‘Job’ continues his meditations on Spanish America, and in the ‘International Chronicle’ Sr. Castelar writes on the many grave and intricate political problems which are now engrossing the attention of the world, on Mr. Chamberlain’s cynicism, ‘apostacies,’ and ambitious colonial policy. Paragraphs are also devoted to Lord Salisbury, Crete, ‘the abandonment of Fashoda by the French,’ the Soudan, Abyssina, and the Disarmament Proposals.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (November).—Byvanck continues here, and in the December number, his interesting study of the last years of the reign of William III., bringing out with especial clearness the extreme difficulties that monarch had to contend with owing to his position as King of England.—‘Art and the Future,’ by Marcellus Emants, is a discussion concerning literary art, what its aim should be, and how far ‘art with a purpose’ is justifiable.—‘Organisation of our Educational System,’ by Dr. Gunning, is an exposition of a plan for reducing the confusion and want of co-operation between the lower and middle schools and the university, for introducing better government control and so on.—‘The Symbolic Character of our Knowledge,’ continued in the December number, is practically a review of Bolland’s *The World Enigma*.—(December).—Marcellus Emants has a comic story, ‘Going to Law,’ describing the woes of a respectable couple over the letting of a bit of ground to an astute market gardener.—The 300th anniversary of the death of Marnix van St. Aldegonde has suggested to Prof. Fruin his paper on this famous man, and he has in writing these ‘Reminiscences’ had the advantage of some fresh matter unearthed by historical societies.—In ‘Zeeland as Wrestler,’ Tutein Nolthenius gives a most interesting account of the water-ways, water-works, dykes and polders of that amphibious province. He shows how bulwarks of wood have been

gradually supplanted by stone ones, though at an immense cost.—‘The Woman’s Movement in the Netherlands and “Hilda van Suylenburg,”’ by M. Meijboorn, is an expression, rather gushing, of jubilation over what has already been accomplished in the emancipation of women and of ardent appreciation of the above-named story, which certainly has had great influence.—(January).—This number begins with UK. 282, the designation of an Urk fishing boat, a pleasure cruise in which is charmingly described by G. F. Haspels.—Prof. Kalff gives a study of an old poet and theologian, Camphuysen, who was deposed by the Synod of Dort, and who found the Remonstrant body too orthodox for him, and had to find refuge with the Rhineburg collegiants. His edifying rhymes are quaint and not without real poetic feeling.—‘Suicide as a Gauge of Social Happiness,’ by Dr. Siegenbeck van Henkelom, is a curious paper bringing out some striking facts, though, as he confesses, the number of suicides is rather a slender basis for inferences as to the happiness of society in general.—‘Toetie,’ the pet name of a lady, gives its title to a clever sketch of the life in Holland of a couple returned from the East Indies both rather spoilt by the insouciant easy life there, and not getting on well with the manners or climate of the old country.—Another paper by Byvanck is devoted to ‘Notes on Bismarck’s Memoirs.’—‘The Fight against Maladies of Plants in Culture in Dutch India,’ is an interesting account of means taken to suppress insect pests hurtful to plants, by F. A. F. C. Went.—‘Religious Instruction,’ by Dr. Knappert. Lately a Jewish Rabbi drew public attention to the claims of religious instruction in the primary schools. Dr. Knappert advocates the teaching of religion in all grades of schools, not from a sectarian or church point of view, but on broader grounds. It shows want of culture not to know about the religions of the world: religious and moral training exalt and purify. At present religion is treated like a step-child thrust into a corner and denied time and trouble. The neutrality observed is equivalent to neglect. Jews and Christians equally need to have religion taught as if it were as important as other subjects. The higher classes suffer more than the lower from its neglect, as poor people’s children are early withdrawn from school, and come under other religious influences.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—A new dogmatic is undoubtedly one of the principal needs of Christendom at the present day, but the Reformed Dogmatic of Dr. H. Bavinck, noticed at length in the *Tijdschrift* for November, does not seem likely to fill the gap. It is the work of an orthodox Dutchman, who

has kept the teachings of science and of criticism resolutely at arm's length, and upholds the old views with the old phrases and logical devices.—A review of two books on Christian Ethic, the second edition of that of Dr. Hermann Schultz of Göttingen, and that by the Dane F. C. Krarup, disagrees with both because they base all Christian duty on the notion of the kingdom of God. The Dutch reviewer, Dr. W. Scheffer, holds that the view of man's sonship to God is the true Christian basis, and that the idea of the kingdom is essentially Jewish.—Dr. v. Manen notices the new Greek Testament issued by the Stuttgart Bible Society. It is a scholarly production, being edited by Dr. Nestle of Ulm, and is, as we ourselves know, to be warmly recommended for its excellent arrangement, while its price makes it more accessible than any other. Its text is not a new one, but is arrived at by taking the votes of former editors.—In the January number Mr. G. Schläger continues his study of the word *κύριος* as applied in the New Testament to God or to Christ; and the result of the present paper is that the Apostle Paul never applies that designation to Christ. To carry out this thesis in face of all the facts requires considerable hardihood and determination. Philippians, where the title is in so many words applied to Christ (ii. 1-9), is put aside as not genuine; so is the account of the Lord's Supper in 1st Corinthians, and so is every other passage where the Apostle appears to do what Mr. Schläger denies that he does. The phrase, 'the Lord Jesus Christ,' is allowed to stand, the term 'Lord' not having so much import in this connection as where it stands alone. The phrase 'in the Lord,' and all other phrases where the term occurs, are got rid of, sometimes by reference to a variance of reading and sometimes by citing one of the dissecting editors who are so ready to detect interpolations.—Dr. T. D. Ch. de la Saussaye's great book on the *History of Religion* has appeared in a new form, the Phenomenology being reserved for separate treatment by the author, and the religions being assigned each to a separate specialist. A review of the remodelled work, by Dr. Oort, praises the inclusion of the Hebrew religion, which was formerly omitted, and declares that Christianity ought also to have been treated. The chapter on Israel, moreover, is given to a scholar, Prof. Valetton of Utrecht, who, while not reactionary, does not represent the view of Jewish religion held by Kuenen and Oort, put forth in the *Bible for Young People*, and undoubtedly most characteristic of Holland. Prof. Valetton distinctly recognises revelation in the faith of the Old Testament, but he restricts

it to the period of which hardly anything is known, and in which imagination has free play—that of the patriarchs and of Moses. It is counted against Prof. Valetton that he closes his account of Judaism at the Christian era, and gives no recognition of its marvellous history in the Middle Ages, nor of its position as a living religion.

S W I T Z E R L A N D.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (November, 1898).—M. Muret contributes the first part of a sketch of Friederich Nietzsche.—Madame Marie Bigot gives her impressions of Holland *à propos* of the Rembrandt exhibition at Amsterdam.—‘Le grand Serpent de Mer’ examines the alleged discovery of a sea-serpent by the officers of the French ship *Bayard* in Chinese waters last February.—The other contents of this number are instalments of continued articles and the usual excellent ‘chroniques.’—(December).—M. E. Bossier opens this number with an article on ‘Diplomatic Manners in the Eighteenth Century,’ in which he argues that weak as diplomacy is in the present, it was not better during the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the somewhat prevalent opinion to the contrary.—The study on Friederich Nietzsche is concluded.—Fiction is represented by a short story entitled ‘Without a Vocation,’ by M. M. Damad, and the continuation of ‘Elsie Venner.’—M. Ed. Tallichet has an article on the question of the hour in France, entitled ‘An Outside View of the Dreyfus Affair.’—The ‘Chroniques’ are as usual full, the Parisian noticing the death and reviewing the works of Puvis Chavannes, the restorer of mural painting, and the English the Soudan campaign.—(January)—In an article of considerable length, M. Numa Droz discusses the doctrine laid down by Mr. Lecky in his work on *Democracy and Liberty* that democracy has proved itself in many countries the most costly form of government.—M. E. Tissot contributes the first part of a series of articles on ‘Social Life in Japan.’—Mr. Anthony is the subject of an article under the general heading, ‘Contemporary English Romance Writers.’ The contribution is by M. Aug. Glardon, who says that Mr. A. Hope is ‘the English Dumas.’—The Russian Emperor’s peace proposals are discussed by the Editor, M. Ed. Tallichet.—Fiction is represented by two pieces—‘The Saviour,’ a Christian story, and ‘A Franco-Russian Idyll in 1814.’—In the ‘Chroniques’ many books are noticed.

D E N M A R K.

AARBØGER FOR NORDISK OLDKYNDIGHED OG HISTORIE (Vol. XIII., Part 2).—‘The Heather-Moors in Antiquity,’ is the title of an article by Dr. Georg F. L. Sarauw, who describes recent investigations into the composition of the great moors which cover so much of the west of Jutland. The chief question to be settled is whether these moors have always had their present character, or whether they have resulted from the wholesale destruction of forests. The latter theory was strongly maintained by the late E. Dalgas (to whom recent attempts to afforest Jutland are largely due), and necessarily involved the view that the hard layer of sand known as *al*, which renders the growth of trees impossible, was of comparatively late formation. The archæologist has found a way to settle the disputed point by appealing to the evidence of the grave-mounds, which are found everywhere on the moors between Limfjord and Slesvig, and date from the ages of stone and bronze, some at least being as old as 1500 B.C. Excavations in forty-eight of these are described in the present article, and their evidence is decisive; the mounds were raised upon a surface of exactly the same nature as the present heath, a surface on which no trees ever grew. This result is perhaps not an encouraging one for the *Hedeselskab*, but it is a very neat piece of archæological reasoning.—‘Shafted Tools from the Stone Age,’ by Chr. Blinkenberg, deals briefly with a recent find which has done something to clear up the question of how stone-weapons were actually fitted for use. In July, 1897, two men, who were casting peats at Sigerslev in Stevns Herred, came upon a stone-axe still attached to its wooden shaft. They had broken the latter before realizing its importance, but afterwards gathered up the pieces, which are now in the museum in Copenhagen. The shaft is of a practical, not inelegant form, having a hole cut right through it at one end, into which the head fitted so firmly as to require no other fastening.

S W E D E N.

THE ARKIV FÖR NORDISK FILOLOGI.—(Record of Northern Philology, XI., No. 1).—The contents of this number begin with a paper by Herr Theodor von Grienberger on the Anglo-Saxon Runic Series. The general title of the article is the Anglo-Saxon runic series and the so-called Hrabanic Alphabets. Our author informs us that for the judgment of the Anglo-Saxon runes and runic names, there stand four British

and three continental futharks at our disposal; of which the former are purely Anglo-Saxon, while the latter show a mixture of High German influences. In what follows, there is first of all, a description of these seven futharks, then an explanation of the names. The so-called Hrabanic runic alphabets should be shown in their peculiarities, and names also specially discussed. In the formerly given series of sounds and names, the author notes silently the previous reductions to the correct reading by an asterisk, and prints the *wen* rune of the Anglo-Saxons always with a *w*. In noticing the series of runes, Mr. Grienberger does not give the results in a form, in which they can be quoted. For the first futhark, he refers to Stephens' *Runic Monuments*, I., 10, from the ninth century, also to Hicke's *Thesaurus*, I., 135. For futhark No. 2, cod. Cotton Domitianus Ag., according to Stephens, I., 102, of the tenth century, facsimile by Hicke's *Thesaurus*, I., 136. M. Grienberger discusses a variety of points as to the futhark. Futhark No. 3 is in codex Cotton Galba A. 2, according to Stephens, I., 103, from the tenth and eleventh centuries, facsimile by Hicke's *Thesaurus*, II., Table 6. Futhark No. 4 from the Salzburger MSS., Vienna Court Library, cod. 795. Futhark No. 5 from the codex Isidori Bruxell. 155, by W. Grimm named Parisiensis, facsimile by Mone, *Sources and Researches towards the History of the German Language*, Table 1. Futhark No. 6 of the codex S. Gall, 270, facsimile *Hattener Monuments of the German Middle Age*, p. 1, Table 1. The 7th futhark is from the Vatican codex Urbin, 290, written between 990 and 1010, published in Germania, XVI., 253. Besides the descriptions of the futharks, there is an exposition of the names, which are given in a table, and also of the names in the Hrabanischen Alphabets.—On this follows an article by M. Kristensen, containing some researches as to a certain accent in Danish.—This is succeeded by a critical contribution towards Old Northern Metrik, which on most points resolves itself into a criticism on the metrik of Sievers which does not lend itself to summarizing. In his concluding remarks, the author allows this to be the case; but holds that he is, nevertheless, convinced that Sievers on the whole has taken the right path. By Sievers' opponents he is accused of being too statistical, but Beckman gives it as his opinion, that he is too little grammatical and statistical. But here grammatical and statistical mean one and the same thing.—The next paper is an obituary notice of Professor Carl Richard Unger of Christiania, by Prof. Bugge. Born in Christiania on the 2nd July, 1817, his father was manager of a

magazine in Akershus. It was early observed that the quiet refined lad had a fine ear both for the music of language and the fine art itself, that he greatly loved reading, and rejoiced in old books and rare editions. In 1830 he went to live in the house of the poet, Simon Olaus Wolff, who at that time was parish priest in Mo in Upper Telemarken, and with him he remained two years. His peculiar experience awoke in him the sense of speech and a delight in its life and power. The letters to his home from the youth of 13 are full of remarks about the speech of the neighbourhoods, whose forms, he with sharp observation, had traced in their changes from neighbourhood to neighbourhood. Later expressions of his witness, that during his stay in this rural place, among the country folk, he had won the confidence of many loveable people, and cherished impressions which were not forgotten. In 1835 Unger became a student; after the second examination, he resolved to give himself to the study of language exclusively, without taking the philological official examination, because there was a fag examination in mathematics connected with it. A short time previously Rudolf Keyser had introduced the study of the Old Northern language and literature into Christiania University. Keyser became Unger's teacher, and was regarded by him with a life-long esteem and veneration. In 1841, Unger became Adjunct Stipendiate in the University in Northern Philology, and remained there, after a couple of winters in Copenhagen, zealously occupied with the study and copying of MSS. in the Arna-Magnæan collection. Here he came into close acquaintance with Konrad Gislason and P. G. Thorsen. These together went through the collection of MSS., and thus some of the oldest MSS., and the most important for the history of language, were for the first time brought to light and closely examined. Unger next extended his studies to the whole of the Germanic and Romanic languages. In the winter of 1843-44 he attended lectures and studied in Paris. In the spring of 1844 he copied Anglo-Saxon MSS. in the British Museum. While he was Stipendiate he often took journeys during the summer to Copenhagen, in order to copy MSS., and in the summer of 1848 he visited Stockholm with the same object, and was on this occasion brought into close relations with Librarian Klemming. These were the most of Professor Unger's journeys into foreign countries. Germany he never visited, nor Iceland, with all his interest in the Icelandic language and literature. But he was personally acquainted with a number of Icelanders, particularly with Gudbrandur Vigfusson. The latter visited

Unger in 1854, and both took a journey into Norway together. In 1851, Unger was named Lector in Germanic and Romance Philology in Christiania University, and in 1862, he was raised to the position of Professor. During his whole University course he lectured on Old Northern, earlier, when this language was a fag study for beginners, and in his later years, he gave advanced students teaching in reading Old Northern and Icelandic MSS., mostly after photographic copies. In his earlier years, too, he went through Italian, Spanish, Old French, and Anglo-Saxon documents; whilst in his later years he read with the students regularly, translated and expounded Old and Modern German. But it was especially Professor Unger's activity in scientific authorship, which gave him his proficiency in the Old Northern language and philology. Professor Unger was one of those who especially contributed to the formation of the Norwegian Historical School, which may be dated from his days. It is marked by a deeper interest in the life of the Norwegian people as illustrated by the literature, and arose from a 'little circle,' as Professor Bugge calls them, of highly gifted and well-informed literary men who stood in close personal relations the one to the other, and were especially well-informed as to the older life of the people and their speech, and turned to account the ancient MSS. which, as we have seen, Professor Unger did so much to make his fellows acquainted with. They recognized the language of the Sagas as not only Icelandic, but Scandinavian, and hence their work became known far beyond the boundaries of Scandinavia or Iceland. Among the principal workers were Professor Keyser, his genial disciple Peter Andreas Munch, and the historian C. C. A. Lange. In this work Professor Unger took a foremost place as the writer and editor; sometimes together with others. No one has done more to make this work known in Europe and appreciated than Prof. Bugge, in his controversy with Mullenhof, and he may well be called the Nestor of the School. There is not room here to give an account of Prof. Unger's literary activity in the many works he has published or helped to publish. The work, we are thankful to say, has not come to an end. There are younger workers in the field, Professors Noreen, Freudenthal, Fiðnur Jonsson, besides others, from whom valuable work may be expected. Prof. Unger died on 30th November, 1897. He had resigned his professorship on the 2nd July in the same year, the 80th year of his age. Considering the great age to which his fellow-worker Provost Fritzer, the author of the greatest and most complete dictionary of the Old Northern language, attained, it seems as if there

were something in the memories, the pure and fresh atmosphere, and the wholesome life of the North, which enables them to live longer, and retain their mental and bodily powers far beyond the men of other lands.—The last paper is also one of great research on the speech, and dialects of Norway, and the localities occupied by them. The author, Adjunkt A. B. Larsen, begins with an historical introduction, after which he traces the limits of the various dialects from the Eastern Norse, and continues it towards the West and North, till he concludes with the speech of Tromsö in the far North. The whole is an effective supplement to Ivar Aasen's *Old Norse Grammar and Dictionary*.

A M E R I C A .

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (October, 1898).—Under the title, 'The Historical Opportunity in America,' Mr. Albert B. Hart in a very informing article, answers the question—'What is doing and what may well be done for historical science in America.' The article is well written, and at the present moment is not without its attractions; nor is it without suggestions for ourselves.—Mr. Fay completes his articles on 'The Execution of the Duc d'Enghien,' and concludes by saying, 'There can be no doubt that the execution was one of Bonaparte's greatest political mistakes, and was one of the many causes that led subsequently to his downfall. There is much truth in the remark that Fouché is reported to have made in this sad affair—"It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder."—This is followed by an elaborate paper by Mr. N. HARRISSE on 'The Outcome of the Cabot Quarter-Century.'—The war with Spain seems to have suggested to Mr. G. L. RIVES the article which he contributes under the title, 'Spain and the United States in 1795.' His purpose, however, is to suggest the manner in which, and the extent to which, the course of events in Spain affected the early settlement and growth of that part of the United States which lies east of the Mississippi and west of the Alleghanies.—'The Career of a Kansas Politician,' by Mr. L. W. SPRING, describes the changeful career of James H. LANE, who made his first appearance in Kansas in April, 1855, and finally rose to be a power in United States' politics.—Among the 'Original Documents' are a number of letters referring to South Carolina and the Presidential Election of 1800, and a Journal of Occurrences in Quebec in 1775.—As usual, the reviews of historical books are numerous. Among others are noticed Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S *Western Civilisation*, Mr. FRAZER'S *Pausanias*, Mr.

Tout's *The Empire and the Papacy*, the recent volume of Mr. Wylie's *History of England*, and Mr. Gorch's *Democratic Ideas*. Many American books are also reviewed, and one or two French and German.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE (January, 1899)—opens with an article by Mr. M. J. James under the title, 'The Growth of Great Cities,' in which he brings out many striking facts in connection with the rapid increase in the population of large cities not only in the United States, but also in Great Britain, France, and Germany. In 1790 there were only six cities in the United States, with a population of 8000 or upwards; but in 1890 there were no fewer than 448. In England the increase in the urban population between 1881 and 1891 was 15·3 per cent, the greatest increase being in urban districts with a population from 50,000 to 70,000. The per centage of the population of Berlin as compared with that of the German Empire was in 1820 only ·76, in 1890 it had risen to 3·20. Between the same dates that of London as compared with the population of England and Wales rose from 10·78 to 14·52. The article is one of great interest.—Mr. F. A. Cleveland follows with an article on 'The Final Report of the Monetary Commission.' The Commission was the avowedly non-partisan body selected by the Indianapolis Convention.—Mr. H. H. Powers contributes further interesting chapters on 'Wealth and Welfare.'—The 'Briefer Communications' section is taken up with a discussion on the Sociological Unit.—There are many personal notes on the teaching staffs of the universities both in America and elsewhere; numerous notices of books, some interesting notes on municipal government and in connection with sociology.

JOHN HOPKINS' UNIVERSITY STUDIES IN HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.—The latest issue in this series is a careful monograph by the editor, Mr. Herbert B. Adams, entitled 'Jared Sparks and Alexis de Tocqueville.'

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms. By JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow, etc. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1898.

Some time ago Professor Robertson materially enhanced the value of the series known as the 'Baird Lectures' by adding to it his now well-known work on the Early Religion of Israel—a work of which the least that can be said is that it is a brilliant piece of criticism which has done much to dissipate the theories of modern theological writers, and while recalling the attention of the student to 'the law and the testimony,' has contributed not a little towards placing the interpretation of the Prophetic books of the Old Testament on a solid footing. His new volume, the substance of which was delivered as the Croal Lectures in 1893-94, is on the same lines, shows the same tendency and is quite as remarkable for its critical acumen as the earlier volume. Professor Robertson is nothing if not independent. He is also thoroughly original; not in the sense of originating new and fantastic theories, but in that of going back to the foundation and dealing with facts on the strictest lines of the inductive method. After a brief but lucid sketch of the history of Psalm criticism, in which he notices the introduction of historical criticism by Calvin, and the inauguration of the modern critical treatment of the Psalms by De Wette, and the views of Hupfeld, Ewald and Hitzig, Olshausen and Reuss, Stade, Duhm and others, he points out that the main question at issue is: Are the Psalms or a representative portion of them, the expression of pre-exilic religion? Professor Cheyne and others, as is well known, maintain that for the most part they are not, and on various grounds, real or supposed, assign the origin of the greater part of them to the period after the Exile. Two of these arguments Professor Robertson sets himself to controvert directly. With respect to the first, that the Psalter was the praise-book of the Sacred Temple and was therefore of post-exilic origin, he makes the obvious remark that assuming that the Psalter was the Praise-book of the Second Temple, it 'proves no more as to the age of the Psalter than the statement that the Psalms are the only praise-book of a certain body of Presbyterians, and does not at all warrant the inference that the whole of the Psalms were composed after the Exile. At most the fact—if it be a fact—can only guarantee the inference that the Psalms were regarded as suitable for and introduced into the worship of the Second Temple,' an inference which even if well founded would by no means justify the assertion that no part of the Psalter was employed in the worship of the First Temple. The second argument which Professor Robertson attacks directly is the one based upon linguistic grounds. Into the technicalities and minute details involved in this argument he does not enter, but contents himself with stating one or two facts which bear upon it of a general kind; such as that it is only natural that in the Psalms distinctive linguistic features should be found, or that Hebrew poetry was liable in a pre-eminent degree to a variation in phraseology resulting in a special enrichment of the poetic vocabulary, or that the argument drawn from language does not amount to the plea that the linguistic style of the Psalms as a whole indicates a

late period of the language. With respect to this last, Professor Robertson adds—'There are some books in the Old Testament which, as it has been said, must be pronounced late if there is any history of the language at all. And it may be granted that some of the Psalms (*e.g.*, Ps. cxxxix.) bear such marks of lateness from beginning to end. But the attempt to prove this of the Psalms as a whole ends in absurdity. Nay, so far is it from being the case, that a critic so competent as Reuss, in arguing for a late date of the Psalter, feels called upon to meet the objection that the language of the Psalms is good, pure, classical Hebrew.' The problem of the Psalms, however, is part of the larger problem of the Old Testament religion in its widest acceptance. Instead, therefore, of meeting the arguments *seriatim* of those who argue for the post-exilian origin of the Psalms and in order to make his arguing as little controversial as possible, Professor Robertson collects together the historical evidence which exists outside the Psalms for the earliest existence of a psalter or of the practice of psalmody and then what evidence is to be found in the Psalter itself as to its origin and collection. Both within and outside of the Psalter he finds, as need hardly be said, evidence both as to the existence of pre-exilian psalms and of pre-exilian psalmody. Professor Robertson does not of course maintain that the whole Psalter was written by one hand or at one period; nor does he admit the genuineness of the superscriptions, but he claims for the 'Sweet Singer of Israel' a larger place in the Psalter than modern critics are disposed to allow him, and a much greater antiquity for psalm writing and psalmody. Very many points, some of them of great interest, we have been obliged to pass over. But in conclusion it may be added that the work while far from technical, and written in a thoroughly popular style, is full of sound scholarship and is altogether an exceedingly valuable contribution to the study of the Old Testament Scriptures and goes a long way to solve, as far as is possible, one of the most difficult problems of Old Testament exegesis.

Theologia Pectoris: Outlines of Religious Faith and Doctrine. Founded on Intuition and Experience. By JAMES MUSCUTT HODGSON, M.A., B.Sc., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1898.

The title of this volume is borrowed from the German Church historian Neander, who used the phrase to indicate a faith based chiefly upon the affections and inspired by an intense love for the Eternal. Dr. Hodgson uses it to designate a theology which is wholly rational as opposed to affectional. The old theologians took their starting point from revelation, and beginning with the thought of God as the Eternal Charity went on to deduce their systems with greater or less conformity to this ruling idea. In recent years, the tendency has been to treat theology as 'Christo-centric,' and Dr. Hodgson now attempts to treat it as 'anthropo-centric.' He discards both the ancient and the modern starting points and adopts another which, though not wholly new, has not, so far as we know, been distinctly set forth before as the initial point of a system of theology. 'The proper starting-point for the exposition of such a system,' he writes and argues, 'is found in the doctrine of man, rather than, as has very generally been assumed, either in the doctrine of God, or the doctrine of Christ as the manifestation of the nature and purposes of God, or in some *à priori* conception as to the nature of salvation.' Again, he says: Anthropology leads to the doctrine of sin; this furnishes the basis for, and suggests the essential features of, subjective soteriology; and then,

subjective soteriology compels to the recognition of the need of an objective soteriology, and indicates the character as well as the reality of the objective provision which is required by men, and which has been, as we believe, provided for men.' And once more, 'theology in the stricter sense of the term, the doctrine, that is, of the nature and being of God, is seen,' he urges, 'to be determined by the constituent elements and faculties of human nature.' So that in order to construct a system of theology or to arrive at a knowledge of the Divine Being it is requisite first of all to understand human nature and to ascertain what things are required by man for his salvation. The idea as we have said is not wholly new. It would appear, indeed, to be the logical outcome of much of the theological speculation which has been in vogue since the time of Luther. Whether it will meet what Dr. Hodgson believes to be the wants of the time remains to be seen. Theologians may take exception both to his principle and his method, but whether they do or not, no complaint can be raised as to want of clearness or of cogency of argument. The work is well written and well argued, and may be taken as an indication of the direction in which the theological opinions of a number of earnest minds are tending.

Spiritual Apprehensions: Sermons and Papers. By the Rev. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES, M.A., D.D., etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

In this somewhat miscellaneous collection of sermons and articles the author seeks to promote that inward action towards things visible and invisible which he has somewhat appropriately termed 'Spiritual Apprehension.' In the more expressly theological parts of the volume he advocates the principle that our spiritual faculties, which he sums up under the terms faith, hope and charity, have by divine appointment the chief authority in our nature, and that by means of these we are intended to have a real knowledge of the incomprehensible Being who awakens and attracts them. These spiritual faculties, he points out, assert their dominion irresistibly in human life, and the intellect which claims to be supreme and to govern, finds itself baffled and confounded in ways that surprise it. While arguing against Agnostics and others of like mind, he argues against the adherents or favourers of the Athanasian Creed. Dr. Davies, as is well known, is an adherent and leader in what is known as the Broad Church, and in one of the papers in the volume he sets out what may be accepted as the doctrinal position of that school. It may surprise some to find that the section of the Church of England which is represented by *Luz Mundi* is claimed as holding in the main the opinions of the late Professor Maurice and as carrying on the work in which he was the principal leader. The subject with regard to which the teaching of Maurice has made least way in the party led by Canon Gore is, Dr. Davies thinks, in connection with the nature of the Body of Christ or the Church. He feels sure that they would one and all 'shrink from using such language as that of a couplet in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, "And still the Holy Church is here, Although her Lord is gone." (Hymn 352).

University Sermons Preached before the University of Glasgow, 1873-1898. By JOHN CAIRD, D.D., LL.D., late Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow.

All the nineteen sermons contained in this volume were preached before the University of Glasgow. The one on 'The Law of Heredity in the

Spiritual Life was the last to be delivered, being preached on November 4th, 1894. With two exceptions they are all here printed for the first time. The exceptions are the one with the title 'What is Religion?' which when first delivered attracted a great amount of attention and was printed separately. The other exception is the sermon on 'Corporate Mortality' which was printed some years ago in the volume entitled *Scotch Sermons*, a volume of varied tone and ability, and which caused some trouble soon after its issue. Need it be said that the sermons are all worthy of the high reputation the late Principal so long held as the most eloquent among Scottish preachers? Need it be said either that they are all something more than admirable specimens of pulpit eloquence? They are wonderfully rich in spiritual experience and instruction, and are pervaded throughout by that width and catholicity of thought, large-hearted toleration and adherence to the fundamental principles of the Christian religion which were characteristics of all his pulpit utterances. By that large class of educated Scotsmen to whom Principal Caird was known either as a teacher or a preacher these sermons of his will doubtless be regarded as a precious memorial of one who for many years was one of the chief spiritual forces in the country.

A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life adapted to the State and Condition of all Orders of Christians. By WILLIAM LAW, A.M. A new edition with Preface and Notes by J. H. OVERTON, D.D., etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

Maxims of Piety and of Christianity. By THOMAS WILSON, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. A new edition with Preface and Notes by FREDERIC RELTON, A.K.C. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

These are the first two volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's new 'English Theological Library.' The general editor of the series is the Rev. F. Relton, the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, and the aim which the publishers have in view in connection with it is to issue either complete editions, or selected portions of the writings of the principal English theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Each volume is to be provided with an Introduction and Notes, and every effort is to be made to make the works selected of real service to students, and more especially to those who are preparing for University or Ordination examinations. By means of the series, too, the publishers hope to give something like a systematic presentation of the course of English religious history and life. The intention of the editor it may also be said, is not to confine the series to one class of theological writings, but to introduce into it Homiletical and Exegetical works as well as Dogmatic and Historical, and to make each section as complete as possible. To the whole series a 'General Introduction' which is printed at the beginning of each volume, is contributed by the Bishop of London. In the English and kindred Churches the series can scarcely fail to meet with hearty approval and support. Nor will students of English literature be less hearty in their support of it than students of theology and those who are seeking light and guidance amid the sea of theological opinion, inasmuch as among the theological writings of the seventeenth and eighteenth century are some of the finest contributions to the English prose literature of the period, a number of which, as we observe from the prospectus, are to be included.

A better start to the series could scarcely have been given than has been by the selection of Law's *Serious Call* and Wilson's *Maxims* as the initial volumes. Both books have a name which in English theology is scarcely surpassed, and both appeal to different types of mind. While Johnson spoke of the *Serious Call* as 'the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language,' Matthew Arnold did his best to make the *Maxims* popular. Both books, too, are great as literature. In each case the editors of the two volume have done their work with discretion. Canon Overton in his brief biography does not omit to mention Law's connection with the Gibbon family and the high opinion entertained of him and also of his *Serious Call* by the great historian. Mr. Relton's sketch of Bishop Wilson contains much that will be new to readers of the present generation, and of interest to those who are acquainted with Mr. Hall Caine's *Deemster*. The notes are brief, but helpful. In short, an excellent beginning has been made, and the 'Library' so far has every appearance of being admirably adapted for the purpose it is designed to serve.

Religion in Greek Literature: A Sketch in Outline. By LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., etc. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1898.

Under this title, Professor Campbell has published the substance of the Gifford Lectures which he delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the years 1894 and 1895. The lectures have been recast and thrown into the form of chapters. In places they seem to have been condensed, and in others to have been expanded, and opportunity has been taken of making use of the works bearing upon the subject which have recently been published. Professor Campbell calls his volume a 'Sketch in Outline.' The work, however, is of considerable extent and runs to over four hundred and twenty closely printed octavo pages. Some idea may therefore be found of the length to which the work would have run had its learned author chosen to treat his subject with greater elaboration or to give anything like a full account of it. Popular Greek religion he leaves entirely aside, and, with the exception of a preliminary chapter, is concerned wholly with the religion of the Greeks as represented in their literature from Homer to Plato. In the preliminary chapter he has much to say respecting the pre-historic inhabitants of Greece; the intercourse between them on the one hand and the Phœnicians, Egyptians, and the inhabitants of Asia Minor on the other, the arrival of the Aryans, the Semitic element in Greek religion and the attitude of the Aryan immigrants towards the religion of the people they conquered in Greece. Incidentally he expresses doubt as to the truth of M. Bérard's conjectures with respect to the extent to which the Phœnicians colonised the shores of the Levant and of the Aegean and penetrated inland, but combats the recent German theory which calls in question the constant Greek tradition of a Phœnician settlement in Thebes. The similarity of manufactured articles recently discovered in tombs ranging over a wide region leads, he thinks, to the inference that a race or races owning common tendencies and elements of civilisation must have occupied the lands round the northern shores of the Mediterranean at a time extending far into the second millenium before Christ, and the substantial uniformity of this ancient culture, he argues, bears witness to the fact that in these early days there was more communication between distant parts of the world than was formerly imagined. 'The traditional connection of Arcadia with Crete and Cyprus, for example, recalls,' he says, 'a state of things which in historic times had passed away. Lines of commerce existed both by land

and sea, extending from Mesopotamia to the Atlantic and from the Delta to the shores of the Baltic.' In Greek Culture the author recognises five periods or rather five 'chief culminating points.' 1. The prehistoric age, 'vaguely described as the Mycenaean,' of which, as he remarks, we know very little, but of which scattered hints have lately been gathered by archaeological investigation. This he regards as the bloom of an advanced civilisation which had a very real existence, whether it be called Achaean, Danaan, or Pelasgian. 2. The Homeric age, apparently the product of this Achaean culture transferred to the shores of Asia Minor and there developed in new forms. 3. The growth of the great cities and the first rise of philosophy in the sixth century before Christ. 4. The period following the Persian war. 5. The development of philosophy, chiefly on Athenian soil. The treatment of his subject, however, he is careful to point out, cannot be made to turn exclusively on divisions of time. Many other things have to be taken into consideration, and especially differences of race and locality. These considerations are continually kept in view and give to Professor Campbell's treatment of his subject a somewhat complex appearance, which has the effect at times of diverting the attention from the main line of enquiry. The author's great learning is unquestionable, but now and again he seems to be oppressed by its weight, and though one is continually coming across passages of great interest and even of beauty, it must be owned that the perusal of the volume is at times fatiguing. Still there can be no doubt as to its value as a contribution to a great and important subject. Nor can there be as to the keen critical faculty to which it bears witness. All the conclusions at which the author arrives, may not commend themselves to the reader, but it is a work which every student of either Greek religion, or Greek literature or of the science of religion, will do well to consult.

The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages, drawn from the Secret Archives of the Vatican and other Original Sources. From the German of DR. LUDWIG PASTOR. Edited by FREDERICK IGNATIUS ANTROBUS of the Oratory. Vol. VI. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1898.

This volume represents the second half of the third volume of Dr. Ludwig Pastor's great work. In the fifth volume of the translation which we had the pleasure of noticing in our last number the reign of Alexander VI. was begun, and is here continued. The main facts of his reign are well known, but never before has the character of that Pontiff been so vividly and authentically set before the English reader. The rehabilitation of his character which has recently been attempted is with the weight of evidence here brought forward by Dr. Pastor out of the question. Dr. Pastor, however, is fair. It is a relief to turn from the chapters in which the Borgian Pope's character is drawn in such dark colours to those in which his better part is portrayed. In respect to his treatment of Savonarola, many of Villari's statements and much in the popular idea of the Florentine preacher with in the light thrown upon them by the documents produced by Dr. Pastor require to be revised. There can be no doubt that Alexander treated Savonarola with great patience, and that the latter acted unwisely and not always in conformity with what was required of him either as a priest or a man. Alexander deserves credit, too, for the protection he extended towards the Jews. The institution of the Index may be variously regarded. Referring to his peaceful settlement of

a number of thorny boundary questions between Spain and Portugal, Dr. Pastor remarks that it should justly be regarded as one of the glories of the Papacy, and that nothing but complete misunderstanding and blind party spirit can turn it into a ground of accusation against Rome. The short reign of Pius II. is briefly passed over, and the greater part of the volume is devoted to the pontificate of Julius II. Dr. Pastor's treatment of the reign of this pontiff is exceptional. He has been particularly fortunate in lighting upon a vast mass of hitherto unused documents and makes ample and brilliant use of them. He brings fresh light not only to bear upon the history of Italy during the reign of Julius, but also upon the history of the Renaissance. He successfully rebuts the charge brought against Julius in connection with the League of Cambrai and shows that he used every possible means of avoiding the war with Venice, submitted to many indignities from the Signoria and the Venetian ambassador and only joined the League when he was absolutely compelled to do so in self-defence or rather in defence of the patrimony of the Church. It is impossible in fact not to admire the patience he practised notwithstanding the fiery character of his natural temper, not less than the promptitude with which he acted when the die was cast. His utter unselfishness is conspicuous and contrasts sharply with the selfishness of Alexander VI. The nepotism of the latter was glaring. Julius cannot be charged with anything of the sort. But the reader should turn to the brilliant pages of Dr. Pastor. The three last chapters on Julius in relation to Art, Michael Angelo and Raphael, supplement what has hitherto been written on the subject. The translation continues to be excellent, but on pages 312 and 315 we notice a couple of slips.

The Companion of Pickle, being a Sequel to "Pickle the Spy."
By ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

While in quest of information respecting Pickle the Spy Mr. Lang naturally came across many notes relating to Glengarry's companions, and having put these notes together, the result is the handsomely printed and illustrated volume before us. As they appear on Mr. Lang's pages, the portraits of Pickle's companions are somewhat sketchy and here and there is a sort of jerkiness in the style. Nevertheless, Mr. Lang's skill as a literary artist does not forsake him, and the volume will prove a useful if not necessary companion to *Pickle the Spy*. The book is a mine of curious, if not of very important, information. Some of the characters portrayed are of the blackest, and are well entitled to fall into line with Pickle as examples of treachery. Of the rest, some, such as the Earl Marischal, Mlle. Luci or Ferrand deserved a better fate than to be classed as companions of either Pickle or Murray of Broughton. The picture which Mr. Lang gives of the Highlands and Highlanders during the '45 is very striking. The novelty of its information and the number of obscure points which it elucidates will doubtless make the volume more than passingly attractive to those who take an interest in the events of 1715 and 1745.

The River Clyde and the Harbour of Glasgow. By Sir JAMES D. MARWICK, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Town-Clerk of Glasgow. Printed for the Corporation of Glasgow. 1898.

Sir James Marwick here adds to his elaborate work in connection with the Charters and Documents relating to the City of Glasgow, a thin

quarto volume on what may be called the commercial history of the Clyde. In it he first describes the condition of the Clyde from Glasgow towards the sea as it was in early times, or as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century. The river was then encumbered with sandbanks and fords, and no vessel of more than twenty or twenty-three tons burden could get beyond Dumbarton or Dumbreck Ford, their cargoes having to be transferred to boats as they lay in the stream, and carried in them to the city. Whether there was a pier at Glasgow at that period is not known. It was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that any steps were taken to deepen the bed of the river or to make it more available for the purposes of commerce, and even then but little was done, on more than four men being employed 'to clean the river and to repair the fords and sanded places.' Of the wonderful change which has since been accomplished—of the works effected under the direction of Smeaton, Golborne, Rennie, Telford, and others, and of the many difficulties and strong opposition the Town Council has had to contend with in its endeavours to improve the navigation of the river and of its many successes, Sir James Marwick gives a graphic account, narrating the progress of the work step by step with singular minuteness, and basing his narrative upon the official records. To illustrate the narrative, two maps are added. One of them representing the Clyde as it now is has been prepared by Mr. Deas, the Engineer of the Clyde Trust; the other represents the river as it was in the first half of the seventeenth century, and has been ingeniously put together from Timothy Pont's maps, as published by Bleau, of 'The Baronie of Renfrew' and 'The Shyre of Dun-Britton.' In a series of Appendices we have a sketch of the City's rights over the navigation of the Clyde, an account of the Clyde Lighthouses Trust, and a notice of the Clyde Pilot Board. Small as the work is, it represents a great amount of research, and is of permanent value.

The Pre- and Proto-Historic Finns both Eastern and Western, with the Magic Songs of the West Finns. By the Honourable JOHN ABERCROMBY, Cor. Member of the Finno-Ugrian Society. 2 Vols. London: David Nutt. 1898.

One of the services which Folk-lorists are rendering is that of supplementing the labours of the Archæologist and Philologist, and, in co-operation with them, bringing to light a vast amount of obscure information connective with the early history and development of the race, which would otherwise in all probability pass away unknown. The Finns are a people of whose history, and especially of whose early history, the amount of knowledge amongst ourselves is small indeed. Almost all that is known about them, even among those who may be termed well read and well informed, is probably no more than that they are the inhabitants of Finland—a people only half-civilised, who are understood to be in possession of a literature represented by the Kalevala, among whom Castrén lived in order to understand their ways and language, and about whom he wrote and lectured. To English readers, therefore, Mr. Abercromby's two volumes will come as a sort of revelation, bringing before them a mass of information about an obscure but interesting race, and introducing them to a civilisation old and peculiar, and in many respects strange. The second of his two volumes is the one which will probably prove the more generally attractive. It is there that we get more directly to the heart of the people, and obtain an insight into their modes of thought and religion. But for those who are interested in tracing the developments of civilisation the first volume will be equally valuable. There Mr. Abercromby deals

with the ancient history of the people. Their cradle-land he finds in Asia. He then follows them along the Volga, and finds them among a number of the small nationalities of Central and Northern Russia, such as the Erza and Moksa Mordvins, the Ceremis, Votiaks, Permians, and Zirians, as well as in Finland and Esthonia. Those of Finland and Esthonia he designates the Western Finns, and the rest the Eastern, and though the difference between them is perhaps as great as that between the various members of the Aryan group, the craniological and physical differences between any two Finnish groups, he points out, are much less than those which exist between the Latin and Teutonic groups. Much attention is naturally given to craniology, the discoveries of the archæologist, and to philology, and with the aid of these related sciences, the various stages through which the Finns have passed from neolithic times down to the present are minutely traced. In the chapters where these stages of civilisation are described or discussed, many pieces of curious information are brought out in connection with the Finns in the present as well as in the past. Apparently neither the Eastern nor the Western Finns of to-day have any word for 'clan' or 'tribe,' but the pre-historic Finns, there is reason to believe, had. The position of women in pre-historic times was neither high nor enviable. The oldest type of family discoverable is one composed of several adult males, probably related by blood, living with several women and their children in one hut. Wives were probably obtained without capture, though not always. Their dwellings were usually on or near the bank of a river, or along the shores of a lake. As there is no common word for village, it is probable that the ancient Finns lived permanently in isolated places far from neighbours. They had rude huts, and knew how to kindle fires, but did not worship fire. The women used bone needles, threaded with sinew, and were acquainted with the spindle and whorl. They wove, but as there is no common word for shuttle, that part of the weavers' equipment was probably unknown. The first animal domesticated or 'enslaved' was the dog, but the absence of any common word for milk seems to prove that, during the first period, there were no domestic milking animals. The men were armed with bows and arrows, and when hunting in winter used long wooden snow-skates. In summer they travelled in boats, which they rowed and steered with a paddle. During the earliest period the year was divided into winter and summer; in the second period they began to practice agriculture, and then invented a word for autumn. Their first metal was copper, then bronze, then white copper or silver. After the dog, the horse, ox, sheep, reindeer, and pig, began to be domesticated. The word for copper is believed by Mr. Abercromby to have been borrowed by the West Finns from an Ugrian source. From the same source he also thinks it probable that the words for 'bride,' 'father-in-law,' 'son-in-law,' and 'sheep,' were obtained. As might be expected, while discussing the primitive and later civilisations of the Finns, Mr. Abercromby enters largely into the question of religion, and dwells at length upon their belief in spirits, their worship of ancestors, their conceptions of the gods, the condition of men after death, magic and sorcery, sacrifices and modes of worship. His remarks on all these topics are abundantly illustrated by charms, magic songs, prayers, words of healing, formulæ, and folk-lore, which fill his second volume. The work is a very scholarly production, fresh and informing, and deserving of the highest praise.

English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest.

By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. London and New York:
Macmillan & Co. 1898.

The Messrs. Macmillan are slowly completing their series of monographs on the history of English literature. We have already had Mr. Saintsbury's two volumes—one on the Elizabethan period, and the other on the literature of the nineteenth century, and Mr. Gosse's volume upon that of the eighteenth century. And now we have after much waiting Mr. Brooke's volume upon the beginnings of English literature. As a writer on the history of English literature, Mr. Brooke is always welcome; he has a skill and power in dealing with it which are given to few. His first work in this connection, though but small in dimensions, has had no rival, and if we remember rightly was pronounced by a critic so fastidious as Matthew Arnold to be perfect in its way. Of his special knowledge of the beginnings of English literature the witness is in the two elaborate volumes he published under the title *The History of Early English Literature* so far back as 1892. In his preface to the present volume Mr. Brooke says, 'This work is necessarily, so far as the chapter on King Aelfred, a recast of my previous book on *Early English Literature up to the Days of Alfred*. To our mind the estimate is too modest. The book is certainly in a measure a recast, but it is something more. Additions and omissions have been made which entitle the work to be called a new one. In the former work Mr. Brooke introduced a great deal of correlative matters which made the argument move slowly and heavily at times. Here he has left out these correlative matters and given us a history of the literature straightforward and without divagations, with the effect, valuable as the discussions unquestionably are, of lightening his pages and adding to the pleasure of their perusal. Much in the new volume is of course to be found in the older book; but among the additions may be mentioned the singularly able chapter with which it opens on the relation of Early Britain to English Literature—a chapter in which the country and the character of the people by whom it was inhabited in early times are described—a chapter which we will venture to say is from every point of view as unrivalled as it is important for the intelligent understanding of the characteristics of the literature which has since sprung up. Another important addition is the chapter on the Passing of the Old English, which, though brief, is valuable, as showing how the old spirit of the country survived and made its way into middle English literature, and there appeared under other forms. Mr. Brooke may be congratulated on the production of a volume which, while meeting the requirements of the student, may be read with pleasure by all.

A Short History of English Literature. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

Since Mr. Green invented the title for the book by which he suddenly became famous, there have been many 'Short Histories,' but it is doubtful whether an imitation of the title has ever been used to cover a volume which deserves so well to occupy a place on the same shelf with the *Short History of the English People*, as the one before us. Mr. Saintsbury's title differs in but one word from Mr. Green's, and the resemblance between the books, allowing of course for the difference of subject, is almost as close. For fulness, for scholarliness, for condensation, for acuteness of criticism, and for charm of style, barring one or two drawbacks, Mr. Saintsbury's volume is deserving of the highest praise. Mr. Stopford A. Brooke has a power in dealing with the history of English literature which Mr. Saintsbury has not, but among books which profess

to cover the entire field of the history of English literature, his *Short History* is entitled to hold a first place. It has, however, its blemishes. The terms 'enthusiasts' 'fanatics' and 'idolators,' occur much too frequently as designations for those whose opinions differ from Mr. Saintsbury's, and might be altogether omitted. The tone of superiority is a little too obvious throughout the volume. And then, why should Mr. Bradley's name be omitted in connection with Middle English lexicography. Stratmann's *M. E. Dictionary*, always an unsatisfactory work at any time, is certainly not the best. It was, until Mr. Bradley took the matter in hand, when his work based on Stratmann's completely superseded it. The publication of Mr. Bradley's *M. E. Dictionary* indeed, was a positive relief, as all are aware who have had to struggle along with Stratmann's badly printed work and its perplexing appendices. Fault may also be found with a number of the dates. Still, the intrinsic value of Mr. Saintsbury's volume is great. Under his hand the subject lives and has a continuous life. The series of 'inter-chapters' serves to connect one period with another, and to trace the various lines of development. The work necessarily abounds in criticisms which though they may serve as guides to the formation of opinions and deserve to be carefully weighed, need not always be accepted as correct.

Scottish Vernacular Literature: A Succinct History. By F. F. HENDERSON. London: David Nutt. 1898.

On first reading the title Mr. Henderson has given his volume one's impression is that he is going to make out that there is a considerable body of Scottish literature which is not vernacular, but on reading his volume we find that he has no intention of doing anything of the kind, and that his title is slightly tautological. Mr. Courthope by following Mr. Henderson's example might entitle his next volume 'The History of English Vernacular Poetry' or Mr. Saintsbury might have called his history of English literature, 'The History of English Vernacular Literature.' There is but one Scottish literature, and that literature is written in the vernacular. Mr. Henderson's volume may be said to divide itself into three parts: the history of Scottish poetry to the Reformation; Scottish prose literature to the Reformation, and the history of Scottish poetry from the Reformation to Burns. In dealing with the history of Scottish poetry Mr. Henderson has had a number of predecessors and has enjoyed advantages which they had not. On the whole, he has made a fairly good use of the work done by his predecessors and of recent publications connected with his subject. He has added little, to what was already known, and considering the limits within which he has confined himself has done all or nearly all that might have been expected to be done within them. Objection may be taken to some of his deliverances, as for instance, that respecting the authorship of *Sir Tristrem*, and, though he rightly contests the judgment passed upon Dunbar by Mr. J. Russell Lowell, his own estimate of the poetical Friar may be set down as too high. We miss any reference to the pieces published by Dr. Morris under the title of Early English Alliterative Poems and the claim put in for them as of Scottish origin. In the bibliography of *The Howlat*, too, there is no mention of the edition by the late Mr. David Donaldson. Mr. Henderson has been unable to find any Scottish prose worth mentioning earlier than the sixteenth century. Some specimens have been published by the Early English Text Society, and one piece, *The Craft of Dyeing*, though short, is a piece of vigorous writing and deserved to be mentioned. The prose writers are chiefly historians and diarists. Mr. Henderson has a

word for Calderwood, the Church historian, but if he is to be reckoned as literature, why not many of the Acts of Parliament which are written in the vernacular from the time of William the Lion downwards? They are written in the vernacular and are quite as interesting as Calderwood. Knox's History is described as one of the most interesting human documents in history. All documents are generally supposed to be 'human,' whether interesting or otherwise. Mr. Henderson praises Knox for his sincerity in this 'human document;' but says 'He hardly even pretends to impartiality, but says as much evil and as little good of his opponents as he possibly can, while he overlooks many patent faults, and even wickednesses, in those who, from whatever motive, have the saving grace to co-operate with him in his great crusade.' The *Historie* may be literature, though of that we have some doubts, but, on Mr. Henderson's own showing, it is not history. Fidelity to facts and impartiality are of much more value than the 'sincerity' here described. Winzet is mentioned merely in passing. As samples of the vernacular his writings are much superior to those of Knox. Hamilton's *Catechism*, one of the finest examples of Scotch prose is not even alluded to. The chapter on Burns is more temperate than might have been expected from one or two phrases let fall in the chapter on Dunbar, and along with that on the traditional ballads and songs may be read with pleasure. Much attention is paid in what we have ventured to call the first and third parts of the volume to the prosody of the poets. But even with the drawbacks we have referred to, Mr. Henderson's volume is an advance upon any of its predecessors.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By SIDNEY LEE. With Portraits and Facsimiles. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1898.

Mr. Sidney Lee has here gathered together into a handy and excellently printed volume all that is known about Shakespeare, and all the more probable and important conjectures in connection with him both as an actor and an author. The way in which he has arranged the materials for his volume, his caution, his critical acumen, the way in which he has narrated the great dramatist's life, and the general tone pervading his pages, leave nothing to be desired. He has picked up crumbs of information wherever they are to be found, corrected many errors, and carefully distinguished between what is known and what is merely conjectured and inferential; and there can be little doubt that, excellent as some of the other Lives of the dramatist are, Mr. Lee's will for popular use supersede them all. We may go further and say that until some new and important discoveries, if such be now possible, are made, his Life will be regarded as definitive. Some of his inferences may be disputed, but these are of small consequence in comparison with the general merits of the work. The portraits which adorn the volume are admirably executed. Among other things, the Appendices deal with a number of controversial topics, which have been wisely kept separate from the main narrative. The elaborate index will be found extremely useful.

My Inner Life: Being a Chapter on Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

In this somewhat bulky volume Mr. Crozier has given an account of the circumstances and influences which have contributed to his own intellec-

tual development, together with something like a bird's-eye view of the remaining volumes of his work on the *History of Intellectual Development*, the first of which recently appeared. Every reader will sympathize with him respecting the main cause which has led him to turn away from his principal work to the production of this volume of autobiography, and join in the hope that the warning he has received respecting his eyesight will pass away innocuously. There are no doubt many points of interest in these autobiographical chapters; to Mr. Crozier there can be little question that each and all of them is of great importance, but it is doubtful whether they will have the same attraction for the public that they have for him. What strikes us most forcibly about the volume is a certain want of proportion, and a prolixity which often makes one wish that the author had studied more successfully the art of condensation. Some of the incidents, too, are trivial, and one fails to see what special influence they had upon the development of his personal history. Still, as one perseveres with the volume, one catches glimpses of life in Canada, and learns the vicissitudes of thought and feeling through which the author has passed. One of the most attractive chapters is the one in which the fortunes of the author's first book, *Civilisation and Progress*, and the many disappointments he had to endure before he won success are narrated. Incidentally we learn that one of the earliest notices of it appeared in the pages of this *Review*. Throughout Mr. Crozier's pages are many criticisms of contemporary writers. They are somewhat dogmatically delivered, and the reader may find reasons for not altogether accepting them all.

Robert Burns and the Medical Profession. By WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.D. (GEORGE UMBER). With Portraits. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1898.

It is not often that an invitation to deliver a postprandial speech leads to the publication of a volume, yet such would appear to have been the case in connection with the volume before us. Dr. Findlay, we are told, was invited to reply at a Burns' dinner for the Medical Profession, and, when preparing for the speech, found himself with such a plethora of matter, that it was impossible to condense it into what was required of him, and he resolved to give it to the world in the shape of a book. And a very readable book he has turned out—fresh and lively, written with a full knowledge of all that has been printed about Burns, and an intelligent enthusiasm for his subject. Dr. Findlay has also an enthusiasm for his own profession, and pays it the compliment of claiming for it a larger insight into human nature, and a capacity or readiness to form larger and more charitable, if not juster, judgments respecting the characters of men than any of the other professions. 'The lawyer,' he maintains, 'is chiefly conversant with the more equivocal side of human nature; the minister with the affected side—with mankind on their best behaviour; but the doctor knows us as we are—in undress, and that in more senses than the literal one'—distinctions and assertions the truth of which many may be disposed to question. However, there can be no question as to the fact that Burns never entered into any such wordy warfare with members of the medical profession as he did with certain well-known representatives of the clerical profession, and that, so far as is known, his relations with the doctors with whom he was acquainted were intimate and genial. The first he seems to have met with was Dr. Hamilton, who along with others became responsible for the charge in connection with the publication of the first or Kilmarnock edition of his poems. Dr. Mackenzie of Mauchline he mentions in some of his verses, as also Dr. Candlish, who became a

medical teacher in Edinburgh, and was the father of Dr. Candlish, the well-known leader in Church affairs. Altogether, Dr. Findlay enumerates a considerable number of doctors who were in one way or other connected with Burns or his memory. Among those who figure in his pages are, besides those already referred to, Professor James Gregory and Dr. Alexander Wood, both of whom took charge of Burns when he was laid up in Edinburgh; Dr. John Moore of London, the author of *Zeluco*, and friend of Smollet; Doctors Maxwell, Thomson, and Mundell of Dumfries, and Dr. O. Wendell Holmes. The most important chapter in the volume is that devoted to Dr. Currie, Burns's biographer, in which Dr. Findlay deals with the controversy which arose after Currie's death as to the way in which he had written of the poet and his infirmities of character and conduct. Altogether, Dr. Findlay's book is remarkably informing, and will doubtless meet, as it deserves, with much favour by those who are readers of the Ayrshire poet.

Songs and Poems in the Gaelic Language by Rob Donn. Edited by HEW MORRISON, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: John Grant. 1899.

Thoroughly local and personal as the songs of Rob Donn usually are, their original spirit and idiomatic Gaelic makes them of interest even to those who are not natives of the Reay country, and Mr. Morrison has done a good work in preparing the present elegant edition, which is a distinct advance on its predecessors. The lengthy introduction of the old edition (1829) is replaced by an interesting memoir of some fifty pages, in which the facts of the poet's life and the character of his surroundings are clearly set forth. It is natural that Mr. Morrison should give several pages of this to the question of Rob's real surname, and the evidence seems quite conclusive that this was Calder, not Mackay. The latter was unfortunately adopted by those who erected the monument in the churchyard of Durness: it is a pity they did not also translate and explain the Greek lines they inscribed on it, and correct the quantities of the Rev. Alexander Pope's hexameters. The introductory and other notes, which are absolutely essential for the understanding of most of the pieces, are in this edition written in English—a great convenience for the outsider, and probably not unwelcome even to the Highlander. Mr. Morrison has also brought Rob's 'Elegies' together, and placed them first in the volume, while in the remaining section he seems to have brought the best things to the front. We should have preferred a more extensive glossary, with references, for Rob's Gaelic is not always of the simplest kind, and many of his words are local either in form or meaning. Rob Donn's work lies quite apart from that of other Gaelic poets, with the exception of one or two conventional pieces, such as the song 'To Winter,' (p. 206). A keen observer, an artist in sententious brevity, and unsparing in his exposure of other's faults and flaws, he succeeded in bringing new and original notes out of the somewhat monotonous Celtic lyre. Even his elegies are not of the common type, and are studies of real character, not of personal appearance and society manners. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Morrison's memoir that he was to some extent influenced by Pope, whose works were partly translated into Gaelic by the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, with whom Rob was on intimate terms. It is perhaps to be regretted that the great bulk of his verse deals with matters of purely local and temporary interest, but on the other hand it was in these that Rob's strength lay, and he has often the Burns-like faculty of bringing one or two memorable lines out of some very trivial incident. Those who are

accustomed to talk of the Celtic imagination will be struck by disappointment with his verses (supposing they are able to read them). Sir E. is a shrewd and clear-headed, and misty dreamings are not at all characteristic, nor is there a single scrap of folk-lore from the beginning to the end of the book. In this respect, however, the majority of Highland poems agree with him. It is notoriously difficult to get Gaelic correctly rendered, but we have noticed very few slips in the volume, which ought to be a welcome addition to the shelves of all Highlanders and others interested in Highland literature.

Vagabond Songs and Ballads: With many Old and Familiar Melodies. Edited with Notes by ROBERT FORD. Farnley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1899.

In this handsome volume, Mr. Ford has gathered together versions of a number of songs and ballads which have never before been printed, or if printed, never before in the text in which they appear here. What he means by a 'vagabond' song or ballad Mr. Ford himself judiciously explains. The term is somewhat equivocal, and may mean either a song or ballad that wanders or is wandering from place to place, or a song concerning vagabonds, the morals of which are no higher than those which are supposed to be practised by that dubious class of individuals. However, the reader of the volume has no difficulty in grasping the true meaning. The songs and ballads are those which appear to have been originally sung by Egyptians and other vagrant tribes of individuals or by the lower class of the peasantry, and reflect in a measure at least their morals, manners and customs. For the most part they are full of broad humour and rollicking fun, sometimes a little tragic. They are popular in many bothies, and many of them are in request at country fairs. In many instances, their authors are not known; those of them who are are not in every instance belong to the vagrant class, but were settled persons in whose nature there was more or less of the wild Bohemian strain. Mr. Ford has printed at the head of a number of his pieces the old melodies to which they are sung, and in every instance he has added a note on the history of the piece. The volume is in several respects a valuable gain to the traditional ballad literature of the country.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Heel-Hod. Vol. V. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1899.

We have here a double section of this great work. It contains the central portion of the letter H, or one fourth of the words under that letter. Two thousand four hundred and thirty-nine main words are recorded, 274 combinations are explained under them, and 714 subordinate entries are made, or in all 3,527. Of the main words 1,929 are in common use and are native, while 421 are obsolete, and 95 are not yet fully naturalised. Among the notable features of the section are the articles dealing with the numerous pronominal words derived from and connected with the pronoun 'he.' Of the many inflexional and derivative forms known to the language only eight are now in general use, though six others are still retained in dialect speech. The articles in which the various forms are dealt with are examples of the thoroughness with which Dr. Murray does his work. The longest article in the section is that on the adjective 'high,' which, with compounds, among which are High Church, High-Churchman, high-flyer, etc., runs to twenty-six columns.

There is a long article on 'hell,' in which much curious information and many ancient phrases and proverbs are given. Attention may also be directed to the articles under 'heir,' 'help,' 'hemp,' 'hen,' 'henchman,' 'heptarchy,' 'herald,' 'herb,' 'hero,' 'herring,' 'hew,' 'hight,' and 'hide.' Many of the words in 'he—' and 'hi—' are from the Greek. Others of them, however, are 'echoic' verbs, and are native to the language. Many old words are recorded, as 'heeze,' 'heily,' 'heild,' 'hele,' 'hent,' 'herberie,' 'heregeld,' and 'hethen.' Lowland Scotch words, as we need hardly say, are duly registered. In fact the work is almost as much a Scottish as an English Dictionary.

Sursum Corda (Macmillan), In this little volume on anonymous writer puts in a plea for idealism, and writes with great force on many of the deep problems which are now and always haunting the mind of man, and for which a solution is always being sought. Though small in bulk the work is rich in thought and suggestiveness and will be welcomed by serious thinkers.

Cavour is a further addition to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s 'Foreign Statesmen' Series, and when we say that it is from the pen of the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, we have said almost everything that needs to be said to commend it. The volume is charmingly written, and a model of concise statement. The career of the great Italian is traced with remarkable minuteness considering the limits within which the narrative had to be written, while the portrait which the Countess gives of him is extremely vivid and life-like. It is a most charming record of a great career.

Pollok and Ayton (Oliphant Anderson), by Rosaline Masson, belongs to the 'Famous Scots Series,' and narrates the lives of two very different men. Miss Masson has done her part well within the limits allowed, and appreciates the difference between the two men. There can be no doubt that the two were famous in their day, but their fame appears to be on the wane, and it is doubtful whether the next generation will know aught about them or care to know.

Dr. Moulton's *Modern Reader's Bible* is represented this quarter by three volumes—two with the title *St. Luke* and *St. Paul*, and one which contains the whole of the writings of St. John—the Gospel, Epistles and Revelation. Each of the volumes is as usual supplied with an introduction and notes, and as in the others questions of theology or theological criticism are avoided, and attention directed to purely literary points.

John Wesley and George Whitefield in Scotland (Blackwood & Sons), by the Rev. D. Butler, M. A., recounts the various preaching tours of Wesley and Whitefield in Scotland, and attempts to estimate their influence upon the life and thought of the country. Mr. Butler has resuscitated a great amount of information about these two famous preachers. It may be questioned, however, whether his estimate of their influence is not too high. Much of what is attributed to their influence may have been due to other causes, notwithstanding the assertions of Dr. Marshall Lang and Dr. Farrar to the contrary. Mr. Butler's book is full, though, perhaps, too full, and might have been improved by condensation. Anyhow, as a chapter in the religious history of Scotland it will find a place and be useful as a handy book of reference.

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ART. I.—SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel. From his Private Papers. Edited for his Trustees by CHARLES STUART PARKER. 3 Vols. London: John Murray. 1891-1899.

NEARLY fifty years have elapsed since the sudden death of Peel placed the nation, it may be said, in general mourning. It is scarcely necessary to say what changes have passed over the civilised world since 1850; and how, to a considerable extent at least, a new order of things has replaced the old in the spheres of our domestic and foreign politics, and even in the social life of these islands. Yet the figure of Peel still stands on an eminence in the Past, conspicuous among the worthies of his day; whatever opinion may be formed on passages in his career, he was, by common consent, the first of British statesmen during the second twenty-five years of the present century. I avail myself of the volumes before me briefly to survey the public conduct of this most distinguished man, and to endeavour to show the position he holds in history. Valuable records, no doubt, of the life of Peel have been already given to the world; he has left us Memoirs from his own hand of his thoughts and acts at important and critical junctures; we possess the excellent sketch of Mr. Goldwin

Smith, the admirable commentaries of Guizot and other French thinkers, and the discriminating portrait of Sir Lawrence Peel; and Disraeli and Greville have made estimates of the departed statesman of very great merit. It may, nevertheless, be affirmed that, until this book appeared, the materials for a complete biography of Peel, and for passing judgment on the place he held in the State, had been only imperfectly made public. These volumes contain the greatest part of the correspondence of Peel, preserved by himself, and bequeathed to his Trustees, to be used when they deemed the time for publishing had come; but this is supplemented by numbers of letters, not only of Peel, of which he had kept no copies, but of personages with whom he had been brought in contact during the many years of his life as a statesman. The most interesting certainly of these records are the confidential papers which passed between Peel, Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert, Wellington, Sir James Graham, Lords Aberdeen and Hardinge, and the whole forms a repertory of the first importance as illustrating passages in our history, and as throwing light on the character and the acts of Peel, and indeed of the correspondents whose views and opinions are brought before us. Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, a friend of the late Lord Cardwell, the principal, perhaps, of Peel's Trustees, has written an able running commentary on the work, connecting its parts, and giving it unity; and Mr. George Peel, a young politician of mark, has added a thoughtful and brilliant essay, which forms a just tribute to the excellences of his renowned grandfather.

These volumes do not greatly increase our knowledge respecting the early life of Peel, but the subject is still of much interest, for the circumstances in which his lot was cast in youth had a most powerful influence on his subsequent career. He was born in 1788, and was a scion of that great commercial middle-class which was just rising into prominence in the State. His father, a man of no ordinary parts, amassed a large fortune by his skill and resource as a trader, and was a follower and admirer of the second Pitt, and of the liberal policy of the famous statesman in the first and happiest phase

of his long ministry. Like Pitt, however, and the great mass of the nation, he was carried away by the decisive movement which made England the chief foe of the Revolution in France, and thenceforward he was completely identified with the principles and the ideas this brought in its train. Young Peel was nursed, so to speak, in the Toryism of the day, when war was, deemed the natural order of things, when narrow Conservatism prevailed in Church and State, when the aristocracy of land and of wealth was dominant in the Lords and Commons, when reforms of almost all kinds were voted down, and yet when the structure of our society was being transformed, and many of our institutions were becoming out of joint. The associations formed at Harrow and Oxford, where Peel was educated until he had passed his teens, reflecting, as those seminaries did, the temper and spirit of the ruling classes, must have strengthened these ideas in the mind of the youth; but Peel owed a great deal to those places of learning, and at both he rose to very high distinction. The boy made his mark at Harrow for his fine intelligence, his industry, and his power of acquiring knowledge. One of the masters predicted his future eminence, and the remarks of Byron on his school-fellow have long ago been published. He studied at Christ Church with admirable diligence and effect; his examination in the schools was long remembered as a kind of ovation to his brilliant answering; he was the first undergraduate who took a double first-class, under the system which had been lately introduced, Whately taking a double second at the same time. Peel left Oxford a finished classical scholar, well versed in ancient literature and in much that was modern, but he had also been well trained in mathematics. This discipline, not common at Oxford in those days, stood him in good stead, he has told us, in after life, especially when dealing with currency and finance. He ate a few terms at Lincoln's Inn; he thus acquired some real insight into the principles of law, the value of which he fully recognised when he became a cautious, but one of the most successful, of law reformers.

Peel had been trained for political life; his father, it is said,

expected to make him a successor of Pitt. He entered the House of Commons for a close borough in 1809, and naturally took his seat on the Government benches, where Perceval was in the highest place. Though brought up a Tory of the strictest kind, mere Toryism was probably even now not wholly congenial to his sagacious mind; it is a tradition that his father told Lord Liverpool that his son was inclining to the Liberal faith.* Peel seconded the Address in 1810, by degrees distinguished himself in debate, and, after a short apprenticeship as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was made Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1812. These volumes enlarge at great length on the Irish Administration of Peel, and give us numerous interesting details; this was a most important passage in his life; Ireland, indeed, affected his position in the State almost to the last. Like so many ministers who have made their first essays in it, he went to Ireland as to an utterly unknown land; he found there Toryism supreme in the State, but Toryism of a very different type from that which prevailed in England and even in Scotland. The bureaucracy at the Castle formed the Government; it ruled in the interest of a dominant caste divided in race and faith from three-fourths of the people; Protestant ascendancy was the mould of society; Catholic Ireland was in a state of subjection, seen most distinctly in landed relations; the mass of the community was wretchedly poor; disorder and lawlessness pervaded almost all classes. In these circumstances, it can hardly cause surprise that a young Chief Secretary of Lord Liverpool adhered steadily, in the main, to the existing order of things, and did not even contemplate making large reforms in Ireland. Peel, indeed, discouraged Orangeism, and saw its evils; but on the whole he upheld the arrangements he found made to his hand; supported Protestant ascendancy without misgivings; never thought of the growing mischiefs of the Irish land system; did not perceive the necessity of an Irish Poor Law. His attitude to Catholic Ireland, in these years, was somewhat unbending and not sympathetic. He quarrelled

* *The Greville Memoirs*, V., 395. Ed. 1888.

with O'Connell, and did not understand his genius; he looked upon the great Irish tribune as a mere demagogue; he regarded the Catholic Board as a nest of sedition, though the great Catholic Association was to be its offspring. Like his predecessors, he kept Catholic Ireland down by Insurrection Acts and severe coercion. On the most important domestic question of the time he certainly took, and prominently, the wrong side. He became far the ablest opponent of the Catholic claims; his speech, made in the House of Commons in 1817, is a most powerful argument against the Catholic cause. Peel, however, did not attempt to grapple with the irresistible reasons urged against his views by all the most enlightened statesmen of the day.

It would be, nevertheless, a mistake to suppose that Peel in Ireland was not a real reformer, if within somewhat contracted limits. He was Chief Secretary from 1812 to 1818, and ruled the country almost at his will; the Lord-Lieutenants of those years were mere figure-heads. The great administrative capacity, in which he excelled, was made manifest at the Castle at this time; he was one of the most diligent and successful of public servants; he conducted the affairs of the Irish Department with an energy and skill which deserved the highest praise. His mind, too, turned to the social ills of Ireland, if he did not try to diminish them by legislation. Like Chesterfield, in the preceding century, he saw that poverty was the great curse of the country, and he projected a scheme of education for the mass of the people, explained in these volumes, even now worth studying. In two particulars of the first importance, Peel effected a great and salutary change in the system generally of Irish government; this has had ever since beneficent results. Castlereagh was mistaken when he declared that the Union would 'Buy up the fee simple of Irish corruption;' that bane of administration was never worse there than between 1801 and 1812, as Sir Arthur Wellesley's correspondence has clearly shown. The mart of votes at College Green had indeed disappeared, but the patronage of the State had been preserved for the dominant caste; and, in the absence of a free and a powerful

public opinion, this class was literally gorged with public plunder, all appointments being made in its selfish interests. The results were maladministration, misconduct, and embezzlement of all kinds; the scandals in the public service almost passed belief; the judicial bench alone was free from the stain, and that because capable judges were a necessity of the time. Peel addressed himself to cleanse this Augean stable, and though he could not be completely successful, he removed most of its foulest abuses, and made promotion in office depend, in some degree, on merit. These volumes contain graphic, often comical, details of the evils he had to cope with, and of his difficult task; it must suffice here to say that, from this time forward, the reign of corruption began to cease in Ireland. The second, and perhaps the most far-reaching, of the reforms of Peel was the laying the foundations of the system of the great Constabulary Force, and of its supplement—a body of paid magistrates, an institution which, as much as anything else, has lessened the domination of class in Ireland, has vindicated law, and maintained order.

Peel was out of office for some years after 1818; he disapproved of the proceedings against Queen Caroline, and showed his independence in keeping aloof from the Government. But he had become the rising man of the Tory party, the foremost among its youthful orators; his worth as an administrator and a statesman had been recognised. In 1819, when in his thirty-first year, he was made Chairman of the famous Bullion Committee, a position which proves how much was expected from his capacity to solve a great financial problem. Owing partly to the operation of the Bank Restriction, and partly to the effects of the long war with France, our paper currency had been depreciated, to a considerable extent, compared to its standard measured in gold; as the result, the value of fixed charges had been greatly reduced; fixed debts had become much less onerous; an arbitrary change had been made in thousands of contracts, and social relations had been much deranged. The evils were palpable, and certain to increase; they were aggravated, too, by the disappearance of gold from the country, flying away,

so to speak, from degraded paper, according to a well-known economic law; the only remedy was to make the value of notes in currency conform to its value in the precious metals, to make a promise to pay a hundred shillings, a pledge that a hundred shillings should be paid. The reform was effected with much difficulty, and by processes showing great financial skill, through what was known as the return to cash payments. Peel was the principal author of the scheme, and worked it out with extraordinary care and mastery of details, and though the change was attended with many hardships, it was certainly based on true fiscal principles. It is a sign of Peel's readiness to accept true doctrines—characteristic of the man throughout his career, though his mind often moved with great slowness—that he entered into the enquiry with views opposite to those which afterwards he saw were correct. The return to cash payments made paper only a symbol exchangeable on demand into gold, but the reform did not prevent the over-issue of paper, and rash speculations were the result; our monetary system remained imperfect during many years. The evil was redressed by Peel, when at the height of his power, by the famous Bank Charter Act of 1844; this measure has provided against the mischief of excessive paper, as far probably as legislation can provide, and though it has been suspended on two or three special occasions, it is still an acknowledged security for what is known as 'sound money.' Peel, owing to these great fiscal reforms, is entitled to a place beside Montague, the restorer of the coinage in the reign of William III. Mr. George Peel has, in these volumes, dwelt on the subject very ably, and with ripe knowledge.

In 1822 Peel was made Secretary of State for the Home Department. His principal achievement, in the next few years, was to reform and mitigate the draconic criminal law of England, a disgrace to the civilisation of the age; he adopted the humane ideas of Romilly, and reconciled them with the existing code, with a skill of adaptation that was one of his best qualities. Not long afterwards, following the precedent he had made in Ireland, he completely transformed the police force of London; the present generation can hardly

understand how great was the importance of this most salutary change. After 1822 the Liverpool Tory Government was made, by degrees, more or less Liberal; Canning was placed at the head of Foreign affairs; Lord Wellesley and Plunket accepted office; Huskisson was the master spirit of a new policy in commerce and finance. Peel, by accident only a mere Tory, and naturally inclined to a more progressive faith in politics, supported Canning's recognition of the Spanish Republics and his opposition to the Holy Alliance; but probably he was most at home in advocating and upholding the free trade measures—the real precursors of his own afterwards—of which Huskisson was the far-sighted author. On the capital domestic question of the time, however, Peel retained the position he had taken from the first. With all the members of the Government he concurred in the vain attempts that were made to put O'Connell down, and to arrest the great movement of Catholic Ireland, of which the Catholic Association was the visible and portentous sign; but he separated himself from Canning, and his wisest colleagues, on the policy of conceding the Irish Catholic claims. There is no doubt that in this he was quite sincere; he firmly believed that it would be impossible to maintain the Protestant institutions that prevailed in Ireland, were Catholic Emancipation to become law; and experience has shown that here he was not wholly in the wrong. But he would not as yet see that the refusal to do justice to Catholic Ireland was far more dangerous, and would lead to revolution and, probably, civil war; he still shut his eyes to the ominous signs of the time. He proved that he had the courage of his convictions against his interests; he tendered his resignation in 1825 when the House of Commons declared for the Catholic claims; and his difference of opinion, on this subject, was the real, and, indeed, the only cause that he left Canning in 1827. These volumes throw fresh light on this passage in his career; they completely explode the malicious falsehood, brought forward in the contest of 1846, that Peel played false to his illustrious colleague; they show that Peel and Canning remained friends, and real friends, after they had parted company.

Peel's attitude on the Catholic Question was not changed, spite of the warning given at the General Election of 1826, which broke down Protestant ascendancy in parts of Ireland, and proved that the Catholic Association had enormous power. After the fall of the abortive ministry of Lord Goderich, he joined the Government of Wellington in 1828; returned to his post at the Home Office; became the leader of the Tories in the House of Commons; and had a great part in passing the half Liberal measures, of what has been aptly called 'the Duke's stop-gap Cabinet.' He still set his face against the Catholic claims; but a striking event compelled him to change his purpose. The return of O'Connell, a Catholic who could not sit in Parliament, for Clare, after a bitter contest, showed that the peasantry of Ireland, to a man, were ready to rise against their superiors; that Irish landed property was utterly insecure; that the structure of society in the country had been shaken to its base; that the Catholic Association was supreme in the provinces of the South. The mind of Peel awakened, as it were, to the fact; it is unfortunate that the awakening was very late; but he acted promptly, boldly, and with great moral courage. He saw that the time for Catholic Emancipation had come, and that further resistance probably meant civil war; and when he had satisfied himself that the existing Government could alone accomplish what had become a necessity of State, he consented to carry into effect a policy, which he had steadily opposed for years, and to abjure in the House of Commons the creed he had persistently and weightily professed. In this complete and unexpected change of front, he was subjected to the fury of partisan hatred; the high Tories in Parliament denounced him as a false traitor; he lost the seat at Oxford he greatly prized; the King and three-fourths of the aristocracy turned against him: yet, in the circumstances, he unquestionably took the right course; the Whig party could not form a Government; the Tories were powerless, without their leaders; Peel had to choose between a revolution, and his mere consistency as a public man. When he acted, too, he acted with vigour, and thoroughly; the Irish Catholic claims were fully conceded; the disabilities

of Catholic Ireland were almost wholly removed. I certainly think it was a mistake not to have allowed O'Connell to retain the seat he had won ; and no attempt was made to carry out still further the enlightened policy, which Pitt had wished to make a part of the Union. But England was not prepared for measures of the kind ; and Peel probably would not have assented to them.*

The settlement of the Irish Catholic claims inclined the nation, seldom disposed to take up more than one great question at a time, into the path of Parliamentary Reform. The movement was strengthened by the Revolution of July, by the resignation of Huskisson and the friends of Canning, which deprived the Cabinet of its Liberal chiefs, and by the utterance of Wellington that the unreformed House of Commons, and its constitution, were the perfection of wisdom. To the men of our time it appears strange, that statesmen of real parts could be found to justify the existing order of things, and to argue that Gatton and Old Sarum ought to have members, and Birmingham and other great cities to have none. But Toryism was still an immense force in England ; the memories of the great French Revolution survived ; democracy was regarded with extreme suspicion ; the idea was held by many deep thinkers, that close boroughs were required to carry on Government, and to keep the Houses of Lords and Commons in harmony. Peel was not as averse as Canning to Parliamentary Reform ; he did not really object to the principle ; as a member of the great noblesse of commerce, he probably thought the existing system of Parliamentary representation at best anomalous. But he steadily resisted the Reform Bill of Lord Grey, and was its ablest adversary in 1831-2 ; he again rallied to his side the whole Tory party, which had largely fallen away from him in 1828-9. These volumes clearly show the position he assumed ; he was willing gradually to give members to several of the largest towns ; but he condemned the proposed change as too sweeping and

* These volumes bring out clearly, and fully, the patriotism and courage of Peel at this juncture. I have no space for quotation.

sudden; he was especially, and properly, opposed to the dull uniformity of the ten pound franchise, which the famous Chandos clause in a great degree removed. His exertions certainly improved the Bill; and his speeches were of a very high order, marked with practical wisdom and sound common sense. It deserves notice that he held out to the last, and regarded as weak the compromise of the 'Waverers,' who sought to pass the second reading in the House of Lords, and to recast and mutilate the Bill in Committee. But when Lord Grey threw up the reins in 1832, after the passing of Lord Lyndhurst's amendment, and Wellington was willing to form a Government, on the principle of an extensive Reform, Peel steadily refused to concur in this policy, even at the risk of offending the Duke. His conduct was severely censured at the time, and ascribed to selfish ambition and jealousy; but it is explained and vindicated in these volumes. Peel was probably not desirous of joining a purely Tory ministry; he doubtless did not wish to seem to play again the part he had played on the Catholic Question. But he was in office when he conceded the Catholic claims, and had supported them as a responsible Minister; he refused to take office merely to carry out a policy he had persistently opposed to the last moment.

Until the Reform period had come, Peel was chiefly known as a cautious but somewhat backward statesman, and an administrator of the highest merit. He had, however, identified himself, in the main, with Tory policy; and on the two chief domestic questions of the time, he had set himself against the party of progress, and only yielded, when it had become necessary to yield. But a change seems to have passed over his mind after the political revolution of 1832; as Mr. Gladstone has said, the Peel of 1812-1832 was very different from the Peel of the succeeding era. It is not at all improbable, that, Liberal as he was in some respects, he did not feel quite in his true element in the Tory Administrations in which he had first served; it is certain that in the years that followed Reform, his attitude as a statesman seemed almost transformed. He was left in a small minority in the House of Commons, in 1832-5; but he felt that the nation had

entered a new phase of existence; and it is not unlikely that he did not much regret the decline of the power of the great territorial magnates, and the evident ascendancy of the leaders of the middle classes at hand. Be this as it may, his opinions took a new turn; he inaugurated the Conservatism of the changed era, and steadily promoted it in Church and State. The chief principles of this political faith were to adapt the institutions of the past, to the needs of the present time; to reconcile, without revolutionary shocks, the England of George III. with the England of William IV.; to put the new wine into the old bottles, and yet to take care that these should not burst; to make 'an ancient Monarchy, a proud Aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons' act in concert. This policy has been denounced by Disraeli and others, as a bad and essentially a shallow compromise; but its complete success has been long apparent; it has proved to be a monument to Peel's wisdom; it forms his highest claim, I believe, to enduring renown. Another passage in the conduct of Peel in these years deserves attention, and did him great honour. The Tory party had been immensely reduced; but the new House of Commons was crowded with extreme Radicals; and a coalition of both, it was quite possible, could have paralysed, nay, wrecked Lord Grey's ministry. But Peel steadfastly opposed attempts of this kind; he insisted that the Tories should conform to the sound and sober views he laid down for their course in the future; they were not to depart from these to snatch factious triumphs. The letters in which he sets forth these high principled doctrines, very different from those we have seen carried out since, form one of the most valuable parts of this book.

With these wise and statesman-like views, Peel did not oppose the measures of Lord Grey and his colleagues, if these were of a constitutional kind; he only tried to modify them in a Conservative sense. Thus he did not resist, at least in principle, the abolition of slavery in our West Indian colonies, though he had many objections to the measure actually proposed; he accepted the policy of commuting the Irish tithe, provided the Established Church in Ireland was not assailed;

he approved of the system of National Education, in Ireland, in the main. But he employed his great and growing authority in the State, in strenuously opposing Radical schemes, the creatures of a time of almost political anarchy; he denounced Triennial Parliaments and a mere democratic franchise; he ably upheld the cause of order and law in Ireland. His speech, indeed, on the Repeal of the Union proposed by O'Connell in 1834, is the best defence that has ever been made for that measure; it shows a greatly increased knowledge of Irish affairs; it may be studied with real profit to this hour. Peel, at the same time, kept his party together, with remarkable tact, and excellent judgment; above all, he repudiated coquetting with the Radical faction, which some of its members pressed on him, 'in order to dish the Whigs,' the phrase of a politician of a very different kind. By these means he made the Tories again a real power in Parliament, and greatly improved the legislation of the Whigs; this was a remarkable achievement in the House of Commons of 1832-4, a proof of statesmanship of a very high order. In this admirable and patriotic conduct he was, no doubt, well supported by the men in office, who, though the authors of an immense change in Parliament, were alive to the evils of raw democracy, and had no notion of encouraging revolutionary and socialistic movements. But how different would the result have been had Peel, as some of his followers advised, taken little or no part in the work of the House of Commons, and stood sulkily aloof with his diminished party, or had he played the game of the Radical faction in order to weaken the Government of Lord Grey!

The Administration of 1831-34 fell, ostensibly through an intrigue with O'Connell, and angry dissensions in the Cabinet; but really because the first Reformed House of Commons was almost unmanageable, in the circumstances of the time, and the Whig and Radical majority was much too large. The first Government of Lord Melbourne followed; as everyone knows it was summarily dismissed by the King; Wellington was made a Dictator for a few days; Peel was sent for, from Italy, to become Minister. By this time England had largely adopted

the Conservative faith, though in Scotland and Ireland it was otherwise; Peel wisely and courageously took office; he felt that this would be in the true interest of the State. The dissolution of Parliament in 1835 did not give him a majority in the House of Commons, taking into account the three kingdoms; but it greatly increased the Conservative party; it brought the extravagances of the Reform time to a close; it nearly restored the balance of the Constitution; the vessel of the State, before in danger, was raised, so to speak, from its beam ends, and set safely upon its course. This was a great and patriotic service; and Peel was perfectly justified, before leaving office, in bringing forward the measures he had devised, and in placing the new Conservative policy before the country. The Bills for regulating Dissenters' marriages, for the commutation of the Irish tithe, for appointing a Commission for the Established Church, were conceived in the spirit of moderate and wise reform, to which Peel had resolved to give effect; they prefigured, as it were, what he was to accomplish. It is, however, wholly untrue that the minister sought, at this juncture, to retain office against a hostile majority; his correspondence signally proves the exact contrary; no one has more clearly argued how unconstitutional it must be, to try to govern if the House of Commons is adverse, how this disturbs the whole order of things in the State. Peel was driven from his post by a combination of Whigs and Radicals, on the famous appropriation clause, as it was called; he would not consent that the revenues of the Established Church in Ireland should be applied, to any extent, to secular uses. In our day this may seem a rather narrow view, but it was held by the ablest statesmen of the time; it may be recollected that it was the proximate cause, at least, of the Oxford Tractarian movement begun in 1834-5.

The second Melbourne Government succeeded that of Peel; its position was, from the first, insecure; but it was in office for nearly six years. It had, in fact, an English majority against it in the House of Commons; its existence depended on O'Connell and his 'tail;' it gradually became more and more unpopular. The attitude of Peel was, year after year, more

commanding; he was acknowledged as the foremost of British statesmen; he was at the head of a great and united party increasing steadily in influence and power. In Opposition he persistently carried out, as far at least as regarded Great Britain, the policy which he had made especially his own. He assented to the reform of the English corporations, in the main; his correspondence shows that he was alive to the abuses which pervaded these bodies; he was desirous of strengthening municipal life in England, and of placing her municipal institutions on a sounder basis. He supported also the principle of the new English Poor Law; and in colonial affairs he upheld the policy which produced the Canadian Union, though he had no sympathy with the Canadian rebellion, and he disapproved of the conduct of Lord Durham. His attitude towards Ireland was somewhat different, but the circumstances of the time were peculiar. O'Connell practically controlled the Government; he was injuring it, in many ways, in England; Peel cordially disliked the Irish tribune; it was but natural that he should, as a rule, oppose the Irish measures of the Melbourne Ministry. It is true, too, that the associations of the past clung to some extent, to the Chief Secretary of 1812-18; he did not yet throw Protestant ascendancy off. Nevertheless Peel accepted the Irish Poor Law; and he markedly refused to identify himself with the violence of the Orange faction. He resisted Corporate reform in Ireland, and greatly changed the ministerial measure; these volumes contain weighty observations from his pen, on the danger of entrusting Irish Local Government to the disaffected leaders of an easily led and superstitious people; these are just now of peculiar interest. In truth, Peel did not see his way to reform Irish institutions upon the principles, which he felt could be safely applied in England; he thought they must be maintained as they were, and that they would perish if they were greatly changed.

The Bedchamber plot, as it was called at the time, gave new but sickly life to a tottering Government. In spite of the comments of 'Young England,' Peel took the constitutional course in this matter; the Queen has since acknowledged—

then a girl in her teens—that she was too absolute in insisting on keeping her Ladies. A Minister is, in fact, responsible for appointments at Court; he must, therefore, have a right of dismissal; the practice had been really settled in 1812. These volumes dwell at length on the subject; but it has long ceased to be of any interest. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the later and ignoble years of the second Melbourne Ministry. The country turned more and more against them; their truckling to O'Connell incensed Englishmen; the condition of affairs at home and abroad made rational people generally convinced that the State ought to be directed by more efficient hands. The ascendancy of Peel became complete; he almost mastered the Cabinet he continued to oppose; what was, perhaps, most characteristic in his policy at this time was that he greatly improved nearly every measure he let the Government pass. The weakest point of the Whigs was finance; here they temporised, nay, played the Radical game; Peel exposed their shortcomings over and over again, in speeches that had remarkable effect. The Ministry, like that of 1834-5, clung to office against the national will; and they recklessly made a leap in the dark by proposing free trade measures they had not thought of before, but which they hoped would gain for them the popularity they had lost. But the nation was not deceived by a palpable trick; Peel seized the occasion, and obtained a vote of no confidence, and at the General Election that followed, the Ministry was scattered in ignominious rout. Peel came to power with a very strong Government; the ten years from 1831 to 1841 had changed a Tory defeat into a Conservative triumph; the result was due far more to Peel than to any other statesman.

The position of affairs abroad and at home was alarming when Peel took the helm of the State. France resented the policy of 1840 in the East; there were troubles with Russia, and a Chinese war; the invasion of Afghanistan was about to cause a frightful defeat for our arms. But the condition of England was more ominous; it was pregnant with many and the gravest evils. Her agriculture had suffered from bad harvests; over-speculation had injured and crippled her com-

merce. To a considerable extent, however, the root of her ills lay in defects in her economic system, producing deep-seated mischief in her social order. The population had enormously increased since the peace, especially in the manufacturing towns; it had begun to press dangerously on the means of subsistence, which an unjust law artificially raised in price; it had lately fallen more and more into distress and poverty. At the same time, our trade and manufactures, vast as they were, were greatly hampered by all kinds of restrictions, which diminished production, increased its charge, and kept industry and its energies down; the system of taxation was in the interest of the rich and not of the poor. The Corn Laws added largely to the cost of the necessaries of life, and, above all, most seriously impeded commerce. The results were seen in Chartist outbreaks and discontent, in the condition of the humbler classes, revealed in Disraeli's striking novel, *Sybil*, in the growing influence of the Anti-Corn Law League, in a declining revenue and yearly deficits, even in the unpopularity of our youthful Queen; the only reassuring symptom, indeed, was the steady Conservatism of the powerful middle classes. Peel addressed himself to deal with a Herculean task; in his foreign policy he owed much to subordinates, and was extremely fortunate. Owing to the judicious conduct of Lord Aberdeen, the irritation of France subsided by degrees; China and Russia ceased to disturb our relations abroad; Pollock and Nott signally avenged the disaster of the Khyber Pass. But to Peel, and to Peel alone, belongs the credit of the immense and beneficial change he effected in our commercial system. Applying, with singular boldness and skill, the free-trade principles he had learned from Huskisson, he largely reduced the import duties, which had so grievously affected trade, encouraging especially the introduction of the raw materials required for our manufactures of almost all kinds; and, at the same time, he cut, so to speak, the Corn Laws down, admitting foreign corn at much lower rates than before, while he gave facilities to the importation of meat and other articles of food. By these means he at once promoted industry and added to the national wealth; above all, he

secured cheaper and better sustenance for the poor; and an immense reform in our whole economic system was effected through the imposition of the Income Tax, which placed on property a burden it ought to have borne before. This was the introduction, in a word, of the Free-trade era, ever to be associated with the name of Peel; if some of the incidents which have attended it have not been free from evil, it has witnessed an improvement in the condition of the mass of the people, and a development of our manufactures and trade, which, half a century ago, would have been pronounced impossible.

It would be unjust to ascribe the social progress made at once by England in 1842—and this was seen also north of the Tweed—to the fiscal reforms only of a great minister. A series of good harvests succeeded a series of bad; the sudden and prodigious expansion of our railway system, though accompanied by speculation that did much mischief, greatly increased the resources and the wealth of the country, and especially quickened many kinds of industry. But it is not the less true that the fruitful results of Peel's free-trade measures became soon manifest. The volume of our manufactures and commerce was enlarged; the improved tariff made production better and cheaper; a great impulse was given to the industry of the towns; we hear no more of closed mills, and furnaces blown out; the condition of the population became distinctly better; the balance of the revenue was redressed; the years of perilous deficits passed away; the Exchequer, long at a low ebb, overflowed. At the same time, a healthier tone pervaded the frame of society; the power of Chartism became infinitely less; even the authority of the Anti-Corn Law League declined; in the growing comfort of nearly all the humbler classes, the menacing cry of general discontent ceased. The change made a profound impression on the mind of Peel; he had from youth shown sympathy with the cause of the poor, but from this time forward, as Guizot has remarked, and as his letters in this work show, his efforts as a statesman were directed to the improvement of the condition of the toiling millions, as much,

at least, as to any other problem. In these circumstances, we perhaps wonder, in our day, that he did not perceive how the Corn Law, greatly as he had reduced its burden, was a tax not only on trade but on the bread of the people, and that he did not deal with it decisively for some years. But the Conservatives, and even many of the Whigs, upheld this legislation with a fixed purpose, and by no means, as they thought, in the interests of a class; Peel, like Adam Smith, was alive to the danger of effecting a sudden and complete change in economic arrangements on the faith of which landed contracts had been made for a long series of years, and money had been laid out in many millions; and there is reason to believe that, like most of the statesmen of the day, he had not yet freed his mind from the fallacy that the price of provisions regulates the rate of labouring wages.

The Scottish Church was rent asunder in 1843; Peel was not able to prevent the schism, but his letters show how he laboured to uphold the rights of the civil courts; very possibly he may have saved the Church from the danger of a lawless democratic movement.* He was confronted with grave troubles in Ireland in that year; these led to a change in the attitude towards that country which hitherto he had for the most part held. He was still identified with the Protestant party; some appointments he made were rather of an Orange character; O'Connell denounced him as a foe of Catholic Ireland, and raised again the cry of Repeal, to some extent, certainly, a mere party move. The agitation assumed gigantic proportions, but it never had a chance of success; Peel resisted it with calm and unflinching constancy, and O'Connell, before many months, succumbed—a very different policy, and with very different results, from Mr. Gladstone's surrender to Home Rule. But when Peel had put the movement down, he seriously turned his mind to the affairs of Ireland, and resolved to make a new departure in his previous course. No doubt he had already inclined towards liberal views for Ireland, but he now inaugurated a series of far-reaching reforms; here,

* Peel's correspondence on the subject is of special interest.

again, he recognised facts very late, but here again he acted courageously when the occasion had come. He still adhered to the idea that the main institutions of Ireland and their Protestant basis could not be really disturbed with safety to the State; he left the Established Church and Trinity College intact; he hardly touched the settlement of the land. But he endeavoured, side by side with these, to set up institutions that would satisfy the needs of Catholic Ireland, and would win the sympathies of the Irish Catholics; he largely increased the endowment of Maynooth, and, but for the furious clamour that arose in Parliament, he would perhaps have carried out part of the policy which Pitt had at heart, and have made a provision for the Irish Catholic priesthood. He established, too, a system of education for the upper middle-class in Ireland, and especially for the Irish Catholics, founded on the most liberal ideas of the day, and he greatly developed Irish Catholic charities. These measures have not proved very successful, but another promoted by Peel might have had immense results. He appointed the famous Devon Commission to report on the condition of Irish land-tenure, and, had his valuable life been spared, the Irish Land Question would probably have been settled long ago. Peel also proclaimed, in emphatic language, that the day of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland had passed, and that the Irish Catholic must thenceforward practically stand on the same level of rights as the Irish Protestant; here, again, he was not only far in advance of his former self, but of three-fourths of the politicians of the time.*

The Government of Peel was at the height of its power at the close of the Session of 1845. The affair of Pritchard, indeed, had caused a dispute with France, but Soult, Guizot, Wellington, and Aberdeen had earnestly and successfully maintained peace. The Maine and Oregon questions had stirred up troubles between Great Britain and the

* I can only refer to the important Irish correspondence of Peel in these volumes; it is most instructive. Catholic emancipation was not thoroughly carried out for many years after 1829, though it was the law.

United States, but these were disappearing or about to disappear. The great Sikh war was soon to break out in India, but Hardinge was gloriously to vindicate the power of our arms by his difficult but splendid victories upon the Sutlej. Our foreign relations were, on the whole, in an auspicious state; the visits of the Czar Nicholas and of Louis Philippe to the Queen had been a pledge of European concord. The progress made by the nation since 1841 had surpassed the expectations of all public men; this had given the Ministry immense authority. Maynooth, no doubt, and the 'Godless Colleges,' as they were called, had provoked a religious cry in Parliament; the development of the free-trade policy, seen in the great budget of 1845, had irritated a section of the old Tories; a vindictive man of genius had exclaimed that 'Protection was where Protestantism was in 1828.' But the prosperity of the country was great and increasing; the wail of discontented poverty was not heard; the Chartist agitation had sunk to zero; the revenue was advancing by leaps and bounds; Peel, at the earnest request of Wellington, whose letters on the subject in these volumes are of sterling and permanent value, had found the means of allotting large sums to the improvement of our forces, at sea and on land, which had become deplorably weak.* The position of the Government seemed impregnable; it was confidently predicted that it would last for many years. In these circumstances, it has long been known, and the knowledge has been confirmed by this work, what the general views of Peel were, and what course he intended to take in our domestic policy. He had fully accepted the theory of free-trade; the evident growth of the community in wealth had satisfied him that it should be extended. He had become, too, convinced by degrees that the Corn Laws were in the interests of the rich and against those of the poor; that they meant keeping up rents and taxing the necessaries of life; and that wages, unless, indeed,

* These letters explode the dangerous and false theory, propounded by ill informed naval experts, and emphatically condemned by Captain Mahan, that the navy alone is a sufficient defence for these islands.

they fell to starvation point, did not depend on the price of bread. But he knew that here he differed from five-sixths of the ruling classes; he dreaded breaking up the Conservative party again; he rightly felt that suddenly to abandon Protection would be very injurious to many important interests. He wished to promote free-trade, but cautiously, and with slow steps; to let the country pronounce on the subject, and not to repeal the Corn Laws until after the lapse of some years. Meanwhile his object was to continue at the head of affairs, and gradually to convince his followers that his policy was right.

Events, however, were too strong for the great minister; he was unexpectedly compelled to abandon his purpose. The potato, the food of the teeming millions of the Irish poor, suddenly failed in many districts, towards the close of 1845; there were grave apprehensions of widespread famine. Peel, well informed as to the conditions of Irish life, saw at once that a period of distress was at hand; how could it be possible to vote funds for the relief of the Irish masses, and yet to keep up restrictions on the importation of the materials of bread? He called his colleagues together; proposed to throw open the ports, and, at the same time, intimated that, in his judgment, it would be impossible to re-enact the Corn Laws, if they were suspended as the necessities of the time required. But three members only of the Cabinet accepted this view; the consideration of the subject was for the moment deferred; meanwhile, Lord John Russell's celebrated letter appeared, announcing that the hour for the Repeal of the Corn Laws had come. Peel addressed himself to his lieutenants again; their hands had been forced by the opposition leader; but two of the most important refused to concur in the project to which their chief still adhered. These volumes dwell at considerable length on the memorable train of events that followed, and throw a great deal of fresh light on the subject. Peel resigned when he found that he had not a unanimous Cabinet; Lord John Russell, when summoned by the Queen, was not able to form a Government; Peel was almost compelled to return to the helm again; one only of his colleagues still

keeping aloof. The minister felt that he was in the presence of a grave emergency; he justly thought he was free to take his course; he resolved, as he had resolved in 1829, to disregard mere consistency and the ties of party, under the stress of a great necessity of State; he characteristically acted with prompt decision and energy. He introduced in the first days of the Session of 1846, a great measure for doing away with protection, in the case of a large number of foreign imports; and he proposed that the Corn Laws should be repealed, but only after the expiration of three years; for by this time it had been ascertained that even the immediate repeal of the Corn Laws would not reduce the price of bread for a period as yet not known. In taking this course Peel had the full support of the Queen—her letters on the subject, and those of Prince Albert, in this work are of peculiar value; he was upheld also, though reluctantly, by the opposition; and he was backed by an overwhelming force of public opinion, which rallied round him with decisive effect. But he was assailed by his late followers in the House of Commons, with a savage rancour, unexampled, perhaps, in Parliamentary annals; the scenes of 1829 were nothing compared to the exhibition of 1846; Disraeli fanned the flame with extraordinary perseverance and skill. It was wittily remarked that, in the first case, the question was one of religious principle only; in the other of the pockets of Tory landlords.*

We may regret that in carrying out a great and just policy, Peel, as so often had happened before, was somewhat tardy in seeing the truth; and that he did not openly tell his followers, before Ireland was suffering from acute distress, that the Corn Laws could not be long maintained. But many considerations may be urged in his behalf; and he was right, as the event proved, in not abolishing protection for corn at once, as Lord John Russell advocated for a party purpose. It is true, also, that actual famine did not occur widely in Ireland, until the close of 1846; and that to some extent the measure he pro-

* For an account of this furious outbreak of party passion see Greville's *Memoirs*, Vol. V., p. 400.

posed was not absolutely essential, at the moment, when he brought it forward. But the course he adopted was, in the main, right; the Repeal of the Corn Laws could not have been long deferred; and his conduct was much less questionable than it was in 1829, for his free-trade tendencies had been long avowed. When the occasion came he acted boldly, as in 1829; as in 1829 he was perfectly justified in giving effect to the policy to which he had become a convert; no other Government, as in 1829, was possible, save one of which he was the leading spirit. Nothing is more remarkable than the irresistible support he received from the nation at this juncture; it was felt that he was acting as a patriotic statesman; that he was sacrificing himself for the public good; that he was giving up party for the sake of his country.* Nor can anything excuse the rabid clamour that arose against him within the House of Commons; the Protectionists had had full notice that their leader had become at heart a free-trader; they were not in any real sense deceived, as the Tories had some right to say that they were, when a full concession was made of the Catholic claims; their opposition excited general disgust in enlightened and unprejudiced minds. Peel, as every one knows, fell in the Session of 1846; his great administration came to an end. This event was the result of a very discreditable intrigue of which Disraeli, who, in these volumes, appears in anything but a favourable light, was the principal author from first to last; but in which the Whig opposition played a sorry part. For the mere sake of driving Peel from office, Lord John Russell's followers and the Protectionist Rump united in resisting the passing of a measure for Ireland, for which they had voted a few weeks before; few acts in the history of faction have been worse. But this sinister conduct increased the enthusiasm felt for Peel; and time was in a few months to vindicate his free-trade policy. As he significantly remarked, what would have been the power of Chartism, in 1848, when Revolution was overrunning Europe,

* See, on this subject, the very striking remarks of Greville, by no means an admirer of Peel; *Memoirs*, V., p. 331.

had a bread tax been continued to keep up the rents of landlords, and to increase the cost of the necessaries of life for the people !

Lord John Russell's ministry succeeded that of Peel ; this was another feeble but rather long-lived Government. The condition of political parties was curious ; the Whigs, even with the Radicals, were not powerful ; the Protectionists were numerous, but little better than a mob ; the followers of Peel were a mere handful of able men ; the Ministry just held its own amidst these conflicting elements. Peel held a commanding position in the State ; he was a general with the remains of an army ; he was still detested by the faction which had thrown him off, but his authority in England and Scotland was immense, and Lord John Russell's Government would not have lasted a year had he not given it steady and loyal support. The appalling Irish famine of 1846-8 taxed the energies to the utmost of the men in office ; they followed in the main the policy adopted by Peel in the far lesser trial of 1845 ; but in two particulars they departed from it ; in this respect they showed they did not possess his wisdom. They did not, as he had done, lay in stores of food in remote districts where there were few roads and little retail trade ; many deaths by starvation were, no doubt, the terrible result. Unlike Peel, too, they imposed on the country the whole burden of a system of ruinous public works, and to this day Ireland resents their conduct, while the memory of Peel is held in esteem and reverence. It is probable, too, that had Peel been in power at this crisis, he would have had broader and more statesmanlike views than the Whigs, and have acted more boldly and with better effect ; he would have mitigated the hardships of a too stringent Poor Law, and possibly have made the exodus less cruel ; assuredly, though he made a mistake in suggesting the disastrous Encumbered Estates Act, he would have made an earnest, and perhaps a successful, effort to reform Irish land-tenure from top to bottom. Peel, from 1847 to 1850, supported the free-trade policy of his successors with conspicuous ability and assiduous care ; the modification of the Navigation Acts, and the reduction of the sugar duties and kindred

measures, bear more or less the mark of his master hand. He disliked, however, the meddling and arrogant conduct of Lord Palmerston; he condemned it, indeed, in his last speech in Parliament, but in this respect the Queen and Lord John Russell held similar views. These volumes show, in many dozen passages, how the country in these years looked up to Peel as infinitely the first of its living statesmen; very probably, had his life been prolonged, he would have been borne into power with the acclaim of three-fourths of the nation. But he disliked the idea of a return to office; there is ample evidence of this in this work; yet, had this been his fortune, English history would probably have run a different course for a time. For instance, it is difficult to suppose that Peel would not have avoided the Crimean War, and he would have been a most salutary check on Mr. Gladstone. He was, however, suddenly cut off in the maturity of his powers; scarcely any statesman has been so mourned by a people with one voice of regret.

Peel was not one of those men of commanding genius, who penetrate the hidden depths of the future, and mould the destinies of nations by their far-seeing wisdom. Our Parliamentary system, however, does not encourage the growth of such master-minds; with its tendency to deal only with the practical needs of the moment, to compromise, and, above all, to defer to the exigencies of party as they arise, it is not favourable to creative and profound statesmanship. It must be remembered, besides, that Peel was brought up in the narrow and hard Toryism of the first part of the century; his career, in fact, was a gradual emancipation from it; and our generation can hardly understand how hostile it was to every kind of reform, to change, however advantageous, in Church and State, to political, economic, and social progress. Nevertheless, after making every allowance, Peel was wanting in prescience as a public man; this was the chief defect of his powerful but somewhat slow intellect, so characteristic of even the best Anglo-Saxon nature. He steadily resisted the Catholic claims, from 1809 to 1829; and though on this, the great domestic problem of the time, his views were not ex-

trema, or those of a bigot, he opposed Castlereagh, Canning, Brougham, Grattan, and Plunket. It was the same with respect to Parliamentary Reform; he was not, indeed, averse to all change in the constitution of the old House of Commons; but he would have left it, in the main, intact; and he held out to the last against the measure of 1831-32. We see the same tendencies, though greatly modified, when his political life entered its second phase. He clung to Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, too long, though he always set his face against Orange lawlessness; he maintained Irish institutions, as necessary to the State, though these really did it no doubtful mischief. He did not, in truth, begin thoroughly to comprehend the significance and depth of Irish questions, until he had to cope with a huge revolutionary movement; he then, indeed, quickly changed his attitude; but he had passed his fifty-fifth year. Even on the great and paramount question of free-trade, he formed practical and decisive conclusions late. He had mastered the doctrines of Adam Smith at an early age; he had sat at the feet of Canning and Huskisson, and seen how they had removed many restraints on commerce. But it was not until 1842, that he committed himself to free-trade, generally, as a principle, and as a project of national policy; and masterly as his legislation was, he still upheld Protectionist fallacies for a time. Nor did he venture to insist on a Repeal of the Corn Laws, until the prospect of famine in Ireland determined his purpose.

This over-cautious slowness of Peel was unfortunate for the State and himself. Especially in the instance of the Catholic question, it retarded a reform for years that ought to have taken place; and the reform, when it came, was not a concession to justice, but a surrender to a dangerous popular movement. It injured, too, Peel much as a party leader; exposed his conduct to obliquity not without some excuse; and deprived him of office when his services would have been above price. In spite, however, of this single, but marked, defect, Peel was one of the foremost and most patriotic of British statesmen. One great quality he possessed in the very highest degree; if he was halting in thought, and in making

up his mind, he acted boldly and with admirable courage when a necessity arose; he was 'a daring pilot in extremity, in no doubtful sense, in 1829 and again in 1846.' And if we estimate him by the good work he accomplished, no statesman of this century achieved so much, though his official career was not very long. In early youth he put an end to abuses in Ireland which had become a disgrace to the public service, and laid the foundations of a system that has promoted law and order. He reformed the currency in 1819 and 1844; was one of the ablest and most successful supporters of sound finance; as Home Secretary he recast our criminal law and removed some of its worst evils. He settled the Catholic Question in 1829; many years afterwards gave complete effect to Catholic emancipation almost for the first time, though the second Melbourne Government had done much, and inaugurated important Irish reforms in a liberal and essentially a just spirit. He was, too, practically the author of the free-trade policy, which has enormously increased the national wealth, and he repealed the Corn Laws in the interest of trade and the mass of the people. The greatest, however, of Peel's achievements, I think, was due to the wisdom of his political conduct after the revolution, as it was, of 1831-32. He found the country almost in a state of anarchy, with some of its institutions in grave danger; he found the Tory party fallen, and almost powerless in the State. By the judicious and statesmanlike course he adopted, by establishing the Conservatism of the new era, by bringing the present into harmony with the past through moderate and well-considered reforms, by rallying around him the great middle-class, and by making his party conform to sound principles, he restored the balance of the Constitution, which had been perilously inclined; educes political order out of chaos, and, within ten years, had made Conservatism supreme in the State. It was most unfortunate that his great party rejected its constructor and leader in 1846, and that for what seemed to the nation a selfish purpose of class; it remained a discredited faction for years, much to the detriment of the common weal.

Though the creator of the Conservative party, Peel was not a perfect party leader. He seldom consulted even its chief men; he had not the gift of 'educating' it to submit to a sudden change of policy, as Disraeli 'educated' his followers to do almost any thing. Nor was he wholly at home with the great landed nobility; his manner was not that of a finished patrician; he was not at his ease at Court, or in what is called 'Society.' But he was revered and loved by the few intimate friends, to whom he really opened his heart; his sovereign, long prejudiced against him, looked up to him as a most trusted counsellor and guide; England regarded him as by far her most capable statesman, above all as one who had a single eye to duty. One of the best qualities of Peel was his fine discernment in appreciating the merits of rising young men, and in bringing them forward in the service of the State; unlike Walpole, he did much for his 'boys'; Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Lord Lincoln, Cardwell and others owed their first start in official life to him. Peel was most eminent in public affairs at home; but it is a mistake to imagine that he did not give earnest attention to imperial and foreign politics; he was not meddlesome and domineering like Lord Palmerston; but he carefully upheld British interests abroad; and he addressed himself vigorously to strengthening the means of our national defence, which his predecessors had much neglected. As a dispenser of the patronage of the State he was discriminating and upright in the highest degree; he had an eye for merit wherever it was to be found; the appointments he made were, as a rule, excellent; he was liberal in placing good men in office, but he was rightly chary of increasing the peerage. For the rest, though not an orator of the first order, few Parliamentary speakers have been so effective; his management of the House of Commons was, for years, a marvel of judgment and skill; Disraeli has rightly said that he was perhaps 'the greatest of Parliamentary members.' In private life he was a model of domestic excellence; his taste in literature and art was very good, and though he felt little interest in the great religious movement of the time—indeed, he rather laughed at Gladstone's High Church theories—he

lived as he died, a good Christian. Half a century has passed, and his greatness has only become more manifest; this admirable and elaborate record of what he was, may be recommended to students of our political history, and indeed to readers of almost every class.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

ART. II.—A GARDEN OF PALMS.

OUR world is no dull prosaic book without pictures, or romances, or fun. It is rich in wonders, beauties, surprises, in quaint fairy tales, and comic biographies. What of the aurora borealis and the comets in the heavens, the mirage and simoon of the desert? There are the giant caves, and stalactited grottos of America; the Colorado wonders, and volcanic and glacial mountains; geysers and mighty cascades. Gigantic and minute fossils, of mastodons, libellula; of lepidodendron and rain-drops. There are animals with instinct as acute as man, and habits humourous and grave. How full of variety and delightful marvel these are, but none more so than the inhabitants of the vegetable world. The vegetable world, which is packed with miracles and beauties, ever opening out before the gaze of the sympathetic observer. Animals are curious enough, with their quaint unexpected ways and marvellous ingenuity, but plants and trees are more so, or seem so, in their impressive quietude. What animal grows at the express speed of the Lycoperdon, which, from a microscopic seed, in twelve hours leaps into a fungus four feet in diameter, counting its cells by thousands of millions, each holding the eggs of a future plant, which has vitality for reaching in one night the size of a gourd? Or like the *Cereus Cactus*, a glory of the darkness, which tells its secrets to the stars. Brilliant in colour, it expands its white feathery petals round a bright golden sun, sends out wafts of rich perfume,

and in a few hours is gone out of existence for ever? What veteran of the animal kingdom has lived to see the birth and death of the Dragon's Blood tree, or the Baobab of fifty centuries growing in the forests of Africa? What mammal has watched the setting of the Californian Cedars, or the Chestnuts of Europe, which number their days by thousands and not by meagre hundreds? Or the valiant Oaks which look across the centuries like patriarchs of the forest? So venerable, indeed, are they that the ancients believed them to be immortal, and surely six thousand years is eternal life, if eternity be measured by time. What mammoth monster cranes its neck into the sky for forty-three yards, or measures round its waist a hundred and fifty feet, as do some of the giant forest trees? Are there reptiles that gauge from head to tail-tip a hundred feet? There are Vines, affectionate and clinging, winding a difficult and devious path for five hundred feet; and Convolvuli with stems which would reach along the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge, and back again. There are electric marvels in the vegetable world to satisfy the cravings of the most sensational-loving nature. Stories of a Mimosa, sensitive to every touch or vibration; of the brilliant *Victoria Regia*, its white flower a yard in circumference, with huge saucer-like leaves, floating on the water, strong enough to hold a little child. The hospitable Amphora of South American prairies, offering pitchers of pure, cool water to thirsty tongues. The *Rafflesia*, a colossal growth, before which the Javanese prostrate themselves, for they believe that a god hides within the cyclopean blossoms, each of which weighs from twelve to fifteen pounds, and resembles a monster fungus. There are surprises of colour, of form, of habit, and delicate perfume to satisfy the epicure. What more radiant and harmonious in colouring than the beautiful family of *Nelumbia*, and in form nothing surpasses the artistic and graceful *Lotus*. Favourite among gods and men, choice architectural design for the vast temples of the sacred Vishnu, for Egyptian colonnades and Pharaohean monuments. For quaintness of habit we turn to the Venus Fly-trap, which snares its prey into a neatly-laid trap, then clutching the unwary insect, spider-like, sucks its

blood, well named after the goddess of the magic girdle, the beautiful, deluding Venus.

Some flowers expand only in the light and sunshine, others fearsome and shy, hesitate to meet the glare of day, and seek rather shade and a cooler atmosphere. There are 'pilgrims of the night' who are never kissed by the sun; and mountaineers, wrapped by the wild blasts and the penetrating mists of high altitudes, while their dainty sisters seek the softer valley and sheltered glade. All have their place and season, and give out ungrudgingly their best to the world.

Pliny the Roman, a lover of flowers, hinted at the possibility of a floral calendar, but the botanical world was sixteen hundred years in taking the hint. Then the great Linnaeus of Sweden, the founder of modern botany, ventured to make one. He substituted sweet, graceful petals for hard, conventional figures, and every month brought joy and refreshment; every flower its month, each month its flower. And it may be that one day, when we cling less to our decimals and our vulgar fractions, that we shall choose to look at the pearly white, the rich shades of crimson, soft pinks, cool yellows, and high-toned blues, rather than multiply our days and months by scentless, untuneful numerals. But what is more astonishing, after many years of waiting and learning, the enthusiastic botanist constructed a botanical clock, which indicated the correct hour of the day. For instance, the dandelion opened at five a.m., wall-hawkweed at six o'clock, lettuce at seven o'clock, and so on; there were flowers also which opened at the half hours. But Linnaeus was not the first to observe this; it does not always require the influence of a high standard of civilization to develop the power of observation in Nature. Many races, akin to savage, were before the eighteenth century professors, for they had for long years roughly divided the days by looking into the faces of the flowers rather than into that of the sun.

So each of these children of the fields, of the forests, of the glades, and of the desert, has its own beauty, and use, and individuality, working out its own destiny, fulfilling the laws of its being, however insignificant and ponderous, with a per-

sisteny which would often shame man were he to carefully read the pages of that open book. Man, who is so deeply influenced by the vegetable world, which has been closely related to him from the beginning of time, for wherever he has pitched his tent, plants and trees have been his resource and comfort. From them he has drawn nourishing food; among them he has found his phials of medicine, his drugs and his poisons. They have witnessed his tragedies and his romances, carried his messages of love, crowned his bride with fragrant blossoms; they have joined in his festivals, and festooned his temples, filled his hands with welcome offerings to his gods. They have contentedly lain on the ground for the feet of children to trample out their perfume, or held their heads high in processions of dignity and grace. In sympathy they have dropped silver-petaled tears on the graves of beloved ones, and made the ashes of the dead sweet as the aromatics of Arabia. They have crowned with honour the head of the hero, made young hearts joyous, and old ones young again. They have kissed weariness from the brow of the sick, and cooled the lips of the fever stricken. Their beautiful presences have been 'angels of light' to the oppressed souls, their breath has enriched the air, and mingled with the incense of heaven. Thus in weal and woe is man ever linked to and dependent upon creatures of the vegetable world. And among the vast multitude of inhabitants of that world, none are more fascinating, various, and useful than the family of palms. Those majestic, noble, plumed patricians of the tropics, with lofty crest, and fine armorial bearings—the aristocracy of the plant world. One of their intimate friends reminds us that they are the 'princes of the vegetable kingdom.' Their fellow-countrymen, the Indians, call them 'Kings of the Grasses.' Right royal personages they are, by descent, by association, by regal beauty, and above all, by the essential badge of kingship, the princely administration of necessities to the needs of the people.

The palm is honoured by tradition as the symbol of immortality, and saints and martyrs carried it. Antiquity points at its fruitful foliage as the token of fecundity, for it fructifies

until death withers it. The Romans, who admired strength and a character of some standing, stamped a branch of palm upon their coins as a type of the empire's duration. A trophy of victory carried in processions of glory and triumph. Its leaves were feathers in the chaplets of conquerors and heroes; poets sang of the 'palmy days' of old; and French kings, on the coronation day, gripped its stem as a safe and royal sceptre. The flowers and leaves may be traced upon many old monuments of Egypt, and one antiquary thinks that this figuration always implies the year; as the palm gives out a shoot every lunar change, and the year is represented by so many branches. Sprigs of palm were thrown in the path of Christ, and the commemoration is still kept by the Church on Palm Sunday. In former days the consecrated branches of Palm were supposed to carry with them safety and healing; and they were sought with eagerness by the populace, who believed them to have supernatural power.

Among palms you have a variety in an emphasized degree. On hill-side they stand like crowned monarchs, surrounded by leafy subjects of inferior rank. In the dense shades of virgin forest they bloom, and flourish, and mingle with their sister trees. They decorate the river banks with fine and dignified colonnades, lofty as church spires, with a turret of leaves dainty as Mechlin lace. In the desert they proclaim the oasis, when fruit and shade are the reward of the traveller. Some are lovers of the sea, and luxuriate where the salt spray sprinkles their green. Or in the swamps, where the water satisfies their thirst, so that they are heedless of the sun's fiercest rays. And again, there are those who fear ague or rheumatism, and must have a dry bed, and well drained soil if their backs are to be straight and their heads erect. There are palms who love society, and mingle with their neighbours, giving a friendly nod, and a sympathetic touch. And there are those who, like some reserved people, are cold, repellent, wrapping themselves round in icy seclusion. There are some with trunks sturdy and strong, five feet thick; and others whose stems swaying with the faintest wind are fine and delicate as reeds. There are those like clinging vines, which

form a network of entangled stems, twining serpent-like among the grasses and undergrowth for five hundred feet; and there are others which shoot up their graceful heads sixty feet into the blue heavens.

It is the hotter climes, and under the tropical sun, where the palm is mostly at home, where it lives its richest life, sending out leaves, flowers, fruits, and other valuable gifts in unstinting generosity. A personal study of palms is not the easiest thing in the world. Most of the species flower once only in the year, and that about January or February, not months when Europeans are likely to be dodging about in the tropics. The blossoms of many last but a few days, and if a botanist happens to be in the palm region at the right time, and is fortunate enough to look from a lowly standpoint upon the foliage, how is he to become possessed of the bloom I should like to know. A difficult matter, unless he be a native, or a god. A bird may examine its petals, and pick at the pistil or stamens, but alas, a man has no wings, and Lord Lytton's flying machinery of 'The Coming Race' has not yet come into vogue. The flowers often hang from huge thorned stems, sixty or seventy feet above his head. If he were not so far removed from the monkey, he might make a successful attempt, but heigh-ho! with his development, and the accessories of his evolution, the old fashioned art of his ancestors has become an impossible feat. As to securing the help of natives, boys who can climb the loftiest trees for their own purposes, it is an unrealized dream. Money, presents, or any other allurements fail to attract the independent and lazy rascals. Humboldt's story of his manœuvres to gain a single spadix of the hermaphrodite blossoms of a South American palm is truly pathetic. How he and his devoted friend, holding out tempting piastres, beseeched the naked urchins, running about the streets of Regla and Guanavacoa, to act as monkeys to procure the much coveted flowers. But to no purpose; they gaped, and sniggled, and slunk away, leaving the botanists imploring the lightning to strike down the palm and lay the blossoms at their feet. There are some few palms which flower but once in a life-time, they are all their life long

preparing for the one great effort, and then, having accomplished it, they die at peace with themselves, and all around them.

Who can over-estimate the value of Palms? They are the most beautiful, and the most useful race of the vegetable kingdom. Give an Indian, or an African, or a South American a few varieties, and he is provided for life with all that is necessary for nourishment, and comfort, and pleasure. He begins to build his cottage, ah! he has plenty of choice of good hard timber for rafters and doors; and wood that will take a fine polish, for his table and stools, and bowls and spoons. And what durable thatch he can form of the huge, triangular leaves of the Carana; a thatch that will defy storms and rain for many long years to come. Then, by weaving the long fibre of the Coco Palm into string, and netting it firmly together, he has at once a comfortable and substantial hammock; and slinging it from one tree to another he rests his bones luxuriantly. And of this same sort of fibre he can make mats for his floor, and brooms to sweep it with. While he has with very slight fashioning, a sun bonnet to keep his head cool.

From one species he gathers a giant spathe, thick and woody, one or two yards long, foot-bath shape, and he sits and smokes while he watches the mother bathing the bairns in it and then putting them to dry in the sun. The smaller spathes are handy as vessels for domestic use, and he has a row of them in his larder, for the milk, and wine, and honey which his various palms yield. He gathers from them nuts, and dates, and clusters of other beautiful fruit, and sets them upon his table. He brings in the pith for his wife to knead into bread; or flour of the Guilielma for delicious cakes, which the native loves to eat newly roasted. Then there is tapioca and sago for puddings, treacle or sugar, or jam to flavour them with, and pickles to eat with his cabbage. He can fashion arrows for sport, and harpoons for catching fish; a basoon wherewith to make 'sweet music,' at least his idea of music, and merrily while away the long evenings. The palm provides toys for his children, and a comb and clothes for his

wife, and even soap and tooth powder if he is fastidious, and learned a little in the way of manufacture. He has medicines when he is ailing, and light in the darkness.

And all these commodities from a few varieties of palms; well might the learned Dr. Seeman say, 'How can the human race inhabit any parts of the globe whence they [palms] are excluded.' And the still greater Linnæus exclaim, 'Man dwells naturally within the tropics, and lives on the fruit of the palm-tree; he exists in other parts of the world, and there makes shift to feed on corn and flesh.' Aye! and not only is the palm a storehouse of food, a warehouse of furniture, a wardrobe of clothing, a repository of miscellaneous wares, but were man to seek into its hidden treasures of beauty, and growth and habit, it would become to him an educational agency—free and non-sectarian.

Now, if your interest is in any way aroused in the beneficent race of palms, I will introduce you to one or two of their chiefs, noble creatures of no mean instinct, or barbarous habits. First look at the beautiful and graceful *Areca Cathecu*, 'an arrow shot from heaven,' the Hindoo poet says; reaching up its fair form for more than fifty feet, seeming to gaze beyond the sky to search the records above it; with slender delicate stem, and crown of feathery leaves at the summit. It is specially at home among the Rajahs of India, and the islanders of the Indian Ocean. It loves the sea, and a wide expanse of view, no crowded corner of the universe, for it has no sins to hide, and it clusters in groups of its own relatives. The young ones flap their dark green leaves one against the other, but the matrons don a grayer and more sober tint. Below the crown, from long branches, hangs the rich yellow fruit which ripens once in the year, and has an astringent taste, the juice is considered an excellent tonic. The egg-shaped pendant, peeping between the green foliage, is a dainty picture for the artist. The spathe is useful for many domestic purposes, such as drinking vessels, and baking bowls.

The *Areca*s are great dwellers on the coasts of Sumatra; the women of the island plant them, and in three years young trees wave their plumes, and shower down the *areca* nuts so



popular in the islands. The nut universally known as the chew-chew of India, when prepared for mastication, and got up in neat little packets, is dignified by the name of 'pinang,' and the Siamese call it 'plow.' Very few of them take it neat, a common mixture is, equal quantities of areca, tobacco, gambir, and pepper leaves. Some simply mix the nut with betel leaves and lime from ground sea shells. One way of preparing it, is cutting the nuts into quarters, sprinkling betel leaves with lime, wrapping up each quarter in a sprinkled leaf and chewing. The habit of chewing makes the teeth and lips hideous, and spoils entirely the expression of the face. Possibly the Indians think differently, at any rate, they would not for appearance sake, deprive themselves of the pleasure they derive from this horrible decoction, not even the women, vain as they are. Besides, they consider this habit very wholesome, and believe that the teeth are fastened more securely into the gums, and that the blood is cooled by the mastication of the betel. The Chinese of Sumatra have a prosperous trade in fancy boxes which they make for holding the 'pinang' ready for chewing. So general is the habit of chewing the areca nut that it has been put to a national one, and become a standard scale of measurement. Distances are counted by the number of chews, so many chews to a mouthful, so many mouthfuls to the mile. I know of no more ingenious and economical scale of reckoning either in the savage, or the civilized world than this. The areca nut has other uses besides this peculiar one. It is a large ingredient in dyes; it is used also for red ink, and in combination with other things is a good substitute for black ink. Part of the petiole is utilized as soft paper, for wrapping up valuables; and some parts of the leaf compose a favourite salad.

This elegant tree has many more useful properties: there is the valuable timber; the leaves, which are utilized in many ways; medicinal qualities; the fibre of the ripened fruit, and various others. But all these are common to most other palms, and I only wish to emphasize those which are characteristic, of the arecas.

Another palm of equal interest, and of greater distinction, is

the noble family of Phoenix. The date palm of Sahara, for which the weary caravan inmates look out, and spy with such glee; for it means luscious fruit, cool water, shade and rest. The palm of triumphal Biblical note, branches of which the fickle crowd threw before their few days' hero. Elegant in appearance, lofty in height, invaluable for its precious gifts; venerable in years, for the Phoenix, like its legendary namesake, is a centenarian, and if burned down to the root, rises again fairer than ever, and lives, and blooms, and vegetates, its five score years. It has over forty cousins, all distinguished by their own Christian names, but proud to join in the one honoured surname. The different branches of this family have their country seats in various parts of the world. North Africa is a favourite locality, among the groves and palaces of Tunis. The south-east of Asia is another 'rendezvous' of this courtly race, and some have settled even on the southern fringes of Europe. This fine old palm is a grand source of revenue in Egypt, and the government knew what it was about when it set a tax upon the Phoenix; it pockets through this means over two million piastres per annum. Besides those growing wild, there are vast plantations, and indeed, extensive forests several leagues in circumference. These have been planted by energetic agriculturists, and when wisely drained and watered, prove highly profitable. Trees planted from shoots are raised more quickly, and are superior to those produced from seed. The shoots are set twelve feet from each other, and in three years a meagre, insipid fruit appears, but the full glory of foliage, and lusciousness of fruit is not attained until the tree has reached well on into its teens. But the Phoenix can afford a few years at the beginning of its life, when it is destined to see three generations of men come and go before its leaves grow grey and its branches wither. It is of noble aspect, often sixty feet or more in height, with clusters of leaves eight to fifteen feet long issuing from the top, extending umbrella like upon its giant stalk. There are a thousand virtues in this tree; in fact it furnishes the Arabs, and many other races, with almost all they require. It will thrive in soil which is unfit for the cultivation of grain; where flocks of

sheep gain scanty nourishment, and are of little use as food, kept by the owners simply for their wool. The fruit is wholesome and agreeable, either fresh or dried; or it is often hardened in the sun, and ground into meal; or made into a paste and mixed with barley; and in either form is used with advantage on long journeys, as it is easy of carriage, and very sustaining. The male flowers, when young and tender, with a sprinkle of lemon juice, are a good substitute for salad. The natives extract a juice from the tree which is a sweet, refreshing drink, and because of its delicacy is usually reserved for invalids. Some, however, boil down this juice, which, when cool, becomes crystalised and is used as sugar. The poorer classes procure a farinaceous substance from the woody fibres, of which they make a thick, but unpalatable gruel, which the Indians know as 'kauji.' A kind of gum is found by squeezing the ripe fruit; and even the stones are not wasted, for when well steeped in water they have proved to be excellent food for cattle who have no grass, and none but the coarsest herbage. The leaves are made into mats, and brooms, and baskets; the filaments of the branches worked into strong ropes, and the more delicate parts into cloth and carpets. The wood is incorruptible, and used for building houses, boats, for beams and instruments of husbandry. It is fine for yule logs, as it burns slowly, but with a fierce heat which would soon frizzle the Christmas goose. The inhabitants of the Canaries make clothes of the fine beautiful leaves, and look much like flowers peeping out of their long fringed cloaks.

Do you wonder that the native adores this palm, and cannot conceive of a country without the Phoenix. What greater loss could befall him than the extinction of this sacred tree? You may imagine what terror seized the panic-stricken inhabitants of Suckna, when at the end of the twenties Abd-el-Gelil besieged the town and ordered the date trees of the neighbourhood to be cut down without mercy. There could be no famine where the Phoenix held out its liberal hands, and the shrewd invaders knew that this was a sure way of securing surrender. Historians record that over forty thousand were cut to the ground, and the lamentation of the people was like the

bellowing of Mars when he was wounded by Diomed. But in a few years the palms were up again, sprightly young heirs, green and healthy, with a host of sisters and brothers, nearly doubling their former numbers; so the land was comforted, and the hearts of the people made glad.


Now, let us make a closer acquaintance with another palm, perhaps the most celebrated clan in the palm kingdom—the Cocos, with its well-known coco-nut fruit. A coco in India means a bugbear, or a mark of distortion, and the Portuguese gave the nut this name, from its resemblance to a monkey's face, and the name has stuck to it, and the tree is known now only by that name. The uninitiated public, however, think it has to do with cocoa and the chocolate tree, because some European spelled it incorrectly, and handed it down to his innocent posterity. This fine type of palm takes most kindly to tropical countries; the long-continued heat of the sun is necessary for the working of its lungs. Under such conditions it shoots up stately stems eighty or a hundred feet, as if trying to get yet nearer to the fierce heat it loves. It is crowned with a waving, fairy-like spray of leaves, with emphasized midribs, like gigantic feathers; a diadem of forty feet in diameter, more delicate and finely carved than any royal crown of chased gold and gems. It, too, loves the sea, and the salt breezes expand its small snowy flowers, harbingers of the fruit which is to follow. These branching spikes of blossoms, six feet long, contain a wonderful medicine, used most successfully in many cases of exhaustion or weakness. And from the long, tough spathes which jealously protect the young flower, is squeezed a strong liquid, called by the Singhalese, 'ra'; by the Hindoos, 'soura'; and by the English, 'toddy.' After the juice is procured, it is left some days to ferment, and in this state is used by bakers to raise the bread, or as arrack, a far-famed Indian drink, slightly intoxicating; vinegar, also, is made from it, and, finally, sugar or jaggery, as the natives call it. The latter is obtained by boiling the juice over a slow fire some hours; it is then poured out, formed into cakes, which are tied in banana leaves and hung up in the huts until required. I heard of a gentleman who, when water was

scarce in Johannesburg a few years ago, took his morning-bath in soda-water. But Mr. Bennett, the naturalist, went a step further than this, and, while travelling in Ceylon, refreshed himself in the early morning by a bathe in toddy. In so enervating a climate, this would be an invigorating but expensive plunge.

This elegant palm has many religious associations. It is a favourite of Buddha's, who delights to have its waving pinnate leaves gracing his temples, and bunches of its fruit hanging over statues and sacred images. Giant, oblong fruits they are, ten or twelve in a group, the finer eighteen inches long, and sometimes eight inches across. No insignificant fare to set by the side of ambrosia, of nectar, and of sesame. No wonder such royal fruit should tempt the taste of gods.

The inhabitants of the Society Isles spiritualized the Coco tree, and crowned Oro, their chief god, with its leaves, graceful plumes of twenty feet, and decorated his form with garlands of the blossoms. The human sacrifices they offered were wreathed with the same, and, when they were burned, the fires were kept up by supplies of coco-oil. If you at some time have the good fortune to visit the shrine of Buddha, an amiable and delighted Modeliar will no doubt hand you a king coco-nut as a memento of your pilgrimage. The chiefs of these islands wore the leaf as a badge of authority, and waved it as a wand of peace to fright away evil spirits and allay disease.

But the Mangaians were more original in their ideas, and had quaint notions of the Coco. They not only worshipped the tree, but the tree, as they supposed, came out of the kernel, so they believed that all life came of the shell of the coco-nut. In fact, the universe was shut in between the walls of an immense coco-nut. At the bottom was the stem, the 'spirit of the root of all existence,' and other spirits were growing out of the stem. And the pith or core of the tree was 'io,' or God. And upon this they founded all their creeds and dogmas and wonderful myths—as wonderful and as interesting as the Greek myths of Zeus and Persephone and Hera. And these same people ate the nut, and thought it a great luxury.



and when they were less plentiful than now, restricted their women from touching them. Their wives and sisters were scarcely a grade above the beasts of the field, and had no souls, poor baggages! Why should they be allowed the sacred fruit, with juice fit for the goblets of Mercury? But woman was born with a will, though she be only a poor Manganian, and to-day she drinks the milk of the coco-nut, and munches its kernel, with as much satisfaction and complacency as her mate.

And now as to its marketable value. What does the Coco palm not yield to the Polynesian and the Singhalese, who loves and tends it? Though it has a fair-sized colony in America, the Americans know few of its secret stores; he passes it with a high hand and an unsympathising eye. And no plants will be confidential until they are sure of your love. No, you must go to India or the Pacific Isles, to the East or West Indies, to know the true social position of the Cocos. Their glad, beneficent faces smile down upon you as you pass along the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, and in Ceylon alone are a score million of these priceless trees. The wealth of a Singhalese is not estimated by the number of his rupees, or by the extent of his rice crops, but by the size of his Coco plantations. They are the health, the wealth, and the joy of the people. The people of India are fond of using the dried leaves and the spathes as torches, and they are often carried in processions, or used for lighting the palanquins of the Europeans. The Pacific islanders strew the leaves on the floors of their huts, or plait them into 'cagan' fans, baskets, and pana or screens, and shades for the eyes, or use them for thatch. The heart of the young tender leaves are delicious boiled as a vegetable, used largely in stews or ragouts. And the midribs are tied in bundles and constitute fine strong brooms. The fibrous husk of the nut comes in useful for the manufacture of matting, brushes, sun-hats; some is worked into ropes, which are strong and light, and excellent for ship-rigging. At the base of the petiole is a white transparent piece of network, which is most valuable as a strainer in the making of toddy and other beverages, and for straining

arrowroot, coco-nut oil, etc. And some of the islanders, after fastening several pieces of this net together, wear it as clothing, especially the fishermen, as the sea-water would have a tough business to injure it.

The tree gives its store of fruit four or five times in the year, fifty or sixty nuts each time being considered a fair yield. The fruit is luscious, and nutritious food when ripe; it has a sweet, refreshing juice, which is a delightful drink in the heat of the day. The round-headed, little Polynesian ladies bathe their faces in this juice as a sure means of destroying wrinkles and all traces of old age. They are fond, too, of decorating their hair and necks with wreaths of flowers and coco leaves, and the men tattoo their chests with every kind of form, but none so frequent as the Coco palm. Their houses are like huge mushrooms, the thatch reaching nearly to the ground, made strong and impervious to damp by the firm, giant leaves of this invaluable tree. The Samoan spreads a palmy carpet of leaves before squatting to his mid-day meal, and on his table he has two coco shells, one of salt water, the other of fresh. He soaks his fish in the salt water, and eats it with much smacking of lips; he has by his side another coco shell of palm-wine, if he can afford it—a beverage which some Englishmen consider equal in flavour to champagne. The chiefs and well-to-do inhabitants have the coco-shells scraped, polished, and set in silver, and use them as cups, goblets, lamps, and ladles, and many of them are finely carved and richly decorated. The cleaning process is peculiar. This is done without breaking the shell; two holes are bored at the top, and a strong solution of brine is poured into the shell, which is then buried in the sand for some days; the albumen thus becomes decayed and dissolved, and is poured out, and the shell rinsed and dried. When the nut is quite young, the albumen is of delicate flavour, and makes a dainty and appetising dish called 'niaa,' a delicious sort of vegetable blanc-mange. When the kernel is older and dry, the islanders have a knack of grating it into small parings, and using as coco-jam for tarts. The negroes boil it, and are fond of eating it with rice as an *entrée*. Then, too, the nut is renowned for the fine

quality of oil which it yields, an oil highly prized by both natives and foreigners. It is used extensively for cooking, and is excellent for burning properties, giving a clear light without smoke or smell. Soap and candles of admirable quality are manufactured from it, and the Singhalese delight to rub it over their bodies after bathing, especially when perfumed by musk or sandalwood.

For food and other necessities of life the Coco palm is an infinite resource, a boon to the man of tropical climes, a fortune to the industrious, but, alas! a means of indolence to the lazy. His wants are so easily supplied, why should he work? Why, indeed, if work has no charm of its own, no attractions apart from the supplying of immediate bodily wants?

So we have walked together a short way in the 'Garden of Palms.' There are miles yet of stately trees, waving crowns, with their secrets and their wonders, ready to whisper a word here and there into ears bending low in eagerness to catch some new and delightful truth of their life, and gifts and glories.

S. E. SAVILLE.

ART. III.—THE DOG.

From the late Ivan Turgénieff.

'**B**UT if you once admit the existence of the supernatural, and that it can enter into the ordinary affairs of everyday life, allow me to ask what scope is left for the exercise of reason?'

So saying, Anthony Stephanich crossed his arms.

Anthony Stephanich was a Councillor to the Minister in some Department or other, and this circumstance, joined with those of his possessing a grave bass voice, and of his speaking with great precision, rendered him an object of universal consideration. He had just been compelled, as his detractors phrased it, to accept the Cross of St. Stanislaus.

'There can be no doubt of that,' said Skorevich.

'It is impossible to dispute it,' said Cinarevich.

'I assent entirely,' said the master of the house, Phinoplentoff, in his thin little voice.

Now there was a short, plump, bald, middle-aged little man who was sitting silent close to the stove, and he suddenly said—

'I confess that I don't agree with you, for something which was certainly supernatural once happened to me myself.'

Everybody looked at him, and there was a pause. The little man in question was a small landed proprietor in Kalouga who had only come to live at St. Petersburg a short time before. He had once been in the hussars and lost his money at play, resigned his commission, and returned to cultivate cabbages at his native village. Recent events had greatly reduced his income, and he had come to town in order to try and obtain some small employment. For this object he had none of the ordinary means of success, nor influential acquaintances, but he placed great confidence in the friendship of an old comrade in his regiment, who had certainly become a great personage, how or why nobody knew, and whom he had once helped to thrash a card-sharper. Besides this, he was a great believer in his own luck, and, as a matter of fact, his confidence turned out not to have been misplaced. After some days he was appointed inspector of certain government factories. The place was a good one, it stood rather high, and did not call for the exercise of any striking talents even if the factories in question had existed anywhere, except upon paper, or if it had been settled what was to be manufactured in them when they did exist. But then they formed part of a new scheme of administrative economy.

Anthony Stephanich was the first to speak.

'Surely, my dear sir, you cannot mean seriously to tell us that you ever met with anything supernatural; I mean, any departure from the laws of nature.'

'Yes, I did,' said the 'dear sir,' whose name was Porphyry Capitonovich.

'A departure from the laws of nature,' sharply repeated Anthony Stephanich, who had evidently got hold of a favourite phrase.

‘Quite so; just as you are kind enough to express it,’ said the little man.

‘This is very extraordinary. What do you think, gentlemen?’

Anthony Stephanich had tried to put on a sarcastic expression, but had failed; or, to be more exact, had given his features an expression such as would have been produced by perceiving a bad smell. He turned to the gentleman from Kalouga and continued—

‘Could you be so kind as to give us some details of such a strange occurrence?’

‘Do you want to hear about it?’ said the gentleman. ‘All right.’

He got up, went into the middle of the room, and began.

‘You may possibly know, gentlemen, or more probably you don’t, that I possess a small property in the district of Kozelsk. I used to get something from it once upon a time, but, as you may well conceive, it brings me in nothing now, except business and quarrels. However, I don’t want to talk politics. Well, on this property I had a small farm with a kitchen-garden to match, a pond with tench in it, divers buildings, and among others a little house for myself. I am not married. One fine day six years ago, I came home rather late. I had been dining with one of the neighbours, but I assure you I was all right so far as that went. I took off my clothes, got into bed, and blew out the candle. I had hardly blown it out when I heard something move underneath the bed. I wondered what it could be. At first I thought it was mice. But it wasn’t mice. I could hear it scratching and walking about and shaking itself. It was obvious that it was a dog, but I couldn’t think what dog it could be. I hadn’t got one. So I thought that it must be a stray one. I called the servant and scolded him for being careless, and letting a dog get hidden under the bed. He asked, What dog? I answered him, “How should I know? It was his business to prevent that sort of thing happening.” He stooped down with the candle and looked under the bed. He said there was not any dog there. I looked underneath myself, and sure enough there was no dog there. I stared at him, and he began to grin. I called him a fool, and said the dog must have slipped

out and got away when he opened the door, that he had been half asleep and hadn't noticed it. I asked if he thought that I had been drinking? However, I did not await the reply which he was about to make, but told him to clear out. When he was gone, I curled myself up, and I heard nothing more that night.

'However, the night afterwards the whole thing began again. I had hardly put the candle out when I heard the beast shake itself. I called the servant again. He looked under the bed. There wasn't anything there. So I sent him away again, and put out the candle the second time. Then I heard the dog again. There couldn't be any doubt about it. I could hear it breathe. I could hear it biting at its own coat and hunting for fleas, so I called the man to come again, without bringing a candle. He came, and I told him to listen. He said he heard. I couldn't see him, but I knew by the sound of his voice that he was frightened. I asked him how he could explain it. He said it was the Evil One. I told him to hold his stupid tongue, but we were both pretty frightened. I lighted the candle, and then there was no more dog and no more noise. I left the candle burning all night, and, whether you like to believe it or not, I assure you that the same thing went on every night for six weeks. I got quite used to it, and I used to put out the candle, because light prevents my sleeping, and I did not mind the thing, as it didn't do me any harm.'

'You are certainly brave,' said Anthony Stephanich, with a smile of mingled pity and contempt. 'One can see that you have been a trooper.'

'I certainly shouldn't be afraid of you, at any rate,' answered Porphyry Capitonovich, with a decided ring of the soldier in his tone. 'Anyhow, I'll tell you what happened. The same neighbour with whom I had dined before came to dine with me in turn. He took pot-luck with me, and I won fifteen roubles from him afterwards. He looked out into the night, and said he would have to be going. However, I had a plan, and I asked him to stay and sleep, and try and win back his money the next day. He considered, and then he agreed to stay. I had a bed made up for him in my own room. We went to bed and smoked and talked and discussed women, as men do. At last I saw that

Basil Basilich put out his light and turned his back toward me, as much as to say *schlafen sie wohl*. I waited a little, and then I put out my own candle, and before I had time to think, the game began. The beast did more than move; he came out from under the bed, and walked across the room. I could hear his feet on the wooden floor. He shook himself, and then there was a thump. He knocked against a chair, which was standing beside Basil Basilich's bed. Basil called out to me quite naturally in his ordinary voice, to ask me if the dog that I had got was a pointer. I told him that I hadn't got any dog, and never had had. He asked me, What the noise was then? I told him to light his candle and see. He asked me again if it wasn't a dog. Then I heard him turn round. He told me I was joking; and I told him I was not.

'After this I heard him scraping away with a match while the dog was scratching itself. Suddenly the match struck, and there was nothing to be seen or heard. Basil Basilich stared at me, and I stared at him. He asked me what all the nonsense was. I told him that if you made Socrates and Frederick the Great put their heads together over it, they couldn't explain it; and I told him all about it. He jumped out of bed like a scalded cat, and wanted to have his carriage called, to go away at once. I wanted to argue with him, but he only made more noise. He told me there must be some curse upon me, and that nothing would make him stay. I got him more or less quiet at last, but he insisted on having a bed in another room, and a light all night.

'When he was having his tea in the morning, he was calmer, and he gave me his advice to go away from home for some days, and then, perhaps, the thing would come to an end.

'He was a decidedly clever man, and I had great respect for his acumen. He got round his mother-in-law quite amazingly. He got her to accept letters of exchange, and she was as tame as a sheep. She made him commissioner for the administration of all her property. Fools don't do that sort of thing with their mothers-in-law. However, he was in a bad temper when he went away, for I won an hundred more roubles from him, and he was cross. He told me I was behaving unthankfully towards him.

How on earth could the luck be my fault? But I did as he advised, and I started for the town the same day. I knew an old man there who kept an inn, and who was a Dissenter, and it was to his house that I went. He was a little old creature, and a bit snappish, because he had lost his wife and all his children, and he was alone. He couldn't bear the smell of tobacco, and dogs were his particular horror. Rather than see a dog in his rooms he would have left the house. "Behold," he would say, "the all-holy Virgin, who is graciously pleased to hang inside my room, and then how could I allow the unclean brutes to come sniffing in there." Of course it is want of education. As far as I am concerned, I am content that everybody should use the common sense that God gives him. That's my Gospel.'

'You seem to be a philosopher,' said Anthony Stephanich, with the same smile as before.

Porphyry Capitonovich made a slight movement of the eyebrows, and also moved his moustache a little. He said—

'As to my being a philosopher, no proof has yet been adduced, but I teach philosophy to other people.'

This made everybody look at Anthony Stephanich. We expected some startling reply, or at least a glance of scathing indignation. We were mistaken. The smile of the Ministerial Councillor changed from one of contempt to one of indifference. He yawned; he changed the position of his feet. There was nothing more.

'Well,' said Capitonovich, 'I took up my quarters in this old man's house; for the sake of his acquaintance with me, he put me in his own room, and made himself up a bed behind a screen. It wasn't a good room, at its best, and it was hot and stuffy beyond all belief. Everything was sticky, and the flies were all over the place. In one corner there was a cupboard full of old holy pictures covered with tarnished plates* all bulging out. There was a smell of oil and drugs like a chemist's shop. There were two pillows on the bed, and black beetles ran out if you touched them. For want of something to do I drank more tea

* That is, the sheaves of metal in relief put by Russians over sacred pictures with spaces cut out to show the flesh parts.

than I wanted, and then, beastly as the place was, I got into bed. I could hear the old Dissenter on the other side of the screen sighing and groaning and mumbling his prayers. Then he went to sleep. It wasn't long before he began snoring. I listened to him. He began gently, and then it got worse and worse. I became irritated. It was a long time since I put out my own light, but it was not dark, because there was a lamp burning in front of the holy pictures. It was this that put me out. I got out of bed as quietly as I could, walked barefoot to the lamp, and blew it out. Nothing happened. So I thought it was all right, and got back into bed again. But I was hardly in before I heard the old story again. The dog was scratching and shaking himself—the whole thing as before. I lay still in bed, listening to see what would happen next. My landlord woke up. I heard him call out, "Sir, what's the matter; have you put out the lamp, sir?" I made no answer, and I heard him get out of bed and say, "What's the matter? What's the matter?—dog,—dog,—the d—d Niconian."* I called to him not to put himself out, but to come to me, as something very odd was happening. He emerged from behind his screen with the end of an unbleached wax taper in his hand. Such a figure I had never seen—his fierce eyes and hairy figure, with the hair growing even in his ears, were just like a badger. On his head he had a white felt hat; his white beard went down to his girdle, and over his chest he had a waistcoat with brass buttons. His feet were thrust into a pair of old furred slippers, and he diffused around him a pervading odour of gin. In this guise he proceeded to the holy pictures, before which he crossed himself three times with his two fore-fingers. † Then he re-lighted the lamp, crossed

* That is, the Dissenter is complaining of the narrator as a follower of Nicon, Patriarch of Moscow, the reformer of the Russian Church, whose changes in that body are the cause of the Dissent of the class of Nonconformist here indicated.

† All this relates to the peculiarities of the Russian Nonconformists, who object to cutting the beard, and in making the sign of the Cross join the thumb with the fourth and little finger, extending the index and the middle finger, whereas members of the Established Church join the thumb, index, and middle fingers, and bend the fourth and little finger towards the palm.

himself again, and having done so, turned round to me, and said in a thick voice—

“Well, what’s the matter?”

‘I told him the whole story. He did not utter a syllable; he scratched his head. When I had done, he sat down, still silent, on the foot of my bed. Here he proceeded to scratch his stomach and the nape of his neck, and to rub himself. But still he never uttered a word. At last I said to him,

‘Well, Theodoulos Ivanovich, I want to know what you think about it. Don’t you think it’s a temptation of the Evil One?’

‘The old man looked at me.

“Temptation of the Evil One!” said he. “You think that, do you? It would be all very well in your own tobacco reek,* but how about this house? This house is an holy place. A temptation of the Evil One? If it is not a temptation of the Evil One, what is it?”

‘Then he sat silent, thinking and scratching himself. At last he said to me, though not very distinctly, because the hair got into his mouth—

“Go to Belev. There’s only one man that I know of that can help you. He lives at Belev. He is one of our people. If he likes to help you, so much the better for you. If he does not like, you’ve got nothing more to do.”

‘I asked him how I could find the man.

“I’ll tell you,” said the Nonconformist, “but, after all, why should it be a temptation of the Evil One? It’s a vision; it may become even a revelation, but you’re not up to all that. That’s beyond you. Well, now, try to get to sleep, with God the Father and His Christ watching over you. I am going to burn some incense. We will think about it to-morrow. You know that second thoughts are best.”

‘In the morning accordingly we took counsel together, although he had nearly choked me in the night with his incense. The address which he gave me was this. When I got to Belev I was to go into the square and to ask at the second shop on the right hand for a certain Prochorovich, and give him a letter. The

* The Dissenters object on conscientious grounds to tobacco-smoking.

letter was a scrap of paper on which was written, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. To Sergius Prochorovich Pervoushine. Trust this man. Theodoulus Ivanovich. Send some cabbages, and praised be God's Holy Name." I thanked my old Dissenter, and forthwith ordered a carriage, and went to Belev. My argument was, This thing in the night has not done me any harm yet, but it's very tiresome, and it's not the thing for a man like me or an officer. What do you think?'

'And you went to Belev?' said Philolettoff.

'Yes, I went there straight. When I got to the square, I asked at the second shop on the right for Prochorovich. They told me he was not there. I asked where he lived, and they told me, in his own house in the suburb on the Oka. I accordingly crossed the Oka, and found the house in question, which might more fitly have been described as a shanty. I found a man in a darned blue shirt, with a torn cap, working among cabbages, with his back to me. I came up to him and said, "Are you so and so?" He turned round, and I give you my word of honour, I never saw such a pair of eyes. He was old, he had no teeth, his face was as small as one's hand, and he had a beard like an he-goat.

"Yes," he said, "I am he. What can I do to serve you?"

"There," said I, and gave him the letter.

He stared hard at me, and then said—

"Be pleased to come into my room, I cannot read without glasses."

'We went into his room. It was a perfect kennel, bare and wretched, and with hardly space enough in which to turn round. On the wall there was a sacred picture, as black as a coal, with black heads of Saints with gleaming whites to their eyes. He pulled out the drawer in an old table, took out a pair of spectacles mounted in iron, fixed them upon his nose and read the letter, after which he fixed his eyes on me through the spectacles.'

"Have you need of me?"

'Yes.

"Well, tell me what it is. I am listening."

‘ He sat down, took out of his pocket an old checked pocket-handkerchief, full of holes, and spread it upon his knees. Me he never invited to sit down. He fixed upon me a look of power and dignity which might have become a Senator or a Minister of the Government. To my amazement, I suddenly found myself seized with an emotion of terror. My heart seemed to sink into my shoes. Then he averted his gaze. This seemed to be enough, and when I had recovered myself a little, I told him my story. He said nothing, but frowned and bit his lips. Then, with an air of majesty and dignity, he slowly asked me my name, my age, who had been my parents, and whether I was married or single. After I had told him this, he bit his lips and frowned again; then he held up one finger, and said, “Cast yourself down before the holy images of the pure and helpful Saints, Sabbatius and Zosimus of the Solovetsky.”*’

‘ I threw myself down flat upon my face, and I might almost as well have remained lying there, such was the awe and fear with which this man inspired me. I would have done anything that he told me. Gentlemen, I see that you are laughing at me, but I assure you that I didn’t feel anything like laughing. At last he said—

“Get up, Sir, it is possible to help you. What has been sent to you is not a punishment, but a warning, that means to say, that you are in danger, but fortunately for you there is someone praying for you. Go to the market-place and buy a young dog, keep it always with you both day and night; your visions will stop, and, moreover, you may find the dog useful.”

Heaven seemed to open before me. His words filled me with gladness. I bowed profoundly to him, and was turning to go away when

* ‘The Solovetsky Monastery is the Coenobium on an island in the White Sea named Solovki. It was first founded by St. Sabbatius in A.M. 6728 (A.D. 1220), in the time of the religious prince, Basil Basilivich. After his death St. Zosimus renewed the Coenobium, and enclosed it with a wall and collected a community.’ . . . This monastery is greatly revered among Russian Dissenters on account of the resistance of the larger number of the community to the changes made by Nikon, and the terrible cruelties and death to which many of them were subjected in consequence (*The Patriarch and the Tsar*, by the late Mr. Palmer, Vol. II., p. 439-450).

it struck me that I ought to give him something. I took out a three-rouble note, but he pushed it away with his hand and said:

“Give it to a chapel or to the poor; things like this are not paid for.”

‘I bowed before him again, down to his very girdle, and walked off straight to the market-place. As I reached the shops, the first thing I saw was a man in a long grey gabardine, carrying a liver-coloured dog about two months old. I asked the man to stop and tell me the price of his dog. He said, “Two roubles,” and I proposed to give him three. He thought I was mad, but I gave him the bank-note to hold in his teeth while he carried the dog for me to my carriage. The coachman was soon ready, and I was at home the same evening. I kept the dog on my knees the whole time, and when he whined I called him my treasure. I gave him food and water, and had straw brought up to my room and made him a bed there. When I had blown the candle out and found myself in the dark, I wondered what was going to happen, but nothing happened. I began to feel quite bold, and called on the unseen power to begin its usual performance, but there was no response. Then I called in my servant, and asked him if he could hear anything, but he could hear nothing either.’

‘Was that the end of it?’ said Anthony Stephanich, but without sneering.

‘It was the end of the noises,’ said Porphyry Capitonovich, ‘but it was not the end of the whole story. The dog grew, and became a large, strong setter. He showed an extraordinarily strong attachment to me. There is very little sport down in our part of the world, but whenever I took him out with me I always found it good. I used to take him all about with me. Sometimes he started an hare, or a partridge, or a wild duck, but he never went far from me. Wherever I went, he came too. I took him with me even when I went to bathe. A lady of my acquaintance wanted to turn him out of the drawing-room one day. We had a downright battle. I ended by breaking the affected creature’s windows for her. Well, one fine day in summer there was the worst drought that I have ever known. There was a sort of haze in the air. Everything was burnt up. It was

dark. The sun was like a red ball, and the dust was enough to make one sneeze. The earth gaped with cracks. I got tired of staying in the house, half-undressed, with the shutters shut, and as it got a little cooler, I made up my mind to go and call on a lady, who lived about a verst off. She was a kind-hearted woman, still pretty young, and always smart. She was a little original, but that is rather an advantage in women than otherwise. I got to the steps of her door most frightfully thirsty, but I knew that Nymphodora Semenovna would pick me up with whortle-berry-water and other refreshments. I had my hand on the door-handle, when I suddenly heard a tremendous row, and children shrieking, on the other side of a cottage, and in an instant a great red brute, that at first sight I did not see was a dog, made straight for me with his mouth open, his eyes red, and his hair all up. I had hardly gasped when it flew full at my chest. I almost had a fit. I shall never forget the white teeth and the foaming tongue close to my face. In an instant my own dog flew to my rescue like a flash of lightning and hung on to the other one's neck like a leech. The other one choked, snapped, and fell back. I opened the door, and jumped into the hall. I did not know where I was. I threw myself against a door with all my strength and yelled for help—while the two dogs fought upon the steps. The whole house was roused. Nymphodora ran out with her hair down. There was a lull in the noise, and I heard somebody call out to shut the gate. I peeped through the door. There was nothing on the steps, but men were running about the court seizing logs of wood as if they were mad themselves. I saw an old woman poke her cap out of a dormer window, and heard her call out that the dog had run down through the village, and I went out to look for mine. Presently he came back into the court limping, and hurt, and bloody. I asked what on earth was the matter, for there was a crowd gathered as if there had been a fire. They told me it was one of the Count's dogs that had gone mad, and that had been about since the day before. This was a Count who was a neighbour of mine, and who had all sorts of strange dogs.

'I was in an awful fright, and I went to a looking-glass to see if I had got hurt. There was nothing, thank God, but I looked

as green as grass, and Nymphodora Semenovna was lying on the sofa sobbing like a hen clucking. No wonder too. It was her nerves, and her kind-heartedness. When she came to a little, she said to me in an hollow voice—

“Are you still alive”?

“Yes,” I said, “I am still alive. My dog saved me.” She said—

“What a noble thing! Did the mad dog kill him?”

“No,” said I, “he is not killed, but he is very much hurt.”

She answered, “Then he ought to be shot at once.”

“I told her I would not. I was going to try to cure him.

“Then the dog himself came and scratched at the door, and I let him in.

“Oh, what are you doing?” she said, “he will bite us all.”

“I said, “Forgive me; it does not come out all at once like that.”

“She said, “How can you? You have gone off your head.”

“I said, “Nymphodora, do be quiet and talk sense,” but she called out to me to go away with my horrid dog.

“I said, I was going to go.

“She said, “Go away at once, don’t stay a moment. Go away; you’re a brute. Never you dare to see me again. I daresay you have got hydrophobia too.”

“I said, “All right, but just be good enough to let me have the carriage; there might be danger if I walked all the way back.”

“She stared at me. “You can have the carriage or anything that you want, if only you will go away at once. Just look at its eyes; just look at its eyes.”

“She bolted out of the room, and hit one of the maids whom she met, and then I heard her taken ill next door. You can take it as what you like, but Nymphodora Semenovna and I were never friends again from that day onwards, and the more I think about it the more I feel that if it was for nothing else, I ought to be thankful for that to my dog to my dying day. I ordered the carriage and took the dog home with me in it. When I got home I examined him and washed his wounds. I thought the best thing I could do would be to take him next day to the wise man of the

country. He is an astonishing old man that. He mumbles something or other over water. Some people say that he puts snakes' slime into it. He gives it you to drink, and it makes you all right at once. I thought that I would get myself bled at the same time. Bleeding is a good thing for fits. Of course you ought not to be bled in the arm, but in the dimple.'

'"Where is the dimple?" asked Philoventoff timidly.

'Do you not know? It is the place under the hand, at the end of the thumb, where you put the snuff when you want to take a good lot of it. See. That is the right place to be bled, you can see that for yourself. The blood that comes out of the hand is the vein blood. In the other place it is the silly blood. Doctors don't know about those sort of things. The Germans know nothing about it. Farriers do it a great deal better. They are very good at it. They just put their scissors there and give them a tap with the hammer, and the whole thing is done. The night came on while I was thinking about it, and it was time to go to bed. So I went, and, of course, I kept the dog with me; but I don't know whether it was the heat or the shock that I had had, or the fleas, or what I was thinking about, but I could not get to sleep. I got restless. I drank water, I opened the window. I got the guitar and played the Moujik of Koumarino with Italian variations. But it would not do. I thought it was the room that I could not stand, so I took a pillow and two sheets and a coverlet and went across the garden, and made myself a bed in the hay under the shed. I was more comfortable there. It was a calm night. Every now and then there was a little breath of air that touched you on the face, like a woman's hand. The fresh hay smelt good, like tea. The crickets sang in the apple trees. Every now and then you'd hear an hen quail clucking, and you felt that she was happy in the dew beside her mate. The sky was quite still. The stars were shining, and there were little light clouds, like flakes of cotton wool, that hardly changed.'

'Well,' continued Porphyry Kapitonovich, 'I lay down, but I didn't get to sleep. I kept thinking, and especially about presentiments, and what that man Prochorovich had said to me, when he told me to look out for squalls, and now how such a n extraordinary thing had happened to me. I could not understand it,

It was impossible to understand it. All of a sudden the dog jumped up and whined. I thought his wounds were hurting him. Then the moon kept me awake. Do you not believe me? I assure you it did. The moon was straight in front of me, round, and flat, and big, and yellow, and I thought that she was there to tease me. I put out my tongue at her. Did she want to know what I was thinking about? I turned over, but I felt her upon my ear, and upon the back of my neck. It was like rain all over me. I opened my eyes again. The moon showed every little point of grass, every little twig in the hay, every little spider's web, as if it was cut out sharp, and she said, "There you are, look at it." There was nothing more to be done. I rested my head upon my hand and looked. I have strong eyes and I could not sleep. The gate of the shed was wide open and I looked through it. One could see the country for five versts. It was patchy, clear in some places and dark in others, as is the case in moonlight. I was looking out over it when I thought I saw something moving a long way off. Then I saw something pass quickly much nearer. Then I saw a dark figure leap. It had come much nearer then. I wondered if it was an hare. I supposed so, and it was coming nearer. Then I saw it was bigger than an hare. It came out of the shadow on to the meadow, which lay quite white in the moonlight, and the thing moved upon it like a great black spot. Evidently it was some kind of wild beast—a fox, perhaps, or a wolf. My heart began to beat. But what was there to be afraid of? There are plenty of beasts that run about at night. My curiosity overcame my fear. I got up and rubbed my eyes, when all of a sudden I turned cold as if ice had been put down my back. The shadowy creature grew larger and darted in at the gate of the yard. I then saw that it was an enormous brute with a great head. It shot past like a bullet, then stopped and began to snuff. It was the mad dog. I could neither move nor cry. It bounded in at the door of the shed with sparkling eyes, howled, and leaped upon me as I lay upon the hay. At that moment my own dog sprang forward wide awake. The two beasts fought and fell. I don't remember what followed. I only remember that I fell over them somehow in a heap, escaped through the garden, and got

to my own bedroom. When I recovered myself a little, I woke up the whole house, and we all armed ourselves and sallied out. I got a sword and a revolver. I had bought the revolver just after the emancipation of the serfs for reasons which I need not mention, and a bad one it was. It missed two shots out of every three. We went to the shed with burning sticks; we went forward and shouted, but we could not hear anything. At last we went in, and there we found my dog lying dead and the other disappeared.

‘I am not ashamed to tell you that I cried like a child.

‘I knelt down and kissed the body of the poor beast who had saved my life twice, and I was there still when my old house-keeper Prascovia came and said to me, “What’s the matter with you? To get into such a state about a dog, God forgive you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you’ll catch cold.” It is true I had hardly anything on. “If the dog has got killed to save your life, it is an honour for him.” I did not agree with Prascovia, but I went back to the house. As to the mad dog, it was shot by a soldier the next day, which must have been providential, as the soldier had never fired off a gun before, although he possessed a medal for having been one of the saviours of the country in 1812. Now, gentlemen, that is why I told you that something supernatural had once happened to me.’

With these words, Porphyry Kapitonovich was silent and filled his pipe. We all looked at one another without speaking. At last Philoplentoff said, ‘No doubt you lead an holy life, and this is a reward,’—but here he stopped short, for he saw that Porphyry got red in the face.

‘But if you once admit the existence of the supernatural,’ said Anthony Stephanich, ‘and that it can enter into the ordinary affairs of every day life, allow me to ask what scope is left for the exercise of reason?’

Nobody had anything to answer.



ART. IV.—THE AGONY IN FRENCH POLITICS
AND LITERATURE.

- I. *Etudes de Littérature Européenne.* Par JOSEPH TEXTE. Paris: Colon. 1898.
- II. *France.* By J. E. C. BODLEY. 2 Vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1898.
- III. *A Manual of the History of French Literature.* By FERDINAND BRUNETIERE. Translated from the French by JOSEPH DERECHÉF. *Essays in French Literature.* By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. A selection translated by D. NICHOL SMITH. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1898.
- IV. *The Modern French Drama: Seven Essays.* By AUGUSTIN FILON. London: Chapman & Hall. 1898.
- V. *Joubert: A Selection from His Thoughts.* Translated by KATHARINE LYTTLETON. London: Duckworth & Co. 1898.
- VI. *French Literature of To-Day.* By YETTA BLAZE DE BURY. Westminster: Constable & Co. 1899.

IT may be doubted if the extraordinary and almost unholy fascination which France has exercised over the hearts and imaginations if not of all other nations, certainly of romantic and adventurous spirits all the world over, was ever greater than it is at the present moment, when another crisis in its lurid history seems to be approaching. 'Paris is the Capital of Humanity. The world will never allow the centre of its light to be destroyed,' exclaimed Victor Hugo in a passion of patriotic egotism and despair while the hosts of Germany were closing round the doomed city. France does not count among her literary forces at the present moment a man of thews and sinews so indubitably those of a son of Anak as Victor Hugo. Nor, so long as a cataclysm has not been actually reached, will the natural pride of the eminent critics and artists, the bulk of whom have been stupefied or benumbed by the Dreyfus revelations, allow them to make such an appeal as Hugo's. M. Jules

Lemaitre, indeed, who is in so many respects the admitted master among Parisian critics that 'attendons Lundi pour voir ce qu'ue dit Lemaitre' has passed into a proverb, has taken to preaching the Anglicisation of French political methods, at least in the field of foreign policy; it is indeed to his credit that he began so to preach before the *affaire* Fashoda.

On the other hand, whoever has taken the trouble to read any of the more important and 'seminal' volumes dealing with literature and its root-ideas which have recently been published in Paris—and to which there is nothing comparable in our own literature—must have been struck with the poignancy of the note which runs through them, the agonised insistence that France is as much as ever the home of 'the universal' and 'the permanent' in life and literature. This is the inner meaning of M. Fouillée's *The Psychology of the French People*. It is in itself perhaps one of the unhealthy literary symptoms of the time in France that such a book should have been published at all; a man who is perpetually feeling his pulse and proclaiming that his heart is beating wildly is not in the best of health. But M. Fouillée is not without hope. He craves for sympathy for his country, and believes he will obtain it. 'Is there a people,' he asks, 'on which the collective life has had, and still has, more influence than on the French, who always wish to feel that they are in unison with others? Solitude weighs on us. If union for us means strength, it means happiness as well. We cannot consent to think alone, to feel alone, to enjoy alone; we cannot separate the satisfaction of another from our own. Thus we are often naive enough to believe that what makes us happy will make others happy; that the whole of humanity must think and feel like France.' Commenting on this sentiment, M. Joseph Texte, in his *European Literature*, says, 'This naiveté is at once the honour and peril of our own country. It is its peril, because it exposes us to a blind confidence in ourselves, to an unreflecting ignorance as to what is outside of us. But this naiveté is also the honour of this nation, always ready—*save at sad but passing moments when it falters*—to make its aim all noble ideas, whatever their origin, and to turn them to the glory of the French name and the ideal of France.'

These are noble words—the passage italicised has all the pathetic and mournful significance of prophecy—instinct indeed with that nobility which rises to a higher level in French eloquence at its best, as in Bossuet, as in Pascal, as in Joubert, as in Chateaubriand, than it does in the eloquence of any other country. Yet it would hardly be too much to say that they are echoed or would be endorsed by every French critic and man of letters who has kept his head during the present crisis and his heart unspotted from the sorry and sordid world of Dreyfus and anti-Semitism. M. Ferdinand Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, occupies towards the present generation the same commanding position that M. Taine occupied towards its predecessor, although as regards point of view distant from him *longissimo intervallo*; he is its leading critic. He is also, it is true, a patriot, and of a somewhat austere and uncompromising type—a fact which perhaps accounts for what many of his friends regard as his recent ill-advised adventure into the world of politics. But his heart as a patriot, not less than his head as a thinker, is in letters. He takes the same view of the essential sociability of France as M. Texte and M. Fouillée. In the preface which he has contributed to the excellent translation of his essays which was recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, he says: ‘French literature which is much nearer the Latin than the Greek, has had as its “essential character” a constant tendency, an original aptitude for *sociability*. Few Frenchmen have written for themselves, for themselves alone, to assume the position of opposition, as the philosophers say; but their ambition has been to please, in the noblest sense of the word to contribute by their writing to the improvement or to the comfort of civil life, or to displease, when they have dared to do so, in a manner yet pleasant. Or, in other words, if literature has anywhere been the expression of society, it is in France; and this is the reason of the fecundity, renewed from age to age by the very changes of society; of the universality, of the acknowledged clearness, since authors have endeavoured to make themselves accessible to everybody.’ M. Brunetière elaborates this same view in one of the ablest of his essays and in a passage which it is desirable to give from the importance of its bearing upon the

general situation in France. 'If our great writers are understood and admired by everybody, it is because they address themselves to everybody, or rather because they speak to everybody about everybody's interests. They pay no attention to exceptions or peculiarities; they wish to treat only of man in general, or as is still said of the universal man, held in the bonds of the society of human beings; and their very success is a proof that beneath all that distinguishes an Italian from a German this universal man whose reality has been so often doubted continues to be, and to live, and despite modifications to remain the same. . . . Therein lies the reason of their world-wide welcome. In the questions they discuss, it is the essential interests of "civility" or of humanity itself which are at stake. As they consider the social institution perhaps the most admirable thing in the world, all their thoughts bear on it, and thus their expression of these thoughts cannot be a matter of indifference to anybody. Who would not be curious to know the extent of a country's duty to its citizens, or of a father's to his children, or a husband's to his wife's; how the many conflicts that arise every day between our different duties are decided; what bias reconciles, or what superior principle unites and blends, instead of opposing or contradicting, the needs of the individual and the rights of society? It is from being not forced but consecrated in its entirety, to the examination of these questions that French literature has won universality.'

It is only, indeed, by keeping resolutely in view this supreme if also despairing aspiration of the foremost French writers of to-day—the one thing upon which they are all united from Zola with his psychology of the slums to Bourget and the neurosis which is associated with gorgeous conservatories and soft lamps capped by shades of supple silk, from Anatole France the present-day Voltaire to Melchior de Vogüé the present-day St. Pierre—that one can understand even imperfectly the present welter of French politics, and perhaps even see something like a way out of it. All Frenchmen who have a right to be heard at all at the present moment are agreed that it is the mission of their nation whatever be the form of government which may prevail, to lead the world by perpetually seeking the *universal*, by eternally try-

ing to find root-ideas in domestic government, in foreign policy, in that literature which in Sainte-Beuve's view means the application of ideas to life.

Take domestic government in the true and minute sense. Mr. Bodley's well-known book on France has now been long enough before the public for both its solid excellences and its essential weaknesses to be understood. It is now universally acknowledged that Mr. Bodley has not done for France what De Tocqueville or even Mr. Bryce has done for the American Union. He has looked too exclusively at the Third Republic as it has existed—in Blue Books—since the Fall of the Third Empire. He has scarcely looked at all at the imaginative literature in which modern France lives and moves and has its being. As perhaps the most competent of all Mr. Bodley's critics has said, 'For an understanding of modern France, Balzac and Stendhal seem far more important than Thiers or Michelet; the *Comédie Humaine* is a light thrown upon French emotion, and there are flashes of insight in the *Mémoires d'un Touriste* (to name but one work) which eclipse the spluttering illumination of a thousand blue-books. Yet in his two large volumes, Mr. Bodley quotes Balzac but twice, and Stendhal not at all. Worse than this, he makes little use of contemporary fiction which, apart from fancy, might appear documentary evidence. Twice only does he refer to M. Anatole France's vivid studies of provincial life, and it is perhaps typical of Mr. Bodley's temper that in one of the two references he misquotes a title.' But Mr. Bodley has the strength of his weakness. His study of blue-books and of gutter-journals has been wonderfully exhaustive. Apart from the flood of reality which he has excluded from his survey of France, by virtually declining to have anything to do with the world which is revealed in fiction, he has certainly accomplished his primary object, which is to exhibit 'the working of the Napoleonic machine of centralization in combination with parliamentary institutions imported from England amid a people whose political ideas were formulated in the period of confusion in which the Ancient Régime disappeared.' Beyond all question, Mr. Bodley, if he does not throw any light—the light of hope, at all events—upon the future of France, renders its present darkness painfully visible.

He makes it absolutely certain that the clutch of Revolution principles upon France is not at all to be compared in firmness to the clutch of Napoleonic administration. Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality are as much worshipped as ever. But these generalities receive but lip-service at the best; it is the *sous-préfet* who is obeyed. Clericalism is still nominally the enemy quite as much as it was in the days of Gambetta, but in reality it is the martyr. Mr. Bodley tells a good though not unfamiliar story illustrative of a state of things that exists in the rural districts of France, and is of itself sufficient to account for the undoubted reaction in favour of the Church of Rome, on which the Third Republic of M. Loubet and M. Dupuy, and of the great cloud of presidents and premiers who preceded them, has to reckon as one of the most important and formidable factors in the political situation. A church-going postmaster in the strongly Catholic region of the Vendée is sent for by the *sous-préfet*, who tells him: 'It is reported that you are a constant attendant at a church on Sunday; more than that, you always take a book with you; and a man who follows a service with a book, must not be surprised if he is put down as a Clerical. Besides, there are your daughters; the eldest, who is being educated at a convent, sings in the chapel choir, and her sister makes the collection at the parish church. Now, all these things are quoted in your dossier, and I think it fair to warn you that you are getting the reputation of being a Clerical.' The unfortunate postmaster applies to his *curé*, who, instead of encouraging him to defy his tyrant, advises him—'Leave your prayer-book at home if it offends the anti-Clericals, tell the sisters not to let your daughter sing in the choir, and I will find another of our young friends to take the place of your second girl in making the collection on Sunday.' Here, undoubtedly, the toleration was all on the side of the Clerical 'fanatic,' the tyranny all on the side of the Republican official. A system of espionage is revealed which is infinitely more odious than anything that can be shown in the history of Scotland during its most 'priest-ridden' and theocratic days.

And yet Mr. Bodley maintains and demonstrates that the Napoleonic machine, of which the *sous-préfet* is the product and

aptest illustration, is the one hope of salvation in France, that Parliamentary government is as much of a sham as Republican principles. In other words, what is really strongest in France at the present moment is that which is most radically French. For Napoleonism as a system, and distinguished alike from dynastic ambitions and all-embracing 'ideas,' is an attempt to gratify that passion for the 'universal' which still clings to France. Napoleon himself may have been in France a 'starry stranger,' an Italian brigand who found a nation of Cartouches to his hand, but Napoleonism in the true sense, as 'thoroughness' in the application of means to ends, is of the very genius of France. In the field of action, Cardinal Richelieu, and, to a less extent, Louis the Fourteenth, embodied the spirit of Napoleonism long before Bonaparte appeared on the scene. In literature, Voltaire and Diderot represent this same Napoleonic spirit of thoroughness. So does M. Zola, alike in his merciless realism and in his determination to get to the bottom of the *affaire* Dreyfus. Bonaparte may have failed to give effect to the French passion—for it was a national passion at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century—for something like universal empire. But he did not fail in his great scheme for the consolidation of French administration any more than he failed in his plan for the codification of the law. The administration of France, in every detail of which his spirit is as distinctly visible as if his features were stamped on every coin of his adopted country, will remain his monument, even although—which is not at all impossible—'Thrice again the red fool fury of the Seine should pile her barricades with dead.'

Napoleonism in French administration is the wholesale and thorough-going devotion of the national spirit for universality. But, unfortunately, the same spirit has been wanting, at all events, it has not yet been found, in the purely political field. The administration of France is a piece of evolution, and is therefore almost certain to last. Her Parliamentary institutions are but imitations, and are therefore comparatively, if not positively, failures. They have been borrowed, as Mr. Bodley says, from Great Britain. Hence, at intervals, a perverted sort of patriotism raises its head, and, taking now the

form of Legitimism as in the days when, but for his hopeless and imbecile irreconcilability upon one point, the Comte de Chambord might have ascended the throne, now that of Boulangism or mere theatrical Pretenderism, or as at present that of an uprising of the military against the civil authority, cries 'Off, off, ye lendings!' Had the Parliamentary institutions of France been the product of the soil, or instinct with the genius of the people, the Third Republic would in all probability have been established to-day upon an absolutely impregnable basis. It did, indeed, produce, or at least throw to the surface, one man who had as decided a genius for constitution-hungering as the Abbé Siéyès himself, and a turn for practical politics which the Abbé had not. But the early death of Gambetta put an end to schemes of 'revision' which, had they been elaborated and submitted to the country, might have ended in the adaptation of essentially alien institutions to national political wants.

It should not be forgotten that the endeavour to acclimatise British Parliamentary institutions on the other side of the Channel is itself a twisted form of the passion of France, for being in virtue of the 'universality' of its ideas, 'the centre of humanity.' This acclimatisation is not the solitary, though it is perhaps the most remarkable, case of French borrowing from this country. Even now, whatever is left of French 'society,' seeks to rival its more genuine counterpart on this side of the Channel in the field of 'sport.' In the times of Newton and Locke, Voltaire sought to Anglicise French philosophy, with results fraught with comedy in the first instance, yet in the long run heavily charged with tragedy to the strange household of which he and his 'Divine Emily' were, unhappily, not the sole members. This hurry to annex and assimilate whatever is in the way either of political or of literary ideas is good in any other country, is of course in itself a form of conquest, an attempt through conquest to obtain universal dominion. But the conquest, to be worth making at all, must be complete. It is all very well to introduce British Parliamentary institutions into France, to endow Frenchmen with the franchise; it is a very different thing, as Mr. Bodley shows, to give them the interest in politics which is manifested by the exercise of voting power. 'We English,' it has

been wisely said, 'for reasons of our own, have always believed that the vote, like the air men breathe, is the right of all, and we have been exceedingly chary of conferring the necessary favour. The smallest extension of the franchise has been an excuse for a battle of the wits and a universal enthusiasm. The result is that the householder permitted to vote has valued his privilege as something gained by argument and self-denial. The Frenchman, on the other hand, was asked to vote, without any pressure exerted on his part, and he was so little stirred by the favour that he returned to his *café*. In fact, the compulsory favour was accepted partly with indifference and partly with cynicism. If corruption seemed to amuse the novice, then the register was tampered with, and dead men voted in battalions. At Toulouse, for instance, the electoral roll of 1893 contained 3000 fictitious names, and while it is likely that the real electors abstained with indifference, it is certain that the 3000 dead-heads polled as one man. Bankrupts, absentees, and corpses were liberally inscribed, and, by the aid of chemicals, the names were removed of unnumbered voters hostile to the Radical Socialists. In brief, it was an election of comic opera, and though the Prefect of the Haute Garonne was presently removed to a better post, there was an outburst of national indignation as would be evoked in England by a similar atrocity.' Such incidents as these undoubtedly prove that the experiment of Anglicising French Parliamentary institutions has not hitherto proved a success. And yet it would be a very great mistake to jump to the conclusion that the peasant of Normandy or Provence, upon whom, and not upon the Parisian, the future of France really depends, is totally unfitted for political freedom. Even the severe critic who has already been quoted, admits this. 'France may boast an equality unknown in England. Wherever you travel, from Normandy to the Vosges, from Picardy to the Garonne, you encounter an evenly diffused and curiously vivid intelligence. You speak with your neighbour in a railway train, you interrupt a labourer at his work, and you instantly realise that you are talking to a man with whom conversation is not only possible but a pleasure. The peasant's knowledge is not profound, but his mind is something better than a mere echo of a halfpenny

press, and he expresses his independent judgment with a clearness and a style which you will seldom encounter in the British Isles. Even the language of his discourse is more often than not the purest French, and always superior to that mixture of grunt and slang wherewith the sturdy Anglo-Saxon is wont to befog his meaning.' It is plain that should the peasant assert himself actively in French politics—and in this connection it should be borne in mind that M. Loubet, the new President, belongs specifically to the peasant class—and obtain full control of the Parliamentary machine, even if he does not revolutionise it, he will be the reverse of a dumb dog. He will bring to the exercise of what even yet he cannot understand to be his rights a powerful, a not undisciplined, and a by no means imitative mind.

But the peasant under the Third Republic has been content—and more's the pity—to be a negative and restraining rather than a positive and managing force in politics. As such he has no doubt done good work, and work of the best patriotic kind, for his country. He it is that in the last resort has in all probability saved France from rushing into the arms either of the Black or of the Red Terror, of clerical Reaction or of Socialistic Revolution. He declined to be caught in the net of Boulangism. He retained—with difficulty, it is true—his self-control when the Panama and kindred 'scandals' hurt him in his tenderest point by sweeping away his hard-earned and dearly prized savings. And it is, to say the least, not impossible that it is the fear of the peasant and the doubt that exists as to his actual views upon the confused problems of the hour that prevent Dreyfusite and anti-Dreyfusite mobs from coming into open conflict in the streets of Paris, and that induces some military or political Pretender who has not yet declared himself to hesitate before seeking to follow Third Napoleonic example and wade through the slaughter of his fellow-citizens to a precarious throne. In the meantime, however, the peasant, while already a personality that has to be reckoned with in French politics, can hardly be considered a personage, and the ideas which are his, so to speak, by birth-right, have not yet secured the commanding position—the commanding position of genuine

conservatism—to which they are probably entitled. Hence it is in all probability also that the peculiar and baleful form of the Napoleonic ambition for universal dominion known as ‘the colonial policy’ has been allowed to work so much mischief. It is an attempt to find in the New Worlds—including those ‘tottering and worm-eaten empires’ whose helpless condition has evoked the pity and alarm of the British Prime Minister—which alone are left for the conquest of civilisation, redress for the balance of that Europe, the hegemony of which would seem to have gone from France into the keeping of Germany. Undoubtedly, of course, no Power, least of all Great Britain, which has always had a strong colonial policy of its own, has a right to object to France claiming her share of whatever in the way of trade or territorial privileges may be going in Africa or even in China. All that can and ought to be insisted upon is that France shall duly respect the rights of other Powers either actually acquired, and having therefore the binding force of international law, or established by treaties which have only to be put in execution to have an equally binding force. Unfortunately, however, this has not been the animating spirit of the leaders of the French ‘colonial party’ up to the present time. On the contrary, it is still the spirit of Napoleonism or aggressiveness—the desire to be first in the field at all hazards, and in despite of the sanctions of the law of nations—that has dictated the course of France of late, that, as regards Britain alone, has led to difficulties in Siam, Madagascar, West Africa, Tunis, and Muscat, that very nearly embroiled the two nations in war over Fashoda, and that in spite of the recent concluded agreements in regard to West Africa and the Soudan still threatens difficulties, the gordian-knot of which may yet have to be cut by the sword.

Apart, however, from such questions as the rights of Great Britain and the paramount considerations of law and morality, this frenzied colonial policy will probably prove for France as great a blunder as the attempt to naturalise Anglo-Saxon Parliamentary institutions, and for a similar reason. The ‘genius’ of the French people does not lie in colonisation. Such, at least, is the only lesson to be learned from its past history. In India, in North America, even in South Africa, France made before

the last struggle but one with this country, a much more brilliant start than her great rival. Yet the tortoise proved more than a match for the hare. When the final struggle for the spoils of that period took place, France, in spite of the brilliant achievements of her pioneers in colonisation—achievements which have found to-day, at least in their brilliancy, a counterpart in the wonderful march of Major Marchand in his character of 'emissary of civilisation,'—was hopelessly and even easily beaten. That was taken to mean that Great Britain was, in virtue of those special circumstances, which are popularly described as her mission, fitted for the work of governing weaker nations. Time has certainly not weakened this belief. The *Pax Britannica* is as indubitable and beneficial a fact as the *Pax Romana*. Great as has been the success of the British dominion in India, mainly on account of that essential unselfishness which has never been disputed, the success of the same dominion has not been in the slightest degree smaller in Egypt. On the other hand, there is no evidence whatever that the French have profited by the lessons of the past. It is perhaps too soon to prophesy as to the future of their experiments in 'settlement' in West Africa. But Madagascar is admittedly a costly blunder, and from the times of Jules Ferry down to the present day, Tongking has been the grave of political reputations.

But even could it be demonstrated that the French 'colonial policy' has been as much of a success as it has been proved to be the reverse, there is one objection to its continuance, and to the domination of the Napoleonic spirit which animates it, that is, or at least ought to be, fatal. Circumstances may dictate to the inhabitants of this tight little island a policy of expansion; circumstances dictate no less emphatically to the inhabitants of France a policy of concentration. 'The inability of the population to increase,' and the reasons for that inability are among the commonplaces of what may be termed Malthusian economics. The latest statistics* of this stagnation will be considered exceptionally alarming by those—and they include all careful and

* See Sedlaczek's and Levasseur's *Year-Books* on the subject of French population.

thoughtful observers—who look to the peasantry of France as its sole physical as well as moral hope. The increase in the population of the country during late years has been of the slightest character. But whatever increase has taken place has been in the large towns; the rural population has positively declined. Thus from 1886 to 1891 the total population of France increased by 124,289 persons, but the population of cities having over 30,000 inhabitants increased in the aggregate by 103,407. The rural population declined by 450,000. In the five years from 1891 to 1896, the total population of France increased by 175,027, but the population of cities over 30,000 increased by 327,009, showing a positive decrease in the population outside of cities of over 30,000. This declinature in the rural population, which, as is notorious, is not due absolutely to the tendency exhibited in all large countries at the present time, to crowd into the great cities and make them still larger and less wholesome, is a very serious fact in the history of France from whatever point of view it be regarded. But it becomes doubly serious when it is remembered that if France is really to embark on a career of expansion, with any hope of holding her own against her formidable rivals, it is to the hardy peasants of Brittany and Normandy, not to the physically stunted, though nimbly intelligent *gamins* of Paris, or even ‘the black-browed Marseillaise,’ that her ‘colonial’ statesmen must look for the successful accomplishment of their enterprise. Yet it stands to reason that such a task cannot be accomplished by a declining population.

Various projects have been broached for improving the quality of the French population, and arresting its ‘inability to increase.’ These cannot for obvious reasons be discussed here or now. But in any case a consideration of them could serve no purpose. Should any particular theory be really found feasible, time—and a very considerable amount of time—would be required to carry it out. But time is what, to all appearance, France cannot spare at the present moment. The agony through which the country is passing might and probably would end in a sanguinary catastrophe of some kind, before any method of increasing the population or improving the breed, could be tried. The great facts of nature are, with a silent eloquence which even rhetoric at its

highest or Chateaubriand flight could not improve, proclaiming that it is the supreme duty of all that is wisest in French patriotism at the present to seek to concentrate the energies of the nation on the domestic problems which urgently demand solution. It might be too much to ask French statesmen to abandon the colonies and vast 'settlements' which have already been established in Africa, or even to forego their share in the 'opening up' or 'partition' of China, although it is quite as certain that such 'withdrawals' will have to be submitted to with as good a grace as possible, as that the legions had to be called in from Britain and other outlying provinces of the Roman Empire when decay had begun at the centre. In the meantime, however, the colonies need not be enlarged, and the ambitions of the 'colonial' statesmen may be kept in check. It is a good sign that the best of French writers like M. Joseph Texte are preaching 'the fraternity of nations' as a substitute for the forgotten if not discarded 'Liberty, Fraternity and Equality' of the early Revolutionary period, and that they are at last obtaining some support—though as yet far too slight and timid—from the Parisian press. The true regeneration of France will date from the day when she discards Napoleonic ambition, while retaining Napoleonic administration, and seeks to play her part with becoming modesty, though with head erect, in that great partnership of the nations which will be rendered complete by the entrance into it of the American Union, and which may yet bring us to the 'federation of the world.'

But before indicating the elements of hope as well as of danger in the general situation in France, it will be desirable to glance at the agony through which the literature of the country no less than its politics is passing. Here again history would seem to be repeating itself. Writing in 1860 on the subject of French fiction, that eminently suggestive and eloquent, if temperamentally too mournful and even pessimistic a writer, the late Mr. William Rathbone Greg, said:—'It is hard to say whether the current politics or the current literature of France convey the more vivid impression of utter and profound demoralization—the willing servitude, the craven fear, the thirsty materialism, the absence of all liberal sentiment or noble aspiration indicated by the one, the abandonment of all self-control or self-respect,

the surrender of all manliness, dignity, or reticence, the hunger after the most diseased, unholy, and extravagant excitement, characteristic of the other, or the intense and unrebuked selfishness, the passionate and slavish worship of wealth and power, which constitute the basis and the soul of both alike.' And he concludes a merciless dissection and scathing denunciation of the French fiction of the time in a passage the sombre beauty and seriousness of which it would be hard if not impossible to beat, and which seems quite as applicable to the France of Zola and Maupassant, Bourget and Verlaine, as to the France of Georges Sand and Alfred de Musset, Eugène Sue and Ernest Feydeau, the younger Dumas and Victor Hugo, of which he wrote : 'These productions for the most part are written with great power and beauty, often with as much elevation of sentiment as is compatible with the absence of all strict principle and all definite morality. There is plenty of religion, and much even that is simple, touching, and fine ; but it is religion as affection and emotion—never as guide, governance, or creed. There is some reverence and much gratitude towards God ; but little idea of obedience, sacrifice, or devotion. There is adulation and expectation, rather than worship or service. Then, again, there is vast sympathy with the suffering and the poor—deep and genuine, if often irrational and extravagant, but it commonly degenerates into senseless animosity towards the rich, lawless hatred of settled institutions, and frantic rebellion against the righteous chain of cause and effect which governs social well-being. There are delineations of rapturous, irreproachable, almost angelic love ; but some unhallowed memory, or some disordered association, almost always steps in to stain the idol and desecrate the shrine. There are eloquence, pathos, and fancy in rich profusion ; characters of high endowment and noble aspiration ; scenes of exquisite tenderness and chaste affection ; pictures of saintly purity and martyr-like devotion—but something theatrical, morbid, and meretricious mingles with and mars the whole. There is every flower of Paradise.

'But the trail of the serpent is over them all.'

'The grandest gifts placed at the service of the lowest passions ; the holiest sentiments and the fondest moments painted in the

richest colours of the fancy only to be withered by cynical doubt or soiled by cynical indecency; the most secret and sacred recesses of the soul explored and mastered not for reverential contemplation of their beauties and their mysteries, but in order to expose them, with a hideous grin—naked, sensitive, and shrinking—to the desecrating glance of a misbelieving and mocking world—such is the work which genius must stoop to do, when faith in what is good, reverence for what is pure, and relish for what is natural, have died out from a nation's heart.'

These are terrible words, yet it may be said that they are not too terrible to apply to the present condition of French politics and literature. Mr. Greg wrote when the Third Empire was at its best and its worst. As we now know, it was rotten to the core. But can it be said that the Third Republic is any better—the Third Republic with its Wilson and Panama scandals, which between them have plunged nine out of ten French politicians of prominence into the mire of the worst kind of corruption, and the Dreyfus case, which, whatever be its upshot from the political point of view, has shown that the leading officers in the French army are willing to descend to forgery, to the contemptible trickery of false beards and blue glasses, to accomplish their ends? As for fiction, what would Mr. Greg, appalled by *Fanny* and *Quasimodo* and *La Dame aux Camelias*, have said had he lived in the age of naturalism, of Bourget, who has asserted calmly that love is nothing more than 'the carnal desire of a man for a woman, or of a woman for a man,' of Maupassant and Flaubert, who have brought the resources of a perfect style to the description of what even Tolstoi has shrunk from as illicit and adulterous sexual intercourse, of Zola, whose home—the home at least of 'Nana' and 'Piping Hot,' and the whole of the Rougon-Macquart series of novels—is to be found in the moral sewers of life, and whom even the tolerant Robert Louis Stevenson could forgive only on the ground that he was mastered by 'erotic mania'? What would he have said to the modern French drama as it is described and defended by so capable a writer and so staunch a literary patriot as M. Augustin Filon? Even on M. Filon's showing, the comedy (save the mark!) of to-day turns upon adultery. Either the hero or the heroine has 'a past' in

the shape of a *liaison*; in nine cases out of ten both have 'a past.' When a writer for the stage, like M. Paul Hervieu, has a serious purpose—to make a protest against the existing French laws of marriage or divorce—he creates the most appalling situations. In his *Les Tenaïlles* he introduces a husband and wife who have been married ten years and have never cared for each other. But Irene Fergan 'loves Michel Duvernier, the celebrated traveller, who, on his side, cherishes a great heroic passion for her.' She goes to her husband and suggests divorce. But Robert Fergan does not see his way to anything of the kind, and will not fall in with his wife's suggestion that an excuse for separation in the shape of adultery or ill-usage should be invented to facilitate matters. For some years the two live together. But a child has been born, and on his account the struggle re-commences. The father decides to send him to school; the mother decides to keep him at home. 'Every argument has been exhausted on both sides, and it rests with M. Fergan to insist on getting his own way. "He belongs to me, his father." "You are not his father," and she confesses that on one occasion, maddened by her galling chains, she had put aside all generous scruples and had yielded to the man she loved. At this point little René crosses the stage. Fergan then decides that his wife shall leave the house, and take the child with her. It is now her turn to resist and to decline to be thrust out of doors. He, in turn, demands divorce. "I no longer accept it. My youth is past, my hopes are dead, my woman's future is at an end. I refuse to change the whole course of my life. I wish for nothing more than to remain to the end where I am—as I am." He revolts, he still protests. What—a whole life together, face to face, always, always? What sort of existence will he lead? "The same that I have led for ten years." "But you are guilty, and I am innocent." "No, we are only two miserable people, and misery knows none but equals." In another of his plays, M. Hervieu depicts the painful position of an innocent woman, Laure de Raguais. And such a position! She discovers that her husband has an intrigue with a married woman. But for the sake of her daughter, little Isabelle, she consents to an amicable

separation. But Isabelle grows up to fall in love with the son of her father's mistress!

Or take the Parisian dramatist's conception of a comic situation worthy of being placed on the stage, as indicated by such a play as M. Donnay's *Amants*. 'When the curtain rises on Claudine Rozay's drawing-room, the representation of "Guiznal" has come to an end. The children and their mammas are delighted; the mammas very elegant, the children dressed in a pronounced English style, and under the care of a "Miss" and a "Fraulein," whose efforts to keep them in check are wonderfully ineffective. There is respectability in the air, respectability of a rather artificial and superficial kind. As if to put us off the scent, the Prefect of Police is in the drawing-room as an invited guest. However, we begin to sniff a somewhat doubtful odour. We understand by certain phrases that these women are not married, that these children are not children like our own, and that the Prefect has come to amuse himself. In fact, this is the *demi-monde*, the world of sham *menages*, temporary fidelity, and virtue for a season. To give us a season of these *femmes entretenues*, struggling to live like excellent *bourgeoises*, is in itself piquant; it becomes still more piquant when we turn to society nowadays and see a crowd of silly excitable women, whose longing for Bohemianism leads them into a thousand follies.' It is this same M. Donnay who has attempted to adapt the special comedy of Aristophanes to the life and wants of the Parisians in a burlesque entitled *Lysistrata*. Of this M. Filon writes that it 'Was interpreted by beautiful girls, beautifully dressed. The transparency of the muslin would of itself have attracted the crowd; but M. Donnay added words worse than muslin. . . . No nation ever equalled the Greeks in the art of describing young, elegant, smiling depravity, and adorning sensuality with a thousand graces. That immoral, delightful form of art we once possessed and then lost. M. Donnay learned it from the Greeks by the aid of Patin, and has restored it to us again.'

It may be said that surely in the naturalism of Zola and Maupassant, in the gorgeous sensuousness of Pierre Loti, in the Greek depravity of Parisian comedy, French literature has reached the bed-rock of Byzantine decadence. Probably it is

so. And yet, it should not be forgotten that this result is due to the introduction of the Napoleonic spirit of savage and selfish 'thoroughness' into literature. No doubt the tendencies which have now done their worst and utmost—at least it may so be hoped—exhibited themselves before the Napoleonic spirit was manifested. Frenchmen have always been too prone to laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair. The most inspiring force in French literature during the last century—more inspiring even than Voltaire—was Rousseau, from whom the great Revolution is to be traced, as Napoleon in turn is to be traced from the Revolution. He was the first, says Sainte Beuve in one of his most exquisite criticisms, who put 'something green into our literature.' It is 'From him that the sentiment of nature is reckoned among us in the eighteenth century. It is from him also is dated in our literature the sentiment of our domestic life, of that comely, poor, quiet, hidden life, in which are accumulated so many treasures of virtue and affection.' But Sainte Beuve also admits the 'debasement and corruption' in Rousseau, which 'touches the moral sense.' He does not seem to suspect that there are certain things the mention of which is forbidden, that there are certain ignoble, disgusting, cynical expressions which a virtuous man never uses, and which he ignores.' In a sense, indeed, naturalism is but carrying Rousseauism, on the side of debasement and corruption, 'to its logical conclusion.' Declining to allow that there are any things the mention of which ought to be forbidden, it persists in seeking *nuda veritas* in all departments of life, and will have no 'human documents' save those from which everything in the shape of 'superstition,' sentimentality, traditional religion, and traditional morality has been ruthlessly stripped. Like Napoleonism, which inspired Balzac, if it did not inspire Zola, it seeks to show human nature precisely as it is. And behold it is all the reverse of good!

There is one redeeming feature—and, perhaps but one—in the conduct of French men of letters during the present period, the very agony of decadence though it may be. They are possessed by the enthusiasm—one might even go further and say the fanaticism—of their art. Zola, indeed, says that he is not an artist, but merely an *ouvrier*. But he preaches the gospel of work: 'In

all my struggles and fits of despair, I have had but one remedy—work. How often have I sat down to my table in the morning not knowing what to do, full of bitterness, and tortured by some great physical or moral pain, and yet each time, in spite of the revolt of my suffering, my task has been a comfort and relief to me; I have always been strengthened by my daily task.' And Zola has practised what he has preached. There is no more question as to the labour he has expended over his work than there is as to the moral earnestness which has caused him to endeavour to do justice to Dreyfus, whom he believes to have been shamefully used, even although the effort has meant for him exile and the loss of fortune. And however demoralising or degrading may be the results achieved by those of the naturalists who aim at being artists in the higher sense of the word, their desire to attain perfection has been nothing short of a passion. Edward de Goncourt said of his brother Jules, 'He was slain by style.' Flaubert, the author of *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbô*—works which would have evoked from Rathbone Greg far severer denunciations than even those he passed upon the French fiction of his day—was in torture whilst he was engaged in composition. He demanded similar perfection of his pupils. Of Guy de Maupassant, the most promising and most unfortunate of them all, Madame Blaze de Bury, in her very interesting *French Literature of To-Day*, says, 'He waited to make his *début* till his master, Flaubert, was satisfied with his productions. Flaubert lived near Rouen, Maupassant's family in the neighbourhood of Croisset. From childhood the great man had watched over the boy's mind, setting him certain themes to exert himself upon. "You will go to such a street, where you will see a concierge and parrot; you will then write down what you saw, and read it to me;" and, till Flaubert pronounced, "Now, I see the picture," Maupassant had to work and destroy.' It may be a matter for regret that Maupassant did not destroy a great deal more than he did, that, in particular, he did not destroy all his writings of the altogether detestable 'Bel-Ami' type. But of his indomitable industry, and of his ultimate success as perhaps the greatest master of the *conte* or short story in the highest literary sense of the word, there can be no manner of doubt. According

to Joubert, perhaps the most rare and delicate spirit that France has produced since Pascal, and whose thoughts have at last been placed before the British public in an adequate translation by Mrs. Lyttelton: 'There never was an age of literature whose dominant taste was not diseased. The triumph of the best artists is to make healthy work agreeable to diseased taste.' Such a triumph undoubtedly has been that of Maupassant, of Flaubert, of the brothers Goncourt, of all the supreme artists who have been writing—and fighting—under the banner of naturalism.

Ample proof is, indeed, to hand that even in the agony of decadence, French literature is as notable for virility as ever, that it is still the most vigorous literature in the world. Who, even in this dark hour, does not feel the truth of the words of hope and enthusiasm which Mr. Robert W. Chambers has put into the mouth of one of the Americans who figure in his very remarkable novel, *Ashes of Empire*—'France, with all her faults, has done more for human progress and human liberty—for everything that makes life worth while—than all the other European nations put together. To-day, ay, to-morrow, too, Germany might drop out of the world, and the world would never be the worse. But blot out France or England, or your own blessed country, and it would mean something very different.'

If only this remarkable and varied energy, this passion for art, could be diverted to other and nobler ends! If only the French would allow the ape and tiger to die out of their lives and their literature! Is it quite useless even now to cherish some such aspiration? In answer to this, it may at least be said that there are not wanting 'bits of blue sky.' Take the theatre, where undoubtedly the decadence has been seen at its worst. M. Filon, who has already been quoted, says, 'Whether it be a matter of rejoicing or of affliction, France is in the best of health, and whatever the world may say, shows no sign of mental disease. I cannot discern the dismal symptoms which are described with such melancholy pleasure, or if I do discern them, they seem to me unimportant, or even if a few of them are important, they are counterbalanced by reassuring phenomena.' Among these reassuring phenomena is undoubtedly the fact that the greatest

of recent dramatic successes in France is M. Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' No doubt this piece owes a very great deal to the marvellous appearance in the leading rôle of that greatest of living actors, M. Coquelin. But it is also notable as the triumph not of debasing sensuality or of still more debasing cynicism, but of old and ever fresh romance, of self-sacrifice carried to heroic heights, of that brilliant yet simple gaiety in which France is exhibited at her best. Among the other reassuring theatrical phenomena which M. Filon enumerates is the revival of such classics as Molière, Corneille, and Racine. Still more significant and hopeful is this remark—'The old wall of prejudice against foreign dramatists begins to give way on every side, without, however, letting in a rush of sentiment which would be fatal. . . . If the International Theatre succeeds in coming into being, it promises us the most interesting plays produced during the last few years by Spanish, Italian, and English dramatists.' Should France enter into the brotherhood of nations even by the stage-door, another nail will have been driven into the coffin of that Napoleonism—that dream of world-wide Empire—which is still her chief curse.

There are other encouraging symptoms. Such is the rise of a school of novelists that has no fellowship with the unfruitful works either of Zola or of 'Gyp,' with Nordauesque degeneration or sub-Voltairean cynicism. One of the foremost of these is Madame Blanc Bentzon, whose marked success, though not yet appreciated on this side of the Channel, is one of the features of present-day French literature. Madame Blaze de Bury says truly of Madame Blanc Bentzon's novels that 'although psychology enters largely into them, they are more especially "moralist" novels, the moral life in them having a marked preponderance, and the soul's aspirations towards a higher plane being strongly marked.' In the same line of tendency is the fact that all the abler of the younger school of French critics have joined the movement of reaction which has undoubtedly set in against naturalism. The ablest of these, as has already been said, is M. Ferdinand Brunetière. M. Brunetière has not only assailed the naturalists on the score of their imperfect art, declaring that even Flaubert, who 'knows his trade,' is inferior to

George Eliot, but he has attacked Zola on much higher grounds. He objects, for example, to Zola's *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, and its author, 'because the book is full of revolting pictures of indecency, of gross impiety, and of repulsive cynicism, but also because one asks one's self first what has become of the honest clarity of the French tongue; afterwards if the last term of art is to lead to the persistent degradation of man, is to paint man laughing the laugh of a shameless brute, or panting like a snared animal under suffering or repenting, "as if monsters were fighting in its entrails."' M. Brunetière is not only a critic in art and in ethics, but he is a prophet—though one, as has already been seen, with a distinctly patriotic bias. The conclusion he comes to in his admirable 'Manual of the History of French literature' is that 'After having been individualist in the hands of the romanticists, and impersonal in those of the naturalists, modern French literature considered as a whole has again become *social*. . . . Finally, if it be essentially characteristic of a social literature that it tends towards the "perfecting of civil life," or as we should say to-day, towards the progress of civilisation, what more could we add.' For four hundred years our literature and even our language have enabled us to promote both the greatness of France and the good of humanity. Who would not sacrifice to this generous ideal something of his "individualism" and the strange vanity of being alone in admiring and understanding himself?'

In words like these, we have something more than a hope, we have a cue. Let France cast from her the last rags of Napoleonism in politics and in literature alike. Let her aim at being 'social' in the true sense of the word. Let her make the sanctity of the family the supreme note in that fiction which is now nine-tenths of literature. Let her make the fraternity not the hegemony of nations her ideal, and let her in pursuit of that ideal, abandon the chimeras of a fatuous 'colonial' policy. A peaceful, stable, self-centred France, strong in her army, strong in her wealth, might not be the dictator, but would almost certainly be the arbiter, of continental Europe. Her power would be dreaded, her friendship welcomed, her alliance solicited. But is there the moral strength in the country to enter on a policy

which seems to be dictated alike by wisdom and by patriotism? It is impossible to say. The future is dark with uncertainty. That France is passing through an agony of some kind is but too evident, but whether it is the agony of a new politico-social birth, or of final dissolution, it would be rash to predict. It may be that the worst fears of pessimistic observers will be fulfilled, and that we are about to witness a second Saint Bartholomew directed against the Jews, and the total subversion of the civil power by the army. Or it may be that the Republic is to be established more surely than ever in France, broad-based upon the people's will as expressed in genuinely national popular institutions. The hour of crisis has all but struck, and France is once again on the outlook for a man. It is to be feared that once more she will, *faute de mieux*, lay her liberties at the feet of an interested Pretender, trying, perhaps, as she more than once tried in her history, to extract a hope from the epigram of political despair, *L'égalité sera peut-être un droit, mais aucune puissance humaine ne saura le convertir en fait.*

ART. V.—MR. FIELDING ON BUDDHISM.

The Soul of a People. By H. FIELDING. London and New-York : Macmillan & Co. 1898.

OF late years, many books upon the subject of Buddhism have invited the attention of European and Christian thinkers—but the book here named is of a peculiar and perhaps unique interest from the fact of the attitude which the author, being of the nationality and position which are his, has come to adopt upon the subject, and the subsidiary but intensely interesting fact that the work itself was written during this mental transition and is therefore in a sense its contemporaneous record. His last two pages are as follows:—

‘I thought before I began to write, and I have become more and more certain of it as I have taken up subject after subject, that to all the great differences of thought between them and us there is one key. And this key is that they believe the world is governed by eternal laws, that have never changed, that will never change, that are founded on absolute righteousness; while we believe in a personal God, altering laws, and changing moralities according to His will.

‘If I were to re-write this book, I should do so from this standpoint of eternal laws, making the book an illustration of the proposition.

‘Perhaps it is better as it is, in that I have discovered the key at the end of my work instead of at the beginning. I did not write the book to prove the proposition, but in writing the book this truth has become apparent to me.

‘The more I have written, the clearer has this teaching become to me, until now I wonder that I did not understand long ago—nay, that it has not always been apparent to all men.

‘Surely it is the beginning of all wisdom.

‘Not until we had discarded Atlas and substituted gravity, until we had forgotten Enceladus and learned the laws of heat, until we had rejected Thor and his hammer and searched after the laws of electricity, could science make any strides onward.

‘An irresponsible spirit playing with the world as his toy killed all science.

‘But now science has learned a new wisdom, to look only at what it can see, to leave vain imaginings to children and idealists, certain always that the truth is inconceivably more beautiful than any dream.

‘Science with us has gained her freedom, but the soul is still in bonds.

‘Only in Buddhism has this soul-freedom been partly gained. How beautiful this is, how full of great thoughts, how very different to the barren materialism it has often been said to be, I have tried to show.

‘I believe myself that in this teaching of the laws of right-

eousness we have the grandest conception, the greatest wisdom, the world has known.

‘I believe that in accepting this conception we are opening to ourselves a new world and unimaginable progress, in justice, in charity, in sympathy, and in love.

‘I believe that as our minds, when freed from their bonds, have grown more and more rapidly to heights of thought before undreamed of, to truths eternal, to beauty inexpressible, so shall our souls, when freed, as our minds now are, rise to sublimities of which now we have no conception.

‘Let each man but open his eyes and see, and his own soul shall teach him marvellous things.’

One excellent feature about the volume—the one which will probably meet with the heartiest and most general approval—is the sympathetic way in which its author speaks of the conquered and subject people of whom he writes. He is apparently an Englishman holding a civilian office under the British Government in Burma, who has lived in many parts of the country, is intimately acquainted with the people, has had innumerable opportunities of observing the seamier as well as the ordinary and better side of their nature, and speaks of them on almost every page of his volume in terms of approval and sympathy, if not of affectionate regard. Evidently he is greatly taken with them, their ways and their religion.

Evidently, too, they are a taking people, quiet and amiable, always, except when provoked beyond endurance, restraining their passions with admirable self-control, simple as children of Nature, kind towards man and beast and creeping things, easily pleased, courteous to the last degree, seldom interfering with each other, with no earthly ambitions, contented and peaceful, and devoted to the faith of Buddha, to which they have added some simple but harmless superstitions, and one or two faiths and practices of their own.

How much the climate, aspects of nature, and the general circumstances in which they live, have had to do in the formation of their temperament, Mr. Fielding does not enquire.

What he is concerned about is to show what he believes to be the deep and abiding influence their religion has upon their lives, and the superiority of this religion, in matters concerning human conduct over what he assumes is the Christian Faith.

It must be admitted that Mr. Fielding writes with considerable charms of style. Something of the sweetness and softness of the evenings during which, we may probably assume, his volume was written, has communicated itself to his pages. At any rate, all that he has to say of the Burman and of his religion, is put in a remarkably attractive way. It is set off, too, with much sympathy, and though he frankly admits that in civilisation the Burman is as yet but a child, and has much to learn, one has often the greatest difficulty in making out whether the faith he practises, or at least the religion of Buddha, has not won Mr. Fielding's preference, and can claim him as one of its adherents.

But, be that as it may, Mr. Fielding has a much larger and more accurate knowledge of Buddhism than he has of the principles of the Christian faith. Over the first he has pondered carefully. When it began to attract his attention, he sent for books and studied them, and then finding contradictions between what he read and the lives of those who professed to believe in it, he turned to the daily lives of the people and sought to understand their religion from these. Anything of the same kind in connection with Christianity he does not appear to have done. His treatment of this has, to say the least, been less radical and more superficial. To all appearance, he seems to have regarded his knowledge of the Christian Faith as complete, and his conceptions of it as in no need of revision. Mr. Max Müller, of whose writings Mr. Fielding is a student, says something to the effect that in order to discover the true genius of a religion, it is necessary to revert to its original source. In respect to Buddhism, Mr. Fielding has followed this admirable rule, but in respect to Christianity he has not.

The doctrines which he sets down as Christian may, it is true, be met with both in books and in the pulpit, but it is questionable whether any enlightened Christian, and still less

a scientific theologian or any one who is entitled to speak with authority, would accept them in the sense in which they are evidently interpreted by Mr. Fielding, except in a very remote or figurative way.

Of course, Mr. Fielding does not set down what he believes to be doctrines of the Christian Faith dogmatically, and then argue against them; he brings in his conceptions of them, as it were, incidentally, and uses them to set off the superiority of Buddhism, and as they have much to do with his apparent preference for this faith, they help to furnish a curious psychological study—study, by the way, which may be as profitable to theologians as to laymen.

In the concluding chapter of the volume, we have, as we have already seen, the following:—‘I thought before I began to write; and I have become more and more certain of it as I have taken up subject after subject, that to all the great differences of thought between them and us, there is one key. And this key is that they believe the world is governed by eternal laws, that have never changed, that will never change, that they are founded on absolute righteousness: while we believe in a personal God, altering laws, and changing moralities at His will.’* Thus, according to Mr. Fielding, the Christian conception of the Divine Being is that of One whose government of the world is not based upon absolute righteousness, but who alters laws and changes moralities at His will. From another passage we learn that the same Being is ‘an angry Judge;’† from still another, that ‘We believe that the world is governed not by eternal laws, but by a changeable and continually changing God, and that it is our duty to try and persuade Him to make it better;’ and, from yet another, that ‘We believe, really, that we that know a great deal better than God what is good, not only for us, but for others; we do not believe His will is always righteous—not at all; God has wrath to be deprecated; He has mercy to be aroused; He has partiality to be turned towards us, and hence our prayers.’‡

* P. 351.

† P. 318.

‡ Pp. 161-62.

Really, one wonders where Mr. Fielding obtained his Christian teaching, and cannot refrain from marvelling at the confidence with which he sets himself up as a critic of Christianity. The first qualification requisite in a competent critic is that he should have an accurate, if not an experimental, knowledge of his subject, but while we are quite willing to accept Mr. Fielding as having the requisite qualifications as a critic of Buddhism, or of Buddhism as professed by the Burmese, we are not prepared to accept him as a critic of Christianity. Had he known as much about this as he does about Buddhism, he would have known that among its fundamental principles are the truths that God is the Infinite and Eternal Charity, that with Him 'there is no variableness nor shadow of turning,' and that though 'clouds of darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne'—in other words, that though it may, and often does, pass the wit of man to explain them, the laws by which He governs the world, are nevertheless absolutely righteous and unchanging. Similarly with the other assertions in the passages quoted above. There is scarcely one of them which is not purely figurative, and which, before it can be accepted as containing Christian doctrine, does not require to be translated into the precise language of Science, or which if literally interpreted, does not require to be rejected as contrary to the genuine teaching of the Christian Faith.

Doubtless there is some colour for Mr. Fielding's belief that according to Christian ideas God is changeable, or, at least, subject to alternations of mood or temper, or in His attitude towards the world. Such phrases as the 'anger,' 'wrath,' 'mercy' and 'justice of God' are scattered up and down on almost every page of the Christian and Hebrew Scriptures, and are often used; but he is a poor student either of the Bible or of Christian Theology who has not learned that according to the Christian doctrine God is 'not altogether such an one as himself,' or who does not know that the attributes these phrases are used to describe are manifestations of the one Eternal Charity, and that the phrases themselves are indicative not of changes in the Eternal Mind, but of the

different impressions which these several manifestations make upon the mind of man. Mr. Fielding may tell us that 'we believe in a changeable and continually changing God, and that it is our duty to persuade Him to make the world better,' or that 'we believe that we know what is good for ourselves better than He does,' or that the object of prayer is to effect a change in the mind of God; but who are the *we*? They are certainly not those who have an intelligent acquaintance with the doctrines of the Christian Faith as at first delivered, nor are they those who are entitled to speak with authority as to present beliefs. It is doubtful whether the most ignorant street preacher believes what Mr. Fielding says 'we believe;' and certainly no devout intelligent Christian will, we will venture to say, be found who will not readily confess, or who does not thoroughly believe, that God knows what is good either for him or for others infinitely better than he does himself. As for the object of prayer, the common teaching of Christianity is that it is not, as Mr. Fielding puts it, to change the will of God, but to bring the will of man into harmony with the Eternal Will.

Equally crude are Mr. Fielding's conceptions of the teaching of Christianity respecting repentance and punishment. His ideas respecting the first he nowhere, so far as we remember, explicitly states. But in his chapter on 'Death the Deliverer,' he treats of the Buddhist doctrine, and his ideas of the Christian doctrine may be inferred from his antithetical statements.

'There is no need,' he says, 'for me to recall the last hours of those of our faith, to bring up again the fading eye and waning breath, the messages of hope we search for in our Scriptures to give hope to him who is going, the assurances of religion, the cross held before the dying eyes. Many men, we are told, turn to religion at last after a life of wickedness, and a man may do so at the eleventh hour and be saved. That is part of our belief; that is the strongest part of our belief, and that is the hope that all present Christians have, that those they love may be saved in the end. I think it may be truly said that our Western creeds are all directed at the hour of death as the great and final test of that creed. And

now think of Buddhism; it is a creed of life. In life you must win your way to salvation by urgent effort, by suffering, by endurance. On your death-bed you can do nothing. . . . A life is not washed, a soul is not made fit for the dwelling of eternity, in a moment. Repentance to a Buddhist is but the opening of the eyes to see the path of righteousness; it has no virtue in itself. To have seen that we are sinners is but the first step to cleansing our sin; in itself it cannot purify. As well ask a robber of the poor to repent, and suppose thereby that those who have suffered from his guilt are compensated for the evil done to them by his repentance, as to ask a Buddhist to believe that a sinner can at the last moment make good to his own soul the injuries caused to that soul by the wickedness of his life. Or suppose a man who has destroyed his constitution by excess to be by the very fact of acknowledging that excess restored to health. The Buddhist will not have that at all.'

Nor will Christianity, though the implication and suggestion of Mr. Fielding's words plainly is that it will. 'That a life is washed, or a soul made fit for the dwelling of eternity, in a moment,' is a dictum to which no theologian of any weight would for a moment think of subscribing, except in a very modified sense. In one of his sermons Cardinal Newman emphasises the fact that as it has taken a long time to acquire evil habits so it will take a long time and much patience to eradicate them, and that though one act of repentance may change the character of a man's life, many other similar acts are required to perfect it. Theologians of all schools, in fact, are in the habit of taking a view of the effects of sin which as compared with the Buddhist view is still more terrible. Dr. Pusey in one of his sermons maintains 'Every day in which some line of God's image is not traced on your souls is a loss for eternity.' A theologian of a very different school writes, 'Sin can disappear and the stain be washed away, but all the time and power spent in simply undoing the past might have been used to lift the soul into higher heavenly communion. . . . Every act in this way has its everlasting consequences, every bad act its own un-

ending effect.' And Mr. Ruskin, who tells us that he was brought up on the Bible, writes, 'The falsest of all cries of peace, where there is no peace, is that of the pardon of sin, as the mob expect it. Wisdom can "put away sin," but she cannot pardon it, and she is apt, in her haste, to put away the sinner as well, when the black ægis is on her breast.' Christianity in fact goes a good deal further in its doctrines as to sin and repentance than Buddhism does and than Mr. Fielding imagines. While with the Buddhist repentance is 'but the opening of the eyes to see the path of righteousness,' according to Christianity it is not less than the actual adoption of the path of righteousness as the way of life. As a matter of fact, indeed, Christianity demands from its followers exactly that which Mr. Fielding says it has never been possible for any religion to make the test of belief in it, that is, acts and deeds — 'fruits meet for repentance.'

His conception of the Christian doctrine of punishment Mr. Fielding sets down explicitly in his eighth chapter. He prefaces it with a pretty story of a Burman, an English officer's servant who stole some of his master's property, was punished for the theft, and then after his release from prison returned expecting to resume his old post and was unable to understand the officer's refusal to reinstate him, notwithstanding that he had expiated his offence. The story has some curious features, but these are not exactly what we want to be after at present. Here are Mr. Fielding's comments as to crime and punishment—

'To the Englishman punishment was a degradation. It seemed to him far more disgraceful that his servant should have been in gaol than that he should have committed theft. The theft he was ready to forgive, the punishment he could not. Punishment to him meant revenge. It is the revenge of an outraged and injured morality. The sinner had insulted the law, and therefore the law was to make him suffer. He was to be frightened into not doing it again. That is the idea. He was to be afraid of receiving punishment. And again his punishment was to be useful as a warning to others. . . . The idea of punishment being an atonement hardly

enters our minds at all. To us it is practically revenge. We do not expect people to be the better for it. We are sure they are worse. It is a deterrent for others, not a healing process for the man himself. . . . We do not wish or intend to improve him, but simply and purely to make him suffer. After we have dealt with him, he is never fit again for human society.'

It is not at all unlikely that here and there one or two may be found to whom these views or opinions are gospel; but to set them down as doctrines authoritatively taught in the Christian Churches or as generally current in the more enlightened part of Western civilisation argues an ignorance of what is really taught and practised in Christendom, much greater than we should willingly have laid to the credit of Mr. Fielding. A hundred years ago some such ideas undoubtedly did prevail. A hundred years ago the punishment of the offender was doubtless deemed requisite in order to vindicate 'an outraged and offended morality,' and his punishment was looked upon as a sort of revenge for the wrong he had done; but all that has now changed. In the present the object of punishment, whether human or divine, is generally, if not universally, regarded as in the main at least, if not exclusively, remedial; while as for penal laws, it will be difficult to find a legislator who does not recognise that their aim is not only the prevention of crime, but the reformation of the criminal as well. That punishment is looked upon as deterrent is unquestionable. But what then? The fact that it is coupled with the idea that anything which is deterrent is also disciplinary, simply confirms the view that punishment is in the main remedial.

We have dwelt on these points at considerable length and with reluctance. But it was necessary. Mr. Fielding's views of Christianity are so often used as a contrast to Buddhism, and have so much to do with his eulogy of it, that it is impossible to understand his attitude either to the one or the other religion without a clear understanding as to what his conceptions of Christian doctrine are.

But to turn now to his ideas on Buddhism. Some of

them we have already noted, but it may be as well to recapitulate them. The fundamental doctrine is that the world is governed by laws which are absolutely righteous and unchangeable. 'The only sin is ignorance of these laws.'^{*} Such at least is what Mr. Fielding says, but from other parts of his volume we gather that the only sin is their violation. Every violation of them may be atoned for. 'Punishment is an atonement, a purifying of the soul from the stain of sin. That is the only justification for and meaning of suffering. If a man breaks the everlasting laws of righteousness, and stains his soul with the stain of sin, he must be purified, and the only method of purification is by sufferings proportioned to the sin.'[†]

A man's salvation depends upon himself. No one can help him. Buddhism has no God, and the Buddhist is taught that he has no need of prayer, for the reason that it is useless.

Religion is obedience to the laws, and obedience is the way to the Great Peace. The Great Peace is the end; obedience is the means. To the question—How shall a man so think and so act that he shall come at length to the Great Peace? Mr. Fielding answers: 'Good deeds and good thoughts—wherein alone you may enter into the way. Be honourable and just, be kind and compassionate, truth-loving, and averse to wrong, this is the beginning of the road that leads unto happiness. Do good to others, not in order that they may do good to you, but because by doing so you do good to your own soul. . . . Above all, learn love and sympathy. . . . Man's life is not apart from other life, but of it, and if a man would make his heart perfect, he must learn to sympathize with and understand all the great world about him. But he must always remember that he himself comes first.'[‡] In other words, the essence of religion is self-culture. With that nothing is to be allowed to interfere.

With the relationship of men and women, religion has nothing to do. § Buddhism is a religion of free men and free women. Each man is responsible for himself, and for himself

* P. 162.

† P. 107.

‡ Pp. 52-53.

§ P. 185.

alone, and there is no need for him to try and be guardian also to his fellows.*

Life, again, is change and change in death, or, to put it differently, life suffers from a disease called misery, from all which the Great Peace, to which obedience leads, is a mighty deliverance. 'The end of misery,' says Mr. Fielding, in his exposition of Buddhism,† 'lies in the Great Peace. A man must estrange himself from the world, which is sorrow. Hating struggle and fight, he will learn to love peace, and so discipline his soul that the world shall appear to him clearly to be the unrest which it is. Then, when his heart is fixed upon the Great Peace, shall his soul come to it at last. Weary of the earth, it shall come into the haven where there are no more storms, where there is no more struggle, but where reigns unutterable peace—

"Ever pure, and mirror bright and even,
Life among the immortals glides away ;
Moons are waning, generations changing,
Their celestial life flows everlasting,
Changeless 'midst a ruined world's decay."

This is Nirvana, the end to which we must all strive, the only end there can be to the trouble of the world.'

Such are the principal doctrines of Buddhism, which we have preferred to give in Mr. Fielding's words rather than in any of our own.

Buddhism as here expounded, however, is not the whole of the Burmese religion. Here, as elsewhere, women have been the chief trouble in Buddhism. Not contented with Buddhism pure and simple, in Burma they have added to it belief in a Being above the everlasting laws of righteousness, and the practice of praying to Him. Men, on the other hand, have joined them in adding to it a belief in the existence of supernatural beings, inhabiting trees and mountains and other localities, who can be pleased or displeased, helpful or destructive.

What, then, is the hold which this religion has upon the

* P. 249.

† P. 54.

people? There can be no doubt that, to all appearance, and as Mr. Fielding would have us believe, it is great. As its fruits, Mr. Fielding points to the peaceableness of the people, to their contentment, their happiness, the way in which they celebrate their religious festivals, the orderliness which prevails among them, their good fellowship, their abstention from meddling with each other, and their patience. But how much of this is due to natural causes or to causes other than religious or Buddhism, and may be ascribed to their natural temperament and to the physical conditions among which they live, and for generations have lived, he does not, as we have already remarked, tell us or even inquire.

No doubt their religion has had some effect upon them, but for our own part we are disposed to think, notwithstanding all that Mr. Fielding has advanced, that he has greatly over-rated it. On one point, even on his own showing, his theory completely breaks down. Perfect self-control is one of its principal rules, but when placed under trying conditions, the Burmese break the rule just as readily as an European. They break it, too, under ordinary conditions. The men are trained up in the monasteries, but they are no sooner let loose from them than they violate what one would imagine is the first rule of conduct inculcated upon them, that is, to abstain from mingling in the stream of the world and increasing and perpetuating its misery. If Buddhism were thoroughly believed in among the Burmans, if it were really the soul of the people, as Mr. Fielding says it is, the whole race would be celibates. But they are not celibates. There are monasteries in abundance, but there are few nunneries—a fact which seems to us to tell heavily against Mr. Fielding's theory.

Of religion in the general or outward sense the male part of the population in Burma has none; no worship, no prayer, no sacrifice. It is the women who believe in a Being who hears and answers prayer. It is the women, too, who frequent what Mr. Fielding calls the Sunday readings of the Scriptures. The men are conspicuous at these meetings by their fewness and more generally by their absence. It is difficult to see, therefore, what hold their relig-

not told that they are much given to meditation or to soul-culture, whether living as celibates in the monasteries or as men living in the world. They are peaceable, happy, and contented; courteous, and mind their own business; they attend the festivals, which is no part of Buddhism, and are kind to all living creatures, never on any account destroying life. But all this, with the exception of the last, proves nothing as to their religion; no more, for instance, than the adoption of European dress and forms of government proves that the Japanese are animated by the ideas and motives of Western Christendom. As likely as not it is to a large extent a matter of temperament. They like to live in the neighbourhood of a pagoda or a monastery, and one can understand why. The neighbourhood of one confers a sort of respectability upon their village, and provides them with the means of educating their children. Rich men will sometimes build a pagoda, but one knows what that may mean. Their horror at the taking away of life looks like a rooted and active belief in the doctrine of transmigration, and in this respect Buddhism may be said to have some hold upon them. One point on which Mr. Fielding lays stress seems to us of no value. He tells how children may be heard relating their reminiscences of a previous life, but one would scarcely like to take this as a proof that Buddhism or Platonism is the soul of a people. One knows how pretty stories may be handed down from mother to child, and how children will repeat them and identify themselves with the incidents they relate.

Some one has called Buddhism a natural religion. And such we suspect it is. It is the life and aspirations of certain Oriental peoples interpreted by a philosopher; for Gautama was certainly a philosopher, and the system he laid down is one of the master strokes of the human mind. His idea of the Great Peace is one that jumps exactly with the natural man of the Burmese. There is nothing they dislike so much as pain, sorrow and labour; there is nothing they desire more than an absolute quiet, the calm and placid enjoyment of the beautiful world around them. That is their Nirvana, their heaven, not extinction, but the pure and passionless joy

the Burman's religion with the conceptions he sets forth of Christian doctrine, will not find it difficult to understand either his attitude towards the Christian Faith or his eulogy of Buddhism. Had he looked further into Christianity, he would have found not only all that he finds admirable in the teaching of Buddha, but a great deal more equally deserving to be admired, if not more so. It is strange that, while dwelling so much upon the absolute and unchanging righteousness of the laws by which the world is governed, Gautama did not hit upon the idea of an absolutely righteous and unchangeable Lawgiver. It may be, as some have said, that he felt the shadow of the Almighty, and had some dim discernment of His existence and character, but refrained from attempting to define what he saw and felt. But whether such was the case or not, there is no certain knowledge. Strange, too, it is that he failed to see that when a man strives to keep the laws of the everlasting morality, all that is pure and strong and lasting in the universe co-operates with him. Had he seen this, it would have supplied his religion, which is barren of all motives save one of the lowest, with a motive which, besides being at once invincible and elevating, would have brought the faith he inculcated much nearer to the purest and noblest the world has known.

ART. VI.—IN DORSET AND DEVON DALES.

IN these modern days, when we are told everyone lives in public, it is scarce possible to find along or anigh the southern shores of England a really sequestered nook out of earshot of railway whistle. One such spot there is, however, in a remote corner of old Wessex, where you may wander along the cliffed sea-verge five or six leagues, and thence half that distance inland, without striking the iron track. For, till now, the railway projector has been successfully barred from thrusting out his railed tentacle through its heart, though how

kind, I believe, unique in this country. Looking down over it from the edge of the cliffs, it brought to my mind the bush-dotted spaces one sees in some of the valleys near the Natal-Zululand frontier—as the ‘Umquaqua,’ for instance—only there the bossy clumps are mainly of mimosa and euphorbia, and here we have no reed-buck, wild hog, or guinea-fowl suddenly breaking cover. Certainly the scenes along this extraordinary tract, where Dorset and Devon join hands, is one of singular beauty and variety. In the devastation wrought by successive slips of the limestone crags above, the fallen soil has come to cover a width of half a mile or more between the present cliff-line and the sea-beach. And here it lies puckered up into an alternation of folds and hollows, after the manner of a sheet of corrugated hardware. Never have I seen its like in my wanderings in many foreign parts.

When you descend into this picturesque waste, it is found to be a nether-world of surprises. Humps, ridges, fairy dells, open woodland scattered about of ash, larch, and Scotch fir, dwarf-elder, wild cherry, thorn, hazel; a large proportion of the young trees in the deadly embrace of the serpentine ‘hedera’ stem, and plumed with its sombre foliage. Here and there are isolated rock-columns of limestone embroidered with ivy and lichens. Gorsy and ferny brakes, catkins hanging in tassels from many a bough, the white fluff of the clematis overspreading many a thicket. Round about a luxuriant carpeting of mossy turf and rush-grasses, threaded now and again with a foot-track, which, it may be—

‘Winds like a grassy streamlet

’Twixt hollies and hazels old.’


But the culmination of this spectacle of Nature’s convulsions is at the westernmost portion of the under cliff range, and is known as the great Landslide. Few would imagine that such a tremendous exhibition of natural forces is to be seen on the border of the English Channel.

The local account of this phenomenal landslip is as follows. On the 24th December, 1839, in the small and dark hours of the morning, the inmates of Dowlands farmhouse, which is



distant near a mile from the locale of the disturbance, were alarmed by hearing a violent, crashing noise. On the night following, Christmas Eve, the occupants of two cottages built upon the border of the debris below the adjacent undercliff, noticed fissures opening out in the ground there, and afterwards the walls of their dwellings began to rend and sink. On the morrow, Christmas Day, a huge belt of the land slipped, or rather sank, away to the position it now occupies. From Mr. R—, who has lived all his days hard by the spot, I had some interesting supplementary details. He is a farmer, far advanced in years, though still hale and active, and remembers the catastrophe very distinctly. The crashing noise of the subsiding ground in the dead of the night was loud enough to be heard for many miles round in the towns and villages. On the subsided tract was a lime-kiln, which disappeared bodily. Just at the eastern edge of the area of disturbance stood the two cottages already mentioned. The inmates were asleep when the coastguardsmen came to arouse them, and by the time they were up, the doorways had sunk some feet, insomuch that the folk inside were unable to get out through them, and had to escape by the windows. The cottages were afterwards renovated, and are still standing and tenanted. Mr. R—, then a youth, visited the scene of the great ruin next day, and says it was an extraordinary spectacle.

Let me now describe the spot as it is seen from the best point of view, that is, a point on the edge of the principal cliff-line. From here the full scene of havoc and chaos is before you. On the left a large elevated tract of land stands up isolated and separated from the mainland by a great gulf or chasm broken up into a confused medley of bare rock-stacks, cones, and pinnacles. Interspersed with these are roof-like ridges and hollows, green with herbage. It is as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed up the fields above, as it did of old the company of Korah. Crossing the chasm, and getting upon the insulated tableland, one finds it half a mile or so long, by a quarter mile in width, sloping to seaward—a grassy down, with some hedgerows and the remnant of an orchard upon it. These are really the fields,



hedges, and trees as they stood before the area, now detached, sank down from the parent land. One notices that two of the hedges on the island prolong the lines of corresponding ones seen, end-on, at the verge of the mainland cliff. The chasm, I should judge, at a rough estimate, to measure from one to two hundred yards in width, and the depth from 100 to 150 feet. 'This phenomenal convulsion of nature,' says Buckland, 'far exceeded the ravages of the earthquakes of Calabria.'

One or two rough pathways lead down into the tangled bossy wilderness below. Here are accentuated all the wilder features of this region—knotted ridges, deep tortuous furrows, trees, some of them literally springing out of the rocks and boulders strewn about; while above, a long line of sheer crags towers up, glittering white or yellow in the sunshine.

In this singular nether-zone of shoreland, which stretches for miles—sylvan, verdant, flowery—the wild-bird life is not its least attractive feature. Many days I spent there, roaming about in the open-tide season, alive to the music of the wood-notes. Leaving out of count the smaller birds, I chanced across partridge, pheasant, herons, hawks, magpies, parliaments of jackdaws, ringdoves, 'bluerock' pigeons. Twice I surprised the shy woodpecker, obvious in his greenish-yellow plumage, and scared into uttering his sharp, shrill, four-or-five-note monotone, 'chir, chir, chir, chir,' as he flew off to a neighbouring tree-trunk. One afternoon a pair of hawks sallied out from the cliffs, and, after a preliminary reconnoitre, one of them made straight for a dense covert of tall trees, whence came the coo of a cushat. I watched the bird suddenly soar and hover, and then, shutting his wings, drop like a stone nearly to ground, recover, re-ascend, hover again, and then, with a final swift swoop down, disappear. The partridges were of course pairing, and many a brace did I put up in the undercliff, usually in the same spots day by day. After getting up ahead of me two or three times, and taking short flights over the next ferny brow, the twain would generally head round and hark back to where they were first disturbed.

Another feature of this undercliff weald is that it is one

enormous rabbit-warren. The soft cliff-slopes of greensand, chalk, and limestone, lend themselves to Bunny's burrowings, and the whole region is honeycombed with his tunnels. Standing still in the comparative noiselessness of its sheltered solitudes, and looking up the steep hillside from the bottom, one is aware of an incessant evanescent passage to and fro of dun-grey furs. Nor is this alone from sight of them, for now and again can be distinctly heard the light pattering dumps or thuds of little feet scampering across the crumbling gravel and debris, and the sound of an occasional falling pebble dislodged in their flight.

Badgers are plentiful. Foxes, too, used to abound in these cliffs, for where the coney is, there commonly will the vulpine tribe be gathered together. The coverts in the neighbouring combs for miles round are a pretty sure find for hounds. I was told of a curious incident of a certain run of a Dorset pack near here in a recent hunting season. A stout old fox, who it was thought had saved his brush from more than one previous chase, was very hard pressed by the hounds, when at a double-hedged fence near a farm-house they ran out of scent. All efforts to lay on again were baffled, though the check was a very mysterious one. When the hounds had gone home and the field dispersed, a farm-hand working about the spot where the scent had failed spied Reynard crouched atop of a tree-stump between the two hedgerows of the fence. Up upon this ready-made lair the fox had evidently leaped and lain close, hid from view of whips and huntsman, and out of scent of the pack. There the wily old campaigner had bided till Hodge disturbed him, when off he trots, to race for his brush another day. Such was the account I had from a local resident, who pointed out the place to me.

Behind the Devon-Dorset under-cliffs, four or five miles back from the sea, stretches a long irregular ridged plateau rising to an altitude ranging between 600 and 900 feet. From this plateau a marvellous extent of view is commanded over the Wessex hinterland, and, as might have been expected, it is dotted with the ramparted strongholds of the old Dorset

Celts, the Durotriges; earthworks probably erected for tribal defence long ere Roman or Saxon set foot in the country. This upland is a wind-swept wold, whereon every boreal and easterly blast plumes its piercing wings. In wintertide or even early spring, fierce snowstorms surge up over it, beleaguer the ancient fortresses, hurtle up against the banks and hedges, and obliterate the roadways in huge snowdrifts ten to a dozen feet in depth, something after the manner we have read of in *Lorna Doone*, when 'girt Jan Ridd' had to cut out his snow-buried sheep. It is this dorsal summit-ridge that serves as so effectual a barrier, shutting in and screening from the keener winds the whole configuration of vales, dells, and combes, which radiate from it, and which, facing toward the sunny south, slope downward to the seashore, with all their varied store of running brooks, woodlands, orchards, homesteads, gardens, and meadowlands.

Such then is the beautiful diversified tract of rural and austral England I have desired to make the reader realise in its vivid landscape aspects, before entering upon the singular charm which invests the history of the locality, and other memorials of its past. That history is legibly imprinted, those memorials are thick-strewn, upon the visible face of the surrounding country, and are marked out in their successive groups or stages so as to be clearly distinguishable.

There is, first of all and immeasurably the earliest record, the testimony of the rocks along the seashore, where the leaves of the geologic book are exposed to view. It so happens that the series of rock-measures known as the blue Lias, traceable over in France, reappear in the bend of the English coast we are considering, and thence strike across England in a north-easterly direction to Lincoln and Whitby in Yorkshire. Now, in other varieties of strata associated with the lias—*e.g.*, the chalk, chert, greensand, red marl, etc.—fossil remains are found. But it is in the lias beds only of this little reach of coast where have been dug out skeletons of some of the strangest and weirdest-shaped creatures that ever drew breath on our earth's surface. And the odd thing is that the virtual discovery of the fossilised carcasses of these long

extinct saurian monsters was only made in the first half of the present century. Mary Anning, a lady of Lyme Regis, was the finder of the earliest scientifically identified specimens of the Ichthyosaurus, the Plesiosaurus, and the Pterodactyl. This ichthyosaurus or fish-reptile is described by the great naturalist Cuvier as having the snout of a dolphin, the head of a lizard, a crocodile's teeth, the paddles of a cetacean (it had four), and the vertebrae of a fish. The creature's jaws were of great strength and capacity, and it must have been a kind of autocrat of the waters among the other saurians. Mary Anning was but a girl scarce into her teens when one day in 1811 she ran down to the beach near Lyme Regis, and saw among the rock-shelves of the lias marl a projecting bone of an animal. With the help of some men she traced out and laid bare the embedded 'crocodile,' as it was then thought to be, which was dug out, sold to the lord of the manor for £23, and ultimately found its way to one of the great London museums. It measured some four and twenty feet in length. A few years later more bones of the same creature were found near the same spot, and afterwards an entire skeleton was extricated. With these remains Professor Frank Buckland, Sir Everard Home, Conybeare, De la Beche—names now all well known in geological annals—set to work, and, with the constant aid of the energetic young lady as local collector, evolved and formulated for the scientific world the structure and characteristics of this long extinct reptile.

The plesiosaurus was differently built from its more formidable neighbour. It had four propelling paddles, a small lizard-like head, and a prodigiously elongated neck resembling the body of a serpent. And whereas all existing mammalia—as man, whale, giraffe—are invariably provided with but seven cervical joints, while the birds have from three to eight; this fantastic lizard had *seventy* vertebrae in its long neck. A fine specimen was found in the earlier years of the century.

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Isles during the human epoch, and are separated from it by an enormous interval of time. From other fossilised organic remains they are associated with in the lias measures we can gather that these wondrous saurians were wont to swim or crawl about in shallow seas and inlets among gigantic reeds, seaweeds, and rank grasses: with nought to be seen but a dreary expanse of low marshy flats in a state of perpetual ooze, and a tropical atmosphere more dense and vaporous than the steamy exhalations of the most noisome African lagoon.

But the most marvellous and weird-looking of the creatures found buried in the Dorset lias is the winged and claw-fingered reptile named the pterodactyl, a skeleton of which Miss Anning brought to light in 1828, the first specimen discovered of a previously unknown species of its kind. Cuvier, writing of two perfect examples he had studied of this ghoulish creature, characterises it as the strangest of aspect of all the extinct animals, and the most unlike to anything now existent. 'Ceux qui si on les voyait vivans, paraîtraient les plus étrangers à toute la nature actuelle.'* Something akin to a prodigious vampire-bat, with a long beak like a woodcock's, but bristling with crocodilean teeth; vertebrae, legs, and feet, resembling those of a lizard; its three anterior fingers tipped with long hooked claws; its body encased with scaly armour. Such was this grotesque bird-reptile; and it had, besides, a powerful paw which enabled it to creep, climb, or suspend itself from trees; so that with the addition of its bat-wings it had ample power of locomotion. Verily, to see one of these fossil prodigies reanimate would be to us 'like a phantasma or a hideous dream:—a shape one might conjure up in a Djinn-tale, or imagine to be a grisly familiar of some demon-enchantment.

Among other animal remains some immense molar teeth of the elephant and rhinoceros have been found in the rock-measures of Lyme and Charmouth.

* Roberts' *History of Lyme Regis*; London, 1834.

The Lyme lias is also full of fossilised mollusca of inordinate size compared with those of the human period. One sees about the houses and gardens here specimens from the adjoining seashore, particularly of the ammonites, which run to two and three feet in diameter:—beautifully-patterned spirals, the huge dead shells of a gigantean organic life aeons back from our own. At Whitby in Yorkshire, where the Dorset lias reappears, these immense ammonites were once thought to be petrified headless serpents, and there was a legend that St. Hilda of the great abbey there had miraculously driven them over the cliffs.

‘ And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda prayed.’ *

John Hutchins too, the great historian of Dorset, writing in 1774, speaks of the ‘petrified shells or serpent-stones found in Lyme.’

Then there were huge nautilites; belemnites by the million, long tapering shells which got the various names of ladies’ fingers, finger-stones, arrow-heads, and thunderbolts; rhyncholites; and the five-angled lily-shaped fossil named ‘pentacrinite.’ Among extinct piscatorial species are found several kinds of ichthy-odorulites, and a beautiful ganoid fish with rectangular or tessellated scales of a lustrous jet-black hue, named the dapedium. Moreover, besides the myriad rock-prints of all these once living and moving creatures, there are vestiges though far less abundant of the variant flora and plant life of this immeasurably remote period.

Having then just dipped into the leaves of the geologic volume, it is time to turn to the beginnings of the human period and feel our way about in the dawn of British history.

The region I am describing is rich in reliques of the days of yore. There are the ancient British or aboriginal ‘camps,’ (so-called) of which I have already spoken; fine ~~ones~~ double ~~ones~~ their kind some of them, encircled ~~by~~ work ramparts, and deep formi

* ‘ Marmior

Irish 'raths,' of the Scottish 'duns' or 'douns,' of the 'dinas' of the Cymry, these archaic fenced fortresses are for the most part to be traced on the high downs and hill-summits of the country, or on the ridges of their spurs. Their names are tell-tale, frequently with 'don,' 'down,' or 'ton' suffixed, as in Pilsdon, Hawkesdown, Dumpdon, Eggardun; or, again, with the well known termination 'bury' sometimes implying association with ancient 'tumuli' ('burg,' 'barrow'), as in Musbury. Membury, Woodbury, Blackbury, etc.; or with 'castle' tacked on, as Lambert's Castle, Conig Castle, and so on. The probabilities are that these hill-forts were the head quarters of the tribal chieftains and their lieutenants, where in war-time the clansfolk could drive their cattle and take shelter themselves with their families and the best of their household stuff. From one elevated spot no less than a dozen of these entrenched strongholds can be counted on a clear day. Roman and Saxon alike availed themselves of these fenced posts of the folk they had dispossessed.

Then there are the ancient highways memorising early British and Latin times. The Col-way is a branch of the Roman Iter, that connected Silchester with Dorchester, Exeter, and the Land's End, one part of which is still known as the 'Ackling' or 'Ickling' Dyke, and was a sort of continuation of Ickneild (Hikenilde) Strete leading from the *Iceni* country, one of the four great Roman roads of Britain. Along the valley of the Axe are traces of a 'Fosse-way' * (so-called) which exactly prolongs the line of the magnificent Roman road or 'causey' so named, that started from Lincoln and passed through Cirencester, Bath, and Ilchester, to the head of Axe Vale. Where the Col-way struck off from the main Iter was at a spot now covered by a dwelling-house and farmland named *Hogchester*. One can generally track out these Roman ways by aid of the *castra* ('chesters' or 'cesters') in the local place-names, which serve as guide posts along their course. A feature well known to all who have walked and studied

* Not the 'Foss' Guest mentions as being in Dorsetshire. *Origines Celticae*. Macmillan, 1883.

these archaic British Roman tracks is their uncompromising steepness, driven as they were straight up and down across hills and valleys. This was to save cutting into slopes, to hug the harder and drier ground, and avoid morasses: seeing the traffic was chiefly on pack animals.

Finds of antique coins of various periods were frequent in these Dorset dales; and among them hoards of Roman treasure-trove. In one field were dug up early in this century two and twenty coins of Antoninus Pius, Trajan, Lucilla, wife of the debauchee Emperor Lucius Verus, and one of Marcia Octacilia Severa, wife of Julius Philippus.*

Nor must I omit mention of a Roman villa—a ‘*rara avis*’ in these parts—brought to light in the sheltered little vale of Holcombe. From the present occupier of the farm on which it stands, I learned something about it. Some years ago his father, then farm tenant, lighted in a field upon the debris of some buildings which he was about to remove and use up as old stone, when it got wind that here was something of antiquity out of the common, and worth exploration. Excavations were made, and the walls of some five or six chambers laid bare to a height of several feet, along with a wide-bordered circular bath. The floor of this bath and of one of the chambers was a fine tessellated pavement or mosaic work in minute squares of white and blue ware, arranged in double parallel lines so that two lines of blue tint alternated with two lines of white. The bath outlet was also found, laid in a course of chalk stones guttered out and carried away to discharge down the hill. A votive or memorial tablet and some utensils as chisels, tongs, etc., were likewise unearthed. Unfortunately for visitors, the whole of these most interesting remains of Roman mason work are now covered in two or three feet underground (for their preservation I was told), and nothing can be seen on the site; but an architect’s plan of the buildings was taken when the villa residence was exposed.

Furthermore, in these Dorset dales there lack not echoes of battle-clang from the far times of the Heptarchy. To the

* Roberts’ *History*, p. 9.

strong ramparted 'camp' already named, Conig or Cyning (the King's) Castle, Egbert, prince of West Seaxnaland, is held to have once betaken himself and the remnant of his fighting men under cover of night, sore smitten from fierce conflict with many thousands of filibustering Northmen disgorged from a fleet of ships at the valley-mouth anear. And thereafter, but a few years, it fell out that these terrible vikings reappeared, with a like tale of vessels, on the same sea-shore; and this time were confronted by Aethelwulf and his Englishmen, who hard bestead scarce held their own. Whereupon the Danish marauders fared no further inland, but sailed away elsewhere, taking no spoil. The bare recital of these two events in the Saxon Chronicle is characteristic.

'Anno DCCCXXXIII. This year Cyning (King) Egbryht fought the men of thirty-five ships at Carrum (Charmouth), and there was great slaughter made, and the Danish men kept grip of the field. And Herefurth and Wigthen, two bishops, died. And Dudda and Osmod, two ealdormen, died.' . . . 'Anno DCCCXL. This year King Aethelwulf fought at Carrum the crews of thirty-five ships, and the Danish men held the field.'

Now and then we get glimpses of this West Dorset country from old charters, and from the laconic record of Domesday. Here in the Lym valley the great religious house of the Benedictines at Glastonbury already in Norman William's time held lordship of the soil. 'The church,' we read, 'holds *Lym*. In King Edward's time it paid geld for three hides. Ulviet held it, and still holds it of the abbot, having two ploughs, nine villeins, six bordars, four acres of meadowland . . . ten acres of forest.' Another Domesday note of a Lym manor specifies among its possessions (besides villeins and bordars) four thralls and so many swine, sheep, goats, and oxen, with the greatest precision. One house in the valley yielded a rental of sixpence. Fifteen shillings were paid the monks for rights of fishing:—'piscatores tenent et reddunt xv solidos monachis ad pisces.' The mill here brought thirty-nine pence. Thirteen salt-boilers (*salinarii*) paid the Abbey as dues a shilling apiece. And so on. But then, when the victor of Hastings had his minute survey and valuation made, shillings

and pence were of enormous value in compare with our modern copper and silver money!

Space forbids more than a brief excursion into the later history of this interesting Wessex borderland. The little old-world town situated in its midst, where the beautiful vale of Lyme dips its foot in the sea, is a picture to delight any artist's eye, seen from the brow of the western uplands in the aureate glow of the declining sun. The grey massive weather-cooked church tower, low and square, in its setting of dwelling-houses and gardens, is then gilded into flame; and the long line of alternating vale and cliff dominated by 'Golden Cap' dims away into the far distance, a wonderland of dreams and gleams, with its face for ever toward the blue and emerald waste of waters. It is here

' At Lyme, sweet Devon takes the hand
Of Dorset's fairest spot of land.'

Already, in Henry III.'s reign, Lyme was a flourishing little seaport; and soon after the middle of the thirteenth century it had its fair and market. Under Edward I. the Lyme manors passed to the Crown, and thus, becoming the King's own demesne, the townlet acquired the added designation 'Regis.' In the same reign it was made by charter a free borough, with all burgess liberties as enjoyed by the citizens of London, a great concession. When Edward was in sore straits for money to wage his wars in Wales and Scotland, he summoned a Parliament, and served writs on the boroughs for their representatives to attend it. Lyme's first two delegates were Geoffry le Keu and William Tuluse, and they went off to Canterbury where this Parliament was sitting. On their return to Lyme, the two deputies presented their bill of travelling costs to the mayor and bailiffs, and were allowed two shillings each per diem. This was in 1295, so that it is more than six centuries since we had the modern Radical's desideratum—paid members of Parliament!

Another interesting souvenir of our ancient Dorset port is derived from the collection of early State documents known as 'Rymer's Foedera.' The great King, Edward I., visits the

place, and writes a private letter therefrom to the Countess of Flanders in the delightful quaint Norman-French of the period. It begins, 'Roy, à la contasse de Flandres, saluz.' It assures the lady of his good health, etc. 'E nous fesoms a savoir que nous estoïoms en bone sauntee quant cestre lettre fut faite. Dieu merci la quele chose nous desirons mult saver de vous.' And he subscribes the letter: 'Donnees a Lym le xiv jour de Maii,' in the year of grace 1297.

A conspicuous feature on the Lyme seashore is the little primitive harbour with its breakwater jetties, which goes by the name of 'The Cobb.' It has again and again been damaged by the sea and patched up; its shape is altered from that of the original structure; and its present masonry might from its aspect date back to the Conquest. An old print of Queen Elizabeth's time represents the harbour as a refuge built up of rows of wooden piles with great rocks and stones thrown in between. What it was like in earlier days we know not, but there is documentary evidence that the liegemen of our mediæval ville petitioned King Edward III. to let them levy customs at the port to defray the cost of rebuilding 'Le Cobbe,' which had been devastated and broken up by the sea.

Lyme equipped and furnished the King of England with four ships to take part in the siege of Calais: and in this same reign it was the scene of a landing by the French, who set fire to the town, whereafter the townsfolk forsook it for a time in fear of further raids. From the hills above the town the Dorset people saw the beginning of the engagement between the great Armada sailing eastward, and the fleet of Lord High Admiral Howard hanging close on its skirts.

The old manor-houses—and they are many in this part of the country—are some of them real gems of their kind, taking us well back into mediæval days. Yonder stands the relict of one hard by the ancient Col-way, for generations the abode of gentle-born lords of the soil, but now declined into a farmhouse. What is left of the mansion presents a beautiful frontal facade: low wide windows of Tudor type, four-mullioned and overarched with ornamental drip-stones: a handsome porch with Normaneseque round-headed doorway, projecting impost,

and side stone *sedilia*. Up to the house stretched a stately avenue of trees now all but obliterated.

Take another and yet more distinctive specimen, the demesne house of Bindon (fourteenth-fifteenth century), near the site of the great landslip, sheltering in thecombe of a sweet little vale. Through the ancient courtyard archway is seen the twin-gabled mansion front with flanking wings, its roof-edge shaped like an inverted W: with pointed porch set centrewise, deeply recessed and stone-seated not along the sides as usually, but in the angles. The house has a wealth of enriched chasing. Mullioned windows finely chiselled as at Colway; graceful doorways with nicely wrought jambs: archways and window openings alike shaded with delicately carved weather-mouldings, some of them terminating in ornamental finial-heads of men and animals. But the architectural tit-bit here is the little domestic oratory or chapel, consecrated as such early in the fifteenth century: in an upper storey of the house, and now used as a bedchamber. The room has one large window, recessed in which is a wide stone *sedilium* or platform, perhaps used as altar. Within the side wall of this window-recess is a richly decorated and canopied shrine now void of its saintly effigy. At the base of the shrine are two human half-figures and a boss of foliage. Underneath is another small two-cusped niche; probably an almy or orcedence, with ornamented pinnacles and more embossed leafage. The ceiling of the chapel is a sort of flat panelwork, divided into six equal squares by oaken beams. The house, indeed, is full of elaborately carved oak panelling. The handsomest specimen is downstairs in the side wall of the main passage: a row or running pattern of narrow boldly-relieved spaces, each panel delicately wrought into trefoiled heads, and with smaller trefoils pierced through the spandrils.

I have been somewhat minute in describing these details, inasmuch as this old manor-house is a rich and rare example of its kind, full of sweet surprises to the lover of the antique.

Interesting old churches there are, too, in plenty, but I have no space to linger over these. Suffice it to mention but two. The fine old mother-church in Marshwood Vale, which to its

name proper (a variant of *Candida Casa* ') takes on the adjunct ' *Canonicorum*,' is a delightful study in architecture. Its composite styles range from late Norman of the twelfth century, on through most beautiful Early English work—arcades, shafting, and enriched capitals—to fifteenth century and Perpendicular details. And the church has, besides, some uncommon features that want careful looking for. In the south doorway, itself a very fine example of transitional Norman work, there are cut deep into one jamb two small crosses and two (apparently) mason-marks. Upon a stone in one of the external walls is embossed the two-handed chalice or 'grail,' and outside the north bay of the tower is a trefoiled panel with a crucifix in it very much weatherworn. A sacring-bell cot, an elaborately ornamented altar-tomb of the church's tutelary saint, and a Holy Well in the neighbourhood, famed for its healing virtues, add to the interest and reputation of this ancient Christian site.

The other church we will note is an antique little fane, nestling in a green orchard-fringed dell, scented with wild flowers. Besides its odd-shaped tower, it has a curious skew window (probably for lepers to sight the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament during Mass), and some other early mediæval details. Adjoining it are the domestic buildings of an old-world nunnery, almost intact as when the sisters were in residence. A charming little three-light pointed window, thatched roof, venerable oak beams, small refectory, and huge, capacious hearths, tell of the long ago. Outside, enclosed with an archaic wall of flint rubble, is a garden, and a long embanked alley within it, still dubbed 'The Nuns' Walk.' But the most precious relics of this church of Combe Pyne, are its sacramental plate. The chalice (6½ inches high) has a hexagonal pedestal with concave sides tapering upwards, and ornamental cusps at the angles. The stem is slender, and the bowl bell-shaped. Upon one of the pedestal faces is graven the monogram, I.H.S. The paten is a shallow, circular plate, 5¼ inches in diameter, of hammered silver, and with a wide rim. The hollow or concavity is figured out into a six-foil pattern, with an inner disc containing an enchased thorn-

crowned visage of the Saviour. Both pieces of silver are exquisitely gilt, the gilding still in beautiful tint and preservation. The peculiarity of this gilding is that it is only partial. In the paten it covers about half the width of the rim, the points of the hexafoil and four stars projecting from the inner disc. In the chalice, again, the pedestal face with monogram is wholly overgilt, while the other five faces are only partially so along their edge.

Neither paten nor chalice bear silversmith's hall-mark of any kind, but that both are antiques of rare value, handed down in this church through centuries, seems unquestionable. The ascertainment of their exact date is probably impossible, as there are no parish or other known records thereof, as far as I could ascertain. It has been held by some that the approximate age of this plate may be inferred from the absence of any hall-mark. I think it was in A.D. 1300 that an ordinance was passed requiring all sterling articles of gold and silver in England to be stamped with the Leopard's head. From this point of view, one might ascribe these Communion vessels of Combe Pyne to as far back as the thirteenth century. Moreover, there are certain points of resemblance in style between the paten here and a silver one recently found within the stone-coffin of Walter de Cantelupe, bishop of Worcester in 1296,* which seem rather to fit in with that view.

Three historic incidents stand out in strong local colour from the wonted neutral tints of the annals of our secluded out-of-the-world corner of Dorset. These are the besieging of Lyme town in the first civil war of the Stuart dynasty, the attempt of Charles II. when a fugitive to escape over-sea from Charmouth, and the landing of James, Duke of Monmouth.

The siege of Lyme Regis was, of course, only one among many tragedies of like kind enacted north and south, east and west, over our English land during the decade which terminated in the execution of the King-martyr. It presents the

* See account and illustration of the 'Cantelupe paten' in *The Sketch of* 20th April, 1898.

usual features of resolution and heroic fortitude, not unmixed with fanaticism, but it became especially memorable from the extraordinary stubbornness of the defence, which, after two months' duration, was crowned with success. A MS. diary of the occurrences of the siege, written by someone within the town (quoted by Roberts) gives many graphic particulars, but the estimates given of losses and prowess must be accepted *cum grano salis*, as coming from a partisan. On the 20th April, 1644, Prince Maurice, brother of Rupert the Fiery, appeared with his Royalist troops on the hillslopes of the pretty Lyme valley just above the townlet. They numbered under five thousand, and the defenders of Lyme some five hundred—near about ten to one. The town at this time was girt with a wall and small bastioned forts at intervals, but most of these structures have disappeared. The besiegers raised breastworks and counter-batteries; these last they armed with culverins and other pieces of ordnance. The assailants discharged into the town grenades, fireballs, 'fire-arrows,' and other missiles, to which the besieged replied with case-shot. The Prince's force appears to have been partly made up of impressed English, Irish, and Cornishmen, some of whom had no great stomach for fighting. With the Royalist army were a number of Erse women (presumably camp-followers), and on 30th April two or three of these were killed in a sally of the garrison. Money and supplies were voted by the Parliament to assist the townsfolk. On the 11th May, six ships from the Roundheads came into Lyme with a reinforcement of 240 soldiers. The same day three men were slain in Captain Davy's fort as they were singing a psalm! Four days later, 'a pious Captain' arrived with 120 more Parliamentarians, and in another week appeared on the scene the Earl of Warwick, Lord High Admiral, with nine vessels. A Royalist boy managed to capture the town's colours hoisted on the Cobb, and on 22nd May the 'malignants' set fire to most of the shipping lying there. One day Prince Maurice sent word to the town 'to have his prisoners well dealt withal about their victuals,' as he had heard 'they were scanted thereof.' Another day, during a brisk fire from outside, a

townswoman had both hands shot off as she was carrying water. One account declares that during the siege the town-water was tinged with blood. On 15th June Essex was at Dorchester with 13,000 horse and foot; the siege of Lyme was raised, and Prince Maurice, with the remnant of his force, retired to Exeter. Already, indeed, the King had written well-greeting to his 'most dear and entirely beloved nephew' to draw off from Lyme if the place could not be taken.

So ended an eventful episode in the history of our little Dorset port. On the morrow (16th) being Sunday, there was a thanksgiving for the town's deliverance, whereat the Reverend Hugh Peters preached with much unction concerning 'that dead dog,' King Charles, and how it behoved them all 'to pull him down, tread and trample upon him, that he be no farther cause of the abominations of that idolatrous people' (the malignants).

More of dramatic personal interest attaches to Monmouth's landing at Lyme on 21st June, 1685. A document (No. 6845) among the Harleian Collection of MSS. gives an animated account of it by an eyewitness. The narrator is one Mr. Samuel Dassell, then Deputy-Searcher of the Lyme Custom House.* The following is a very brief *résumé* of the details given.

On June 11 (O.S.) or 21st by our modern computation, 1685, at daybreak, three vessels were espied by the Lyme men some two or three leagues out in the offing, which the seamen, watching from the bowling-green, judged to be either of Dutch or French build. By five p.m., after many cogitations and consultations, the mayor and Council had become alarmed, though as yet nothing had disembarked save one boat carrying three persons of some quality, and these had gone aboard again. The five o'clock London post brought down to the townspeople a copy of the weekly newsletter, which, *inter alia*, mentioned that our ambassador had reported from the Netherlands suspicions of the destination of three

* See *The Life of James, Duke of Monmouth*, by George Roberts. Longman, 1844.

ships laden with arms and doubly manned, about to sail thence for *somewhere*. By this hour of the day, the three strange crafts were under way again standing for inshore. The Mayor, Dassell, and some others, were now in a quandary as to what action should be taken, and repaired to a tavern to discuss the situation. It was found impracticable to fire a challenge by gun, as there was no powder handy. At 8.15 p.m. some boats were seen to be rowing shoreward from the unknown vessels, and the mayor gave orders to cause beat the town drums. Meantime seven boats landed hard by the Cobb with eighty-three men.

‘When Duke James was come ashore,’ says another who was present, ‘he called for silence, and then desired we would joyn with him in returning God thanks for that wonderful preservation we had met with at sea, and accordingly fell on his knees on the sand, and was the mouth of us all in a short ejaculation.’ Of the borough militia who should have turned out on the occasion, *one* man in arms presented himself—John Halloway by name—but his captain having kept away, and there being no one present to support him, the man transferred himself to Duke Monmouth’s party, and was afterwards hanged. All things were now in confusion. The townfolk, as befitted Non-Conformists and descendants of staunch Parliamentarians, were mostly for the Pretender, and made acclamation as the Duke’s force marched up the town. ‘A Monmouth, a Monmouth; the Protestant religion’ were the rallying cries. Dassell, after joining the crowd and protesting his stout loyalty to King James, nearly came to trouble, but succeeded in getting away with Thorold, the pair riding double on one of the mayor’s coach-horses. He then hied him off to London top-speed, along with Sir Winston Churchill and his son (afterwards the great Marlborough), to tell their tale to the King. These attended at the Bar of the House of Commons, and gave evidence, and His Majesty was pleased to grant them each £20 for their loyal services.

In the green field at Lyme, by the church cliff, which has since slipped away into the sea, Monmouth set up his standard and proceeded to enlist the Dorset men. The Duke took one

Bernard Brown by the hand, and asked him, 'Art thou for me?' 'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Thou art an honest fellow. I'll take care to provide for thee; thou deservest encouragement.' Lord Grey of Wark had a musket on his shoulder, and a pair of pistols at his girdle. Duke James was habited in purple, with a star on his breast, and wearing only a sword.

The next thing was to proclaim Monmouth's Declaration 'For the Defence and Vindication of the Protestant Religion . . . and for delivering the Kingdom from the tyranny and usurpation of James Duke of York.' This was done at the market-place of Lyme, where a blue banner was hoisted.

Many of the townspeople at this time buried their money and valuables, some of which were not unearthed till a century or more later.

Fletcher of Saltoun was with the Duke's following. There is a long list of quasi-military commissions conferred on ship-board by Monmouth upon sundry adherents, among whom certain are appointed to the 'White Regiment,' the 'Green Regiment,' and the 'Yellow Regiment.' A paymaster, chaplain, and surgeons were also nominated for the force. Four pieces of ordnance, mounted on field-carriages, were landed from the Duke's vessels, 1500 foot arms, 1500 cuirasses, 200 barrels of gunpowder, and other sundries. The Mayor of Lyme, Gregory Alford, decamped, and despatched a letter to King James, beginning, 'May it please your Sacred Majesty,' wherein he blows his own loyalty trumpet with discreet fervour.

Monmouth took up his quarters at the old George Inn in Lyme, burnt down in 1844. Large numbers of the peasantry flocked in to join his force, and soon he was able to muster about 1000 foot and 150 horse, indifferently armed.

Such was the landing in England of the ill-fated aspirant to his uncle's crown, who was destined after so brief an interval to expiate his temerity on the scaffold, and bring down upon the western country the horrors of Jeffrey's 'Bloody Assize!'

I have reserved to the last the attempted escape from Charmouth, in 1651, of King Charles II., as it is the raciest

tit-bit among the episodes connecting our Wessex nook with the history of England. The particulars are to be gleaned from a narrative by Mistress Anne Wyndham, whose brother, Colonel Francis Wyndham,* a Dorset Royalist gentleman, concealed the King for some time in his mansion-house at Trent, near Sherborne. The narrative is entitled 'Boscobel: or the complete History of the most miraculous preservation of King Charles the Second after the battle of Worcester,'† and was utilised, I believe, by Harrison Ainsworth, in his romance of the same name.

The King, it will be remembered, after the disastrous battle of Worcester (3rd September, 1651), and his flight therefrom, was in dire straits and peril of his life. A price was set upon his head, and Cromwell's patrols were out scouring the country in all parts for his capture. Notwithstanding, Charles contrived to convey himself safe to Dorsetshire, and was lodged with Colonel Wyndham as his guest at Trent when the local interest of our story begins.

Some of the Parliamentary soldiers being come to Trent, gave out that the King was dead, which 'Welcome news,' says Mistress Anne, 'so tickled the sectaries that they could not hold from expressing their joy by making bonfires, firing of guns, drinking, and other jollities; and for a close of all, to the church they must, and there ring the king's knell. These rude extravagancies moved not His Majesty at all.' Charles himself says of this:—'A maid of the house came up and told me there was a rogue of a trooper come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on; upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells and making a bonfire for joy of it.'

The manner in which Wyndham set about planning the King's escape from England was on this wise. Resident at

* In the King's own account, dedicated to Samuel Pepys, he calls the Colonel 'Frank Windham.'

† Quoted in Robert's *History of Lyme Regis and Charmouth*. London, 1834.

Lyne was one Captain William Ellesden or Ellesdon, an old acquaintance, who had already been instrumental in transporting a noted Royalist over to France, and could be trusted in this business. To this captain comes the colonel, representing that my Lord Wilmot was lying hid near Trent, earnestly solicitous to get passage across the sea. Ellesden cordially assenting to the project, rides over with Wyndham to Charmouth (two miles distant from Lyne), and at an inn there one Stephen Limbry, a tenant of Ellesden's, 'a right honest man and a perfect Royalist,' is brought into the concert. 'With this Limbry, Colonel Wyndham treated, under the name of Captain Norris, and agreed with him to transport himself and three or four friends into France.' Limbry is to bring his vessel into Charmouth Road, and on the 'two and twentieth' day of September, in the night time, is to receive the colonel and his company into the longboat from Charmouth beach, from thence carry them to his ship, and so land them safe on French soil. It is to be done with all secrecy, and the guerdon to be so many pounds sterling, payable by Ellesden on Limbry's return with a certificate under the passengers' hands of their arrival in France.

The next thing was a consultation of the royalists at Trent how best to manage the business of the embarkation.

'Necessary it was,' writes Mistress Wyndham, 'that His Majesty and all his attendants (contrary to the use of travellers), should sit up all the night in the inn at Charmouth, that they ought to have the command of the house, to go in and out at pleasure, the tide not serving till twelve at night. To remove, therefore, all suspicion and inconvenience, this expedient was found out. Henry Peters, Colonel Windham's servant, was sent to Charmouth Inn, who, inviting the hostess to drink a glass of wine, told her that he served a very gallant master, who had long most affectionately loved a lady in Devon, and had the happiness to be well beloved by her; and though her equal by birth and fortune, yet so unequal was his fate, that by no means could he obtain her friends' consent; and therefore it was agreed between them that he should carry her thence and marry her among his own allies. And for this purpose his master had sent him to desire her to keep the best chamber for him, intending to be at her house upon the two and twentieth day of that month in the evening, where he resolved not to lodge, but only to refresh himself and friends; and so travel on either that night or very early next morning.'

With this love tale and a present of a crown-piece, mine hostess was well pleased and promised compliance, 'which she very justly performed.'

'When the day appointed for His Majesty's journey to Charmouth was come, he was pleased to ride before Mistress Julia Coningsby, the Lady Windham's niece, as formerly before Mistress Lane.' The King himself says:—'To cover the matter better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, one Mrs. Judith Coningsby, still going by the name of William Jackson.' 'The colonel,' continues Anne Wyndham, 'was His Majesty's guide, whilst the Lord Wilmot with Peters kept at a convenient distance, that they might not seem to be all of one company. In this manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain Ellesden, and by him conducted to a private house of his brother's, among the hills near Charmouth.'

From another version of the same incidents given in a letter from Captain (afterwards Colonel) Ellesdon to the Earl of Clarendon, among the Clarendon State Papers,* we get the following further details of this risky adventure. It was arranged that 'Lord Wilmot was to be Mr. Payne, the King his "servant"—passing as William Jackson.' 'I immediately,' writes Ellesdon, 'sent one to the (Lyme) Custom House to make enquiry who had entered his vessel as bound to France. News was brought me that one Stephen Limbry of Charmouth had lately entered his bark, and intended a speedy voyage for St. Malo.' But now trouble ensues. Limbry, the ship's master, had forborne to let his wife into the dangerous secret. So when the hour came for his departure, and he wanted his sea chest, straightway she 'asked him why he would go to sea having no goods aboard.' To this the skipper made answer that Mr. Ellesdon had found him a good freight, more worth than a ship 'full laden with goods.' Now it so chanced that Limbry's wife had been at Lyme Fair that day and had read the Parliament's proclamation offering a thousand pounds reward for discovery of the King, and rehearsing the perils

* See *The Boscobel Tracts*, edited by J. Hughes, A.M. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1830.

incurred by those who should harbour Charles or any of his refugee adherents. Wherefore, shrewdly judging that this passenger gentle might be of the King's party, the good wife forthwith locked the door upon her man, and aided by her two daughters kept him within by force, threatening withal that if he offered to stir out of doors she would instantly go to Lyme and inform the captain of the foot company there. Limbry wisely submitted, 'for,' says Colonel Ellesdon, 'had he striven in the least, it is more than probable His Majesty and his attendants had been suddenly seized upon in the inn.'

Meanwhile, Charles and his retinue had arrived at the Charmouth Inn as bargained for. At the appointed time, Colonel Wyndham with his man Peters, went down to the beach to look out for the landing of the expected boat. The seashore here is a pebbly shingle, and to-day the river Char, after long windings through the beautiful vale of Marshwood, is seen blocked at its mouth by a high bank of driven stones, and discharges its waters underground. Here is the landing place, whence a lane and footpath conduct to the old hostelry, beach and inn being but a few minutes walk apart. On the shore Wyndham waited some hours, but, no boat coming and the tide being spent, he reluctantly returns to the inn to bring his royal master the unwelcome tidings. On his way thither he meets Limbry making for the seaside to announce his failure, and 'dogged at a small distance' by his womankind who would not let him out of their sight. The colonel made no sign and passed on.

But the cream of the story is yet to come. My Lord Wilmot's horse, writes Ellesdon, wanted a shoe. The hostler had been one of Captain Macy's roundhead soldiers and a notorious knave. One Hammet, the smith, a shrewd artisan, said the horse had but three shoes on, which had been set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire. The hostler hints his suspicions to the puritan parish minister, Bartholomew Wesley (great-grandsire, by the way, of the famed preacher). Wesley makes all speed to the inn, cogitating the while how to entrap our old friend the hostess into a confession. 'Why, how now, Margaret,' quoth he, 'you are

a maid of honour now.' 'What mean you by that, Mr. Parson,' rejoined Margaret tartly. 'Why Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour.' The woman then began to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. 'But,' said she, 'if I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or I'll get those shall kick you out.' Clearly Margaret was a staunch Royalist. The minister took the hostler before a justice, who made light of the matter, 'notwithstanding all the parson's brawling!' The hostler let some time slip before telling his Captain (Macy) at Lyme, who, directly he knew what had happened, spurred off in full career along the London Road to Dorchester in pursuit of the fugitives. But the royal party had meanwhile passed through Bridport and, luckily taking a byroad, got to Broadwindsor some ten miles away, where they had another narrow escape from capture.

Such was one of the many exciting and perilous adventures the 'mutton-eating King' underwent before finally, after six weeks wanderings, getting clear of the clutches of his fanatical foes.

The little hostelry at Charmouth still remains, though long disused as an inn. The house now has a modern domicile attached to it, but in its interior aspect the old building is probably little changed since the night when Charles Stuart made his sojourn there. It is two-storied—roof, small low windows, walls of great thickness, oak beams and a flat Tudor-arched doorway, all of antique type. The kitchen is a curiosity. The hearth-recess is huge and very deep, with spaces in it for side seats. In the wall on one side is a dwarf door admitting to a small square compartment, which forms one end of an immense chimney aperture behind the fire-place, and big enough to conceal one or two persons. The chambered space has neither light nor opening, except the flue inlet, and its outlet atop, up to which latter the walls converge. In this dark hole, where, if he got any air, a stowaway must

have been half suffocated with smoke, the King, so says the local tradition, lay hidden part of the time of his stay at the inn.

The reader will now, I hope, be convinced that, in the secluded region of Dorset and Devon dales we have been exploring, there is good store of attractive material alike for the lover of landscape beauty, the naturalist, the researcher among the rocks, and the student of the storied days of yore.

T. PILKINGTON WHITE.

ART. VII.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The American Revolution. Part I. 1766-1776. By the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Bart. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

THIS volume is practically a continuation of the distinguished author's *Early History of Charles James Fox*, which, as need now hardly be said, is much more of a political history of England during the years 1749-1774 than a biography. There is, of course, much of a biographical nature in it, but in writing the political biography of one who played so large a part in the politics of his time as Mr. Fox, it was impossible, if the work was to be thoroughly done and his attitude and actions distinctly set out, not to take into view the general affairs of the nation, and to write more than a merely personal narrative. This was abundantly evident in the earlier volume, and in resuming his studies, to the great gain of literature, whatever may be the loss to politics, Sir George Trevelyan, in order to avoid the many and insurmountable difficulties which were gathering around his task 'of writing a political biography as distinguished from a political history,' has chosen what on all sides will be regarded as the better course, namely, that of writing the history of the American Revolution, a subject which from 1774 to 1782 is,

as he observes, inextricably interwoven with the story of Fox's life.

The two volumes partly overlap each other. The *Early History* comes down to the year 1774, when Fox was summarily dismissed from office, and, repenting the follies of his political youth, began to turn towards the Whigs. The one before us goes back to 1766, when the American colonies were rejoicing over the repeal of the Stamp Act. The arrangement is convenient for the purpose which the author originally had in view, but a little embarrassing to the reader who cares less about the biography of Fox and is anxious to obtain a connected account of the American Revolution. The narrative has a tendency to go backwards and forwards, and many of the earlier events—those which led up to the Revolution—are told more by implication than as successive stages in the evolution of a deep and wide-spread movement. At the same time the volume is one of exceptional value. The reader may not be able to agree entirely in some of the generalisations, and may be disposed to put a different interpretation on some of the incidents recorded; but the work is the result of a wide and effective study of a great subject, and is distinguished by all those charms and literary excellences which have contributed to make the *Early History* a piece of popular reading.

Sir George Trevelyan begins with the repeal of the Stamp Act in the spring of 1766; but when that Act was passed on 10th March, 1765, the American colonies had already a long-standing and genuine grievance. The commercial policy pursued by the mother-country towards them was intended to secure for England a monopoly of the colonial trade, and to crush out in the colonies every manufacture which could in any way compete with English industry. For the most part it was based upon a mercantile theory, since discarded but then universally accepted, denying the possibility of a commerce mutually beneficial to the parties engaged in it. In some few instances colonial produce was encouraged. To Virginia and Bermuda was given the sole right of supplying the English market with tobacco; the cultivation of indigo

was encouraged, and by a couple of Acts passed in 1703 and 1711, importers of tar, pitch, hemp, flax, and timber for ship-building were encouraged to draw their supplies from the American colonies by a system of bounties. But with these few exceptions the laws were almost wholly restrictive. The American plantations came under the operation of the famous Navigation Acts of Charles II. and William III., and all trade with the West Indies, with Great Britain and with foreign countries was illegal unless carried in ships built in Great Britain or in the English plantations, and manned chiefly by British subjects. By an Act which came into operation after 31st December, 1699, one colony could not export fabrics made of wool or partly of wool to another, and still less to England or elsewhere. In 1719 the House of Commons resolved that the erecting of manufactories in the colonies tended to lessen their dependence upon Great Britain, and passed a measure prohibiting the American colonies from manufacturing iron of any kind, and so rigid were its provisions that no smith in the American plantations could make so much as a nail without violating the law. To this measure the House of Lords added a clause to the effect that no forge should be erected in any of the colonies for making 'sows, pigs, or cast-iron into bar or rod-iron.' By another Act the American colonists were forbidden to export hats, though admirably situated, in consequence of their plentiful supply of furs, for their production. The same Act forbade any American who had not served an apprenticeship of seven years to it to follow the trade of a hatter. It forbade him also to employ more than two apprentices at a time, or to teach the industry to negroes. The New England colonists were in the habit of sending large quantities of provisions and lumber to the French West Indies, and of receiving in return rum, sugar, and molasses; but on the complaint of the English sugar-producing colonies, heavy penalties were imposed by Parliament on all rum, sugar and molasses imported into America except from British colonies. Before 1763, when the law was somewhat relaxed, no European goods could be imported into America unless they came straight from Britain.

Strange as it may seem, however, England was not treating her colonies any worse than other European colonial powers were treating theirs. To represent her treatment of them as exceptionally tyrannical is to entirely misrepresent it; for, in the words of Adam Smith: 'Every European nation had endeavoured more or less to monopolise to itself the commerce of its colonies, and upon that account had prohibited the ships of foreign nations from trading to them, and had prohibited them from importing European goods from any foreign nation.' If the policy of Great Britain was in any way exceptional towards her colonies, it was on the side of liberality. 'Even France,' as Mr. Lecky observes, 'which was by far the most liberal of Continental nations in her dealings with her colonies, imposed commercial restrictions more severe than those of England. Not only was the trade of French Canada, like that of British America, a monopoly of the mother-country; it was not even open without restrictions to Frenchmen and to Canadians, for the important trade in beavers belonged exclusively to a company in France, and could only be exercised under its authorisation.' *

There can be no doubt, however, that whatever its immediate effects upon the trade of the mother-country, this policy of restriction and suppression was to the colonists extremely burdensome and irritating. Down to the Peace of Paris they were not in a position to oppose it, for the simple reason that they were unable to defend themselves, and were in this respect entirely dependent upon the mother-country. All they could do was to attempt to evade the restrictions. And this they did. Smuggling was extensive and extremely lucrative, and was often carried on to extraordinary lengths. Especially was this the case during the war, when the colonists, though fighting the French on land, made no scruple of supplying them with provisions by sea. With the signature of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, however, the position of the colonists was altered. The expulsion of the French from Canada and of the Spanish from Florida delivered them from the fear of

* *England in the Eighteenth Century*, III., 301-2.

their most formidable enemies, and gave them leisure to turn their attention to their grievances. The consequence was a development in their relations with the mother-country which, though not generally anticipated, some of the wiser heads in Great Britain and elsewhere both foresaw and predicted.

After the signature of the Treaty of Paris the position of the mother-country also was changed. As Mr. Lecky briefly puts it: 'Her empire had been raised by Pitt to an unprecedented height of greatness, but she was reeling under a national debt of nearly 140 millions. Taxation was greatly increased. Poverty and distress were very general, and it had become necessary to introduce a spirit of economy into all parts of the administration, to foster every form of revenue, and if possible, to diffuse over the gigantic empire a military burden which was too great for one small island.' Lord Bute's ministry had contemplated, it is believed, several large and important measures in connection with the colonies, but was too short lived to do anything. Grenville, however, had no sooner assumed the direction of affairs on the fall of Lord Bute, in April, 1763, than he took up the design attributed to Charles Townshend, and resolved to enforce the trade laws, to establish permanently in America a portion of the British army, and to raise by Parliamentary taxation of America a part at least of the money requisite for its support.

No time was lost in carrying out these measures. Commissioners of Customs were ordered to their posts; new revenue officers were appointed with more rigid rules for their guidance, and ships of war were stationed off the American coast for the purpose of intercepting smugglers. In 1764 measures of still greater stringency were taken. The old law of 1733, which imposed on molasses a prohibitory duty of sixpence a gallon, and on sugar a duty of five shillings a hundredweight, if they were imported into the British plantations from any foreign colonies, was with some important modifications renewed and enforced with the utmost stringency. The jurisdiction of the Courts of Admiralty which tried cases of smuggling without juries was strengthened and enlarged, the officers of ships of war stationed along the American coast were made to take the Custom House oaths and to act as revenue officers. The

effect of all this on the trade of New England was little short of ruinous. To the systematic evasion of the trade laws most of their prosperity was due, and as renewed and administered under Grenville the old law of 1733 threatened the already waning prosperity of Boston with extinction. It was the more obnoxious on account of its preamble, which declared as a reason for imposing additional duties that it was just and necessary that a revenue should be raised in the plantations for defraying the expense of their defence and protection—a declaration which the colonists strenuously maintained was illegal.

The scheme of placing over 10,000 troops in the colonies was objected to on other grounds. The colonists still retained their hereditary dread of a standing army, and were of opinion that for all purposes of defence their local militia was sufficient. The expulsion of the French from Canada, they argued, had rendered the presence of any portion of the regular army among them unnecessary, and the conviction was everywhere prevalent that the object of the Government was not to protect but to overawe them. That the Government had any such intention there is no reason to believe. The measure was simply precautionary. In the event of a fresh outbreak of hostilities in Europe there was every reason to believe that the French would attempt to regain Canada, and even if they did not, the recent war with the Indians, which had lasted fourteen months, and in which the hard fighting had been mainly done by the English troops, though a considerable body of the militia of the southern colonies had been in the field, together with the want of cohesion among the colonists and their unwillingness to assist each other, when their own interests were not directly or apparently threatened, had proved the necessity for having a force in the country strong enough to prevent the repetition of the scenes in which every British fort between the Ohio and Lake Erie had been surprised and captured, and a long line of country twenty miles broad had been desolated and its inhabitants tortured and massacred. The colonists, however, were not to be persuaded that the scheme meant anything else than the suppression of

their liberties, and the carrying out of this part of Grenville's plan, like his enforcement of the trade laws, was one of the three measures by which the Revolution was brought on. The Stamp Act was the other.

In March, 1764, Grenville carried a resolution in the House of Commons to the effect that 'for further defraying the expense of protecting the colonies it may be proper to charge certain stamp duties in the said colonies.' Further steps were postponed for a year, in order to learn the sentiments of the colonists and to give them an opportunity of raising the sum themselves or of making suggestions. At the close of the session, Grenville was waited upon by the agents of the colonies, and when asked, if it was still his intention to bring in the threatened Bill, replied positively in the affirmative; and then, according to the reports of those who were present, went on to urge

'That the late war had found us 70 millions and had left us more than 140 millions in debt. He knew that all men wished not to be taxed, but in these unhappy circumstances, it was his duty as a steward for the public to make use of every just means of improving the public revenue. He never meant, however, to charge the colonies with any part of the interest of the national debt. But, besides that public debt, the nation had incurred a great annual expense in the maintaining of the several new conquests which we had made during the war and by which the colonies were so much benefitted. The American civil and military establishment, after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was 70,000 *l.* per annum. It was now 350,000 *l.* This was a great additional expense incurred upon American account, and he thought therefore that America ought to contribute towards it. He did not expect that the Colonies should raise the whole, but some part of it he thought they ought to raise, and a stamp duty was intended for that purpose.'

After defending the tax he had selected, he continued, 'I am not, however, set upon this tax. If the Americans dislike it, and prefer any other method of raising the money themselves, I shall be content. Write therefore to your several colonies, and if they choose any other mode I shall be satisfied, provided the money be but raised.'

The proposed tax was soon under discussion in all the provincial Assemblies of America. With a single exception, it was everywhere opposed, and a long series of resolutions and

addresses was voted denying in emphatic terms the right of Parliament to tax the colonies. Pennsylvania alone made some advances towards a compromise, but no steps were taken towards an agreement. In New England the doctrine that Parliament had no right to legislate for the colonies was loudly maintained. In February, 1765, the Colonial Agents had another interview with Grenville, and made a last effort to prevent the introduction of the measure, but, having nothing better to suggest, the Bill was passed in both Houses with but one division and very little debate, and on the 22nd of the following month received the royal assent.

In America the Act was everywhere received with surprise and indignation. Resolutions were passed against it, and furious outbursts of popular violence ensued. When the 1st of November, the day on which the Act was to come into operation, arrived, 'The bells,' we are told, 'were tolled as for the funeral of a nation. The flags were hung half-mast high. The shops were shut, and the Stamp Act was hawked about with the inscription, "The folly of England and the ruin of America."' The newspapers, which were obliged by the new law to bear the stamp, probably contributed much to the extreme virulence of the opposition, many of them appearing with a death's head in the place where the stamp should have been. It was found impossible not only to distribute stamps, but even to keep them, for the mob seized on every box which arrived from England, and committed it to the flames.* The Act soon began to make itself felt in Britain as well, by the almost entire suspension of the American trade. Petitions were presented by the traders of London, Bristol, Liverpool, and other towns, praying for its repeal. Glasgow, the trade of which was chiefly with America, complained that the Stamp Act was threatening it with absolute ruin. Elsewhere thousands of artisans were by its action thrown out of employment, and the great majority of the nation ardently desired its repeal. Parliament met on the 17th December, 1765, and on the 21st of the following February the obnoxious

* *Ibid.*, III., 331-32.

Act, notwithstanding the vehement opposition of Grenville, whose Ministry had in the meantime been succeeded by Lord Rockingham's, was repealed. An Act had previously been passed embodying the assertion of the right of Parliament to make laws binding on the colonies in all cases whatsoever, but the Act which was threatening war, and which could not have been enforced without one, was gone.

The news of its repeal was received in America with rapturous applause :—

'No citizen of America,' writes Sir George Trevelyan, 'who recollected anything, forgot how and when he heard the glad tidings. Her history, for a year to come, reads like the Golden Age. Philadelphia waited for the fourth of June in order to celebrate the King's Birthday and the repeal of the Stamp Act together. Toasts were drunk to the Royal Family, to Parliament, and to our worthy and faithful agent, Dr. Franklin. Franklin, determined that his family should rejoice in real earnest, sent his wife and daughter a handsome present of satins and brocades, to replace the clothes of their own spinning which they had worn while the crisis lasted, and while all good patriots refused to buy anything that had come from British ports. John Adams kept the occasion sadly. "A duller day than last Monday, when the Province was in rapture for the repeal of the Stamp Act, I do not remember to have passed. My wife, who had long depended upon going to Boston, and my little babe, were both very ill of an whooping-cough." But, in his view, the great concession had done its work thoroughly and finally. In November, 1766, after six months' observation of its effects, he wrote : "The people are as quiet and submissive to Government as any people under the sun ; as little inclined to tumults, riots, seditions, as they were ever known to be since the first foundation of the Government. The repeal of the Stamp Act has composed every wave of popular disorder into a smooth and peaceful calm."'

Unfortunately, the calm was destined to be of short duration. No one, not even Grenville, was so bitterly opposed to the repeal of the Stamp Act as George III. The wise and faithful Ministers who advised and carried it, he never forgave, and, as soon as he was sure of Pitt, got rid of them. Under the name of Pitt, but when Pitt was no longer able for affairs, in obedience to the King, the House of Commons, under the leadership of Townshend, passed a series of resolutions, on the 2nd of June, 1767, imposing duties upon a number of commodities admitted into the British Colonies and plantations of

America. The seventeenth of the resolutions provided 'That a duty of 3d. per pound-weight avoirdupois be laid upon all tea imported into the said colonies and plantations,' and thus reversed the policy which Pitt had most at heart, and undid the work by which Rockingham and his colleagues had given peace to America.

'From that fatal escapade,' as Sir George Trevelyan puts it, 'the Boston massacre; the horrors of the Indian warfare; the mutual cruelties of partisans in the Carolinas; Saratoga and Yorktown; the French War; the Spanish War; the wholesale ruin of the American loyalists; the animosity towards Great Britain which for so long afterwards coloured the foreign policy of the United States;—all flowed in direct and inevitable sequence.'

To the colonists this revival of the old policy—the policy which they believed had gone for ever—was a rude awakening, and a situation was created which was far more ominous than if the Stamp Act had never been repealed. The colonial leaders, however, acted with circumspection and rare self-control. They abstained themselves, and succeeded in restraining their followers from the more violent courses which had marked the campaign against the Stamp Act, and undertook the task of appealing to the good sense and the friendliness of the British people. The case against the Revenue Acts was put by John Dickinson in his 'Farmer's Letters,' which, when they had done their work at home, were published by Dr. Franklin in London, translated into French, and 'read by everybody in the two capitals of civilisation who read anything more serious than a play-bill.' The members of the Massachusetts Assembly explained their contention in a letter which their agent in England was instructed to lay before the British Cabinet; a petition was transmitted to the King, in which they recounted the early struggles of their colony, its services to the empire, the rights and privileges which had been granted to it, and its recent intolerable wrongs; and a circular letter, asking for assistance in the emergency, was addressed to the other colonies. Their petition, however, was unanswered, and the Governor of Massachusetts was informed by Lord Hillsborough that the members of the Assembly must either rescind the resolutions on which their circular letter was

based, or be sent home there and then. The circular letter simply asked the sister colonies to take such steps as they could within the lines of the Constitution to assist in obtaining what was desired by all, a peaceful settlement of the difficulties which had so suddenly arisen, but the Assemblies of the twelve other colonies were told in so many words by Lord Hillsborough to take no notice of the appeal under pain of an immediate prorogation or dissolution.

'Such a message,' Sir George Trevelyan remarks, 'could bring only one answer from men who had our blood in their veins, and in whose village schools our history was taught as their own. Junius, no blind partisan of the Americans, wrote of them with force and truth: "They have been driven into excesses little short of rebellion. Petitions have been hindered from reaching the Throne; and the continuance of one of the principal Assemblies rested upon an arbitrary condition, which, considering the temper they were in, it was impossible they should comply with." At Boston, in the fullest House that had ever met, ninety-two members, as against seventeen, flatly declined to withdraw the letter. The Assemblies of the other colonies stood stoutly by their fugleman, and faced, and in some cases paid, the threatened penalty.'

During the agitation in connection with the Stamp Act there had been much talk among certain of the colonists about separation and the language then heard among a few, now began to be used from one end of the plantations to the other. The Sons of Liberty revived. Banquets and processions were held in honour of the 'glorious majority' of ninety-two. British manufactures were again boycotted and the young ladies again took to their spinning-wheels. Strangely enough, however, Boston, which was looked upon as the centre of disaffection, 'was tranquil almost to tameness itself.' But it was not long to remain so. The Bedfords eagerly represented to the King that his authority had been trifled with long enough, and that all that was required to bring not only Massachusetts but all the rest of the colonies to reason, was five or six frigates and a single strong brigade; and in spite of the opposition of Lord Shelburne and the warning of Franklin, that if troops were sent to America they might not find a rebellion, but would be only too likely to make one, the King acted

upon this advice, and resolved to send a naval and military force to Boston. Accordingly,

‘Early in October, 1768, eight ships of war lay in Boston harbour. Their loaded broadsides commanded a line of wharves a great deal more tranquil than was the quay of North Shields during one of the periodical disputes between the keelmen and coal-skippers. Cannon and infantry were landed and marched to the Common, with drums beating and colours flying, and sixteen rounds of ball-cartridge in their pouches. The first contingent consisted of two battalions, and the wing of another; and subsequent reinforcements increased the garrison until Boston contained at least one red-coat for every five of the men, women, and children who made up the total of her seventeen thousand inhabitants.’

‘So,’ remarks Sir George Trevelyan, ‘was reached the second stage in the downward course.’

In estimating the causes which led to these steps, Sir George lays stress on the ignorance which then prevailed among the governing classes on this side of the Atlantic. ‘We understand the Massachusetts of 1768,’ he pithily remarks, ‘better than it was understood by most Englishmen who wrote that date at the head of their letters.’ And Franklin in one of his letters tells us some of the reasons. ‘The great defect here,’ he wrote from London in July, 1773, ‘is in all sorts of people a want of attention to what passes in such remote countries as America, an unwillingness to read anything about them if it appears a little lengthy, and a disposition to postpone the consideration even of the things they know they must at last consider, so that they may have time for what more immediately concerns them, and withal enjoy their amusements, and be undisturbed in the universal dissipation.’

‘They read,’ adds Sir George Trevelyan, ‘as little as they could help, and, when they did read, they were informed by the debates in Parliament that the farmers and backwoodsmen of the West, if they were permitted to manufacture in iron, in cotton, and in wool, and to export the produce of their labour all over the world, would speedily kill the industries of Leeds and Manchester and Sheffield. And they learned from the newspapers, for whom Niagara and the Rapids did not exist, that the interests of Newfoundland were threatened by a scheme for the establishment of a cod and whale fishery in Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. This was the sort of stuff, said Franklin, which was produced for the amusement

of coffee-house students in politics, and was the material for "all future Livys, Rapins, Robertsons, Humes, and Macaulays * who may be inclined to furnish the world with that *rara avis*, a true history.'

Ministers not only shared the ignorance of their countrymen, they were habitually misinformed by their agents. Many of their correspondents were men of whom a country is glad to be rid. 'Among them were needy politicians and broken stock-jobbers, who in better days had done a good turn to a Minister, and for whom a post had to be found at times when the English public departments were too full, or England itself was too hot to hold them. There remained the resource of shipping them across the Atlantic to chaffer for an increase of salary with the Assembly of their Colony, and to pester their friends at home with claims for a pension which would enable them to re-visit London without fear of the Marshalsea.' Others among them were respectable enough in personal conduct, but men of narrow minds, proud, and insolent, taking the merest trifles as offences to their official dignity, punctilious, but judicious in nothing, plodding but perverse and malicious, always pouring out, in their correspondence with their chiefs, their prejudices, jealousies, and mistaken views about things they were incapable of understanding or discerning. In times of unrest such men are a source of public danger, and in the period referred to their correspondence did immense mischief. 'It is the bare truth,' writes Sir George Trevelyan, 'that his own Governors and Lieutenant-Governors wrote King George out of America.' 'The stages of their process,' he goes on to add, 'are minutely recorded by an analytic philosopher who enjoyed every facility for conducting his observations.'

'Their office,' wrote Franklin, 'makes them insolent; their insolence makes them odious; and being conscious that they are hated, they become malicious. Their malice urges them to continual abuse of the inhabitants in their letters to administration, representing them as disaffected and rebellious, and (to encourage the use of severity) as weak, divided, timid, and cowardly. Government believes all; thinks it necessary to support

* Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, author of a *History of England* then in vogue among the Whigs.

and countenance its officers. Their quarrelling with the people is deemed a mark and consequence of their fidelity. They are therefore more highly rewarded, and this makes their conduct still more insolent and provoking.'

One of the worst officials of this type was Bernard, who at the time was unfortunately Governor of Massachusetts. His portrait, which has been elaborately drawn by Sir George Trevelyan, will, in the main, also stand for the rest.

'The letters of Bernard, the Governor of Massachusetts,' he writes, 'contained the germ of all the culpable and foolish proceedings which at the long last alienated America. As far back as the year 1764 he wrote a memorandum in which he urged the Cabinet to quash the Charters of the colonies. Throughout the agitation against the stamp-duty he studiously exaggerated the turbulence of the popular party, and underrated their courage and sincerity. "The people here," he wrote in January, 1766, "talk very high of their power to resist Great Britain; but it is all talk. New York and Boston would both be defenceless to a royal fleet. I hope that New York will have the honour of being subdued first." When, to his chagrin, the obnoxious tax was abolished, Bernard set himself persistently to the work of again troubling the quieted waters. He proposed, in cold blood, during the interval between the repeal of the Stamp Act and the imposition of the Tea Duty, that Massachusetts should be deprived of her Assembly. When the new quarrel arose he lost no chance of stimulating the fears of the Court, and flattering its prejudices. He sent over lists of royalists who might be nominated to sit as councillors in the place of the ejected representatives; and lists of patriots who should be deported to England, and there tried for their lives. He called on the Bedfords for troops as often and as importunately as ever the Bedfords themselves had called for trumps when a great stake was on the card-table. He advised that the judges and the civil servants of Massachusetts should be paid by the Crown with money levied from the colony. He pleaded in secret that the obnoxious taxes should never, and on no account, be repealed or mitigated; while in a public despatch he recommended that a petition from the Assembly, praying for relief from these very taxes, should be favourably considered. For this plot against the liberties of America was carried on out of the view of her people. Amidst the surprise and dismay inspired by each successive stroke of severity with which they were visited, the colonists did not recognise, and in some cases did not even suspect, the hand of their own paid servants, who were for ever professing to mediate between them and their angry sovereign. Since Machiavelli undertook to teach the Medici how principalities might be governed and maintained, no such body of literature was put on paper as that in which Sir Francis Bernard (for his services secured him a baronetcy) instructed George the Third and his ministers in the art of throwing away a choice portion of a mighty Empire.'

Of the Ministers with whom Bernard and his like corresponded, and who held the fate of the American colonies in their hands, Sir George Trevelyan has given a series of vivid sketches in the third chapter of his volume on the Early History of Mr. Fox, and to that we must refer the reader. Here it is enough to say that their nominal chief was Grafton, that one of the most active among them was Digby, 'Master of the Rolls in Ireland, or rather out of Ireland,' and that their chief concern was not to govern the Empire well, but to draw their salaries and to obtain the means of living out of the public funds. In this respect they were only in the fashion, though happily they were not in it as to the way in which they spent their salaries and pensions, nor yet in the services they rendered to the country in return.

'The domestic history of the epoch,' writes Sir George Trevelyan, 'clearly shows that every noble, and even gentle, household in the kingdom claimed as a birthright of its members that they should live by salary. The eldest son succeeded to the estate, the most valuable part of which, more productive than a coal-mine or a slate-quarry, was some dirty village which returned a member for each half-score of its twenty cottages. The next son was in the Guards. The third took a family living, and looked forward to at least a Canonry as well. The fourth entered the Royal Navy; and those that came after (for fathers of all ranks did their duty by the State, whose need of men was then at the greatest) joined a marching regiment as soon as they were strong enough to carry the colours. And as soldiers or sailors, whatever might be the case in other departments, our ancestors gave full value for their wages. From the day when Rodney broke the line off Dominica, back to the day when de Grammont did not break the line at Dettingen, a commission in the British army or navy was no sinecure. Our aristocracy took the lion's share, but they played the lion's part. The sons and grandsons of the houses of Manners and Keppel did not do their work in the field or on the quarter-deck by proxy. Killed in Germany, killed in America, killed in the Carnatic with Laurence, killed on the high seas in an action of frigates, drowned in a transport, died of wounds on his way home from the West Indies—such entries, coming thick and fast over a period of forty years, during which we were fighting for five and twenty, make the baldest record of our great families a true roll of honour.'

One thing which the King and his Ministers, or at anyrate the latter, forgot or ignored was that the colonists were of the same race as themselves, and belonged to the same stock as

those who had carried their arms triumphantly in every quarter of the globe, and raised the empire to a pitch of glory it had never before attained. Their leaders, or those whom they had appointed their leaders, for they were not all desirous of taking a leading part, were the choicest spirits among them, men of simple ways and spotless integrity, full of love towards the mother-country and of loyalty to the King, yet tenacious of their rights and privileges, and while desirous of peace in order that they might attend to their private affairs, fully resolved to make any sacrifice rather than submit to be governed by unjust and tyrannical laws.

'Some of them,' Sir George Trevelyan writes, 'were bred in poverty, and all of them lived in modest and tranquil homes. They made small gains by their private occupations, and did much public service for very little or for nothing, and in many cases out of their own charges. They knew of pensions and sinecures only by hearsay ; and ribands and titles were so much outside their scope that they had not even to ask themselves what those distinctions were worth. Their antecedents and their type of character were very different from those of any leading Minister in the British Cabinet ; and they were likely to prove dangerous customers when the one class of men and of ideas was brought into collision with the other. While Washington and the Adamases led laborious days, the English statesmen who moulded the destinies of America into such an unlooked for shape, were coming to the front by very different methods. They had for the most part trod an easier, though a more tortuous path, to place and power, or rather to the power of doing as their monarch bade them.'

With the representatives of these men most of the Ministers were acquainted, and Franklin was always at hand in London to give them reliable information. All their correspondents, too, were not Bernards. There were among them men of high character, clear vision, and unquestionable loyalty. Had Ministers cared to be well informed and rightly advised, information and counsel of the best might have been had in abundance. But the abler part of them cared only to obey the King and draw their salaries—or to use Sir George Trevelyan's words: 'To the worse, and unfortunately the abler, section of the Ministry, the right or wrong of the question mattered not one of the straws in which their champagne bottles were packed ; while the better of them, knowing perfectly well that the undertaking on which they had embarked

was a crime and a folly, with sad hearts and sore consciences went into the business, and some of them through the business, because the King wished it.

The troops landed at Boston found, as Franklin had predicted, no rebellion. Their presence was disliked, but was borne with. The women of Boston remained at their spinning wheels, and the men continued their studies in Blackstone's Commentaries, waiting to see what would happen. They were anxious for conciliation; but the Ministers of the Crown were not. And, as if they had not perpetrated enough follies already, they began to perpetrate others. As soon as the news of the landing of the troops reached London, an address to the King was carried, evidently with the approval of the Treasury Bench, praying that all persons whom the Governor of Massachusetts might regard as having committed, or neglected to disclose, acts of treason, might be sent for trial to England. The address with its accompanying resolutions was carried, though not without strong protests on the part of Thomas Pownall, who had governed Massachusetts 'strongly and discreetly in the days of Pitt,' and by Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave; and from that day every public man whom the people of Massachusetts followed, 'lived with a halter round his neck.'

It was not long, too, before the presence of the military began to bear fruit. From the day they landed all chance of a quiet life for those who valued it was over and done with. 'Every class,' as our author remarks, 'without prompting from above or below, had its own reasons for disliking the military occupation of their city.' There were men of refinement and of good education among the officers, but the men, and the women quite as rigidly, set their faces as flint against any show of civility or the most remote approach to familiarity with them; and refusing to intrude where they were not welcome, they retired into the background and 'left the field clear for the operations of certain black sheep of the mess-room,' who soon managed to make themselves offensive. The private soldier was boycotted in the same way by the citizens of his own class, who were also not slow to ridicule and to jeer

at him. As the winter came on the troops were brought into the town. Billets were refused to them, and they were obliged to be lodged in private houses hired at exorbitant rates, while their rations had to be supplied through the agency of the commissariat, and at the expense of the Treasury. Disputes soon led to blows, and on the evening of 5th March, 1770, a 'short and sharp collision occurred between a handful of soldiers and a small crowd voluble in abuse and too free with snowballs. There was a sputter of musketry, and five or six civilians dropped down dead or dying. That was the Boston massacre.'

Fortunately the affair was not allowed to spread. The soldiers were hurried out of the town, and all danger to the public peace was averted, though all through the night drums were rolling and bells clanging. Next day multitudes flocked into the town from the surrounding country, and all day long the leaders of the popular party were closeted with the Lieutenant-Governor and his Council discussing the affair. At last it was arranged that the troops should be removed to the Castle, and three miles of salt water put between them and the townspeople. The soldiers who had pulled the triggers, and Captain Preston, who had ordered them, were placed upon their trial. 'Moved by a happy inspiration, Preston applied to John Adams and Josiah Quincey to defend him.' Adams and Quincey knew the cost, and that the 'watchful and jealous eyes of an exasperated people were fixed upon them with concentrated intensity,' but they nobly undertook the duty, and 'by the exercise of an enormous industry and the display of splendid ability,' secured a verdict of acquittal.

'A trial so conducted,' as Sir George Trevelyan remarks, 'and with such a result, was a graceful and loyal act on the part of the colony; and the mother-country should not have been behind-hand to meet it in the same spirit.' 'The moment,' as he adds, 'was eminently favourable for a complete and permanent reconciliation.' But, unfortunately, in the whole of this unhappy affair the Ministers seem to have been unable to do anything right. On the same day that the shots were

fired in Boston Lord North rose in the House of Commons to move the repeal of the duties levied in America under Charles Townshend's Act, with the solitary exception of the duty upon tea. The retention of that impost had been carried in the Cabinet only by the casting vote of North, who voted against his sense of duty, and only out of deference to the King. In Parliament it was carried by the King's supporters or 'friends' as they were called, in spite of the protests of Conway, Barrie, Meredith and Burke. The result is well known. The hope of reconciliation died out of the minds of the colonists. Attempts towards a compromise were made; but Parliament, under the guidance of the King and his Ministers, notwithstanding all that had happened, and in spite of the plainest warnings, stuck tenaciously and blindly to its supposed right to tax the colonies without their consent, and the opportunity of effecting a peaceful settlement was soon lost for ever.

Step by step the downward course of the King and his Ministers is traced with a masterly hand in the volume before us. The activity of the naval forces on the American seaboards, the resolute attitude of the colonists, the embitterment of their feelings, the growth of sympathy with them in England, the steady but ineffectual opposition of Burke and Fox, Shelburne and Selwyn, and the untiring efforts of Franklin, are also described as reflected in the records of the time. At last, in March 1774, the plan which the King had long entertained began to be developed. On the fourteenth of that month a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Lord North for closing the harbour of Boston * and transferring the business of the Custom-house to the port of Salem. Fourteen days later he explained a measure by which he proposed to extinguish self-government in Massachusetts. This was followed by another empowering the Governor if any magistrate, revenue officer or military man were indicted for murder, to send him to England for trial in the King's Bench; and this by another which removed the legal difficulties which had hitherto preserved the American householders from having

* The Tea-riots had occurred in the preceding December.

soldiers billeted upon them. All these measures were passed, and—

‘On the first of June the blockade of the harbour was proclaimed, and the ruin and starvation of Boston at once began, the industry of a place which lived by building, sailing, freighting and unloading ships was annihilated in a single moment. The population, which had fed itself from the sea, would now have to subsist on the bounty of others, conveyed across great distances by a hastily devised system of land-carriage in a district where the means of locomotion were unequal to such a burden. A city which conducted its internal communications by boat almost as much as Venice, and quite as much as Stockholm, was henceforward divided into as many isolated quarters as there were suburbs with salt or brackish water lying between them. “The law,” Mr. Bancroft writes in his History, “was executed with a rigour that went beyond the intentions of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from pier to pier, though but of lumber, of bricks, or lime, was forbidden. The boats that plied between Boston and Charlestown could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles river. The fishermen of Marblehead, when they bestowed quintals of dried fish on the poor of Boston, were obliged to transport their offerings in waggons by a circuit of thirty miles.” Lord North, when he pledged himself to place Boston at a distance of seventeen miles from the sea, had been almost twice as good as his word.’

A fortnight later the troops came back into the town, and a standing camp for two battalions was formed on Boston Common. In July, the Assembly met at Salem behind locked doors, and was dissolved by the Governor’s Secretary reading the message on the wrong side of the key-hole. The constitution was abolished and the new Courts of Justice set up. But Massachusetts stood by Boston and all the other colonies stood by Massachusetts. Subscriptions were raised and provisions sent for the relief of the oppressed city. On the tenth of August the delegates from Boston set out to attend the Congress which was summoned to meet in Philadelphia on the fifth of September, and ‘everywhere on their passage bells were ringing, cannons firing, and men, women, and children crowding “as if to a coronation.”’ Congress dissolved on 26th October, and two days later the delegates returned to Boston assured of the unanimous support of all the colonies.

It was not long before this support was required and rendered. Late in November Parliament met. On the 2nd

of February, Lord North moved an address to the King praying his Majesty to adopt effectual measures for suppressing rebellion in the colonies. Fox met it with an amendment deploring that the papers laid upon the table had served only to convince the House that the measures taken by his Majesty's servants tended rather to widen than to heal the unhappy differences between Great Britain and America, but all in vain. The address was carried, though with a reduced majority. A Bill was then brought in to exclude the New England colonies from the fishing grounds within their reach, and especially from the banks of Newfoundland, and Fox and Burke were supported in their opposition to it by petitions and deputations and evidence proffered at the bar of the House of Lords, but without success. The King was immovable, and already far advanced with those 'effectual measures' which the address he had himself inspired, desired him to take. Dissatisfied with Gage, he offered the command-in-chief in America to Amherst. Along with the command he offered him a peerage, but Amherst was popular among the Americans and plainly told the King that he could not bring himself to serve against those 'to whom he had been so much obliged.' Gage therefore was allowed to retain the command, and William Howe, brother to Admiral and to Lord Howe, John Burgoyne, and Henry Clinton, were sent out to act as his Major-Generals with reinforcements sufficient to bring up the garrison at Boston to ten thousand men. Gage entertained the pleasant theory that the military side of the difficulty would be a very small matter; but the ten thousand men whom he was to command, while quite sufficient to inspire all the colonies with alarm for their independence, were, as Sir George Trevelyan remarks, 'utterly inadequate to the task of holding down New England, and ludicrously insufficient for the enterprise of conquering and afterwards controlling America.'

Before the reinforcements could arrive, however, as early, indeed, as October, 1774, the people in Massachusetts had begun to prepare for the worst. A Committee of Public Safety had been formed, munitions of war purchased, and

stores of provisions laid in. By April, 1775, there was an organised Massachusetts army. Some of the stores had been collected at Concord, and in an evil moment, Gage, 'rather because he was expected to take some forward step than because he saw clearly where to go,' conceived the idea of destroying them. A small detachment of troops, gathered from several regiments, and under the command of an incompetent officer, set off before midnight. At four in the morning, just as an April day was breaking, they reached the village of Lexington. Some sixty or seventy of the local militia were waiting for them on the common, and the first shots of the revolution were fired. 'Pages and pages have been written about the history of that day,' as Sir George Trevelyan observes, 'and the name of every colonist who played a part in it is a household word in America.' His own description is vividly graphic. Smith, who was in command of the British force, made the mistake of remaining in Concord long after he had found there was nothing there for him to do, and did not set out on his return till noon. 'Those two hours were his ruin.' The colonists collected from all sides carrying guns and headed by drums.

'They covered the hillsides and swarmed among the enclosures and coppices in such numbers that it seemed to their adversaries "as if men had dropped from the clouds." It was a calamity for the British that the first encounter of the war took place under circumstances which made their success a military impossibility. When a force, no larger than the rear-guard of an army, is obliged to retreat and to continue retreating, the extent of the disaster is only a question of the amount of ground that has to be traversed, and of the activity and audacity which the enemy display. The colonists knew the distance at which their fire was effective, and were determined, at any personal risk, to get and to remain within that range. The English regimental officers, whenever one of them could collect a few privates of his own corps, made a good fight during the earlier stage of the retreat. But, before they emerged from the woods which lined most of the six miles between Concord and Lexington, ammunition began to fail; the steadier men were largely employed in helping the wounded along; many of the soldiers rather ran than marched in order; and the column passed through Lexington a beaten and, unless speedy help should come, a doomed force.

'They had still before them twice as much road as they had travelled already. But the very worst was over; because, a few furlongs beyond

the town, they were met by the reserves from Boston. The supporting body was better composed than their own, for it was made up of whole regiments ; and it was much better commanded. Lord Percy, owing to stupid blunders which were no fault of his, should have been at Concord by eleven in the morning instead of being near Lexington at two in the afternoon ; but, now that he was on the ground, he proved that he knew his business. He disposed the field pieces which he had brought with him in such a manner as to check the provincials, and gave a welcome respite to Colonel Smith's exhausted soldiers. When the homeward march was recommenced, he fought strongly and skilfully from point to point. The hottest work of the whole day was as far along the line of retreat as West Cambridge. It was there that an example was made of some minute-men who had covered sixteen miles in four hours in order to occupy a post of vantage ; and who were too busy towards their front to notice that there was danger behind them in the shape of a British flanking party. But the Americans were in great heart, and they were briskly and gallantly led. The senior officer present was General Heath, a brave and honest man, who had learned war from books, but who did well enough on a day when the most essential quality in a commander was indifference to bullets. And Warren had hurried up from Boston, eager to show that his oration of the month before was not a string of empty words. "They have begun it," he said, as he was waiting to cross the Ferry. "That either party could do. And we will end it. That only one can do." From the moment that he came under fire at Lexington, he was as conspicuous on the one side as Lord Percy on the other ; and there was not much to choose between the narrowness of their escapes, for the New Englander had the hair-pin shot out of a curl, and the Northumbrian had a button shot off his waistcoat.

'No courage or generalship on the part of the British commander could turn a rearward march into a winning battle. As the afternoon wore on, his men had expended nearly all their cartridges ; and they had nothing to eat, for the waggons containing their supplies had been captured by the exertions of a parish minister. "I never broke my fast," so a soldier related, "for forty-eight hours, for we carried no provisions. I had my hat shot off my head three times. Two balls went through my coat, and carried away my bayonet from my side." The provincials had surmounted their respect for the cannon, and kept at closer quarters than ever. As the tumult rolled eastwards into the thickly inhabited districts near the coast, the militia came up in more numerous and stronger companies, fresh and with full pouches. When the sun was setting, the retiring troops, half-starved and almost mad with thirst, came to a halt on the English side of the causeway over which the Cambridge highways entered the peninsula of Charlestown. They were only just in time.'

Five weeks later the Major-Generals arrived. But in the meantime the New England army had gathered, and Boston

was in a state of siege. According to Burgoyne, who kept up an extensive correspondence with the Ministers at home, in which he set himself to point out the weakness and incapacity of Gage, the British troops were dispirited, and destitute alike of military stores and provisions. With the arrival of the Major-Generals their spirit revived, and they were eager to be led against the investing army. But it was not until the 17th of June that any further encounter took place. On the morning of that day it was found that during the night the colonists had entrenched themselves on Bunker's Hill, which overlooked Charlestown. The ships and the guns on shore at once concentrated their fire upon them, and by one o'clock in the afternoon four entire regiments, and twenty companies of grenadiers and light infantry had landed on the extreme east of the peninsula to the north of Charlestown, under the command of Howe. Reinforcements continued to arrive, until the assaulting force was between two thousand and twenty-five hundred strong. The colonists numbered fifteen hundred men and six cannon. Howe led his men to the assault twice, and twice he was compelled to retire with heavy loss. At last the dogged courage and splendid discipline of the regulars prevailed. But the victory had been dearly purchased. The British loss was given at a thousand and forty, of whom ninety-two bore the King's commission. The 'battle' of Bunker's Hill, however, was, after all, only a sortie. Boston was still in a state of siege, and after Washington took the command of the colonists, the position of its defenders became more serious still. If there was no exultation in the camp of the besiegers, there was none in the beleaguered city. There absolute depression prevailed. Good eating was a thing of the past. The soldiers lost their health and spirits. Scurvy showed itself, and smallpox was soon raging in the streets and in the cantonments. Under Washington the forces of the colonists were more thoroughly organised, supplies for the besieged men were intercepted, and the lines of investment drawn nearer. When the news of Bunker's Hill reached London, Gage was at once recalled, and the command transferred to Howe, upon whom the famous sortie had left a deep impression. It had deprived him, too, of 'that

joyous confidence and eagerness to bring matters to an immediate issue, which had been his most valuable endowment.' Henceforth he was not the same. His energy and buoyancy of spirit left him. Washington, on the other hand, was continually on the alert, and before Howe was aware, succeeded in establishing his batteries on several points which completely commanded the harbour and city. But bad as Howe's position was, it was made still worse when, acting under express orders from home, Clinton reduced the already inadequate garrison by two thousand men, and started for the Carolinas in company with Lord Cornwallis, by whom he was joined off Charlestown. At last, on the second of March, the American batteries began to play, and on the 17th Howe was compelled to embark his army, and to take with him eleven hundred people, who, by virtue of their official rank, formed the aristocracy of the province, and dared not stay behind.

The surrender of Boston closed the first stage of the war. It left both parties in positions very different from those they occupied at its beginning, and very different from those either of them had anticipated. The responsibility both for the war and its results were with the King and his Ministers, of whom the chief were North and Sandwich, who had charge of the Admiralty. The policy, if it can be so called, was the King's, and the responsibility lay first and chiefly with him. His Ministers were simply his tools. And the strictures which Sir George Trevelyan passes upon both in the following passages with which he closes his volumes, are as just as they are eloquently put:—

'North and Sandwich resembled Frederick as War-Ministers even less than Gage resembled him as a general, or George the Third as a monarch. Bunker's Hill had been a soldier's battle; but the responsibility for the campaign of which it formed an episode lay with the placemen and their Royal master. They had contrived among them to bring about the discomfiture of a valiant army, responsive to discipline, and containing more than a due proportion of distinguished or promising officers. They had involved it in almost every calamity which could befall a military force, except disgrace. They had so managed matters that, in a region overflowing with plenty, their troops had been fed from Leadenhall Market, as an

orator of the Opposition cleverly and not untruly put it. Burke was reported to have said that, though two hundred pounds a man had been spent on salt beef and sour crout, our garrison could not have remained ten days longer in Boston unless the heavens had rained down quails and manna. And yet, much as the English had suffered during the course of the siege from the scarcity and badness of their food, in the last resort they were refused the comparative satisfaction of having yielded to famine, and not to force. The Government deprived Howe of two thousand infantry, at the moment when he most needed to be strong. The reinforcements which were sent from home to fill the void arrived two months too late; and so it came to pass that the ill-used General was in the end not starved but manœuvred out of his positions. The acts of aggressive warfare sanctioned or condoned by the Ministers were as futile as their defensive arrangements, and had consequences most disastrous to the national interests. They had not occupied a single square furlong of soil, fortified or open, in any of the colonies; but they had shelled three towns, had sent into the *Gazette* a score of loyal merchants, and had rendered a few hundred families homeless. They had alienated all the neutral opinion in America, and had lighted a flame of resentment against Great Britain which they continued to feed with fresh fuel until it grew so hot that it did not burn itself out for a couple of lifetimes.

‘No long interval had elapsed since Warburg and Plassey—since the defeat of Montcalm, the conquest of Havanna, and Hawke’s victory off the coast of Brittany. But during that interval a process had been going forward, the effects of which were now manifest. George the Third had at length accomplished his purpose. He had rooted out frankness, courage, and independence from the councils of the State; but he had pulled up along with them other qualities which his policy, when brought to a trial, could not afford to dispense with. His Cabinet was now exclusively composed of men willing to pursue ends which he dictated, but incapable of discerning, or rightly directing, the means by which alone those ends could be attained.’

ART. VIII.—THE ORIGINS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE name of Thales, with whom Greek philosophy arose, like the Mosaic world, out of water, is the first that meets us in inquiring into the origins of Political Economy. Being taunted on account of his poverty with the uselessness of philosophy, he resolved to show how easy it was for the sage

to become rich, if that were his object. Having got command therefore of a little capital, he paid small sums as earnest-money for all the olive-presses in Miletus and Chios, no one caring to bid against him. It was then winter, but Thales suspected from his knowledge of astronomy, that there would be a great yield of olives next season. The event justified the forecast of the philosopher, and he was enabled to realise a large fortune by letting out the presses on his own terms. This device for money-making, Aristotle tells us, is ascribed to Thales on account of his wisdom, but is one of universal application. The interest to us of this mythical anecdote is that we have in connection with it the first use of the term 'monopoly,' which has played so conspicuous a part in economic science.

Passing on now to Socrates, we find that that thinker's intense interest in man has led him into the discussion of the material means of welfare, however little stress he may have been inclined to lay upon external goods in his own case.

The *Economicus* of Xenophon, which, like his *Apologia*, may be considered part and parcel of the *Memorabilia*, purports to represent the views of Socrates upon the subject of household management. Economy is recognised as a distinct art or practical science, and is declared to consist in the good management of a household, whether one's own or another's. 'A household' is a wider term than 'house,' and includes all that a man possesses, even beyond the limits of the state in which he lives. Possessions or property, however, are limited to the things that are useful to a man; all else that he may nominally possess is either *ζημία* or *ού-χρήματα*, which Mr. Ruskin would have us call 'illth.'

Money itself is not property to a man who makes a bad use of it. On the other hand friends come under the definition of *χρήματα*, and enemies, if one knows how to profit by them. By this time it is clear that we have wandered well away from any conceptions which scientific precision can be expected to accept. The end is edification, not enlightenment. But it is interesting to note the coincidence of Socrates' notion of *χρήματα* with Mr. Ruskin's definition of wealth as 'the possession

of the valuable by the valiant,' where by 'the valiant' is meant those who are able and willing to make a right use of the valuable.

After this Socrates proceeds to knock the conceit of wealth out of Critobulus, for whose instruction the whole discourse is delivered. To this end he points out to him how, since wealth must be measured by the satisfaction of desire, he, the philosopher, with his five minas' worth of goods, is in reality a richer man than Critobulus, though he has not a tithe of a tithe of his possessions.

Critobulus having thus been brought into the frame of mind in which he can receive instruction, is presented with a picture of a pattern householder in the person of one Ischomachus.

A great part of the dialogue is occupied with the praise of agriculture. Agriculture, it is declared, is the mother and nurse of the rest of the arts. According as it is attended to or not, other arts will flourish or decay. While the sedentary and mechanic arts are prejudicial to war, agriculture affords the fittest training for it. It is the easiest of all arts to acquire, and allows the most abundant leisure for attention to higher things. It furnishes the necessaries and the luxuries of life, and—highest praise of all—it conduces to the simplest and noblest type of character. Cato de Re Rustica, and after him Adam Smith (*Wealth of Nations*, Bk. IV., ch. 2), not to mention a host of other writers, echo this last sentiment. Man, it has been said, is like Antæus, and degenerates at every remove from his mother-earth.

Before leaving the *Æconomicus* we may notice a characteristic piece of Socratic teleology. The function of the man in the household is to get, the function of the woman is to keep, and *this is why* God made her of a timorous nature, and assigned her more of fear, while He reserved the greater share of boldness for her partner, whose work lay outside the house, and who would therefore be the one called upon to face the foe.

One of the main objects of the *Æconomicus*, as we have already had occasion to notice, is the praise of agriculture, and this is perhaps the reason why the Socrates of the

Memorabilia proper is so much more liberal in his views of industrial labour than the Socrates of the *Æconomicus*. For it is a well-known artifice of rhetoric, if you wish to extol one thing, to begin by depressing what lies next to it: since thus the belauded object will look higher than it would otherwise have done. When Socrates quoted with approbation the line of Hesiod—

‘Ἔργον δ’ οὐδέ τις θείδος, ἀεργίη δὲ τ’ θείδος,’

he certainly did not wish, as his enemies wanted to make out, to recommend *παραπομπία*, or rascality. His real meaning could not be better illustrated than by the story of his advice to Aristarchus.

In the bad days of civil discord the household of Aristarchus was oppressed by an incursion of sisters and nieces and cousins—relics of their several families who had fled to the Peiræus. Socrates found him looking very rueful, and inquired the cause. There was nothing, Aristarchus told him, to be had from the land, for the enemy were in possession of it, and nothing from rents in the city, for there were not enough people to occupy the houses; it was impossible to sell furniture, and almost hopeless to attempt to borrow: he must see his relations starve before his eyes. ‘How is it,’ said Socrates, ‘that Keramon supports a large household, and is still in affluent circumstances?’ ‘Because his household consists of slaves, but mine of freemen.’ ‘Then is it not a disgraceful thing that you should be worse off than he?’ ‘Why, his people are craftsmen, but mine have received a liberal education.’ ‘Are “craftsmen” those who can make something useful?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well, is flour useful? Bread? Clothes for men and women? Shirts? Cloaks? Waistcoats?’ Aristarchus admitted that they were. ‘And don’t your people know how to make any of them? Look at Nausikydes—he makes flour, and he’s one of the rich men of the city. Look at Kyrebos—he makes bread. Look at Demeas and Menon—cloaks of different make. Look at the Megarians—waistcoats.’ ‘Yes: but they purchase barbarian slaves, and make them work: whereas those I have to do with are free persons and relations.’ Socrates doubted whether that was a good reason

for their living in sloth and idleness, a prey to despondency themselves, and a source of anxiety to their patron. He pressed his point so well that Aristarchus was persuaded to take his advice. He got command of a little capital by means of a loan, which he had now the heart to make, as there was some hope of repaying it. With this he bought wool, and set the women working. Next time he came to Socrates he was able to tell him that all was changed. The women snatched their breakfasts while they worked, and, when their work was over, they had their dinner; they no longer felt that they were a burden, or felt that the master felt it. In fact they taxed him with being the only person in the house who didn't earn his dinner. 'Then why don't you tell them the story of the dog?' says Socrates. 'For they say that, when animals could talk, the sheep said to its master—"We supply you with wool and lambs and cheese, and yet you give us nothing but what we get from the ground; whereas you give a share of your own food to the dog, who renders you no such service." When the dog heard this, he said: "Yes, by Zeus, I do, for it is I who keep you from being stolen by men or torn by wolves: if it were not for my guardianship, you would not be able even to graze, for fear of destruction." So the sheep themselves acknowledged that it was just that the dog should be honoured before them. Do you, therefore, tell the women that, like the dog, you are their guardian and caretaker, and that it is owing to you that no one injures them, and that they are all enabled to work for their living in safety and contentment.'

Plato's chief contribution to economic science is his clear statement of the advantages attending the division of labour. Adam Smith, it will be remembered, throws these advantages under three heads, namely—

- (1). The increase of dexterity in every particular workman.
- (2). The saving of time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another.
- (3). The invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many.

It has been doubted whether the division of labour really tends much to the invention of labour-saving machinery, since a monotonous confinement to a single employment, while it confers increased mechanical dexterity, has a tendency at the same time to deaden the intellectual faculties. Babbage pointed out a more indisputable advantage of the division of labour, which was omitted by Adam Smith, namely, that it saves the skill of the superior workers from being wasted on inferior employments. If we discard Adam Smith's third head and substitute this, we shall have exactly the list of reasons for the division of labour which was laid down by Plato in his *Republic* (370 B), namely—

- (1.) Difference of natural bent (Babbage's reason).
- (2.) Increase of dexterity.
- (3.) Saving of time.

The most remarkable application which Plato makes of this principle is in his advocacy of a standing army. In this he is running counter to the tone of feeling among his countrymen, who thought it to be the sacred duty of every citizen to be ready to defend his country in war, whatever might be the nature of his employment in peace. But Plato vigorously carries out the principle, declaring that, if petty employments cannot be successfully pursued unless they are made the business of a life, much more must the same thing hold true of an art which is of the utmost importance to the welfare of the state, and demands the highest degree of technical skill.

As Plato is so strongly in favour of the division of labour, it seems a little odd that we should have in him the first great champion of 'woman's rights.' He is aware himself that there is an appearance of contradiction here, but he assures us that it is only an appearance, as the specialisation of function between man and woman does not extend beyond sex (*Rep.*, 453, 454). Apart from this, woman, according to Plato, is merely 'the weaker man.'

As it is the division of labour which gives occasion for exchange, and exchange is effected by money, the former topic naturally leads on to the nature of money. Here also Plato has made a right step towards the formation of a science of

wealth, when he speaks of current coin as 'a ticket of exchange.' Further, he recognises the function of the middle-man as being to save the time of the producer. He draws attention to the distinction between the merchant and the retail-dealer. The one visits foreign states, the other sits in the market exchanging commodities for money, and money for commodities. This latter function, he declares, would in any well-regulated state be fulfilled by those who were physically weakest and unfit for any other employment. Lastly, he recognises as a necessary complement of a state a class whose strength is in their muscles not in their mind, and who live by the sale of their services. These he calls *μοθωροί*; we call them unskilled labourers. Thus quietly does Plato dismiss slavery from his ideal state.

It would be out of place here to enter upon a discussion of the *Republic* of Plato. We will merely briefly indicate the economic theory, such as it is, which underlies it. Being a city in the heavens, its foundations did not require to be planted very deep in the soil of reality. Society was to be split into the productive and unproductive classes. To the latter were to belong all power and dignity; to the former all wealth and comfort. The productive classes, consisting of farmers and mechanics, were to be allowed to possess land and accumulate riches, subject to the payment of a fixed amount of produce for the support of their rulers and guardians. Among the upper, or unproductive classes, there was to be established a rigid communism. No man was to have a hole or corner, much less a wife or child, that he could call his own. They were to have their meals together at common tables, like soldiers at a mess; it was to be unlawful for them to possess the precious metals or wear them or drink from them, or even to enter under the same roof with them, for that would sully the purity of the divine gold and silver which went to form their own natures. In short, the governing class in Plato's *Republic* were to be an order of military monks, male and female, interdicted from connubial life, but not from the begetting of children under strict supervision by

the state. A more whimsical conception surely never emanated from the mind of man!

We now come to Aristotle, in whom we have the high-water mark of Greek philosophic thought. By his time, finance had become a recognised department of statesmanship, and there were politicians who made it their sole study.

Owing to his turn for induction, he is the first to insist upon the value of the historical study of economic science. Thus, in the *Politics* he says that we ought to collect scattered notices of expedients whereby divers persons have succeeded in making money (*Pol.*, I., 11, § 7). This suggestion has been carried out by the writer of the treatise known as *Οικονομικῶν Β*, who has presented us with a fine collection of rascalities. In the *Rhetoric* (I., 4, §§ 7, 8), Aristotle is still more emphatic on the subject. After summing up the topics of political debate under the five main heads of (1) supply, (2) war and peace, (3) the defence of the country, (4) exports and imports, (5) legislation, he proceeds to say—‘So that if one is to give advice about supply, he will require to know the nature and extent of the revenues of the state in order that if anything is omitted it may be supplied, and if anything is deficient it may be increased. He must know also all the items of public expenditure, with a view to the abolition of superfluities and the retrenchment of excess. For there are two ways in which men become richer—one is by increasing their substance, the other is by decreasing their expense. Nor is it enough to form views on these matters from personal experience; one must engage in an historical inquiry into the discoveries of others, if one is to give advice on these subjects.’

Now that we have propitiated the so-called German school of Political Economy, let us examine what steps Aristotle has made on the *a priori* road. About the most fundamental point in any deductive science is the definition of that with which the science deals. Now no better definition of wealth has ever been given than that of Aristotle, who declares it to be ‘an abundance of instruments for use in a household or a state’ (*Pol.*, I., 8, § 15). It would be but slender praise of Aristotle to say that he has avoided the vulgar confusion of

wealth with money, though the world has outgrown that fallacy by scarcely a century. But he has perhaps done better than modern thinkers in not encumbering his definition of wealth with the idea of exchange value.*

There may be wealth where there is no exchange, nor any desire for it, or possibility of it, so that the subject of exchange is rightly relegated to a single department of political economy. Neither has Aristotle made labour essential to value, as some have done in recent times. According to him, that household or state which possess an abundance of all kinds of instruments for the purposes of life is wealthy, no matter whether these instruments were acquired by labour or without, nor whether anyone is ready to give an equivalent for them or not. But in order to grasp the full meaning of Aristotle's definition of wealth, we must understand clearly what he means by instruments.

Instruments are living as well as lifeless. A rudder is a lifeless instrument, but the man who keeps a look-out in the bows is a living instrument; and, in the arts generally, subordinates may be described as the living instruments of the master-workman. A number of servants then are wealth to the man who uses them. But there is a further distinction to be observed with regard to instruments. For under that term come not only what are commonly known as tools, but all things which have the power of satisfying the needs of life. Instruments, therefore, are divided again under two heads—

- (1.) Instruments of production.
- (2.) Instruments of action.

A shuttle, for instance, is an instrument of production; a coat or bed or house, and generally any piece of property, is an instrument of action. It is under the latter head that slaves come when they are not employed in productive labour, that is to say, when they are only ministering to the master's comfort in life. In the *Rhetoric* (I., 5, § 7)—a treatise which does not aim at scientific precision—the parts of wealth are

* Take, for instance, Mill's definition of wealth as 'all useful or agreeable things which possess exchangeable value.'

enumerated as money, landed estates, movable furniture, cattle, and slaves.

The distinction between productive and unproductive employment is conveyed, in Aristotelian phraseology, by the two terms *ποίησις* and *πράξις*, which we may render 'making' and 'doing,' or 'production' and 'action.'

The former of these two modes of activity is distinguished by its leaving behind it a visible and tangible result; but *πράξις* is necessarily the higher, since it uses what *ποίησις* makes. Life, Aristotle is careful to point out, consists in doing, not in making.

In the light of these simple and clear conceptions, the muddle-headed notion that production is somehow an end in itself, which the race for wealth has generated in the British mind, stands condemned as absurd.

The end of life, it is plain, cannot be the heaping together of the material means to happiness, but is to be found rather in the right use of them. If Mr. Ruskin is to be mistrusted on other points, he is admirably sound on this. 'Economists usually speak as if there were no good in consumption absolute. So far from this being so, consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production, and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. This is entirely Aristotelian in tone. It is not production or possession that counts for anything with the Peripatetics, but use. Everywhere with them we have the deep-lying distinction between *ἐνέργεια* or *χρήσις*, actuality or use, on the one hand, and *ἔξις* or *κτῆσις*, state or possession, on the other. Thus in the *Ethics* we are told that it is not merely being virtuous, but acting virtuously, that constitutes happiness; in the *Politics* that a man is a master not in so far as he acquires, but in so far as he uses slaves; in the *Rhetoric* that to be wealthy consists in the use rather than in the possession of material goods.

The next point of importance that must engage our attention is Aristotle's doctrine of money. But before passing on to it, we may notice that he has expressly divided hired labour into skilled and unskilled (*Pol. I.*, 11., § 4); also that the distinction between materials on the one hand, and tools of

implements on the other, which Mill has so laboriously obscured, is clear enough to the reader of Aristotle. Briefly we may say that a 'tool' is that with which something is made, while a 'material' is that out of which something is made. Thus wool is the material to the weaver, and marble or bronze to the sculptor. Judged by this standard the coal which is used to cook one's dinner is plainly a tool or implement, whereas, according to Mill it is the material of one's food! For he defines as a material 'every instrument of production which can only be used once, being destroyed (at least as an instrument for the purpose in hand) by a single employment' (Book I., ch. 2, § 4). Mill, it should be remarked, uses 'instrument' as a genus, embracing 'material' and 'implement.' Mill's 'able and friendly reviewer' in the *Edinburgh Review* sets him right on this point, but in a sadly cumbrous way, proposing to consider as materials 'all the things which, having undergone the change implied in production, are themselves matters of exchange,' and as implements (or instruments) 'the things which are employed in producing that change, but do not themselves become part of the exchangeable result.' Beyond the reference to exchange, which is not wanted, there is nothing more here than the simple distinction with which we started.

The subject of money is approached by Aristotle from two sides, from the philosophical side in the *Ethics*, and from the historical in the *Politics*.

In the *Ethics* he points out that proportional reciprocity is what lies at the base of commercial relations. But this implies that the values of different commodities must in some way be equalised before exchange takes place. Therefore they must be commensurable. What then is the common measure of the values of all commodities? 'In reality,' says Aristotle, 'it is demand (*ἡ χρεία*) which is the true bond of union.' And in so saying he has gone to the very root of the matter; for neither labour nor scarcity can confer value, where there is no demand. Of this demand, he tells us, 'money has become, as it were, the conventional representative.' The name, *ὀβολομα*, which is given to it, shows that it is not a creation of nature, but an instituti-

tion of man ; and accordingly it is in our power, if we will, to alter a currency and render it useless. But as long as men agree to use a given kind of money, it will serve as a legal tender for any required commodity, being a pledge to the receiver empowering him to complete an exchange at such a time as is most convenient to himself. Aristotle recognises the fact that the value of money itself is liable to fluctuate, but declares that its tendency is to be more permanent than that of other things. He admits also that to find a common measure of value is in reality an impossibility, since things are so disparate that their values cannot be equalised : nevertheless, for all practical purposes, this object, he tells us, may be attained. We thus see that Aristotle has laid as much stress as any modern political economist could desire on what are universally recognised as the two functions of money, namely, to serve

- (1.) As a measure of value,
- (2.) As a medium of exchange—

or rather we should reverse the order, since, as Walker rightly insists, whatever is adopted as the medium of exchange must necessarily become the measure of value.

In the *Politics* Aristotle exercises his historical imagination in tracing the growth of the village out of the family, and of the state out of the village.

In the family he supposes all things to have been held in common, so that there would be no occasion for exchange. But the different families which formed a village would require to exchange commodities with one another. Thus in the village would be effected by barter. As exchange being virtuous, but itself over a wider area, the inconvenience ; in the *Politics* begin to be felt, and men would desire to be wealthy, but in so some one commodity already possessed, that to be wealthy could had the advantage of being possessed of material goods, quantity easily determinable. It must engage our atten-

These conditions were best satisfied. But before passing on tells us, at first had their value determined by the division of hired labour but afterwards a stamp was impressed on the money (§ 4); also that the quantity, to save men from the trouble of carrying one hand, and tools of

In all this Aristotle is quite up to the latest modern light, and his doctrine of money might figure with credit in a treatise of to-day. Compare, for instance, what we have just been quoting with the words of the latest Oxford compendium of political economy—‘A good medium of exchange must be durable, portable and cognisable, as well as useful for other purposes besides that of being a medium of exchange. . . . The experience of the world appears to show that pieces of certain metals, stamped by persons possessing the public confidence, best fulfil the conditions necessary to make a good medium of exchange.’*

But is not Aristotle, it may be asked, hopelessly benighted in his views upon the subject of trade and commerce? Let us set his views plainly before us, and then see, if we can, where he is at variance with modern ideas, and whether he is at variance with sound philosophy.

Having analysed the state back into its origin in the household, Aristotle finds it necessary to begin his political inquiries with the subject of household management. The question soon arises whether *οικονομική*, which, with Bishop Welldon, we may translate ‘finance,’ is a part of household management or not. People in Aristotle’s day were apt to confound ‘economy’ with the art of getting wealth; we have come somehow to confine it in popular parlance to the art of keeping wealth. But in the mouth of a Greek philosopher it must be understood to mean the right management of a household under the monarchical sway of the householder. Now does finance belong to this art or not? Aristotle’s answer to this question is that there is a kind of finance which is in accordance with nature, and which is a part of household management, or rather an art subsidiary to it, but that there is another kind of finance which is contrary to nature and is no part of household management. The kind of finance which nature sanctions, and which is a necessary condition of economy, is the adequate supply of the means of subsistence; the kind of finance which is no concern of the householder, and which nature eschews, is that which aims at heaping wealth together, beyond what

* *Elementary Political Economy*, by Edwin Cannan, M.A., pp. 32, 34.

the needs of life require. Both kinds of finance deal with the same thing, namely, wealth, whence they are liable to be confused with one another: but they do not deal with it in the same way. The one regards wealth rightly as an instrument of happiness, and therefore does not seek to amass it beyond the point at which its purpose is served; and such a point there must be, for no instrument is ever required without limit as to number and size. The other form of finance, which aims at procuring wealth by means of exchange, regards money as an end in itself, and as every art is concerned with its end to an indefinite extent, it seeks to heap money together without limit. Thus people come to regard wealth as identical with a quantity of coin: for coin is the Alpha and Omega of exchange.

In all this there is nothing that anyone can dispute. But when Aristotle asserts that 'trade is unnatural, because exchange ought to have ceased with the supply of needs,' it is permissible to ask why on his own principles it should be called so. The state is pronounced to be a natural product, because the primary forms of association out of which it is developed are prompted by nature. Ought not trade, therefore, to be regarded as natural, since, as Aristotle himself admits, it is a logical development of barter. The object of trade, regarded from the standpoint of society, is to facilitate the supply of needs. If an individual makes money his end in trading, he is spiritually the worse for it, but he none the less performs a social service. And this brings us to the very pith and core of the question. For what lies at the root of Aristotle's objection to trade is the idea that the gain which a man makes by it is necessarily at the expense of his fellows. If this were so, commerce would be on a level with gambling, in which what is made by one must be lost by another, and where the joyful accession to unmerited riches on the one side has its counterpoise in despair and ruin on the other. But the defence of trade is that, rightly conducted, it is a source of gain to both parties, and is therefore, like mercy, 'twice blessed,' in that

'It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.'

Mr. Ruskin indeed tells us that 'profit, or material gain, is attainable only by construction or discovery, not by exchange. Whenever material gain follows exchange, for every *plus* there is a precisely equal *minus*.' But as he admits that both parties 'are the better for the exchange,' and that 'there is much advantage in the transaction,' though 'there is no profit,' his juggling with words does not seem to touch the question. The position still remains that exchange creates wealth by conferring upon commodities the utility of being where they are wanted.

It is probably the same feeling of the meanness of making gain at the expense of one's fellow-man that makes Aristotle reserve his heaviest censure for usury. But the grounds on which he himself rests his objection to the practice are somewhat *bizarre*. 'Usury,' he says, 'is of all forms of money-getting the most justly detestable, for the gain is made out of the money itself, and not out of that for which it was provided, to wit, exchange.' It is therefore further removed from nature than trade. The 'barren breed of metal' ought, in his opinion, to remain barren for ever, whereas usury is the begetting of money by money, the infant *τόκος*, or interest, being a miniature likeness of its parent. But a couple of coins will not breed, if you happen to leave them together, so that we may fairly rest Aristotle's objection to usury on other grounds than he has done himself. The interest is wrung not from the coin, but from the necessities of the borrower. A philosophic defence of interest might still avail itself of an etymological argument in connection with the word *τόκος* by saying, as Mr. George does, that interest represents the reproductive powers of nature, of the benefit of which a man might avail himself, if he chose to employ his capital himself.

The idea of the lawfulness, and indeed, merit, of availing oneself of Nature's increase, accounts for the prerogative assigned, rightly or wrongly, by the ancients to farming*

* See *Ec. A.*, 2, § 3. The same idea is strongly marked in the Roman preference for *fructus*, the profits of agriculture, over *quæstus*, the gains of trade.

above all other modes of increasing one's substance. To be a good judge of horse-flesh and of cattle generally, to be versed in husbandry, whether in the form of tillage or planting, to be skilled in keeping bees, and to know how to extract profit from other creatures that swim or fly—all these are parts of that finance of which Aristotle approves. He will not indeed enter into details, for that would be unworthy of the dignity of philosophy, but he refers his readers to technical treatises on these subjects, such as the works on agriculture of Chares of Paros and Apollodorus of Lemnos. The same principle serves to explain the lower grade assigned to mining and timber-felling. There man avails himself of Nature's bounty, but he does not avail himself of Nature's growth, so that these modes of industry are ranked above trade but below farming.

Aristotle's ideal state, unlike Plato's, rests upon a basis of slave labour. There are six functions which, according to Aristotle, are necessary to the existence of a state. These six functions are performed by six classes, namely—

- (1.) Husbandmen.
- (2.) Artizans.
- (3.) Warriors.
- (4.) A monied class.
- (5.) Priests.
- (6.) A deliberative and judicial body.

But it is one thing to be a necessary condition of a state and another to be an integral part of it. The first two classes are mere conditions, but not parts of the state; for, whatever else they may produce, they do not succeed in producing virtue.

The remaining four classes are composed of the same members, who are to possess all the land and wealth, to serve in their physical prime as warriors, in their intellectual prime as senators and judges, while the leisure and dignity of the service of the gods is to be reserved for their declining years.

Aristotle rejects the communism of Plato, and criticises his predecessor's views on that subject, but he retains the institution of 'syssitia,' or public messes, for the fighting and governing body.

His ideal state will be maritime, for this is advantageous both for the supply of necessaries and for defence. But it will limit its commerce to the supply of its own needs, and will not throw itself open as a market to all the world. States that act thus are aiming at increasing their revenue, whereas the ideal state will be engrossed with the manufacture of virtue and happiness for its members, the 'toiling millions' not to count. Such is the economic theory of the *Politics*. It will hardly recommend itself to modern thought any more than that of the *Republic*. Indeed, some people may like it less.

It now only remains to mention the two short treatises included among the Aristotelian writings, which are known respectively as *Οικονομικῶν* A and B. The first of these presents the same general characteristics of style which we are accustomed to in the works which go under the name of Aristotle. The teaching on the subject of household management is much the same as that which is given in the *Politics*. Some touches in it recall the *Æconomicus* of Xenophon. Thus in both works a household wherein wealth is well got but ill kept is compared to a leaky cask, and in both we have the story of the Persian who asked what was the best thing for fattening a horse, and was told 'the master's eye.' The second of these treatises is of a different character altogether. In the main it is an attempt, as we have had occasion to observe already, to put into effect the suggestions thrown out in the *Rhetoric* and *Politics* with regard to the historical study of economics. But the introduction is, so far as it goes, the nearest approach which antiquity has left us to a set treatise on the wealth of nations. It is also interesting to notice that the term 'political economy' occurs here as a name of one branch of economy generally, namely, that which deals with the revenue of independent states. Had Whately known this, he would not have complained of the novelty of the name 'political economy,' or of the verbal contradiction which, as it did not offend the Greeks, need not greatly distress us.

The writer begins with a statement of the qualities which he considers necessary for the successful practice of economy

as an art. These are—local knowledge, a natural turn for administration, and lastly industry and uprightness of character. He divides economy into four chief branches—that of the king, the satrap, the state, and the individual, while admitting that the species must inevitably overlap.

Royal economy comprises four departments—coinage, exports, imports, expenditure.

To the first it belongs to settle the character and value of the currency; to the second and third the kinds of tribute that should be received from the satraps, the times of receiving them, and the means of disposing of them to the greatest advantage; to the fourth the times and manner in which retrenchments may be effected, and whether payments should be made by the king in money or in kind.

The economy of the satrap is occupied with the question of revenues. These are derivable from six sources—from the land, from peculiar products of the country, from merchants, from tolls, from cattle, and from sundries. The order of the list represents the order of merit in the writer's estimation, the land tax or tithe being the best mode of obtaining revenue, and next to it such products as gold and silver, then taxes upon merchants, then tolls taken by land and from markets, then the tax upon cattle (*ἐπικαρπία*), while the last and worst are the poll-tax (*ἐπικεφάλαιον*), and tax upon industry (*χειρωναξίον*), which fall under the residual head. Adam Smith is at one with this author in his view of the objectionable nature of a tax upon labour, though he regards the poll-tax with more favour.

With regard to political economy proper, our author remarks that the best source of revenue for a state is the peculiar products of the country, next commerce and transit duties, and lastly, the taxes upon common things, which Boeckh understands to mean indirect taxes upon commodities.

When the free state is in question, the land tax, the tax upon cattle, and the poll-tax are omitted. These were the resources of tyrants, or, if a free state had recourse to them, it was only in emergencies.

As regards private economy, the best source of income is pronounced to be land, next industry, and lastly money. The

author concludes his division of the subject with a caution, applying, as he says, equally to all forms of economy, namely, that we should take the utmost pains to see that expenses do not exceed income.

ART. IX.—ODIN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

MANY will, no doubt, have been astonished when reading, a short time ago, in a London paper, an article entitled *Dei Gratia*, which began in this way:—

‘In his speech at the Mansion House, the other day, the Bishop of London reminded us that her Majesty is a descendant, by blood as well as by office, of Alfred the Great. It was not superfluous, for one might venture to say that even in that assembly there were some who had forgotten this interesting detail or had never heard it. There was no occasion to go further back, or his Lordship might have traced the Royal line up to Cerdic, almost contemporary with Hengest, and, through him, only four generations removed, to Odin. *Dei Gratia* is no mere formula with the reigning house of England. *Our Queen is a daughter of the Gods*, for it is not to be supposed that divine blood could lose its virtue through any number of dilutions. I am not aware that any other Sovereign of Europe shares this parentage.’

In this account, there are several errors. Partly, they are errors very widely spread, but still errors for all that.

First, it can be clearly shown that the Odin in question is not the God of that name, but a human personage of the dim Scandinavian eld. Secondly, not only Norse and Anglo-Saxon, but also other German kingly houses (all of them belonging to the Teutonic stock) are known to have been described, of old, as hailing from Woden or Odin. Thirdly, there are even noble-men’s families in this country, who, through intermarriages with

the old royal race of Norway and Scotland, might lay claim to Odin as their forebear.

'God-descended families,'—to use an expression of the author of the article quoted—not any of the houses mentioned could be called. For, the Odin spoken of was simply a warrior chieftain, who, after the course of his life had run, hoped to enter the welkin Paradise, and for that purpose *ordered his body to be cremated*, in accordance with a law he had issued during his reign.

Before entering more fully into the subject, I may incidentally remark that this country is very rich in place-names referring to the ancient German and Norse deities. Even as the days of the week are primed with the mythology of our common forefathers, so it is the case also with the names of many towns, and villages, and hills, all over Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, and Scotland. When we travel to Athens, we easily think of the Greek goddess Athenê. When we go to Rome, we are reminded of Romulus, its mythic founder. But when we go to Dewsbury, in Yorkshire; to Dewerstone, in Devonshire; to Tewesley, in Surrey; to Great Tew, in Oxfordshire; to Tewin, in Hertfordshire—have a great many even an inkling that these are places once sacred to Diu, or Tiu, the Saxon Mars?

When we go to Wednesbury, to Wanborough, to Woodnesborough, to Wansbury, to Wanstrow, to Wansdike, to Woden Hill, we visit localities where the Great Spirit, Wodan, was once worshipped. So also we meet with the name of the God of Thunder in Thundersfield, Thundersleigh, Thorley, Thursley, Thurscross, Thursby, and Thurso. The German Venus, Freia, is traceable in Fridaythorpe and Frathorpe, in Fraisthorpe and Freasley. Her son Balder, the sweet God of Peace and Light, comes out in Baldersby and Balderton.

Loki, one of whose *aliases*, according to Grimm, was Saetere, is probably hidden in Satterleigh and Satterthwaite. Ostara, or Eostre, the Easter Goddess of Spring, appears in two Essex parishes, Good Easter and High Easter, in Easterford, Easterlake, and Eastermere. Again, Hel, the gloomy mistress of the Under-world, has given her name to Hellifield, Hellathyrne, Helwith, Healeys, and Helagh—all places in Yorkshire, where

people seem to have had a particular fancy for that dark and grimy deity. Then, we have even Asgardby and Aysgarth, places reminding us of Asgard, the celestial garden, or Cloud Castle, of the Aesir—in other words, the Germanic Olympus.

The instances just given might be increased by the hundred: so full is England, to this day, of the vestiges of Germanic mythology.

I hasten, however, to add that, in some cases at least, what are apparently the names of Gods in these designations of old Saxon, Anglian, Frisian, Jute, or Norse homesteads, may in reality have been the names of chieftains among Teutonic and Scandinavian settlers. It was not an unusual thing for the heads of Germanic sibs to assume such divine names. Nay, the very Odin, to whom kingly and aristocratic families traced their origin, is, as already stated, provable to have been not the All-father of the heathen Teutonic creed, but a semi-historical, semi-mythical army-leader of that name.

The fact of more than one Teutonic dynasty—besides the one now reigning in England—being, in some way or other, heraldically referable to Odin, is to be found in the Norse Genealogy of Kings (*Langfedgatal*), in which mere myth, and more or less obscure historical traditions, are strangely interwoven. There, mention is made of 'Woden, whom we call Oden,' as the common ancestor of Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, and German princely families. This pedigree fabulously begins, in the well-known mediæval and monkish style, with Japhet, the son of Noah. It then goes through a confused list of names from the Greek, Persian, and Trojan legendary cycle. But finally it gives a list of purely Germanic names, from Thor to Finn, Frealaf, and 'Woden or Oden.'

Here, then, *a Thor precedes an Odin*, whereas in mythology Thor is Odin's son. This shows at once that Odin, in this connection—that is, in his quality as the founder of dynasties—is a *man's name*, not a God's.

The Norse sources are perfectly clear on that point. The *Langfedgatal* and that semi-historical work, the *Heimskringla* ('World-Circle') contain full evidence of the human nature of the Odin in question. He is described as the governor of a

people originally settled near the river Don, who later migrated as conquering warriors to the North, settling in Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula. This older realm is asserted to have lain east of the Tanais (Don) or Tanaquisl, which formerly was called Wanaquisl, and flows into the Black Sea. That kingdom bore the name of Asa-land or Asa-heim. Its capital was As-gard. Between the arms of the Tanais lay Wana-land or Wana-heim, the country of a race with which Odin's people were often warring. Odin had possessions also in Tyrk-land, further east. In other words, he had subjected some Turanian tribes.

In Asgard, near the Black Sea, he ruled in company with twelve temple priests, of whom he was the foremost. These priests were called *diar* (that is, Gods, or divines) or *drottnar*, meaning masters. A powerful captain in war this Odin was. His sword proved almost invariably victorious, except in the struggle with the Wana people, when the issues of battle were of a checkered kind, and the contest had to be made up by the exchange of hostages. Thus the Wanic Niörd, his son Freyr, and his daughter Freyja—who were 'not of Asian origin'—came as hostages to Asa-land.

Whatever we may think of this record—in which, as usual, myth, religious creed, and history are confusedly mixed—it is a noteworthy fact that Strabon, the Greek geographer, speaks already of a people called *Aspurgians* ('*Ἀσπορργιανοί*) as dwelling in the very region where the Norse accounts place Odin's capital, Asgard. 'Aspurgians' has been long ago explained by Ritter* as As-Burghers. Now, Asgard has the very same meaning—Burg or Castle of the Asas.

This Asic name occurs in the works of ancient Greek geographers, in various forms, as that of a number of tribes connected with the vast Thracian and Skythian stock which, in the main, was composed of populations kindred to the Scandinavians and Germans. Thus there were Asiotes or As-Jotes ('*Ἀσιῶται*), which in some versions is read 'Jotes' ('*Ἰῶται*), and the hypothesis has been started by scholars of the first rank that this may mean

* *Vorhalle europäischer Völkergeschichten vor Herodot.*

‘As-Goths.’ Again, the ancients speak of a people in that same neighbourhood, called ‘Asmanoi.’ It, no doubt, signifies As-Men. The very name of Asia—which of old was at first restricted to Asia Minor and thereabouts—was said by the Thrakian Lydians to have arisen from As, the son of Kotys, who was the son of Man(es). Now, the Odinic race which conquered the Scandinavian North, called themselves an Asic people, and the name of Kotys has been identified, in accordance with the law of letter-change, with that of the Norse Hödur. The name of Manes, or Man, speaks for itself.

I only mention these details to show that the Norse tradition about an Asgard having of yore existed near the Black Sea is greatly strengthened by the statements of classic authors about the Aspurgians and other Asic tribes in the same locality.

In a fabulous, anachronistic way, the *Heimskringla* goes on to say that the Asic migration to the North, under Odin’s leadership, was occasioned by the fact of the Roman leaders having at that time made expeditions all over the world, subjecting many nations to their rule. Odin—the Norse saga continues—scanning the future, set his brothers over Asgard. He himself, with his trusty men, first went out from the East, in a western direction, to Gardariki (Russia); then southwards into Saxon-land (Germany); from there by sea to Fünen, where Odin’s Oe (Odeuse) still bears his name. Then he sent Gefion northwards over the Sound to seek after new lands. After his conquests in the North, he gave homesteads to Niörd, Freyr, Heimdall, Thor, and Baldur. The names of the homesteads so conferred upon his staff or chief warriors, tally in the *Heimskringla* with the names of the seats or halls occupied by the corresponding gods in the *Edda*.

However fable and folk-tradition may be hopelessly blended in these accounts, a historical kernel is discernible in them. As to the clearly human nature of this conquering Odin, it is brought out in the *Langfedgatal* by a second noteworthy fact. After a number of his successors have been named, *another Odin is mentioned, as a later ruler, in this same genealogical table.* Odin, at one time, was consequently a not unfrequent name of kings.

We know that various names of Gods and Goddesses were once in use for men and women among the Teutonic populations. Even so, to this day, in Spain and in the Catholic countries of South America, the name of Jesus—which, after all, is tantamount to that of the Deity—is often given to boys at baptism. So also among the Spaniards, the Italians, the French, and some of the Roman Catholics of Germany, it is a frequent custom to give the name of the Virgin Mary, the 'Mother of God,' even to a boy. Odin as a human name is, therefore, by no means startling.

The author of the article I have quoted in the beginning of this essay is mistaken when saying that 'in none of the genealogies, English or foreign, does the name of any god or goddess appear, except Odin himself.' As I have shown before, the name of Thor also occurs in the Norse genealogical table, *preceding even that of Odin.* The writer is right, however, in his further statement that 'no genealogy opens with Odin's name,' and that 'Odin does not appear until the fifth or sixth generation.' Coupled with the fact of another Odin following afterwards as a king, it is patent enough that we have to do, in this case, with human beings.

Correct is also the writer's further remark that Odin 'has nothing to do with the creation of the world; in fact, it was necessary for him to call upon venerable sages, male and female, and question them minutely, before he could get any information about the state of things previous to his birth.' But it is a mistake to think—as the writer of the article '*Dei Gratia*' does—that the Odin who made these inquiries is the same as the founder of the various kingly families.

The Odin, who thrones as Allfather in the celestial Cloud Castle, certainly had to go to the Water-Giant Mimir to learn something about the origin of the Universe. And this ignorance of the Supreme Deity of the Teutons is by no means surprising. All ancient cosmogonies let the world arise from an aboriginal Chaos, when the Gods are nowhere yet. Out of the Chaos, a Titanic race is first evolved. Then only the Deities are shaped. This notion of gradual evolution is common to many a people of antiquity; and it is also to be found in the Icelandic Edda. The

Chaos represents primary Matter that has existed from an Eternity incomprehensible to Man, but which yet has to be assumed; seeing that an abrupt Beginning out of Nothing was still more unthinkable even, to those ancient races. The Giants, who are the first semi-divine circle that rises from the Chaos, typify the gradual, but still crude, fashioning of the Forces of Nature. Then only, the Gods appear at last. In them, the finer shaping of Nature is symbolised.

Odin himself—that is, the great God—and his two brothers, Will and We, who constituted a kind of Trimurti in the Hindoo sense, was said to be the son of a Giant's daughter and of a man who traced his origin to the cow Audhumbla. That cow represents the all-nourishing principle. It is the Gaia of Hesiod, the Ancestral Mother of All. Being a later comer in the Universe, Odin and his divine retinue, when desirous of information, naturally went to Mimir—whose name is of the same word-root as Memory—to make inquiries from that representative of the older Titanic race.

Mimir dwelt at a bourne near the vast ash-tree Yggdrasil. Under the image of this all-comprehending Tree of Existence the Northmen conceived the Universe—even as other ancient nations did. The well of Mimir reminds us that already in olden times the origin of all things—hence also the source of all wisdom—was sought in the aboriginal fluid as well as in primary, protoplasmic matter.

So we cannot wonder that Odin, who certainly was not present at any 'creation of the world,' should have gone to Mimir's, or Memory's, Aboriginal Well or Primeval Water for the sake of learning something. He was, however, not allowed to have a draught of wisdom from that ancient source before he gave one of his eyes as a pledge. The explanation of this is, that the two eyes of the great God are the Sun and the Moon. When the one rises, the other goes down, or is extinguished. Hence Odin's one-eyedness. It may be seen on the stage in Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelung.'

I had to go into these details to make it clear that the Odin who called upon the 'venerable sage'—or rather, primordial, pre-divine Water-Giant Mimir—as to a source of knowledge, is

not the Odin who founded a kingly race from which many princely families were said to have branched off. The thoroughly human character of this latter head of a warrior-clan and of a priestly order comes out also in the account of his end.

It was he who made fire-burial a religious law among the Northmen.* The same law, or custom, it need not be said, existed among the kindred great Teutonic stock in Germany. So Tacitus relates. The Thrakians who may be called Eastern Teutons, and the noblest tribe of whom were the Getes, the forefathers of the Goths, had the same cremation law.

Now, when Odin, the army-leader, who had fought his way up to Scandinavia from the East, came near his death through illness—so the *Heimskringla* says—he had himself marked with a spear, as he wished to go up to Godsheim, the dwelling of the deities. He did not want to die what was called a ‘straw-death,’ but a ‘spear-death,’ such as was thought to be befitting a warrior. Clearly enough, he was no God himself. He was burnt on the pyre, and his funeral was a most splendid one.

His successor in the kingdom was Niörd. He, too, was burnt at his death. The same was the case with the *Diar*, or Priests, that died during Niörd's reign. Then followed Freyr, who was not incinerated, but buried in a hill. But after him, the practice of fire-burial began again among the Swedish Northmen.

In full keeping with the usual character of semi-historical traditions, the Odin of the *Heimskringla*, half-soldier, half-hierarch, appears as a great sorcerer, who was ever able to throw himself into various guises—so to say, incarnations. Still, he is a military chieftain. Towards the end of his days he, like a

* Here is the text:—‘He gave his country those laws which formerly had been held valid among the Asic race. Thus he ordained that the dead should be burnt, and that everything that had been their own should be carried to the pyre. He said every one should go up to Walhalla with as many riches as would be heaped upon his pyre, and that he should enjoy in Walhalla also those things which he had hidden away in the earth. The ashes should be thrown into the sea, or be buried deep in the soil; but for illustrious men a mound should be raised as a token of remembrance. For all those who had shown great courage, a stone-fence should be raised; and thus it has been kept for a long time afterwards.’

common mortal, falls sick, and as he wishes to obtain eternal blessing, he orders himself, before expiring, to be marked with the point of a weapon. For thus only, according to the rules of the great God whose name he bore, he was supposed to be able to go up to the shield-adorned Walhalla, the heavenly abode of dead but immortal warriors.

In many religious systems, it is true, we meet with a mixture of deities that are enthroned in the welkin, and of incarnations which represent or embody them on earth. In the case before us, however, we already see a human person who, for the sake of better swaying men, and making his title of a ruler—‘by the grace of God’—more valid, assumes the name of a Supreme Being, and surrounds himself with a mystical halo. So kings were wont to do down to rather modern times. I need only refer to the old French and English superstitions about the cure of some maladies by the monarch’s miraculous touch.

In the Edda, we find even the Jarls, or Earls, gifted with qualities of a semi-divine witchcraft. Thus Konur, the young noble, ‘knew runes of the Time and runes of the Future; he understood how to magically hide men, and to deaden sword-edges, aye, even to still the sea (*oegi laegja*).’*

To sum up: the Odin who figures in the pedigrees of many princely and even aristocratic families, is to be held separate from the Germanic All-father and world-pervading Ruler of the Storms, who led the dead into Walhalla, and who, therefore, after the introduction of the New Creed, and the gradual decay of the old one, was converted into a Wild Huntsman, with a ghostly retinue, careering, like a tempest, along the sky, in a nocturnal ride. Odin, the ancestor of kings, is simply a man, around whom many fabulous yarns were spun. No better proof of his human personality could be given than that he had a Thor for his ancestor, and another Odin as one of his successors, and that, after having fought many battles, and gone alternately through defeats and victories, he ordained his own fire-burial, in the hope of a blissful future existence.

KARL BLIND.

* *Rígsnál.*

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 2, 1899).—Professor Julius Ley discusses with minute and learned care some of the perplexing problems arising out of the passages bearing on ‘the Servant of the Lord’ in the second Isaiah. The title of his article is ‘Die Bedeutung des “Ebed-Jahve” im zweiten Teil des Prophet Jesaia mit Berücksichtigung neuerer Forschungen.’ There are, he says, three principal characteristics of the Servant of the Lord which distinguish him from the Servant, Israel, and Jacob. These appear in chs. xlii., xlix., lii. and liii. There is attributed in these prophecies to the Servant of Jahve, (1.) the calling and mission of instructing and enlightening Israel and the heathen nations—a mission not given to the Servant, Israel, or Jacob. To the latter is promised the punishment of his enemies, and freedom from his oppressors, return from exile and earthly possessions, and honours. (2.) The Servant of the Lord is represented as, in the carrying out of this mission, undergoing much labour, enduring much scorn, and suffering martyrdom—as being a sacrifice to atone for the sins of others, and, by virtue of this, becoming the means of enlightening his people and spreading the knowledge of God among the nations. On the other hand, there is promised to the Servant, Jacob, that other peoples will have to pay the price of his redemption and suffer for his sake. (3.) Again, the Servant of the Lord is represented, in the prophecies above named, as gentle, humble, valiant for truth and righteousness, etc. Our author next proceeds to justify these views as to the ‘Ebed-Jahve’—views already set forth in his *Historische Erklärung des zweiten Teils des Isaiiah*, and Duhm’s *Isaiiah*, and other works on the same prophecies.—The second article is on ‘Das Hebräische Testamentum Naphtali.’ It is by Herr Pfarrer G. Resch. *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs* has engaged the attention of scholars for years, and until the appearance of the Hebrew text given by Dr. Gaster in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, in 1894, there was a general consensus among them that it was of Greek origin, or was originally written in that tongue. Dr. Gaster’s discovery of the Hebrew version in the great *Chronicle of Jerahmeel* has quite revolutionised opinion as to this, and given impetus to, and interest in, the

study of this, and of other apocryphal writings of the two centuries prior to, and of the first century of, the Christian era. Herr Pastor Resch here translates back into Greek the Hebrew text, and in a parallel column gives the Greek text as it has come down to us, showing us in this way how the latter differs from the original, or how the writer altered it in the interests of Christian ideas. Our author brings out, too, in the course of his paper the difference that exists between the religious standpoint of the original author and the Greek translator and redactor, and deals also with other points which merit the attention of all students of that class of literature.—Herr Pfarrer Fischer gives an interesting study on ‘the History of Ordination’—‘Zur Geschichte der Ordination.’ It is based upon a MS. found in the State Archives in Breslau, which has been translated from the Latin, and appears in the *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Geschichte und Altertum Schlesiens*, 1897, by Dr. Soffner. The MS. sheds considerable light on the history of the service accompanying the ceremony of ordination in the sixteenth century in Brieg, in Silesia.—The other articles in this number are, ‘Wie sind 2 Kor. 13, 13 die drei Teile des Segenswunches inhaltlich auseinanderzuhalten und miteinander zu verbinden?’ from the pen of Herr Mullensiefen; ‘Zwei Lutherworte, mitgeteilt aus der Zwickaner Ratsschulbibliothek,’ by Dr. Clemen, who contributes also ‘Miscellen zur Reformationsgeschichte;’ and ‘Die Flugschrift *Sepultura Lutheri*, 1538,’ by Professor Kawerau of Breslau.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (Feb.)—The story ‘Adam und Eva’ is completed in this number. An up-to-date article follows on the Empress Regent of China, tracing the history of the intrigues and events that followed on the death of the Emperor, Hienfeng, in 1861, and that have disturbed and distressed China ever since. The article is by Herr M. von Brandt, whose position at Peking has enabled him to penetrate below the surface of things there, and observe the hidden springs of much which has surprised and perplexed the more distant students of recent Chinese history.—Herr Ricardo Huch begins a series of studies on the Romantic movement in Germany last century and this. Here he sketches the life, character, and influence of Caroline, the brilliantly gifted daughter of Professor Michaelis, of Gotha, and who was celebrated by Schiller as ‘Dame Lucifer.’ Her early struggles against her depressing environment while she was the wife of a country doctor, in Klausthal, are sympathetically dwelt on, and her later triumphs when wedded to Wilhelm von Schlegel are detailed.—M. T. Fischer gives a brief sketch of the island of

Corsica and its people.—Herr H. Albrecht discusses the question of how to extend and popularise the higher teaching in the schools in Germany. He favours our University Extension movement.—Lady Blennerhasset discourses on Alfred, Lord Tennyson, taking as her text, and to some extent her guide, the recently published Memoir of him by his son, and several of the monographs which have been consecrated to him and his works.—Herr Hans Hoffmann's 'skizze' in this number is on the vagrant, 'Der Landstreicher.'—The political and literary *Rundschaun* follow, and an elaborate notice is given of Jacob Burckhardt's 'Griechische Culturegeschichte.'—(March).—'Nachbars Werner,' by Isolde Kurz, takes the place of 'Adam und Eva' here.—Herr Adolf Frey begins a biographical study of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. This section of it is devoted to his ancestry, from at least Hans Meyer, the tailor of Zurich, in 1614.—Herr Rudolf Eucken contributes 'Ein Wort zur Ehrenrettung der Moral.' The 'Apology' here is understood, of course, in the old classical sense. Our author pleads for the inclusion of all public life in the sphere of Morality, if it is to continue to merit, as a science, general esteem.—Herr A. Gercke furnishes a learned paper on 'Volkslieder und Volksglaube der Finnen.'—'Carl Schurz,' the American soldier, journalist, and statesman, is the subject of a biographical notice from the pen of Marie Fussen. Carl Schurz was born in Cologne in 1829, but made the Fatherland too hot for him by his radical and revolutionary writings, and his joining in the outbreaks of rebellion there. He escaped to the United States in 1852, where he engaged in lecturing and practised law. He joined in the Civil War and rose to be Major General. He was made Secretary of the Interior in 1877, and returned to journalism in 1884.—Herr R. Huch continues his studies on the Romantic School in Germany, dealing here with the brothers Schlegel, Wilhelm and Friedrich.—'X' contributes an article 'Die englischen Landarbeiter,' based on some recent works dealing with, or touching on, labour questions in this country, such as Joseph Arch's *Life*, and Mrs. H. Ward's *Marcella*, etc.—Herr Eugen Zabel gives an appreciative sketch of Friedrich Spielhagen.—Hans Hoffmann continues his 'skizzen' under the heading 'Tante Fritzchen,' the subject here being 'Der Kahnschiffer,' the Ferryman.—The other articles are on 'Der neue Stil,' and an 'In Memoriam' on J. von Döllinger; and a notice of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*.—The usual political and literary *Rundschaun* follow.—(April).—'Gritli Brunnenmeister' is the title of the story in this number.—The first instalment of an article on 'Bismarck and the Bismarck Literature of last year,' from the pen of Herr Erich Marcks,

follows, and gives, so far as it goes, an admirable picture of the Iron Chancellor, and an excellent summary of several of the more important works that have recently appeared on him, on his life, and the influence he exercised on the politics and history of Germany.—Herr F. Paulsen discourses on J. G. Fichte, and his efforts to free philosophic thought or thinking from the trammels that weighed upon it in his day.—R. Huch continues his studies on the Romantic School. The subject of this study is 'Das Athenäum.'—Herr E. Hubner has an article on Cicero and the influence of his works on to-day.—'At the Court of the Sultan Abdul Medjid' is the title of an article which is composed of extracts from the diary of Dr. S. Spitzer, the court physician from 1845 to 1850.—Hans Hoffmann's 'skizze' in this number is on 'der Unruhteufel.'—'The Dreyfus Literature in Paris' forms the subject of a paper which briefly summarises said literature.—The monthly surveys, political and literary, conclude an extremely interesting and instructive number.

R U S S I A .

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii*).—No. 44 begins with a paper on 'Reality and Self-Consciousness,' by M. B. N. Tchichérin. The author enquires what is Reality, and what is the Real in the World? He holds this to be one of the root questions of philosophical science. Its decision depends on the views on things and the more or less confirmed points of view on which the philosophical question turns. This question does not exist for immediate consciousness. Man and the lower animals count those things real which present themselves to their external senses, and with which they find themselves constantly in mutual relation. They live by means of their environment of differing kinds of matter, of which they take advantage, for their various ends. They are sometimes mastered by them; in their changes they incorporate them in part with their own bodies, and not for a moment do they actually doubt their real existence. If there be any mistake between appearance and reality, the mistake is quickly rectified. The whole of life is spent in gaining assurance of the reality of the world surrounding them. This view is confirmed by science, and it is the practical view of the animal as well as of man. Still, it is allowed that there is some room for doubt. The deductions of science may be differently interpreted, although the practical result always falls out in the same way. Doubts arise even on immediate consciousness. Man receives the phenomena presented to him as something real, and meanwhile his eyes undergo a

change. It is now something different, from what it was when last seen. Formerly ice, it is changed into water, and anon this becomes steam. I eat an apple, and of this there remains not a remnant, it is converted into a part of my own body. The philosophical consciousness posits the question, still deeper and broader. Here M. Tchichérin follows in the footsteps of Descartes with his *cogito, ergo sum*, and goes on to show that the French philosopher found his point of support in the *proper existence of the thinking subject*. Our commentator finds the foundation of the *cogito, ergo sum* fully sufficient; it is clear to every mind and cannot be shaken. No doubt, the explanation of this ground permits differing interpretations. Is the position immediately given? or is it the utterance of a syllogism concluding from Thought to Being? M. Tchichérin holds that it is the first. When any one says, 'I think, consequently I am, or exist,' he does not deduce his own existence out of thought as by the force of a syllogism but as in a personal position of which he is conscious; he sees this by a simple process of reason, for it is clear that if he deduced this position out of a syllogism, then he ought, in the first instance, to posit 'All that think, are, or exist,' while, on the contrary, he sees it from this that he himself feels that he cannot be mistaken, he thought, but he exists immediately that he exists. This is confirmed by Hegel (see *Encyclopædia*, §. 64). The author, while allowing immediate deduction, disputes that we can make use here of a movement of the body, as I walk, therefore, I am, alleging that one may walk in one's sleep. Descartes admits that the consciousness of one's own being is an immediate datum of thought, which is, indeed, practically the basis of the conclusion, I think, therefore, I am. It is known, that it is held by the empirical school that every mental presentation concerning things may be regarded as the result of imagination. They hold that only for real, for whose presence there is full assurance either internal or external. And the second of these is also held to be doubtful, or even deceptive. The immediate apprehension of the *ego* is held, to be open to the same doubt. In the quest after reality, one leaves the ground of reality behind, and reaches at last the palpably absurd. This is nothing new; we have the same in the Sophists of Plato. It is impossible to follow the critic further. He goes on to deal with Mill and the permanent possibility of sensations.—The article following on this is a continuation from the previous number by M. Serge, of 'Comte and his significance in Historical Science.' The immediate subject of the article is the Philosophy of History. However important in the eyes of Comte may have been his 'Static,'

M. Serge gives the preference especially to his Dynamic, which not only constitutes, as he says, the most interesting part of Sociology, but is also the more advanced in a scientific point of view, for the dynamic completes the scientific character of his Sociology, and endows it, in the words of Comte, with the most decisive form, in a philosophical sense, bringing into it the conception which marks out Sociology from simple Biology, by giving it the fundamental idea, to wit, of uninterrupted progress (*l'idée mère du progrès contenu*), or more truly, as Comte hastens to add, 'the conception concerning the gradual development of Humanity' (*Phil. Pos.*, IV., 262). Then, as the Static unfolds the laws of the co-existence of the united phenomena, constituting the ground-work of Social Order, the Dynamic ought, according to the theory of Comte, to unfold the laws of the succession of phenomena, constituting the basis of the theory of Progress. In the action of Dynamic, Comte includes only the one law of the succession of Phenomena. But what law is this? It is already known to us as that in virtue of which Humanity proceeds, like the thought of the individual man, through the three stages or conditions, the theological, metaphysical, and positive. Comte, therefore, stands in such fashion on the same ground on which his predecessors stood, the Rationalists of the 18th century, named by him the Metaphysicians. The fundamental law determining the destiny of man upon the earth is borrowed by Comte from the sphere of abstract Reason, and to this he ascribes unconditionally, absolute productive force. By carrying forward this thought, and joining it to historical facts, properly so-called, is constituted the so-called Dynamic of Comte. Speaking of intellectual development, Comte understands by this the sphere of the abstract reason. No other division of history, according to the meaning of Comte, not even in the history of the fine arts, including poetry, notwithstanding its importance, could be put in the first place in the analysis of historical phenomena without the danger of evil results and without excitements, so that according to the words of Comte all the faculties of expression stand near to the faculties of affection, which lie nearer to the brain, and at all times, even in the epochs of the greatest real influence, were under the control of the abstract faculties. On this ground Comte counted himself in the right to concentrate his attention on the history of man in his intellectual developments, and see in it the original source of all historical movement. This idea had been brought before him by St. Simon, whose own Utopia was grounded in the presentation that, during the Revolution of 1789, the mastery in society belonged to the soldier class first, and

passed over from them to the business and trading classes. This thought concerning evolution from militarism to industrialism, Comte laid hold of and fixed on, altogether mechanically, in the evolution of the three stages, theological, metaphysical, and positive, in such fashion that militarism or the warrior class corresponded to the theological period, and the business and trading to the positive. The parallelism indicated here was not originated by Comte; for it was not clear to him in its realization, the connection between the intellectual and historical evolution, the former corresponding to the metaphysical stage. The attack of Comte upon *litterateurs* and advocates who, in our time, have taken the front rank from doctors of theology and legists, does not show that he had a clear view of the general position and the comparative validity of the classes as a transition from militarism to the trading and business classes. In such strange wise did Comte fashion those remarkable theories, which, making use of 'artifice' as he termed it, following his predecessor Condorcet, he applied it to Catholic France, in drawing without hesitation, the Protestantism of Germany and England into the same categories, which it would have 'disturbed the harmony of his spirit' and 'burdened the freshness of his intellect' to grapple with, so that he could pass by the works of Vico, Kant, Herder, and Hegel, and knew their writings only indirectly and in very unsatisfactory abstracts. — This is succeeded by an article on 'Beauty and Art,' by M. P. Kalenoff, written in reference to two articles of N. A. Ivanoff, published in this *Review* in 1896, in which the first treated of the fundamental principle of Beauty in No. 33 and the second in No. 34, on the problems of Art.—Without taking up more space, we should pass on to the following article by Prince S. Trubetskoi, 'On the Religious Ideal of the Hebrews.' This opens by stating that Christian Theology includes in itself the doctrine concerning God revealed in Jesus Christ. It has been formed in the conflict between Judaism and heathenism. The religious thought of the Old Testament had its one foundation, its one point of departure, its various problems, and certainly we cannot seek in it specially Christian conceptions and presentations. The doctrine concerning the Logos as it is formulated in the fourth gospel, appears to be a specially Christian doctrine, presenting a section between former Hebrew Messianic views referred to in the preaching of the Baptist and the universal Gospel of Christ. The national expectation suffered full destruction in the death of Christ as the King of the Jews. He died on the Cross. He rose in the faith of the Apostles as a universal revelation of the Father, as the Lord, the Saviour of

the world. In the nationalism of Israel, there was also an element opposed to Christianity, hostile to it, and if Israel gave Christ His first apostles, it also gave birth to His first enemies, to the first anti-christian movement. Philo wished to expound to the cultivated Greco-Roman world a generally reasonable sense of the Old Testament, and with this view he rationalized it in the spirit of the popular eclectic philosophy of his own time. The conception of the Logos as a universal Reason was published by him as the beginning of a natural revelation and such a revelation, as showed no traces of being a special revelation to Israel. The result was that the Old Testament lost its real sense, and was turned into an allegorical fable, with a moral borrowed from the philosophers. Philo truly understood that the monotheism of the Old Testament and its moral teaching presses through to them, and had a generally universal significance, but he understood not the essential part of this monotheism and its teaching, turning the one and the other into abstractions. Striving to show the reasonableness of every letter, each form of the writing, he lost its concrete special sense. In a second part, the Prince deals with the law and the prophets, or generally with the writings of the Old Testament. In a third part he deals with the sovereignty of God over the heavens and the earth, and with His rule over the nations. Closely connected with His universal sovereignty is the fact that He rules through His Spirit and 'does according to His Will in the army of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth.' This is illustrated in another chapter by the power of His Word, and in two final chapters by the impersonation of the Divine Wisdom, such as we have it in the eighth of Proverbs. This article concludes the general contents of the journal.—The special part has an interesting article furnished by M. Ya. N. Koloboffsky on materials that he has collected for the history of philosophy in Russia.—This is followed by the usual reviews of books, journals, and the bibliography.

ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (January 16, 1899).—Professor D'Ancona has much to say about Manzoni and Henri Beyle (Stendhal) founding his paper on 'Fragments from the Austrian Police Archives at Milan.'—Former papers are concluded and continued.—A series of poems by A. Graf, is entitled 'In the World of Dreams.'—E. Masi writes on the 'Renaissance of Italy.'—G. Negri reviews at length the recent books on 'Bismarck.'—O. Grandi contributes a sketch called 'The Laurel of

San Gaggio.'—M. Ferraris writes on 'Foreign Tourists in Italy, their presence being 'one of the most important and least studied elements of Italian Political Economy.'—Follows a review of Dantesque study at home and abroad, by M. Scherillo.—L. Luzzatti discourses on the 'Decadence and Revival of Parliaments.'—(February 1st.)—In an article on 'The Government and the Public Health,' G. Bizzozero points out that not yet has the Italian government availed itself thoroughly of all the knowledge of science in respect to hygiene, and warmly commends this subject to the attention of the authorities, for though there has been much progress during the last twenty years, there remains much that has been neglected.—A. de Bosis contributes a fine 'Hymn to the Sea.'—A. Bosdari has an appreciative article on Mr. Rudyard Kipling as 'poet and prose-writer,' quoting largely from the distinguished novelist's work. Speaking of the verses 'Blue Roses,' the critic finds that Kipling is even greater than Heine in lyric, and in prose calls him the modern *Æsop* and the modern *La Fontaine*. He is a 'giant who in a few hours acquired the celebrity of a Dickens or Thackeray.' He has also revived patriotic poetry at a time when other poets, especially those of Italy, affect to despise patriotic sentiment. The use of slang, says the Italian critic, is necessary and natural to a poet who intends scrupulously to reproduce life. From this point of view, the literature of Kipling, in spite of the slang he uses, is true art.—C. Giorda writes in favour of a Woman's College in Rome; and E. Mancini describes submarine vessels.—C. Grivellari has much to say on the 'Value of Titles in Credit Banks.'—U. Osetti writes on the works of 'Michetto' at the Berlin exhibition. The collection shone out amid the other exhibits.—(February 16.)—G. Pascoli contributes a poem 'The Dream of Odysseus.'—The present instalment of 'Notes from the Archives of the Austrian Police,' by Professor D'Ancona, treats of Gioberti and Cavour.—G. Mestica has a long and interesting paper on the 'Culture and Political Sentiments of Raphael,' who, says the writer, besides being a 'conqueror of nature' in his art, was never touched by the political corruption prevailing in the Papal Court of the period, and in the midst of which he lived. 'He passed above it all immaculate, like angel over the swamps of Styx. His goodness was so great that Leo X. on hearing of his death, remained stricken dumb for a time, and then exclaimed "Ora Pro Nobis!"'—E. A. Butti contributes eight 'Lyric Motives.'—Professor Villari reviews Signor F. Lemme's new book, *Nelson, Caracciolo, and the Neapolitan Republic in 1779*, in which, the critic says, it is clearly shown that Nelson's conduct was an explosion of ferocious ani-

mosity, excusable perhaps in a Neapolitan Bourbon, but not in a foreign officer who was only indirectly interested. 'The book,' continues Professor Villari, 'gives us a new figure of Lady Hamilton, without whose dire influence it would be impossible to understand Nelson's behaviour. It is due to her in no small part that the noble heroic figure of Nelson will for ever bear a bloody stain that no waters of the ocean on which he accomplished so many glorious enterprises can ever wash away.'—Professor Lombroso follows with a most interesting paper on 'Criminals and Lunatics in Drama, and in Modern Romance.'—D. Zanichelli writes an important article on 'The Pope at the International Conference for Disarmament,' and concludes by asking what would be the practical value of a conference at which, together with the authorised representatives of sovereigns and states, a person should be present who had no political but only a religious character? 'It seems to me,' says the writer, 'that not only the practical value but also the moral importance of the conference would be impaired, and all liberal minds would protest against it. The political mysticism which has inspired the Czar's Rescript, would acquire an aspect truly and terribly menacing, similar to that of the Holy Alliance, were the Pope to intervene. Italy, absolutely opposing the Pope's intervention, gave proof of no sectarian intolerance, but of a true understanding of her political traditions.'—A. Graf writes about the new Italian poet 'Giovanni Cena,' whose first volume of poems which appeared two years ago, has now been followed by another, entitled *In Umbra*, which has confirmed his young fame.—F. Bertolini reviews Signor Pais's *Storia di Roma*, with much appreciation, the second volume of the work is just published, and has an interesting appendix on the tomb of Romulus and the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum.—E. Vidari discusses the new law regarding the 'Autonomy of the Universities.'—Professor Revelli has taken up the birth of the sexes and has published an interesting volume entitled *The Problem of the Sexes*.—(March 1.)—After a poem by Mario Rapisardi, entitled 'Conquered,' there follows the first part of the second series of 'Pen and Word' by L. Pulle, describing a drama by Battaglia, and the famous actors who played it, and other famous dramas of the period; with an account of the Venetian actor and patriot, Gustav Modena.—XXX throws 'more light' on the Convention of the 15th September, 1864, from documents and hitherto unpublished letters by La Marmora and Marco Minghetti, and a long letter from Jerome Bonaparte, written from Paris on the 13th April, 1861.—Signor Scheibler contributes a chapter from his forthcoming book *Travels and Hunts* describing

a lion-hunt in Africa.—D. Chilovi has much to say on the 'Catalogue of Scientific Literature.'—Osetti enters into a detailed description, in a lively style of all the paintings, which show the change which took place in Michetti, when, with all his sensuous realism he became an idealist painter. Modern Italian art was often misunderstood in Germany, and, indeed in all foreign countries, until Michetti arose with his creative genius, throwing light on the subject.—M. Visconti gives an account of the great industrial establishment of Franco Tosi at Leguano, near Milan.—G. Alessio writes on 'Parliament and Reform.'—X has a long paper on 'Italian Art, and the Corporation of Artists.'—P. Fiore writes on the 'Emperor of Russia and the Conference for Disarmament,' saying that if that conference succeeds in agreeing to continue the work begun in 1896, it will be a great step in the development of civilization. To commence well anew is to be half through the work.—(March 16th.)—The most interesting article in this number is the 'Yellow Peril,' by Professor Lombroso, who sings a song of praise to the exceptional civilization, humanity and perfectibility of the Chinese! According to Lombroso the Chinese are only inferior to Europeans in war, because they despise militarism. Amongst other things the Professor says: 'Just as the Chinese pay their doctors as long as they are in health and cease to pay him when they are ill; as they reward the civil authorities as long as peace and order prevail, and punish them when disorders occur; so they have known how to prevent the greater number of the causes which render war necessary, and therefore they have good reason to manage without much police and military force. The fact that they have known how to avoid the plagues that have tormented Europe—feudalism, militarism, ecclesiastic and capitalist evils, has rendered their immense empire of more than four hundred million souls the grandest and most politically compact which exists in this world. Contrast Austria-Hungary, where four or five nations fight against each other and the government; or England, where a social and religious struggle is going on; and who cannot keep her colonies without giving them such a degree of liberty as almost equals separation; and who in India and her other colonies has indeed a source of wealth, but also a source of economical rivalry that menaces the vitality of the mother country.'—The other articles in this number are, a poem by A. Graf, 'The Song of the Cathedral.'—Another portion of the 'Notes from the Archives of the Austrian Police in Milan,' by Professor D'Ancona, treating of Pietro Giordani.—The second part of Series II. of 'Pen and Sword' by L. Pulle.—'Notes of

an Old Sportsman,' by Prince Odescalchi.—'The National Shooting Gallery,' by General De La Penne.—'Alexander Rossi,' by E. De Angeli.—'Shadow-verses,' by R. Fucini.—'A Physiologist's Journey round the World,' by Professor Fano; and 'The Bay of San Mun,' by Professor Cora.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (January 16th).—L. Vitali points out the religious principle in the life and works of Alexander Manzoni.—'Bernini in Tuscany' is a paper by U. Matini.—A. G. Tononi discusses 'Hypnotism and Spiritism.'—U. Mazzini disputes the asserted fact that Lord Byron was ever at Portovenere, or swam from that place to Lerici. He says 'Byron's muse never reigned at Portovenere. The famous grotto does not lie to the east but to the west, of the town. Byron never conceived the "Corsair" in that grotto. The inscription placed above the grotto is a fable.' He goes on to adduce proof of his assertions, concluding by asking when the municipality of Portovenere will remove the lying tablet.—Former articles and stories are continued or concluded.—R. Vacca writes on 'The Study of the Italian Language at Berlin.'—G. P. describes the future of wine production in Italy.—A. Ciaccheri discusses 'Divorce among Italians Abroad.'—G. Denti contributes a short story: 'Autumn Flowers.'—M. A. contributes some 'musical reflections' on Don Perosi's oratorio, 'The Resurrection of Lazarus.'—P. Bologna inveighs against the lazy authorities of Florence.—(February 1st).—G. Falorsi writes on 'The Modern Lyceum.'—P. M. del Rosso revives the memory of Giovanni Santi Saccati, a notary and poet of the seventeenth century.—Follows a paper on 'Leopardi and Pascal,' by Annetta Manes.—P. C. della Spina contributes a comedy in two acts, 'The Syndic of Cittapiana,' which almost predicts the riots of last May, though written long before that period.—V. A. discourses at length on the Emperor William's journey in Palestine, describing the principal events which preceded and followed the expedition. The writer combats the monopoly of protection, and says the Emperor was wise when he decided that Palestine was sufficiently large for all to have a place.—G. E. Saltini, in this number's instalment of the history of Bianca Capello and Francis de' Medici, describes the first year of the widowhood of Bianci.—M. S. Lopez contributes a story 'On a Feast Day.'—Follow some recollections of Italy, by V. Balaquer.—(February 15th).—G. Mazzoni writes an interesting paper on 'Cesare Cantu;' and 'Crito' describes the experiment of the plural vote which is being tried in Belgium, and which he believes will be of short duration.—Eufrasio writes on 'Human Ascension' and the controversy on evolution.—E. A. Foperti

discusses the judgment on General Lamarmora made by General della Rocca in his autobiography.—N. Bardelli contributes an essay on 'The Historic Evolution of the Athenian Constitution.'—L. Stirat commences an article on 'Machinery and Karl Marx,' continued in following number.—Then we have a translation of René Bazin's *La Fromentière*, to be continued.—A short paper on 'The Pope and Disarmament,' by Eleuterio; an instalment of 'Reform and the Thirty Years' War,' by L. Grottanelli; and an appreciative article on 'Don Lorenzo Perosi and his Compositions,' by F. Gallarati-Scotti, close this number.—(March 1st).—Father Grovamozi writes about the 18th May, 1895; and R. Ricci denounces parliamentary corruption.—Ugo Pesci contributes a paper on 'Costantino Perazzi,' and P. Molmenti describes the magnificent Palace Martinego at Barbarano di Salò, now the property of Count Cesaresco.—Follows another instalment of the story of Bianco Capello.—G. Busnelli gives a short biography of Alessandro Rossi, the 'great old man' of Schio.—A. Gherardi has more to say about Savonarola.—E. S. Kingswan reviews Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*.—(March 16th).—Senator Lampertico publishes here the speech he made at the public commemoration of Senator Alessandro Rossi.—E. de Gaetani discusses the military and naval expenses in Italy, and the means of raising the navy to the required strength while still having a due regard to economy.—R. Corniani discusses the *League of Contributors*.—A. Armani edits some hitherto unpublished letters from Lamennais to Montalembert.—A. V. Vecchi contributes a commentary on the diary of the late British Consul at Santiago, Chili, Mr. Frederick Ramsden.—L. Grottanelli continues his study of 'The Reform and the Thirty Years' War.'—In the present and concluding instalment of 'Machinery and Karl Marx' the writer discusses machinery, population, the law of Malthus and the law of Karl Marx.—Monachus writes on *Two Americanisms*, saying that the Pope gave in his encyclical a clear apology for the political Americanism which is not, and never meant to be, a scholastic system, but is constituted by American habits, customs, laws and liberty. This Americanism is the guarantee of liberty and progress. It is notable that it is the first time that the Pope has approved of such principles.

EMPORIUM (January, 1899).—The first article in this number is 'Contemporary Artists: Leonardo Bistolfi,' by Paola Lombroso. Leonardo Bistolfi was born at Casal Monferato in 1859. His father, who died at the early age of twenty-six, was a noted wood-carver, who left very beautiful work, showing a tendency to produce picturesque effects in plastic art, a

tendency still further developed in his son. Leonardo's mother was a schoolmistress, who, left a widow, worked hard to earn a modest livelihood for herself and her child. While still a mere boy, Leonardo showed such talent in modelling, that the municipality of his native town gave him a pension to enable him to study in Milan. There he stayed a year, and then went to Turin as a pupil of Tabacchi. The first of his works noticed by the public excited great discussion. It was his group of 'Washerwomen,' showing a reality and robustness of treatment and close observation of nature worthy of a Zola. At this time Bistolfi also exhibited his great work, 'The Lovers,' at the Turin Exhibition of 1881. This work is full of passion. Other productions rapidly followed, and Bistolfi proved himself more and more a 'symbolist' of high order. His symbolism was derived from pure and sincere founts of inspiration. He now began to execute a series of 'marble poems' on death, the first of which was a monument, 'The Angel of Death,' for the tomb of the Braida family. When he finished this work, Leonardo Bistolfi was only twenty years of age. The second of the series, the 'Sphinx,' showed enormous progress both in technical ability and in thought and imagination. It is a splendid piece of sculpture, showing the serener conception of death at which the artist had now arrived. It excites a feeling of solemnity, calm, and reverence, a sense of divine repose, in the breast of the spectator. Then came 'The Beauty of Death,' a monument for the tomb of Grandis, the engineer of the Frejus tunnel. This figure the sculptor portrayed as the dead man stretched on his bier, not disfigured, but transfigured and purified by death for a new life. A girlish figure is plucking the few flowers springing from the interstices of the stones, and the contrast between the rigid, reclining form and the delicate, living body of the maiden is perfectly marvellous. The 'Brides of Death,' a bas-relief, continues the theme of the series, showing death to be a continuation of life. The succeeding monument, also a bas-relief, 'Sorrow Comforted by Memories,' quite recently exhibited at Turin, is only another page of the philosophical idea of its author. Leonardo Bistolfi has not been treated well by his native country. His splendid model for a monument to Garibaldi was rejected by the choosing-committee for a vulgar work. The Milanese artists showed their disapproval of the refusal of Bistolfi's work by subscribing for its being carried out in bronze. Another model of his, a monument to Prince Amadeo, was rejected by one of the committee for the queer reason that it was too picturesque, and by another because it did not exclusively magnify the prince. When

asked how he explained the curious dualism between his realistic and his symbolic work, Bistolfi replied that when he had to represent real life, or make a portrait bust or statue, he copied what he saw exactly, but when he made a symbolic figure, he copied faithfully the transcendental form which he saw in his imagination, and which became to him real and evident. When he begins a work, the sculptor says, he never knows precisely how it will end. He works under a sort of guiding impulse, the form of his composition growing distinct as the work progresses. 'It is the clay itself,' he says, 'which moves under my hand, and, so to say, models itself!' One of Bistolfi's most difficult productions was his 'Via Crucis.' He was charged with the execution of a crucifixion for the small mountain-shrine at Crea, and little by little the idea in his mind developed into the whole scene of the Passion. He decorated the walls of the chapel *in fresco* with his own hand, and in it placed more than twenty tinted plastic figures and groups—Christ walking to Calvary, supported by His mother; a crowd of centurions, slaves, and children, showing all the gamut of feeling, from mere curiosity to deep sorrow. Bistolfi said later that his best reward was the effect this work had on the simple peasants of the district, an emotion and reverence that was extended to the artist himself, so that at Crea he is regarded as a sort of holy magician. The latest work of the still young sculptor, the 'Sorrow Comforted by Memories,' made a profound impression at Turin, not only on expert artists but on the general public.—The next article, 'Contemporary Artists: Henrik Ibsen,' by Dr. U. Ortensi, enters into the life and works of the celebrated Norwegian, who has been too widely discussed for it to be necessary here to repeat the present paper.—Follows 'A Trip to Greece,' by A. Galanti, well illustrated.—Signor L. Beltrami contributes a full description of the church of St. Maurizio at Milan, and of the paintings by Luini contained therein.—P. B. writes on 'The late Empress of Austria,' the article being illustrated by numerous photographs.—Sem Benelli describes the beautiful ceramics of Galileo Chini at Florence.—(February).—Tranquillo Cremona is this number's 'Contemporary Artists,' and the life of this talented artist, now dead, is here summarized by Primo Levi, who claims for him a great influence on modern art.—A paper on 'Adam Mickiewicz' is well written by P. B.—As one of Italy's 'Illustrious Women,' an account of Maria Gaetana Agnese is given by P. Nurra.—'The Fountains of Italy' is a pleasant paper by A. Melani, and by far the greater number of the illustrations are from Florence.—Jack Labolena has a short paper on 'The Achievements of the

American Navy in the Pacific.'—An article on 'The Terra-Cottas of Tanagua and Mirina' is taken from *The Studio*.—In the 'Varieties' is an unsigned 'Story of the Umbrella,' with curious illustrations.

RIVISTA D'ITALIA (January).—'The Making of a Jacobite Poet,' by G. Carducci, is a paper on the poet Giovanni Fantoni, who began to write when inspired by the victory of Souvarow in 1790.—Professor Bonfadini reviews the memoirs of Prince Bismarck.—G. Marradi contributes a 'Garibaldian Rhapsody.'—L. Capineri commences the publication for the first time of a series of letters from Silvio Pellico to the *Donna Gentile* Quirina Majiotti, written during the years 1816 to 1820. The correspondence began when the exile Ugo Foscolo deputed his friend Pellico to sell his things. The letters show Quirina's warm and disinterested affection for Foscolo, and the fraternal love of Pellico for his friend. The last letter, which is dated 20th July, 1820, will be published in the next number of the *Rivista d'Italia*. On the following October Silvio Pellico was imprisoned at Santa Margherita, and the year after in the terrible 'leads' of Venice. In January 1822 he was removed to the prison of San Micheli at Murano; he was then condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to fifteen years imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg. The *donna gentile* was, as may be imagined, greatly afflicted at the misfortunes of her friend and correspondent, and was rejoiced when he was liberated in July 1830. The two friends never met personally till 1846, when Pellico, on his way from Rome to Turin, paid Quirini a short visit. At that time all was changed. Foscolo was dead; Pellico's health ruined by his long imprisonment, and Quirini was at the point of death. The letters in this instalment end with the date 22nd November, 1816, when Foscolo was in London, and Pellico writes to Quirina from Arluno: 'My friend, the books would have been already sent to Foscolo, if, by paying the carriage, I could have been sure that they would reach him gratis, but I am told that the custom-house dues in England are so enormous that I dare not venture to send them, as it would place Foscolo in the alternative of either spending a large sum or losing his books. His brother Giulio, who knows more people in Milan than I do, has promised to try and find some other way of sending the books, and flatters himself that he will succeed. He is an honest man, as devoted to his brother as to his God. I thought I ought to let him into our secret, so that, should I die, he might be able to help you in my place. He assures me that Foscolo does not know the story of the books. I am in the country to invoke the last rays of

autumn sunshine, but they have no longer any warmth. It seems that life is declining in all nature, as it is ceasing in me. How Ugo's letter made my heart ache! Best of women, no! it is *not* in vain that you have helped that unhappy man. I cannot persuade myself that the world in which *you* exist is not ruled by a paternal providence, which will dry the tears of virtue. . . . Addio. May serener days smile on you. Write to me always at Milan.—A. Chiappelli reviews Bernard P. Grenfell's and A. S. Hunt's *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri*.—The veteran romancist, Salvatore Farini, contributes a novel 'For Ever!'—L. Bossari describes at length the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum, illustrating his article with plans and photographs.—Dante's rhymes on Pargoletta are annotated by A. Zenatti.—'The Review of English Literature,' by 'Duncan,' criticises Harold Frederic's *Gloria Mundi*, C. E. Raimond's *The Open Question*, Hewlett's *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, L. Hausman's *The Field of Clover*, Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Poems*, J. Davidson's *The Last Ballad*, and William Watson's *Collected Poems*.

GIORNALE STORICO DELLA LITTERATURA ITALIANA (1899).—No. 1 commences with the last of the special memoirs of the Marchesa of Mantua, this special paper being entitled 'The culture and literary relations of Isabella d'Este Gonzaga.' It describes her studies, her teachers, her talent for poetry, her collections of books, both romantic and classic, and many other details of her mental and literary life. These several memoirs will be followed by a monograph describing the more intimate life of Isabella, the whole bringing into high relief the extraordinary figure of the gifted woman.—The rest of the number is filled by notes under the head of 'Varieties.' At the end of the number is a communication from Paget Toynbee concerning a misquotation of Dante.

LA CULTURA (15th January).—This number contains a review by G. Rosmini of Dr. Richard Garnett's *A History of Italian Literature*. The critic remarks, that while the intellectual glory of other nations—England, Germany, and France—consists for the most part in the works of their authors and scientific men, their artists, so to say, are isolated phenomena. Italy, on the contrary, possessed and possess, more artists than writers, and the best energies of the country are expressed in artistic production. So that a history of the literature of Italy can say but little of the most flourishing part of the vitality of the nation. In Dr. Garnett's work, Signor Rosmini continues, an Italian will find some deficiency, some inexactitude, and some confusion, especially in the opening chapters on the origin of

Italian literature; defects which, perhaps, it was not possible to avoid. The difficulty of keeping merely *au fait* as to the original works of the many authors mentioned in the present work, and as to the historic and critical productions belonging to the whole subject, was very great. That it was so, is seen in many of the poetical translations by means of which the writer tries to support his exposition. Many of these are not his own, and are infinitely superior to those which Dr. Garnett claims as his own. His version of Carducci's sonnet, 'Il bue,' is, in several places, of quite incredible inaccuracy. He would have avoided much difficulty by giving instead a prose translation. All this, however, does not deprive the work of merit, for it shows profound knowledge acquired by long and diligent study. The choice and arrangement of the vast material, the sobriety and justice of Dr. Garnett's appreciations, and the objective calm of his judgment, his affection for Italy and the Italians, are very valuable and pleasing, and of indescribable use to all Italians.—(February 1st).—The only English book reviewed here is A. Griffith's *Wellington and Waterloo*.—(March 1st).—In this number L. Gropolo warmly praises Miss Gwendolina Keats' volume of tales entitled *Life is Life*, saying that one must go back to Maupassant to find such rapid, precise, and limpid observation of men and things.—In the same number N. Tamassia notices W. Cunningham's essay on *Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects*, objecting that, though the author deserves praise for attempting a new path in the study of antiquity, his book has the fundamental defect of not responding to the reality of ancient conditions, inseparable from all analogies written by persons who have not made ancient history their special study.—There is also a notice of M. A. S. Hume's *Spain*, describing the arrangement of the work, and appreciating the author's vigorous scientific research.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 6, 1898).—There are three important articles in this number, besides a long list of book reviews and bibliographical notices. The first of the former is the first instalment of what promises to be a thoroughly critical examination of the history and nature of the Aztec god of war, as derived from the early Spanish writers, and the traditions gathered up by them. The chief source relied on here is the history by the priest, Bernardine, of Sahagun. The paper opens with a list of the deity's names and attributes from the source just mentioned. Dr. D. G. Brinton has already made us familiar with them in his *History of New Spain*. M. G. Raynaud, the author of this article, passes these names and attributes

under his critical pen, and examines the accounts that have been derived from traditions among the Aztecs as to Huitzilopochtli. His object is to determine whether the latter deity answered to what has been affirmed as to him, or if he is not after all a late invention, 'une pure invention du cerveau humain.' This is a subject with which M. Raynaud is thoroughly familiar. He has contributed several studies on it to previous numbers of this *Revue*, and he rather supplements here his earlier contentions than launches out into anything new. He proceeds then to give a brief summary of some of the myths regarding the birth of Huitzilopochtli, and describes the temple consecrated to him and the rites by which he was there worshipped.—M. N. W. Thomas follows with an interesting paper on 'La survivance du culte totémique des animaux et les rites agraires dans le pays de Galles.' It is based on, and is a criticism of, the works of Dr. J. G. Frazer, Dr. Gomme, Dr. A. Lang, and other well known folklorists, in so far at least as these writers deal with the superstitions and popular customs of the Gallic races. The race is nowhere pure. No race is. It is an amalgam of different peoples, brought together by conquest, migration, or other causes. The different races have carried with them their peculiar beliefs, rites and customs. Within a very limited area in any country we, therefore, find curious differences in the ideas and practices prevalent among the inhabitants. Animals revered in one district and regarded as lucky, are abhorred in another, and their appearance, or flight, etc., is looked upon as of bad omen. How is this fact to be accounted for? Is it due to what is called totemistic traditions? This cannot well be the explanation, for these differences are found existing among peoples that are free from, as well as among those that are under, the dominion of totemistic beliefs and ideas. Allowance must be made for the influence of time, the blending of races, the varying experiences, the imperfect interpretations of individuals, and the imperfect transmission of these in prehistoric times, and a host of other elements of uncertainty, in any attempt to unravel this mystery. M. Thomas seeks here to contribute towards the solution of it, but we are a long way yet from the goal in view.—'Bossuet et le Jansénisme, à propos d'un livre récent,' is the title of the last of the three important articles in this number. The book referred to is that by M. the Abbé Ingold, published in 1897. M. Ingold is a learned and painstaking student of the ecclesiastical life and literature of the seventeenth century. He has given proofs of his industry and critical discernment in this department of research already. He is now preparing a complete edition of the works of Bossuet, and has issued this volume as an introduc-

tion to it. He discusses in it Bossuet's attitude towards Jansenism, but modestly describes his work as 'Notes Historiques.' M. A. Rebelliau, the author of the article before us, goes over the ground covered by M. Ingold's volume, and discusses the questions raised by him in a friendly yet independent spirit. Among the books reviewed here under the rubric 'Analyses et comptes rendus,' we notice Conder's *The Hittites and their Language*; W. M. Flinders Petrie's *Six Temples at Thebes*; and also his *Deshasheh*; and F. P. Badham's *St. Mark's indebtedness to St. Matthew*.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 1, 1899).—H. L. Leger continues here his 'Etudes de mythologie Slave.' In this section he still deals with the deities of the ancient Slav pantheon, bringing out from his authorities, and from traditions preserved by some of these, the characteristics of, and the forms of worship paid to, these deities. The deities here enumerated are Svarog, who appears also in the pages of some writers as Svarojitch, and as Svarasici; Stribog; Triglav, deformed by the Germans into Tregloul; Jula; Radigast; Podaga; and Pripegalla.—M. C. Raymond also continues his study on the Aztec god of war, describing here the festivals observed in his honour, which seem to have been very numerous, and the forms these took. Other religious ceremonies are detailed also in addition to these feasts. A final chapter is devoted to the elucidation of the name and character of Huitzilopochtli, and in this the explanations of several of those who have made special studies of the ancient Mexican religions are examined and criticised.—M. A. Barth furnishes the first part of his 'Bulletin des Religions de l'Inde.' In this section he reviews the works which have been issued since his last 'Bulletin' appeared in 1893, on 'Vedism and ancient Brahamanism.' The books, monographs, and articles in magazines during that interval have, of course, been very numerous, but all the most important of them are here noticed, and their value toward the furtherance of exacter knowledge of those ancient forms of faith and cult is indicated or proved. M. Barth is well known as one of the foremost of Vedic scholars, and his appreciations of such works as are consecrated to the religions of India are likely to be taken as those of a competent critic.—Among the books reviewed we observe Mr. Morris Jastrow's, *The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*; Mr. Forbes Robinson's, *Coptic Apochryphal Gospels*; and Miss Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa*. This work receives a very full and appreciative notice from the pen of M. L. Marillier. Short notices are given too of Dr. Hastings' *Diction-*

ary of the Bible, and Mr. Ball's *Variorum Aids to the Bible Student* (Eyre and Spottiswoode).

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 4, 1898).—The anonymous article in No. 2 of last year's issue of this *Revue* on Nicolas Antoine, who was burned in Geneva in 1632 for the crime of apostatizing from the Catholic faith to Judaism, has called forth another article here on the same subject. This is from the pen of M. Julien Weill. He gives additional details as to the trial, and in an appendix prints two of the documents connected with the trial, viz., the *Procès* and the Sentence.—'La Fête des Cabanes chez Plutarch et Tacite' is the title of a paper by M. Ad. Buchler. Both of these writers, he says, speak of Jahvé as identical with Bacchus. Tacitus, however, does not state that as his own opinion. He states it merely as, on his part, hearsay, and proceeds to give a series of notable differences in the ritual and customs of the Jews, which disprove the identity of Jahvé with Bacchus. M. Buchler examines the differences mentioned by Tacitus—those specially connected with the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles. Plutarch's references in his *Symposium*, IV., are also carefully gone into. In reality, neither of those writers speaks from personal knowledge, and what they say demonstrates that fact amply enough. They have taken their authorities too seriously, and have been betrayed into numerous errors in regard to those rites which they thought they were describing with praiseworthy accuracy. The question arises, then—Whence did these writers derive their information as to the Temple services and the rites associated with the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles? Answering this question, M. Buchler acquits both Josephus and Nicolas of Damascus, writers to whom both Plutarch and Tacitus might well, in their own ignorance, have turned, and in whom they might well have put confidence. But the former does not describe the rites connected with the Feast of Tabernacles, and the latter could not have fallen into the mistakes into which both writers have been betrayed. The only possible authority or authorities on whom they may have therefore relied were most likely Lysimachus of Alexandria, or Alexandrian sources reaching them through Apion, or, failing these, some work relating to Antiochus Epiphanes, Pompey, Crassus, or Titus. To some extent they may have been dependent on Pliny, Antonius, Julianus, and Florus. This, however, is a somewhat large and unsatisfactory field from which to select.—M. Mayer Lambert furnishes a learned study on the use of the article in Hebrew poetry, 'L'article dans la poésie hébraïque.' The article is less used in Hebrew poetry

than it is in prose. Was there any fixed rule that governed writers in this matter, or was it a question of individual taste and fancy? To give answer to that query it would be necessary, says M. Lambert, to consider the book or class of books in which the presence or absence of the article was most distinctly marked, and the syntactical position it occupies, where it occurs, in the sentence or phrase. To attempt to summarise an examination of that question here is impossible, and so we can only refer readers, to whom a point of this kind is of interest, to the essay itself.—M. Israel Levi adds to his previous papers on the recovered Hebrew Text of Ecclesiasticus some further exegetical notes, chiefly on Chapter xlix.—M. T. Reinach describes several documents relating to the Jews of Egypt, which form part of the recently exhumed papyri.—M. B. Heller continues his essay on the Arabic version of, and commentary on, the Book of Proverbs by the Gaon, Saadia. Here M. Heller discusses the questions as to the tendency and character of Saadia's Commentary, its fidelity to tradition, its polemical purposes, its philosophical opinions, etc.—The other articles in this number are, 'Manoello et le Dante,' contributed by N. L. Kaufmann; 'Le livre-journal de Maître Ugo Teralli, notaire et marchand-drapier à Forcalquier,' contributed by M. Israel Levi; the latter, along with M. Kaufmann, also furnish two short papers on 'Le tombeau de Mardochée et d'Esther.'—M. Kayserling has some 'Notes sur l'histoire de l'Inquisition, et des judaisants d'Espagne.'

REVUE SÉMITIQUE D'ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 1, 1899).—In the series of 'Recherches bibliques,' in which M. J. Halévy is passing the writings of the Hebrew prophets under review in order to demonstrate the acquaintance of the latter with the Pentateuch, and especially with the document known as the Priest-Codex, he deals in this number with the writings of the Isaiah of Jerusalem. These prophecies date from about 741 to 701. They had in view a religious and political purpose, and so the prophet had little occasion to touch in them on ancient history or on the organization of the Temple worship. Yet these prophecies furnish clear and conclusive evidence of their author's familiarity with the work or works in question. M. Halévy begins this special study, as he has done with the preceding ones, by discussing and determining the authenticity and date of the prophecies with which he here deals—roughly speaking, the first thirty-nine chapters. He confines his proofs, then, to those chapters which he has given reason for regarding as genuine products of the prophet's pen. He first

adduces Chapter i. 2-4, as substantiating his assertion in regard to Isaiah's knowledge of the Pentateuch in its present form. He finds that evidence in both the contents and in the language of these verses. Israel is there represented as God's children, whom He has nourished and cherished. The comparison of their ingratitude with the obedient regard which the domestic animals have for their owners, is a reminiscence of a figure occurring in the Pentateuch oftener than once, and consequently is a favourite one with the prophets, see Hosea, xi. 1-4. For the similarities in the language made use of, we must refer our readers to M. Halévy's article itself. Chapters ii. 6-22; iv. 2-6; xi., are all adduced, then, as furnishing evidence in the same direction. The value of the results of M. Halévy's examination of these passages can only be seen after a careful study of the numerous details he here marshals. These details are of an intricate nature, and the strength of their evidence is necessarily of a cumulative character.—In his next article he continues his series of 'Considerations critiques sur quelques points de l'histoire ancienne de l'Inde.' It is the literary history of India that engages his attention here. When were the Vedas first committed to writing? Some years ago M. Halévy endeavoured to prove that it was not earlier than about the fourth century B.C. Many Vedic scholars date their committal to writing so far back as 2000 B.C., others fix it at different dates from 2000 to 1000. M. Halévy seeks to justify the position he formerly took up on this question against the arguments adduced in favour of any of the earlier dates. He finds no proof in the Vedas themselves of even the knowledge of the art of writing, much less of that art having been utilised to give permanent form to these works. The means referred to as those employed to continue and transmit these literary products are teaching and oral repetition. There is not a word in the Vedas to support the opinions of those who attribute to them an early-written form. After criticising the views of these scholars, he proceeds to examine some of the myths in these Vedas in order to show that they bear no traces of having been committed to writing at an early date.—M. A. Boissier continues and concludes his series of 'Notes d'Assyriologie.'—M. F. Nau furnishes a second instalment of the Syrian text of the legend of Jonadah, son of Rechab, and the Fortunate Islands, which legend has been attributed to James of Edessa.—M. J. Perruchon also continues and concludes his series of 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Éthiopie.'—M. Halévy furnishes, as usual, the 'whole of the two months' 'Bibliographie.'

REVUE CELTIQUE (October, 1898, January, 1899).—The first of these numbers is, as usual with the last number for the year,

for the most part taken up with a series of very elaborate and complete indices. Besides these it contains two articles—a brief treatment from an etymological point of view by M. E. Ernault of the Breton words *raoulhin*, *goreon*, *ranvesken* and *teilek*, and the conclusion of Dr. Whitley-Stokes' papers on the Irish version of the romance of Fierabras, to which a very useful glossary is added for the entire version.—The January number contains several pieces of great interest. The first place is given to an article by M. A. Thomas on the 'Gallic origin of a number of Local Names in France.' Among the names discussed are Amboise, Arlempde, Antoire, Donllens, Néoux and Nexon.—M. Kuno Meyer contributes the text and translation of the 'Song of the Sword of Cerball,' attributed to Dallán mac More, *ollam* or chief bard to King Cerball mac Muirecáin of Leinster, who reigned from about A.D. 885 to 909, and spent most of his life on the battlefield, fighting with his neighbours and the Norsemen. He was the last King of Leinster who held his residence at Naas, in the cemetery of which place he was buried 'inter patres suos.' Several other poems or fragments ascribed to Dallán are still extant. They all refer to the affairs of his royal master and the dynasty of Leinster.—M. S. Reinach's contribution on 'Coral in Celtic Industry' is of exceptional interest, and touches upon many points of art and commerce and commercial routes in the ancient world. From M. Reinach's article, it would appear that the use of coral in art or for purposes of ornamentation was far from common, and that among the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul it was used within a very limited area. A list of the places where it has been found in France is given, and the fine example of its employment for the decoration of metal preserved in the British Museum is referred to.—Dr. Whitley-Stokes begins a series of papers on 'The Bodleian Amra Choluimb Chille.' In the present instalment he enumerates the various copies which are known to exist of the work, furnishes an analyses of it, holds that it is not, as Professor Atkinson supposes, a fragmentary metrical composition, but a complete piece of artificial alliterative prose, written probably in the ninth century, and maintains that it is intentionally obscure. Among other artifices employed in order to render it obscure, he mentions the following: the use of words in a figurative sense, the use of obsolete native words, the use of rare loanwords, of hybrids, of rare grammatical forms, and of an archaic syntax. Along with the text is given a translation and numerous notes explanatory and textual.—'Les vers bretons de J. Cadec' from the pen of M. E. Ernault, deals with the writings of J. Cadec, a Breton priest of the seventeenth century, and contains a number of stanzas on the Mass, simple

yet beautiful. Attention is called both to the metrical features of the poem and to its linguistic peculiarities.—The 'Mélanges' is contributed by M. J. Loth, and contains a couple of notes, the first in explanation of the term *puterlu*, and the other referring to a Gallic subjunctive aorist.—In the 'Bibliographie' Mr. Strachan notices the paper on the substantive verb in the Old Irish Glossaries which has recently appeared in the Transactions of the London Philological Society.—As usual, the Editor has much interesting information to communicate in the 'Chronique,' and in the 'Périodiques' contributes a number of notes on the most important contributions in the February magazines connected with Celtic studies.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (February, March, April).—Under the title 'L'homme droit et l'homme gauche,' M. van Biervliet contributes an elaborate discussion respecting the members and organs on the right side of the human body and respecting those on the left. The author enters very fully into his subject and gives a variety of observations he has made in connection with it. For the most part they are of an anatomical and physiological nature.—M. Flournoy, under the title 'Genèse de quelques prétendus messages spirites,' has an interesting paper on spiritualism, in which he records the observations he made on two occasions when listening to communications said to have been made from the world of spirits. His conclusion is that the so-called spirit communications are products of the sub-conscious imagination of the mediums working on memories or latent pre-occupations.—'La stylométrie ses origines et son présent' by M. Tannery, deals with the recent attempts of Dittenberger and Professor Lewis Campbell to determine the chronology of the Dialogues of Plato by noticing certain peculiarities of style, such as the more or less frequent employment of particular expressions, or of words of like meaning. The principles underlying stylometry are also examined in reference to M. Lutoslawski's recent work on Plato's logic.—Among the books noticed is Professor J. Seth's revised *Study of Ethical Principles*.—(March).—The first place is here given to the first of two papers written by M. H. Bois in reply to an article which appeared from the pen of M. L. Dugas in the September number of this *Revue*, with the title 'La dissolution de la foi.' The title of this present instalment is 'La conservation de la foi.'—Over the signature 'A Fouillée,' we have an article bearing the title 'La psychologie religieuse dans Michelet.'—M. Biervliet continues his contributions under the title 'L'homme droit et l'homme gauche.'—M. V. Henri reviews a number of works dealing with psychological and psychical

topics, while Goblot's recent work on *The Classification of the Sciences*, Dr. P. E. Lévy's on *The Rational Education of the Will*, and M. Tarde's *Studies of Social Psychology*, with many others, are noticed in the 'Analyses.'—(April).—M. Dauriac is given the first place in this number with an article on 'The Philosophy of R. Wagner.'—We have also the final instalment of M. Bier-vliet's articles, and the conclusion of M. Bois's papers on 'La conservation de la foi.'—The 'Revue Critique' is devoted to Mr. Stout's 'Analytic Psychology.'—In the 'Analyses' are notices of the Abbé Jules Martin's 'La démonstration philosophique,' 'Les origines de la technologie,' by M. A. Espinas, 'Ollé-Laprune,' by M. E. Vacherot, and Mr. Latta's recent work on Leibnitz.

LE MUSEON ET LA REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 1, 1899).—This number has just come to hand as we go to press. We can only here give the list of its contents.—'La Dynastie Dejocide. Une contribution a l'histoire de Medie,' by M. the Abbé de Moor.—'Sadjarah Malayou,' the continuation of its translation by M. Aristide Marre.—'Traité sur le fétiche groenlandais-Èsquimau Tu-pi-lak,' by Signe Rink.—'L' historien Sahagun, et les migrations mexicaines,' a continuation of the series contributed by M. the Count H. de Charencey.—'De la conjurgaison negative ainsi que de l'interrogative et de la dubitative,' by M. R. de la Grasserie.—'Aperçu grammatical de la langue amharique ou amarinna comparée avec l'éthiopien,' by M. J. Perrachon.—'Melanges,' etc.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (February).—The accession of their young Queen is chosen by Mr. Macalester Loup as a fitting time to call for a truce to party warfare, and in 'New Paths' he tries to suggest to all parties the course they should take, sinking mutual hatred in patriotic and earnest endeavour to bring in measures that would raise and benefit all.—Dr. van Gorcom has an interesting article on 'Personal and Literary Aspects of the Life of David Friedrich Strauss.'—In this and in the April number P. G. van Schermbeek gives an account, under the title of 'To the Yellow River,' of a curious mission. Sent out with another gentleman by a society of engineers, bankers, contractors, called the 'Society for Promoting the Execution of Works in Foreign Countries by Netherlanders,' they went to China, taking with them a dredger which they had eventually to sell to a firm of another nationality. They had with them an Englishman, Bing, as interpreter, also a civil engineer; and the adventures of the party in the interior are here graphically recorded, and not without considerable humour. They went up as far as Sz-shui-hsiën, but so far as re-

sults go, they seem to have effected nothing beyond showing that under difficulties Holland, like others, is anxious to take advantage of the open door.—Byvanck reviews Queredo's *Meditations on literature and life*, which are a sort of mixture of romantic sentiment and unbridled modernity like the eloquence of Demosthenes with the pebbles still in his mouth.—(March).—The death of R. Fruin, professor, historian, politician, and a constant contributor to *De Gids*, occurred on 1st February, and Dr. Byvanck here and in a continuation of his article (17 April) gives a record of the life and influence of the deceased. As a teacher he was highly successful in his early years both at Leiden and Utrecht, and the historical studies he published led to his promotion at the age of 37 to a professor's chair. He was a most influential person both in university and in national life, and always a successful teacher.—'Prisons and their inhabitants from a psychiatric point of view,' by Dr. Meyer, who shows that too often insane or partially insane subjects are treated in prisons in the worst way for them by isolation, etc., so that they inevitably grow worse.—The sketch of Ruskin under the heading of 'Idealists,' is brought to a close, and shows profound appreciation of all that he has done for art and for the beautifying of life.—H. T. Colenbrander contributes 'France and the East India Company in the Patriot Times' (the end of last century), a very ably written article.—'The Aim of the Woman's Movement,' by Dr. Aletta Jacobs, is an eloquent summary of all that women might and should do in social questions, but the first step is to get the franchise.—(April).—Tutein Nolthenius continues from the December number his excellent descriptive history of 'Zealand struggling' with river floods and the sea, and of the gigantic and enormously expensive works that have made and keep it one of the most prosperous of Dutch provinces.—'Controversies and Questions of the Day about National Defence,' by Seyffardt, is a description of organisation of the army, best time for manœuvres, arrangements for the permanent soldiery reserve, and so on.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—The March number opens with a paper of a very different kind from those we look for in this periodical. The writer is Dr. Oort, who is generally found writing on subjects connected with the Old Testament; but he writes here on 'Religion and Social Questions,' reviewing an address read to the Stockholm Congress of the Science of Religion, 1897, on 'Religion and Social Development.' The writer is a Swedish minister, who preaches in winter to the Swedish community at Paris, and in summer to the Swedish sailors at

Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. Dr. Oort approves of Mr. Söderblom's views in the main, but thinks he quotes Luther too much, and also makes in some respects a wrong use of the teaching of Christ. The attempt to bring Christ's words into modern social discussions ought, he thinks, to be given up, as we know with so little certainty what Christ said, and as the circumstances in which He spoke were so entirely different from ours. Leaving this article, Dr. Oort gives us a very interesting discussion of his own on the service religion can yield in social questions. First, religion is called to comfort, and here care is to be taken that it does not, in comforting, condone abuses and evils which admit of remedy. Then it is called to proclaim and defend the highest conceivable ideals for each individual, for each part of society, and for society as a whole. Some very practical instances are considered, in which a wise minister of religion may have a good influence, and Dr. Oort urges, in conclusion, that the course of theological instruction should be better adapted than it now is in Holland, or we may say in Scotland either, to equip the minister for this side of his duty.—Mr. D. Völter of Amsterdam makes a set of suggestions connected with critical study in the Gospels. The first is that a Talmudic legend about the birth of the Messiah, said to be founded on Micah, iv. 9, and found also in the fourth book of Ezra, is not unconnected with the stories of the birth of Christ in the first and third gospels and in the Apocalypse. Another is that in Matthew, xi. 11., where Jesus speaks of John the Baptist as the greatest of the sons of women. He must include himself among those sons of women, so that we have here a trace of a discourse in which Jesus subordinated Himself to the Baptist. 'The words, "He that is least in the kingdom is greater than he,"' Mr. Völter regards as a later editorial edition, and the words as to the greatness of John are found to be a part of the opening sermon of Jesus. Opening His ministry with the same words which John had used, He opens it with a speech about John, declaring that the law and prophets find in that great man their consummation, but that now 'The kingdom of Heaven is putting forth its energy, and those who press strongly upon it take it in possession.'—Mr. Völter's third proposal is that Mark, i. 21-28, should be regarded as an interpolation, so that the narrative of that gospel in its original form carries us at once from the call of the four disciples to the house of Simon and Andrew. Now, in John, i. 43, we are told that Simon and Andrew belonged to Bethsaida. Capernaum therefore would, on this showing, disappear out of the early narrative. The theory is supported by the argument that in the account of the occurrences in the synagogue at Capernaum, Mark uses the word

'unclean spirit' instead of the word 'demon,' which is more usual with him, and that that account, therefore, bears traces of another source from the main one. But this will scarcely hold water, and all Mr. Volter's proposals are in a high degree arbitrary and fanciful, so that it may well be doubted whether the world is likely to hear of any of them again.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (February, March, April, 1899).—Under the title 'L'Armée Française en 1899,' M. Abel Veuglaire examines the military situation in France at the present moment, and points out the defects which exist in the arrangements for the maintenance of discipline. The article furnishes a good account of the powers exercised by the various officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, in the French army, argues for certain restrictions and for security being provided against anything like partiality, conscious or otherwise, among subordinate officers, and urges a revision of the military code and the institution of a magistracy specially entrusted with the administration of justice in the army.—As for the rest of the articles in this number they are all continuations.—The 'Chroniques' are full. The *Chronique Anglaise* notices the death of William Black, Sir George Trevelyan's *History of the American Revolution*, and *The Forest Lovers* by Mr. Hewlett. The *Chronique Russe* refers to the death of Polonski, Konradi, and Tretiakoff, to the persecutions directed against the Doukhobors and the Stundistes, and to the life and work of Tolstoi.—In the March number M. Ernest Naville writes on the necessity for the establishment of an international language. Among other things he remarks that the word 'international' is new and made its appearance in the Dictionary of the French Academy for the first time in 1877, and was borrowed from England about the year 1846. M. Naville draws a distinction between an international and an universal language. The first, he thinks, might be established without any great difficulty. The idea of such a language, he maintains, is not new, and refers to the use of Greek under the empire by Jews, by the slave Epictetus, and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, to the use of Latin in Western Europe at a later period, and suggests that either Latin or Greek—Greek of the time of Pericles—should be adopted, or better still, Esperanto, which being a neo-Latin form would, he thinks, find more general favour. With its two magazines it is already making way.—Fiction is represented by M. Scioberet's 'Le neveu du chanoine.'—M. L. Leger writes on

the Polish poet Mickiewicz, who made Switzerland his home, and whose centenary was recently celebrated.—The final instalment of the article by M. E. Tirsot on 'Social Life in Japan as described by Japanese Authors,' appears in this number.—'A Franco-Russian Idyll of 1814' is continued.—M. A. Wellauer discusses the 'Political Ideas of Socrates,' and M. F. Macler contributes a short story under the title, 'La Lipreuse du Birket.'—The 'Chroniques' notice the death of M. Faure, Italian Africa, the situation in France, the election of M. Loubet, and the exhibitions of the works of Rembrandt and Burne Jones.—In the April number M. A. Veuglaire returns to the French army and treats of those who hold its chief appointments in relation to their subordinates.—'Le neveu du chanoine' is continued.—M. Aug. Glardon writes on 'French Police and English Detectives,' M. L. Leger concludes his article on Mickiewicz and the Franco-Russian Idyl of 1814 is continued.—'The Chronique' mentions Steindhal and Louis Bambergei, religious affairs in the German Bohemia, the recent death-rate in Great Britain, 'auto trucks' and compressed air, the Anglo-French agreement, and affairs in Finland and the Philippines.

DENMARK.

AARBØGER FOR NORDISK OLDKYNDIGHED OG HISTORIE (Vol. XIII., Part 3).—The article by Chr. Blinkenberg on 'Shafted Tools from the Stone Age' is continued in this part, and contains a full description, with illustrations, of the remarkable flint sickle which was found in Stenild peat-moss (Jutland) in June, 1898. This consists of an ordinary flint 'kuife' fixed at right angles into a wooden shaft of extremely practical form, and is valuable as an indication of at least one important use to which such sharp-edged flints were put. The writer argues that the use of such a sickle implies that the cultivation of grain was common in the later Stone Age.—The remainder of this part and a considerable portion of Part 4 are occupied by an article on 'Single Graves of the Stone Age in Jutland,' by Dr. Sophus Müller, who gives full and careful statistics of the results of recent investigations. The type of grave here dealt with has hitherto received comparatively little attention, as the number of objects found in them is usually small, but the contrast which they thus present to the larger and richer grave-mounds is itself of no little significance, and points, in Dr. Müller's opinion, to a difference of population in the districts where the distinctive forms occur. There are some very good illustrations of the individual graves in the course of the article.—Dr. Finnur Jónsson takes up at length the often-dis-

cussed question of 'Snorri Sturluson's Edda,' with special reference to the relative value of the chief manuscripts. At the outset he accepts Snorri's authorship without reserve, as well as the derivation of *edda* from *ódr* poetry, and fixes the date of its composition as c. 1220. The main body of the article consists of a defence of the text of *Codex Regius* as against that of the *Codex Upsaliensis*, which several German writers have asserted to be the best representative of Snorri's work. Of great interest is the account of a MS. (not hitherto used) in the University Library of Utrecht, which proves to be a late copy of a very early MS. (before 1300); this text agrees in the main with *Codex Regius*, and is thus a witness against the Upsala MS., which Dr. Finnur regards as a hasty abridgement made by a somewhat ignorant scribe.

S W E D E N.

THE ARKIV FÖR NORDISK FILOLOGI (Record of Northern Philology, XI., No. 2).—This number begins with a paper by G. Storm on the 'Ynglingatal,' its author and the time of its composition. He begins by referring to the new views adopted as to certain of the Scaldic poems by Prof. Sophus Bugge, which he says compel others dealing with these poems to examine them afresh with the view of justifying their own position, and conclusions, in regard to them. Not the least is this the case with the Ynglingatal, which has been regarded hitherto, as the oldest historical poem in the north, and believed to be written in the midst, or in the second half of the ninth century, in honour of a cousin of Harold Fair Hair; but which Professor Bugge now refers to a Viking King in the British Isles in the middle of the tenth century. The new view has found both supporters and the contrary; but Prof. Storm cannot wholly join either side, but wishes now to express his views on the subject, which with some variations adheres to the old standpoint.

1. The Text of the Poem.—Referring to the different MSS., the Kringla, which is not complete, the Jofraskinna, and Codex Frisianus; which show on the whole a tolerable agreement, though with some deviations and corruptions, which, however, admit of correction by Snorri's accompanying prose text. The poem has been known to older writers, as to Are Frode, the author of the Landnámabók, who has made a short extract from the poem in the form of a genealogical table. There are various other extracts taken directly or indirectly from the poem. These afford more or less the means of comparison between the poem and Snorri's predecessors. There are also differences which Prof. Storm here gives. It is clear that the text of the

poem has been on the whole carefully preserved and that Are and Snorri had the same text before them. The series of Kings given in the poem has been carefully preserved with their names and their nicknames, the giving of which has been from the beginning, a Scandinavian peculiarity. Prof. Storm adds that there are still older witnesses by which we can control the text of the *Ynglingatal*, viz., *Eyvind Skaldespiller's Háleygjatal*, which appears to have been written after the model of the *Ynglingatal*. The more modern poem has in part perished; in so far, however, as it has been preserved, the two accord very well. This is also the case with the other historical and geographical notices, mentioned in Norwegian history, and also in the poem. The same accord is also found in names connecting themselves with the poem, which are found in *Are Frode*. There is mention in the poem about a king who is named in the phrase 'Gudlaug's Bane,' v. 18, whose name is also found in *Eyvind Skaldespiller*. Prof. Bugge in keeping with his theory of the poem that no verse of the *Edda* uses a 'Kenning' or verse in which certain appellatives are used as 'gold' is called 'fire of the sea,' no *Kenning* is used which points to a Norse origin, hence the *Ynglingatal* is later than the *Edda*. Our author, however, differs from Bugge, in that he finds no trace of saga-material referring to England. There are words of a culture character which may furnish a trace as to the origin of the poem, and such a one, Professor Storm finds in *Flaemingr*, referring to a Flemish sword, which could have been known and handled in the middle of the ninth century in the North. Other names are introduced into the *Ynglingatal* or used in reference to it, but Professor Storm finds it more than doubtful that there was any connection with Britain, or Ireland. The paper just ended bears strongly against an hypothesis of Bugge's, but in the next article, we have one from Bugge's pen, in which he tells us that his endeavours to interpret the inscription written on the *Fyrunga* stone with a long series of runes have given him a humbling lesson, in that his endeavours to interpret the said inscription have been found by Lector Brate not to agree in a single word with that which he first gave to the world. This brings him to the conviction that the general knowledge of Old Northern writings and speech are still very defective. Hereupon the Professor makes a fresh endeavour to interpret the inscription, which he now proposes to read as follows, 'runo fahi raginakudo toa wea unapou: su hur ah susi hnabu(?) at kinpa kupa; which he interprets thus in Danish Runes, jag skriver som fra de raadende stamme, Vi to Kvinder, den ene Hur og den anden Hnabu(?) har faaet istand det indviiede Mindesmaerke efter

Kinpakunpo. Translating the Danish into English, we have the following:—'I write things which originate from the ruling tribe. We two women, the one Hur, the other Inabu (?) have got into place the consecrated memorial after Kinthakuntho.' There follows upon this the following remarks; *In Reference to German Etymologies*. We have first in the words enumerated the old Scandinavian word *gouk*, Old Northern *Gaukr*; English *Cuckoo*; High German *Kuck-Kuck*; French *coucou*. These which are given in a number of other languages, are plainly all onomatopoeic and refer to the peculiarity of the cuckoo as being nourished in the nest of another bird. There is a number of other words given. The Swedish word *gårs*, which is, I believe, rendered as the name of a certain fish and is akin to *hwal*, *hvalr*, *ags kwael*, and (h) *wal* (h) *welira*, 'walfisch' freely properly no fish at all. The other words of a similar character need only be enumerated. 3 *gied*, *ags*. 4. *ags*, *humbol*, = English humble-bee. 5. *reurr*, which is, we believe, Old Northern. Hereupon we have an exposition of certain difficult or corrupt passages from the Edda, which we are afraid will hardly repay the time and space given to their discussion.—This is followed by a discussion in the Icelandic language, about a certain adventure in the life of Knut or Canute the Great, who got his name from a knot on the belt of his mother, and who was from this circumstance, the first man in Denmark, who was known by this name.—Passing by a lengthened explanation as to the application of the possessive pronoun *i din stackare*; we come to a brief paper by the celebrated scholar, Vilhelm Thomsen, as to the word *tawido*, which is known as a part of the inscription on the celebrated golden horn which has been treated by Professor Bugge in a treatise in the *Journal for Philology and Paedagogy*, VII, 224. This has hitherto been translated *made*, but M. Thomsen now questions whether the word *tawido* can have this signification. That there is a great difference between the words *vaurkjan* and *taujan* in Gothic, admits of no question, and has been dwelt on by Professor Bugge in his treatment of the inscription. M. Thomsen points out that the use of the Gothic *taujan* (= *ποιεῖν*, *πράττειν*) does not aid in the understanding of *tawido* on the horn. M. Thomsen is unable to suggest any way out of the difficulty other than that another hand than that, to whose workmanship, we owe the horn, and mayhap less skilful, has added the inscription.—There follows on this a notice of foreign words in the Danish character, *bøikebelle*, *Føskebot* and *Gjøre sig herfor*, which are only to be accounted for by the attempt to imitate the sounds of the original, or the simple introduction of a Germanism. On this as the last but not least

interesting papers of the number, follow two publications, the one in Danish, the other in English, 'On the Norwegian speech in Shetland,' by J. Jakobsen, and 'The Dialect and Place-Names of Shetland,' two popular lectures by the same author, to which is prefixed the author's portrait. Both publications are of date 1897.—The last is a review of Prof. Noreen's 'Old Swedish Grammar,' including the ancient Gothic. Of this we may expect a more thorough-going rescension from the author, M. Axel Kock, when the last part of the Grammar makes its appearance.

G R E E C E .

ATHENA (Vol. X., Pt. 4, 1898).—The contents of this issue are of the usual character. 'Notes on the Odes of Bacchylides,' by St. N. Dragounês.—'Critical and explanatory remarks on the Oedipus Coloneus,' by E. Kousê.—Sp. Basês continues his 'Miscellanea Critica,' discusses Bernardaki's edition of Plutarch's *Symposiaca*, and gives a further instalment of his 'Roman Questions.'—The k. Hatzi-Zogidon describes an object recently discovered in Thessaly, a thick disc of terra-cotta, with a stork and young ones figured on one surface. In all probability it is a weight from a loom. The writer takes this occasion of giving drawings of the various implements used in carding, spinning and weaving, together with tables of the ancient and modern names for their various parts.—N. J. Hatzidaki contributes several mathematical papers.

A M E R I C A .

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (January, 1899).—This number contains a considerable supply of valuable reading. The first place is given to Mr. Henri Hauser, who occupies all too few pages with an excellent article on 'The French Reformation and the French People in the Sixteenth Century.' His principal point is that the Reform movement was not wholly or mainly aristocratic; but the chief value of the article is the insight it affords into the condition and temper of the lower and middle classes of France during the period referred to.—Mr. Frank Strong follows with an excellent paper on 'The Causes of Cromwell's West Indian Expedition,' in which he combats the opinions of Sir J. R. Seeley respecting that expedition, and maintains that the expedition was vitally connected with the fundamental questions of Cromwell's Government, and was inextricably bound up with both his home and his foreign policy.—Mr. H. Morse Stephens devotes a long article to 'The Administrative History of the British Dependencies in the Further East,'

which has probably been suggested by what is going on in the Philippine Islands at the present moment.—Mr. George A. Gilbert has a paper on 'The Connecticut Loyalists' during the war for American Independence.—Mr. Anson D. Morse discusses 'The Politics of John Adams and Mr. George W. Julian,' and gives an account of the First Republican Convention, which met at Pittsburg on the 22nd of February, 1856, for the purpose of organising a national Republican party.—Part of the 'Documents' in this number relate to Santiago and the Freeing of Spanish America; others are Letters addressed to Caleb Strong, 1786, 1800; and Letters addressed to Secretary Chase from the South in 1861.—Among the books reviewed are Colonel Henderson's *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, Mr. Bodley's *France*, Professor Andrews' *Historical Development of Modern Europe*, Hamlin Garland's *Life of President Grant*, and Admiral Franklin's *Memories of a Rear-Admiral*.

The JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY STUDIES are represented this quarter by Dr. A. Cookman Bryan's monograph on 'The History of State Banking in Maryland'—a piece of careful and painstaking writing, involving much research, and valuable as a contribution towards the history of the Maryland State. Dr. Bryan begins with the year 1790, when the first charter for banking purposes was obtained, and brings his narrative down to the year 1864, when State banking was almost entirely superseded by the establishment of a national banking system which brought about an almost complete reorganisation of the old banks as national banks.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

Reconciliation by Incarnation: The Reconciliation of God and Man by the Incarnation of the Divine Word. By D. W. SIMON, D.D., etc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1898.

The problem which Principal Simon here endeavours to solve is that of furnishing a satisfactory explanation of the great doctrine of the Reconciliation between God and the world by means of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. That reconciliation, in his view, was not merely the reconciliation of man with God, but also of God with man. This is one of the fundamental propositions of his book, and has always to be kept in mind during its perusal. The fact of the reconciliation—for with Principal Simon, as with most other theologians, it is not a theory—has its roots in the constitution of things, and is a development from it. In order, therefore, to obtain a starting point for his explanation, he enters, in the first place, in an elaborate though rather brief, description of the Cosmology which, in his judgment, lies behind Scripture and the Faith of the Christian Church. As here described, this Cosmology bears a striking resemblance to the Spencerian, and the language employed in giving an account of it, like that which is used throughout the volume, bears a strong resemblance to that one is accustomed to meet with in the writings of the author of the Synthetic Philosophy. The nature and constitution of man are next discussed, and then the relations between God and Man, always in the terms of the philosophy of evolution. The relations between God and Man, whose environment He is, are described as twofold—essentially personal, as necessary to man's normal personal development, growth, and life; and vital or bio-dynamic, as also necessary for the normal development, growth, and life of man. The relation of the Divine Being to man, however, is conditioned by man's relation towards Him. God is naturally man's Father, and man is always God's son; but if his relation towards Him be unfilial, His relation towards him cannot be fatherly. Hence, in Dr. Simon's view, the doctrine that reconciliation implies more than the simple reconciliation of man to God. The chapters in the middle of the volume are almost of necessity taken up with discussions respecting the historical relations between God and men, and various theories of the Atonement, the forensic and moral views of which are rejected. In the fifteenth chapter we reach the Problem, which leads to elaborate discussions of the relations of the Logos to the World, of the Incarnation, the Supernatural Conception, the relation of the Incarnate Logos to the Father, and the fulfilment of the condition of reconciliation by the Incarnate Logos. The theological points involved in all this are, of course, numerous; some of them, indeed, are the very highest. Here, however, we must pass over them, merely remarking that, in Dr. Simon's opinion, the *Kenosis* consisted in the suspension of our Lord's 'Consciousness or knowledge of His essential nature, that is, of His nature as a factor of the Godhead,' though 'His relation to the Cosmos in general, and to humanity in particular, remained essentially the same as before His incarnation; and further, that in relation to man, the reconciliation may be perhaps best described as bio-dynamic in its character, and in relation to the Divine Being as a satisfaction. Whether the opinions here set forth

are right or wrong, is a question upon which we do not here venture to enter. It seems to us, however, that the author's opinions would have gained much had they been couched in less technical phraseology. To the general reader, much of his reasoning will prove unintelligible, and the student who has not already mastered Mr. Spencer's terminology, will find himself at a disadvantage until he has, if he wants to understand what the theory is which Dr. Simon here propounds. Theologians will find much in the volume to stimulate their thought, for whether his views be orthodox or heterodox, Dr. Simon is a profound and reverent thinker, and, in spite of the cumbrous terminology he has adopted, a vigorous writer.

The Christian Creed and the Creeds of Christendom. By SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

The subject chosen by the Rev. Dr. Green for his course of Lectures under the Angus Trust, is one of perennial interest, but one on which it would now be difficult to say anything new or even fresh. It has been so often, so carefully, so exhaustively, dealt with by scholars, whose works are in every student's library, that it seems almost superfluous to offer us any new dissertation on the subject. These lectures, however, were intended primarily for the students attending the Baptist College at Regent's Park. For students entering upon the work of preparation for the ministry, the theme chosen by Dr. Green is timely, and certainly his treatment of it in these seven lectures is all that could be desired for young men at that stage of their career. He evidently did not aim at more than introducing his hearers to the studies that lay before them in this field, but he does it in so lucid and attractive a manner, and furnishes them with so excellent a foretaste of the interest these awake, and the results to which they lead, that the students could hardly fail to be won over to them, and pursue them further on their own account. In his first lecture he carefully defines the terms the student so frequently comes across in pursuing this line of research—'doctrine,' 'dogma,' 'faith,' etc. He insists on accurate knowledge, and a well-defined use, of all such technical words if any true progress is to be made in this, or, in fact, in any historical inquiry. He sets before his readers now, as before his hearers, the supreme object of this and of all their studies, viz., truth. *That they are counselled to pursue fearlessly.* 'Wherever there is falsity there is,' he says, 'danger.' The purpose of all Christian teaching is man's deliverance from everything that is false and evil, for everything that is either is hurtful to man's spiritual development and his nourishment in all virtue. The next three lectures give brief summaries of the creeds of the early Church, of the Reformation period, and of the Churches in Great Britain, with historical notices of what led to their formulation. Lecture V. is an interesting discussion of the 'Value and Limitations of Creeds'; Lecture VI. sketches the history of subscription to creeds, and discusses the ethics of such subscription, setting forth its advantages and disadvantages. In Dr. Green's eyes the latter largely preponderate. The last Lecture deals with the 'Certainties of Faith'—the things that cannot be shaken—and sketches the ideal Church of the future—'The Catholic Church of the future,' as he calls it—the Church whose 'Members shall all love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth,' 'Foursquare in symmetry and strength, its ever open gates fronting all directions, offering an equal welcome to travellers from every field of thought.' A large number of illustrative appendices and notes follow. Though there is nothing in these lectures that will be new to any who are conversant with the

subject, yet the summary presented here of the origin, growth, and character of the creeds of Christendom is admirably fitted for the class to whom they were first addressed, and will refresh the memory of those who have passed that stage, while Dr. Green's literary style and scientifically conducted arguments, cannot fail to make his lectures both pleasant and profitable reading to all.

The Epistle to the Hebrews: The First Apology for Christianity: An Exegetical Study. By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D., etc. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899.

For some time back the Epistle to the Hebrews has received a considerable amount of attention at the hands of commentators and theologians. To mention no other, not so long ago we had a commentary upon the Epistle from the hands of Dr. Westcott, the Bishop of Durham, full of acute exegesis and of varied learning, throwing light upon many passages which were before doubtful or obscure in their meaning. Dr. Bruce's work is somewhat different both in form and character. Instead of the ordinary form of a commentary, he has adopted the much more popular plan of throwing his remarks into the form of lectures, or of giving a continuous explanation in the shape of chapters. The explanations are, of course, scarcely so minute, and they are less burdened with philological notes or textual criticisms, though these are not altogether wanting. The learning of the work is not so apparent as in Dr. Westcott's volume, or in Mr. Rendall's, but it is by no means inconsiderable. Dr. Bruce has evidently read and digested most of what has been written upon the Epistle, and has some valuable contributions of his own to make on the general scope of the Epistle, and upon the interpretation of isolated passages. The Epistle in his opinion is the first apology for the Christian Faith—an opinion on behalf of which much may be said. He agrees with most recent commentators in rejecting the idea of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle, but thinks that good reasons exist for believing that its author was a Paulinist. The idea which the writer seeks to emphasise, he maintains, is that Christianity 'is the religion of free, unrestrained access to God; the religion of a new everlasting covenant, under which sin is completely extinguished, and can act no longer as a separating influence.' This idea, he says, 'runs like a refrain through the Epistle. It appears first distinctly in the place where Christ the High Priest of the New Testament is called a *forerunner* (vi. 20). Where the High Priest of the new era can go, we may follow, in contrast to the state of things under the old covenant, according to which the High Priest of Israel could alone go into the Most Holy Place.' The thought recurs again, he observes, in vii. 19; and again, 'the same great idea lurks in the puzzle concerning the altar of incense, whose position in the tabernacle it is impossible to define' (ix. 4), and yet again in x. 19-22. The readers to whom the Epistle was addressed Dr. Bruce maintains were not, as some writers have in recently tried to show, Gentiles, but Palestinian Jews, whose difficulties connection with the Christian Faith the author sets out with great distinctness. The work is intended as a companion to the author's *The Kingdom of God and St. Paul's Conception of Christianity*. Parts of it appeared some time ago in the pages of the *Expositor*. The work, however, is fresh, and brought abreast of the most recent publications, and is characterised throughout by that clearness of thought and expression which quite as much as his insight into the significance of Scripture has contributed to make Dr. Bruce a popular theological writer.

Elements of the Science of Religion. Part II. Ontological. By C. P. TIELE, D.D., etc. (Gifford Lectures, Edinburgh, 1898). Vol. II. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1899.

In the first series of these lectures Professor Tiele, it will be remembered, dealt with the changing forms and varying manifestations of religion throughout human history, or what he termed the morphology of religion. Here he turns from that which is changeful in religion to that which is abiding, and seeks to ascertain what is its essence, and so to arrive at a knowledge of its origin. The enquiry brings him face to face with a great variety of theories, and leads to a number of interesting discussions, all of which are carried on with a fairness, a simplicity of diction, and a logical keenness, which are equally commendable. The true constituents of religion are found to be emotions, conceptions and sentiments, of which words and deeds are at once the offspring and the index—not the constituents themselves, but where religion really exists, the forms and manifestations of it. Of the three constituents of religion, each is equally indispensable. When only one of the three is present, or when one of the three is absent, there may be a certain religiosity, but there can be no sound and perfect religion—a point which Professor Tiele is careful to emphasise, because of the tendency there is both in theory and in practice to attach more importance to the presence of one or other of these elements and less to that of the others. 'All the morbid symptoms in religious life,' it is remarked, 'are probably due to the narrow-mindedness which attaches exclusive value to one of these, or neglects one of the three. If religion be sought in emotion alone, there is imminent danger of its degenerating into sentimental or mystical fanaticism. If the importance of conceptions be overrated, doctrine is very apt to be confounded with faith, creed with religion, and form with substance, an error which inevitably leads to the sad spectacle of religious hate, ostracism, and persecution. Those again who take account of sentiment alone regard every act done in the name of religion, however cruel and inhuman, as justifiable on the ground that they are acts of faith (*autos da fé*)—of what kind of faith they do not inquire—while others would care nothing if religion were swallowed up by a dreary moralism.' The equilibrium as well as the union of these three elements, therefore, is requisite for the existence of a sound and perfect religion. Emotion, however, Professor Tiele remarks, though the element in which religion begins, is not its source or origin. This has to be sought for in a still deeper element of human nature, but before turning to this he discusses the genesis and value of the conceptions of faith. They owe their origin, he maintains, not to the imagination alone, but to the emotions and the intellect as well. Their value, though not absolute, is relative, and the rights of faith are as well established as those of science. Religious doctrine and philosophy are different. Philosophy is 'purely science;' religious doctrine is not science, but a theory of practice, resting upon a metaphysical basis, and convinced of the reality of a super-sensual world. 'It defines the relations between God and man, their foundation and essence, the causes which sever them, and the means by which they may be renewed; and these it sums up in the form of a law, or a theological system, or in a series of principles to be promulgated by preaching.' It is above all things a doctrine of salvation, or a 'guide to a blessed life.' Doctrines, however, it is pointed out, are not religion; nor even its foundation. 'The matter,' it is said, 'stands thus. Religion with conceptions awakened by emotions and experience, and these produce definite sentiments, which were already present in

germ in the first religious emotions, but which can only be aroused to consciousness by these conceptions; and these sentiments manifest themselves in actions. But all this is spontaneous, and originally, at least, it was not the result of conscious reflection. Reflection comes on the scene at a later period, on a higher stage of development, and consciously frames its creed or doctrine of faith.' Professor Tiele next considers the conception of God, and maintains that the permanent element in this—the constant and immutable element in it—is the idea of Power, and this Power is always regarded, he observes, as superhuman, but not supersensual or supernatural. The idea of the supersensual and supernatural comes later. Other ideas are attached to the superhuman—those, for instance, of omniscience and omnipresence, and gradually the æsthetic and ethical sentiments are developed; as also are those of kinship with the superhuman powers and of dependence upon them. After a couple of chapters on ritual and the Church, Professor Tiele enters upon an enquiry as to the essence of religion. The common root out of which all religions spring, he maintains, is faith; but religion itself, he says, is essentially a frame of mind in which all its various elements have their source; in other words, piety—piety manifesting itself in word and deed, in conceptions and observances, in doctrine and in life. Piety, again, is defined as a pure and reverential disposition or frame of mind; and the essence or vital principle of religion as adoration. Religion does not emanate from a perception of the infinite within us; but 'the origin of religion consists in the fact that man has the Infinite within him, even before he is himself conscious of it, and whether he recognises it or not.'

Philosophy of Theism. The Gifford Lectures Delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1894-96. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL FRASER, LL.D., D.C.L., etc., etc. Second Edition, Amended. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1899.

These lectures, the first edition of which was noticed as the two volumes appeared, in the pages of this *Review*, have reached what lectures in the same or similar series have seldom reached—a second edition. The honour is deserved, for the lectures are of really sterling value, and treat of a great and profound subject with an eloquence and beauty and force of thought which are not easily matched. In preparing this new edition, Professor Fraser has taken the opportunity of throwing the lectures into a form which will probably secure for them a wider circle of readers. Instead of two volumes, we have one; numerous passages, not altogether requisite when the lectures come to be read, instead of listened to, have been omitted; other passages have been added, and the phraseology has, in a great number of others, been altered. By the changes thus made, the lectures, so far as we have examined them, have gained much both in clearness and force of expression. This new edition, indeed, strikes us as in many ways a great improvement on the first. The new preface will be read with interest. In it the author quotes Lord Macaulay's famous utterance about the stationariness of natural and revealed theology, and makes some very pregnant remarks upon it.

The Philosophy of Greece considered in Relation to the Character and History of its People. By ALFRED WILLIAM BENN. London: Grant Richards. 1898.

The object of this volume, Mr. Benn tells us, is to show how Greek philosophy exhibits, under an abstract form, certain ways of acting and

looking at things which characterized the Greek genius before philosophy itself began; how, having come into existence, its evolution was determined by the history and geography of Greece; and how at every stage of that evolution it was influenced by the political, religious, and scientific culture of the Greek people. In other words, Mr. Benn's aim has been to consider Greek philosophy not merely as the product of certain pre-eminent intellects, but also and above all as a product of the nation whence they sprang. The idea is not Mr. Benn's nor is it Professor Knight's upon whom he fathers it. As far back as the middle of the century Professor Maurice set out the idea in his *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, and defined a philosopher as one who interprets the less conscious striving of his contemporaries after wisdom. Passing over the Homeric times, when the ideal of Greek life was evidently counsel or wisdom, Mr. Benn begins with the Ionian School. In a preliminary chapter, however, he enquires into the fundamental tendency of the Greek character and genius, and arrives at the conclusion that the ideal entertained by the Greek 'lay implicit in the one word *Sophrosyné*, interpreted first of all as self-knowledge and self-control.' This lesson of 'wise temperateness,' he further concludes, was inculcated by the physical environment and by the political circumstances of the whole Hellenic race and yielded up the treasures of its significance with special clearness to the keen intelligence and profound self-reflection of the Ionian family, under whose hands it extended itself from a law of conduct to a law of things, and from a law of things to a law of thought. This is the substance of all that Mr. Benn has here written. His aim throughout is to show how the history of Greek philosophy in all its different schools illustrates it. The subject might have been pursued at greater length, but writing within the limits allowed him Mr. Benn has managed to give not only a vivid and accurate sketch of the principal doctrines of the chief Greek philosophical writers but also to show how these doctrines bear upon his central theme and were connected with the life of the people. While saying this, however, we must not be taken as accepting all the opinions Mr. Benn has expressed in his pages. For instance, we are not disposed to accept his exposition of the Socratic paradoxes. To know the good meant with Socrates we imagine, much more than Mr. Benn contemplates—not merely an intellectual acquaintance with it, but such a knowledge of it as would lead a man invariably to prefer and do it. All the same, Mr. Benn's volume deserves a most attentive perusal, and in any case will serve as an admirable introduction to a wider study of the subject.

Lasciana, nebst den ältesten evangelischen Synodalprotokollen Polens, 1555-1561. Herausgegeben und erläutert von HERMANN DALTON. Berlin: Reuther und Reichard. 1898.

This bulky volume of close on 600 large octavo pages is the third volume of Dr. Dalton's *Beiträge zur Geschichte der evangelischen Kirche in Russland*. It is the first, however, of the three which has come into our hands, and we feel, therefore, at some disadvantage in dealing with it as one of the series. We learn from the preface to it that the two preceding volumes dealt respectively, the first with the constitution, and we may suppose, therefore, with the origin, of the Russian Evangelical Church; and the second with the documents bearing on its early history. If both volumes were on the same scale as this one, the story of that Church's rise and destinies must be very fully detailed and substantiated with documentary evidence by the learned author. Dr. Dalton has consecrated many years

of his life to the elucidation of Polish history, and has given infinite labour to the difficult task of tracing the rise and progress of the reform movement in the sixteenth century in Poland and in Russia. Besides his volume on *John à Lasko*, which, however, was left incomplete, ending, in fact, with à Lasko's arrival in England on Cranmer's invitation, many monographs on the Russian Evangelical Church, and on the evangelicals connected with it, have been published by him. The present volume is almost entirely taken up with John à Lasko's correspondence during his checkered and eventful career—a correspondence which has been gathered from many quarters, and only by long and patient search on the part of many devotees—essays and papers of his recovered, and finally, protocols extracted from the archives of the Evangelical Synod. Dr. Dalton revises and complements what he stated in his work on à Lasko's life in the light of his later researches and the documents that have been discovered since its publication, and furnishes many interesting notes on these, very helpful to the reader's study of them in their local and incidental relationships. But à Lasko is himself *the* figure and spokesman in the greatest part of the present volume, as indeed is indicated by the title Dr. Dalton has given to this volume. His introduction and notes are extremely serviceable to the full appreciation of his hero's tractates and letters, and gives completeness to the whole.

Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745. By the late General Sir ROBERT CADELL, K.C.B. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1898.

Sir John Cope is one of those unfortunate individuals who have left a reputation behind them which, to say the least, is unenviable. Historians and biographers have denounced him, and he has been made the subject of a merry jest in song. Yet his King, even after his misfortune, trusted him, and promoted him to a high command, the officers who served under him, one and all, spoke of him in the highest terms, and when at last a Committee was appointed to examine into the charges brought against him and to investigate the whole of his conduct in the affair of 1745, he was unanimously acquitted. Such being the case, one would naturally infer that grounds, more or less substantial, must exist for suspecting the justice of the popular opinion. An attentive perusal of the handsome volume before us not only confirms this suspicion, it suggests the belief that the day of a much-maligned soldier is at last come, and that at no very distant date the sympathy which is always felt for a brave and skilful leader who tries to do his duty, will be meted out to him. General Cadell's sympathies are evidently with Cope and against the Chevalier and his friends. This, however, does not necessarily unfit him for writing with discrimination or for arriving at a just conclusion. The question he has to consider is not political, but purely personal and professional. Instead of trusting entirely to the narratives of Murray of Broughton, Sir Walter Scott, Henderson, Chambers, Dr. Doddridge, or Home, he has gone to the Culloden and Lockhart Papers, to the Reports of Cope's and Stewart's Trials, and, among others, to Carlyle's *Autobiography*, and by comparing the one with the other, has produced a narrative very different, so far as Cope is concerned, from that which has hitherto held the field. The facts brought out at his trial show that at Prestonpans Cope acted with skill and courage, and that if he and his officers had been supported by their men, the result would easily have been other than it was. As to many of the charges brought against the unfortunate general, Sir Robert Cadell has no difficulty. Facts attested by eye-witnesses, and his correspondence with

his superiors, afford an easy means of his vindication. The volume, however, is one that must be read in order to be fully appreciated. It is full of interest, and is written with soldierly brevity. Two maps are added, one of which being a 'Plan of the battle of Preston, 21st September, 1745, by an Officer of the Army, who was present,' is of exceptional value.

La Civilisation des Celts et celle de l'épopée Homérique. Par H. D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE, Membre de l'Institut. (Cours de Littérature Celtique. Tome VI.) Paris: Albert Fontemoing. 1899.

While studying the Homeric poems for another purpose M. D'Arbois de Jubainville was struck by the numerous resemblances which the civilisation described in the Iliad and Odyssey bears to that which is indicated by Greek and Latin writers as existing among the Celts during the three centuries which immediately preceded the Christian era and onwards to the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, and as late even as the beginning of the Middle Ages. Naturally attracted by it, he has made it the subject of his serious study, the results of which, after being delivered to his students in the shape of lectures, are now embodied in the volume before us, which forms one of the well known series in course of publication under the general title 'Cours de Littérature Celtique.' Of this course the volume is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and widely attractive. While appealing to Celtic students, it appeals to that much larger class who are interested in the life and civilisation of Homeric times. The erudition contained in it is, as we need hardly say, of the widest and most varied kind. For the civilisation of the Celts M. de Jubainville goes not only to the Irish and Welsh texts, but also to the Greek and Latin writers of almost every period. He seems, indeed, to have gathered together almost every passage which occurs in Greek or Latin literature bearing upon the manners and customs, laws and habits and institutions of the ancient Celtic inhabitants of Europe, and has made an admirably skilful use of them in order to establish the very close resemblance which he shows to have existed between the two civilisations of which he treats. The similarities are often very striking. Passing over the first chapter, in which reference is made to the hero's share at the sacrificial meal, single combats by champions of opposing armies, the strange stories of the survival of the decapitated, and the use of the dog in war as contrasted with the use made of the dog among the Greeks, he proceeds to compare the Homeric *daidoi* and the Celtic bards, the seers or *veletes* among the Gauls with the *vates* and *μάρτυρες*. The druids and the *veletes* or *vates*, he points out, were two distinct classes of men. Both had recourse to divination, but only the druids could offer sacrifices. The Greek priest, however, differed from the druid in that while the druid was a member of a confraternity, the *lepeús* was attached to a particular temple, was entrusted with the care of it, and had charge of the cultus of the divinity to whom it was dedicated. The idea that the Celtic monks were descended from the druids our author sets aside, and assigns their origin to a purely Christian source. The druids, he mentions, belonged to the Celtic aristocracy. Among the middle class were carpenters, soldiers, harpists, physicians, historians. The existence of a military class, and of men who let themselves out as mercenaries, leads to the remark that the Greeks were not the first 'free-lances' in Europe, as Mommsen maintains, but the Celts were. M. D'Arbois de Jubainville finds merchants and pirates among the Celts as well as among the Greeks of Homer's time. Resemblances are found, too, in the religious conceptions and rites of the two

peoples, as well as in their domestic, private and social life, and in their practices in connection with the art of war. Altogether the work is one of rare interest and value, and abundantly instructive, full of ripe scholarship, with here and there a sketch of one or other of the mythical pieces which form so characteristic a feature of Celtic literature.

The Iliad of Homer rendered into English Prose for the use of those who cannot read the Original. By SAMUEL BUTLER.
London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.
1898.

Much has been written about the translating of Homer, and many translations of the *Iliad* have been made. The translation made by Dr. Leaf and his associates seems so near perfection that one scarcely expected to have to read another. Mr. Butler, however, has attempted a rendering of the great poem on a different method. Much that is Homeric in style he has dropped, and instead of giving a close translation of the original, he has given us in reality a prose version of the *Iliad* in such English as he supposes an Englishman of the present day would use when telling the narrative, or when trying to make it intelligible and attractive to his contemporaries. Very much, of course, may be said in favour of this plan, more especially when adopted by a scholar of Mr. Butler's reputation. It is the style, however, which is the man, and it is the style which lends to the *Iliad* most of its charm, and apart from the facts narrated, it is an open question whether in the version now before us we do not get more of Mr. Butler than of Homer. Certainly Mr. Butler has managed to diffuse himself through the narrative. It is of him, too, that it continually reminds us. Homer's iterations are gone and much of the flavour of the poem, as is almost necessarily the case in a translation, has vanished. But taking Mr. Butler's volume for what it professes to be, it has much to commend it. Nothing is said which Homer has not said. With the exceptions referred to, the text is as closely adhered to as the method of translation adopted will admit. The English is clear and vigorous, though here and there a colloquialism is admitted. Still the language is always idiomatic and nervous, and for its purpose brilliantly effective, and to those for whom it is intended Mr. Butler's version may have stronger attractions than a translation which clings more closely to the text, and attempts to reproduce it in any particular.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Germano—Glass-Cloth (Vol. IV.). By H. BRADLEY, M.A. Hod—Horizontal (Vol. V.). By Dr. MURRAY. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1899.

These two sections form a substantial addition to the great work to which they belong, and contain an intimation that in the double section due in July next the letter H will be completed. The superior elaboration and completeness of the work which is being carried on under Dr. Murray's supervision is here further illustrated. While the words recorded in the corresponding parts of other Dictionaries amount to 2,147, no fewer than 4,090 are here recorded, or nearly twice the number. And, again, the number of quotations in the corresponding pages of Richardson's dictionary is 2,123; here, however, we have no fewer than 15,808. In the section supplied by Mr. Bradley, about one-fourth of its pages are taken up with articles on the verbs *get* and *give* and their derivations. The first of these words appears to be an adoption from Scandinavian, the equivalent form having, so far as is known, existed in Old English only in compounds.

Scandinavian influence also was concerned in the origin of the northern form *give*, which has succeeded in displacing the original *yve* or *yiv*. Of great etymological interest are among others the words, *ghastly*, *ghost*, *gild*, *gird*, *girdle*, *girl*, *glass*. Some of these also are of historical interest. *Gingerbread* is shown not to be a compound of *ginger* and *bread*. *Gig* with its derivations and compounds is exhaustively treated, and many words of Oriental derivation, such as *giaour*, *ginger*, *gingham*, *gharry*, *ginsleng* come in for notice. Dr. Murray's section also has many points of interest. The longest article here is given to the verb *hold*. It is curious to observe how the word *hog* turns up in different localities and with different meanings. Words from Greek are somewhat numerous. The words *homing* and *hong* are better known to English speakers in the far west and farthest east than in the British Isles. *Home Rule*, and *hoyen-mogen* are of historical interest, and *hodden grey* and *hogmanay* appeal to the folklorists and others. *Honeymoon*, it is said, emerges as a cynical term 'applied to those married persons that love well at first, and decline in affection afterwards; it is hony now, but it will change as the moon.' The longest word and strangest in this section, if we mistake not, is *honorificabilitudinit*, the article upon which may, as Dr. Murray remarks, be usefully consulted by Baconmaniacs, who have discovered that this long word was invented by Bacon, and inserted by him in *Love's Labour Lost* (v. i. 44) as an elaborate anagram recording his authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

Social and Political Economy: Essays and Letters by Thomas Judge (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co). These essays and letters are selected and edited by the author's son. Some of them have appeared in newspapers, but they will receive in their present form, it is hoped, a wider circulation, and exercise a more permanent influence. They are all characterised by Mr. Judge's well-known breadth of view, comprehensive philanthropy, and strong common sense. They deal with large and pressing problems—'Workmen's Dwellings,' 'Labour Strikes,' 'Political Entanglements,' 'Imperial Defence,' 'International Disarmament,' etc., and on each and all questions discussed, Mr. Judge has not a little to say which both sides in these struggles would do well to give patient heed to.

Thoughts for the People, by James M'Killop, M.P. (*Stirling Journal and Advertiser Office*). The public speeches and addresses gathered together in this volume do credit to Mr. M'Killop's attention to the varied interests of the constituency which he represents in Parliament. They are political speeches, speeches at the opening of bazaars, speeches at agricultural, newspaper, and other dinners, etc., etc. They are gathered up and put in this permanent form chiefly for the benefit of his grateful constituents, and as memorials of events in which one or other section of them was, no doubt, keenly interested. Several of the speeches, however, have considerable merit in themselves, and teach political, social, and even ecclesiastical lessons, which many in other constituencies might profit by knowing and taking to heart. Most of them, in fact, are above the level of ordinary talk on such occasions, and indicate on Mr. M'Killop's part a cosmopolitan interest in the surging questions of to-day, and a level-headedness in the study of them that makes him worth listening to.

The Epic of Humanity; or, The Quest of the Ideal (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.). The epic is, we fear, fast becoming a lost art. This intensely busy and practical age is not favourable to its cultivation, or the

reproduction of the gift needed for its genesis. The epic before us, at any rate, is not a very brilliant specimen of it. It includes some, though not all, of the usual elements from which Epic poets have drawn their inspiration, namely, love and life's entanglements under love's bewildering influences. There is nothing, however, of the heroic element here. The *dramatis personæ* are sadly commonplace, even when they assume, or are endowed with, divine or diabolic names, and the sentiments they utter are frequently trivial and sometimes silly. It is built on a somewhat colossal scale. It consists of four books, each containing eight 'cantos,' and each canto running from ten to twenty closely printed pages. It is dreary work attempting to work one's way through it, for it is sadly lacking in poetic grace, and even in human interest.

Rizzio: an Historical Tragedy, by David Graham (A. Constable & Co.). This is an admirable specimen of the historical drama. The characters are the result of a careful study of the times and the personages at and about Queen Mary's court, and speak the language each of his and of her own station and temperament, as we know them from the histories of the period. It is a work of genuine art, and keeps our interest sustained throughout.

Gift of the Night and Other Poems, by David Lowe, with Twelve Illustrations by Alec Webster (F. W. Wilson & Co.), is a dainty little collection of lyrics, some of them in the Scottish dialect, but all of them have the same charm of true healthy sentiment and melodious rhythm. The illustrations are in Mr. Webster's best style of pen-and-ink sketches.

Mackinnon and the Bards, by John Mactaggart (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier). This little volume in honour of the late Sir William Mackinnon has many merits of its own to recommend it, apart from the name with which it is connected, and the devotion of its author both to his hero and to the Western Highlands, of which he writes so lovingly. The portraits reproduced here of Sir William, Sir Bartle Frere, and Lord Alfred Tennyson, are excellent likenesses, though the latter is of Tennyson in mid-life.

Rediviva, a Drama, by L. C. Innes—Third Edition, Revised—(Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co), needs no words of recommendation. It has won its way already into popular favour, and in the dainty form of this new edition must win a still larger place in that esteem.

The Conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, and Other Poems (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.). This little work has little except its get up and type and handmade paper to recommend it. Its author modestly, and, we venture to think, wisely, withholds his name. He is of a deeply religious turn of mind, but his versification is as faulty as his orthodoxy is unimpeachable.

As the subject for his Hulsean Lectures the Venerable James M. Wilson, the Archdeacon of Manchester, has taken *The Gospel of the Atonement* (Macmillan). For the most part they are addressed to undergraduates with a view to stimulating their interest in the many problems the subject involves. In Archdeacon Wilson's opinion the prominent position which the doctrine of the Atonement has hitherto held in Christian thought is gradually being taken by the doctrine of the Incarnation, not because there is any conflict between the doctrines or because the doctrine of the Atonement is falling into disfavour, but because the doctrine of the Incarnation is larger and richer in significance and includes the other. According to the view here set forth 'the Incarnation, that is the life and death of Christ—for the life and death were equally necessary—is the identification

of the human and divine Life. This identification is the Atonement. There is no other.' Or again, 'the Atonement is the indwelling of a divine Life in man, proved and brought home to us by the historic life and death of Jesus Christ.' Various theories of the Atonement are reviewed. The Archdeacon follows in the same line as Dr. Westcott, whose work in theology he praises.

The Average Man (Alex. Gardner) is a collection of sermons by the late Mr. Granger, to which a brief memoir of the author has been prefixed, and a preface by the Master of Balliol. The sermons were for the most part delivered by Mr. Granger in his own parish church in Ayr, and are of much more than average ability. Mr. Granger has evidently been a student of great promise. His pulpit utterances won him great favour, and deservedly so, for his sermons are marked by great purity and often by beauty of thought, simply and eloquently put. Here and there, too, one comes across a note of originality or a striking illustration.

Bible Stories (Macmillan) is the most recent volume of Professor Moulton's 'Modern Reader's Bible.' The stories are in this volume taken from the Old Testament, and as it is announced as the 'Children's Number' of the series, is meant we suppose for children. Others, however, may find profit as well as pleasure from its perusal, inasmuch as it contains some of the most beautiful and admired pieces in the Hebrew Scriptures whose unrivalled literary excellence has long been acknowledged. From the title page we infer that the present volume is to be followed by another compiled from the New Testament.

The Origins of Scottish Presbytery (Oliphant) is a brief historical sketch of Presbyterianism in Scotland. The Rev. A. Morris Stewart, M.A., its author, is the minister of the High Street Free Church, Arbroath. The work, which consists of about a hundred pages, is prefaced by a commendatory note of half a dozen lines by Principal Rainy and Professor Orr.

Adam Smith, by Hector C. Macpherson, is the most recent issue of Messrs. Oliphant & Anderson's 'Famous Scots Series.' It contains a brief biography of the great Scotsman, and elaborate analyses of his two great works, the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* and the *Wealth of Nations*. Mr. Macpherson has, of course, drawn largely for his biographical material upon Mr. Rae's work. He has also made use of Mr. Cannan's volume, and made some contributions of his own in the way of criticism.

Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire (Macmillan) is the Sixth Volume of the Collected Edition of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's Poetical Works. It contains an excellent historical preface, and a metrical version of some of the most beautiful legends in the lives of the saints and in the history of the Church, as well as passages from the Legends of the Cid, and poems on such topics as Robert Bruce's Heart, Joan of Arc, and Columbus. The subjects are of perennial interest, and the author's method of dealing with them has already found favour sufficient to call for a new edition of them.

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THE
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

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